



THE ARMY and THE NAVY

Communications will be answered promptly. Interesting news each week.

RALPH JOHNSON TAKES SHORT REST

Writes to Parents in Alliance White With Company in "Rest Billets" Back of Battle Lines.

Ralph Johnson, well known Alliance boy, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Johnson, of Alliance, wrote to his parents from "somewhere in France" on July 2 while with his company recuperating in "rest billets" back of the battle lines after taking part in the fighting going on. Ralph's letter is intensely interesting and reads as follows:

"Somewhere in France, July 2, 1918.

Dear Folks at Home:

Your most welcome letter of June 4th received today and was sure glad to get it, also your cablegram arrived several days ago. It was sure thoughtful of you to send it, and I sure appreciate it. I would have received it sooner, but have been on the move so they had to wait till we got settled before they could distribute it to us.

If I had had Nate's address a while back, would have gone to see him, as I was in the same town he was, but as I didn't know he was in France, didn't look for him, and don't think that I will be able to run across him again unless by accident, because he is in another division, and we will be located in different parts of the country all the time.

We are now in rest billets, as we were relieved from the front, but not telling how soon we will be on the front again.

Am glad my letters got through in good shape. I have been unable to write for a couple of weeks, but will try and write regular, as I can.

Yes, I will, no doubt, run across Frank Gaddis quite often, as we are along in the same vicinity most of the time.

Those flowers were daisies and dandelions. I did not send them on account of the species of the flowers. I know I took a sort of a chance when I went there but I was curious, and went up so I could see something new. There was a German sniper trying to hit us, but was unable to as we all kept pretty low. I only had to go about ten miles. Not far, was it?

I am glad you got my insurance policy O. K. I make the payments every month, so there is nothing for you to do but to hang onto the policy. I wish I could take out ten thousand more but can't, as I have all they allow, but that makes me twelve thousand insurance anyway.

We are entitled to wear a service chevron for each six months of foreign service. The time starts from the time we left the U. S., so on the 18th of October, I will be entitled to wear two. Hope I won't ever have four of them to wear.

The place we are now is sure some place, not an inhabitant within miles. Our weather is still good, and fairly dry. Haven't had much rain lately.

Fred and Oral are both O. K. We are not running a hospital at present but are getting intensive training, gas mostly, but we are liable to start a hospital any day now.

Our company handled the greater

part of the casualties of our division while they were on the front. We were kept pretty busy at times, and if some of the slackers there could have seen the ambulances coming in, they would sure have realized that we were at war.

We get all the white bread, sugar and jams we want; in fact, we are eating very good. I wish you folks could have some of our white bread, as I understand you can't get a bit of wheat flour there now. Hope this thing don't last much longer, for I know you people there are going without much food and other things in order that we might have everything.

We now get an issue of tobacco, so it won't be necessary for you to send it. They issue Durham and pipe tobacco, so we are fixed all right, also chewing tobacco. The army is well supplied with tobacco now. Where we are at present it is impossible to buy tobacco of anyone, so it is a good thing for us they issue it.

I have some pictures of the entire company I will send home as soon as I can. They are pretty good, so I will send them as soon as possible.

I suppose you have heard of the "coolies" we have over here. They are sure some pets—awfully easy to get and worse than that to get rid of. But we are getting so used to them we don't mind them a bit. In fact they say a fellow hasn't done any soldiering in France unless he has had coolies.

We sure have seen some most beautiful country while traveling around. Seems like every time we move we get to a more beautiful place, altho the camp we are in now reminds a person of a desert, but the surrounding country is pretty.

Yes we are still figuring on our said furlough but it doesn't look much like we are going to get one, as we were supposed to get one every four months in France, and as we have been here over eight months and no furlough, guess we won't get one, at least it doesn't look like it, but I would rather get my furlough all at once and keep going as we have been and end things up and then go home and be thru altogether.

I am sure getting tanned up. These overseas caps, you know, have no bill on them so we get the full benefit of the sun right on our face.

I have seen one of France's largest cities, anyway a real honest-to-goodness town with street cars, and every thing civilized. It sure made one think of home, but we will all be back before long, I think, as reports now sound the best they have ever sounded.

I have been swimming in one of the famous rivers in France. I only went in so I could say I swam in it.

Canals here are very numerous. It is a common sight to see a boat coming down the canal pulled by a team, and go thru the locks and along on its journey. They sure take care of the canals too, the banks and roadways along them are very good.

I did not have much of a celebration for my birthday, so will make up for it next year when I celebrate it at home.

I am enclosing a service stripe so you can see what they are like. We wear them on our left sleeve, the right one is reserved for the wounded chevrons. I hope I don't get any to wear on my right sleeve.

The days are sure long over here,

but at that the time seems to go pretty fast. It does not seem that we have been over here nearly nine months. Hope this reaches you in good shape, and finds you all well and healthy as I am.

As ever your loving son,
RALPH."

Pvt. R. E. Johnson
168th Field Hospital Co., 117th Sanitary Train,
42nd Division,
A. E. F. France
via New York.

STATE FAIR WILL CELEBRATE ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL

Will there be a state fair this year? Has the state fair been discontinued because of the war and war conditions? These are questions that have been frequently asked of late. In a special bulletin from the Nebraska state board of agriculture one of whose functions is the management of the state fair we have the definite assurance that there will not only be a fair but that, barring inclement weather the fair should go over with a new attendance record.

Every reason, it was stated, justified such a conclusion. In the first place the fair will be made more attractive than ever before by securing bigger, better and more costly amusements. Further, the exhibits, judging from early season inquiries and bookings, will be more varied and in great numbers. In the third place, the state fair has inaugurated a great national service campaign by which Nebraskans will be encouraged toward an even bigger production of foodstuffs and conservation of every available resource. Thus, whether pleasure loving or serious minded, the state fair patrons will find in the semi-centennial of the Nebraska state fair the finest to be had of their respective interests.

The success of any enterprise largely consists in giving the people what they want. In the infinite variety of interests centered in the state fair and with an enormous expenditure to secure the best, Nebraskan people, regardless of tastes, have a treat in store for them in the semi-centennial of the state fair.

A little girl made her appearance at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Newton W. Jeffers, on Tuesday morning of last week.

Glass of Hot Water Before Breakfast a Splendid Habit

Open sluices of the system each morning and wash away the poisonous, stagnant matter.

Those of us who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when we arise; splitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, lame back, can, instead, both look and feel as fresh as a daisy always by washing the poisons and toxins from the body with phosphated hot water each morning.

We should drink, before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to flush from the stomach, liver, kidneys and ten yards of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary tract before putting more food into the stomach.

The action of limestone phosphate and hot water on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases, waste and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast and it is said to be but a little while until the roses begin to appear in the cheeks. A quarter pound of limestone phosphate will cost very little at the drug store, but is sufficient to make anyone who is bothered with biliousness, constipation, stomach trouble or rheumatism a real enthusiast on the subject of internal sanitation. Try it and you are assured that you will look better and feel better in every way shortly.

SHOT DEER FOR BREAKFAST

Old-Timer Missourian Writes of Period When Game Was Plentiful Where New Cities Stand.

Samuel Cole, who came to central Missouri a boy, told these hunting stories:

"When I was about twelve years old I started one morning to hunt for game. My brothers had an old flintlock rifle, which I carried with me. It was a large and heavy gun, and was so heavy that I could not shoot it without using a rest. I came up the river, keeping near the bank, until I got to where the courthouse now stands in Boonville. Under the trees, which then covered the ground in the courthouse yard, I saw five deer standing together. I selected one of the finest looking ones and fired. At the crack of my gun he fell; but when I went up to where he was, he jumped to his feet, and would have followed the other deer towards the river, had I not rushed up and caught hold of him, putting my arms under his neck. He pawed me with his sharp hoofs and horned me—his hoofs making an ugly gash in my thigh and his horns striking me on the forehead. The marks of both hoofs and horns I carry with me today. I held the deer until my dog came up. I then loaded the gun and shot him again, this time killing him. This was the first deer I ever killed, and although it was a dangerous undertaking, the experience only spurred me on to gather trophies of a similar character.

"I killed five bears just below the town—where Boonville now stands—and killed twenty-two bears in three days. I killed four elk in less than one hour. There were a few buffaloes in the country when I came, but these were soon killed or driven further westward. I never killed a buffalo, but caught five calves of a small herd near Pettis county line. I have seen as many as thirty deer at one sight at Prairie Lick. One day I went out upon the prairie, in the spring of the year, and saw about twenty deer—all lying down except one; this one was a sentinel for the herd. I approached within three hundred yards of them and then took my handkerchief, which was a large red bandana, and fastened it to a stick, and shook it a little above my head, when they all sprang to their feet and came toward me. A deer has much curiosity, and they were determined to find out, if they could, what the red handkerchief meant. When one of the largest of the number came within gunshot distance I shot and killed it. I often repeated the handkerchief ruse with great success. I have killed and carried to the house three deer before breakfast."—From "Missourians of One Hundred Years Ago," by Walter B. Stevens.

Bible Stops Bullet.

When that American Sunday school scholar gave his nickel for a Testament for a soldier in Europe he did not know that the Testament would stop a bullet within an inch of a French soldier's heart and save his life.

But Eugene Duffall, that gallant French soldier whose life was saved by that Testament, knows it, and he will always be grateful to some unknown American Sunday school boy, or it may be a girl, who that Sunday back in America did his bit toward the 1,200,000 Testaments and Gospels which have gone to Europe through the co-operation of the World's Sunday School association and the American and other Bible agencies.

This new Testament was given him at Dieulouart, the first camp in Dauphine, by the French Bible society. On January 10, 1917, he was carrying it on his chest in the Schonholtz wood, before Altkirch (in Alsace), when a bullet from a machine gun glanced from a tree or rock, struck him on the breast and entered the Testament.

German Soldier Slang.

The first attention attracted by Boche soldier slang was enlisted when they dubbed the 420-mm. gun "Big Bertha," says the Bulletin des Armees. The machine gun is "stottertante" (the aunt who stutters). They also say "the organ of death," "the colic cannon," "the old chatterbox." When the French machine guns are in action the Boche in his dugout exclaims: "There's a Franzman at his sewing machine."

The casque is the "tulip;" the knapsack, the "monkey;" epaulettes are "soup plates;" noncom stripes are "cucumber parings." The various arms have their sobriquets. The infantryman is called the "sand hare;" the chasseur is the "green frog;" the trench digger is the "mole" or the "ditchman;" the white cuirassier, the "four bag;" the uhlan, the "lamp-lighter," and the green hussars with yellow trimmings are "the egg and spinach."

Food Consumption.

Studies of the monthly per capita consumption of wheat, meat, fat and sugar in the United States and in European countries, show that, in general, people in the United States eat the most per person. The German sugar ration for 1916-1917 was hardly more than one-tenth of our consumption and in meats we consumed almost six times as much as the Germans were allowed. France is on a slightly more liberal diet than Germany, yet the French sugar ration is only 1.1 pounds per month per person, as compared with 7.4 pounds in the United States. England, though commonly considered a country of hearty eaters, uses even less fat than France, and is about midway between France and the United States as regard meat and sugar consumption.

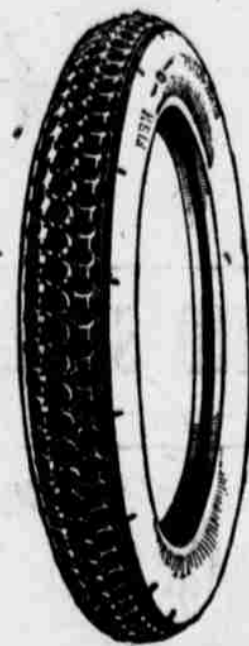
Hundreds of people use THE HERALD'S want an columns to sell or buy something, to find something that may have been lost. In fact some people have been known to secure a faithful, hardworking wife by advertising in want ad columns.

Terms Strictly Cash

FROM NOW ON

Those indebted to me please call, settle and start over on a cash basis

W. L. Carroll, : : Blacksmith
CORNER SECOND AND LARAMIE, ALLIANCE



FISK THE RIGHT TIRE
Right in quality, in price and mileage, with the right policy back of it. The dependable, economically-priced automobile tire.

Sold by all Dealers

Farm LOANS Ranch

WE want your real estate loan business. will make rates and terms to get it. can put over a loan for any amount. will save you money on your loan. solicit the opportunity to show you.

THE WOODRUFF BALL CO.

INVESTMENT BANKERS
VALENTINE, - NEBRASKA

Driving the brain starts the pain

Over-work, worry and the constant strain of a business life are often a cause of much trouble.

Dr. Miles' Nervine is highly recommended for all Nervous disorders. It is particularly invaluable to business women. Regulate your bowels by using

DR. MILES' LIVER PILLS

IF FIRST BOTTLE, OR BOX, FAILS TO BENEFIT YOU, YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED.



NERVOUS ATTACKS.
"I suffered with nervous attacks and headaches. Then my liver got out of order and it seemed as though my whole system was upset. I commenced using Dr. Miles' Nervine and also took Dr. Miles' Liver Pills and now I feel perfectly well in every way. My bowels also are in good shape now."

MRS. AUGUSTA KRISER,
1149 Portland Ave.,
Rochester, N. Y.

All Kinds of HAYING MACHINERY

Including the famous
Loosbrock Stacker
and the celebrated
Bain Wagons

De Laval Cream Separators Farm Trucks
Gas Engines Dayton Airless Tires
Lubricating Auto Oils and Greases

The Farmers' Union
Alliance, Nebraska