

## ALONG THE FIGHTING FRONT FROM SOISSONS TO THE MARNE

(The following stories of the battle front in France are taken from the Stars and Stripes, the official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces. The paper is written and printed by soldiers for soldiers and was sent to us by our son, Julius. The stories will prove interesting reading.—Editor.)

In its first drive an American platoon, after advancing several kilometers, came into possession of a building which had been a German regimental headquarters. Personal effects scattered about, a half cooked meal, maps and documents on tables and in racks told of the precipitate departure of the commander and his staff.

In the room which had been the office of the commandant was a dead dog. Attached to his collar was a metal tube. In the tube was a message calling for assistance from a German machine gun nest which, at the time of reading, had long since fallen into American hands.

The dog, trained as a message bearer, had been dispatched with the call for help, had been struck by a shell fragment, as was evidenced by a wound in his side, and had struggled on to the headquarters, only to find it abandoned. He will be remembered and respected by the American platoon as one servant of the Kaiser who nobly did his duty and died.

A private of the buck species was watching a plane duel in the skies.

"Quite a sight," said a voice beside him, and his head nearly dropped off when he saw that it belonged to the general commanding the division.

There is a story in that same division, about the same general, which describes how he was seen one day recently walking along and chatting with a top sergeant. This shows that a use has at last been found for top sergeants.

That division did its share, and paid its price for the doing, when it helped to drive the Hun back across the Marne. That night someone softly opened the general's door, and then as softly closed it. And the word went around that he sat with his face buried in his hands, and his frame quivering with sobs.

A long line of German prisoners, four abreast, in which were some Germans who admitted riding frontward not many weeks ago in trains bearing the placard, "Nach Paris," marched southward along a dusty French road in charge of a detachment of Americans from the unit which had captured them. The population of each succeeding village turned out to see the procession, watching it for the most part in silence, but always with a smile for the American guards.

There was one diminutive French soldier who stood exuberantly at a corner where the line turned.

"Tout droit a Paris," he exclaimed, "tout droit"—which is the French road direction for straight ahead.

But the Germans couldn't see the joke.

Burly, dirty, whiskered, all in, but enthusiastic, a sergeant recounted the exploits of his platoon to his colonel.

His was a tale of the Boche infantry met and beaten, of machine gun nests cleaned up at the point of the bayonet, of Germans killed and Germans captured.

"Makes a fellow feel pretty good, doesn't it?" observed the colonel.

"Yes, and it makes a fellow feel pretty good that he's on this side, too, sir," said the sergeant.

An M. P. was standing in the doorway of the hotel ville. It had been a quiet day, as days go a little way behind the lines. And just then the quietness came to an abrupt end, for a shell landed outside the hotel de ville and the force of it knocked the M. P. down.

The M. P. got up and sniffed. He smelled gas.

The gas alarm was the bell in the village church. The M. P. ran to the church. While he was running another shell landed close enough to send him sprawling again.

Once more he got up, and this time made the church without any further Charlie Chaplin incidents, and he began to ring the bell like all getout. He hadn't been ringing it long before a shell hit the belfry, put the bell out of business and blew the M. P. all the way back to the altar.

He got up, ran out of the church, stumbled on a man who had been stunned and took him into a dugout.

It was all in the day's work. And to prove how very workaday it all was, the M. P.'s name happens to have been Smith—Private Smith.

All kinds of things happen to helmets, and almost as many kinds of things happen to canteens. A cavalryman who was relaying messages had a piece of shrapnel relayed to him that flattened his canteen like a pancake. He was wearing his canteen on his hip at the time, so he didn't mind the

water's running down all over his pants.

"And then I ran into some gas," he said. "We got through it all right, both of us. Of course it didn't bother the horse, because he's got more room for it in his lungs."

Easy come, easy go.

One of the German regiments opposite the Americans, the members of which are, by this time, probably listed as "missing, believed prisoner," had just been paid when the curtain went down on their activity in la guerre.

Exactly 48 hours after the Germans marched before their paymaster and got their pay, they marched before an American officer, who relieved them of the modest collection of marks pennings, and other things they had received.

American regulations for the handling of prisoners provide that all money shall be taken from them and placed in a fund which is devoted to the common needs of prisoners.

Rules specify that no P. G. shall be deprived of his personal effects—Iron Crosses and the like—but almost any captured German is willing to sacrifice anything he has for real tobacco.

When one Boche arrived before the examining officer and was told to empty his pockets, he laid out five partly filled sacks of American mak-in's and not much else. For it he had traded off an Iron Cross, his helmet, a trench knife, and all the buttons he could spare.

A certain American private wasn't satisfied, however, with any modest vest pocket souvenirs of the battle. Nothing would do for him, he explained, but a German machine gun.

After his unit was relieved he went to a salvage pile, selected a weapon in good order, and carried it, in addition to his full pack and rifle, all the long, weary kilometers back to repos.

It was not until after he had arrived that he discovered it was a French and not a German gun he had seized. We won't repeat his remarks when he made the discovery.

The composition of the perfect M. P. is as follows: Suspicion, 90 per cent; more suspicion, 10 per cent; total, 100 per cent and then some. All men, according to the M. P. at the front, are created equally suspicious characters. Rank, or the lack of it, mean absolutely nothing.

If you have any doubts, you can ask a certain French lieutenant colonel who is attached to a certain American division. He was going along a road toward the front when an M. P. stopped him. Most people do get stopped.

The colonel tried to explain, but the M. P. simply couldn't see him, and the colonel was at the end of his wits and his language. As a last resort he sent for his orderly, who happened to be a little Irishman of the combative variety common to the A. E. F.

The little Irishman came flying over the roads, via motor, and cleared his superior in short order. But if it hadn't been for the little Irishman, there is no telling where the French colonel would be now.

All of which goes to prove that no officer is a hero to his dog-rober.

A cavalryman who was doing Paul Revere work between a headquarters and the line tied his horse to a tree and proceeded on foot to his destination, where things were rather hot.

While he was gone things began to grow rather hot around that tree, too. He has pretty good evidence that they did, anyway. For when he returned there was a gaping hole in the earth where the horse had stood. A bit of rope was dangling from the tree.

Be he a private or a general, "writing home" usually occupies the first leisure minutes of a soldier just out of action.

Parked near the headquarters of a unit back from the lines was an impressive limousine, and in it sat a major general, pounding the keys of a small portable typewriter held on his lap. He had sought the privacy of his automobile to write home.

The Q. M. Corps has fallen down on the job. It is rather tough to have to admit this, but it is proved by the fact that the mahogany Louis Quatorze writing desks ordered for individual soldiers with brass studded legs—the desks of course—have never shown up.

So everybody uses the next best thing—a 20-gallon gasoline can, preferably empty. It sometimes rolls off your knees when you are trying to write on it, but otherwise it's O. K.

When he reached the gas hospital he was in a state of extraordinarily good humor.

"What are you so happy about?" they asked him.

"That's easy," he replied between smiles. "I'm going to get some clean underwear."

How much stuff does a Yank take into the line? It all depends on the Yank.

In one squad you will see a man carrying a full pack, including extra shoes and overcoat, and wearing a whole string of corned Willie cans much as a Fiji Islander wears a loin cloth. Another man in the same squad will go up minus his blouse, and carrying only a blanket, gas mask and helmet.

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Nothing makes an American soldier prouder of his organization than being in action with it. Any man up front will tell you that his platoon is the best in the company, that his company is the best in the regiment, and his regiment the best in the Army—that the artillery of his division is infallible and the officers are unbeatable. The colonel always comes in for praise.

"Our colonel," said one doughboy,

may be stout and and not much for height, but you ought to soldier under him. He's a regular fellow. Why he's the kind of a guy that if he was in the ranks would make a good private!"

Which is about the highest tribute a private can pay his colonel.

A French officer stood on a hilltop south of the Marne and trained his glasses on the field where Yank and Boche were having it out.

As he looked he smiled. For through the smoke he could see doubled Yankee fists finding their target on the tips of Hun noses and the points of Hun jaws.

He belonged to that five per cent slice of the army that doesn't smoke.

(Continued on page six)

## 1800-Acre Combined Stock and Grain Ranch At Auction

### Tuesday, September 17, 1918

At 2 o'clock P. M. on the Premises

The land is located in Sections 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10, township 32, range 12, Holt county, 3 miles south and 4 miles west of Whiting bridge.

Bids will be received in parcels and in whole. Good terms. Good tenant on the place with plenty of help under the draft age, desirous of leasing for term of years for cash, or possession can be had March 1, 1919

About 400 acres all in one body now in corn; balance hay meadow and creek pasture with plenty of water and plenty of timber.

For further particulars phone or address

**CARL W. GRANT, Owner.**

Col. Alfred E. Smalley, Auctioneer.

S. J. Weekes, F. W. Woods and H. A. Olerich, Clerks.

## Van Brunt One Horse Drills

This drill was constructed especially for use in seeding between corn rows or in limited space. It has all the good features of the regular large size Van Brunt Drills and does the same high grade work. It is not made small in order to give a cheap price drill, as it is not a cheaply constructed affair, but is just as durable as any. If you have only a small piece of ground you will want to be sure that every bit of it is seeded. The Van Brunt One-Horse Drill insures this. It plants all kinds of seed accurately.

### Special Features.

The Van Brunt One-Horse Drill does perfect work because it has the necessary parts to do it. It has the famous Van Brunt adjustable gate force feed which compels an even flow of seed from hopper; furrow openers that always give a furrow of even depth in any soil that can be seeded; closed delivery which always protects seeds until they reach bottom of furrow so that seed is planted at even depth and therefore grain is all up and ready for harvest at the same time.

### What It Will Do.

1. Give an even flow of seed from hopper all the time.
2. Make a furrow of uniform depth in any soil that can be seeded.
3. Plant the seed at the bottom of this furrow.
4. Plant in rows 6, 7, or 8 inches apart.
5. Plant all the ground. When discs come in contact with corn hills they spring in, dodge them and return to their places.

We have a few Dain Hay Tools left.

**Warner & Sons.**

## PUBLIC SALE!

As my son is in Class 1 and expects to be called to service soon I will sell at Public Auction at my place, 15 miles north of the O'Neill Fair Grounds, or 10 miles south and 1 mile east of Whiting Bridge, or 1 mile south of the Meek Post Office, the following described property, commencing at 10:30 A. M. on

### Tuesday, September 17th

#### 36—HEAD OF CATTLE—36

Fifteen head of Milch cows; 3 3-year old heifers, with calf; 4 2-year-old heifers; 7 steers; 7 spring calves; 1 Grade Hereford Bull.

#### 10—HEAD HORSES & MULES—10

One span of Black Mules, 8 and 9 years old, weight 2300; 1 span of dark bay mules, coming 9 years old, weight 2,000; 1 brown mule, 12 years old, weight 1,150; 1 gray horse 6 years old, weight 1,100; 1 single driver; 1 saddle pony; 2 coming 2-year-old colts.

#### 15—HEAD OF HOGS—15

Six brood sows and 9 spring shotes.

#### FARM MACHINERY, ETC.

Two riding lists; 2 riding cultivators; 1 disc; 1 John Deere 2-row eli, nearly new; 2 McCormick mowers; 1 hay rake; 1 hay sweep; 1 Great Western manure spreader; 1 top buggy, 1 1/2 inch tire; Bain wagon with rack; 1 Webber wagon; 3 sets of harness; 1 single buggy harness; 1 Economy King cream separator, new last spring; 1 dining room table; 1 Mallable range and many other articles too numerous to mention.

#### FREE LUNCH AT 12 O'CLOCK

TERMS—One year's time will be given on all sums of \$10 and over, with approved security and 10 per cent interest; sums under \$10 cash. All property to be settled for before removal.

**MRS. JENNIE MADISON, Owner.**

Col. James Moore, Auct. J. F. O'Donnell, Clerk.



## Packers' Profits Are Regulated

The public should understand that the profits of the packers have been limited by the Food Administration since November 1, 1917. For this purpose, the business of Swift & Company is now divided into three classes:

**Class 1** includes such products as beef, pork, mutton, oleomargarine and others that are essentially animal products. Profits are limited to 9 per cent of the capital employed in these departments, (including surplus and borrowed money), or not to exceed two and a half cents on each dollar of sales.

**Class 2** includes the soap, glue, fertilizer, and other departments more or less associated with the meat business. Many of these departments are in competition with outside businesses whose profits are not limited. Profits in this class are restricted to 15 per cent of the capital employed.

**Class 3** includes outside investments, such as those in stock yards, and the operation of packing plants in foreign countries. Profits in this class are not limited.

Total profits for all departments together in 1918 will probably be between three and four per cent on an increased volume of sales.

The restrictions absolutely guarantee a reasonable relation between live stock prices and wholesale meat prices, because the packer's profit cannot possibly average more than a fraction of a cent per pound of product.

Since the profits on meat (Class 1) are running only about 2 cents on each dollar of sales, we have to depend on the profits from soap, glue, fertilizer (Class 2, also limited) and other departments, (Class 3) to obtain reasonable earnings on capital.

Swift & Company is conducting its business so as to come within these limitations.

**Swift & Company, U. S. A.**