

FROM SOISSONS TO THE MARNE ALONG THE FIGHTING FRONT
His unit was stationed in a wood, and as he had all the Yankee's skill with a pocket knife he whittled himself a pipe in his spare time. Now he smoked. If the chance of war had staked him in a marble quarry, he would probably have turned into a sculptor.

One of the regiments which took part in the "Soissons push" was relieved in the line just after nightfall, marched back, and established camp at the edge of a peaceful village. About 1 o'clock the next afternoon the soldiers awoke, partook of a late breakfast of coffee, bread and beans, and began to talk it over.

At 1:30 the bandmaster called his company together and marched it to head-quarters to serenade the colonel. They started with "Over There," with the accent on "We won't be back till it's over." Everybody at head-quarters sang the refrain, including the colonel.

"But," said the colonel, at the conclusion of the piece, "if you want to serenade somebody, serenade the men. Come on, and I'll go with you."

With the colonel marching at its head, the band made the round of the regiment, serenading each battalion in turn.

"This is my party," said the colonel, "for the best regiment of fighting men in the world."

The farther you get into France—in other words the nearer you get to the front—the less French you hear. That explains why the headquarters troop top was discouraged.

"I've been in France three months," he said, "and I only know seven words of French. And I was in Mexico two months, and learned ten words of Spanish."

The colonel had led them into the fight, and it was the colonel's all-seeing eye which noticed that the little 18-year-old private had been gassed.

"Get back," he shouted. "You've done your bit—get back!"

So the little private dutifully got back. On the way he passed a farm. In a shed were six Boches whom the fight had swept past without noticing.

Their hands went up in a jiffy. When the little private reported at the dressing station for treatment the six were still with him.

Your M. P. must escort the prisoners to the rear, and there has been quite a lot of this lately up at Chateau-Thierry way. One captured lieutenant got quite a way down the road with a pistol hidden on him, and in a moment of irritation at the geying he was getting from 50 of his own men who were goose-stepping cheerfully into bondage with him, he took a pot shot at the M. P.

The M. P. was wounded, but not disabled, and a pistol duel followed; in another moment there was one less Prussian junker in this vale of tears. The outcome was greeted with unaffected delight by all other prisoners who were revelling in the first chance to speak their minds that they had had in all their days.

One burley and bristling exemplar of German militarism with captain's knots on his shoulders and an iron cross on his chest was included in a recent bag of prisoners. He was indignant, to say the least, at the time of his capture, and the mood intensified as he was marched back to the intelligence officer.

He hadn't heard the questioning officer speak more than five words of German before he burst into the conversation.

"Do you allow privates to call officers by their first names in this army?" he demanded witheringly.

"Why" asked the officer.

"Well, this pig," said the Boche, "called me Heinie every time he addressed me."

A German lieutenant came before the officer who was listing and tagging prisoners.

"What's your name?" he was asked.

"Johannes Jacobi."

"Any relation to Wilhelm Jacobi?" asked the American officer.

"A brother," said the Boche in surprise.

"Well, if you look around when you get there, you'll find him in the prisoners pen. We got him too."

The doughboys in the push south of Soissons have the greatest respect for the French tanks that went over the top with them and almost a love for their game little French operators. From the outset the Yanks and the tanks worked well together.

"The tank I was with saved my life five times," said one admiring soldier, "and if I ever run across the Frenchman who was operating the machine gun on the high side I'm going right up and kiss him French fashion, whiskers and all."

A lanky private was detailed to take a captured German artillery officer to regimental headquarters. He had proceeded about half a mile when the American noticed that his

charge was tearing up some papers. We evidently didn't want to get into American hands and scattering the pieces along the road.

"Ain't you the cute cuss?" said the American. "Now just go back and pick them all up."

The officer may not have understood the instructions, but he did the gestures which accompanied them, and he complied. He spent the next half hour painstakingly gathering fragments of a map, which, when pasted together, showed all the Boche artillery positions in his sector.

If the open fighting that some of the troops are undergoing keeps up we will have to invent some new slang. They still speak of going over the top, but it isn't satisfactory because as a matter of fact, there sometimes isn't any top for the reason that there isn't any trench—or not much of a trench, anyhow.

"Going out after 'em has been used. Anybody got any suggestions?"

HOUSEWORK IS A BURDEN

Woman's lot is a weary one at best. But with backache and other distressing kidney ills life indeed becomes a burden. Doan's Kidney Pills have made life brighter for many O'Neill women. Read what Mrs. Luke Man-

deville, O'Neill, says: "My back was weak and painful and when I did my housework, my back became so lame, I could hardly use it. In the morning when I first got up, I was stiff and sore across my back and found it difficult to stoop. I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills and from the first day, they stopped the backache and rid me of the lameness. I have used Doan's Kidney Pills at different times since and have always been helped. I think so much of this remedy I am seldom without a box of Doan's in my home.

Price 60c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Mandeville had. Foster Milburn Co., Mfgs., Buffalo, N. Y.

Regarding Sale of Saving Stamps.

Lincoln, Nebr., August 31, 1918. To the Chairman of the County Council of Defense:

Dear Mr. Chairman: Information is reaching the State Council from many sources that purchasers of War Savings Stamps are availing themselves of the opportunity extended by the government to cash these stamps with their local postmaster. In some localities many thousands of dollars worth have already been cashed and more applications are being made

daily. If this practice is permitted to continue, the disinterested efforts of public spirited citizens in disposing of these stamps will have been dissipated and we urge each of the county organizations to join in opposition to the practice, in which they should have the hearty cooperation of the local newspapers and in this connection we believe that it would be advisable to request the local postmaster to refer to the County Council of Defense every application that is submitted to him.

As quickly as it is known that this course is being followed we feel quite certain that the practice will be discontinued and that the purchasers of these stamps will hold them as is the desire of their government that they should. This course has been recommended by quite a number of our County Chairmen, and it is given the unqualified endorsement of the state organization.

Your prompt and active attention will be appreciated.

Very truly yours,
Robert M. Joyce, Chairman

I HAVE A FEW MODELS OF Overland and Willys Knight automobiles on hand, and will promptly furnish, by order, any other car, of the 36 models manufactured by the Overland Co.—Sanford Parker. 4tf

Dividend Draft	Nebraska National Insurance Co.,	Amount \$15.00
No. 165	Lincoln, Nebraska	August 12, 1918.
Pay to the Order of Holt County Agricultural Society		\$15.00
Fifteen Dollars	Dollars.	
For Return profits on policy No. G1643 and B1585 on property insured in this Company.		
Payable at First National Bank	Nebraska National Insurance Co.	
Lincoln, Nebraska.	P. F. Zimmer, Sec. and Treas.	

The above represents the dividend on a \$75.00 yearly premium. Why not insure with the Nebraska National, a Nebraska Company, and share in the profits of the Company? Dividend payable whether you renew or not.

L. G. Gillespie, Agent
O'Neill, Nebraska.

PUBLIC SALE!

We will offer the following described property at public auction at Opportunity, Nebr., 9 miles north and 8 miles east of O'Neill, commencing at 1 o'clock sharp, on

Monday, Sept. 16, 1918

75 Head of Cattle

15 Head of Milch Cows; 25 Head of 2-Year Old Heifers and Steers; 14 Head Yearling Heifers and Steers; 21 Calves.

40 Head of Hogs

5 Old Sows; 35 Spring Calves.

One Minnesota No. 1 Mower, New

Plenty of Free Lunch Served at Noon.

TERMS—One year's time will be given on all sums of \$10 and over, with approved security and 10 per cent interest. Under \$10 cash. No property to be removed until settled for.

Downing & Brentson, Owners.
Col. James Moore, Auctioneer. S. J. Weekes, Clerk.

O'NEILL AMUSEMENT FESTIVAL
September 16-17-18-19-20-21
Holt County Fair
September 18-19-20, 1918
WALTER SAVIDGE AMUSEMENT CO.

INCLUDING
The Walter Savidge Players

REPERTOIRE

Monday

"PRETTY MISS NOBODY"
By Howard P. Taylor.

Tuesday

"THE CALLING OF DAN MATTHEWS"
By Harrold Bell Wright.

Wednesday

THE CAPTAIN'S MATE"
By Harry McCleve.

Thursday

"IN WALKED JIMMY"
By Mrs. Rolla B. Jaffa.

Friday

"OFFICER 666"
By Augustus McHugh.

Saturday

2:30 P. M.—"A DIXIE GIRL"
8:45 P. M.—"THE NEW CHIEF OF POLICE."
By Myron Leffingwell.

Don't Fail to Visit the
Palace of Illusions

Be Sure to See
"Little George"
The Smallest Man On Earth.

Drop Into the
Three-in-One Show

2 Big Free Acts 2

:: BAND CONCERTS DAILY ::

TAKE A SPIN ON THE FERRIS WHEEL
RIDE THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

Something Doing All the Time

WALTER SAVIDGE AMUSEMENT CO.