

"Me unt Gott" as Spectators

(By Carl Buzzwell Rosin, Chief Bow Scraper to the All Highest.)

This morning I called his majesty at four. Great Headquarters had notified me privately that the 123d final offensive was to be launched at 4:16½ o'clock A. M., and had asked me to see that the Emperor was placed in some convenient but inaccessible or impregnable place whence he might witness the slaughter of the Fatherland's glorious and incomparable troops. I had selected a fairly high hilltop a number of miles back. It was covered with bones and skulls, the latter being as I noted in silence, uniformly brachycephalous. Out of these bones I had constructed a small redoubt behind which I had mounted a powerful telescope. Hither at 4:10½ A. M. I conducted the All Highest. He was clad in the uniform of a Russian General of the Red Guard, in honor, as he jocosely put it, of "our new ally."

At the foot of the hill in the rear, with its engine purring loudly, was the imperial field-gray car, in readiness for instant use, and headed Rhineward. "Where are my brave and venturesome sons?" inquired the Supreme Ruler in his most godlike manner as he took his seat behind a wall of grinning skulls. "Safe with their mother, Majesty, except his royal Highness your first born," I replied; "he is of course in command of our renowned armies on this rear with headquarters at Cologne, from which place there is quick transportation, as your Majesty well knows, to Berlin and Thibet. You should by now be receiving some message of congratulation from him, for the battle is not yet on." At that moment a gigantic Prussian guardsman galloped up the hill. "A telegram for the All Highest," he gasped, collapsing at our feet. His Majesty paid no attention to the man, but quickly opened and read the message.

It was my inestimable privilege to listen as the Great Apostle of Mercy and Forbearance, rising to his full height, grandiloquently read these touching words from his proud first fledgling at the dawn of battle: "You are safe, Father William? (I know you are so, For it's one of our family traits.) Then watch, Father William, our brave Heinies go Up against the Marines from the States.

"You will see, Father William, how proudly they flee in a war that is purely defensive; At thy fall, Father William, just between you and me, Have Rosin spring something that's pensive."

Immediately I whipped out my note book and dashed off the following, as the fierce cannonading began and our devoted shock units came straggling back, running most courageously: "His Imperial Majesty witnessed at dangerously close

range this morning the beginning of the last great offensive that is surely to bring peace, tranquility and prosperity to our dear Fatherland. As our shattered lines audaciously fell back, the All Highest rose commandingly caressed a skull, and with deep emotion exclaimed, "Alas, poor Yor—potzdam, I mean Fritz!—would that I had 1,000,000 more devoted cannon wads such as you to sacrifice upon the altar of beloved von Deutschland! What a glorious death! And for me—von ME! I weep because there are no more . . . What a victory, Rosin!"

Soon we were whizzing through Luxemburg.—P. S. W. in Oregon ian.

Shoots Showers of Bullets

War has shown the need for two, if not three, distinct types of machine-guns. One, with tripod and with water-cooling to keep the gun from burning up during long stretches of automatic fire, to use on the defensive. A pair of guns of this sort may chatter the night through, firing through the darkness on a line of sight fixed by daylight, and spraying with deadly bullets a road used at night by the enemy, maybe two thousand yards away. Only the heavy tripod mount and weight in the gun can ensure holding the line of fire accurately against the vibration of the recoil. Only the water-cooling can keep down the heat evolved by the continuous blast of 4000-degree white-hot flame through the barrel. Or the gun may be called on to lay a barrage of bullets on an enemy trench from which it is suspected an attack will start. One authority alleges that ninety per cent of the casualties of modern warfare are from machine-guns.

The other type is the light automatic rifle carried in the front wave of advancing troops. It can be fired readily from the shoulder, one shot at a time like the ordinary military rifle, or by the throw of a latch it will fire with the rapidity of a pneumatic riveter hammering together the plates of the steel ship. The French use their nineteen pound Chauchat to spray the trench of the Hun in the fatal interval between lifting their own barrage and their arrival, bomb-preceded, at the edge of the trench. If the French automatic rifleman finds the Hun resistance stiffer than expected, he snuggles into a handy shell-hole and proceeds to pop off Fritz whenever a head comes up into sight. Beside him the two men who brought along the ammunition packed in magazines slip him the crescent-shaped containers as fast as the gun shoots itself empty. It does this at the rate of from 150 to 200 shots a minute when set for automatic fire.

John Browning brought to the Government machine-gun testing board two weapons that proved to be so good that they were forthwith adopted.

Following the adoption of these two Browning guns, Browning was asked to re-design the water-cooled gun for air-plane use, leaving off the water-jacket and using air for cooling, because the rapid motion of the plane makes this feasible. The re-designed plane gun weighs eighteen pounds and it is belt fed. The Government feels that when the flying fighter has fired two hundred and fifty rounds he is either hors de combat or victor. He has no magazine to bother with, nothing to take away his attention from operating the plane. He points the plane

at the foe and presses the trigger. The gun does the rest for two hundred and fifty shots. So they put two such guns on a plane, mounted to fire at practically a common center, and they arranged them to fire together at the pressure of one handily placed trigger. They put a non-magnifying tubular lens sight between them with a large lens at the eye end, and a cross-hair at the aiming point at the other end. The fighter waits until the cross-hair touches the enemy plane, then he presses the trigger and two man-killers spout twelve hundred bullets a minute until he lets go the trigger.

The success of the great Browning guns—now triplets: water-cooled, air-plane and light rifle—is due merely to Browning's understanding of machine-gun problems and his mastery of them. The violent hammering action of the parts of a gun operating six hundred shots a minute produces quick crystallization of the parts and breakage. So Browning arranged his operating mechanism to start the opening motion softly and to finish the closing motion softly. Neither gun hammers open and crashes shut, in spite of its high rate of fire. This is why one gun shot 39,000 cartridges without a break.—Edward C. Crossman in the September Sunset.

Boys and girls in 18 States have planted 10,414 ounces of sugar-beet seed supplied them by the United States Department of Agriculture for the purpose of making sugar-beet syrup. The seed was secured through the Bureau of Plant Industry and distributed by the States Relations Service to 18 State leaders of boys' and girls' club work in the North and West. Each boy or girl receiving an ounce of the seed is pledged to grow it to make the beets into syrup. It is estimated that, with average yields, this might result in the home manufacture of more than 40,000 gallons of syrup, which may be used in many ways as a sugar substitute in general cooking.

Receipts from the National Forests in the fiscal year 1918 ending June 30 amounted to more than \$3,574,000. Fees from live stock

brought in over \$1,700,000, and timber sales yielded over \$1,500,000. Water power permits brought in a little less than \$100,000. Smaller amounts were received from various forms of land occupancy. Turpentine privileges on the Florida National Forest yielded the Government about \$8,000.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Polk County.

Walter W. Wells and Mary Alice Wells, Plaintiffs, vs.

C. W. Leonard as the administrator of the estate of D. W. Harvie, deceased, C. W. Leonard, F. W. Sloan and Blanche Sloan, his wife, Mrs. A. E. Harvie and David Harrison Harvie, Defendants.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution in foreclosure issued out of and under the seal of the above entitled Court in the above entitled suit, to me duly directed and dated the 5th day of August, 1918, upon a judgment and decree rendered and entered in said court in said entitled suit on the 29 day of July, 1918, in favor of said plaintiffs, and against said defendants, for the sum of \$1500.00 with interest thereon from December 1st 1913, at the rate of 8 per cent per annum until paid, for \$100.00 attorney's fee, and for \$25.00 costs and disbursements of said suit, and the costs of and upon said writ, subject however, to the rights and equities of the defendant, C. W. Leonard, commanding me to make sale of the following described real property, situate in Polk County, State of Oregon, to-wit:

Beginning at a point which is 19.61 chains South 89 deg. 27 min. West of the S. E. corner of the Wm. Meyer's D. L. C. No. 61 in Township 8 S. R. 4 West of the Willamette Meridian in Polk County, Oregon, running thence North 89 deg. 27 min. East 12.25 chains; thence South 12.25 chains; thence West 12.25 chains; thence North 12.25 chains to the place of beginning, containing 15 acres, more or less.

Now, therefore, by virtue of said execution, judgment, order and decree, and in compliance with the

commands of said writ, I will, on Saturday the 7th day of September, 1918, at the hour of one o'clock P. M. thereof, at the front door of the County Court House in the City of Dallas, Polk County, Oregon, sell at public auction, subject to redemption, to the highest bidder for U. S. Gold Coin, cash in hand, all the right, title, interest and estate which said defendants or either of them, had on the date of the mortgages herein or since had in or to the above described real property or any part thereof, to satisfy said execution, judgment, order, decree, interest, costs, taxes, and all accruing costs. That defendant, C. W. Leonard has paid all taxes on said real property.

Dated at Dallas, Oregon, the 7th day of August, 1918.
JOHN W. ORR,
Sheriff of Polk County, Oregon.
SWOPE & SWOPE, Attorneys.

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