

MARCHING ARMIES

For Infantry Fifteen Miles Is a Good Day's Work.

HORSES MAKE TWENTY MILES

But to Do This Day After Day Requires Good Artillery Stock and Almost Perfect Conditions—The Pace For Soldiers in Various Countries.

The infantry pace varies in detail in the armies of the nations. It varies not only in length of step, but in the number of steps to the minute, and each nation, of course, thinks its own step is the best.

One peculiar step, known as the "parade march," or "goose step," is used at times by German soldiers. No other army has a step similar to it. The German goose step consists in throwing out the legs without bending the knees, and it is used only on ceremonial occasions, in changing guard and when a detachment of men pass an officer of high rank.

The rate of march of a detachment of infantry in active service depends on many factors, including the size of the marching body or the length of the column, the training, physical condition and spirit of the troops, the road and the weather.

Two and a half miles an hour and fifteen miles a day is a good average for seasoned infantry carrying, of course, field equipment. Seasoned troops in good spirits and spurred by the prospect of action may be depended on to do much better than this when the situation requires it, but when an infantry division or even a brigade has moved over fifteen miles of road in one day it has done a day's work.

Stonewall Jackson's "foot cavalry of the valley" now and then covered forty miles in one march, but it was extraordinary infantry.

In some of the press reports from the Russo-Japanese war it was given out that on occasion large bodies of Japanese infantry covered fifty miles of road in a day and night and came up on the firing line fresh enough to shoot. But a great many prodigies were accredited to Japanese troops in that war.

It has long been a saying among military men of countries other than France that the French foot soldier has the best legs in Europe, and the mobility of an army depends on its feet and legs. Infantry is as good as its feet. An infantryman who can march and shoot is worth a regiment of men who straggle, hunt shade, pant for water, develop blisters on the feet and keep their ears pricked up only for mess call, sick call and recall.

In the American army the length of the full step in quick time is thirty inches, measured from heel to heel, and the cadence is at the rate of 120 steps to the minute. At 120 steps to the minute the soldier marches 3,600 inches a minute, which equals 100 yards. And marching 100 yards a minute he will march 6,000 yards in one hour, or three and nine twenty-seconds of a mile—a little under three and a half miles. They do not do this practically because time must be taken out for rest.

The British infantry step is thirty-one and one-half inches, the longest of all the steps. Germany keeps step with Switzerland, each doing thirty-one inches, while twenty-nine inches is the pace of the armies of Italy, France and Austria. The Russians take the shortest step, twenty-seven and one-half inches and only do 112 in a minute. The German infantryman does 114, the Austrian 115 and the French and Italian each manage 120. Consequently, to march a mile takes the Russian twenty minutes, the Austrian eighteen and two-thirds minutes, the French and Italian eighteen minutes, while the German could beat this by ten or eleven seconds.

A fair day's march for a battery or battalion or regiment of field artillery is twenty miles, but to make this day after day on the usual American road without killing the horses not only requires good artillery stock with some warm blood in their arteries, but perfect fitting harness and drivers who have some native intelligence and into whom discipline has been hammered. The usual practice in the light artillery is to march for fifty minutes and halt and rest ten minutes. During that rest, which is mainly in the interest of the horses, collars are opened and laid back so that a horse's shoulder may be relieved and cooled, and, of course, the timber props are let down that the weight of the pole may be taken off the necks of the wheelers.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Seeking Information.
Little Wife—How do you like mesaline and brocade satin with chiffon over velvet? Hubby—What are you talking about—clothes or the platform of the woman's party?—Chicago News.

Musical Note.
"Say, Hiram, what do they mean by a Stradevar'us?"
"Oh, a Stradevar'us is the Latin name for a fiddle."—Musical Courier.

Common Course.
Hi—What course is Sarah studying at that boarding school? Si—I can't remember, but I think it's cosmetics.—Stanford Chaparral.

The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best.—George Elliot.

Professor [unclear] the reason very young children are actively immune to infectious diseases is that their hearts beat so much more rapidly than those of older people that the blood flows swiftly through the arteries, and this swift flow makes it difficult for microorganisms to gain a foothold in the blood stream.—New York World.

One Danger.
"Have you fastened the window-dear?" she asked as they were about to retire for the night.
"No. What's the use? I gave you the last dollar I had to buy that new hat, and we needn't fear burglars."
"But they might sit down on the hat you know."—Washington Post.

Between Citizens.
He was abusing things in general.
"Have you registered?" asked the other man.
"N-n-no."
"A citizen should always register. Your vote will do more to correct matters than your criticism."—Pittsburg Post.

An Ancient Phrase.
The frequently quoted "I do not pin my faith upon your sleeve" is traced in sentiment to feudal times, when the partisans of a leader used to wear his badge pinned upon their sleeves. Sometimes these badges were changed for specific purposes, and persons learned to doubt; hence the phrase. "You wear the badge, but I do not intend to pin my faith on your sleeve."—New York American.

What Hurt Most.
"Why are you crying so bitterly, little man?" asked the kind hearted old lady as she patted the tearful youngster on his head.
"Bill Jones hit me on the nose," was the boy's reply.
"Did he hurt you much?"
"Naw; he didn't hurt me at all, but he ran away before I could hit him back."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

"MOTHER" JONES, FRIEND OF MINERS.



Photo by American Press Association.

Very Temperate.
"He was very temperate, drunk only once a week," he witness to a Liverpool coroner.

Aye, There's the Rub.
If we had to turn our own grind stones we wouldn't have so many axes to grind.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SERVIAN CAMP IN MIDWINTER.



Photo by American Press Association.

Descriptive.
"Is she homely?"
"Well, I wouldn't say that exactly. But after taking one look at her no one would ever think of asking why she had never married."—Detroit Free Press.

USE YOUR STRENGTH.
In the assurance of strength there is strength, and they are the weakest, however strong, who have no faith in themselves or their powers.—Lord Bacon.

Democratic Senator Opposed to Ship Purchase Bill



Photo by American Press Association. SENATOR O'GORMAN.

BIBLE THAT SAVED A SOLDIER'S LIFE.



The book, printed in German and Hebrew, was struck by a piece of shrapnel, which was stopped when halfway through the volume. Below the book is its case.

INDIAN TROOPS FIGHTING FOR ENGLAND.



Photo by American Press Association.

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CRATER LAKES. MORE MERCHANT VESSELS SUNK

Easter Island Has a Wonderful One, and So Has Java.
Wonderful lakes are often found inside the craters of volcanoes. One of these can be seen upon Easter Island—the island which bears wonderful remains of an unknown ancient people. Inside a crater is a lake, near the borders of which lie several unfinished crowns composed of tufa, evidently destined for the huge figures on the shores of the island, but never completed. And on this lake float many waterfowl, one of which is said to be a goose unknown to science.

Another curious crater lake existed until recently within the icebound crater of a volcano in New Zealand. The water was heated to boiling point, but a short time ago an eruption of more than common violence tossed the whole lake into the air.

A most interesting crater lake can still be seen in Java in the volcano of Papandajan, and it is possible to enter the crater and gaze down on the scene below. Standing on the rim, one can see the vast seething mass of boiling mud. Every now and then a wave of mud moves heavily along the sides of the chasm, only to fall back into the molten mass, and here and there columns of sulphur thrown out of the lake of mud are gradually forming walls. It is indeed pleasant to escape from this dismal inclosure to breathe the free air once more.

ISOLATED ISLANDS. Lonely Tristan da Cunha Gets Outside News Once in Two Years.

Though scientific progress has made it possible to do a double journey between England and America in a fortnight, there remain many islands with which it takes years to communicate. Off the Scottish coast are the groups of islands known as the Hebrides, Orkneys and Shetlands. Of these the most isolated island is St. Kilda, some three miles long and two miles broad. The inhabitants lead lives of great loneliness, for it takes a month to get to the next island, and the sea often makes any communication with St. Kilda impossible for months.

The group of eight Phoenix islands in the Pacific has a total population of only 158, while another little bit of the British empire is Fanning island. This is a landing place for the Pacific submarine cable, and usually there are about 100 people in the place.

The loneliest of all parts of British territory is the island of Tristan da Cunha, in the south Atlantic, which is also the smallest inhabited island in the empire. It is 1,800 miles from land, has a population of seventy-four Scottish Americans, and the inhabitants get news of the outer world usually once every two years.—London Stray Stories.

Two Puzzles.
Mrs. Bowns—How do you expect me to buy things for you to eat if you don't give me any money? Mr. Bowns—And how do you expect me to earn money for you if I don't get anything to eat?—New York Journal.

Strenuous Love.
"Do yer love me, 'Erb?"
"Love yer, 'Liza! I should jest think I does. Why, if yer ever gives me up I'll murder yer! I can't say more'n that, can I?"—London Punch.

Very Moving.
Talk about moving things with a derrick—the most powerful thing known to move man is a woman's eyes.—Florida Times-Union.