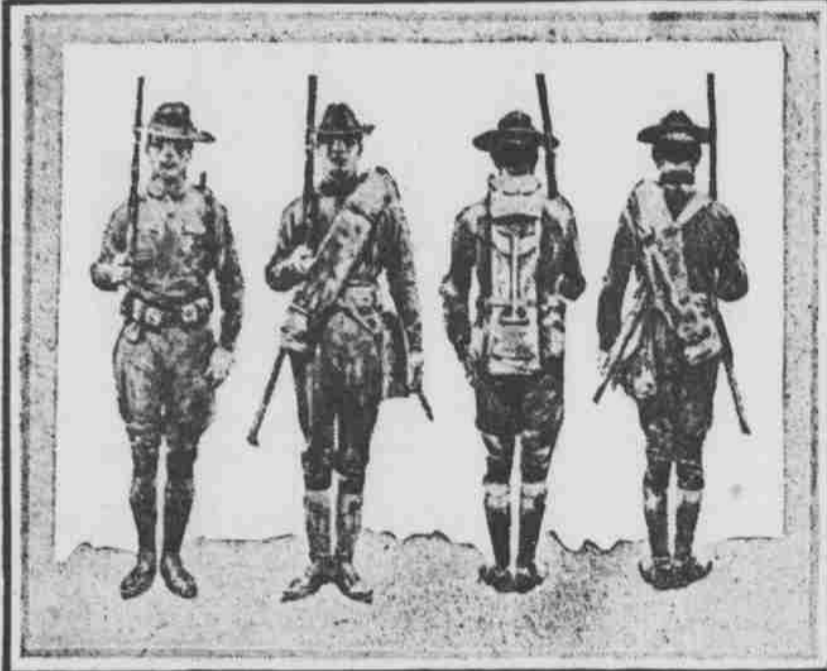


RE-CLOTHING OF UNCLE SAM'S ARMY



NEW TENT WITH A RIFLE FOR ITS SINGLE POLE



NEW STYLE OLD STYLE NEW STYLE OLD STYLE

UNCLE SAM'S Infantryman—who has to walk as well as fight—may well bless the year 1911, for the weight of his kit is to be lessened by almost one-half. The regulation 56 lb. is cut to 45 lb. with everything on, and stripped for real work in the field the foot soldier will carry but 30 lb. now, thus fitting him the better for marching and fighting. When a soldier goes into a fight there are certain things which he must carry if he is going to be of any use to his country. These are, first of all, his weapons—rifle or revolver—and the proper ammunition, the first-aid packet, one entrenching tool, water—a thirsty soldier cannot hit a flock of barns—a mess kit, and then more ammunition. Nowadays 210 rounds are not considered any too much for the first dole of ammunition. What he does not need in a fight is his shelter—the "dog tent," overcoat, blanket, and poncho.

Today the entrenching tool is regarded as next in importance to the weapon. Each man carries either a pick mattock, a shovel, or an axe. Certain men also have wire-clippers. With shovels a whole regiment can hide itself in little holes in thirty seconds, and dead soldiers are no use to a government. The old days of standing up in the face of the bullets are gone now. The only time a soldier shows himself to the enemy, if he can help it, is in the final rush. Advances are not permitted until superiority of fire is assured.

But there is a score of marches to every skirmish, and the tabulated list gives the essential things that each Infantryman must carry with him, all of which are distributed more or less evenly about his person.

Here is the tabulated list of the United States Infantryman's kit:

- | | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| One rifle | One entrenching tool |
| One gun sling | One haversack |
| One bayonet | One bacon can |
| One bayonet scabbard | One condiment can |
| One meat can | One knife |
| One cartridge belt | One fork |
| One hundred rounds of ammunition | One spoon |
| One first-aid packet | Toilet articles |
| One pair socks | woolen |
| One first-aid pouch | One haversack |
| One canteen | One ration tin |
| One canteen cover | One emergency ration |
| One entrenching tool | And the pack, which consists of: |
| One pack-carrier | One shelter half |
| One blanket | Five shelter tent pins |
| One poncho | carrier |

Scores of further suggestions from officers have been received by the United States war department, which is responsible for this new departure, to make the soldier more efficient in time of war. An ambulant kitchen—a range on wheels which can cook a meal on the march—is one of the newest wrinkles proposed. Automobiles for a mobile army are demanded now. The blanket has been cut to weigh 3 lb. It is proposed to abolish the coat in the field and substitute a sweater in its place.

Other recommendations are that the sergeants carry no rifle in the field but have revolvers and bolos instead. Likewise the cooks are to be relieved of the rifle and have revolver and bolo, thus enabling them to carry sufficient utensils to cook for the company when other transportation has been abandoned.

It is proposed to do away with the old campaign hat and to substitute the mounted police hat, which has a lower crown and a wider brim and is more comfortable. With it goes the individual "housewife." The company will carry a kit for mending for the entire outfit. A neckerchief is to be made part of the uniform. Officers will not carry their sabres in the field, and tobacco and soap will be

made part of the ration. The foot soldier's little tent has been made much lighter. Nowadays each man lugs half a shelter tent, with five pins and one jointed pole; his "bunkie" lugs the other half. Now the poles are abolished. The rifle acts as a front pole and a rope takes the place of the rear pole. In case of a surprise the rifles are even handier to get at. But even better the lessened weight will be carried in much easier fashion.

The illustration shows a front view of the new equipment of the United States foot soldier with cartridge belt



Infantryman in New Equipment.

and water bottle as compared with the old equipment showing how the man's chest was bound in by straps and suspenders. Everything is now lighter; the fighting and comfort equipments are separated from one another and easily detached. Rear views of the new and the old equipments are also shown. The new equipment shows the pack with the bayonet on the left, also the shovel, canteen, and condiment can, as compared with the old, showing how the bulkier weight flopped against the back and pelvis, thus unduly and too quickly fatiguing the soldier.

Most of this great relief to the United States soldier who fights on foot is due to the untiring efforts of the officers who make up the United States Infantry Association which was organized some years ago. Its president is Lieut-General John C. Bates, Brigadier-General Clarence R. Edwards is vice-president, and Major George H. Shelton is secretary and treasurer.

His Woman-Proof Heart

By JOANNA SINGLE

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

Things began to happen in John Dorr's hitherto quiet life. He had been head draughtsman ten years. Then, one June morning, Foster, the senior partner, called him to the inner office. Tauton, the other firm member, was grinning in his happy fashion.

"You're junior partner, Dorr, from this time forth! How do you like it?" Both older men rose and shook hands with him. Their friendliness was personal as well as in business.

Dorr's steady dark eyes lighted happily. He was probably thirty-three or four, of the slow-going but absolutely sure sort. He said nothing could be better. And then they discussed the financial side. An hour later he was leaving them, when Tauton stopped him jocularly.

"We've only one fault to find with you, John. You're not quite human with that woman-proof heart of yours! You seem never to even see a girl—and they all see you! Marry and be one of us, and have some real life in that little cottage of yours. Eh?"

Dorr laughed, but his reserve was not broken. "Some marry, like you; some, like me—do not. I consider myself a successful bachelor." He left them, not saying that love had seemed to pass him by. He would marry, if ever, because love came and found him, not because other men married.

The next astounding thing happened the next morning. Miss Gray, always at her desk early, was waiting for him. No one else was down yet, and she followed him to the inner room and closed the door. In the year she had been in the office she had spoken to nobody there save on business, and almost never to Dorr. Now she laid a shining handful of jewelry on the desk before him, and stood, tall and slender, her face grave, her gray eyes serious. She spoke as if conferring rather than asking a favor.

"Could I get—\$200 on these? I know nothing about pawning things."

Through his amazement he noted the depth of her clear eyes, the way her fine, smooth brown hair framed her face, the little lines at her temples. She could not have been much under thirty. He examined the heavy old watch of fine gold, two diamond rings, one very good; a little sapphire, like a blue eye, and other trinkets.

"I—should think so. Why not let us—the firm—advance the money?"

She shook her head firmly. "That would not do. And I need the money this afternoon, too. I thought you could tell me the best place to go."

"They are all—horrible places. Properly managed, some of them might lend it. I'll—go for you. You couldn't go to a place like that."

She turned as if the matter were settled. "Thank you very much," she said pleasantly and went back to her desk.

He liked it that she did not explain, that if she had troubles she did not mention them, and that, whatever it was, she came to her own firm. But it set his thoughts upon her. How came she to have such expensive things? Why did she need money? She had a good salary, lived very quietly, and inexpensively—he knew where she boarded, and had a vague idea that all her people were dead. He thought he would—why, he would quietly keep her jewels and give her the money himself! Then he knew she would not accept it. He was driven to deceit. He pawned the watch only, as less personal, and when he gave her the envelope of bill merely showed her the ticket, explaining that he would keep it and get the things when the 60 days were up.

But the matter disturbed him, and he wished it had not occurred. He furtively studied her. She was a lady. The quietness of her dress and manner, the perfection of her toilet, above all, her reserve, showed that. Her voice was cultivated, and her work showed the grasp and accuracy of a trained mind.

As the hot June days passed he saw a change in her. Miss Taylor, the bookkeeper, had gone on her vacation, and as business was light, Miss Gray did her work in her absence. Was it too much for her? Dorr noted that for the first time since he had known her, she seemed worried. Her eyes were shadowed, her face pale. He spoke to her about it one Saturday noon after the others had left and were not to return. She was bending over a ledger.

"Miss Gray, it's pretty hot in here. You'd better not stay—let it go until Monday. Shall I work at it for an hour? I can."

She seemed to shrink from him, and protested.

"No," she said, "let me do it. I'm learning—you know I'm not an experienced bookkeeper—I'll get along all right."

He left her, but he thought her manner strange. Was anything wrong? Surely not. But when Monday morning came, she was there at the office when he entered, bending over the ledger with a little frown on her brow. He walked straight up to her.

"Has anything gone wrong?" he asked in his steady, elder-brother manner.

Her eyes met his almost gratefully, in a sort of resolve or relief. She asked a strange thing of him.

"Could you stay and—help me a moment tonight—when the others are gone?"

If it had been any one else, any one less perfectly dignified and impersonal, he would not have liked the request. Just then Foster entered, and Dorr knew something had happened to him—he had a hot desire to shield her from Foster's look—from even the thought of any one else. It was a protective impulse that sprang up to defend her, and set a steal upon him. He never forgot how she looked at that moment. Her eyes were like flowers.

That evening she went straight to the point. She put the books before him.

"Please go over everything since Miss Taylor left," she said. "She'll be back in the morning, and I can't find—all the money. I missed it the day after she left. It has frightened me to death."

He began to go over the figures with her, his voice reassuring.

"Don't worry—we'll find it. It often happens." He went over all the figures once—then twice.

"H-mm! Two hundred short—"

He stopped suddenly and looked at her.

"Was that why you got me to—"

"Pawn my father's things, and my mother's. Yes. If it was my fault I was going to make it good. I was afraid I hadn't watched when the safe was open, or something—"

He laughed outright. "I am sure it can't be Miss Taylor's mistake—she is so accurate, and I wanted her to find everything all right."

Again he laughed to see how little



"Couldn't I Get \$200 on These?"

of a business woman she really was, how feminine, how helpless, and still how self-reliant she was! The wave of protectiveness that had seized upon him that morning came back—and with it another thing—the knowledge that he loved this woman. It came like light, in an instant. And before he could steady his thought the door opened, and Nina Taylor, sunburned and happy, breezed in upon them.

"Well, old business plodders—though you look more like plotters—what is up? Figuring how much I embezzled?" She laughed.

"Well," answered Dorr, "for a fact, we can't seem to locate \$200 that isn't on the bank book, and ought to be. It's been lost ever since you left."

The girl came to lean over Sylvia's shoulder, running a practiced eye over the books. Her face was serious, and she bit her lip. Then, with a whirl, she turned to the safe and opened it. She rummaged a moment, and brought out a little canvas bag.

"There's your cash—didn't you hear me tell you to bank it the day I left, Miss Gray?" She laughed. "I was too late for the bank, you will remember." Sylvia did remember, then. The younger girl snatched something she wanted from her desk and was gone again in a moment.

John Dorr rose from his chair, and looking at Sylvia Gray saw how pale and tired she looked. All sense of anything but her and her loneliness left him. He reached out for both her unresisting hands.

"Sylvia," he said, "if only you could—love me—could you? Could you love me—and marry me?"

There was still much of her old reserve and dignity left to her, but it was the dignity of yielding what one longs to give. She looked quietly at him.

"Do you love me?" he insisted.

"Oh," she answered, "I do! Of course I do!"

"The Frankfort University."

The proposed creation of a university at Frankfort is receiving a great deal of discussion. The city authorities have proposed to combine a number of scientific academies and institutions of learning already existing into a university. These institutions dispose of large endowment funds, and funds necessary to complete the university organization would, according to the proposal of the city council, be secured by voluntary contribution, in order to avoid increasing tax burden. The proposal has been submitted to the Prussian government. Considerable opposition to the "Frankfort university" has arisen, particularly in smaller university towns, such as Marburg and Giessen, which claim that students would be drawn away from the smaller colleges in this part of Germany by the creation of an important, well endowed seat of learning at Frankfort.

PREHISTORIC MAN IS FOUND

Fossil Remains of a Briton 170,000 Years Ago Discovered in the Thames Valley.

London.—Back in a time that no man knows, 170,000 years ago, there lived in England a race of men, whose stature and physical characteristics did not differ materially from those of the Englishman of today—a race that had shed all traces of simian traits in face, feature and body, and whose brain cavity was larger than is often found in highly intelligent people of our modern age. This has recently been proven by the discovery of the



The Ancient Briton.

bones of a prehistoric man buried 170 feet deep under a terrace, which is regarded, and with good reason, as the ancient bed of the Thames river.

There is no reason to believe that the elevation or depression of the land, which leads to the rise and fall in the level of the river, has not been uniform. The past must be judged from what we know of the present, and on this basis the land movement which formed the terrace, and which has scarcely changed since the Roman period, has been deposited at the rate of one foot in 1,000 years, this assigning a period of at least 170,000 years since the high-level terrace was laid down at Galley Hill, and the ancient Briton was entombed in the river bed.

This ancient Briton was five feet one inch in height. The neck was enormously thick and the chest was narrow and protruding.

FINDS SECRET OF EGYPTIANS

Art of Hardening Copper Is Rediscovered by Railroad Fireman of Kansas.

Newton, Kan.—The process of hardening copper to the temper of steel, an art known only to the Egyptians hundreds of years ago, has been rediscovered by a Kansas descendant of a long line of metal workers, it is declared. John Stipp, a Santa Fe fireman of this city, is said to hold the secret for which scientists of many countries have sought for many ages.

In a tiny laboratory of a neat, well-kept cottage near the railroad shops,



John Stipp.

looking for all the world like other cottages of the average laboring man, the lost art was recovered. John Stipp's father, grandfather, great-grandfather and how much further back he does not know and does not care, were metal workers. For eight years he has unceasingly experimented in his laboratory for the secret buried with the ancient Egyptians. Recently his years of discouraging failure culminated in success, and he holds a process for tempering copper until it defies the hardest files, he says.

House of Lords.

London.—The house of lords is composed of lords spiritual and the lords temporal. All the peers were not originally entitled to a seat as a matter of right, but only those who were expressly summoned by the king. Every peerage of the United Kingdom which is conferred now gives the right to a seat in the house of lords. The number is indefinite, and may be increased at the pleasure of the crown which, however, cannot deprive a peer of the dignity once bestowed. The upper house at present comprises about 550 members. By the act of union with Scotland, 16 representatives of the Scottish peerage are elected by the Scottish nobility for the duration of each parliament, and 33 are elected for life by the peers of Ireland.

Are You Poorly?

If your digestive system is weak, the bowels clogged, the liver sluggish, you cannot wonder that you feel "half sick" all the time; but lister—

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

is a good remedy for such ills as well as Malaria, Fever and Ague. Try it today.

Makes You Well Again

Wouldn't Be a Preacher.

J. H. Libby, the cement contractor, was discussing the future of his little grandson, Harry Hoffman. "We haven't any parson in the family," he said "I guess we'll just make a minister of Harry." "No, sir," the boy stoutly protested. "No preaching for me. I'm going to be a ball player!"—Cleveland Leader.

SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED

This Woman Had to Insist Strongly, but it Paid

Chicago, Ill.—"I suffered from a female weakness and stomach trouble, and I went to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, but the clerk did not want to let me have it—he said it was no good and wanted me to try something else, but knowing all about it I insisted and finally got it, and I am so glad I did, for it has cured me."

"I know of so many cases where women have been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I can say to every suffering woman if that medicine does not help her, there is nothing that will."—Mrs. JANETZKI, 2963 Arch St., Chicago, Ill.

This is the age of substitution, and women who want a cure should insist upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound just as this woman did, and not accept something else on which the druggist can make a little more profit.

Women who are passing through this critical period or who are suffering from any of those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of the fact that for thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs has been the standard remedy for female ills. In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Experience Boy Will Remember.

While exploring one of the big disused Martello towers, near Waterford harbor, Ireland, which was formerly used for military purposes, a boy named Charles Cummins had a terrible experience a few days ago. When he pushed open one heavy iron door it suddenly banged and shut on his fingers. In agony, he shouted for help, but he was kept a helpless prisoner all night, and till late next morning, when he was rescued by a passer by.

The Lengthy Lobbies.

"Why do they call Washington the city of magnificent distances?" "Because," answered the office-seeker, "it is such a long way between what you go after and what you get."

A Good Hair-Food

Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, is a genuine hair-food. It feeds, nourishes, builds up, strengthens, invigorates. The hair grows more rapidly, keeps soft and smooth, and all dandruff disappears. Aid nature a little. Give your hair a good hair-food.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Formula with each bottle. Show it to your doctor. Ask him about it, then do as he says.

Ayer's
You need not hesitate about using this new Hair Vigor from any fear of its changing the color of your hair. The new Ayer's Hair Vigor prevents premature grayness, but does not change the color of the hair even to the slightest degree.
—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—