

SOME ARMY TERMS

Light For the Layman Not Posted on Military Matters.

HOW ARMY UNITS ARE NAMED.

The Various Designations From a Corps to a Squad—in Speaking of a Company, Troop or Battery the Letter Should Always Be Named First.

To the ordinary civilian, who is not particularly well posted on military matters, an interpretation of the army terms in general use may prove of interest.

A corps is two or more divisions and is commanded by a major general.

A division is composed of two or more brigades and is also commanded by a major general.

A brigade, commanded by a brigadier general, is composed of two or more regiments and independent companies or battalions.

A regiment of infantry consists of twelve line companies and three additional companies. It is commanded by a colonel, with the following additional officers: One lieutenant colonel, three majors, fifteen captains as company commanders, three of them also being members of the colonel's staff as adjutant, quartermaster and commissary; two lieutenants to each company, one lieutenant acting on each of the three majors' staffs.

A battalion is made up of four companies and is commanded by a major.

A company of infantry consists of about 150 men, divided into two platoons; platoons are divided into squads. A platoon is commanded by a lieutenant—a commissioned officer; two or more squads are commanded by a sergeant; a squad is commanded by a corporal and comprises seven men besides the corporal.

A company of cavalry is called a troop, and a battalion of cavalry is called a squadron.

A company of artillery is called a battery. It is divided into sections, and there may be different numbers of guns, according to the kind of artillery.

Three batteries of artillery make a battalion.

The word "company," "troop" or "battery" should not be used before the letter, as "Company B." It would be the same as to say "Street Jackson." The letter comes first, just as the numeral comes before the word regiment—"Second regiment," not "Regiment Second."

Troops are either "federals" (regular) or national guard. Every male citizen of the United States between the ages of eighteen and forty-five is a member of the militia. Never use the word when referring to organized bodies of troops.

There are no such things as "militia officials" or "army officials" in military parlance. They are national guard and army officers.

A skirmish, engagement, brush, fight or encounter is not a battle.

A battle is an engagement for the possession of a certain point and is general in its character. Large bodies of troops are engaged—more than a brigade; otherwise the fight is an engagement, a skirmish or an encounter.

Never say "Captain Jones and his soldiers of Company A." Say "A company commanded by Captain Jones did so and so."

Any irregular body of troops less than a company or troops is called a detachment unless it is a platoon or squad or a section of artillery. Never say "Lieutenant Jones and a number of men" from such and such an organization. Say "A detachment from a company, commanded by Lieutenant Jones."

Ammunition is spoken of in terms of rounds. "Fifty rounds" means fifty cartridges—fifty shots.

Never say muskets. There are not any. Artillery carry pistols and not revolvers.

Troops generally move in columns. The usual column is four men abreast, two ranks comprising a squad, with the corporal as the man on the left in the rear rank. They go into the firing line in "extended order," sometimes referred to as a skirmish line. Troops are sent into battle or engagement as the firing line, the support and the reserve. The tactical unit in line of battle or engagement is the battalion.

A picket consists of several men, generally a squad. One of a picket is a sentinel or sentry. In front and on the flanks of all troops in camp are outposts—pickets. All troops doing guard duty, picket duty, outpost duty, etc., are commanded by "the officers of the day," so designated for a period of twenty-four hours, as are the troops on guard duty.

Washing the Dishes. A convenient device in the form of a good sized depression in the center or end of a kitchen sink does away with the necessity of drawing and emptying water for a separate pan. By the addition of a double set of sleeves the dishes may be washed and drained without being touched by the hands.

Hungry Ants. To have his mail eaten up by white ants is sometimes the lot of the resident of Siam, owing to negligent or criminal postal officials. A few months ago a whole bag of mail was lost in an outlying district, and the letters were afterward found in the jungle partly eaten.

Fame has only the span of a day, they say. But to live in the hearts of the people—that is worth something.—Ouida.

KICK OF THE MULE.

It is Not Treachery, but Fear, That Moves the Springs.

Handled intelligently, a mule is a most willing worker, but there are a few unwritten laws that cannot be transgressed with impunity. A mule will seldom make more than two attempts to move a load. On the first strain he will throw his whole force into the collar, and a mule can pull 50 per cent more in proportion to his weight than a horse. Science is dumb at the question whence comes that latent force which neither horse nor ass possesses.

After a short rest the mule will make a second attempt, but this is seldom as sustained as the first. If the load still refuses to move, the team might as well be unhitched. At times the mules will not even exert enough force on a third attempt to move an empty wagon.

Mules are charged with treachery only by those who have never given an intensive study to their habits. Mules defend themselves from that which they do not understand. They become accustomed to being harnessed and unharnessed while colts, and it is traditional that a mule never kicks while being saddled or harnessed. The beast knows what that means.

But it is also traditional that a mule sleeps with one eye open. He is always alert to what is going on about him. It is never safe to stoop down suddenly to pick something up behind or at the side of a mule. That is to him an unexplained action. He cannot fathom the intent back of it, and he generally lets fly with one or both heels by way of protest.

A person who has harnessed and unharnessed a mule for months may forget himself and stoop for something at the animal's heels. Then the mule, docile for so many days, begins to kick. When the luckless driver regains his senses he imagines the mule had been waiting craftily all those weeks just to get a good opportunity to kick him.—Los Angeles Times.

ENDLESS CHAIN LETTERS.

The One That Started the Ball Rolling in This Country.

The first of the "endless chain" schemes that have proved such an annoyance to postal officials in all countries was launched on June 27, 1898, by a young girl, Natalie Schenck, of Babylon, N. Y. Her project was purely benevolent and was animated by a spirit of patriotism. Desiring to raise a fund for the aid of American soldiers then fighting Spain, she originated the endless chain idea as an adaptation of a scheme that had a vogue in England until it was stopped by act of parliament.

The "chain" was started with four letters written by Miss Schenck to as many girl friends. Each was asked to contribute 10 cents and write four similar letters to other friends. A few days later the Babylon postoffice began to get busy, and as the days went by the postal officials got busier and busier until they were fairly buried under the weight of mail which descended upon them like an avalanche.

A hurry call went to Washington for extra help, and mail was delivered to Miss Schenck by the truck load. Now that young lady began to feel the effects of the scheme. Her home was littered from cellar to garret with letters, letters and more letters, all containing dimes. Before the thing died out of its own accord she had received more than a quarter of a million dimes.

Fakers all over the world heard of it, and, as fakers will, they immediately got busy. Hundreds of thousands of people were swindled out of money in this manner until the postal authorities put an end to it. The famous endless chain prayer, which threatens endless punishment to any person who breaks it, has been one of the hardest survivors of all.—New York World.

Despotism as a Government.

Unlimited power is the ideal thing when it is in safe hands. The despotism of heaven is the one absolutely perfect government. An earthly despotism would be the absolutely perfect earthly government if the conditions were the same—namely, the despot the perfectest individual of the human race and his lease of life perpetual. But as a perishable perfect man must die and leave his despotism in the hands of an imperfect successor an earthly despotism is not merely a bad form of government; it is the worst possible.—Mark Twain.

A Use For Old Rubber.

Old hot water bags make fine holders to use when wringing cloths out of hot water, for compresses, facial massage, etc. Cut the bag all around the seam. Cut the stiff top off and you have two flat pieces of rubber. This is a great protection to the hands, and hotter water can be used.—New York Tribune.

Tomb of a Song.

The manuscript of "Home, Sweet Home," is said to be buried in a grave in a little southern "garden of rest." The grave is that of Miss Harry Harden at Athens, Ga. She was the sweetheart of the composer, John Howard Payne.—Argonaut.

Love and Friendship.

Love is the shadow of the morning, which decreases as the day advances. Friendship is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life.

As Usual.

Willis—How did the automobile accident occur? Gills—In the usual manner; the road turned one way and the car the other.—Town Topics.

Only the man who is in the wrong must win at once. Those who are right can afford to wait.

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A ROAD TO HEALTH

Eat Less and Walk More if You Are Losing All Your Vim.

JUST GIVE NATURE A CHANCE.

That Wonderful Old Doctor is Always Ready and Willing to Be Your Friend and Will Produce Magical Results if His Laws Are Obeyed.

A man on the shady side of forty thought he was going into a decline. He went to his physician, submitted to a thorough examination and waited the word which was to consign him to the scrap heap.

This is what the doctor, who happened to be a modern physician, told him two or three days later:

"You eat too much, drink too much, sit around too much and walk too little. I am going to put you on a rigid diet, and I want you to walk—walk—walk."

The man who thought he was going into a decline demurred at the doctor's suggestion of a rigid diet. The diet prescribed consisted of milk—only milk—and the man who saw visions of the scrap heap loved his "vittles," but he decided to follow the doctor's orders. He stuck to the rigid diet.

And he made it a practice to walk two miles to the office every morning, rain or shine. The ease with which he acquired a scorn for the street car after a week or two astonished him.

At the end of a week of dieting and walking, this man began to look upon life with different eyes. His work, which had been a burden, began to assume an attractive glow. At the end of two weeks, with a modified but still skimpy diet, and more walking, he began to catch himself in the act of running up the stairs instead of dragging himself up by main force. At the end of four weeks of this treatment, without taking a drop of medicine or a single pill, he felt as if ten years had rolled off his shoulders.

The average New York man who works at desk eats too much if he does not drink too much. He sits around too much and walks altogether too little. And what is true of the average New Yorker is true of the average American. Too much food, too much drink and too much sitting around are the unholy trinity of our national debilitation. We are becoming physically flabby and mentally drowsy. We are beginning to nod in the armchair.

Overindulgence has done it—that system of self pampering which Dr. John H. Quale of Cleveland calls "twentieth century habits."

Most of these "twentieth century habits" have to do with the stomach. In some languages a piece of basic philosophy has been crystallized, like a fly in amber, in the homely phrase, "I have the heartache," when stomach ache is meant. That phrase is an unconscious recognition of the fact that the stomach is the center of the human system.

The importance of the stomach has been recognized by the earliest lawgivers and thinkers of the human race. The dietary regulations of the law of Moses were a farsighted attempt to make the food of a historic nation conform to the laws of nature. Legislation for peoples living under conditions similar to those under which the Jews lived, Mohammed, another of the world's great lawgivers, embodied in the Koran a good deal that he found in the Talmud on the subject of eating and drinking.

Moses put the children of Israel on a diet. Mohammed put the Arabs on a diet.

Business and professional America ought to go on a diet and stay there for awhile.

Nature is the greatest of all physicians. Give nature a chance. Don't overload your stomach with too much food. Don't overwork your liver and your kidneys by too much drink, and sometimes very little drink is too much. Nature is the watchman sitting at the gate. Nature is ready to be up and at the enemy of your life at the first sign of danger. Don't blind and gag the watchman. Give him a chance for his life and yours.

Eat less. Walk more. The results will astound you.—New York Mail.

Spread the Meat Flavor. Cold ham, chicken or other meat left over in quantities, too small for use alone may be used advantageously by mixture with other foods. Here is a recipe for one way to use such meat.

Chop the meat fine and season it well. Mix in enough butter or other fat to make it "shape" well. Form into rolls about the size of a finger and wrap around each a thin piece of short dough made from a pint of flour, two tablespoonsful of baking powder, salt and milk enough to mix. Bake the rolls in a hot oven until they are a delicate brown. Serve hot.—New York World.

Feminine Ability. Whoever it was that remarked woman is a mystery certainly remarked a heaping teaspoonful. We doubt if she herself can explain how it is she can always get something else in a suit case after it is so full it won't hold anything else.—Macon Telegraph.

The Rivals. "I have just been readin'," quoth Hamlet Fatt, "some startlin' statistics about the earth's capacity." "Why need you worry about the earth's capacity?" responded Yorick Hamm. "You'll never play to it."—Pittsburgh Post.

The only thing you can afford not to pay is a grudge.

IT WAS A NOISY CARGO.

But It Completely Cured the Skipper of His Fear of U Boats.

A skipper who took a cargo of locomotives across the Atlantic when the U boat warfare was at its worst gave this ringing story of the trip:

"We left Philadelphia with sixty locomotives, all incased in huge wooden boxes, intact and ready to be taken off tracks to start dragging ammunition trains to the front.

"The Delaware was as smooth as a pond as we made our way down to the bay, but the first wavelets that struck us at the capes started something that made me want to take a header off the bridge. Every one of the sixty locomotive bells in the hold began to ring! And they all kept ringing all day and all night all the way across the Atlantic.

"At first I thought of going back to dock to have the bells taken off. But that would have amounted virtually to unloading the whole cargo because the manner in which the locomotives were stowed. It would have meant a week's delay, and I was supposed to get to sea as quickly as possible. So we put out that night with those sixty mad bells going hammer and tongs continuously.

"I thought we would all lose our senses. Sleep was out of the question. It was like ringing 'eight bells' eighty times a minute in sixty different keys. You've seen Sir Henry Irving in the play 'The Bells' Well, it was like that, only this was no play, but real life. It seemed, as one member of the crew who is by far too imaginative said, as if the ghosts of all the murdered ships were clanging up at us out of the depths of the ocean, warning us of the U boats that had littered the sea floors with their bones.

"We fell in with some nasty weather as we neared the other side. The vessel rocked and tossed, and every time she plunged a whole cataraft of bells went tearing down toward perdition. 'We're in the U boat zone,' remarked the man at the wheel to me one night. 'Good!' I cried. 'I hope a torpedo hits us soon. Then perhaps I'll get some sleep.'

"The destroyers that met us didn't know what to make of us. They thought we had all gone crazy drunk and were trying to tell the U boats exactly where we were. But I told them I was cured of the fear of U boats forever."—Philadelphia Ledger.

What is a Sapling?

The soldier who thought a "sapling" was a young pig was evidently a Somersetshire man, for a correspondent writes: "Highly amused, I read about your 'sapling' story to friends. When I had finished a Somersetshire woman who was present asked, 'Well, what do you call a sapling?' 'A young tree,' I replied. 'Is it?' she replied. 'Now, I've always heard a young pig called a sapling in Somersetshire.' Further inquiry revealed that others say the same. From which we gather that the soldier came from Somerset, while evidently his officer did not.—London Chronicle.

Foiled Both Ways.

A sportsman came to grief at the first fence. Pluckily remounting, he met the same fate at the second attempt. Asked the cause of his disaster, he said: "It was like this. Ven ve koms to ze first fence I did zink my horse vint jump, but he did not jump so I vnt over his head. Ven ve koms to ze second fence I did zink he vnt not jump, and he did jump, so I vnt over his tail."—Milwaukee Free Press.

Political Assassinations.

The first three months of 1913 were notable for their political assassinations. There were five—the Turkish war minister, Nazim Pasha, Jan. 22; the premier of Salvador, Manuel Araujo, Feb. 4; the president and vice president of Mexico, Francisco I. Madero and Jose Pino Suarez, Feb. 23; and King George of Greece, March 18.

Round the Circle.

Friend—Why do you maintain such a large office force? Financier—To prevent outsiders from bothering me. "But I thought that was what you executive secretary was for." "Oh, no. He is here to prevent the office force from bothering me."—Life.

Time and Place.

"There is a time and a place for everything." "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum sadly. "And it's rather unfortunate that one of the most reliable ways to attain publicity is to say something at the wrong time in the wrong place."—Washington Star.

A Gaudy Vulture.

In the South American forests I found the most beautifully colored all vultures, and it is the true king over the black vultures and turkey buzzards. Its plumage is of a delicate cream, with black quills, and the beak is brilliantly colored with red and orange.

The Signs.

"Miss Gladys got no fewer than gold headed umbrellas for birthday presents." "She must be something of a religious belle."—Baltimore American.

Father Knew.

Tommy—Pop, what is a glutton? Tommy's Pop—A glutton, my son, is a grown man who can eat almost as much as a small boy.—Philadelphia Record.

The wise prove, the foolish confound by their conduct, that a life of employment is the only life worth leading. Paley.