

EX-SOLDIER WALKS 10,000 MILES TO TEST ARMY SHOES



Sergeant John Walsh.

San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 20.—Sergeant John Walsh, U. S. A. (retired), recently walked into this city completing a 10,000-mile hike from Washington, D. C., to test Uncle Sam's new army shoes.

Sergt. Walsh, who is 64 years old, was retired from the Second cavalry two years ago to become official shoe tester for the army.

When the war department lets a contract for shoeing the army, which

involves an enormous quantity of footwear, numerous tests are made of types of shoes that the most durable and comfortable may be chosen.

To Sergt. Walsh is delegated the choice, and he makes his recommendations on actual wear and tear of shoes. On this recent trip, which began May 6, he has worn out six pairs of shoes. He put on his seventh pair at Rugby, S. D., and they were polished for the first time on his arrival in Oakland, Cal.

As soon as the veteran walker had made out his official reports on footwear, to be sent to Washington, he started immediately on another tramp across the continent.

A LOVELY BIG CATCH

Uncle Sam's fisheries department gleefully announces:

"More than 450,000,000 whitefish eggs have been gathered in the last year in Lake Erie and will be hatched, grown and deposited in the lake to keep up the supply of fish."

Isn't that just nice? More than 450,000,000 cute, little round eggs, an egg, or, later, a fish, perhaps, for every man, woman and child of the Western hemisphere, and, more, too! Just think of 450,000,000 luscious whitefish! But let us go a little way into the future career of those hundreds of millions of whitefish eggs.

First, the eggs are taken to Uncle Sam's splendid hatcheries on Put-in-Bay Island, where they are put into big glass jars, a thousand or so in each jar. Beautiful Lake Erie water is kept circulating through these jars, at an even temperature, night and day. Why, you'd think those eggs were hens' eggs, so great is the care and the expense to keep them feeling good. 'Round and 'round the cute little whitefish eggs go for some weeks and then the dear little whitefish kick out of their shells and you have hundreds of jars alive with the funny tribe, to put it poetically.

Weeks longer the little fishes are