THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION.

6.

27 Dec. /17.

KITCHENER'S MOB

By Jas. NORMAN HALL.

CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd.)

"All men needing boots, one pace step forward, March!"

The platoon, sixty-five strong, steps forward as one man.

"All men needing braces, one pace step back, March!"

Again we move as a unit. The quartermaster hesitates for a moment; but he is a resourceful man and has been through this many times before. We all need boots, quite right! But the question is, Who need them most? Undoubtedly those whose feet are most in evidence through worn soles and tattered uppers. Adopting this sight test, he climates more than half the platoon, whereupon, by a further process of elimination, due to the fact that he has only sizes 7 and 8, he selects the fortunate twelve who are to walk dry shod.

The same method of procedure is carried out in selecting the braces. Private Reynolds, whose trousers are held in place by a wonderful mechanism composed of shoe-laces and bits of string, receives a pair; likewise, Private Stenebras, who, with the aid of safety pins, has fashioned coat and trousers into an ingenious one-piece garment. Caps and putees are distributed with like importiality, and we dismiss, the unfortunate ones growling and grumbling in discreet undertones until the platoon commander is out of hearing, whereupon the murmurs of discontent become loudly articulate.

"Kitchener's Rag-Time Army I calls it!" growls the veteran of South African fame. "Ain't we a 'andsome lot o' pozzie wallopers? Service? We ain't never a-go'n' to see service! You blokes won't, but watch me! I'm a-go'n' to grease off out o' this mob!"

No one remonstrated with this deservedly unpopular reservist when he grumbled about the shortage of supplies. He voiced the general sentiment. We all felt that we would like to "grease off" out of it. Our deficiencies in clothing and equipment were met by the Government with what seemed to us amazing slowness. However, Tommy is a sensible man. He realized that England had a big contract to fulfill, and that the first duty was to provide for the armies in the field. France, Russia, Belgium, all were looking to England for supplies. Kitchener's Mob must wait, trusting to the genius for organization, the faculty for getting things done, of its great worthy chief, K. of K.

Our housing accommodations, throughout the autumn and winter of 1914-15, when England was in such urgent need of shelter for her rapidly increasing armies, were also of the makeshift order. We slept in leaky tents or in hastily constructed wooden shelters, many of which were afterward condemned by the medical inspectors. St. Martin's Plain, Shorncliffe, was an ideal camping site for pleasant summer weather. But when the autumnal rains set in, the green pasture land became a quagmire. Mud was the great reality of our lives, the malignant deity which we fell down (in) and propitiated with profane rites. It was a thin, watery mud or a thick, viscous mud, as the steady downpour increased or diminished. Late in November we were moved to a city of wooden huts at Sandling Junction, to make room for newly recruited units. The dwellings were but half-finished, the drains were open ditches, and the rains descended and the floods came as usual. We lived an amphibious and wretched existence until January, when, to our great joy, we were transferred to billets in the Metropolt, one of Folkestone's most fashionable htels. To be sure, we slept on bare floors, but the roof was rainproof, which was the essential thing. The aesthetically inclined could lie in their blankets at night, gazing at richly gilded mirrors over the mantelpieces and beautifully frescoed ceilings refurnishing our apartments in all their former splendor. Private Henry Morgan was not of this type. Henry came in one evening rather the worse for liquor and with clubbed musket assaulted his unlovely reflection in an expensive mirror. I believe he is still paying for his lack of restraint at the rate of a sixpence per day, and will have canceled his obligation by January, 1921, if the war continues until that time.

Although we were poorly equipped and sometimes wretchedly housed, the commissariat was excellent and on the most generous scale from the very beginning. Indeed, there was nearly as much food wasted as eaten although they regretted seeing such quantities of food thrown daily into the refuse barrels. I often felt that something should be done about it. Many exposes were, in fact, written from all parts of England. It was irritating to read of German efficiency and the presence of England's extravagant and unbusinesslike methods. Tommy would say, "Lor, lummy! Ain't we got no pigs in England? That there food won't be wasted. We'll be eatin' it in sausages w'en we goes across the Channel"; whereupon he dismissed the whole question from his mind. This seemed to me then the typical Anglo-Saxon attitude. Everywhere there was waste, muddle-headedness and apparently it was no concern. Camps were sited in boggy places and buildings erected to be condemned. Tons of food chased overseas, transported thousands of miles of sea to be thrown into refuse dumps. The Government was robbed by avaricious hotel-keepers who claimed were granted absurd claims for damages done to their property by the troops. But with vast armies, recruited overnight, it is strange that there should be mismanagement and friction at first. As months passed, there was a marked change for the better. British efficiency asserted itself. This was made evident to us in scores of ways—the distribution of supplies, the housing and equipping of troops, their movements from one training area to another. At the last, we could only marvel that a great and complicated military machine had been so admirably and quickly perfected.

Meanwhile our rigorous training continued from week to week in all weathers, even the most inclement. Reveille sounded at daybreak. For an hour before breakfast we did Swedish drill, a system of gymnastics which brought every lazy and disused muscle into play. Two hours daily were given to musketry practice. We were instructed in the description and recognition of targets, the use of cover, but chiefly in the use of our rifles. Through constant handling they became a part of us, a third arm which we grew to use quite instinctively. We fired the recruit's, and later, the trained soldier's course in musketry on the rifle ranges at Hythe and Aldershot, gradually improving our technique, until we were able to fire with some accuracy, fifteen rounds per minute. Wen we had achieved this difficult feat, we ceased to be recruits. We were skilled soldiers of the proud and illustrious order known as "England's Mad-Minute Men." After musketry practice, the remainder of the day was given to extended order, company, and battalion drill. Twice weekly we route-marched from ten to fifteen miles; and at night, after the parades for the day were finished, boxing and wrestling contests, arranged and encouraged by our officers, kept the red blood pounding through our bodies until "light out" sounded at nine's o'clock.

The character of our training changed as we progressed. We were done with squad, platoon, and company drill. Then came field maneuvers, attacks in open formation upon intrenched positions, finishing always with terrific bayonet charges. There were mimic battles, lasting all day, with from ten to twenty thousand men on each side. Artillery, infantry, cavalry, air craft—every branch of army service, in fact—had a share in these exciting field days when we gained bloodless victories or died painless and easy deaths at the command of red-capped field judges. We rushed boldly to the charge, shouting lustily, each man striving to be first at the enemy's position, only to be intercepted by a staff officer on horseback, staying the tide of battle with uplifted hand.

"March your men back, officer! You're out of action! My word! you've made a bestly mess of it! You're not on church parade, you know! You advanced across the open for three quarters of a mile in close column of platoons! Three batteries of field artillery and four machine guns have blown you to blazes! You haven't a man left!"

Sometimes we reached our objective with less fearful slaughter, but at the moment when there should have been the sharp clash and clang of steel on steel, the cries and groans of men fighting for their lives, we heard the bugles from far and near, sounding the "stand by," and friend and enemy dropped wearily to the ground for a rest while our officers assembled in conference around the motor of the divisional general.

All this was playing at war, and Tommy was "fed up" with play. As we marched back to barracks after a long day of monotonous field manoeuvers, he eased his mind by making sarcastic comments upon this inconclusive kind of warfare. He began to doubt the good faith of the War Office in calling ours a "service" battalion. As likely as not we were for home defense and would never be sent abroad.

"Left! Right! Left! Right!
Why did I join the army?
Oh! Why did I ever join Kitchener's Mob?
Lor lummy! I must 'ave been balmy!"

became the favorite, homeward-bound marching song. And so he "groused" and grumbled after the manner of Tommies the world over. And in the mean time he was daily approaching more nearly the standard of efficiency set by England's inexorable War Lord.

It was interesting to note the physical improvement in the men wrought by a life of healthy, well-ordered routine. My battalion was recruited largely from what is known in England as "the lower middle classes." There were shop assistants, clerks, railway and city employees, tradesmen, and a generous sprinkling of common laborers. Many of them had been used to indoor life, practically all of them to city life, and needed months of the hardest kind of training before they could be seasoned and toughened to withstand the hardships of active service.

(To be continued.)

Take the crooked and defective trees from the wood lot and the old trees that are more than half dead about the place. Burn wood wherever it is possible to save coal. About the home grounds replace the dead trees that are cut down with new trees early next spring.

Beware of running an auto or a gasoline or kerosene engine in an enclosed, unventilated place. The fumes from the exhaust are a deadly poison. One of our neighbors, a fellow, was found dead on the floor of his garage last winter, killed in this way. Pass this warning along to neighbors.

FOOD SAVING ART IS CENTURIES OLD

REVIVED TO MEET PRESENT WAR NEEDS.

Method of Arresting Decomposition of Food Was Practised by Savage Tribes.

Three years of war have brought mankind face to face again with the oldest problem of the human race—the problem of food supply. True, conditions of the problem have changed somewhat. There is no danger that the earth may fail to produce sufficient food. The problem is to transport and store the food crops of one season so that they may be available in places where the necessities of war have reduced production to a point below consumption. But the very cause which makes necessary the transportation of food in immensely greater quantities than ever before also operates to restrict the facilities for so transporting it.

Production in the allied countries of Europe has fallen far below consumption, and only the resources of the United States and Canada stand between the people of France, Britain and Italy and starvation. Yet ocean tonnage is at the greatest premium in all history. The ravages of the submarine and the necessity of transporting large quantities of munitions and men across the Atlantic have brought about a shortage in ocean going shipping. Until sufficient tonnage can be built and manned the crying need is for some process which will make possible an enormous reduction in the bulk of food supplies which must be carried across the Atlantic.

Chemists Working on Problem.

To this end United States chemists have been bending their energies for the last six months. By the process perfected practically all water is removed from the raw product. As most fruits and vegetables contain from 70 to 90 per cent. of water, the complete removal of moisture results in an enormous reduction in weight and volume This may be further increased by the compression of the dehydrated products, so that a cube one and one-half inches in dimensions contains the equivalent of a can of tomatoes. The addition of water—rehydration or reconstitution, as it is called—brings the vegetable back to its natural condition.

In discussing the progress which had been made in the new process one of the chemists said:

"The discovery that the removal of water naturally present in foods would arrest decomposition was made many years ago. The ancient Indians and the savage tribes of Africa are known to have dried their surplus meat supplies so that they might not be in want when game was scarce or hunting difficult. Egyptian tradition called for the placing of food in the tombs alongside the dead, and it is said that dried kernels of grain more than six thousand years old when discovered in the tombs in our time yielded perfect grain upon planting.

"These people made use of the sun's heat and the winds of the air to carry away the water in the food products, and while the palatability and other properties of the dried material would not have appealed to the elaborate tastes of our present age, yet we cannot question their methods so far as the keeping qualities are concerned.

How the Indians Worked.

"The north American Indians separated the fat of meat from the muscular tissue, drying the latter. When dried, or at least partly so, they melted the fat and mixed it with the dried meat, which had been pounded into a paste or powder, and after adding a few berries to improve the flavor the whole was compressed into cakes. This product is known as pemmican, and is nowadays made of beef especially for the use of Arctic explorers.

"In South America jerked or dried meat is known variously as tassago or tassajo, and jerked venison is prepared and used by mountain dwellers in the Rockies and our Southern mountain ranges. In South Africa these dried meat products are known as biltong.

"The process of drying as means of preserving food for storage possesses great advantages over canning and cold storage, while embodying practically every advantage obtained by those agencies. Dehydration greatly diminishes both the bulk and weight of the material, making it both easier and cheaper to store and transport. The food value is concentrated, while at the same time preservation is secured by the removal of the water.

"The cost of handling and transporting equivalent amounts of canned and dehydrated products of the same food material will show a saving of at least 80 per cent. in favor of the dehydrated product.

"At certain seasons farm products come in in such great quantities that it becomes absolutely necessary to employ some ready means to prevent the great wastage. There are several factors which operate to produce wastage, among which are irregularity of demand, inaccessibility of the locality of production to canneries or refrigerating plants and refusal of the consumer to purchase undersized material which is perfectly sound and mature and equally as nutritious as the product of normal size and appearance.

German Preparedness.

"As food for armies in the field dehydrated products are almost ideal. One of the most important features of the food conservation movement in Germany since the outbreak of the war has been the practice of dehydrating fruits and vegetables, and Germany's efficiency in connection with the conservation of that country's limited food resources is strikingly demonstrated by the fact that after more than three years isolation from the world markets upon which she formerly depended that nation still manages to feed its inhabitants.

"In June, 1914, there were 480 dehydrating plants in Germany, producing annually about a quarter of a million pounds of potatoes alone. In a food conservation campaign organized at the time of Germany's first declaration of war 246 new dehydration plants were added, 190 of which were aided by Government funds."

THIS AND OTHER WARS.

Comparison Between the Horrors of Ancient and Modern Warfare.

War with all its modern horrors is really a brighter and more endurable thing than the ancient struggles. War as waged 100 years ago would appal a twentieth century man. He would not have faced liquid fire in those days. Cannon were few in number and short of range. Grenades were restricted to naval battles. There were no "star shells" nor barrage fires. Trenches were shallow ditches behind scooped-up mounds of earth. The communication trench had not been heard of.

One didn't stand in inundated trenches for long hours in the days of Washington or Napoleon. But the facilities for housing the soldiers were far worse then than now. The food was abominable. It might be unvarying, un-nutritious, even harmful. It might bring on scurvy or cholera, as it often did, but no effort was made to alter the soldier's rations.

Amusing him would have been considered absurd "mollycoddling." He found his own amusement when on leave in the taverns and bars and low theatres. Instead of being forbidden to sell him drinks, the innkeeper was enjoined by custom to see that the soldier's demands were promptly filled. There were no Y. M.C.A. influences in camp. Fighters were rough men and the barrack-room jests and songs have long been proverbial as things unmentionable elsewhere.

Men were supposed to keep fit and march on salt pork, coarse bread and "grog"—the latter often served with a pinch of gunpowder, added as calculated to increase the consumer's valor. Surgery knew no refinements. Efforts to patch up maimed arms and shattered faces were unknown.

Typhoid, cholera and other camp epidemics resultant from impure water and bad sanitary conditions killed off more men annually than the enemy and little effort was made to improve sanitation of the camp or barracks. Much of the work of amputating bullet-shattered limbs was done without anesthetics. Indeed in the tenth century the limb was crudely hacked off and the stump plunged in boiling tar!

War is a terrible thing at all times, and modern ingenuity seems to have augmented many of its horrors. But in all other respects than that of mere mechanical and chemical efficiency the business of fighting is much improved over that of any preceding period.

The Letter.

From a soil drenched in blood, where cries of the dying
Are borne by the winds o'er the deep booming sea,
You come, a white thing, to stop my heart's crying,
To give a dear bit of yourself unto me.

Oh, boy, in that land of ruin—disaster—
In that hell of machine gun, of rifle and shell,
Just to know you are mine, makes my heart beat the faster;
Bone of my bone—God fashioned you well.

So strong has He made you—so fearless, so tender,
I would that all sons had been modelled by you;
God-given your spirit, an able defender
Of liberty, loyalty, all that is true.

Out over the seas—past the gardens of flowers,
I whisper my hopes to that far-away land.
I dream of great joys in the pale twilight hours,
God grant that you know them—and so understand.

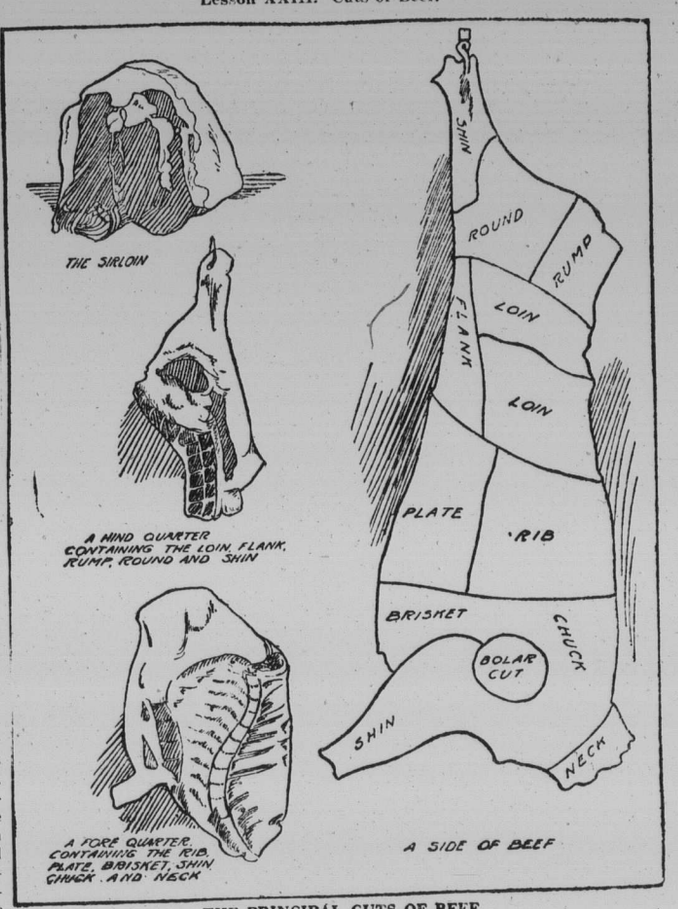
—Blanche Adelaide Donaldson.

Have you learned the newest word, "camouflage"? Pronounce it "cam-oo-flazh," with the first "a" short and the last one broad. It has several meanings, most of them slang, but it is generally accepted as meaning a make-up or disguise. Our French brethren, called camofleurs, are just as expert in the art as we are in the use of the new word. They cover the railroad tracks with sod, surround their big guns with branches of trees, paint the ambulances so they blend with the landscape, etc., making them invisible to the German aviators.

The Housewife's Corner

A COURSE IN HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE COMPLETE IN TWENTY-FIVE LESSONS.

Lesson XXIII. Cuts of Beef.



THE PRINCIPAL CUTS OF BEEF

The beef is split into halves; it is then divided into fore and hind quarters, and as follows:

NECK—The neck is used for stewing, soups, beef tea and corning; requiring long and continuous cooking.

CHUCK—Chuck and crosscut is also called the Boston and English cut. It is used for roasting, pot roasting and braising.

BOLAR CUT—A steak may be cut from this cut of meat. It is used for pot roasting and braising. By slow cooking this meat is made delicious and tender.

SHIN—Used for stews and soup making.

BRISKET—Used for stews, soup making and corning.

RIBS—Used for roasting.

PLATE—Used for stews and soup making.

SIRLOIN—Used for broiling.

FLANK—Used for stewing.

RUMP—Steaks from the rump are used for broiling and pan-broiling. The back cut from the rump is used for roasting. The pin bone is the face cut from the rump averaging from six to eight pounds.

ROUND—The meat is so called because of the way in which it lies on the block. The upper or top of the round is the inside of the the leg. This is the tenderest portion. It is cooked by broiling or panning. The back cuts are used for Hamburg steaks, pot roasts and corning. The lower part of the round is the outside of the leg. The first few steak from this portion are tender; the rest is used for Hamburg steaks, stews and pot roasts.

A WELL-BALANCED MEAL.

Onion Soup.—Two large onions, two tablespoonfuls of butter. Peal the onion and chop fine. Cook in shortening until very brown, taking care not to burn. Add one carrot, two cupfuls of water. Cook slowly until the vegetables can be rubbed through a fine sieve. Now add one cupful of milk, two tablespoonfuls of flour. Blend well. Add milk and onion mixture. Cook slowly for ten minutes and add one teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley.

Creole Louisiana Cricker Pie.—Clean, cut and cook until tender a three-pound stewing chicken. When tender lift on to baking dish. Add eight small potatoes, two onions, one carrot, which have been cooked until tender in the chicken broth. Season with salt and pepper. Add one teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley. Now mix two cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two tablespoonfuls of lard, three-quarters cupful of milk. Mix the dry ingredients, then rub in the shortening. Add milk and mix to a dough. Roll out one-quarter inch thick, cut with biscuit cutter. Lay on top of chicken pie, then brush the top of each biscuit with milk. Bake in a hot oven for twenty-five minutes. Serve on dish. This amount of dough mixture makes twelve biscuits.

Apple Turnover.—One cupful of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of baking powder, four tablespoonfuls of shortening, three tablespoonfuls of water. Mix dry ingredients, then rub in the shortening, and mix to dough with cold water. Roll on a pastry board, cut out with large cutter such as the top of a pound coffee can. Lay a large tablespoonful of minced apple on each round. Brush with cold water, fold over and brush with water. Dust with pulverized sugar and bake in moderate oven for fifteen minutes. Serve warm.

Have you secured your seed corn for next year? If not, do it now!

The winter loss of bees is enormous; the average is from one-tenth to one-half of the colonies, and the loss can be prevented if proper winter protection is given.

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for the Walker House (The House of Plenty) as soon as they arrive in Toronto. The meals, the service and the home-like appointments constitute the magnet that draws them there.

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