

# KITCHENER'S MOB

By Jas. NORMAN HALL.

## CHAPTER II.—(Cont'd.)

As soon as the battalion was up to strength, we were given a day of preliminary drill before proceeding to our future training area in Essex. It was a disillusioning experience. Equally disappointing was the undignified display of our little skill, at Charing Cross Station, where we performed before a large and amused London audience. For my own part, I could scarcely wait until we were safely hidden within the train. During the journey to Colchester, a recruited Boer War veteran, from the inaccessible heights of South African experience, enlightened us with a fire of sarcastic comment.

"I'm a-gon' to transfer out o' this 'ere mob, that's wot I'm a-gon' to do! Soldiers! S'y! I'll bet a quid they ain't a one of you ever saw a rifle before! Soldiers! Strike me pink! Wot's Lord Kitchener a-doin' of, that's wot I want to know!"

The rest of us smoked in wrathful silence, until one of the boys demonstrated to the Boer War veteran that he knew, at least, how to use his fists. There was some bloodshed, followed by reluctant apologies on the part of the Boer warrior. It was one of innumerable differences of opinion which I witnessed during the months that followed. And most of them were settled in the same decisive way.

Although mine was a London regiment, we had men in the ranks from all parts of the United Kingdom. There were North-country-men, a few Welsh, Scotch, and Irish, men from the Midlands and from the south of England. But for the most part we were Cockneys, born within the sound of Bow Bells. I had planned to follow the friendly advice of the recruiting sergeant. Talk like 'em, he had said. Therefore, I struggled bravely with the peculiarities of the Cockney twang, recklessly dropped accents when I should have kept them, and prefixed them indiscriminately before every convenient aspartate. But all my efforts were useless. The imposition was apparent to my fellow Tommies immediately. I had only to begin speaking, within the hearing of a genuine Cockney, when he would say, "Ello! wot do you come from? The s'ith?" or "I'll bet a tanner you're a Yank!" I decided to make a confession, and I have been glad ever since, that I did. "The boys gave me a warm and hearty welcome when they learned that I was a sure-enough American. They called me 'Jamie the Yank.' I was a piece of tangible evidence of the bond of sympathy existing between the two great English-speaking nations. I told them of the many Americans of German extraction, whose sympathies were honestly and sincerely on the other side. But they would not have it so. I was the personal representative of the American people. My presence in the British army was proof positive of this.

Being an American, it was very hard, at first, to understand the class distinctions of British army life. And having understood them, it was more difficult yet to endure them. I learned that a ranker, or private soldier, is a socially inferior being from the officer's point of view. The officer class and the ranker class are east and west, and never the twain shall meet, except in their respective places upon the parade-ground. This does not hold good, to the same extent, upon active service. Hardships and dangers, shared in common, tend to break down artificial barriers. But even then, although there was a goodwill and friendliness between officers and men, I saw nothing of genuine comradeship. This seemed to me a great pity. It was a loss for the officers fully as much as it was for the men.

I had to accept, for convenience sake, the fact of my social inferiority. Centuries of army tradition demanded it; and I discovered that it is absolutely futile for one inconsequential American to rebel against the unshakable fortress of English tradition. Nearly all of my comrades were used to clear-cut class distinctions in civilian life. It made little difference to them that some of our officers were recruits as raw as we were ourselves. They had money enough and education enough and influence enough to secure the king's commission; and that fact was proof enough for Tommy that they were gentlemen, and, therefore, too good for the likes of him to be associating with.

"Look 'ere! Ain't a gentleman a 'Nesman? I'm arskin' you, ain't 'e?" I saw the futility of discussing this question with Tommy. And later, I realized how important for British army discipline such distinctions are. So great is the force of prevailing opinion that I sometimes found myself accepting Tommy's point of view. I wondered if I was, for some egotistic reason, the inferior of these men whom I had to "sir" and salute whenever I dared speak. Such lapses were only occasional. But I understood, for the first time, how important a part circumstance and environment play in shaping one's mental attitude. How I longed, at times, to chat with colonels and to joke with captains on terms of equality! Whenever I confided these aspirations to Tommy he gazed at me in

what must have seemed to them a shameless disregard for appearance. Our approach was announced by a discordant tumult of fifes and drums, for our band, of which later, we became justly proud, was a newly fledged and still imperfect organization. Windows were flung up and doors thrown open along our line of march; but alas, we were greeted with no welcoming glances of kindly approval, no waving of handkerchiefs, no clapping of hands. Nursemaids, who are said to have a nice and discriminating eye for soldiery, gazed in amused and contemptuous silence as we passed. Children looked at us in wide-eyed wonder. Only the dumb beasts were demonstrative, and they in a manner which was not at all to our liking. Dogs barked, and sedate old family horses, which would stand placidly at the curbing while fire engines thundered past with bells clanging and sirens shrieking, pricked up their ears at our approach, and, after one startled glance, galloped madly away and disappeared in clouds of dust far in the distance.

We knew why the nursemaids were cool, and why family horses developed hysteria with such startling suddenness. But in our pride we did not see that which we did not wish to see. Therefore we marched, or, to be more truthful, shamled on, shouting lusty choruses with an air of boisterous gayety which was anything but genuine.

"You do as I do and you'll do right. Fall in and follow me!" It was a favorite with number 12 platoon. Their enthusiasm might have carried conviction had it not been for their personal appearance, which certainly did not. Number 15 platoon would strive manfully for a hearing with

"Steadily, shoulder to shoulder. Steadily, blade by blade; Marching along, Sturdy and strong, Like the boys of the old brigade." As a strictly accurate historian I must confess that none of these assertions were quite true. We marched neither steadily, nor shoulder to shoulder, nor blade by blade. We struggled along the road, and kept step only when the sergeant major doubled forward, warning us, with threats of extra drills, to keep in our fours or to "pick it up!" In fact, "the boys of the old brigade," whoever they may have been, would have scornfully repudiated the suggestion that we resembled them in any respect.

They would have been justified in doing so had any of them seen us at the end of six weeks of training. For, however reluctantly, we were forced to admit that Sergeant Harris was right when he called us "a raw batch o' rookies." Unpromising we were not. There was good stuff in the ranks, the material from which real soldiers are made, and were made; but it had not yet been rounded into shape. We were still nothing more than a homogenous assembly of individuals.

We declined to accept the responsibility for the seeming slowness of our progress. We threw it unhesitatingly upon the War Office, which had not equipped us in a manner befitting our new station in life. Although we were recruited immediately after the outbreak of war, less than half of our number had been provided with uniforms. Many still wore their old civilian clothing. Others were dressed in canvas fatigue suits, or the worn-out uniforms of policemen and tramcar conductors. Every old-clothes shop on Petticoat Lane must have contributed its allotment of cast-off apparel.

Our arms and equipment were of an equally nondescript character. We might easily have been mistaken for a mob of vagrants which had pillaged a seventeenth-century arsenal. With a few slight changes in costume for the sake of historical fidelity, we would have served as a citizen army for a realistic motion-picture drama depicting an episode in the French Revolution.

We derived what comfort we could from the knowledge that we were but one of many battalions of Kitchener's first hundred thousand equipped in this same makeshift fashion. We did not need the repeated assurances of cabinet ministers that England was not prepared for war. We were in a position to know that she was not. Otherwise, there had been an unparadonable lack of foresight in high places. Supplies came in dribbles. Each night, when parades for the day were over, there was a rush for the orderly room bulletin board, which was scanned eagerly for news of an early issue of clothing. As likely as not we were disappointed, but occasionally jaded hopes revived.

"Number 15 platoon will parade at 4 p.m. on Thursday, the 24th, for boots, puttees, braces, and service dress caps." Number 15 is our platoon. Promptly at the hour set we halt and right-turn in front of the Quartermaster Stores marquee. The quartermaster is there with pencil and notebook, and immediately takes charge of the proceedings. (To be continued.)

## CHAPTER III.

### The Mob in Training

The Nth Service Battalion, Royal Fusiliers, on the march was a sight not easily to be forgotten. To the inhabitants of Colchester, Folkstone, Aidershot, and other towns and villages throughout the south of England, we were well known. We displayed ourselves with

## LIMB FACTORY AT WINNIPEG.

First of Series to be Established by M. H. C.

The first branch of the artificial limb factory, established in Toronto by the Military Hospitals Commission for the purpose of supplying the Canadian soldiers who return from the front minus legs or arms with artificial members, has been located in Winnipeg.

Two competent workmen, trained in the head factory, have opened an office in connection with the Manitoba Military Convalescent Hospital, where they will fit the amputation cases, sending the orders to the head factory and later make any necessary adjustments. They are equipped with all the necessary tools and apparatus and a permanent branch will be established.

This branch is the first of a series which the Commission will establish in different parts of the country in accordance with the Government's promise to supply men who have lost arms or legs in the service with artificial members as long as they live. When the plan is complete every veteran will find a branch office of the head

factory in his immediate vicinity where all adjustments necessary will be made.

Canada is the "Wood Pile" of Empire.

Canada holds the only large forests in the whole British Empire. Australia and New Zealand, and South Africa have sacrificed most of their original timber to the fire fiend and ruthless exploitation. These facts emphasize Canada's strategic position as containing the only "wood pile" available to the Empire except those of Russia. Sixty per cent. of John Bull's huge timber demand is supplied by the Russian people to-day, for the British Isles provide only one log out of eight actually needed for home use. What part Canada's forests will play in British trade after the war is problematical, but there is no lack of prophets to predict that every square mile of growing timber will double in value under the strain of post-bellum demand from the devastated districts of Europe. Meanwhile Canadian governments can prepare to take full advantage of increasing timber values by thorough fire protection and scientific control of wasteful lumbering.



## The Housewife's Corner

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

### Lesson XXII. Meats.

Meat is a bundle of lean, muscular fibers that are held together by connective tissue, containing albumen, or protein, gelatinoids, or gelatine, and extractives or flavoring.

There are two factors to be remembered when cooking meat:

First. When making soups, broths and teas, the meat is placed in cold water and brought slowly to boil and then cooked on the simmering burner at a temperature of 165 to 180 degrees Fahrenheit. By using this method, a rich delicious broth is obtained which contains all the nutriment of the meat.

Second. When searing the outer surface of the meat quickly use a strong heat. This keeps the juices and nutriment in the meat. Then continue cooking the desired length of time. By using this method all the gelatinoids and extractives are kept in the meat.

It is a known fact that albumen, gelatinoids and extractives or flavoring in meat are soluble in cold water.

Marketing

Many housewives try to eliminate this feature of the household regime as much as possible and so order by telephone or leave it until the last minute and then rush out to buy anything, helter-skelter. The purchasing of food supplies should be the most important duty of the housewife. In this day of advancing prices it behooves us to husband very carefully our resources. Get full value for each penny spent.

By this I do not mean purchasing cheap foods, but that you must know just what you want and the time to get it. Cook in an appetizing manner and serve temptingly and you will feel well repaid by the hearty appreciation of your family.

Do not order by telephone if you can possibly help it. Slip on your hat and coat and see for yourself just what you are paying for. Under your own personal supervision your butcher or grocer will give you much better service.

Many housewives feel very inexperienced at buying. When about to purchase meat and unable to make a choice of cuts she invariably falls back on, "Oh, I guess steak or chops will do." Or, "I really don't know what to get; I'm tired of meat, anyway." Many butchers, realizing this state of affairs, gladly take advantage of it and play upon it to the utmost of their powers.

Roll Brisket, Braised

Three pounds of brisket, rolled, usually sells for about twenty-two cents a pound. Place three tablespoonfuls of drippings in the frying pan to heat. Dust the meat lightly with flour and then brown quickly without scorching in the hot fat. Transfer to a large saucepan, place a small wire rack—like a flatiron stand, which can be purchased at the ten-cent stores—in the bottom of the saucepan. Pour boiling water in the pan until it reaches this rack. Then put in the meat, cover and steam until tender, usually about one and one-half hours. Lift the meat and thicken the gravy with browned flour, adding one-half teaspoonful of grated onion, salt and pepper to taste, and then serve with the meat. The leftover portion can be cut in thin slices and served with horseradish sauce, and the end cut and used in meat hash or English pie.

Casserole of Shin Beef

Prepare two pounds of shin beef by browning quickly in two tablespoonfuls of fat in hot frying pan. Then put in casserole dish or baking dish and add four medium-sized onions, six potatoes, one pint of water. Put the cover on the dish and bake for one hour in a moderate oven. Or use a saucepan that can be covered tightly and then cook on the simmering burner. Thicken the gravy with browned flour. Season with salt, pepper and finely chopped parsley. Then serve.

MENUS ISSUED BY THE FOOD CONTROLLER.

Breakfast	Breakfast	Breakfast
Buckwheat Griddle Cakes and Syrup	Oatmeal Porridge	Oatmeal Porridge
Bread and Butter	Tea or Coffee	Marmalade
Tea or Coffee	Tea or Coffee	Toast
Dinner	Dinner	
Boiled Salt Mackerel with Drawn Butter Sauce	Braised Beef and Carrots	Potatoes
Baked Potatoes	Apple Float	Oatmeal Cakes
Baked Apples	Supper	
Supper	French Toast	Syrup
Parsnip Cakes	Cornmeal Gems	Tea
Butter	Tea	
Entire Wheat Bread	Tea	
Gooseberry Jam		
The recipe for Parsnip Cakes, mentioned above, is as follows:—		
Parsnip Cakes—Boil and season parsnips. Mash them. Make into small round cakes, dip in sifted oatmeal and brown in hot fat in a frying pan.		
Breakfast	Breakfast	Breakfast
Sausages	Fried Potatoes	Oatmeal Porridge
Bread and Butter	Tea or Coffee	Bread and Butter
Dinner	Dinner	Tea or Coffee
Corned Beef and Cabbage	Boiled Potatoes	Dinner
Boiled Potatoes	Ginger Pudding	Cream of Cauliflower Soup
Ginger Pudding	Supper	Fried Codfish
Supper	Bread and Butter	Baked Potatoes
Beet Salad	Butter	Graham Bread
Grape Jam	Cookies	Butter
Tea	Tea	Supper
The recipe for Ginger Pudding, mentioned above, is as follows:—		Potato Chowder
Ginger Pudding.—4 tablespoons oleomargarine, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, 2½ cups flour, ¾ teaspoon baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon ginger, 1 cup milk. Cream the butter, add sugar gradually, and egg well beaten; mix and sift dry ingredients; add alternately with milk to first mixture. Turn into buttered mould, cover, and steam two hours; serve with vanilla sauce.		Cornbread
		Stewed Figs
		Tea
		The recipe for Potato Chowder, mentioned above, is as follows:—
		Potato Chowder.—6 potatoes, 1 onion, 1 teaspoon flour, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, slice of salt pork, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 pint milk, ½ teaspoon pepper. Cut

**Worth Protecting**

A good article is worthy of a good package. A rich, strong, delicious tea like Red Rose is worth putting into a sealed package to keep it fresh and good.

A cheap, common tea is hardly worth taking care of and is usually sold in bulk.

Red Rose is always sold in the sealed package which keeps it good.

**SHARK OIL AND LEATHER.**

Carcase of Sea Pest Yields Material of Commercial Value.

Shark fishing has evolved from a sport to an organized industry in the Pacific waters off the south-western coast. The skin of various species of the fish when tanned forms a tough, durable leather that is in considerable demand, and the oil that is extracted from the carcase likewise has commercial value. Of late the Japanese syndicate has undertaken the exploitation of this long neglected field, and, as a result, large numbers of sharks are being captured. The mottled skins of the tiger sharks are being made into slippers, belts, gloves and other articles, while those of the great blue and basking sharks, which are especially thick and strong, are used for purposes that demand long-lived material.

**"CORNER THE DYE TRADE"**

M.H.C. Gives Men Re-Educational Courses in Industrial Chemistry.

"Corner the dye trade!" With this slogan and the high ambition to get the trade away from Germany, the convalescent soldiers taking a course in industrial chemistry at the Central Technical School in Toronto, are at least making long strides toward making Canada independent of the Boches when the war is over and industrial life resumes its usual course.

The importance of the German dye industry to this continent is evident when it is remembered that the merchant submarine which crossed to United States last year from Germany carried dyes as a major portion of her cargo. That this condition may not maintain when the war is over both countries are now engaged in research work that they may discover their own formulas.

The soldiers in the course provided by the Military Hospitals Commission at the Toronto school are paying special attention to this phase of their work, and are making great progress. The demand for trained men in this occupation will be greater every year as Canadian manufacture increases, and the future holds great opportunity for the men who qualify.

**Saving Dress Snaps.**

When taking the snaps from a garment a convenient way to keep them for future use is to cut the goods around them, snap them together and put them in a button box. In this way the snaps that match are kept together.

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**Advice to Teachers.**

Be careful of your children. Let them know that to be truly great they must be good; Let glory, like a sea-mark, guide their course; In the rough voyage of temptuous life; Season their early youth with wholesome precepts; Teach them to merit, not desire, dominion. But, above all, let fortitude and courage Prepare their minds for Fortune's fickle turns. That they in all events may be the same.

—E. Haywood.

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