

FEEDING BRITAIN'S GIANT ARMIES

PLENTY OF PLAIN AND WHOLE-SOME FOOD.

How Three Square Meals a Day Are Being Supplied to Every Fighter.

The feeding of our armies is an even bigger and more complex business than the feeding of Jack Tar, says London Answers.

The War Office never anticipated that it would be called upon to feed such immense armies as it now has to do. The existing arrangements for the feeding of the Army when the war broke out, however, sufficed to meet immediate needs; but arrangements were promptly entered into and got into working order with marvelous rapidity for the feeding of immense armies.

Sir Redvers Buller is reported to have said that the feeding of an army exceeding a million of men presented appalling, if not unsurmountable, difficulties. But these difficulties have been satisfactorily tackled. There is not a British soldier at home or abroad who has ever had to go a day without three substantial meals, except when actually fighting in the trenches.

Everything Contracted For.

The work of feeding Tommy Atkins is performed chiefly by contract. Separate contracts are entered into for the supply of all the regulation articles of diet to each military centre at so much per head. Under this sort of contract the contractor has to supply everything from, say, cocoa to potatoes.

Now, let us take a military centre where, say, 10,000 troops are stationed. The contractor has to make daily deliveries of meat and vegetables and other articles of food for immediate consumption, and weekly, or, possibly, monthly, deliveries of other articles, such as tea, sugar, etc.

The contractors for our Army in France deliver the goods to the quartermaster-general at headquarters, from whence it is distributed to the different units. Not a day or night passes without ships, containing hundreds of tons of food for our soldiers, crossing the Channel; and day and night tons of food are being distributed to the troops at home by rail and motor-wagons.

But the collection and distribution of these immense quantities of food were not the only difficulties in the way of feeding the new armies. The food—or a good deal of it, at any rate—has to be cooked, and the finding of a sufficient number of cooks presented a gigantic problem.

Cooks By The Thousands.

Many thousands of cooks would be required as the armies grew. Clearly it was impossible to get them from the civil population; but it was possible to make them, and by November last at least 10,000 cooks had been trained under the direction of the Army cooks at different military centres. What the number of Army cooks is at present it is, of course, impossible to say, but it certainly exceeds 25,000. At a military centre where there are, say, 10,000 troops, 100 cooks would be employed, and another 100 general assistants would help in preparing the daily meals of the troops.

In the early days of the war, when the new armies were rapidly growing, and there was a partial shortage of cooks, Tommy would often cheerfully undertake to supplement the work of the cook's department by his own untutored efforts, and some invented dishes that have since obtained a wide popularity in the armies.

At a camp in one part of the country, where there were 4,000 soldiers and not more than three or four cooks, the meals were prepared by a battalion of amateur chefs for some time. Among these was a genius who invented a remarkable dish in which cheese and bacon formed the main ingredients.

What Was It Made Of?

This appetizing dish is now known in the Army as "Polly," the nickname by which its inventor was known in his company.

All the culinary inventions of Tommy as chef did not, however, meet with such success or popularity.

A story is told of a corporal who, left to his own devices in a camp kitchen, prepared for his company a dish that met with a very bad reception, indeed. By unanimous consent the company decided that the corporal should be compelled to eat the whole of the compound which he had prepared to satisfy the appetites of 120 men.

The corporal, under compulsion, swallowed about ten mouthfuls of the mess, and then was mercifully allowed to retire to his tent. The dish consisted, so the corporal afterwards declared, of nothing but treacle, bread, dripping, and flour; but the general opinion, supported almost by incontestable evidence, was that the corporal had inadvertently flavored the dish with a powder intended for polishing bayonets.

The regulation Army menus are generally as follows:
Breakfast: Bread-and-butter, bacon, or tinned meat; tea.
Dinner: Beef, vegetables, pudding.

Tea: Bread-and-butter and jam; tea.

The food is plain and wholesome, and there is plenty of it. Indeed, there is rather too much, for it is undeniable that there is waste, often considerable waste, and immense quantities of food are thrown away or destroyed. But there are some difficulties in avoiding this waste.

For example, a contractor may under his contract have to deliver daily supplies to a camp or military centre for 15,000 men. Perhaps 10,000 of the men may be suddenly ordered away at a few hours' notice, and it takes at least a day to alter the existing contract arrangements. There are many such circumstances where it is difficult to avoid over-supplies and consequent waste, at any rate, under existing arrangements, which certainly are in need of alteration.

They Got an Over-Dose.

Large consignments of delicacies and dainties are sent to the Front by Tommy by various people and organizations at home, but the same attention cannot, of course, be paid to the delivery of these gifts as is given to the delivery of the regular supplies. The deliveries of these gifts are therefore attended with some uncertainty.

To a battalion of a certain regiment employed on the lines of communication there was delivered not long since some eight hundred cases containing several tons of Turkish delight. The men revelled in this delicacy until they became so sick of it that it was dangerous, even, to mention the words "Turkish delight" in the presence of anyone of the battalion.

Why all these cases of the delicacy were delivered to the battalion in question is one of many similar mysteries of the war. The reason probably was that, when the very busy department concerned with the delivery of such gifts to the troops came across these cases, it saved time and trouble to send them all to one battalion, and which one it was sent to did not matter.

Another battalion, in much the same way, received a gift of twenty-five thousand chickens, and you could not have got a man in it to touch a chicken cooked in any way at all for a ten-pound note for some time afterwards.

Helping Another Industry.

But, of course, the greater part of the food delicacies sent to the troops at the front are properly distributed, and are greatly appreciated by the soldiers, especially those who have been in the trenches, where the fare is of necessity almost the same every day.

The feeding of the armies has, it may be mentioned, made the packing-case industry busier than it has probably ever been. A quarter of a million packing cases of varying sizes, are used every week in delivering the food supplies to the Army. The firms making these cases are working night and day, and there isn't an unemployed man in the industry anywhere.

The number of men directly engaged in the business of supplying the armies with food probably exceeds 150,000. One firm of contractors employs 20,000 men in packing and delivering goods for the Army.

Then, apart from the enormous number of men employed in this way, there is an army of cooks and assistants both at home and in France. When we bear in mind the fact that thirteen months ago there was no thought of our ever having to support and maintain an army in the field of, perhaps, more than 250,000 men, one may appreciate the extent of the difficulties encountered in bringing into existence in a few months the machinery by which millions of men had to be fed.

MELODIES OF WAR.

Great Armies of Great Nations Appreciate Battle Cries.

During the Middle Ages when every man was a soldier each great family had its war cry, generally the name of the leader of the clan. The Bourbons roused to battle when the shrill cry of "Bourbon," rang on the air. France's kings shouted "Montjoye St. Denis," while the crusaders responded to "Dieu le veut"—"it is the will of God."

Many of the mottoes on family crests to-day are nothing but these old war cries. As to war songs, they seem to have been the earliest poetical development of nations. Sparta, the most warlike of the Greek nations, was the most musical and Lycurgus introduced chorus songs in his army.

Julius Caesar had his men sing songs of triumph after a victory and some of the verses are in existence to-day. Edward I. had the Welsh bards put to death because he thought they incited the soldiers to battle. In Spain many traces of Roman war songs are to be found. Spanish and Portuguese war songs were called romances. "The Cid," written in the twelfth century, has always been the martial inspiration. What "The Cid" is to Spain the "Roland" is to France. The "Chanson de Roland" has been sung since the eleventh century and has 1,500 verses.

Russian battle songs are written in minor keys, and instead of being brilliantly martial, are sad, telling of the soldier's fate. The Turks have no war songs except those they have translated from other tongues. Germany has much military music, and those in power appreciate the influence music has on soldiers, which is shown by the fact that the German army contains 10,000 musicians.

SURRENDER OF GERMAN SOUTHWEST AFRICA



Signing the Surrender of German Southwest Africa.

His Task Accomplished, General Botha Smiles.

The upper picture shows the actual signing of the document which surrendered German Southwest Africa to the British forces. The picture was taken at Kilo, 500 miles on the Otavi line. His Excellency Dr. Selts can be seen seated in the tent signing the document. The lower picture shows General Botha's smile after the document had been signed and his task accomplished.

GREAT BRITAIN'S CHIEF-OF-STAFF

SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON, K.C.B., O., K.C.B., D.S.O.

Won His Way From the Ranks Without Influence and Against Odds.

Little is known to the outside world about Sir William Robertson, K.C.B., O., K.C.B., D.S.O., whose remarkable career from the ranks to chief of staff of the army is so well known to the army itself. His work in relation to that of Sir John French, the commander-in-chief, has been described as that of the general manager of a great corporation to that of its president.

A powerfully built country boy, he went to London at the age of 19 and enlisted in the 9th Lancers. Promotion from the ranks is not frequent. The great majority of officers come from the military school at Sandhurst. But the door is kept open for a private of good education and character. By passing a stiff examination he may obtain a commission.

Young Robertson had had only an elementary education; but he set out to make up for the deficiency by study. He invested his shilling a day, which is the pay of a British private, in books. As a British regular trooper has none too much time to himself, he used to get comrades to read to him from Bacon and the English classics while he was grooming his horse or cleaning his equipment.

Not until he had served 10 years did he pass his examination, which gave him a commission in the 3rd Dragoon Guards. He was then 29 and the average second lieutenant had about eight years the start of him on the army list. In the course of time promotion could come only through distinguished himself. Macdonald, who won fame by his charge at Omdurman, and other eminent British commanders, who had risen from the ranks, had won their way an natural leaders in the field. Robertson's career is the more striking, officers say, because it is due to excellence in organization and in the application of the methods of modern war, which presupposes the grounding of a thorough scientific military education.

Four years after he had received his commission he had won enough attention to be assigned to the intelligence branch of the quartermaster's department in India. In India he found his opportunity. Rewards are

given officers for learning native dialects.

Studied Native Dialects.

To the average officer there is nothing very attractive in spending hours with a native "munshi," or teacher, in acquiring a tongue which can be of use with only some frontier tribe. Robertson offered his munshi a quarter of the reward when he was proficient enough to earn it by passing an examination.

Sir William, when he is reminiscent, will recall what an excellent bargain this proved to be. The munshi saw to it that his pupil did not fail to improve at some moments. He would be waiting at his pupil's door at day-break and put him through an hour's lesson before breakfast. Having mastered one dialect Robertson undertook another and then another. Soon he became known as a language expert. This gained for him another opportunity which was to apply his knowledge by explorations on the Northwest frontier. When the Chitral trouble came his linguistic accomplishments and his knowledge of the country were invaluable. He came out of the Chitral campaign with the Distinguished Service Order for services which included gallantry in action when he was severely wounded. Now he was a "marked man" in the service, marked by stubborn application which had brought him from the ranks and by his demonstrated ability.

"Everyone had to admire him," another general said. "He had won his way without influence, against odds and by sheer hard work making the most of his natural gifts."

On the staff throughout the South African campaign he earned the praise of Roberts and Kitchener by his capacity for getting things done when others sometimes failed. When in 1910 he was placed in command of the Army Staff College even those who agreed that he had shown himself to be the man for the place were amazed at the thought of a man who had been for ten years a private without any groundwork of regular academic education should become the director of an institution which gathers the ablest officers of the army for instruction in the higher branches of war and gives the character to army organization in time of war.

Meantime he had kept on with his languages. He now knew French and German, and he had studied the Continental army systems. There seems to be general agreement that his improvement of the staff college marked an epoch.

As director of military training at the War Office he later had much to do with the preparation of the British expeditionary force. He went to France with it as quartermaster general, who was responsible for keeping that army overseas supplied. His success in this capacity led to his appointment as chief of staff.

Few Grey Hairs at 52.

Now all the branches of the army's activities are under his direction. It is his business to co-ordinate all; and to amalgamate the forces of the new army which arrive with the old in a homogeneous organization up to the standard required by present conditions of warfare. Despite his life of unremitting application he has few grey hairs at 52; and he gives the impression of the physical vigor and endurance which enables him to keep up the pace of 16 hours hard work a day. Those who go into his office know him as a man of few words, a good listener, who sticks to the facts and never indulges in theories.

"He does not hesitate to do away with red tape," said one of his assistants. "The essential point with him is to get the thing done. During the retreat from Mons we lost a great deal of material. Among other things officers and men lost all their equipment even including their caps in some instances. As the Government clothes and equips the men they could be cared for. But the officers pay for their own. They would have to fill out certain forms for reimbursement which would have to go to the War Office, but Sir William settled that in a minute by giving orders that they should be supplied and we could take care of the red tape afterward. Throughout all the vicissitudes of the campaign from Mons to the Aisne and then to the Ypres-Armentieres line the soldiers never went short of food. Regardless of red tape and any other obstacles he saw that in some way or other their rations reached them. He is proud of the fact that he rose from the ranks, and he dislikes publicity. His one supreme interest is his work. He likes work for work's sake."

MICROBES.

Sing a song to microbes,
Dainty little things,
Ears and eyes, and horns and tails,
Claws, and fangs, and stings.
Microbes in the carpet,
Microbes in the wall,
Microbes in the vestibule,
Microbes in the hall,
Microbes on my money,
Microbes on my hair,
Microbes in my meat and bread,
Microbes everywhere.
Microbes in the butter,
Microbes in the cheese,
Microbes on the knives and forks,
Microbes in the breeze,
Microbes in the pantry,
Microbes in the train,
Microbes in my shoes and boots,
Microbes in my brain.
Fussy little microbes,
Billions at birth,
Make our flesh, and blood, and bones,
Keep us on the earth.

THE RHYTHM OF FLAVORS.

Peter McArthur Discourses on the Flavors of Canadian Fruits.

A couple of years ago a Japanese scientist-artist-musician gave a super-aesthetic group of New Yorkers an entertainment that was perhaps unique in the world's history, and yet he might have made it more wonderful than it was, writes Peter McArthur. Owing to the versatility of his genius he knew that there are rhythms of form and color as well as of sound, and he perfected the mechanism by which he was able to throw colors and lights in certain forms on a screen to the accompaniment of music. At the same time he released jets of odor in the same rhythmical way. His purpose was to cater delicately to as many senses as possible. But why did he stop with the senses of form, color, sound and perfume? Why didn't he spread a banquet and cater rhythmically to the sense of taste? Our fruits, for instance, of the latest earliest strawberry to the latest peach, give a range of flavors that a master artist might arrange into a symphony. The sense of taste can be catered to just as delicately and effectively as any other, and the housewife with a full fruit cupboard can at any time evolve sonatas of flavor, or tasty lyrics that will appeal to any palate.

Probably no country in the world is more favored with fruit than Canada. As some poet has observed it has a profusion of berries, huckle, rasp, and straw, besides currents, cherries, peaches, plums, pears, apples, grapes, quinces, and other fruits too numerous to mention. And each of these fruits has a flavor indescribably individual. By the way, it is possible to describe a flavor in a way that will convey to the person who has not tasted it what it is like? Of course we can give an idea of things as being sweet, sour, salt, or insipid, but the penetrating, aromatic flavors—how are they to be described? I know of only two attempts at describing flavors that were at all successful. One was the attempt by David Harum's sister to describe champagne. She said it was like drinking cider and sniffing horseradish at the same time. The other was the answer made by a small boy when asked what vichy tasted like. He said "it tastes like your foot's asleep." If I could have a heart-to-heart talk with that Japanese scientist-artist-musician-perfumer I would try to set him to prepare something for the annual banquet of the Canadian Fruit Growers, and have him add flavors to his entertainment. But perhaps the Fruit Growers would object. They probably agree with the average housewife that the flavors of our Canadian fruits are sufficient in themselves without being added to. They have color, and aroma, also, and it is quite sufficient to set them to the music of tinkling glasses and silver spoons. This season when the fruits are so plentiful and so good every fruit cellar in the Dominion should be a symphony of the divine flavors perfected by the sun in the great alembic of a Canadian summer.

NO BETTER TREATMENT.

Correspondent Pays Fine Tribute to Canadian Hospitals.

"Many have heard of the way the Canadians have saved the guns in the region of Ypres, but few have heard of the way the Canadians save the men in France."

"Should any reader of these lines have a relative in hospital, let them rest assured that better treatment could not be given anywhere; and should the call come to go and see those friends, they will receive nothing but kindness from the humblest private to the highest officer; for this has been my experience from beginning to end, and I raise my hat in hearty appreciation of the gallant colonials and their quiet but noble work 'somewhere in France!'"

This tribute to the Canadians both in trench and hospital is contained in a despatch to the *Working (England) Gazette*, by Mr. Sidney Walter, who was visiting his brother in the Ninth Lancers at the front.

BATTLE TOLL OF PAST.

Figures Telling Guessemes Stories Now All Surpassed.

The French *Revue Hebdomadaire* gives an instructive comparison of the losses of the combatants in the great battles of history. At Marengo, in 1800, the 30,000 French opposed to 35,000 Austrians lost, respectively, twenty and twenty-two per cent. At the battle of Jena, 1806, the French lost nine per cent, and the Prussians thirty-three per cent, of 4,050 against 23,100 men.

At Eylau, 1807, 53,000 French had 9,540 men out of action, or eighteen per cent, and the Russians, 72,000 strong, lost 30,960, or forty-three per cent, of theirs. At Waterloo, 1815, 72,000 French lost about thirty-six per cent, and the 156,000 allies lost twenty per cent. At Solferino, 1859, 125,000 French beat 150,000 Austrians, losing seven per cent, as against fifteen per cent.

When the color has been taken from silk by acids, it may be restored by applying to the spot a little hartshorn or sal-volatile.

One single tuft is left on the shaven crown of a Mussulman, for Mahomet to grasp hold of when drawing the deceased to paradise.

C. O. L.

For Sale of 2.000 choice clay loam in buildings, about 1000 of Calton. W. good state of cultivation and on exchange for farm produce or St. Thomas. A.

For Sale or Exchange purchase 100 acres of Calton. W. good state of cultivation and on exchange for farm produce or St. Thomas. A.

For Sale—10 ten-acre within 3 miles of A. for gardening purposes, only \$50 per acre. Apply to C. O. L.

For Sale or Exchange land with fair building, either brick or tile, either brick or tile, cheap and on exchange for good real estate. Apply to C. O. L. or B. F. Davenport, C.

FOR SALE—165 ac being part of Lots 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782,