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AMERICAN PLAN

JOHN J. HERNAN, Manager

KITCHENER'S MOB

By Jas. NORMAN HALL.

Editor's Note:—The author of our new serial is a citizen of the United States who fought in the present war as a British soldier and has seen one of the best stories of the war yet written. It is dedicated "To Tommy of the Great War, who is adding immortal lustre to the name of Atkins." The author writes from the inside, but with the detached view an outsider, which makes his portrayal of the unflinching humor and pluck of Tommy Atkins especially good. No reader should miss a single installment of this most interesting story.

CHAPTER I.
Joining Up.

"Kitchener's Mob" they were called in the early days of August, 1914, when London hoardings were clamorous with the first call for volunteers. The seasoned regulars of the first British expeditionary force said it patronizingly, the great British public hopefully, the world at large doubtfully, "Kitchener's Mob," when there was but a scanty six thousand. And yet Kitchener's own Tommies, armed with millions yet to come, "Kitchener's Mob" it remains to-day, fighting in hundreds of thousands in France, Belgium, Africa, the Balkans. And to-morrow, when the war is ended, who will come marching home again, old campaigners, war-worn remnants of once mighty armies? "Kitchener's Mob."

It is not a pleasing name for the greatest volunteer army in the history of the world; for more than three millions of toughened, disciplined fighting men, united under one flag, all of us of one magnificent military organization. And yet Kitchener's own Tommies are responsible for it, the rank and file, with their inherent love of ridicule even at their own expense, and their intense dislike of "swank." They fastened the name upon them, themselves, lest the world at large should think they regarded themselves too highly. There it hangs. There it will hang for all time.

It was on the 18th of August, 1914, that the mob spirit gained its mastery over me. After three weeks of solitary tramping in the mountains of North Wales, I walked suddenly into the news of the great war and went at once to London, with a longing for home which seemed strong enough to carry me though the week of idleness until my boat should sail. But, in a spirit of adventure, I suppose, I tempted myself with the possibility of assuming the increasingly popular alias, Atkins. On two successive mornings I joined the long line of prospective recruits before the offices at Great Scotland Yard, drawing each time, after moving a convenient distance toward the desk of the recruiting sergeant. Disregarding the proven fatality of third time, I joined it on another morning, dangerously near to the head of the procession.

"Now, then, you! Step along!"

There is something compelling about a military command, given by a military officer accustomed to being obeyed. While the doctors were thumping me, measuring me, and making an inventory of "physical peculiarities, if any," I tried to analyze my unhesitating, almost instinctive reaction to that stern, confident "Step along!" Was it an act of weakness, a

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

Lesson XXI. Buns and Rolls.

Rolls and tea biscuits make a delightful addition to the daily bill of fare. The regular bread dough may be used in making them.

Parker House Rolls

Use the recipe for white bread, the sponge method. When the bread is ready for the pan, roll on a slightly floured pastry board one-quarter inch thick. Cut with a four-inch cookie cutter, brush them with melted butter, then fold over in pocketbook style, pressing firmly. Set on a well-greased pan two inches apart. Set to rise for thirty minutes. Bake for eighteen minutes in a hot oven. Quickly brush the tops of the rolls upon their arrival from the oven with melted butter.

Tea Biscuits

Prepare the dough as for the Parker House rolls. Roll it one-quarter inch thick, then brush with melted butter. Fold over the dough and beat with a rolling pin for three minutes. Cut with two-inch cookie cutter. Set in warm place to rise for eighteen minutes. Then brush with egg wash. Sprinkle with granulated sugar and bake in a hot oven for fifteen minutes.

Cinnamon Cake

Use the recipe calling for straight dough method in the bread recipes. When the dough is ready for the pans, roll it three-quarters of an inch thick. Cut the size of the pan. Place in a well-greased pan and set to rise for thirty minutes. Brush the top with egg wash. I cover one-quarter of an inch deep with one-half cupful of brown sugar, one-half cupful of flour, two tablespoons of cinnamon, five tablespoons of lard. Mix the dry ingredients well, then rub in the lard until crumbly. Place on the dough in a moderate oven and bake for twenty minutes.

Cinnamon Buns

Use the straight dough mixture. Take the dough when ready for the pans and roll it on a slightly floured pastry board one-quarter of an inch thick. Then spread it with brown sugar, cinnamon and currants and one ounce of butter to every pound of dough. Roll like jelly roll, but in slices one and one-half inches thick. Place so that the buns barely touch.

CONSERVATION.

Eggs in these days of high prices are a luxury, even if you have your own. But patriotic housewives can substitute them at least once a week for the sausage or breakfast bacon, thus saving her "bit" of pork for exportation. Omelettes are more nourishing if made with milk, but more tender if made with water. Allow one tablespoon of either to each egg used. Beat the eggs thoroughly, then pour into a fryingpan, the thinner the better, in which is one tablespoon of melted fat. Set on hot part of the stove a moment, or until the bottom sets, then with a thin-bladed knife separate the omelette from the pan and flip the pan backward and forward so the uncooked part will run under next the plate. When cooked through, roll the omelette like a jelly roll, brown slightly all round and turn on a hot platter.

Split Pea Soup.

Soak one pint of peas over night, and in the morning put on to cook in three pints of water, adding more water as this cooks away. When the peas begin to get tender, brown a bit of chopped onion in drippings and add to peas, and when all are cooked soft pour through a sieve. Reheat, with three tablespoons of butter, and salt and pepper to suit. A cup of cream, or a cup of tomato purée may be added.

A nourishing dinner dish is made by mixing cottage cheese with mashed beans and bread crumbs, adding cream until of the right consistency.

asserting that the new army was being recruited from the flower of England's young manhood. They thought the House Guards Parade resembled an army of the unemployed, and I thought it likely that most of them were misfits, out-of-work, the kind of men who join the army because they can do nothing else. There were, in fact, a good many of these. I soon learned, however, that the general out-at-elbows appearance was due to another cause. A genial Cockney gave me the hint.

"Ave you joined up, matey?" he asked.

I told him that I had.

"Well, ere's a friendly tip for you. Don't wear them good clothes w'en you go to the depot. You won't see 'em again likely, an' if you gets through the war you might be a wantin' of 'em. Wear the worst rags you got."

I profited by the advice, and when I fell in, with the other recruits for the Royal Fusiliers, I felt much more at ease.

CHAPTER II.
Rookies.

"A mob" is genuinely descriptive of the array of would-be soldiers which crowded the long parade-ground at Hounslow Barracks during that memorable last week in August. We had lost our individuality, and it was to be months before we regained it in a new species, a collective individuality of which we became increasingly proud. We squeak-squawked across the barrack square in boots which felt large enough for an entire family of feet. Our khaki service dress uniforms

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Old tea and fresh tea, poor tea and good tea, all look alike. No wonder a woman often gets a bulk tea she doesn't like.

Red Rose Tea in the sealed package is always fresh, always good, always worth the price on the label.

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TEACHING YOUR DOG TRICKS.

Can Be Governed Best By Love and Consideration.

It may surprise you to find that in teaching a dog tricks you get nearly as much training as he does. Kindness, persistence and patience are necessary to success in animal education.

Almost any dog is affectionate, sensitive and sensible; by nature noble and self-sacrificing, and he will do anything to please his master, if he can only understand, says L. E. E. Banks in the American Boy. All his nature asks in return is a pat of affection, occasionally, along with food and shelter.

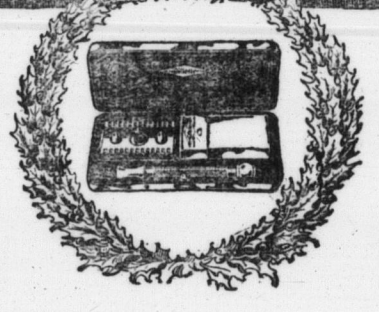
So be careful not to make the dog afraid of you, for he is governed best by love. Never punish the dog for not obeying, unless you are sure he understands.

Never work the dog when his stomach is full. This is a principle found in circus, where animals are fed regularly after their performance, after eating they are dull and sleepy and should not be disturbed. Before eating they regard food as reward for their work.

Don't keep any fowls or chicks that are in any way deficient, for they will eat lots of feed without making a profit on it.

A child does not need a pillow under its head any more than it needs a pillow behind its head when it sits up. Pillows have a tendency to produce a flat-chested condition.

A Very Merry Christmas



The business of being a man has its advantages these days as well as its responsibilities—especially if someone thinks enough about him, his needs and his wishes, to choose for his Christmas gift

The Gillette Safety Razor

Most men are practical. The welcome gift is the useful gift—the Gillette—that fits right into a man's intimate personal life, makes things easier for him, and proves its quality by the way it shaves.

At any good Hardware, Drug or Jewelry Store you can pick out a Gillette Set that will be sure to give him lasting pleasure. If you have any trouble getting what you want, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

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"SAUSAGES": BIG WAR INSTRUMENT

OBSERVATION BALLOON HAS IMPORTANT FUNCTION.

Though Less Talked About Than the Aeroplanes, Their Work is of Utmost Importance.

There are days and times when an observation balloon is absolutely no use—rainy days and foggy times. Away on the horizon, at a distance of about four miles, stand a line of poplars. If those poplars show clear against the sky-line the visibility is good, and the camp must be roused. We may ascend. But if my test-poplars are misty—and they generally are at daybreak—it's another roll round in my blanket for me, and the boys may go on snoring.

A Place For Every Man.

But my weather-eye must needs be kept open. At ten the mist still held, and it was half an hour later before the flight-sergeant got instructions to get the "blister" out.

Three blasts on the sergeant's whistle and the A.M.'s are falling in from all directions for parade. Then the balloon is walked down to the ascension ground, the winch follows, and section C.O. picks out the two officers who are to be observers for the day, and we don our parachute attachments. The officer is told off to control the winch, while the intelligence officer proceeds to the chart-room. The balloon is then toggled on the winch, and the two observers step into the basket. One tests the telephone, while the other examines basket, valve cord, rope, and ballast, then both are secured to their parachutes.

There is a salute, one blast on the whistle, and the order is given: "Let up, hand over hand!" Six ropes—each ninety feet in length—are gradually loosened, and the balloon begins to rise. Then again goes the order: "Let up on the winch!" And the giant cable slowly uncoils. We rise into the blue.

Telephonic Marvels.

At five hundred feet the balloon is valving hard, and the winch must be stopped while we take the strength of the wind. At that height twelve miles an hour is the usual. On we go again, stopping at a thousand feet to repeat the business. The wind is now sixteen miles an hour. At every five hundred feet we stop, until the limit of three thousand feet is reached. Then the day's work begins.

It may be that at this height we shall find a heavy ground-mist spoiling our visibility. Then down we go again. But if all is well we start.

Up here—three thousand feet above the earth, and about five thousand feet from the front line—we are connected with telephone with the field-batteries, the heavies behind, and we could, if we pleased, talk with Headquarters or a friend in Paris. The completeness of the telephone system is a thing to wonder at when you are talking from the clouds.

Our work is to direct the guns. Everything now is worked out in minutes and angles. We, from our vantage point, must aid the gunners in finding their targets, and report on "shell burst." All day the telephone apparatus is glued to our ears, and at regular intervals the gunners are glued to our eyes. Life is a query of "Where did that one go?"

A Terrible Strain.

We know the difference between delicate, white shrapnel clouds and the brownish yellow of amatol, and the black cloud that spells lyddite is not confounded with the blue-green, deadly gas-shell.

Sometimes we are drawn down in double-quick time, as danger threatens; sometimes we sit, legs over basket, waiting for the word that shall tell us our balloon is on fire, and that we must jump, trusting to the parachute to save our lives. The day's work is full of thrills.

When at last nine p.m. marks the end of our day, and we come down for the last time that day, it is nothing for an observer to buckle up, and have to stand on his legs, and have to be carried to bed. Biscuits and milk-chocolate have kept him going all day, but now he wants nothing but sleep.

FOOLING A U-BOAT.

Clever Device of a Steamship Captain To Avert Disaster.

A profitable hoax was played upon a German submarine off the coast of Ireland by the captain of the steamship Director.

Suspecting that at any moment the Director might be in the danger zone, he instructed the ship's carpenter to saw a big spare spar into three pieces, which the crew painted black. These pieces of wood were then mounted as if they were guns.

When a submarine approached the skipper of the Director pointed the Quaker guns at the U-boat, which promptly decided to go down again without waiting for a torpedo. The Director, with its false guns, fled at top speed, and got away safely.

Dame Catherine Furse has accepted the position of Director of the Women's Royal Navy Service, and will be responsible under the Second Sea Lord for its administration and organization.