THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION.

KITCHENER'S MOB

By Jas. NORMAN HALL.

CHAPTER VI.

Private Holloway, Professor of Hygiene

The following morning we wandered through the trenches listening to the learned discourse of the genial professors of the Parapet-etic School, storing up much useful information for future reference. I made a serious blunder when I asked one of them a question about Ypres, for I pronounced the name French fashion, which put me under suspicion as a "swanker."

"Don't try to come it, son," he said. "S'y 'Wipers.' That's wot we call it."

Henceforth it was "Wipers" for me, although I learned that "Eeps" and "Yipps" are sanctioned by some trench authorities. I made no further mistakes of this nature, and by keeping silent about the names of the towns and villages along our front, I soon learned the accepted pronounciation of all of them. Armentieres is called "Armenteers"; Balleul, "Ballyall"; Hazebrouck, "Hazy-Brook"; and what more natural than "Plug-Street," Atkinsese for Ploegsteert?

As was the case wherever I went, my accent betrayed my American birth; and again, as an American Expeditionary Force of one, I was shown many favors. Private Shorty Holloway, upon learning that I was a "Yank," offered to tell me "every bloomin' thing about the trenches that a bloke needs to know." I was only too glad to place myself under his instruction.

"Right you are!" said Shorty; "now, sit down 'ere w'ile I'm goin' over me shirt, an' arsk me anything yer a mind to." I began immediately by asking him what he meant by "going over" his shirt.

"Blimy! You are new to this game, mate! You mean to s'y you ain't got any graybacks!"

I confessed shamefacedly that I had not. He stripped to the waist, turned his shirt wrong side out, and laid it upon his knee.

"'Ave a look," he said proudly.

The less said about my discoveries the better for the fastidiously minded. Suffice it to say that I made my first acquaintance with members of a British Expeditionary Force which is not mentioned in official communiques.

"Trench pets," said Shorty. Then he told me that they were not all graybacks. There is a great variety of species, but they all belong to the same parasitical family, and wage a non-dischiminating warfare upon the soldiery of both sides of No-man's-Land. Germans, British, French, Belgians alike were their victims.

"You'll soon 'ave plenty," he said reassuringly; "I give you about a week to get covered with 'em. Now, wot you want to do is this: always 'ave an extra shirt in yer pack. Don't be a bloomin' ass an' sell it fer a packet o' fags like I did! An' the next time you writes to England, get some one to send you out some Keatings"—he displayed a box of grayish-colored powder. "It won't kill 'em, mind you! They ain't nothin' but fire that'll kill 'em. But Keatings tykes all the ginger out o' 'em. They ain't near so lively arter you strafe 'em with this 'ere powder."

I remembered Shorty's advice later when I became a reluctant host to a prolific colony of graybacks. For nearly six months I was never without a box of Keatings, and I was never without the need for it.

Barbed wire had a new and terfible significance for me from the first day which we spent in the trenches. I could more readily understand why there had been so long a deadlock on the western front. The entanglements in front of the first line of trenches [illegible] fifteen to twenty yards [illegible] being twisted from [illegible] such a hopeless jumble [illegible] could possibly get [illegible] fire. The posts [illegible] in the ground, but the [illegible] movable segments every fifty or sixty yards, which could be put to one side in case an attack was to be launched against the German lines.

At certain positions there were what appeared to be openings through the wire, but these were nothing less than man-traps which have been found serviceable in case of an enemy attack. In an assault men follow the line of least resistance when they reach the barbed wire. These apparent openings are V-shaped, with the open end toward the enemy. The attacking troops think they see a clear passage-way. They rush into the trap, and when it is filled with struggling men, machine guns are turned upon them, and, as Shorty said, "You [illegible]t 'em cold."

[illegible]t, at least, was the presumption. [illegible]cally, man-traps were not al[illegible] a success. The intensive [illegible] which precede infantry [illegible]voc with entangle[illegible] always a chance of [illegible] being incomplete, as [illegible]on farther north, [illegible]me, a man-trap [illegible]on of Germans [illegible] you the pip," [illegible]hree lines of [illegible] so that [illegible] while [illegible]rature of the [illegible] the nipple in [illegible]

England. I had wondered why British and French troops had failed to smash through. A few weeks in the trenches gave me a new viewpoint. I could only wonder at the magnificent fighting qualities of soldiers who had held their own so effectively against armies equipped and armed and munitioned as the Germans were.

After he had finished drugging his trench pets, Shorty and I made a tour of the trenches. I was much surprised at seeing how clean and comfortable they can be kept in pleasant summer weather. Men were busily at work sweepinging up the walks, collecting the rubbish, which was put into sandbags hung on pegs at intervals along the fire trench. At night the refuse was taken back of the trenches and bunried. Most of this work devolved upon the pioneers whose business it was to keep the trenches sanitary.

The fire trench was built in much the same way as those which we had made during our training in England. In pattern it was something like a tesselated border. For the space of five yards it ran straight, then it turned at right angles around a traverse of solid earth six feet square, then around another traverse, and so throughout the length of the line. Each five-yard segment, which is called a "bay," offered firing room for five men. The traverses, of course, were for the purpose of preventing enfilade fire. They also limited the execution which might be done by one shell. Even so they were not an unmixed blessing, for they were always in the way when you wanted to get anywhere in a hurry.

"An' you are in a 'urry w'en you sees a Minnie [Minnenwerfer] comin' your w'y. But you gets trench legs arter a w'ile. It'll be a funny sight to see blokes walkin' along the street in London w'en the war's over. They'll be so used to dodgin' in an' out o' traverses they won't be able to go in a straight line."

As we walked through the firing-line trenches, I could quite understand the possibility of one's acquiring trench legs. Five paces forward, two to the right, two to the left, two to the left again, then five to the right, and so on to Switzerland. Shorty was of the opinion that one could enter the trenches on the Channel coast and walk through to the Alps without once coming out on top of the ground. I am not in a position to affirm or to question this statement. My own experience was confined to that part of the British front which lies between Messines in Belgium and Loos in France. There, certainly, one could walk for miles, through an intricate maze of continuous underground passages.

But the firing-line trench was neither a traffic route nor a promenade. The great bulk of inter-trench business passed through the traveling trench, about fifteen yards in rear of the fire trench and running narallel to it. The two were connected by many passageways, the chief difference between them being that the fire trench was the business district, while the traveling trench was primarily residential. Along the latter were built most of the dugouts, lavatories, and trench kitchens. The sleeping quarters for the men were not very elaborate. Recesses were made in the wall of the trench about two efet above the floor. They were not more than three feet high, so that one had to crawl in head first when going to bed. They were partitioned in the middle, and were supposed to offer accommodation for four men, two on each side. But, as Shorty said, everythind depended on the ration allowance. Two men who had eaten to repletion could not hope to occupy the same apartment. One had a choice of going to bed hungry or of eating heartily and sleeping outside on the firing-bench.

"'Ere's a funny thing," he said. "W'y do you suppose they makes the dugouts open at oneend?"

I had no explanation to offer.

"Crawl inside an' I'll show you."

I stood my rifle against the side of the trench and crept in.

"Now, yer supposed to be asleep," said Shorty, and with that he gave me a whack on the soles of my boots with his entrenching tool handle. I can still feel the pain of the blow.

"Stand to! Wyke up 'ere! Stand to!" he shouted, and gave me another resounding wallop.

I backed out in all haste.

"Get the idea? That's 'ow they wykes you up at stand-to, or w'en your turn comes for sentry. Not bad, wot?"

I said that it all depended on whether one was doing the waking or the sleeping, and that, for my part, when sleeping I would lie with my head out.

"You would n't if you belonged to our lot. They'd give it to you on the napper just as quick as 'it you on the feet. You ain't on to the game, that's all. Let me show oyu suthin'."

(To be continued.)

Bad for the Baby.

Dirty playthings, dirty apples, dirty bottles, dirty [illegible]

Nonabsorbent [illegible] except for temporary use.

[illegible]olent rocking, bouncing and rol[illegible]y of every sort imme[illegible]

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TORONTO, ONT.

Food Control Corner

Information received at the Food Controller's Office indicates that the shortage of wheat in France is becoming more and more alarming each week. A further reduction of twenty per cent. in the bread ration will soon become imperative, according to M. Maurice Long, Minister for General Revictualling of France. The manufacture and consumption of pastry regarded as a luxury has been entirely prohibited since January 1st except on Sundays and holidays.

In Denmark a reduction of the wheat ration is anticipated. The cereal harvest, according to final figures, is only about 62,000,000 bushels, which is 20,000,000 bushels less than in 1916 and about 10,000,000 less than was estimated in the summer when the people were put on bread rations.

The food situation in Switzerland is extremely serious. A new ration, far below the consumption even in many of the countries at war, has been ordered. The new regulations allow only one and one-half pounds of sugar per month. The bread ration is only one-half pound a day and butter ration one-fifth of a pound per month.

The Food Controller's Office has been receiving letters suggesting that regulations in the different Provinces of the Dominion protecting game and fish should be modified so that these foods might be available to a greater extent as substitutes for beef and bacon.

Letters are also being received urging taxation and other steps to reduce the number of useless dogs which, it is urged, constitute a menace to sheep-raising and consequently have been responsible for keeping the industry in many parts of the country to very much smaller proportions than it ought to be.

An official of the Food Controller's Office states that these matters come entirely within the jurdisdiction of the Provincial Governments and that communications relative thereto should be addressed to them.

Not On That Line.

After two years in the mud and trenches of Flanders, Pte. Thomas Atkins got his leave at last, and made what he conceived to be the best use of his holiday by getting married.

On the journey back at Southampton, he showed to the inspector his marriage certificate in mistake for his return railway pass.

The official, who chanced to be a Scot, studied it carefully, and then said:

"Eh, mon, you've got a ticket for a lang, weariisome journey but no on the South Western Railway."

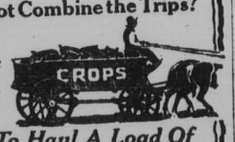
Always save sour cream for cheese or cooking.

Haul A Load *Each* Way

Crops must be hauled to town, and fertilizer must be hauled home.

Why Not Combine the Trips?

When you take a load to town



Plan To Haul A Load Of Spring Fertilizer on the return trip

Play safe and get your fertilizer stored in your own barn. War conditions have decreased the supply of fertilizer, and increased the demand.

Co-operate With Your Dealer

Few dealers have sufficient storage space. Shipments in less than capacity car loads—40 to 50 tons—are discouraged, even refused. Order now—enable your dealer to combine orders and make up a full car load. When car arrives take your part of the fertilizer directly from it—free the car for other uses.

Order Spring Fertilizer NOW

Make certain of your supply and at the same time help relieve railroad congestion.

Send for literature to Department 45

Improvement Committee

National Fertilizer Association

Storage The Munsey Bldg., Baltimore

The Housewife's Corner

WAR AND FOOD SERIES. No. V.—FISH.

Granted that beef and bacon are being gradually ousted in many homes where they have hitherto been popular, what then is to be substituted as a staple food, one which has the nourishing properties of meat and which may be used without any qualms of conscience over depriving the armies and the needy of Europe with the sustenance which they require?

The realization is being forced home on the people of Canada that fish comes first in supplying this need, and that its possibilities are practically limitless. In this the Dominion is sngularly fortunate.

But it is essential that the women take the matter seriously to heart. Virtually they are going to control and broaden the fish market. They must remember that they are not necessarily buying fish because it is cheaper than meat but because meat is needed in Europe. The appeal of the Allied people is one which can neither be denied nor ignored. And there is the other consideration that the armies must have the strongest and most sustaining foods.

The war should be the means of bringing fish into its true and proper place in the diet of the people of Canada. Fish has been much neglected and it is only now that it is being seriouly thought of as a national source of food supply. The Food Controller has repeatedly emphasized the necessity for the use of more fish and the Fish Committee has promoted a vigorous campaign for the popularization of various kinds of fish hitherto deprived of an honorable place on the market.

Custom and tradition have combined to stultify the fish trade. A few varieties have been standardized and have come to represent the fish supply of Canada, while all the time there have been as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it.

The other day pollock was served at a luncheon in Ottawa to a group of men who did not know what kind of fish they were eating. When asked how they liked it, they declared it to be better than cod or even halibut, of which Canadian housewives make such persistent use.

There are the grayfish, the Atlantic Blue Back, the cusk, the hake, the catfish, the mackerel, the alewife, the shad and the swordfish. All of these if well cooked are extremely wholesome and palatable. The fisherman knows their virtues and marvels at the women inland who scorn them. He is ready to supply them. The dealer is ready to carry them if he is assured that there will be a market for them.

Thus it is "up to" the women of Canada to create the market. They can do it by persistently demanding the unfamiliar varieties.

They will soon find them making their appearance on the market if the demand is kept up.

The responsibility of the women does not end there. Once on the market the fish must be bought. They must be cooked in such a variety of ways and so attractively that they will make an immediate conquest of the family palate. By doubling our consumption of fish we could send overseas 23 shiploads of beef and pork of five thousand tons each.

THE-"VERY HARDEST AGE."

It was a very young mother who told me yesterday that her child was just at the hardest age. She is just learning to walk and is into everything. I have no doubt every mother of a real, live child of any given age, would claim loudly that her offspring was at the very hardest age, for at any age the child presents problems that turn one's hair gray; unless the child happens to be of the sort that dies young, or the mother is one whose way is always right.

I am positive that no age could be harder to manage than that at which one of my boys has now arrived, the age when he is too old to spank and too young not to need it occasionally. Just what to do with a boy who is almost as big as you are, and yet not old enough to have arrived entirely at self-government, I'll admit is beyond me at times. It wouldn't be quite so hard if this particular boy didn't have quite so much masculine contempt for a skirt. He has more than the usual share allotted to man. And while he is fond of his mother in a very tolerant, superior, patronizing sort of way, it is really more than he can do to render unqualified obedience to a mother who only weighs ninety-five pounds when lots of the "fellers" younger than he is don't have to mind a mother that weighs one hundred and fifty. Every once in a while he makes a dash for liberty.

The last time he was told to be home from school at four o'clock, there was a soccer game he wanted to see, and at 5.30 he pranced into the kitchen. Dinner preparations were under way, with sundry smells calculated to enrage the appetite of a hungry boy. He fairly explained that he had stopped to see a game, and begged for a bite, all in one breath.

In the hour and a half of waiting I'd had time to go through all the stages of maternal wrath, and was very polite and calm.

"Do you know what law is?" I asked.

"Yes, mother, dear."

"Do you know what an outlaw is?"

"Yes, mother dearest," sweeter than honey because he was in wrong.

"Do you know what the I.W.W. is?"

"Yes, mother darling."

"Very well, you're an outlaw and a member of the I.W.W. You can go up to bed."

"Don't I get any supper?" he bellowed. All the cloying sweetness suddenly vanished.

"No, I don't feed the I.W.W. If your want to belong to Imperial Wilhelm's Warriors you can get your meals the best way you can."

"But I don't want to belong. I ain't. I'll be good. Can't I have even a sandwich?"

"Absolutely no quarter to anarchists. If you can't obey laws you don't deserve to eat. Go on to bed."

I had scarcely got into the kitchen the next morning when a still, small voice at my elbow said, "I don't belong to the I. W. W. this morning, mother. I'm a peaceful law-abiding citizen."

"Perhaps, but you'll have to show me." Still very lotfy and remote.

"But I am, mother. Don't be so cruel. Smile a little at a feller, can't you?"

"I'll have to see a change. Just a night's sleep doesn't prove anything to me."

"I'll change. I'll tidy my room and eat slowly and get home at 3.45, and"—he spied the table with one vacant chair. "Don't I get any breakfast, either?" he wailed.

"Yes, if you get it for yourself."

"O, I can d[illegible] did. For one week [illegible] sewed on [illegible] the end o[illegible] him on t[illegible] weeks ago [illegible] a bad laps[illegible] the I. W. W[illegible] upheaval has [illegible] meekness and so[illegible]

Meantime, other [illegible] cropped out, and I supp[illegible] cropping. That's why [illegible] the hardest age with m[illegible] mothers.

A Tall Story.

A private in an Irish regim[illegible] a Life Guardsman were "[illegible] about the standard of heigh[illegible] respective regime[illegible] the Life Gu[illegible] fellows is s[illegible] pipe at a [illegible] retorted [illegible] pany. [illegible] get [illegible] to [illegible] pockets.

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