

# KITCHENER'S MOB



By Jas. Norman Hall.

## CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

But Fritzie could be depended upon to keep up his end of the game. He gave us just as good as we sent, and often he added something for full measure. His surprises were sausage-shaped missiles which came wobbling toward us, slowly, almost awkwardly; but they dropped with lightning speed, and alas, for any poor Tommy who misjudged the place of its fall! However, every one had a chance. Trench-mortar projectiles are so large that one can see them coming, and they describe so leisurely an arc before they fall that men have time to run.

I have always admired Tommy Atkins for his sense of fair play. He enjoyed giving Fritz "a little bit of all-right," but he never resented it when Fritz had his own fun at our expense. In the far-off days of peace, I used to lament the fact that I had fallen upon evil times. I read of old wars with a feeling of regret that men had lost their old primal love for dangerous sport, their naive ignorance of fear. All the brave, heroic things of life were said and done. But on those trench-mortaring days, when I watched boys playing with death with right good zest, heard them shouting and laughing as they tumbled over one another in their eagerness to escape it, I was convinced of my error. Daily I saw men going through the test of fire triumphantly, and at the last, what a severe test it was! And how splendidly they met it! During six months continuously in the firing-line, I met less than a dozen natural-born cowards; and my experience was largely with plumbers, drapers' assistants, clerks, men who had no fighting traditions to back them up, make them heroic in spite of themselves.

The letter I knew Tommy, the better I liked him. He has not a shred of sentimentality in his make-up. There is plenty of sentiment, sincere feeling, but it is admirably concealed. I had been a soldier of the King for many months before I realized that the men with whom I was living, sharing rations and hardships, were anything other than the hearty animals they looked like. They were disciplined upon them, and at the paltry shilling a day which they received for the first really hard work they had ever done. They appeared to regard England as a miserly employer, exacting their last ounce of energy for a wretchedly inadequate wage. To the casual observer, theirs was not the ardor of loyal sons, fighting for a beloved motherland. Rather, it seemed that of irresponsible schoolboys on a long holiday. They said nothing about patriotism or the duty of Englishmen in war-time. And if I attempted to start a conversation along that line, they walked right over me with their boots on.

This was a great disappointment at first. I should never have known, from anything that was said, that a man of them was stirred at the thought of fighting for old England. England was all right, but "I ain't goin' balmy about the old flag and all that stuff." Many of them insisted that they were in the army for personal and selfish reasons alone. They went out of their way to ridicule any and every indication of sentiment.

There was the matter of talk about mothers, for example. I can't imagine this being the case in a volunteer army of American boys, but not once, during fifteen months of British army life, did I hear a discussion of mothers. When the weekly parcels from England arrived and the boys were sharing their cake and chocolate and tobacco, one of them would say, "Good ol' mum. She ain't a bad sort"; to be answered by reluctant, mouth-filled grunts, or grudging nods of approval. As for fathers, I often thought to myself, "What a tremendous army of post-humous sons!" Months before I would have been astonished at this reticence. But I had learned to understand Tommy. His silences were as eloquent as any splendid outbursts or glowing tributes could have been. Indeed, they were far more eloquent! Englishmen seem to have an instinctive understanding of the futility, the emptiness, of words in the face of an unspoken wonder to me that men, living in the daily and hourly presence of death, could so surely control and conceal their feelings. Their talk was of anything but home; and yet, I knew they thought of but little else.

One of our boys was killed, and there was the letter to be written to his parents. Three Tommies who knew him best were to attempt this. They made innumerable beginnings. Each of them was afraid of blundering, of causing unnecessary pain by an indelicately revealing of the facts. There was a feminine fineness about this concern which was beautiful to see. The final draft of the letter was a little masterpiece, not of English, but of insight; such a letter as any one of us would have wished his own parents to receive under like circumstances. Nothing was forgotten which could have made the news in the slightest degree more endurable. Every trifling personal belonging was carefully saved and packed in a little box to follow the letter. All of this was done amid much boisterous jesting. And there was the usual hilarious singing of an old mouth-organ. But of reference to home, or mothers, or comradeship, nothing.

There were days when the front was really quiet. The thin trickle of rifle fire only accentuated the stillness of an early summer morning. Far down the line Tommy could be heard, singing to himself as he sat in the dugout, cleaning his rifle, or making a careful scrutiny of his shirt for those unwelcome little parasites which made life so miserable for him at all times. There were pleasant cracklings of burning pine sticks and the sizzle of frying bacon. Great swarms of bluebottle flies buzzed lazily in the warm sunshine. Sometimes, across a pool of noontime silence, we heard birds singing for the birds didn't desert us. When we gave them a cheering, they did their cheery little best to assure us that everything would come right in the end. Once we heard a skylark, an English skylark, singing over No-Man's-Land! I scarcely know which gave me more pleasure, the song, or the sight of the faces of those English lads as they listened. I was deeply touched when one of them said:

"Ain't 'e a plucky little chap, singing 'isself in front of Fritzie's trenches fer us English blokes?"

It was a sincere and fitting tribute, as perfect for a soldier as Shelley's "Ode" for a poet.

Along the part of the British front which we held during the summer, the opposing lines of trenches were from less than a hundred to four hundred and fifty or five hundred yards apart, and we were so neighborly as regards distance, social intercourse. In the early mornings when the heavy night mists still concealed the lines, the boys stood head and shoulders above the parapet and shouted:

"Hi, Fritzie!"  
And the greeting was returned:—  
"Hi, Tommy!"

Then we conversed. Very few of us knew German, but it is surprising how many Germans could speak English. Frequently they shouted, "Got 'is 'oodbines, Tommy?"—his favorite brand of cigarettes; and Tommy would reply, "Sure! Shall I bring 'em over or will you come an' fetch 'em?"

This was often the ice-breaker, the beginning of a conversation which varied considerably in other details. "Who are you?" Fritzie would shout.

And Tommy, "We're the Kings' Own Ymn of 'Aters"; some such subtle repartee as that. "Wot's your mob?" "We're a battalion of Irish rifles." The Germans liked to provoke us by pretending that the Irish were disloyal to England.

Sometimes they shouted:—  
"Any of you from London?"  
"Not arf! Wot was you a-doin' in London?" With 'is tittle at Sam Isaac's fish-shop?"

The rising of the mists put an end to these conversations. Sometimes they were concluded earlier with bursts of rifle and machine-gun fire. "All right to be friendly," Tommy would say, "but we got to let 'em know this ain't no love-feast."  
(To be continued.)

Just a Few Slips.  
A little boy carrying some eggs home from the shop dropped them. "Did you break any?" asked the mother when he told her of it. "No," said the little fellow, "but the shells came off some of 'em!"



## WHAT FLYING FEELS LIKE

ALTHOUGH AERIAL DEVELOPMENTS PROMISE.

To Play Big Part in Our Future Lives, Few People Understand Sensations of Flight.

"What did it feel like?" "Werent you frightened?" "Was it awfully cold?" "Did you feel seasick?" People kept asking me these questions that evening; the evening when—with a false assumption of indifference—I announced that I had returned from a flight in an aeroplane, says a British aviator. It was the first time I had flown. And I am one of those quiet individuals, living amongst quiet individuals, to whom the affair seemed something of an adventure.

No Flight of Fancy.  
Was I frightened? Frankly, there were moments when I was.

But I was too much interested to be really frightened. The whole business was utterly and fantastically different from anything I had experienced before. It wasn't an atom like motor-ing or tobogganing, or yachting or diving. And this was an astonishment—it was still less like flying!

That sounds absurd. Here is what I mean. The plane, with myself in its front seat and my pilot horribly unreachably at the rear, rushed forward in a roaring torrent of air from its propeller, leapt a little, and then, imperceptibly, left the ground. I saw the ground sinking. I looked down on roofs. And then our motion seemed to slow and cease. We had stopped flying. The propeller still roared deafeningly in front of my nose. Its wind still tore at my cap and goggles. But we made no progress. We were only struggling, a petulant mechanism, in an adverse gale.

A Bird's-Eye View.  
That, I say, was my impression.

For, beneath me, the ground was now so distant that any object on which I fixed my eye moved with extreme slowness across the field of vision; indeed, soon did not appear to move at all. It is only by watching objects passing that we gain any idea of speed. Well, there are no objects passing you in mid-air. And there is no friction and bumping of wheels to make you realize that you are traveling, as you realize it even when you shut your eyes in a train or car.

Above the Clouds.  
The consequence is that, when you are hurtling through the air at a hundred miles an hour—as I was—you are convinced that the plane is remaining still, but being ferociously beaten upon by a wind which is trying to push it back and just failing. The awful, devastating noise of the engine is one's chief preoccupation at first, and the tremendous loneliness. All around me—nothingness! And if this were the case when the pigmy world was visible below, how terrible was it when we rose above the clouds, and the earth was blotted out! That white realm was a loneliness indeed—literally unearthly—beautiful, but appalling.

The Thrill of Thrills.  
And it was just then that my head span round, and, as a new sensation, I felt a qualm of seasickness. I did not realize it; but it was not my head that was spinning, it was the plane. Nose downwards, round and round, through the clouds, with whirling mists encircling us! Thus we ended our flight with a thrill—at least, it was a thrill to my pilot. Lastly, a long, slanting slide to earth, and the discovery, when I tried to step out of my seat, that I was almost frozen.

## ONLY WAITING FOR THE CARS.

Arrangements Made for Importation of Corn as Soon as Possible.

Arrangements have been made by the Food Controller's Office which are expected to facilitate the movement of corn into Canada. Applications for licenses to import corn covering monthly requirements will still be necessary and these should be made without delay to the office of the Food Controller, Ottawa. The individual applications will be held at Ottawa but a detailed list of those approved will be sent to the War Trade Board, Washington, for endorsement. This plan will ensure prompt action. It should be understood, however, that the unprecedented railway congestion in the United States is responsible for most of the difficulties in securing corn and that this is something which cannot be overcome by the Food Controller. So far as prompt handling of applications and licenses are concerned the arrangement with Washington will make possible the obtaining of supplies as rapidly as they can be moved.

The corn crop in the United States this year is officially estimated at considerably in excess of 3,000,000,000 bushels. Canada's needs have been fully represented before the United States authorities and there is every disposition on the part of the Food Administration and the War Trade Board to allow shipments into Canada as soon as the corn can be moved. Only the cars are now required to make large supplies of corn available.



WAR AND FOOD SERIES, ARTICLE No. 8.—POTATOES

At the present time there is a total surplus in Canada of 6,000,000 bushels of potatoes over normal consumption. In the United States there is a surplus of from 40,000,000 to 100,000,000 bushels.

This may be regarded as a fortunate circumstance, for potatoes are among the finest of substitutes and in using them freely meat is being released for overseas. In the United States Mr. Hoover has been advocating the use of potatoes for some time past and this injunction may be applied equally to Canada.

Every province in the country except Quebec has sufficient potatoes to ensure supplies during the winter but if they are deliberately kept back in the meantime it will follow that there will be a glut on the market in spring and consequent waste of a considerable part of the surplus. Farmers who have a good supply of potatoes on hand would do well to market them now.

The Food Controller has seen to it that the prices will not be allowed to advance beyond those now obtaining. By a steady and abundant supply of potatoes being placed on the market from the present time until the 1918 crop is available, the best interests of both consumers and producers will be served and the waste of any large part of the crop will be prevented.

It is necessary as a war measure for everybody to eat potatoes and to purchase them in regular quantities so that distribution will be equal everywhere for the next five or six months, relieving railroad congestion and enabling growers and distributors to handle potatoes at the most reasonable prices and to furnish encouragement for production of a larger crop next season.

Germany plants more than twice as many potatoes as the United States and they are helping her to hold out against the Allies.

Potatoes are plentiful. They are the best substitutes for the food staples we are being asked to save for the Allies. They furnish nourishment, bulk and mineral salts.

They can be put to good use by the housekeeper for there are dozens of ways in which she can prepare them. A meagre supply of meat may be "stretched" by the addition of the potatoes while in themselves they furnish adequate nutriment no matter how they are prepared.

## Meals For The Children.

Here are two sets of the right kind for your youngster. Grown people will like them, too. If sometimes these seem too much work, bread and milk alone will make a good meal.

Breakfast:—No. 1. Apple sauce, oatmeal with milk, milk to drink. No. 2. Stewed prunes, cocoa (weak), toast and butter.

Dinner:—No. 1. Stew, with carrots, potatoes, and a little meat, whole wheat bread, creamy rice pudding, milk to drink. No. 2. Fish, with white sauce, spinach or any greens, corn bread, milk to drink.

Supper:—No. 1. Cream of bean soup, crackers and jam, milk. No. 2. Baked potato, apple Betty, milk.

These dishes are good for children and grown-ups too. The recipes provide enough for a family of five.

Milk-Vegetable Soups.—1 quart milk (skim milk may be used), 2½ tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons butter or margarine or other fat, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 cups thoroughly cooked vegetable finely chopped, mashed or put through a sieve. Spinach, peas, beans, potatoes, celery, or asparagus make good soups. Stir flour into melted fat and mix with the cold milk. Add the cooked vegetable and stir over the fire until thickened. If soup is too thick, add a little water or milk.

Rice Pudding.—1 quart milk, 1-3 cup rice, 1-3 cup sugar, ½ cup raisins or chopped dates, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon ground nutmeg or cinnamon. Wash the rice, mix all together, and bake three hours in a very slow oven, stirring now and then at first. This may be made on top of the stove in a double boiler, or in a fireless cooker. Any coarse cereal may be used in place of rice.

## WHEN THE HUNS RAID LONDON TOWN

VISIT OF TWENTY-FIVE FOE MACHINES.

Screeching of the Shells As They Rip the Air Are Most Terrifying Sounds.

A visitor in London has written the following letter to his mother telling of recent air raids on London:

After about five weeks' freedom from airplane attacks they came again this morning during the darkness. The moon was shining, although it had waned to about one-third full. There were about twenty-five airplanes.

They attempted to get over London from four different directions, but only six succeeded in getting over the city. Two of these machines were brought down by gunfire and the crews captured alive. There were three Germans in each machine. Although they had killed three persons in London by dropping bombs, the captured crews were accorded all the rights of prisoners of war and given a good breakfast of bacon and eggs.

Attacks Driven Off.

According to the official records, the airplanes attacked the east coast at 1.30 a.m., but were driven off. We received no warning of this in London, but slept through it. Another attack was made at 3 a.m. on the River Thames, about half way between London and the coast.

They were driven off by the guns. While no warning was given in my neighborhood, we could hear it in distant parts of the city and the people running in the streets soon convinced us that something was pending. I dressed, put on my overcoat and went out.

I passed the Red Cross ambulance station nearby and just then two large ambulances drove up, as they always do during a raid. However, some policemen came up and said the Germans had been driven off and told all to go home.

As soon as I returned to the hotel, at 3.30 a.m., I again went to bed. When I had just about decided to go to sleep again I heard some one use a door knocker across the street, and it made almost as much noise as a small bomb. I then heard a man tell his friend, whom he was awakening by his knocking, that there was another warning.

"Take Cover!"

In about five minutes the real warning came, which consisted of automobile hooters, police on bicycles, blowing shrill whistles and shouting, "Take cover!" I dressed again and after waking some people in the hotel who had not heard the warning I went into

the street. I could hear the guns roaring in the distance and knew then the attack was on in earnest. It was then 5 a.m. I went into the underground railway, and while going down the great spiral stairway which leads more than 100 feet below the ground I saw old men, women and children, many women carrying babies in their arms. Special constables lined people in the corridors deep in the ground, and it was interesting to see what people in their haste had brought with them.

Many were carrying small dogs. I saw two little girls carrying large dolls. Many brought food and drink. I went out about 5.30 a.m. and found the guns were going with a greater violence and could see some fires which incendiary bombs had started.

Previous Raids.

By 7 o'clock automobiles came along announcing that the danger was over. On several previous occasions the German airplanes had come directly over the place where I was. The guns follow the machines about, throwing bursting shells all around them. One can then hear the noise of the airplane propellers, the bursting of bombs and shrapnel, but what alarms one most is the screeching of the shells. As they rip the air with a whizz, one always thinks they may hit him. During one raid as many as 20,000 shells were fired at the Germans, who fly from one to four miles in the air.

Some months ago, when there were several raids in succession, I went to within 500 feet of a battery of guns in a large open space. Each shot illuminated the landscape as light as day. I took refuge under the overhanging limb of a big tree. What annoyed me was there was so much noise I could not tell whether bombs were dropping near me or not. One shell came within 300 feet, but did not explode. We do not expect many more raids until spring.

One shell landed in a water tank and was dropping near me or not. One shell came within 300 feet, but did not explode. We do not expect many more raids until spring.

Germany's latest "Kultural" development closely resembles slavery—according to the following advertisement in the "Deutsches Tageszeitung,"

"For exchange:—Fifty Polish work people—twenty men, thirty girls—for exchange for an equal number of other work people."

The baldness of the advertisement aroused the Socialist newspaper "Vorwarts," and a current issue commented:

"Here are 50 persons offered for exchange as if they were cattle. It is evident these human beings have as little to say concerning their disposition as would a herd of oxen."

Flowers that have been frozen may be restored by placing them in cold water until they have thawed out.

Children brought up among flowers may seem to take little notice of them but a deep impression is made and the flower gardens of the old home dwell in the minds of those children through life.

## Articles Wanted for Cash

Old Jewellery: Plates: Silver: Curious Miniatures: Pictures: Needlework: Lace: Old Clocks: Old Glass: Ornaments: Watches: Maps: Table Ware. Write or send by Express to B. M. & T. J. JENSEN, Limited ANTIQUE GALLERY 88 and 90 College Street, Toronto, Ont.

## Food Control Corner

Drastic measures against persons hoarding food are being considered by the Food Controller. Warning was issued recently that householders and others may find themselves in an unenviable predicament if spoiled flour is found on their premises. Few homes have proper storage facilities and persons who have bought large quantities of flour are liable to have it spoil on their hands next summer.

The bakers, who have been in conference this week with the Food Controller in regard to new regulations governing their operations, have recommended that the Food Controller communicate with every grocer and with all retail dealers in flour in Canada requiring from them the names and addresses of persons who have purchased more than a 98-pound bag of flour during the past month. Furthermore it is suggested that dealers and grocers failing to make correct returns would have very little chance of obtaining a license under the licensing system which will soon be extended to this trade. The recommendation adds that effective steps should be taken to prevent the possibility of serious waste.

Such action has been taken in Great Britain where the books of department stores have already been examined and summons have been issued in hundreds of cases against persons who have been hoarding food. There is absolutely no necessity or excuse for Canadians buying more flour than is required for current needs. The belief that the new standard flour is a poor quality is entirely unfounded. Few people will be able to tell the difference between bread made from standard flour and that made from flour heretofore in use. Hoarding is, therefore, unnecessary, unprofitable and unpatriotic and food hoarders may be exposed as a result of measures now under consideration.

Dealers who attempt to sell middlings at a higher price than that fixed by the Food Controller for shorts are violating the law and rendering themselves liable to heavy penalties. They may also lose their licenses if the practice is continued. The Food Controller says that under authority of an Order-in-Council issued under the Adulteration Act, the Department of Inland Revenue has construed "shorts" and "middlings" as being the same product. The sale of middlings at a higher price than that prescribed for shorts is therefore illegal.

One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warning.—Lowell.

Band trunks of shade trees with a sticky solution to prevent the ascent of wingless insects. The work should be done during February if possible.

**Raw Furs** And Ginseng Wanted Highest Prices Paid  
**N. SILVER**  
220 St. Paul St. W., Montreal, P.Q.  
20 years of reliable trading  
Reference—Union Bk. of Canada

**Baby's Own Soap**  
Vegetable fats and natural flower extracts give BABY'S OWN SOAP its wonderfully softening and aromatic lather. Sold everywhere.  
Albert Soaps Limited, Mfrs., Montreal

If there was just one WALKER HOUSE BALL in each town where I go,  
My troubles then would last like that Proverbial ball of snow.  
Of which I have no doubt at all But you have oft' heard tell. I mean the one which people say Was located down in—well!  
It doesn't matter 'bout that snow ball, Which could never last, What in'trests you and me is Having comforts to us passed. And I know PEACE and JOY and HAPPINESS To me would flow, If there was just one WALKER HOUSE In each town where I go.

The House of Plenty  
**The Walker House**  
Toronto

Geo. Wright & Co., Proprietors