

KITCHENER'S MOB

By Jas. NORMAN HALL.

CHAPTER IV.—(Cont'd.)

Each of us had received a copy of Lord Kitchener's letter to the troops ordered abroad, a brief, soldierlike statement of the standard of conduct which England expected of her fighting men:

You are ordered abroad as a soldier of the King to help our French comrades against the invasion of a common enemy. You have to perform a task which will need your courage, your energy, your patience. Remember that the honor of the British Army depends upon your individual conduct. It will be your duty not only to set an example of discipline and perfect steadiness under fire, but also to maintain the most friendly relations with those whom you are helping in this struggle. The operations in which you are engaged will, for the most part, take place in a friendly country, and you can do your own country no better service than in showing yourself in France and Belgium, in the true character of a British soldier.

Be invariably courteous, considerate, and kind. Never do anything likely to injure or destroy property, and always look upon looting as a disgraceful act. You are sure to meet with a welcome and to be trusted; and your conduct must justify that welcome and that trust. Your duty cannot be done unless your health is sound. So keep constantly on your guard against any excess. In this new experience you may find temptations both in wine and women. You must entirely resist both temptations, and while treating all women with perfect courtesy, you should avoid any intimacy.

Do your duty bravely.
Fear God.
Honor the King.

KITCHENER.

It was an effective appeal and a constant reminder to the men of the glorious traditions of the British Army. In the months that followed, I had opportunity to learn how deep and lasting was the impression made upon them by Lord Kitchener's first, and I believe his only letter to his soldiers.

The machinery for moving troops in England works without the slightest friction. The men, transport, horses, commissariat, medical stores and supplies of a battalion are entrained in less than half an hour. Everything is timed to the minute. Battalion after battalion and train after train, we moved out of Aldershot at half-hour intervals. Each train arrived at the port of embarkation on schedule time and pulled up on the docks by the side of a troop transport, great slate-colored liners taken out of the merchant service. Not a moment was lost. The last man was aboard and the last wagon on the crane swinging up over the ship's side as the next train came in.

Ship by ship we moved down the harbor in the twilight, the boys crowding the rail on both sides, taking their last farewell look at England—home. It was the last farewell for many of them, but there was no martial music, no waving of flags, no tearful good-byes. Our farewell was as prosaic as our long period of training had been. We were each one a very small part of a tremendous business organization which works without any of the display considered so essential in the old days.

We left England without a cheer. There was not so much as a wave of the hand from the wharf; for there was no one on the wharf to wave, with the exception of a few dock laborers, and they had seen too many soldiers off to the front to be sentimental about it. It was a tense moment for the men, but trust Tommy to relieve a tense situation. As we steamed away from the landing slip, we passed a barge, loaded to the water's edge with coal. Tommy has a song that to every occasion. He enjoys, above all things, giving a ludicrous twist to a "woop" ballad. When we were within hailing distance of the coal barge, he began singing one of this variety, "Keep the Home Fires Burning," to those smutty-faced barge hands. Every one joined in heartily, forgetting all about the solemnity of the leave-taking.

Tommy is a prosaic chap. This was never more apparent to me than upon that pleasant evening in May when we said good-bye to England. The lights of home were twinkling their farewells far in the distance. Every moment brought us nearer to the great adventure. We were "off to the wars," to take out places in the far-flung battle line. Here was Romance lavishly offering gifts dearest to the heart of Youth, offering them to clerks, barbers, tradesmen, drapers' assistants, men who had never known an adventure more thrilling than a holiday excursion to the Isle of Man or a week of cycling in Kent. And they accepted them with all the stolidity native to Englishmen. The eyes of the world were upon them. They had become the knights-errant of every schoolgirl. They were figures of every heroic proportions to every one but themselves.

French soldiers are conscious of the romantic possibilities offered them by the so-called "divine accident of war." They go forth to fight for Glorious France, France the Unconquerable! Tommy scoulders his rifle and departs for the four corners of the world on a "bloomin' fine little 'oliday!" A heart sing. We marched through the village and down the poplar-lined road, surprised, almost disappointed, to see the neat, well-kept houses, and the pleasant, level fields, green with spring crops. We had expected that everything would be in ruins. At this stage of the journey, however, we were still some twenty-five miles from the firing-line.

ure prominently in the history of the great World War. "Well, I can't think of anything more now," threads its way through a meager page of commonplaces about the weather, his food, and his personal health. A frugal line of cross-marks for kisses, at the bottom of the page, is his only concession to sentiment.

There was, however, one burst of enthusiasm, as we started on our journey, which struck me as being spontaneous and splendid, and thoroughly English. Outside the harbor we were met by our guardians, a fleet of destroyers which was to give us safe convoy across the Channel. The moment they saw them the men broke forth into prolonged cheering, and there were glad shouts of—"There they are, me lads! There's some of the little old watch dogs wot's keepin' 'em bottled up!" "That's were we got 'em by the throat!" "Let's give 'em 'Sons of the Sea!'"

And they did. They sang with a spirit of exaltation which Englishmen rarely betray, and which convinced me how nearly the sea and England's position as Mistress of the Seas touch the Englishman's heart of hearts.

"Sons of the sea, All British born, Sailing the ocean, Laughing foes to scorn. They may build their ships, my lads, And think they know the game; But they can't beat the boys of the bulldog breed Who made old England's name!" It was a confession of faith. On the sea England can't be beaten. Tommy believes that with his whole soul, and on this occasion he sang with all the warmth of religious conviction.

Our Channel voyage was uneventful. Each transport was guarded by two destroyers, one on either side, the three vessels keeping abreast and about fifty yards apart during the entire journey. The submarine menace was then at its height, and we were prepared for an emergency. The boats were swung ready for immediate launching, and all of the men were provided with life-preservers. But England had been transporting troops and supplies to the firing-line for so many months without accident that none of us were at all concerned about the possibility of danger. Furthermore, the men were too busy studying "Tommy Atkins's French Manual" to think about submarines. They were putting the final polish on their accent in preparation for to-morrow's landing.

"Ah, low's this: 'Madamassely, away yu dee pang?' " "Wot do you s'y for 'Gimme a tuppenny packet of Neseagay?' " "Bonjour, Monsieur!" That ain't so dusty, Freddie, wot?" "Let's try that Marcelase again. You start it, 'Arry." "Let Nobby. 'E knows the sounds better'n wot I do." "It'er up, Nobby! We gotta learn that so we can sing it on the march." "Wite till I find it in me book. All right now—"

"Allons infants dee la Pat-ree, La jour de glory is arrivay." Such bits of conversation may be of little interest, but they have the merit of being genuine. All of them were jotted down in my notebook at the times when I heard them.

The following day we crowded into the typical French army troop train, eight chevaux or forty hommes to a car, and started on a leisurely journey to the firing-line. We travelled all day at eight or ten miles an hour, through Normandy. We passed through pleasant towns and villages lying silent in the afternoon sunshine, and through the open country fragrant with the scent of apple blossoms. Now and then children waved to us from a cottage window, and in the fields old men and women and girls leaned silently on their hoes or their rakes and watched us pass. Occasionally an old reservist, guarding the railway line, would lift his cap and shout, "Vive l'Angleterre!" But more often he would lean on his rifle and smile, nodding his head courteously but silent to our salutations. Tommy, for all his stolid, dogged cheeriness, sensed the tragedy of France. It was a land swept here of all its fine young manhood. There was no pleasant stir and bustle of civilian life. Those who were left went about their work silently and joylessly. When we asked of the men, we received, always, the same quiet, courteous reply: "A la guerre, monsieur."

The boys soon learned the meaning of the phrase, "a la guerre." It became a war-cry, a slogan. It was shouted back and forth from car to car and from train to train. You can imagine how eager we all were; how we strained our ears, whenever the train stopped, for the sound of the guns. But not until the following morning, when we reached the little village at the end of our railway journey, did we hear them, a low muttering like the sound of thunder beyond the horizon. How we cheered at the first faint sound which was to become so deafening, so terrible to us later! It was music to us then; for we were like the others who had gone that way. We knew nothing of war. We thought it must be something adventurous and fine. Something to make the blood leap and the heart sing. We marched through the village and down the poplar-lined road, surprised, almost disappointed, to see the neat, well-kept houses, and the pleasant, level fields, green with spring crops. We had expected that everything would be in ruins. At this stage of the journey, however, we were still some twenty-five miles from the firing-line.

(To be continued.)

TWO INCIDENTS IN THE GREAT WAR

HOW A JAPANESE SAILOR MADE HIS ESCAPE

Heroic Deed of an English Fisherlass in Rescuing a Submarine Crew.

I encountered an interesting little Japanese sailor in London not long ago—Yamashita by name—who had escaped from Germany, says a correspondent.

He was a smiling little Jap, with dark hair, slit eyes, yellow face and beautiful white teeth. He was an inmate of a certain sailors' society which is doing a wonderful work in London, and which I happened to be visiting one afternoon.

Yamashita originally served on the steamship Otaki. On its last voyage it was ten days from port when the notorious enemy raider Moewe attacked her, destroyed the ship and took the survivors prisoner. Among the survivors was little Yamashita.

After attacking and sinking many more ships the Moewe hurried back to Kiel with her prisoners. Yamashita, with the others, was sent to Gustrow, where he worked with 300 other unhappy prisoners—British, French, and Belgian—in the dockyard loading and discharging cargoes and trains.

Prison Fare.

"We were awakened every morning at half-past four," he remarked solemnly, his eyes gleaming through their little slits. "A piece of black bread was given us, which had to last all day! And we had a little coffee, but no sugar or milk."

"We lined up at half past five and started work at six. We did a hard six hours' work on that scrap of breakfast, then at twelve came back to the barracks, where we received three spoonfuls of very thin soup! Once or twice I was lucky in finding one small potato in it!"

"Then we worked on until eight o'clock! It was very hard work lifting immense weights, and we were all so weak from lack of food that we could scarcely get through with it."

"If it had not been for friends in this kind sailors' society here who sent me six parcels of food each month, I certainly should have died—and so would many others."

"At last I made up my mind to escape. I stayed up till half past 12 one night and dropped out of a small window in the barracks on to the ground outside. I had taken off my socks and shoes, so as to make no noise that the sentry might hear."

"In five minutes I was in a Norwegian ship, with no one in sight anywhere. I hurried down to the hold, where I hid in a piano case. For four days I was without food, except for a packet of biscuits from the society's parcel."

"I stayed in the piano case all the time, nearly mad with thirst. I knocked on the boards, but no one came. I could not eat. I wanted water."

"When the ship at last got to Stavanger, some one opened the hatch, and I knocked again."

"The customs officer heard my knocking and told the police and then the British consul, who came on board. They lifted me out of the hatch and gave me whisky, because I was very weak."

"The consul was very kind and sent me to the hotel. He gave me some clothes, boots and a hat, and in two days, when I felt better, he put me on an English boat and sent me to a port in Scotland. I came straight down to London."

He ended the narrative with a cheerful smile, that little Jap sailor. "I'm waiting in London for another ship," he added. "I'm not a bit afraid to go back. After all, it is the highest honor to be killed when fighting in a war of right against wrong. And I should prefer to be killed than be imprisoned once again in German hands."

Heroine of the War.

I spent a week-end lately down in Devonshire, far from smoky London and its November fogs. The sun shone all the time and the sea was quite the bluest I have ever seen. It splashed against the bright red sandstone cliffs of "Devon, glorious Devon."

It was down there that I met a young heroine of the war, a fisherlass of the curious surname "Trout." She was the daughter of a fisherman, and on the death of her father had taken on his occupation. She has proved herself as brave as the historic Grace Darling, rowing out in the heaviest of seas to the rescue of a submarined crew.

A vessel was attacked by the Germans and torpedoed. It quickly sank. The fisher-girl, who had seen the tragedy, rowed rapidly out to rescue as many as possible.

"The explosion startled me," she said, "it came so suddenly. I was 2 o'clock on a Saturday morning and I was rowing out to haul the crab pots. We always pull the pots in right on the last of the tide—on the slack tide, as we call it."

"After I had pulled my pots, I set the sprit and the jib and tried to hook some mackerel."

"Then the explosion startled me. It made my boat rock. The steamer disappeared in about three seconds, and

I pulled toward the place where it went down about a mile away.

"The sea was very heavy, and I was exhausted when I got there. There was a sailor clinging to a bit of wreckage, shouting to me for help. I pulled him into the boat. Then he fainted."

"I picked up some more, badly exhausted. I spent a great deal of time searching about the wreckage. I was sure the German submarine would shell me—but it didn't—had evidently gone off, satisfied with the work it had already done."

"Then a British patrol boat came along, and I handed over the men I had saved to them."

"It was so hard to row home. The flood tide took the boat four miles out of her course. I was six hours trying to get home."

The fisherlass is to receive a national recognition of her brave deed.

A STORY OF BUFFALO BILL.

How He Held a Performance in the Roman Colosseum.

When Buffalo Bill exhibited in Italy, writes a contributor to Chambers's Journal, he wished to hold a performance in the great Roman Colosseum, but the Italian authorities would have none of it. The floor of the Colosseum was not in the proper condition. The cowboys might do some injury to the invaluable antiquities there. It was impossible.

But Col. Cody refused to accept the word "impossible." One day a young American diplomat at the Italian court received a private hint that if he cared to go to the Colosseum at midnight he might see something of interest. That night there was a brilliant moon and the famous place was guarded only by two drowsy sentries. A small company to whom the secret word had been passed took their seats where once the Roman patricians sat, and as they waited they thought of all those cruel, bloodstained shows that had been given there eighteen hundred years before.

Then once again from the gates was heard the trampling of horses' hoofs; but instead of the swiftly flying chariots and their sword-girt, death-doomed gladiators, there came Buffalo Bill at the head of his Wild West escort of cowboys and Indians and Mexicans. Out into the arena where gladiators and martyrs had died they rode their mustangs, circling proudly round and round that historic floor, and as they circled they doffed their hats in honor of the brave men who in days gone by had marched round that ring before their life blood sank into the sands where now the mustangs trod.

The young diplomat had brought with him a fellow countryman who had recently come from the Far West. "Look there!" he cried eagerly at the sight. "Those redskins cavorting round there, as it happens to know, are some of Sitting Bull's Sioux who only a year or two ago were killing and scalping and torturing and mutilating every enemy, red or white, that they could catch. And now Bill has 'em so tame that they'll feed out of his hand. Guess Bill's a greater civilizer than Julius Caesar himself or any noble Roman of them all!"

Bread Cards at Wedding.

In such sorely pressed neutral countries as Sweden the war has resulted in rich and poor alike being subjected to many restrictions heretofore unknown, says the Popular Mechanics Magazine. An illustration of this is found in a Swedish wedding invitation recently received in this country by friends of the bride and groom. The latter were members of two wealthy families in Stockholm, and the handsomely engraved missive included an invitation to a banquet at one of the finest hotels in the Swedish capital. It was in a notation at the bottom page that the hand of war manifested itself in these words: "Please bring your bread cards." This meant, of course, that well-to-do hosts at a wedding could not provide their guests with bread, except in restricted amounts and in the manner prescribed by law.

Novel Way to Catch Monkeys.

The well known habit of monkeys to imitate the actions of man is cleverly utilized by wild-animal catchers in taking the agile, climbing creatures captive, says the Popular Mechanics Magazine. The hunters' method is to walk about for some time within sight of the wild monkeys, wearing short boots. Then the boots are taken off and gum is placed in their bottoms, after which the men withdraw from the scene. Before long the curiosity of the imitative watchers in the trees gets the better of their caution and they descend and start to try on the boots, whereupon they discover that the footwear cannot be removed, and being unable to climb, are easily captured.

Hottest Heat.

The highest temperature ever reached by man is 9,400 degrees Fahrenheit. This was produced by two English experimenters, Sir Andrew Nobel and Sir F. Abel. This was done by exploding cordite in a durable steel cylinder. This was due to the suddenness of the reaction, and, although of momentary duration, it was an interesting scientific achievement, nevertheless. With the aid of cordite Sir William Crookes was able to make small diamonds. Professor Moissan, who has produced diamonds, can heat his electric furnace to 6,300 degrees.



The Housewife's Corner

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

Lesson XXV. Sueteing Meats.

Sueteing of meat is cooking meat in a small amount of fat. It is virtually impossible, when cooking meat in this manner, to prevent the meat from absorbing the fat, thus making it difficult to digest. This is particularly true during the warm weather and therefore this method should be eliminated.

Butter should not be used for cooking meat. By this method, owing to its low-burning point, the fat particles burn and decompose, when subjected to high temperature. Sueteing meat has nothing to recommend it to the housewife. Pan broiling will produce a better tasting food and eliminate the digestive disturbances.

Pan broiling is also a much easier method of cooking. You simply heat frying pan and place in the meat, turn and sear the other side. Repeat this every two minutes until meat is cooked, using same test as in broiling. It is also necessary that all fat melting from meat during process of pan broiling be drained off. When neces-

sary to cook meat in a fat, it should be protected by a coating such as egg and breadcrumbs, or by dipping in flour and then placed in very hot fat to brown. The meat can afterward be cooked at a lower temperature to finish it. This method prevents the meat from absorbing the grease.

Do not use a fork to turn the meat during process of cooking; the prongs of the fork puncture it, allowing the juices to escape; thus lessening its food value. The escaping juices do not remain in the pan; the fat causes them to evaporate.

Follow these points when buying meat:

Shortly after the meat is cut it should be a bright red color.

It should be firm when touched and have a pleasant meaty odor. Do not purchase meat with a strong disagreeable smell.

A layer of fat should cover the overlying muscles. The fat should be creamy white and of firm texture.

WAR AND FOOD SERIES. No. II. SUGAR.

Sugar as an element of diet is absolutely necessary to the human body. It is a generator par excellence of heat and energy and it is easily assimilated.

But the use of sugar has been greatly abused. People have formed the habit of consuming it in various forms to an extent wholly uncalled for by nature. Especially is this true in Canada and the United States.

We are now being asked to eat less sugar for the sake of the men at the front and the civilians of the Allied countries. In doing this we will not only be helping our Allies but benefiting ourselves. Canada is not likely to suffer for lack of sugar but Canada should nevertheless use sugar in moderate quantities, thinking of the shortage in Europe. It is not too much to ask of men and women who have sent their sons and husbands and brothers overseas to fight.

If Canadians used one lump or one teaspoonful of sugar instead of three the saving would be sufficient to meet the demands of Italy. Great Britain and France.

Before the war Great Britain imported sugar from various countries in the following proportions:

38.55%	Germany
15.73%	Austria-Hungary
9.43%	Netherlands
6.7%	Java
7.1%	Cuba
1.14%	United States

Strike the first three off the list and what sources of supply are left?

The present per capita consumption of sugar in Canada and the United States is about 90 pounds per annum as compared with 26 pounds in Great Britain, 18 pounds in France and 12 pounds in Italy. Before the war Great Britain used 93 1-3 pounds per annum per capita. If the people of Canada and the United States used only three instead of four ounces per day per capita the Allies would have sufficient sugar to tide them over. This would still leave us an average per capita consumption of 67 pounds of sugar per annum, which is more than 2 1/2 times as much as the rate of consumption in Great Britain and 3 1/2 times as much as in France.

No need cakes, fewer sugar candies and less sugar in our beverages are good measures for the present. We could soon become accustomed to these changes and would be all the better physically because of them.

December and January will see the release of large quantities of raw sugar from Cuba and other sources of supply and it is now that the real test comes of the willingness of our people to sacrifice a portion of their normal allowance in order that it may be sent overseas.

About 50 per cent. of the sugar consumed in North America is imported from Cuba, so that the Cuban product is the dominating market factor. The International Sugar Commission, representing the Allied Countries as well as the United States Food Administration and the Food Controller for Canada, is endeavoring to secure the Cuban production at a reasonable price. By curtailing consumption in this country so that the necessity of securing the Cuban crop is not so

urgent, the people of Canada will be assisting the Sugar Commission, the Allied countries and themselves in obtaining supplies for spring and summer at lower prices than would otherwise be possible.

NEW SASKATCHEWAN HOSPITAL

Governor-General Opens Building For Convalescent Soldiers

His Excellency the Governor-General, the Duke of Devonshire, expressed great admiration for the accommodation supplied by the Military Hospitals Commission in the wing added to the Ross Park Military Hospital for convalescent soldiers, when he formally opened that institution on his recent visit to Moose Jaw.

The main building was originally a school, but renovated by the construction experts of the Hospitals Commission its conversion for hospital purposes is now most complete. Supplemented by a new wing of the standard plan for military convalescent hospitals it offers splendid facilities.

Following an inspection of the buildings in which the Duke, accompanied by his staff, was conducted over the institution by Major Ashton, D.S.O., the O.C. of "H" Unit, His Excellency said, "The facilities for taking hold of the noble fellows who have done such good work in France and placing them in position to resume civil life are all that could be desired, and with such facilities I am convinced that you will be able to make just as good citizens of them as they were soldiers."

Major Ashton, who preceded the Governor-General on the programme, outlined the work which had been done by the Commission in Saskatchewan. He laid great stress on the vocational work and stated that it was the desire of the M.H.C. to give the returned men a training which would enable them to re-enter civil life on equal terms with the rest of the community.

If you wish to buy fish economically choose that which is caught in home waters.

Many People Make a B-Line

Toronto's Famous Hotel

for the Walker House (The House of Plenty) as soon as they arrive in Toronto. The meals, the service and the home-like appointments constitute the magnet that draws them there.

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