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TOMMY

By Joseph Hocking

Author of "All for a Scrap of Paper," "Dearer Than Life," etc. Published by Hodder & Stoughton, Limited, London and Toronto

CHAPTER IV.—(Cont'd.)

They spent all the night in the troop-train, which was crowded almost to suffocation. Where they were going they didn't now, scarcely cared. Sometimes they were drawn up to a siding where they would stay for hours, then the train crawled on again. Presently the morning broke and Tom saw a flat and what seemed to him, after Surrey, an uninteresting piece of country. Everything was strange to him, even the trees looked different from those he had seen in Surrey. On and on the train crawled, until presently they had orders to alight.

It was now early morning, and after breakfast they were formed in marching order. Tom took but little notice of the country through which they marched, except that they were on a straight road, which was paved in the middle. As the day advanced the sun grew hot and scorching, but the men marched on uncomplainingly; there was little merriment, but much thought. Presently noon came, and again they stopped for food, after which there was another march. By this time Tom realised that he was indeed in the zone of war. He saw what looked to him miles of motor wagons filled with food and munitions, numbers of ambulance waggons marked with the Red Cross. More than one body of horse soldiers passed him, and again he saw numbers of men bivouacked near him; but everywhere there were soldiers, soldiers. Tom could not understand it, it was all so different from what he expected, neither could he see any order or purpose in that which was taking place around him. There was acticity and movement everywhere, but he could co-ordinate nothing, he was simply bewildered.

Towards evening there was another resting-time, and each man gladly threw himself full length on the grass. For a moment there was a silence, then Tom heard a sound which gave him a sickening sensation; he felt a sinking, too, at the pit of his stomach: it was the boom, boom, boom of guns.

"Look at yon' airship in the sky!" cried one of the men. Each eye was turned towards it, then they heard the boom of guns again, after which there were sheets of fire around the aeroplane, and afterwards little clouds of smoke formed themselves.

"I am getting near at last," thought Tom. 'I wonder now—I wonder—"

CHAPTER V.

Tom discovered presently that his destination was the Ypres salient, one of the most "unhealthy" places, to use the term in favor among the soldiers, in the whole of the English battle line. Here the most tremendous battle ever fought in our British Army took place—indeed, one of the most tremendous battles in the history of the world. A sergeant who was in a garrulous mood described it to Tom with a great deal of spirit.

"Yes," he said, "you have come to an unhealthy spot; still itmay be good for you. The blessed Huns thought they were going to break through here about last September when the battle of Wipers was fought. They had six hundred thousand men to our hundred and fifty thousand. Then that blooming Kaiser made up his mind that he would break through our lines, and get to Calais. Yes, it was a touch and go with us. Fancy four to one, and they had all the advantage in big guns and ammunition. You think those big guns? Wait till you have heard Jack Johnson and Black Maria. Talk about hell! Hell was never as bad as the battle of Wipers. I thought we were licked once. I was in the part where our line was the thinnest, and we saw 'em coming towards us in crowds; there seemed to be millions of 'em; we had to rake out every cook and bottle-washer on the show. Lots of our men were fresh to the job, too, and had never smelt powder, or felt the touch of steel. But, by gosh, we let 'em know! Four to one, my boy, and we licked 'em, in spite of their big guns and their boasting. Aren't you proud of being a British Tommy?"

Tom listened with wide, staring eyes and compressed lips. There within a mile or two of the battle line he could picture all of which the sergeant spoke. As he looked he could discern too, here and there, dotted along this brown line, clouds of black smoke. All around him our guns were booming, while the distant sounds of the German guns reached him.

"Ay, it's a bit unhealthy," went on the sergeant, "but you will get used to it after a bit. There, hear that?"

Tom listened and heard the screaming of a shell in the air; the note it made was at first low, but it rose higher and higher and then dropped again.

"When the note gets to about B flat," said the sergeant, "you may know it's soon going to fall, and as soon as it has touched the ground the shell bursts and tears a big hole up."

"Are many killed?" asked Tom.

"Ay, there's a good lot of casualties every day, but not so much as there was at the second battle of Wipers. That was fair terrible. You see, the Germans could not drive us back nor break our lines. That was why they started bombarding the city. I was here and saw it. Man, you should have heard the women screaming, and seen the people flying for their lives. Whole streets of houses were burning, and all the time shells were falling and bursting. How many people were killed here God only knows, but there must have been hundreds of women and children. But what did those dirty swine of Germans care! They could not break our lines, and they had lost a hundred and fifty thousand men, so they turned their big guns upon the city. 'We can kill Belgian women and children, anyhow,' they said, 'and we can smash up the old town.' Are you a bit jumpy?"

"No n-n-no;—that is, a bit," said Tom.

"Ot, its quite quiet now," replied the sergeant. "I will walk through with you if you like and show you round. This is the great square; one of the biggest in the world. I saw it before it was bombarded; the Cathedral and the Cloth Hall were just wonderful; see what they are now! knocked into smithereens. See the trees around, how they are twisted and burnt? That house there I saw shelled myself. I had got a bit used to the shelling by that time, but I tell you it gave me a turn. It was the biggest house in the Square, and a great bomb caught it fair in the face; it seemed as though the whole world was shaking, and the noise fair deafened you. The house went down as though it were cardboard, and other houses around fell as though to keep it company, while others caught fire. Ay, they're sweet creatures, are those German swine."

"Doan't you hate 'em?" asked Tom.

"Hate 'em?" said the sergeant; "well, I don't know. Mind you, they are fine soldiers, and brave men too, or at least they seem brave; but it's discipline does it. They are just like machinery. Once when I was right in the middle of it, they attacked in close formation, and we turned our machine-guns on 'em. Ever seen a mowing machine in a wheat field? ever seen the wheat fall before the knives? Well, that's how they fell. Hundreds upon hundreds; but still they came on. Just as fast as one lot was killed, the others, knowing that they were going to certain death, came on, thinking they would wear us down by sheer numbers."

"Did they?" asked Tom.

"No, that time they didn't," replied the sergeant, "but another scrap I was in they did. That is their plan, you know; it is terribly costly, but when it succeeds it works havoc."

"Have you been wounded at all?" asked Tom.

(To be continued.)

SATAN QUITS HIS JOB.

The Devil sat by the lake of fire on a
pile of sulphur kegs;
His head was bowed upon his breast,
his tail between his legs.
A look of shame was on his face, the
sparks dripped from his eye.
"I'm down and out," the Devil said;
—he said it with a sob;
"There are others that outclass me
and I want to quit the job.
Hell isn't in it with the land that lies
along the Rhine;
I'm old and out of date and therefore
I resign.
One Krupp munition maker with his
bloody shot and shell
Knows more about damnation than all
the imps of Hell.
Give my job to Kaiser Bill, or to Ferdinand the Tsar,
Or to Sultan Abdul Hamid, or some
such man of war.
I hate to leave the old home, the spot
I love so well.
But I feel that I'm not up to date in
the art of running Hell,
And the Devil spat a squirt of steam
at a brimstone bumble bee,
And muttered, "I'm outclassed by the
Hohenzollern deviltry."

Use of Rice in United States.

The increasingly important part rice is playing in feeding the people of the United States is shown in figures just compiled by the United States Food Administration. The production for 1914-1915 amounted to 1,064,205,000 pounds, with a per capita consumption of 11.34 pounds. This was increased in the 1916-1917 crop to 1,831,590,000 pounds, with a per capita consumption of 17.33 pounds. The large increase in consumption during the past year undoubtedly has direct relation to the high price of potatoes and wheat. The rice crop of India for the past year showed an increase of 1,255,000 tons.

About the House

DOMESTIC SCIENCE AT HOME

Twelfth Lesson.—Cereals.

Wheat, corn, rye, oats, rice, buckwheat and barley are the grains from which cereals are prepared. All cereal foods contain protein, carbohydrates, fats, mineral salts and water in more or less proportion.

Protein is necessary for building all bodily tissues, therefore it is a necessary food constituent. It is also the most expensive in the food groups.

Carbohydrates are the starches and sugars. Cellulose, which also belongs to this group, is valuable to the body for its bulk and digestive properties, but it has no food value.

Fats are found in various proportions in different grains.

Mineral salts are found in abundant supplies in cereals.

The climate, soil and the quality of the grain itself are the determining factors of the actual amount of nutriment that is contained in the various grains that are used for cereals. The methods used by manufacturers in preparation of the various grains for the market are also one of the determining features.

Cereals may be coarsely ground and contain a large amount of the outer coat of the grain, or they may be finely milled, with the outer covering removed. Corn, wheat and oats contain large proportions of fats; rice contains very little. Oats is the richest cereal in protein and fats; wheat ranks second to oats and corn comes next.

Cooking.

Long, slow, continuous cooking is necessary to thoroughly soften and render the cellulose easy to digest. The starch, which is present in the grain, is enclosed in a cell-like structure, therefore long cooking is necessary to soften this cellulose, so that the digestive juices may act upon the cooked starch. Following is a table of proportions to be used in preparing breakfast cereals:

	Cereal cupful	Water cupful	Salt teaspn.	Time
Cream of wheat	½	1	½	50 min.
Wheatena	½	1	½	50 min.
Rolled oats	1-3	1	½	60 min.
Rice	½	1½	½	60 min.
Corn meal	½	1	½	60 min.
Hominy grits	½	1	½	60 min.
Coarse oatmeal	½	1½	½	90 min.
Cream of barley	½	1	½	45 min.

Use a double boiler for cooking all cereals. This will also prevent them from scorching. A fireless cooker is ideal for the proper cooking of all grains and cereals. Dates, nuts, raisins, figs, prunes and dried fruits may be added to the cereal, when cooking, for the sake of variety.

Improperly cooked cereals will cause intestinal disturbances. The cereals should be made into gruels for small children and invalids, then strained through a fine seive. This method will remove the coarse cellulose. Cinnamon and nutmeg may be used to flavor gruel.

Cereal Griddle Cakes.

A cup of cold cooked cereal may be added to the prepared batter for baking on the griddle. Try adding one cup of cold cooked breakfast cereal to your muffin mixture. This makes a very good hot bread for breakfast.

Mold the cold cooked cereal in glasses, then cut in thick slices and dip in flour; now brown in hot fat and serve for breakfast.

Left over portions of meat may be minced fine and added to the cereal before molding.

Oatmeal Goodies.

One and one-fourth teaspoonfuls of baking soda, one tablespoonful of water, one cupful of cooked oatmeal, one-half cupful of sour cream, one-half cupful of molasses, two tablespoonfuls of cocoa, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of nutmeg, one-half teaspoonful of cloves, one cupful of flour, one cupful of dried bread crumbs. Mix in the order given, then mold into balls the size of a walnut. Flatten them between the palms of the hand, and then place on pans prepared as described for crumb crackers. Bake in hot oven for ten minutes.

Note. Use level measurements. A nut or raisin may be placed on top of these goodies. Two tablespoonfuls of shortening and sour milk may be used in place of cream.

Crumb Crackers

One-half cupful of bread crumbs, one-half cupful of white flour, one-fourth cupful of graham flour, one-fourth cupful of sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of nutmeg, one-fourth teaspoonful of ginger, six tablespoonfuls of lard. Mix the dry ingredients, rub in the shortening and dissolve one-half teaspoonful baking soda in one-half cup of sour milk and add: three tablespoonfuls of molasses, one well-beaten egg, four tablespoonfuls of finely chopped citron. Mix to dough, then roll one-fourth inch thick. Cut and then brush with beaten egg and sprinkle the top with granulated sugar. Bake in hot oven from eight to tne minutes.

Note. Always bake the cookies on up-turned baking pan; grease well and then rinse well with cold water before placing the cookies on it to bake.

Preserving Garden Products.

Lebanon Chow-Chow.—One quart of corn, cut from the cob, one pint of lima beans, one quart of string beans, four red peppers, cut in one-inch blocks, four green peppers, cut in one-inch blocks, ten cucumbers, cut in one-inch blocks, two heads of cauliflower, broken into small flowers. Place all in a preserving kettle. Cover with cold water and cook gently until the vegetables are tender. Drain and cover with a weak vinegar, adding: one pound of brown sugar, two ounces of mustard seed, two ounces of celery seed, three ounces of mustard, two tablespoonfuls of whole cloves, two tablespoonfuls of whole allspice. Bring to a boil and cook for twenty minutes. Seal in all-glass jars. This may be made a mustard color by adding three level tablespoonfuls of turmeric.

Dill Pickles.—Use a lard or butter tub. Cleanse thoroughly and then scald with boiling water and place in the sun to dry. Select medium-sized cucumbers. Wash, to remove the sand, and now place a layer of grape vine leaves in the bottom of the tub. Over this spread a layer of dill. Place a layer of cucumbers and then cover the cucumbers with a good layer of dill. Repeat this operation until the tub is filled to within four inches of the top. Have the top layer of dill one inch thick. Over this place a thick layer of grape vine leaves. Make a brine of water and salt that will float an egg, bring to boiling point and add one ounce of mustard seed, three ounces of horseradish root, cut in small pieces, two ounces of ginger, cut in pieces, one-half ounce of black pepper. Pour over the cucumbers and then cover with a piece of cheese-cloth, then with a cover of wood cut so that it will fit inside the top of the tub. Place a heavy stone on this to weigh down the cucumbers. Stand in cool dark place to ferment. Look at the pickles once a week, removing all froth and mold. Wash the cloth and return it to cover the tub. Also keep the tub filled with brine.

Salting Corn For Winter Use.

Use a lard or butter tub. Cleanse thoroughly and scald with boiling water. Rinse in cold water and place in the sun to dry. Now place six inches of salt in the bottom. Select good sound ears of corn and place them in the salt, taking care that they do not touch. Cover with salt. Repeat this operation until the tub is full. Place a cover on top of, or, failing this, cover with two layers of cotton batting and then with a newspaper and finally with oilcloth. Do not remove the husk or the silk from the corn. This can be used late in winter and will keep. The secret is to have each ear of corn entirely surrounded by salt, taking care that the ears do not touch each other.

ORIGIN OF HALOS

Painters Used Them Long Before the Birth of Christ.

Saints, in pictures, are usually represented with halos. Angels likewise.

Why? Ask the next man you meet, and you will find him guessing at the reason.

Most people suppose that halos were not worn until within the last 1900 years or so. But that isn't true.

Roman emperors and even consuls were pictured with halos long before the birth of Christ. And, if history tells of them truly, they were neither saints nor angels.

The halo was originally a pagan symbol of power. Thus it is not so very surprising to find Satan represented, in medieval paintings, with a halo.

In that period it was customary to depict living personages of great authority with square halos.

Obviously, there would be no conventional impropriety in painting a portrait of Wilhelm the Wicked in a square halo. His Plutonic prototype would naturally wear a round one.

Wasps prey on other insects which they use as food for their larvae.

"How many revolutions does the earth make in a day? It's your turn, Willie Smith." "You can't tell, teacher, till you see the morning paper."

250 Seems a very large number of cups to get from a pound of tea. But that proves the fine quality of Red Rose Tea, which goes further and tastes better because it consists chiefly of rich, strong teas grown in the famous district of Assam in Northern India.

A pound of Red Rose gives 250 cups.

Kept Good by the Sealed Package

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CAPT. GUYNEMER'S SPLENDID RECORD

FAMOUS FRENCH AVIATOR REPORTED KILLED.

Credited With Having Shot Down Fifty-three German Airplanes and More Than Eighty Pilots.

Capt. George Guynemer, the famous French aviator, who is supposed to have lost his life in a contest with the enemy on September 17th, is credited in aviation records with having shot down fifty-three German airplanes inside the German lines and with having destroyed at least twenty-five more that were uncounted. He was one of the youngest men of his rank in the French army, having been promoted by President Poincare in February last at the age of twenty-two. At the beginning of the war Guynemer was under age. He tried five times unsuccessfully to get into the army and finally had to literally break his way into the Aviation Corps. The infantry refused him because he was under weight for his height and the Flying Corps rejected him because the examining surgeon considered that he was too nervous. Finally, through the influence of a friend of his family who was in charge of an aviation school he was allowed to learn to fly. He astonished his instructors by his rapid progress and coolness and won a flying license, after which the Aviation Corps accepted him.

An "Ace" Last Year.

Guynemer became an "ace" in the French Aviation Corps in August, 1916, and soon thereafter surpassed the record of Sub-Lieutenant Jean Navarre, who up to that time led with twelve German machines to his credit. In the meantime Guynemer had received two bullets in the arm at Verdun. In 1916 the Academy of Sports awarded the young aviator a 10,000 franc prize for "the best sporting event of the year." At the end of the same year, with his Captain stripes, he received the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

Captain Guynemer's greatest day's work was on May 17 of this year, when he brought down four German machines, two of which he accounted for in the space of two minutes, having attacked a group of four. With only three cartridges left while on his homeward flight, he encountered the fourth German and shot him down with one of the three remaining cartridges. One of the two victims he shot down on August 4 last was Lieut. Hohendorf, a German aviator, who flew for a French airplane company before the war and who had shot down twelve French machines.

The fifty-three German machines officially credited to Captain Guynemer's record were worth something more than 1,500,000 francs. Some of them were manned by two or three men, and it is estimated that he accounted for more than eighty pilots, observers and gunners.

His Last Fight.

Guynemer's last fight is described by a comrade, who is quoted by The Excelsior, as follows:

"Guynemer sighted five machines of the Albatross type D3. Without hesitation he bore down on them. At that moment enemy patrolling machines, soaring at a great height, appeared suddenly and fell upon Guynemer.

"There were forty enemy machines in the air at this time, including Count von Richthofen and his circus division of machines, painted in diagonal blue and white stripes. Towards Guynemer's right some Belgian machines hove in sight, but it was too late.

"Guynemer must have been hit. His machine dropped gently towards the earth and I lost track of it. All that I can say is that the machine was not on fire."

THE FIRST HEADLIGHT

Nature of This Phosphorescent Light Still Unknown to Science.

The first headlight was carried not by a locomotive, but by a winged insect—the lantern fly.

Nobody knows just why the lantern fly carries a lantern. Very likely it is for the purpose of notifying insects of like species and opposite sex of its whereabouts.

But the contrivance is wholly unique of its kind. The front part of the lantern fly's head is extended in such a way as to form a hollow, bulbous structure that (in a dead-and-dried specimen) has a paperlike consistency.

When the insect flies at night the papery bulb is illuminated. By what? Nobody can say, except that it is a phosphorescent light, and the nature of that is a puzzle to science.

Hardy plants that require it may be taken up, divided and replanted. The earlier this work is done the better.

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TRICKS OF THE FLYING CORPS

VERSED IN THE ART OF ELUDING AN "ARCHIE."

How the Sky Pilots of War Dodge the Anti-Aircraft Guns by Clever Manœuvres.

A pilot flying over the lines uses all sorts of tricks to deceive the watchers below.

Under normal circumstances they can tell his height to a few feet, and will show you, too, that they know it by the way they send up bursts of "Archie" (anti-aircraft gun). Indeed, no matter whether you cross the lines one day at 8,000 feet and another at 10,000 feet and another at 14,000 feet, so sure as you get within range there are the six slowly widening rings of smoke at your level—a few feet ahead or behind or all around you. Hun "Archies" are generally grouped in sixes; and though their chief object is barrage and annoyance, men have been brought down by "sighters" and by direct hits at 15,000 feet from one of those fatal sixes.

The "Archie" gunner judges height by measuring the apparent size of the machine's wings as it flies above. He knows every machine at a glance at 10,000 yards distance and farther. He gets plenty of practice. He knows the measurements of every machine and its speed and can allow for it. The Hun "Archie" gunner has reason to be peculiarly efficient—he gets so much practice.

To know how to upset all the fine calculations is the whole art of eluding "Archie."

Every Trick Known to the Trade.

One way is to alter the apparent size of your wings or to change your speed or vary your height, and dodge hither and thither, no matter how many other things you may have to do at the same time. You can alter your apparent size by flying "one wing down" and so giving a shorter view of your machine. You can "switchback" up and down a couple of hundred feet at a time and so vary your speed, too. You can paint in advance a dark band beneath the tips of your wings—and hope for the best. Or you can suddenly "stall" your machine—that is, hold it up and throttle the engine down for a few moments, opening out again before you start to fall. This will make the next few shots go well ahead. Then you can sile-slip a little—not too much, or you will be losing valuable height.

A pilot one day who underwent the horrible experience of being hemmed in by "Archies" almost exhausted every trick before he got away. He was flying along when suddenly the fatal bursts appeared just ahead. This was only normal. He side-slipped a little and "carried on." But immediately there were the bursts just ahead again and a little closer. He had hardly turned off again when there they were, a fresh lot, just behind his tail, sending him bumping and diving all over the place. They had got his range to a hair.

He "stalled" and turned off at right angles to the left—and there were the bursts all round him again and the sharp sting of a wound in his cheek.

Deserved to Succeed.

Things were getting bad. He doubled round quickly and made a sudden dive—and there were the bursts all round him once more. He "stalled," put one wing down and side-slipped down 300 feet. Scarcely had he "flattened out" again when one more group burst round him. All the time blood was pouring down his face. As a last resort he "played hit." He put the other wing right down and side-slipped sheer 800 feet. This he turned into a "spinning nose dive" and came out 3,000 feet lower. Then he flattened out and dived for our lines. For those few moments "Archie" was fooled. Directly afterward they were at him again. But he was out of range and got away.

"Archie" is "the very devil"—where the gunners get plenty of practice!

How to Tell Age of a Fish.

Could you tell the age of a fish if asked to do so?

It has been found that the age of a fish may be read from its scales. These increase in size by annular growths, two rings being formed each year. The "otoliths," or ear stones, which lie in two sacs on either side of the base of the cranial cavity, afford another means of determination.

Like the scales, the otoliths increase by two rings annually. Each spring a white ring is formed and each autumn a black one. Thus the number of either white or black rings in an otolith gives the age of the fish in years. In the case of flatfish the latter method has been found more reliable, whereas in the case of the cod the scales give a better result. Although varying much in size and shape in different species, the otoliths show a remarkably constancy in the same species; hence they are of considerable value in the diagnosis of a species.

Power is powerless unless its possessor is conscious of his ability.

An envelope closed with the white of an egg cannot be opened by the steam of boiling water, as the steam only adds to its firmness.

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