

# Canadian Hospital

GRANVILLE  
CHATHAM HOUSE

## News

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### SEND IT TO THE "NEWS"

**M**AN is meant to be gregarious, not solitary; it is not good for man to live alone. The hermit may be picturesque; he is clearly not practical. But the reasons for the cloistered life are many and at times distressing. Many a laughing lad has marched merrily with his unit along the broad highways of Canada, has tramped exultantly up the gangway to the troopship, has borne bravely his heavy pack upon the pebbled roads of France and Flanders, has withstood stoically the shells and shrapnel of the front line, but has at last been carried back dazed or wounded, to awaken to a world that, as far as he is concerned, is—well—at an end, that's all. The terrible din of battle lingers with him as he goes from hospital to hospital, and he sits apart, solitary and suspicious. The remedy for such an one is a stimulus to take an interest in his comrades, to notice their peculiarities, to laugh at their predicaments.

Let us give you a concrete example of what we mean. One of this sort was sitting disconsolately upon a bench near one of the boxes into which are dropped from time to time jewels, of thought from the think-tanks of the patients of this hospital and from which are manufactured, by a process known only to those who work in the dungeons at Chatham House, Grunts and Chats and Yaps, and sundry other medicine for the mind. We glanced at the hermit, meanwhile extracting from the box numerous slips of paper, covered with writing of various sorts. As we snapped to the padlock, the hermit raised his head. "What have you there?" said he. "Let me see." We sat down beside him and showed him our collection. Soon we had him laughing, and groaning, and weeping with us over the fantastic and funny attempts of his fellow sufferers to size up the situation in which they find themselves. Turning to us with a brighter eye and a more cheery voice, he cried, "I'm going to try my hand at this stuff, too; may I?" He was saved. We slapped him on the back, and welcomed him to the ranks of our treatment department. He cannot be solitary any more. He is sending his merry sallies to the *News*.

O. C. J. W.