

MAINLY PERSONAL

Youngest Brigadier-General

YOUNGEST general in the British Empire is Brigadier-General Garnet Hughes, recently appointed to command the Fourth Brigade of Canadian troops at the front. It now becomes an interesting problem whether Gen. Garnet Hughes will be known as the son of his father, or whether Major-General Sir Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia, will be pointed out as the father of his son.



Brigadier-General Garnet Hughes, youngest officer of that rank in the Empire, son of Sir Sam Hughes.

In any case, it seems to be like father, like son. They are both soldiers. Of the two the son has the less experience in active warfare and perhaps the greater professional brilliancy as a soldier. Thirty-three years of age, the only son of Sir Sam Hughes, the young Brigadier-General has had experience enough to have made some men satisfied with a life work. He studied soldiering when he was a young lad. That ran in the blood. His father enlisted in Fenian Raid days at the age of 14. Garnet Hughes took his first and second class military certificates from the London Military School before he entered the Royal Military College at Kingston. First at the entrance examinations, when he graduated from the R. M. C., he had a gold medal, sword of honour and a D. S. M.

But there was no war to hand in those days, and Garnet Hughes went engineering. He laid out several sections of the C. N. R. line in Ontario, Quebec, on the prairies and in the Rockies. He had a mathematical head. While he was under thirty, he took charge of the construction of aqueducts and reservoirs in Monterey, Mexico, when he had as one of his contractors Gen.

Gen. Huerta. Well rid of Mexico and Huerta before the war, he went on surveys of the C. N. R. east and west of the Yellowhead Pass, and when he got that done he became chief engineer for the Government works on the Pacific Coast, where he was when the war broke out last year. But he remained a soldier. He volunteered for active service with the First Contingent. His father advised him not to go on account of his wife and child. But the wife of the officer persuaded the General and the son went. Since that time he has seen some of the grimmest

The youngest Sergeant-Major in the British Army, A. Kirkwood, of Ottawa, age 19.

soldiering in the world. He won his D. S. O. at St. Julien and Festubert.

Soldiering was in his blood. He had no need to be the son of Sir Sam Hughes to prove that. But the example of his "up and at 'em" father was never lost on the Brigade-Major. Neither was the personal worth of the Brigade-Major lost on Gen. Aldersen, who, when he made Hughes Brigadier-General, knew that he was promoting not only a fine soldier, but a native-born and descended Canadian. If Brig.-Gen. Hughes' pride in Major-General Hughes is as great

as that other Gen. Hughes' pride in Brigadier-General Hughes—why that's just about what it ought to be. And if soldiering continues to run in the family, at some distant day it will be necessary to get out a new war book entitled, "Who's Who in the Hughes Family?"

Youngest Sergeant-Major

A GAIN be it duly noted that the youngest Sergeant-Major in the armies of the British Empire is a lad from Ottawa, Colour-Sergeant-Major Kirkwood, of the Fourteenth Battalion. He celebrated his 19th birthday in the trenches a week ago last Sunday. He left Shorncliffe last April, member of a reinforcing contingent for the 14th. Corporal, sergeant, and colour-sergeant he went up the scale—this downy-lipped youth from Ottawa. When he enlisted, on August 21, 1914, he was timekeeper in the office of the Dominion Bridge Co., in Montreal. He is now in the land where bridges are being blown up and rebuilt, has been in the actual business of war and is a real soldier. And it was when he was being congratulated by Major Woodside on his promotion that the officers of the battalion discovered that he was the youngest man of his rank in all the British armies.

The Oldest Great Orator

EASILY the oldest great orator in the world is Joseph Hodges Choate, who paid his first visit to Toronto last week and was given a degree of LL.D. "honoris causa" by the University of Toronto. Joseph Choate was chairman at the dinner given by the Pilgrims' Society of the United States to the Anglo-French Loan delegates Thursday of last week in New York. At that dinner he proposed a toast to the Allies. He said—and one may imagine with what eminent authority of utterance this old orator of 80 said it:

"The commission has been working with our leading financial interests after weeks of conference, while had they submitted the question to the American people it would have been settled within 24 hours. We hope the commission will come again, and that this is only the first instalment."

To newspaper interviewers in Toronto, when he got his honorary degree, Joseph Choate said much the same thing. At the Convocation he was well known to most of those present before his introduction said a word, as the man who, from 1899 to 1905, was American Ambassador to the Court of St. James; a great forensic lawyer, a famous orator, a wit, a scholar and a great figure in American life for nearly half the time the American Republic has been in existence.

Through all the dreary lingo of compliment paid to several members of the American Peace Centenary Committee on that occasion, he sat hunched down in the scarlet of his robes, his red, eagle-like visage watching all that went on, hearing every word, patiently waiting till the show was over—and keeping the audience in suspense as to whether at the close he would be called to make a speech. And when Joseph Hodges Choate, the old man of eighty, rose to the occasion, the occasion became worth while. The polite palaver of compliments was all forgotten. Here was a man who was a scholar before most of the men on that stage were born. Standing like the stump of a gnarled old oak, firm as a rock, he sang out in trumpet tones his brief message to that small crowd, which should have been ten thousand. He flung out wit and humour with the subtlety of the trained advocate. He played with the expectations of his audience as he joshed the reporters who that morning had tried to get him to tell what he would say that afternoon. He never smiled. Unlike Taft, who chuckles before his joke is born, Choate kept a solemn face as he skated nearer and nearer to the subject of the war.

And when he got to the topic where he could unburden his message, he made it provokingly plain that he was a neutral with no authority to speak on behalf of his country, but only to voice his own sentiments.

"Wherever any people are fighting for what they call liberty and justice," he said, lifting his voice on high, "that people have my sympathy. Ninety millions of people in my country agree with me on that point."

He did not say who were fighting for liberty and justice. He left it to be inferred. He spoke of the four months at The Hague, when, as representative from the United States to enact international measures that would postpone, delimit or mitigate the horrors of war, he sat with representatives from Germany, Austria and Turkey—"and other outlying nations." But The Hague conventions were already trampled upon and had become scraps of paper thrown to the winds.

Soon the old tribune of the forum would open up in full; and he did—with a majesty and authority that even if expressed on the side of Germany would have kept everybody interested. With the judicial



Joseph Hodges Choate, the greatest living orator of his age, honoured by Toronto University last week.

acumen of a mind trained for sixty years in processes of law, with the memory of old Rufus Choate, of whom he had himself written, the greatest advocate of his day, he ploughed into his masterly arraignment of "the unspeakable nation," Germany. And when the organist was getting ready to strike up The Star-Spangled Banner, the greatest orator in the United States and the greatest orator of his age in the world gave vent to this:

"I have little confidence in, although much sympathy with, all the schemes that are on foot for promoting peace; but it is no use crying Peace, Peace, when there is no peace and no possibility of peace—no possibility of peace until the authors of this awful war are brought to a condition where their adversaries and the whole world can see that hereafter they will obey the rule of good faith, the rule of keeping contracts, the rule that when they make such a treaty they shall stand by it, whether it is to their interest or not."

Thus spoke the great legal mind, the international expert, the orator and the ultimate natural man who in his love of justice and of humanity speaks with a greater voice than all the Bryans and Tafts in America.

The World's Oldest Mason

GOING from youth to old age, it is worth noting, as recorded by the picture of the old man on this page, that the oldest Mason in the world is Abraham Kittlehune, of Kingsville, Ont.,

who on Sunday last celebrated his 109th birthday. There have been a lot of fine old men in that part of Ontario among the peach orchards and the tobacco fields and the corn crops. "Uncle Abe," as he is called, is probably the most remarkable of them all. He has lived under four British sovereigns. When he was born in Waterford Co., New York, in 1806, George III., who lost the American colonies from the British flag, was still on the throne. When that monarch died, Abe Kittlehune was a lad of 14. When Queen Victoria was crowned, he was 31—and had already been a Mason for ten years. His father died at the age of 105, and his mother at 99 years. Both his parents were from Holland. Mr. Kittlehune was initiated into Masonry at Waterford in 1827. He has been married twice, and has several children, the oldest being Mrs. W. Harrison, of Bay City, aged eighty. He spent part of the summer visiting with his grand-daughters in Detroit, and every day when it was fine went for a walk varying from five to ten miles. At his home in Kingsville there is some fine shooting, and "Uncle Abe," as he is known far and wide, frequently goes out and invariably returns with one or more fine birds.



The oldest Mason in the world, Abraham Kittlehune, age, 109.