

## THE RED TRIANGLE

### THE MEN WHO CAME BACK.

It was the quiet hour about the Hut. Outside the tramp of solitary soldiers echoed in the quadrangle of the old French barracks. Inside a group of Canadians sat about the stove in easy chairs, and here and there about the white-clothed tables a soldier was supping coffee. Dimly from beyond the gates came the rumble of Paris traffic. Two hours earlier the Y hut had been crowded with diners, and now the weary staff was resting—always where they could be on hand at demand.

The door opened. A draft of chill night air searched out the loungers about the stove and flickered the steam from the cups of coffee. Few looked up—that is, few save the workers; it probably meant fresh duties for them.

Two strange figures stood in the open door, awkward, embarrassed, a bit over-awed. Something in the seriousness of their eyes, the expressionlessness of their faces, the drawn lines about their mouths told their story—even more quickly and meaningfully than the strange medley of dark blue outfit they wore.

They were returned prisoners—only a pair of the hundreds of British who always came first to the Canadian Y.M.C.A. in Paris. For every returned prisoner from the British Army received his first attention in Paris from the Canadian Y.

One of the women workers hastened to them. She was old enough to be their mother. She had seen such men as these coming in in pairs and groups for months since the armistice; and she knew much of what they felt and what they had suffered. In silence they followed her to a table. In the brighter light their faces were so pale, their eyes so dull; and the flesh had fallen from their cheeks and their clothes hung loose and unshapely on their lean frames.

The woman smiled at them. She tried to make them talk as she enquired after their taste in food. They replied listlessly, uninterested, spiritless. And she hustled away and ordered special fare.

But when she placed it before them they merely glanced at it and turned away. They were not ungrateful—such food they had not seen for years—but their physical and mental depression refused to respond to the tempting supper. So long had they been under the inhuman hand of the Hun that the very cravings of nature seemed to have been silenced for ever.

She sat down with them and tried to take their minds from themselves. But the gloom of their faces clung. The good woman grew desperate. They were like women in a grief so deep that only a flow of tears could ease them, a bursting of the walls of restraint raised by these years of oppression and cruelty. "Imagine I'm your mother, boys," she pleaded. "What would you ask for?" They eyed her dully and made no reply.

She brought them pears she had purchased from a purse none too full. They looked at them—they did not touch them. The very heart of her was weeping. Never before had she been helpless like that; never before had she longed so to help.

A Sergeant, the Hut pianist, stepped quietly to the piano. For a moment his fingers ran lightly along the keys. And then, softly he struck into "God Bring Thee Back Again."

The two men in blue sat up. Their eyes fixed on the pianist, pears and the meal before them forgotten, their friends in the Hut fading into mental pictures none else saw. The woman looked on praying. And as she watched she saw their eyes dim. Tears gathered on the lashes of one and broke down his cheeks. "That was what they sang when we left home," he whispered.

Into a mere breath the music passed and ended. The two prisoners looked at each other and at the woman. And they smiled through their tears. One reached out and seized a pear, and in three mouthfuls it disappeared. The other settled to his eggs without waiting to butter the bread. Peace settled over the Hut—peace and joy. A score of Canadian soldiers—chaps who had roughed the worst of war for a couple of years—smiled happily. The woman's eyes were the dim ones now.

She left and returned with writing paper. "I'll write to them for you," she volunteered. "Your mothers will want to know. I'll tell them you're on your way to England—and then home." And they signed their names, and went out into the streets of Paris with the new interest of men who had wept their sorrows away and saw through the rain-cleared eyes of suffering that was ended.

### Y.M.C.A. ATHLETIC PROGRAMME—JUNE.

**Tennis.**—Every evening and Saturday and Sunday afternoons at the Polytechnic Recreation Grounds (3 minutes from Chiswick Station, L. & S.W.R. from Waterloo; or 15 minutes south of Chiswick Park on the Underground). An attendant will issue racquets, shoes and balls. Every Tuesday, at 5.30 p.m., mixed doubles tournament and refreshments. 10 courts.

**Baseball.**—Four Canadian and two American teams from the Anglo-American Baseball League; Capt. Butler, C.A.P.C., Chairman. Practice and games at Stamford Bridge. Two Canadian teams are from the City—C.A.P.C., including Audits and C.A.S.C., and Headquarters (Argyll House, Records, D.G.M.S., Khaki College, Orpington, Catford). Any players interested should phone the Athletic Office and we will put you in touch with the key men. Any units or groups wishing equipment for challenge matches or practice should communicate with our Department.

**Cricket.**—We arrange ample facilities for practice or matches. Call at the Athletic Office, Beaver Hut. There is equipment at Chiswick grounds, and we can supply it to any Canadian unit for elsewhere.

**Other Activities.**—At Chiswick there are facilities for Basketball, Rowing, Indoor Baseball and for Track and Field training. Phone the office for arrangements.

**Track and Field Meet.**—The Sports Day for London Canadians is June 7th. Entry forms and programmes will be distributed later. All the regular events. Open to Canadians on duty in the London Area (athletes of the

"All-Canadian" team will not compete). This is YOUR track and field day. Get in shape—talk it over. There will also be events for the girls in our offices. Chairman of Sports Committee: Lieut. H. M. Williams, Dept. of General Auditor. Hon. Secretary: Sergt. G. E. W. Barnes, Pay 2, L. C.A.P.C., Millbank, S.W. 1.

**Information.**—The London Area Canadian Y.M.C.A. Athletic Office is in the Beaver Hut. Phone Gerrard 1420. We try to keep informed on all sport of interest to Canadians, are affiliated with the Canadian Military Athletic Association and familiar with the activities of the Army Sports Control Board and the Canadian International Teams in the various sports. Ask for S/Sergt. Ferrier.

### HOUSING PROBLEM IN WINNIPEG.

The Winnipeg City Council is promoting, in the interests of the country, a housing scheme whereby returned soldiers and others may obtain the benefits of the offer of the Dominion Government by which money will be lent on small houses erected during the year. The City has asked the Manitoba Association of Architects to co-operate with them in this matter in order that these cottages can be built on the most modern lines and improvements, and the architects of the city are at present working out designs for these houses to be submitted to the Housing Committee of the City Council.

### BEING AN EDITOR.

Most any man can be an editor. All the editor has to do is to sit at a desk six days a week, four weeks a month, and twelve months in a year and edit such stuff as this:

"Mrs. Jones, of Cactus Creek, let a can-opener slip last week and cut herself in the pantry. Joe Doe climbed on the roof of his house last week looking for a leak and fell, landing on his back porch. While Harold Green was escorting Miss Violet Wise from the church social last Saturday night a savage dog attacked them and bit Mr. Green on the public square. Mr. Frang, while harnessing a broncho last Saturday, was kicked just south of his corn crib."

### WE'VE ALL DONE IT.

Not so very long ago a chauffeur was brought up after havng run down a man.

"You struck this pedestrian, and he was seriously injured?" the judge asked.

"Yes, sir," replied the chauffeur.

"Why didn't you zigzag your car and miss him?"

"He was zigzagging himself," said the chauffeur; "and he happened to zag at the same time as I did."

### A NEAT ARRANGEMENT.

"That is Elmer J. Pettifog. He is a member of the famous law firm of Strutt, Lowder, Hooks, Skinner, Bray, Pyffler & Snyder."

"But his name does not appear in the firm title."

"No, but they have a perfectly equitable arrangement; he does the work and the rest of them take the money."

Romantic Young Husband: What can I add to your happiness?

Practical Young Wife: More money!

Hokus: I can read him like a book.  
Pokus: But he's such a small type I should think you'd ruin your eyes.