

England Queer Place Now

Shaw Desmond is one of the ablest and most modest of English writers on questions which they affect the workers of England. He is a real labor contributor to the "Milwaukee Leader." Here is his latest letter from London, dated Oct. 10. It will give the readers of Cotton's some idea of what his brothers are up against in the old sod.

London, Oct. 10. —(By Mail).—

London is a queer place these days. You can see anything like, or even better, in a nightmare. The parks are full of soldiers who were, soldiers who are, and soldiers to be.

Enthusiastic youngsters, still in their teens paint black marks and forward on the shirt sleeves, drilling for king, country and the emperor.

Warlike city clerks, pale as a sheet of paper, with chests like red herrings, but "pride in their port, deference in their eye" do the goose-stepping to the major born, and salute, pant, pant for the major born.

The quiet young gentleman next

You never saw anything like it, except in a nightmare. The parks are full of soldiers who were, soldiers who are, and soldiers to be.

Enthusiastic youngsters, still in their teens pant backwards and forwards in their shirt sleeves, drilling for king, country, and the bare life. Warlike city clerks, pale as a sheet of paper, with chests like red-hot bricks, but 'pride in their port, de-step in their eye' do the goose-step as to the front. And the pant, pant, pant for the glory.

The quiet young gentleman next door, who day before yesterday looked as though butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, has blossomed into a very fierce creature indeed, stuck all over with carving knives and the rappings of war. Moustaches are sprouting, and eyebrows are shooting, and beard is putting-in in honor of war, glorious war.

PATRIOTISM IS FLYING.
Quite a lot of patriotism is flying around these days, some of it over

the froth of the beer mug, but still
"patriotism." When the second
street echoes to the tramp-tramp of
armed men it is not to be supposed
that patriotism has not come to its
own. Long, men, short men, thick
men, thin men—men of all sizes—in
khaki and peaked caps are tramping
away to the call of glory. How
many of them will come back?

The crowds read the war cables
they read them, and understand as
little of their real import as the
men in Mars. They hear that a cer-
tain position has been taken—
full-throated, chest-thumping, full-

nated German! "Up with Eng-
land . . . and Russia" . . . and hell
or anything else you like. They see

nothing of the bloody business — of men shot through the stomach, screaming like wounded gares, who have to be turned on the stomachs until they peter out their lives in a bloody trench. They hear nothing of the scream of shell, which, as one of our boys told me, is like the sound of an "O" made with lips, which gradually contract and then burst into a hellish rain of death. They only see the glory. God help them.

WAIT FOR ZEPPELINS.

A Zeppelin flew over the biggest city in the world yesterday. Or so they say. The news goes out that since the kaiser is coming over himself with a fleet of these blimped puffs of hydrogen in rubber at Marbe Arch they have giant jipping can pointing skyward waiting for the death that flieth in the "clouds."

every night to look for the flying death. And hope they may find it.

"If the Germans came." "If invasion were possible." "If even for a short three months the German fleet stopped England's outside feeders?" These are the questions on men's lips.

London would be a hell on earth. Seven or eight millions of people

blum up in a hand-space. The biggest blum population in the world. The most terrible poverty. God grant these things may not be.

TOMMY ATKINS KICKING.

In the meantime Tommy Atkins is kicking, or the Socialists are kicking for him. A generous war office allows the magnificent sum of 25 cents a day for the wife of a soldier and 4 cents for each child. In addition, an allotment of the soldier's pay of 12 cents a day for his wife and 2 cents

That's not exactly Rockefellerian.

There are many cases where the upholder of king and country" has been for five weeks, responding to the unforsaid glory's call, without a red cent being given to those he has left behind. The Britisher bungler can do it when he likes.

Take the Charity Organization Society in Queen street, Manchester, as an example of how not to do it. Here at 3.30 p.m. more than 200 women were still seeking admission, some of them having waited five hours in the sun without food.

PRAY FOR CUP OF TEA.

They sat on scaffold planks, hud-

ing breasts—they sat there hour after hour praying for a cup of tea.

And it is thus a grateful country towards the wives and children of those who are giving their lives in the bloodstained trenches along the Meuse. The baseness of it. The first thing the recruit is told to do is "to keep himself clean." Some of these hopefuls after waiting ten days for a bit of soap or the wherewithal to tidy himself ventured to ask how the impossible

accomplished. He is still waiting for an answer. Such trifles as bedding 20 in a small room—feeding when and

you can—suffering "the slings and arrows of an outrageous fortune," as offered by the British war office, are not worried about. It is hard work serving one's grateful country. If you grumble you are ungrateful. If you don't you are patriotic!" but dirty.

PATRIOTIC BUT DIRTY.

Here is one letter: "At Aldershot we are going through the mill properly. We have been here ten days, and we haven't had any towel, soap, knife and fork, clean shirt, socks or brush and comb issued to us. And they expect us to keep ourselves clean." The man who wrote that let-

[illegible]

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