

THE CANADIAN

RED CROSS SPECIAL.

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FANCY WORK SALE.

A LARGE CROWD IN ATTENDANCE.

An exhibition and sale of fancy work, made by the patients in the three hospitals in Buxton, the Devonshire, the Canadian Red Cross Special, and the V.A.D., was held under the auspices of the Red Cross Society in the Town Hall on Wednesday afternoon. A very large crowd was in attendance, the crush being so great that progress through the large hall was rather difficult. Great surprise was manifested at the excellence of the work exhibited, especially in view of the fact that it is only recently that most of the competitors had even attempted to break into woman's acknowledged realm, and went to prove the prediction that the situation of the sexes will in time be reversed is no idle dream.

The orchestra of the Canadian Red Cross Special was in attendance and discoursed delightful music during the afternoon. After the sale tea was served, and several excellent vocal selections and recitations were rendered. Altogether the affair was very successful, the prizes being about equally distributed between the various hospitals, and satisfactory prices were realized from the articles on sale.

BOYS MAKING FORTUNES.

HUGE PROFITS FROM OIL.

Men are making fortunes every twenty-four hours in Oklahoma at present, and Uncle Sam is acting as treasurer in the fascinating game of getting rich without doing a stroke of work. The money is pouring in a golden stream into the hands of people who a few years ago were as poor as the proverbial church mouse.

The discovery of oil is the cause of all this, and already a number of Indians, blacks, and whites are in the millionaire class, with one money still pouring in. Uncle Sam's part is to see that the Indians and the freedmen who own the lands get their royalty for the oil taken out. The freedmen mentioned were negro slaves held by the Creek Indians until they were freed by the Civil War. Later a treaty was made whereby slaves belonging to the Creeks and their descendants were given an equal share with their former owners on the Government of the old Creek lands in Indian Territory.

This is how a ten-year-old negro boy, named Danny Tucker, came into possession of 160 acres of land which has produced and is producing as much oil as any other similar area of ground in the United States.

The 160 acres of land were allotted to him in 1906 for farm purposes. It is rocky and hilly, and unfit for farming. Two years ago one of the big oil companies obtained a lease on the land, with the result that apparently worthless land has become one of the richest in Oklahoma.

At first Danny Tucker received £40 a month in royalty. In March last it had jumped to £1,200 a month, and now it is nearly £1,400 a month, still going up. The wells give promise of life, and if they do keep up, it will be a long time before it will be impossible for Danny to count his money. Although the coloured boy is a prospective millionaire, he is paying attention to anything but the feeding of chickens on his father's farm.

Another concern Sarah Rector, an eleven-year-old orphan of the freedman class. It is estimated that she is already worth more than £600. Sarah and her younger brother received a quarter section each, in the same way as Danny Tucker, through possession of worthless farm land.

Several years ago the oil prospector came along and drilled wells on her land. The first month's revenue from her allotment were approximately £1,000. There are now eighteen wells on her land, and her income is about £2,000 a month. It is said that the little girl is now ill, and that she may not live to enjoy her wealth.

WHEN LOVE DOES NOT LAST.

IT ISN'T CUPID'S FAULT.

Are the couple who are merely fond of each other likely to be happier than the couple who are "passionately in love?"

There is this to be said of the former: they enter wedded life with eyes open to their mutual imperfections, and very often just "fondness" becomes real and lasting love which will endure "until death." On the other hand, the sweethearts who are passionately in love may find that, after their marriage, when the romance has worn off and they have got to know each other better, their love has cooled.

If love does not last it is not Cupid's fault. It is generally the fault of husband or wife or both.

Very often Abby is a little careless as to showing her little attentions he showered on her during their engagement. He forgets to kiss her in the morning, reads the paper during breakfast, bangs the door and drops the cigarette ash on the drawing-room carpet. While perhaps she annoys him by devoting all her time to baby.

When he comes home in the evening she is bathing baby, when he leaves in the morning she is upstairs dressing baby, and, of course, hubby feels neglected.

Many wives pay little attention to their personal appearance after marriage. Both parties forget that all these petty things help to banish love which, if it is to last, must be prepared to face all the trials and irritations of daily life.

MEN WHO TELL THE NEWS. THE COLOUR OF YOUR HAIR.

SOMETHING ABOUT OUR MOST FAMOUS WAR CORRESPONDENTS.

The famous war correspondent of the "Daily Express" has contrived to cram the maximum of adventure into a life that has been lived largely in the turmoil of camps since he was little more than a boy.

Before he was twenty, that is to say, he was following the Greek armies in their plucky but ill-advised war against the Turks, which ended in the desperate battle of Domoko, fought on May 17th, 1897.

This battle ended the war, and would have ended the Greek Empire, if England and the other great powers had not intervened and compelled Turkey to make peace. Young Phillips left Athens in deep distress, for his sympathies were all with the Hellenes; but he brightened up on receipt of a cable from his employers in New York ordering him to hold himself in readiness to proceed to Cuba, then in the throes of a long-protracted revolution.

He subsequently went through the Spanish-American War in that island, where, to quote the words of Richard Harding Davis, "the newspaper correspondents daily took chances such as no war correspondents ever took before in any war in any part of the world."

Phillips, however, escaped death from Mauser bullets, from the machetes of the insurgent guerilla bands of the interior—who were usually quite as ready to kill friend as foe—and from the still more to-be-dreaded "Yellow Jack."

We next hear of him in the Russo-Japanese War, where he first represented the "Express," and where he found the "Japs" so exceedingly polite that they shepherded the correspondents carefully together in Tokyo, and declined to allow them anywhere near the fighting area "for fear they might get hurt"—at least that was the reason alleged by the ever-courteous chiefs of the Japanese Headquarters Staff.

Phillips, however, managed to get to the Manchurian front, after a weary period of waiting, and was an eye-witness of much of the desperate fighting in this theatre of the war. He also went through the first Balkan war, when he was with the Bulgarian Army besieging Adrianople—a weary period of waiting in slush and snow, with shells screaming incessantly overhead and, to quote the words of a fellow-sufferer, "little to do and less to eat for weeks."

He was nearly frozen to death once or twice in this campaign. In the next one he was assigned to that of the Italians against the Turks in Tripoli, he was nearly roasted alive in what is probably one of the hottest regions on the face of the globe.

Mr. Phillips has met, in the course of his career, with enough adventures to fill a dozen good-sized volumes. He was nearly overwhelmed in the great Kingston earthquake. He was in the thick of the revolution in Portugal, the rising in Catalonia, and the rioting in Barcelona. While very early in the present war he came within an ace of being taken prisoner by the Germans, who entered Ghent on the one side as he left it on the other in an old ramshackle horse-cab, his chauffeur having bolted with his car on the first appearance of the dreaded Huns.

FAMOUS HALF-TIMER.

NOW A LANCASHIRE COTTON KING.

Mr. J. B. Tattersall, who recently became President of the Master Cotton Spinners' Federation, on Sir Charles Macara resigning after twenty-one years' valuable service, is a typically Lancashire man. Mr. Tattersall has Lancashire written upon his features, in his manner, in his language, in his attitude towards all men. He might write of himself, "I'm Lancashire, and Lancashire's me." He reminds one of another wealthy self-made Lancastrian who, whilst mayor of the town, attended to preside at a scientific meeting. The commissioner at the door, not knowing him, said, "And who are you, sir?" The reply was: "Me? I'm John So-and-So, spinner, manufacturer, and doubler." "But it's the mayor we are waiting for," said the man. "Oh, well," came from the self-made Lancastrian, "I'm t' mayor too. I'm a spinner, manufacturer, and doubler t' first, an' t' mayor second."

Fr. Tattersall, however, has risen from clogs, as they say in Lancashire, to be the President of the Master Cotton Spinners' Federation, which controls about 45,000,000 spindles. Curiously enough he was, like Sir Charles Macara, born in 1845. But the circumstances were different. "J.B." was ushered into the world in a poor workman's home at Royton. He, following the example of his class, went to the spinning mill at the age of about nine years. Till the age of eleven he went half a day to the mill and half a day to school. At the age of eleven, however, young Tattersall became a full-time worker, rising soon after four o'clock in the morning, finishing at the mill about six o'clock or after, and attending evening school, as he now puts it, "to get a bit o' learnin'."

Everybody on the commercial side of Lancashire's supreme spinning and manufacturing business knows J. B. Tattersall. The operatives refer to him as "Owd J. B. T." His life has reality in it, romance in it. In Lancashire's own terms "he's made brass," but still lives in a way not far removed from the level of the operative classes.

That the complexion and also the colour of the hair form valuable guides to character is the contention of many character experts. Dark people are generally more romantically inclined than fair people, the latter being usually of a practical turn of mind, but as a well-known psychologist once said, "There are no such things as clear cut types, each type being subject to variations."

People with coal black hair usually combine a tendency to melancholy with great strength of character, purity and goodness, particularly if their hair be fine. If black hair be coarse and strong a rigid and scrupulously honest character is indicated. Golden hair portrays ardour in love, capriciousness of character, and a certain amount of timidity and nervousness. Caprice and nervousness is indicated by hair of an undecided yellowish shade.

Auburn-haired people have much innate refinement and purity of character; they are active and energetic, and have a great capacity for both enjoyment and suffering, and are also extremely sensitive. Bright, vivid red hair denotes quick temper, outspokenness, and a warm, sympathetic nature.

Light hair is indicative of a happy, cheerful disposition. Dark brown hair goes with intellect and great strength of character.

The texture and quality of the hair does a great deal to modify the characteristics betokened by its colouring. Thus curly hair indicates versatility, vivacity, and a certain amount of changeableness of disposition, whilst wavy hair denotes imagination and a strong vein of romance. Fine hair is a sign of refinement and sensitiveness, and smooth, glossy, and very straight hair betokens a steady, even character, reliable in every way.

SHOT IN PARLIAMENT.

TISZA. AUSTRIA-HUNGARY'S BIG MAN.

The dominant personality in the Dual Empire to-day, according to reports from Vienna, is Count Etienne Tisza, the Hungarian Premier.

But all the Empire knows what kind of man Count Tisza is.

A country gentleman, a millionaire with vast estates, practically ruling Hungary, he is still a man of very simple tastes and habits. He is never more uncomfortable than when he puts on the elaborate jewelled costume which custom prescribes shall be worn by the Hungarian Premier on state and gala occasions. The Count has been an earnest student and has made a special study of British institutions, and especially of Parliament and the British Government.

The Hungarian Parliament is one of the most unruly of legislative bodies, and Count Tisza has been the central figure in some of its stormiest scenes. Some years ago, when he was Speaker, one of the enraged members of the Opposition fired three shots at him; but the Count escaped with his life. He has fought as many as three duels in a single year. In August, 1913, he fought the Marquis George Pallavicini, cavalry swords the weapons. During the ninth bout, both principals having been wounded in the forehead, the doctors stopped the fight.

The Count was born in Budapest on August 22nd, 1861, eldest son of the famous Coloman de Tisza, who was at the head of the Government from 1875 until 1890. Educated in the first place at home, he afterwards studied at Heidelberg, Berlin, and Budapest. He was first elected to Parliament in 1885.

FOOTBALL.

The return match between the 288th Coy. Royal Engineers, and the Hospital team will take place on the Hospital Football Ground at Silverlands on Saturday next. The Hospital will be very well represented as they have in their team players that have played for some of the crack teams in Canada.

The Hospital team will be as follows: (goal) Eeryt-Major Carpenter, (backs) Lance-Corpl. McLeod and Corpl. Stevenson, (half-backs) Pte. Porter, Pte. Morton, and Pte. Winch, (forwards) Pte. Jones, Sergt. Henderson, Sergt. Graneome, Sergt-Major Jevons, and Pte. Aitkenhead.

It will be remembered that the first game between these two teams was won by the "Canadians" by the handsome score of 7-1. Kick-off at 2-15 p.m. sharp.

AN EDINBURGH STORY.

WHY THE DRIVER STOPPED THE CABLE CAR.

"I have nothing against the Edinburgh people," said a gentleman who hid from the great outer world, "but I must say I've found greater fellow feeling elsewhere. My hat blew away on Saturday, and, though everybody beside me took a warm interest in its perambulations, nobody joined in pursuit."

"Eh, but ye wrong Edinburgh folk," replied one of his hearers. "D'ye ken what I saw on Saturday? A man's hat blew off just as a cable car wis passin', and the driver stopped the car and sprinted awa doon the road efter it. Can ye beat that in the South?"

The stranger said he really couldn't, and would chalk it up to Edinburgh's credit.

"Wis it actly true, Tam?" asked a friend, after the "foreigner" had departed.

"Aye wis it, but d'ye think I wud tell yon Sassenach it wis the driver's ain cap that blew off?"

There are few Sovereigns more kindly and easy to converse with than the Emperor of All the Russias. As in other foreign countries the audience is arranged through the British Embassy or Legation; but, unlike others, Court dress is always worn in Russia, even though the reception itself is perfectly informal.

Tsarskoe Selo—or the Tsar's Village, as the words mean—is a little over half-an-hour by rail from Petrograd. I was instructed to start from the Imperial Station at Petrograd, across the platform of which, covered with rich carpets, I walked through saluting soldiers to the Imperial train, which is comfortably and luxuriantly fitted up with smoking, writing and reading compartments.

Upon arrival at the "Tsar's Village," I was met by one of the Imperial carriages, always in waiting for the expected visitors, with coachman and footman on the box wearing bright scarlet cloaks edged with white fur, and cocked hats of red and gold.

Sentries were stationed at intervals through the streets of the village, who saluted the carriage as it passed, although no occupant could be seen. The park was soon reached, and the carriage drew up at the small white palace where the Tsar always resides.

Nothing is more striking, after the cold and the snow outside, than the warmth and richness of colour within. On every side are brilliant and unfamiliar liveries and dazzling rich uniforms.

An official—of huge physique, wearing several medals, with a broad gold band round his head, from which on its right side, stands out a curious bunch of feathers—in a velvet and lace dress and with silk breeches and stockings, came forward and led the way to a dressing-room where I was allowed to leave my furs.

He then conducted me through one magnificent room after another, each one richly furnished and adorned with beautiful china, paintings trophies, and presents from different parts of the empire, until at length a small room was reached, where a number of officers in brilliant uniforms were seated, and evidently in attendance.

One of them came forward and welcomed me. I chatted pleasantly with him until a servant, dressed in the manner of an English butler, came from a room opposite and, holding the door open, signified that I should enter.

There was no introduction or announcement of any kind. The Emperor was already standing to greet me, smiling pleasantly and encouragingly with extended hand. I lost every bit of diffidence and sense of constraint at the sound of that cheery and unacted voice, and the simplicity and graciousness of the welcome.

He talked freely, and gave me the sense that I was to do the same, selecting those subjects of conversation that he thought would be of most interest—of England, of travelling, of the visitor's impressions of Russia; and before the audience was over frankly expressed the hope that it would not be the last.

And I left feeling as though I had been with an intimate friend whose only concern was for my welfare.

BIRTHDAY PARTY.

GIVEN IN HONOR OF THE COMMANDING OFFICER'S BIRTHDAY.

A very pleasing social event of the week was the dinner on Wednesday evening given by Mrs. Frederick Guest in honor of the commanding officer's birthday. The table, at which twenty-two were seated, was beautifully decorated with chrysanthemums and bountifully laden with those things which gratify the inner man. The guests comprised the officers of the staff and wives, several officers from the C.D.D., and a number of senior nurses. During the course of the dinner the orchestra rendered several choice selections, and it must be said they were never heard to better advantage.

PRICELESS DIAMONDS.

THE DUCHESSES WHO WEAR THEM.

The three finest diamonds worn in England are those belonging to the Duchess of Westminster, the Countess of Dudley, and the Duchess of Portland. These ladies are the wives of three of the richest noblemen in the peerage. The Duchess of Westminster's diamond is the famous "Nassac," and has been in the Grosvenor family's possession for many generations before the Westminster marquessate became a dukedom. Its weight is seventy-eight carats. It is priceless. Lady Dudley's gem is called the "Star of South Africa." It used to be known as the "Dudley." Its weight is forty-four and a half carats, and before it was cut it weighed just double. The diamond of the Duchess of Portland is named the "Portland," and is a square-shaped stone of the purest water. Its weight is kept a secret in the family, but it is known to have been valued at £10,000. Of course, these diamonds only belong by courtesy to different peeresses of the time. The ladies themselves have no property in them whatever. They are heirlooms, and as such form part of the family jewels. The present peeresses have the right to wear them—nothing more.