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THE LONDON ADVERTISER
COMPANY, LIMITED.
London, Ont., Friday, June 23.

UP TO MR. GRAY AND MR. GLASS.

SECURE in the promises of William Gray, M.P., S. Frank Glass, M.P., and the local Conservative powers that be, the city of London had settled down to forget its camp removal "scare." These members of Parliament, taking upon themselves the responsibility for the continuance of the camp in this city, have issued a number of statements, no doubt in the best of faith, indicating that this city would have all the troops it wanted or could care for. No matter what the wording, the impression was given that there would be no serious diversion of troops from London, and that, according to one of the "pledges," we would have at least 10,000 men in the city.

The city made every provision for the handling of the troops, both from municipal and commercial standpoint, and large amounts of money were expended or promised and a considerable area of land secured. The city was prepared to do everything possible to make the camp ground a proper place for mobilization and training. But along comes Sir Sam Hughes, and, without a word of apology for Mr. Gray or Mr. Glass, announces that the greater part of the troops will be moved to Camp Borden.

The minister of militia should know the best place to train troops, and there is much to be said for Camp Borden. But there is little to be said for Mr. Gray and Mr. Glass, and little to be said for the policy which brought the troops to London and then, after tens of thousands of the city's and country's money had been expended, decided to move them to a point where they will be beyond the reach of friends and relatives up to the time they leave for overseas.

If London had been given a hint that the Camp Borden move was contemplated, London would not now feel itself to be the laughing-stock of Western Ontario. Mr. Gray and Mr. Glass would not feel as humiliated as they do at the present time, and there would not be a feeling throughout the city that the minister of militia has played ducks and drakes with the mayor, the board of trade, the troops and the citizens.

Perhaps if London had a man strong enough to have faced Sir Sam Hughes yesterday and told him what citizens thought of his treatment of the city there would be a different story to tell. Perhaps Sir Sam would have changed his chameleon mind again and decided that, except for brigade drill, 1,500 soldiers would suit the situation handsomely. But everyone fears Sir Sam, it would appear, as though he were a jackboot general ready to ride his horse over the first man who opened his mouth, at the same time berating his officers and calling for three cheers for the King for the benefit of "his boys." Certainly Mr. Gray and Mr. Glass were not on hand to settle the matter for London, as they were supposed to have settled it at Ottawa a few weeks ago.

London is not complaining over the removal of soldiers to a tract where they can be made more efficient soldiers; it is complaining about the method adopted and the fact that the city's services are to be naught through official blundering and the inadequacy of our political influence at Ottawa.

A GREAT RED CROSS "DRIVE."
GOOD generalship, resourcefulness, efficiency, patriotism, the team spirit, and last, but by no means least, a loving desire to minister to the men who suffer in fighting the battles of Empire, have triumphed once more, and the London branch of the Canadian Red Cross Society finds itself in less than schedule time with a mammoth task undertaken a few weeks ago almost completed.

This task has been nothing less than a contract to supplement the Government's supplies for the Western University Hospital unit, with between 227,000 and 230,000 articles, all packed, and ready to take away, within a month's time.

The articles in question have ranged all the way from pneumonia jackets, socks, bed-socks, shirts and dressing-gowns, to sponges and cheesecloth handkerchiefs, not in dozens, but in hundreds and thousands.

Moreover, there has been the question of financing to consider, a matter of \$12,000, and for this required amount the special fund has been drawn upon.

With the consciousness of power, of ability to accomplish, achieved in the past two years' experience in regular Red Cross work, the executive decided to undertake the immense contract. With the loyalty and devotion to the work which has steadily grown as the months have gone by, the women of the city rallied to their support, cheerfully giving up their time and shelving less pressing tasks for the one big duty which could not wait.

One hundred to one hundred and thirty women have gathered daily in St. Andrew's Hall to make up surgical

supplies, and in the past two weeks an average of about one hundred have worked deftly and rapidly each evening as well.

At the Red Cross tearoom the members of the Sir John Carling Chapter, I. O. O. F., have looked after the giving out of cut-out garments, and been responsible for forwarding them completed to St. Andrew's Hall, where all packing is done.

More than three hundred and fifty boxes, 27x18x20 inches, all labeled and ready to forward, testify to the progress that has been made.

The big chart on the wall, with the list of articles required, has in many places the significant word, "Completed," which further bears out the statement of the skillful general, Lady Beck, that "daylight is at last in sight."

From the big June "drive," which has meant such satisfactory achievement, the workers will turn back once more to the two days a week for Red Cross work, now a matter of routine, as much a part of their lives as sleeping and eating.

If the war has drawn attention particularly to the German quality of efficiency, the lesson is driven home in watching the Red Cross workers, who, notwithstanding their numbers, go about the tasks set them, quietly, accurately, and without the slightest confusion. Everyone seems to slip naturally into her place in the great machine of accomplishment. The officers, who direct operations, do so with swiftness and sureness, yet without hurry. Each article is cut with mathematical precision, each bandage made in just a certain fashion, and the necessary twist for closing a bag of dressings has become an automatic movement.

The labeling of boxes is beautifully clear and regular, and a mistake in forwarding under such conditions is inconceivable.

The work of the Red Cross Society in preparing the huge order for the Western University Hospital unit spells courage, efficiency and patience. It reveals something even finer and better, the fact that Canadian women have learned to pull together, to lose sight of themselves in devotion to a great cause, when animated by a great impelling motive of love.

It has proved unmistakably that Canadian women can rise to any demands made upon them, and that in this wartime service they have received the training to fit them for the larger sphere of public service which they are destined to occupy in the future.

WAS IT SOLDIERLY?

MAJOR GENERAL the Hon. Sir Sam Hughes is head of the Canadian militia. In view of his wholehearted and ruthless condemnation of staff officers in London yesterday, blatantly delivered in the presence of all the battalion officers of the district, how he reconciles his action with King's regulations and orders is puzzling a good many.

Naturally, Sir Sam is a wonderful man. He says so himself and he ought to know. He has explained that he did not instruct the late Earl Kitchener how to run the war, but that was a mere oversight, according to those who know Sir Sam. The only explanation that can be given of his local action yesterday is that he is a supreme being, whom K. R. and O. does not touch.

Sir Sam "called" officers as if they were mere school boys yesterday and he did it in the presence of their juniors. On this point K. R. and O. has something interesting to say.

In section VIII, paragraphs 347 and 348, the following appears:

Par. 347.—An officer of ANY rank will adopt toward his subordinates such methods of command and treatment as will not only insure RESPECT for authority, but also foster the feelings of self-respect and personal honor ESSENTIAL IN MILITARY EFFICIENCY.

Par. 348.—COURTESY IS INDISPENSABLE TO DISCIPLINE. Commanding officers should not only bear this in mind, but they should circulate the principle in those UNDER THEIR COMMAND.

Whenever it becomes necessary to check carelessness or neglect of duty, admonition or reproof (unless the occasion demands public example), SHOULD BE CONVEYED PRIVATELY.

Soldiers who witnessed the review on Carling Heights on Thursday morning declare that there was absolutely no demand for censure, let alone public censure of the typical Sam Hughes brand that was hurled at the officers, and that the action of the major-general was a violation of the first principle of discipline. The effect was offset somewhat, it is admitted, by the reputation of the man who did the censuring, but at the same time the prestige and efficiency of the officers reproved by the war lord of Canada has naturally not increased.

It must be said for the newspapermen present that they did not endeavor to make a sensation of Sir Sam's action—much as he would have liked it. Laymen though they may be, it is more than evident that they are more aware of the real worth and devoted service of the staff of No. 1 Military District than Sir Sam Hughes. Untrusting in their labors, courteous, efficient, held at home when they would be at the front, they have done those things which the cheap public horseplay of Sir Sam Hughes cannot tear down. But it is ever Sir Sam's delight to throw humiliation upon gentlemen.

London has got more or less used to Hughes' outbreaks. Last summer he called a commanding officer, one of his own appointees by the way, "an honest old duck" in the presence of his men. The fact that the battalion subsequently acquired considerable publicity through the action of some of its members was a not-to-be-wondered-at sequel. Just how much the words of Sir Sam affected the future of this unit is a problem no one can answer. That he personally could be charged as being guilty of complicity in its future acts is a seemingly unanswerable conten-

When They Put Him to Swatting Flies, Jimmy Had Just Seen Some Fancy Shooting at a Wild West Show.

BY FONTAINE FOX



tion. And the same conclusion applies to his action yesterday. It was not soldierly or becoming to the chief of Canada's forces, to say the least.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

London sees through a glass grayly when it comes to influence with Sir Sam Hughes.

Few people would treat their dogs the way Sir Sam Hughes treats his officers on occasions.

Some more Americans will echo Sherman's phrase about war if they have to spend a summer in Mexico.

British admiralty finds defective, cheap ammunition from Canada "entirely satisfactory." Seems funny.

Although the T. and L. Council is undecided as to how to spend Labor Day, it will be unhealthy for anyone who suggests work as a novelty.

Von Hindenburg has been made honorary president of a society to save German infants. This, while he is squandering the lives of thousands of fathers, is rich.

Mederic Martin wishes he could drop the majority of Montreal for a week, so that he could punch some reporters. The attempt might easily prolong his holiday in hospital.

WAIT A MINUTE!
—By J. H. F.

The battle hymn of the Manitoba gang seems to have been "Steal Away."

A Kansas preacher preached a sermon to one man. The audience said it reminded him so much of home.

Rome was saved by the cackle of geese on one occasion, but it looks as if the U. S. A. would not be saved by Bill Bryan's speeches.

Tom Edison is not in politics, he says. Tom always was a sensible sort of person.

A German dispatch says the crown prince is suffering from over work. It cannot be brain work.

We have been trying to understand the "undiluted Americanism" idea. They usually take it straight over there anyway.

As we slant it following the Russian drive, Austria is populated by women, children and marathon runners.

I wish I were not mayor of Montreal for only one week. It would give me a chance to punch the noses of those fellows," remarked Mayor Martin.

Advertiser, June 21, 1916.

MEDERIC'S MADNESS.
I note that Friend Mederic, the mayor of Montreal,

Wishes he was out of office for a week. So that, sacre bleu! he might just poke a few obstreperous reporters on the back.

Mederic holds strange views, same as General Sam Hughes. Who thinks no one but himself should speak.

He seems to think the scribe, whose goss he would imbibed, Will just meekly turn about the other cheek.

Let Mederic think again; the scribes are not the men Who will stand for that inconceivable rough stuff!

They'll write up that Gentilhomme so he'll feel their sting, by gum. Unless he's a hide that's extra tough.

Folks like Mederic and Sam should learn to be more calm. Nor away on such hysterical flights to soar. For people nowadays are emerging from the haze. And are learning that a donkey's bray is not a lion's roar.

—THE OLD 'UN.
June 22, 1916.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1916, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

The House On the Hill

BY EARL REED SILVERS.

Young Mrs. Jack Winter gazed long and sorrowfully at the little white house on the hill.

"If you'd only stop your foolish attempts to write short stories," she said to her worshipping husband, "you could make enough money at your business to buy that house in a few months."

"But perhaps I'll sell a story or two," Mr. Jack answered, "and then we can buy it anyway."

"You'll never sell a story," Her speech was brutally frank. "It isn't in you."

"My beginning to think so myself," Mr. Jack answered, "and then we can buy it anyway."

"You're only wasting time and money," I wish you'd get the foolish idea out of your head."

Mrs. Jack's tone betrayed long suffering. She had been married for six months, and during that time Mr. Jack had received eleven rejection slips. He was obsessed with the idea that he could write, but neither his wife nor his friends gave him any encouragement.

"Your stories sound funny to me," his college chum had told him once. "They're not like other stories, I've read. Why don't you have them and happily? That's the kind that sells."

"But in life," the budding author had retorted, "things don't always end happily. I try to make my stories true to life."

It was the same when he read his efforts to his otherwise adoring wife. "If I were you," she told him, "I'd give the chance to take up that big Morrison case just because you wanted time to finish a story and the thing came back two weeks after you sent it."

"I don't care," Mr. Jack spoke determinedly. "That story is going to make its mark some day."

"Well, I hope it does," she sighed. "But the law case would have given you at least a thousand dollars, and we could have bought the little house."

"Well, maybe I'll sell it yet," He drew his reluctant wife away from her dreamy contemplation of the much desired white cottage, and chatted about one hundred and one trivial things until they reached their rented apartment. In the mail box, he found a thick envelope.

"What is it?" Mrs. Jack spoke without enthusiasm. She had seen similar missives before.

"The 'Final Payment' has come back," he announced. "I'll send it out again tonight."

"I wouldn't if I were you," She spoke with a touch of sarcasm. "It's only a waste of postage."

Mr. Jack wisely refrained from replying, but made his way to the den, where he idly picked up a current magazine. On the title page, the announcement of a prize short story contest stared at him.

"One thousand dollars," he read, "will be given for the best short story submitted. The story must be unusual—the more out of the ordinary the better for our purpose."

Without saying a word to anyone, he inserted "The Final Payment" in an envelope and sent it to the magazine conducting the contest. Then he awaited results.

Meanwhile he maintained a discreet silence. He pushed himself industriously to his law business, and managed to secure one or two big cases, which promised to turn out exceedingly well.

"I told you that you were never meant for a writer," Mrs. Jack reminded him one evening, about two months after his prize story had been submitted. "Look at the money you are progressing. We ought to save a thousand dollars easily within the next two years. If you had kept on trying to write, we'd be worse off than ever."

Mr. Jack smiled, and went on his way. Then, one afternoon, his office mail brought an envelope stamped with the name of a certain magazine. It wasn't a long, thick envelope, but a short, thin one, and it contained something which made his heart beat furiously.

That night, at the supper table, he broached the subject to his wife. "Do you remember that 'Final Payment' story?" he asked.

"Yes," She showed little interest. "Well, I sent it to a magazine about two months ago."

"You did?"

"Yes, and I heard from them today."

"They kept it a little longer than usual," She changed the subject. "I went by the house this afternoon."

Mr. Jack frowned. It seemed to him that his wife still had little faith in his literary powers. Which was true. "And someone was looking at it," Mrs. Jack continued. "I went to the agent and he said he had a fine chance to sell it."

"That's too bad."

"I asked him if we could make a deposit of five hundred dollars on it, but he said no. One thousand is the least possible first payment the owner will take."

"Well," Mr. Jack arose from the table. "I'm going to do a little writing tonight."

A few minutes later, however, he reappeared, hat in hand.

"I think I'll go down to the club for a while," he announced. "I'll be back before nine."

In an hour or so he returned, smiling broadly. Then, in spite of his wife's protest, he shut himself in the den and wrote until midnight.

When he came home the next evening, Mrs. Jack met him with teardimmed eyes.

"Oh, Jack," she cried, "the little house is sold."

"Who bought it?" There was a happy light in his eyes.

"The agent wouldn't tell me. But the person deposited the money last night, and now we've lost it for good."

"Well, that's too bad," He was apparently indifferent. "I'm going to write some more tonight."

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