HERE & THERE

BY ZETO.

MENTAL MEANDERINGS OF A TEMPERATE, TEMPORARY TRANSIENT OFFICER.

AS we have before remarked sympathy is an excellent attribute and gives that warmth of glow to personality which is as welcome as the fire in the grate on arriving in your room on a chilly evening. Without sympathy, personality, and without fire, the grate fail in their respective missions, which are in a sense identical—to be a comfort and blessing to men—which includes women. Sometimes a grate fails in its mission owing to a batman's absence of mind—and of body. Sometimes a personality fails in its mission owing to a superabundance of presence of self and absence of thought of others. There is no fire in the grate; there is no sympathy in the personality. This is failure of mission by omission. There is also failure of mission by misdirection or mis apprehension of distributive values; for instance, should a batman knowing he will be, or desiring that he should be, absent for several hours, yet equally, or almost equally, desirous that is officer should not be deprived of the comfort of a fire at the fag end of those hours, pile on enough coal on a mild afternoon to heat a barn on a cold night, he surely does not promote the comfort desired and intended. Through him the grate fails in its mission owing to misdirection (some of the coal will be on the hearth) and to wrong sense of proportion and of distributive values. It has a demoralizing effect all round. You do not feel grateful although the grate is choked. You would like to be able to bless the batman, but you find yourself strafing him.

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So it is with some of the dear kind people whose personality does not fail in its mission of comfort through absence of sympathy. There is plenty of it but they shovel it out in such large quantities and in the wrong direction and at inopportune moments that—well—God bless them; they mean well.

We are sure there was nothing but desire to comfort, stimulate and sympathize in the hearts of two or three Buxton friends who recently engaged us in a climatic conversation; who asked us in what part of Canada we had lived and what kind of winter we had in that part. We told them we were not unused to 20 and 25 below zero. "How fortunate you are stationed at Buxton. You *will* enjoy the winter here. It is the coldest spot in England. We do not have it 20 below zero, but the winds are very keen; and we do have snow and the rains are very cold too. So [illegible]d you will feel quite at home and comfo[illegible]ble in Buxton in the winter."

Ye gods and little fishes! And the only thing in a quarter of a century that we [illegible]r had against the Canadian climate was [illegible] long cold winter; and it at least was dry!

Again are we sure that it was nothing but sympathy at the bottom—with a little stupidity at the top—that threatened to mar one of the best numbers at the great Red Cross Concert in the Opera House on Wednesday. In a programme of not inconsiderable merit nothing more completely captured, not only ourself, but practically the whole house, than Corporal Thompson's rendering of the chimes or Church bells on the piano. We have heard others do this who were good, but never had we heard anything that rang so true as Corporal Thompson's touch of those treble keys. The whole range of tuneful melody ofrm the clashing fortissimo to the almost imperceptibly vanishing pianissimo filled ear and soul. We doubt not there were others as well as ourselves, there in body, but in spirit back again to childhood's days in some old English parish listening once more, as they lay in bed, to the bells of the old parish church ringing clear, now loud, now soft, over the fields and roads. The Corporal-pianist was touching chords of which he possibly wot not and his deft touch which brought those memory-stirring sounds from the instrument, begot an intense silence throughout the house. As he again reached the softer sounds only just audible; yet distinct, the intense silence seemed to take on an even deeper tinge—and was harshly broken by someone applauding, and of course being quickly imitated by half a dozen other sheep-like listeners, who joined in the clapping for a few seconds. We wish we could have clapped—those misdirected, well-meaning sympathizers—with a club.

* * * *

NOW, having a little real sympathy in *our* personality for the victims who read this column we will turn from sympathy and sympathizers of the wrong kind to something more concrete, substantial and interesting. Let us pick up "Captain Thurgar on roller skating." He has taken to it like a duck takes to water and, to keep up the simile, he dives beautifully—only he reverses. To see him and Mr. Young gliding arm in arm around the rink is an inspiration. It reminds one so forcibly of an old illustration and an old song, "We won't go home till morning."

* * * *

THE great demand for dentists in the camps of those about to "go across" took from us Captain Macdonald over a fortnight since. We had long been accustomed to his absence from breakfast, but we miss him muchly at luncheon and dinner. May he soon return whose absence means an aching void—in many a patient tooth, and a feeling in the Mess akin to that should the chef forget to put salt in potato pan.

ZETO.

AMATEUR NIGHT.

Somewhat in the nature of an innovation was the concert held in Recreation Hall last Friday night. After a short programme of unusual merit, in which Privates Rocca and Reeves, of the Voluntary Auxiliary Hospital, kindly assisted, volunteers were called upon from those present to demonstrate their ability as entertainers, the commanding officer, Major Frederick Guest, having offered three prizes as an inducement to the "amateurs" to come forward. Some of the efforts were reaily very good, the prizes being awarded to Privates Bainbridge, Parker and Evans. As a whole the affair was very enjoyable and was evidently appreciated by those present, as manifested by the lughter and applause with which the embyro professionals were greeted. Of course, as on all such occasions, some of the would-be-performers were "on the blink" and were given the "hook," but as an exemplification of a Canadian amateur night the entertainment was all that could be desired.

SAD NEWS.

Sapper Tom Kirkwood, one of the inmates of the hospital, received word during the past week that his sister, Mrs. James Bowie, had died at Flint, Michigan, on September 20th. His comrades sympathize with him in his bereavement.

CANADIANS VISIT AUXILIARY.

A party of entertainers consisting of the French-Canadian trio, Ptes. Grimes and Burbidge, and Sergt.-Major Carpenter paid a visit on Friday veening to the Volunteer Auxiliary Hospital to assist in a concert that had been arranged for that night. They report a good programme and an enjoyable time.

BATTLES LONG AGO.

He was very, very old, and, like most old warriors, lived wholly in the past, nothing pleasing him more than to be able to relate the glories of the battles in which he had fought long ago. And nothing pleased little Tommy more than to listen to these stirring stories.

The old man had just been describing the perils he had faced at Inkermann.

"Getting on for sixty years ago. Dear, dear!" he muttered. "Fifty-nine years, at any rate! Yes, that was the last time a bullet grazed my head."

For a while Tommy gazed at the old soldier's head, then cheerfully remarked:—

"And there isn't much grazing left now, is there, grandad?"

"Willie, did you give Johnny Smith a black eye?"

"No, sir."

"Are you sure?" queried the stern headmaster.

"Yes, sir. He always had the eye. I just blackened it for him."

BEDTIME STORIES.

Murphy was out sniping one night, and a big Fritz came towards him with outstretched hands, and asked to surrender.

"Want to surrender, d'yer?- says Murphy. "Well, if yer does, jest slip back and get t'elmet, as I am goin' 'ome on pass next week."

Slim Jackson, the fiddler, lost his wife. She died on Thursday, and was buried on Friday. Saturday night Slim appeared to play for a dance.

Some members of the party were horrified and called Slim aside. "It seems to us," said the spokesman, "that it ain't just right, you playing for a dance the night after you bury your wife."

"Well," says Slim, "I didn't know how it would strike ye, but considering she warn't a blood relation of mine I thought it would be alright."

She: "The doctor says I want a change of climate, and I don't know where to go."

He: "You don't need to go anywhere. Just you stay right here in Buxton and you will get it all the time."

Mrs. Bacon: "I heard you talking to yourself whilst you were taking your bath, John. That's a bad custom."

Mr. Bacon: "I wasn't talking to myself; I was talking to the soap, I slipped on it and fell."

Bill (reading of the German atrocities, and scratching his head): "Yer know, Joe, the missus ain't so bad when you come to think of it."

Curate (discussing the drink question): "If you can't afford ale you can have cocoa."

Village Reprobate: "But whoever heard of anyone drinking half a gallon of cocoa a night?"

An enquiry was being held relating to the death of a dusky labourer in a South California town, and the testimony was required from a coloured workman who was the last person to see the deceased alive.

Asked what he knew about the sad occurrence he said:—

"Well, sah, me an' Jake was walking down de railroad track, on our way home, an' putty soon I hear dat ole' engine whistle, and she did whistle good, an' loud. So I des stepped off de tracks, and dat ole locomotive she went a-sizzlin' and a-boomin' right by me. I looked back, and I ain't seen no Jake. So I walks back along de tracks putty slow, and putty soon I come to Jake's 'at lyin' by de side 'er de tracks. 'N I goes a lille further, an' I sees a arm belongin' to Jake, an' a leg, an' den about 'alf a mile on I sees Jake's 'ead. An' I says to maself, 'Bless gracious, sumfin must a 'appened to Jake.'"

First Youth: "Scientists say that trees contribute to the heat of the atmosphere."

Second Youth: "That's so; a birch has warmed me many a time."

Medical Officer (to malingering recruit): "Shooting pains, eh? Yes, I know; you get them shooting from the head to the chest?"

Recruit: "Yes, sir."

M.O.: "Then down your body?"

Recruit: "Yes, sir."

M.O.: "And then down your legs?"

Recruit: "Yes, sir."

M.O.: "Well, you can return to duty. They'll soon be out at your feet."

"Do you drink coffee?" asked the doctor of an aged patient.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Coffee," continued the M.D., "is a slow poison."

"Yes, very slow," replied the old man; "I have taken it daily for nearly eighty years."

Mrs. Exe: "Your maid is too familiar. You should make her keep her place."

Mrs. Wye: "If I make her keep her place she'd leave her job."

Daughter: "There is only one thing more astonishing than the readiness with which Ned gave up tobacco when we became engaged."

Mother: "What is that astonishing thing?"

Daughter: "The rapidity with which he took it up again as soon as we were married."

Sergeant (disgustedly, to Private Josser, who is not exactly a Private Fulton at shooting): "Ugh! don't waste your last bullet. Nineteen are quite enough to blaze away without hitting the target once. Go behind that wall and blow your brains out."

Josser walked quietly away, and a few seconds later a shot rang out.

"Great Scot, the fool's done what I told him!" howled the sergeant, running behind the wall.

Great was his relief when he saw Private Josser coming towards him.

"Sorry, sergeant," he said apologetically, "another miss."

'Tis plain that woman's progress there's no stopping,
For day by day a larger place she fills.
Some day we men will do the Christmas shopping
And women will (we hope so) pay the bills.

"This," said a simple-looking young man, "is my photograph with my two French poodles. You recognise me, eh?"

"I think so," said the young lady. "You are the one with the hat on, are you not?"

"Have you ever kissed another girl?" asked the girl.

"If I have," replied the experienced young man, "I've forgotten all about it."

Whereupon she asked no more questions.

"Our train ran over a cow," said a traveller to his wife, who met him on the railway platform.

"Was it on the line?" said the wife.

"No," replied the husband, "we chased it over two fields, through a wood, and then up a tree!"

KEEPING THE HUNS ON THE RUN.

General Sir Douglas Haig, Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in France—Man behind the Great Push! "Duggy" Haig, beloved of every man Jack in a khaki uniform!

And why? How long since is it that he became known to us all? That question supplies its own answer. For a few short months General Sir Douglas has achieved sufficient popularity to have become plain "Duggy" among men from whom such a familiarity is a rare compliment. The man who holds the fortunes of our armies in his care has become an amazing magnetic force which has attracted and held the faith and trust in Tommy and Jean alike, from divisional generals downwards.

Consider what this means. Look what it is achieving in the Great Push. As brilliant and as far-reaching as, say, Brusiloff's victories in the East; as epoch-making as Sarrail's offensive in the Balkans, what greater satisfaction can be had than a smashing up of the Germans in the West? Observe the methods of the great general. None of your attacks en masse before the artilery had completely destroyed the enemy defences.

No! a victory to Douglas Haig must be achieved at the minimum of cost. What does the expenditure of a few more shells matter when even one life of a British Tommy can be saved? "Duggy" Haig therefore, prefers the Joffre process of "nibbling," in which munitions rather than men are sacrificed. Hats off to "Duggy."

The man in the street is only just beginning to know more about the Man behind the Big Push. In the past Sir Douglas Haig simply stood for the general officer who sent periodical reports of victory to London. But go to France—on however cursory a visit—and the remarkable sway of the man becomes at once apparent.

The man who is a descendant of the Haigs who fought with glory at Bannockburn six centuries ago has become a vital power along the entire Western front.

As Wellington was of yesterday so Haig is to-day. If Hindenburg wants to shorten his line, Haig will do it for him very thoroughly!

Needless to say he is a Scotsman. A man of grit, endurance and taciturnity, he possesses all the characteristics one expects from one of the granite race. And yet there is an anomalous streak in him. You look and see the blue eyes, firm chin and finely chiselled features, you mark well the imperturbability of the Fifer, and admit their consistency in the sinewy and alert figure. But then you look again and notice a suspicion of merriment hiding behind the big frank eyes.

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