

MAINLY PERSONAL.

An Earl With a Mission

LORD DERBY, descended from four centuries of earls, the 17th earl of that name, has a few weeks left to decide whether his fellow-countrymen, from the Hooligan upwards, will continue to become soldiers without conscription. No historic aristocrat ever tackled a more inspiring democratic business. Seven weeks ago he took charge of the recruiting to build up the rest of the King's army to Kitchener's dimensions. The noble Earl believes in volunteerism. He believes that Englishmen are not born to be conscripts. He undertook to prove it or to abandon it first by the end of November, now by the end of December. He set to work with his sleeves rolled up; got into touch with trade union representatives, organized a corps of civilian canvassers, used the "pink forms" of the national Register and arranged to send a letter to every "unstarred" man considered eligible for the army and not engaged on Government work. The Earl seems to believe in national organization—but without compulsory service.

If any man in England can prove that these two principles are compatible, Lord Derby is the man. He is nothing of a snob. He is a worker. He knows the masses better than any other man belonging to the classes. He has rubbed shoulders with them. He is a sporting man and a soldier. At 20 years of age he was a lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards. At 23 he was in Canada, A.D.C. to the Governor-General—between 1889 and 1891. In the South African War he was both chief censor and private secretary to Lord Roberts, being twice mentioned in despatches. Afterwards he went into politics, becoming Financial Secretary to the War Office and afterwards Postmaster General. Lord Derby is a man with a mission. He will probably be remembered in history as the man who proved that national organization means efficient and organized methods of recruiting.

Too Good to be True

OF course no one sanely believes there is any truth in the talk about Col. Roosevelt going to war at the head of Canadian-American troops. Sir Sam Hughes has not yet officially believed the rumour, which seems to have come out of the ground at Ottawa. No doubt if "Teddy" were let to do just the way he feels, he would go to war. He headed a regiment of cowpunchers in the little war picnic down in Cuba. He has had two terms and a piece as President. He made Taft and the Progressive Party. He hunted big game in various parts of the world and discovered a new river in South America. He toured most of the world, including all Europe, and lectured Englishmen in the Guildhall on how to govern Egypt. He became a personal friend—to some degree—of the Kaiser, whom he was said by some people to imitate. He was editor of the Outlook, and lecturer in a university. Now he is out of a recreation. War would suit him very well. And there is no doubt that Col. Roosevelt's heart and head are with the cause of justice in this war. He openly said, months ago, that the United States should long have repudiated the German crime against Belgium. He has been the voice of one crying in a pacifist or at least a neutral wilderness. There are probably complications that will prevent Roosevelt from going to war, unless he chooses to enlist as a private. But if he ever decides so to do and gets to the front anywhere near that other dynamo Winston Churchill, there should be a big general offensive in that part of the line.

Our Tallest Soldier

AT no time in the history of war was the tall soldier at so great a disadvantage as now. The tallest soldier yet sent from Canada to the war was Capt. C. Hutton Crowdy, formerly of the 13th Battalion from Montreal. He was six feet four in his stockings. When the war began he was a lieutenant in the 5th Royal Highlanders. He enlisted with the 13th Battalion and was transferred to the 15th. He went through all the battle contained in the four-days hell upon earth around Ypres, last spring, and was never even scratched, in spite of his tremendous height. But on October 20th a



Lord Derby, who believes that organized recruiting is better than conscription.

sniper's bullet got the tall one; probably some snip of a sniper about five feet four down a badger hole.

London's Red Envelopes

JACK LONDON has been denied the freedom of the United States mails. No particular indecency; just for being Jack London in a new way. London wanted a new way of being as red as raw meat. His books and short stories no longer exploded like they used to. Jack was tired trying the short-arm jab and the upper-cut on his readers in the conventional way. So he hit upon the device of getting some of his sentiments printed in red ink on the reverse side of envelopes, which, of course, were sold—not for the benefit of the Red Cross, but in aid of the raw-meat artist in modern current literature. The article was entitled "A Good Soldier." Was it a call to arms, an appeal to his fellow-countrymen to go to war on behalf of right against might? No, it was a murderous attack on the good soldier whom he called all the names that escaped Henry Ford when he said the soldier is a murderer. Because it was a reflection on certain citizens of the United States who have been and still are soldiers, the envelope with the rouge decoration of Londonese was debarred the mails. Which will also deprive the finest literary pirate that ever lived of his profit on sales at 75 cents a hundred envelopes.



Canada's tallest soldier. Killed by a sniper, Oct. 20.

Kitchener's Outing

KNOWING that K. of K. is "somewhere in the Balkans" or thereabouts, the average British soldier in that part of the world is likely to feel himself getting a new interest in the war. Kitchener was a big man at the War Office. He is always a bigger man when he is out on the edge of things. Down among the soldiers he will probably feel more at home than he has ever felt round the War Office. Kitchener was never nervous over powder and smoke, but he must have been considerably irritated during the past six months at the popgun shooting of some London newspapers. Not to mention the Times and the Mail, there have been some harsh things said about Kitchener by the Nation, which declared recently that at the outbreak of war, Lord Kitchener "dissipated and destroyed the General

Staff and tried to run the war himself."

Well, he has always been used to running whatever war he was next to, and he probably reflected that a general staff in London is no use, whereas a general staff on the field is just as useful as Germany makes it. As has been pointed out, nobody knows who the Prussian War Minister is; but everybody knows who the general staff are and within a hundred miles where they are—not far from the firing line. And with all possible respect to Kitchener's genius as an organizer of an army, it has always seemed as though he were a bigger man in the very spot where he could most of all be a soldier—which is not in the War Office decorated with red tape, but in the field camp, where he can direct the men who are doing the fighting.

During the past few days Kitchener has held conferences with the King of Greece, Premier Skoufidos and the Greek War Minister. Greek ports are declared to be in a state of blockade by the Allies until Greece demonstrates that she is willing to remain neutral. None of which would have been so easy without Kitchener in the near East.

A Bungled Battalion

LIEUT.-COL. ALEX. WILSON, C.O. of the 33rd, is probably the most uncomfortable commanding officer in Canada at present. His battalion, the 33rd, of Huron, which has been in camp at London more than a year without making progress anywhere nearer the front, is now the centre of the most serious scandal allegations ever made against any battalion in Canada. The charges made in the case include the theft of supplies said to be diverted to private use by officers of the battalion, smuggling liquor into the camp by the officers, shortage of rations to the men, the attempt to get a certain A.S.C. officer out of town in exchange for \$10,000, which was not available, the bribing of officers by meat supply teamsters—enough rottenness to make the lot of a respectable officer or private in the 33rd about as undesirable as that of a convict. The commanding officer himself is charged with no corrupt methods. But until he is able to find out by means of court investigation which and how many of his officers were involved in the charges made, he is very likely to wish he were almost anywhere else than in command of the 33rd at London.



Lt.-Col. Alex. Wilson, whose 33rd Overseas Battalion has been held up by a court of inquiry into irregularities.

Won Military Cross

THE information given below the illustration in a recent issue of the Courier of the three London officers who "did their bit" at the front was not quite complete. We have since learned that Lieutenant Scandrett, the centre one of the trio, has already won the Military Cross for brilliant work in saving the guns at Langemarck. He came through that great event without a scratch, and later took up the duties of an observation officer. It was while returning from observation work over the German lines in an aeroplane with a pilot that he met with the accident which put him out of active service for the time being. They were caught in one of the dense fogs so prevalent in the Western war zone, and when going at a speed of 85 miles an hour struck a hay stack. This put the machine out of business, and resulted in the death of the air pilot.

Lieutenant Scandrett tells some interesting experiences as an observation officer. He has been forty miles within the German lines, making observations of the movement of troops and notes on fortifications. One of the most trying things and one that requires a steady hand and plenty of nerve is taking photographs from a fast moving aeroplane. He tells of taking thirty-one photographs of Lille in one morning. To get a good picture the operator has to hold himself in the machine with his feet, thus leaving his body and hands free to so manipulate the camera as to overcome the vibration of the aeroplane in motion.