

## A Grateful Country Will Never Forget You!

### A DEAD SOLDIER PACKED IN SAWDUST.

Reprint from Glasgow Forward, January 18.

Private F. Morris enlisted in the British Army 14 years ago. He enlisted under the name of Jones.

He has had 14 years' continuous service with the colours. For the past 3 years and 4 months he has fought for King and Country without a single leave in Mesopotamia, Egypt, and the Dardanelles.

He was in the 1st Royal Scots, and his regimental number was 28,360.

On the 6th inst. he died at Southampton University War Hospital, Ward 17. His death was said to be from dysentery.

His widow receives the following telegram, the original of which is in my possession now:

5-0 Southampton, T., O.H.M.S. Mrs. Morris, 266 Castle Street. Townhead, Glasgow 168, 6-1-19. Regret Private Jones died this afternoon. Kindly wire your wishes regarding funeral. **Body will be sent free of charge to nearest railway station. All expenses and fees from station to home and cemetery borne by you.**

O.C., University War Hospital, Southampton.

Just read that telegram over again. Read it slowly, so that you miss nothing.

A grateful country will never forget you. Never.

And to show you that a grateful country will never forget you, when the body of Private Morris (enlisted as Jones) arrived in Glasgow, it was in a plain, unvarnished box.

The body was packed in SAWDUST. Sawdust? Yes, Sawdust. It was naked at the back. On the front there was a shroud.

The undertaker (whose name and address I have) was of the opinion that the tears and holes in the skin were the result of rat bites. But an official of the Discharged Sailors' and Soldiers' Federation, who saw the body, is not of that opinion. He thinks the abrasions are due to the nails of the box-handles.

On Monday the remains of Private Morris were laid to rest at Lambhill cemetery—Common Burying Ground.

But there was a firing party. Yes, a grateful country will never forget you.

Mrs. Morris had to go to the pawnshop to get 4 shillings and six pence to pay at Maryhill Barracks for the expenses of the firing party.

Reprint from Glasgow Forward, February 1st.

We have received further particulars of the "soldier's case," to which I referred last week. Private John Smith, late of the 17th H.L.I., lies dying at 34 Forth Street, Port Dundas. He is suffering from wounds in the abdomen, and is said to have been waiting for treatment in hospital for the past six months for wounds in the abdomen. He is a Military Medalist—a hero. He lives at 34 Forth Street, Port Dundas.

Go up and look at the "house!"

His wife is being confined. The Doctor is called in to a single room house where the man lies in pain, but unable to speak. The

### MORE FREEDOM

There is only one cure for evils which newly-acquired freedom produces, and that cure is freedom. When a prisoner first leaves his cell, he cannot bear the light of day; he is unable to discriminate colors or recognize faces. The remedy is to accustom him to the rays of the sun.

The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage. But let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason. The extreme violence of opinion subsides. Hostile theories correct each other. The scattered elements of truth cease to contend, and begin to coalesce. And at length a system of justice and order is reduced out of chaos.

Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition, that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water till he had learned to swim. If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait forever.—Macaulay

"house" is too small for the Doctor, the soldier, the woman, and the child being born, so during birth the Military Medalist is carried out in a blanket and laid upon the common landing.

The Doctor in distress and indignation goes down to the Glasgow Federation of Discharged Soldiers and Sailors office to see if there is nothing can be done with a punch and a kick against these atrocities. Something surely must be done. The Glasgow Federation, we understand, has been promised through Mr. M'Kenzie an interview with the Minister of Pensions about the "packed in sawdust" case which we exposed a fortnight ago, and the deputation can be trusted to see that official complacency is disturbed about dozens of other home atrocity cases.

### HARD TREATMENT OF VETERAN.

The following, taken from the Khaki Call, shows rather hard treatment on the one hand and a benevolent spirit on the other:

"With two and a half years' service and over a dozen wounds, for which he is still under treatment, a first contingent soldier returning from New York to Toronto was forced by the Canadian custom authorities to pay \$11 duty on the \$18 suit he had just purchased.

"Disgusted by this treatment meted out to a veteran by a government employee, and finding that the soldier was unable to pay, his fellow passengers passed around the hat, collecting \$22. On receipt of this sum the veteran broke down and wept. He had given up his post as a railway engineer at \$130 to enlist in the C.E.F."

Edmonton "Town Topics" supplies us with another case of interest.

These articles contrast well with the report in "Winnipeg Tribune" of President Wilson's reception in England.

### Wilson is Banqueted

The environment of President Wilson's second day in England was quieter than that of the first day. The only ceremonial event was a state banquet in Buckingham Palace, which was notable not only as a spectacle such as probably no other court in Europe can provide the setting for, now that the thrones of Russia, Germany and Austria have disappeared, but from the representative character of the men summoned to meet the head of the American government.

President Wilson escorted Queen Mary into the banquet hall while King George had Mrs. Wilson on his arm.

### Eat from Gold Plate.

The banquet was a scene of magnificent splendor, the gold plate upon which it was served being valued at \$15,000,000.

Our troops in Germany having been instructed to arrest all Bolsheviks, there ensued great debate as to how the Bolshevik was to be known when met with.

Some opined that he was a hairy animal with a red shirt. But an officer explained that there was an even simpler method of making certain. "You will soon know a Bolshevik," he said, "he will likely ask you what you are fighting for."

### WILL THEY DISARM?

We have emerged from a war to end a war with a naval appropriation amounting to \$721,000,000 for building ten battleships and ten scout cruisers. Congress and the American people are in the dark as to the need for this extraordinary appropriation. A mysterious message sent by the President and revealed by Chairman Padgett to the House Committee on Naval Affairs resulted in a unanimous report in favor of the bill, but the words of the message were withheld from indignant Congressmen. They were told by Mr. Padgett, however, that the President was "very earnest and very insistent." The bill as finally passed contains the old Hensley clause providing that the programme may be suspended if a competent instrumentality for international peace is set up. The peace conference, however, has thus far made only vague allusions to possible disarmament, and it is likely, therefore, that our naval programme will be carried through as it stands. Is it intended for the protection of our own coasts or for helping other nations of the league to police the seas? Why should a secret cablegram from our champion of "open covenants" settle the question of our naval policy?—NATION