

Sir Max Aitken Has Praise Merger For Sir Sam Hughes

Small Fry London Papers Praise the Minister, but the big Dailies Are Inclined to Fight Shy of Him---The Morning Post Thinks He Should Quit Appointing Political Brigadier Generals--Sir Sam Feeling a Chill in the London Atmosphere.

(By H. F. Gadsby.)

Ottawa, August 14.—Inspired cables from London announce that certain newspapers speak of public acclaim for Sir Sam, as one who has done much for the Empire. The papers mentioned are the Mail, not Lord Northcliffe's Daily Mail, but the "Sunday Mail," a scabby little sheet which trades on the shadow of a great name—and the London Pictorial and the Mirror, two papers that will acclaim anything or anybody that will make a good photograph.

Sir Sam's acclaiming thus seems to belinger on the outskirts of Journalism, and if Sir Max Aitken can't do better than this in button-holing the London press for Canada's War Lord, he had better get back to his job of eyewitnessing in Flanders, which rumor says he does largely by proxy. Sir Max has committed merger successfully several times, but this latest project of his—a Praise Merger of the London press for Sir Sam—has gone wrong. He hasn't interested the right people. Even the Morning Post, whose war correspondent Sir Max admires so much that he frequently uses his work in his own copy for the Canadian newspapers—even the Morning Post, we re-

peat, backs up when it comes to acclaiming as a public benefactor the man who saddled Colonel John Wesley Allison on the British Empire.

The best the Post can say is that if Sir Sam will quit appointing political brigadier generals to the Canadian army, all will be forgiven, or words to that effect.

Studiously Silent.

As for the rest of the big London dailies of all shades of politics, they are studiously silent. Sam has got to show them. The Birmingham Post, which is the most influential Conservative newspaper outside of London, openly denounces him. Meanwhile, the Constitutional Club, another head centre of Conservative opinion in England, which was shaping up to give Sir Sam a banquet the last time he was over there, shows no signs of renewing the amiable intentions which were broken off by a cabled summary of the Kite charges.

It's a safe guess that the Constitutional Club has not failed to read the Duff-Meredith report and to draw its own conclusions. Moreover, the Duke of Connaught's withdrawal from Canada, under pressure of a desire to quit

a post which carried with it the responsibility of accepting Sir Sam as one of his advisers, has not caused the Constitutional Club to feel any warmer toward the man whom it barely escaped making its guest of honor.

It Doesn't Get Very Far.

All of which is to say that public acclaim for Sir Sam doesn't get very far in London. The Heart of Empire refuses to beat one stroke more or faster for Colonel John Wesley Allison's chief friend and booster. Sir Sam himself is quick to feel this chill in the atmosphere. The cable reports all indicate that he had ceased giving interviews, which is so unlike Sir Sam that the correspondents are plainly flabbergasted. They don't know what to make of it, but Sir Sam does. He realizes only too well that he cannot explain Camp Borden and its mutinous consequences, and that would be one of the first questions the reporters would ask him. Besides, the British newspapers are fully informed of his posthumous tributes from Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, and might be disposed to take with more than a grain of salt anything that falls from the lips of one who does not hesitate to call the greatest dead from their

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graves to turn him a compliment. In short, they have no more belief in Sir Sam than they have in the sea serpent.

The Echoes Come Back.

It is also reasonable to suppose that his colleagues tipped him off that the less he said in England the better they would like it, because the echoes get back to Canada and bedevil things generally.

They possibly told him, too, that the parting insult which he flung at Quebec in his speech at the opening of the Lindsay Arsenal would get them into enough trouble with their Nationalist allies to last until he came back. At all events Sam seems to have adopted a new policy. He is going to keep his mouth shut—as long as he can. We understand, however, that the Sphinx is in no fear that her best previous record is to be shattered by the Minister of Militia for Canada.

Still, there is no reason why Sir Sam should go without public acclaim even in London. He can get it from his honorary colonels who, according to all reports, are more numerous there than Ford cars are in Detroit. There are honorary colonels in London that Canada never suspected she had about her. Distinguished citizens like Baron Shaughnessy and Sir Frederick Taylor come back from London with stories of vast herds of Canadian honorary colonels who have never heard a shot fired in anger, and who are so tame that they will eat out of any hand that will lead them to the Savoy grill.

They are much tamer and far more numerous than the buffalo at Wainwright. Many who have seen the buffalo at Wainwright will remember how like honorary colonels they look, with their imposing fronts, their glittering eyes and their sweetly domestic disposition, which prompts them to fight nothing more hostile than a bale of hay.

The Savoy Bar.

If Sir Sam's yearning for public acclaim overpowers him, all he has to do is to drop in at the American bar in the Savoy. Almost any hour of the day or night, up to closing time, he will find there a thirsty battalion of honorary colonels, drinking Manhattan and Martini cocktails as compounded on the banks of the Thames—that is to say, with the hair oil left in.

More honorary colonels can be found at the Cheshire Cheese, consulting the shade of Dr. Samuel Johnson, who, when he was in good form, took strong liquor every fifteen minutes. In his more penitent moods he filled up on tea, as Boswell has related.

They Don't Drink Tea.

Although there are many tea rooms between the Bank of England and Hyde Park, Sam will not find our honorary colonels infesting them to any extent. Our honorary colonels do not go abroad drinking tea. No sir. Their object is to prove that Kentucky is not the last word in colonels, either for numbers or alcoholic prowess. Sir Sam is justly celebrated as a dry canteener, but if he wants to get public acclaim out of his honorary colonels he must needs seek the wet spots of London. The Cecil, the Savoy, the Carlton, the Piccadilly, the Ritz, Frascati, the Troc—here he will find his honorary colonels these, and if he takes my tip he will make his rounds about 11 o'clock at night.

Public acclaim being the thing Sir Sam seeks in his business, public acclaim that Major John Bassett, his press agent, can wire over to Canada, may I suggest that he draws his honorary colonels out of their pleasant, but more or less private retreats and post them at strategic points where the British public can see them. A thousand honorary colonels, strategically posted where Sam could receive their salutes when he walks or motors or rides abroad, would have a great effect on the London newspapers.

How to Place Them.

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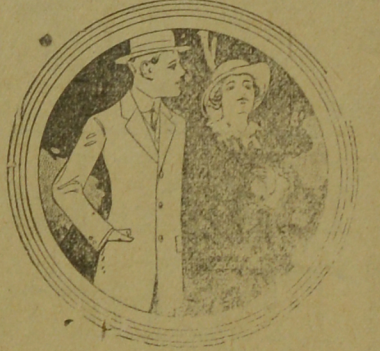
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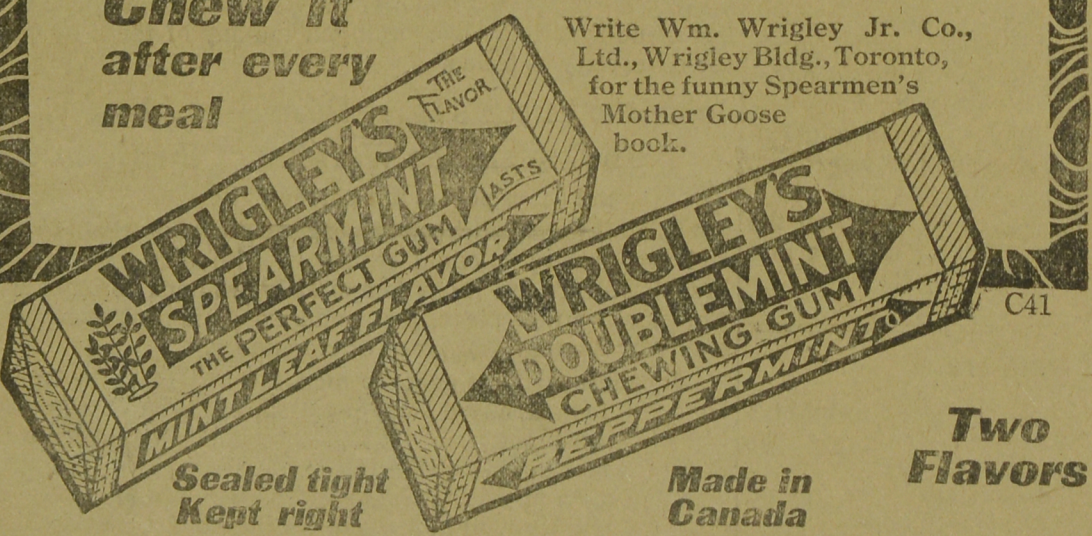
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