

Ways of the World

It's queer how affronted some of us are when our wives merely smile wanly instead of laughing vociferously every time we retell them the whiskered old stories we've been pulling on them since 1887.

We may be spineless and all that, but nobody has yet succeeded in herding us into a corner and telling us his or her "inner thoughts."

We've met a lot of chaps who are commonly averted to as "born leaders of men," and we've found that the great majority of them are just bullies with a certain veneer.

In the case of a two-man mix we always have a little private bet on the fellow who doesn't ask anybody to hold his coat.

It's surprising how the woman you've been supposing to be stately can become just stodgy by the mere process of stepping out of her high-heeled shoes.

We love to expunge; "Impeccable evening dress."

Some of us entertain the naive idea that, after hectoring and bullying our wives all over the place about a month at a stretch, we can square the whole thing up by being "kind" to them for about an hour and a half.

WAR HAS THRUST GREATNESS ON MAJOR GENERAL HUGHES

The Rogers Press, However, Thinks There Are Other Pebbles on the Beach—Glue Factory War Horses Were Intended as Remounts for Honorary Colonels

(By H. F. Gadsby.)

Ottawa, Nov. 13—The outstanding feature of the war, so far as the Borden government is concerned, is that it has thrust greatness on Sir Sam Hughes. He is the only Conservative politician who has harvested Knighthood out of it with the exception of Sir Herbert Ames, whose company made such good shoes for the soldiers that he simply could not be overlooked.

Meanwhile, it does not please his colleagues that all the glory should centre in the minister of militia and the Rogers press in Winnipeg; and in Montreal is more or less free to admit that there may be other pebbles on the beach, not mentioning any names but looking straight at the member for Winnipeg, who has not sought the public eye so much since the recent mid-winter frost in Manitoba.

THE GREATEST MUST DIE.

Other Conservative newspapers chirp up from time to time, acting as a sort of skeleton at Sir Sam's feast, reminding him in a whisper just loud enough for Premier Borden and the rest of the Band of Hope to overhear that even the greatest must die. Whether Sir Sam will die a lingering political death, as is the course of nature, or a sudden one before the next general election, is a moot question. He is now as famous, not perhaps as Alexander the Great, but at least as grandma's pancakes, and it might be injudicious to drop him. So Sam shines on, and what Sam says and what Sam does occupies space in the newspapers to the exclusion of other stars who have equal rights to the limelight.

It is even worse than that—Sam hogs the centre of the stage—Premier Borden hardly gets a look in—which is as if the first walking gentleman should shove the leading man aside and take his lines, a grave perversion indeed of the customary practice. But don't imagine for a minute that his colleagues are jealous of Sir Sam. Not at all. They're simply dazzled by his wonderful career.

KNIGHTHOOD IN REBUTTAL.

Take that knighthood for example. The sly things they say about it! How our minister of militia was received coldly by Asquith and Kitchener, who asked him to explain the Shell Committee. How British statesmen on both sides of politics penetrated his pose and discovered—bluster. How his Unionist friends experienced a chill towards him and the newspapers forgot to mention his name. How, finally, they gave him a knighthood as a sort of rebuttal evidence that could be taken back to Canada and used there.

It is not the Liberals who are saying these things. It's his own friends whose sources of information are supposed to be better than those of the opposition. Sir Sam should pray night and day to be delivered from his friends—they're ripping him up the back. Not even his knighthood is sacred from their rude jeers. According to one story, Sir Sam went to the King as the only friend he had left in England, and almost burned His Majesty's ear off, so fast and hot did the words come.

RISE, SIR SAM.

He talked at such length that the game had to be called on account of darkness. "The shades of night," said His Majesty, "are falling fast, so I make you a knight accordingly. Rise, Sir Sam. What, you must go? Well, here's your hat!" Thus spake the King, tempering justice with mercy, at the same time getting rid of Sir Sam and saving his own dinner, which was like to get cold while the major-general waited.

Of course, such an account of the greatest historic event of the war is a pure invention but it only goes to show what emotions Sir Sam is exciting in the breasts of his associates. One of them the other day referred to him as a greater man than Cromwell. Asked

how he made that out, he replied that Oliver had turned down the title of King when it was offered him but that Sam took it and to some extent acted upon it.

BIGGER THAN CROMWELL.

And indeed the Cromwell metaphor is a good one because Cromwell believed in government by major-generals and wished eleven of them on England until parliament wished them off again. Sam also believes in government by major-generals but not by eleven of them. One major-general will do if he is big enough and that Major-General Sir Sam meets and shakes hands with every time he looks in the glass, which by the way is not a few. Canada is at this minute under the rule and sway of one major-general—the other cabinet ministers do not count—and that alone shows that Sir Sam is eleven times bigger than Oliver Cromwell because Sam does it alone and Oliver couldn't do it with ten to help him.

A FAMILY OF GENERALS.

Another point to remember is that Cromwell ransacked all England to get eleven major generals, including himself, that were equal to the job, whereas Sir Sam Hughes did not have to go outside his own family. There are in the Hughes family now three generals and two colonels which make five generals altogether, because a Hughes colonel is more than a colonel, he is a general in the bud. It has to be that way because it is not seemly that the overflow from the fountain of honor should swamp the fountain itself. In other words, the country is now so full of honorary colonels, created by Sir Sam, that being a colonel is no more distinction than being a L.L.D. or a K.C. or any other payer of water rates. So the Hughes family, which makes honorary colonels as easily as you or I make smoke wreaths, becomes major generals in sheer self-defence. It would never do for the Hughes family to be anything else in such a stampede of colonels.

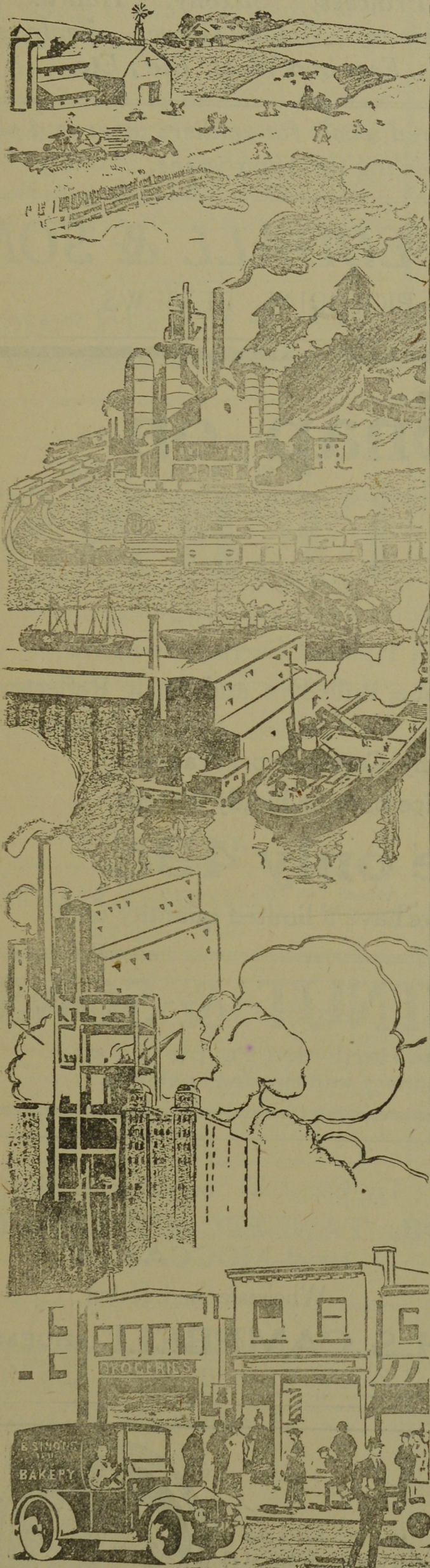
Sir Sam is, of course, the major general of all the major generals—ex-officio and by merit. Moreover, he has a definite plan in adding constantly to the vast number of honorary colonels who already freckle the Canadian landscape. Like Cromwell, our minister of militia aims to build an army on the New Model—an army that will always be sober enough to recognize a great major general when it sees one and give him the salute. Part of Sir Sam's plan is the dry canteen, which applies to the privates and which may be ultimately extended to include mince pie and other heady refreshments.

THE HONORARY COLONELS.

Still another part of his plan is the honorary colonels who have not adopted the dry canteen yet, but who may be obliged to do so if the clubs decide to close at eight p.m., though one can always keep a shot or two in his locker, eh, what? However, as I was saying, Sir Sam has sterner work for the honorary colonels than sitting around in arm chairs waiting for their highballs so cool. He reserves them for higher, nobler uses. As they are unwilling, or let us say rather unfitted, to fight in Flanders and the Dardanelles, and other places where real shooting is going on, it is Sir Sam's intention to keep the honorary colonels along with the church parade colonels and other paper colonels, right here in Canada to form a Home Guard which will never so far forget its name or its duty as to go gadling about in foreign parts. Sir Sam knows his honorary colonels like a book and he realizes that they will never stray far from their own firesides, particularly if there is any firing to be done. The honorary colonels are indeed admirable material for a Home Guard and that is the way Sir Sam proposes to use them.

Sir Sam intends to make a statement (Continued on page six.)

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