



The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



No. 8

Vol. XX.

July 22nd, 1916

THE SHADOW AND THE MAN

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

ONCE upon a time, and not so very long ago, there was a Colonel, since a General; a hard-as-nails specimen of mankind who by times felt the winds of the cosmos whistling through his hair, and at such times fancied himself—though no one thought much about it—a supererogant person in a democracy. There was in this General in large measure what some men have in small degree—Ego; nobody had to prove it; he admitted it.

He had always been grand on war. He believed—if anyone asked his belief or if he had an opportunity to state it—that war was made for the world, and the world for war. Yet he was no Prussian. He hated Prussianism; he merely believed, privately, that the only way to put down Prussianism was to stamp on its face with boots weighing each a million tons and hobnailed with hate. He had—or would have had if anyone had asked his views—no patience with moral maxims or diplomacy. Another thing he disliked was aristocrats, even though in a moment of weakness he had become one of them. For democracy he had a shrewd, organizing eye. He was born a democrat and intended for an agitator. But he regarded with conceited disdain politicians who did just what the people elected them to do and no more. Mere statesmen he puffed at in his thoughts as being too willing to wait for evolution instead of making history by trotting out examples. The smooth tacticians and the masters of finesse he privately derided. They were too soft for this world. Growing up among the militia he had caught early the idea that a mere militiaman was one thing and a soldier quite another. He himself, he had said, would be a soldier. He was. In a small way. He shouted at subalterns. He had them get up and dust to carry out orders and countermand them, bigod—sir, before the ink was dry. Yet he was a democrat! He dreamed he would organize the Democracy that votes and makes money and goes to races and pink teas and baseball and matinees, into a militaristic iron heel to grind the face off militarism. For "it takes a diamond to cut a diamond," quoth he to himself, "and a thief to catch a thief. I've always said so. I know war is coming. And by the Great Horn Spoon, Mars wasn't kindergartened on the Rhine. He belongs just as much to the St. Lawrence. If I get a chance I'll show 'em."

And the war came.

tion of the General it was more. It was a cosmic extension of himself! The projection of his own ego! With a shock of delight he reflected that the bulk of that shadow-man was limited only by the dimensions of the room. A greater room would give a greater shadow! A shadow ten, twenty, a thousand times as big! He observed that with so large a fireplace even that huge room was too small to contain all the shadow standing up.

"Wonderful!" he whispered to himself. "A man isn't just five foot ten, weight 170, chest 44. He's the size of the shadow he throws. I—am that shadow-man. Where I go he goes. But he goes up a wall or out a window, and I can't, except by means of him. That's all right. We're a team. But I'm the guiding element in the combination. He is my servant, and whatever I do must be measured by the figure he cuts. By love! I'm no little conventional man any longer. I'm a great, big, potentializing novus homo. Other men could be as big, but they haven't found it out. And by George," he looked nervously over his shoulder, "I'll never tell them the trick!"

He thought of the big persons who before the war used to pouff him as a visionary and clacking soldier person; those who bossed banks and big businesses and railroads and politics and universities. Where were they now? Compared to him not as one-two-three.

Obsessed with the magnitude of his own shadow, the General proceeded to build the democracy's war machine. With new self-confidence he organized thousands upon thousands of men in camps from ocean to ocean, with rifles and field guns and machine guns and field kitchens and horses and all the thundering panoply of war. He found frightened democracy willing to take him at his own valuation, standing in plain clothes eager to organize. Men left their comfortable jobs and happy homes to join his units of war. They whispered that this was a man who did things, and this was a war of doers, not of dreamers.

Watching his shadow, the General got strength to do more and more and dare more and more. He never hesitated. No, day by week and week by month the shadow man of super-size went boldly ahead with his programme. Any that got in his way were bowled over. The army grew. It became a marvelous thing. The bigger and mightier it became the greater and almightier the shadow-man felt. That army was the work of his will upon the genius of a free people who loved their country. He began to call it "my" army, because what he willed that army did. When part of that army died—how gloriously—he could not get it out of his head that he had made even its patriotism and self-sacrifice! The thought made his eyes water. His army! My army! His emotions overcame him. He longed to take the country to his heart and pity it tenderly for being so far below the height of his ecstasy. He dwelt in clouds and dreamed that the whole country rested safe in his shadow. His eyes were on high. Having the faculty of being blind and deaf to little signs of protest, he paid no heed to mere men and their opinions. Or when he could not be blind and deaf he said "poohpooh! They'll all learn in time that to follow me is the only way to do their duty, the only way to save the world from Prussianism." All other kinds of men were overshadowed by his glory.

Now let every man that wore the King's khaki assure himself that if ever he lived up to the last

ounce of glorifying energy, it was now—marching for the dear old country. Let the people who spent their time building railways and planning towns and cities realize that a war camp was the most wonderful work in the world. Those who spent their day whizzing away in strings of motor-cars to the half-way house for bottles of ginger ale and the like must admit that a battalion, made by this General, shirtsleeved and dust-scuffing on the route march with water-bottles at their belts was the greatest picture the world ever saw. Let the pacifist crawl into his hole and pull the hole in after him. The whole country from cod-land to salmon run was energized by this genius!

IN a quiet hour one day—and it was seldom he was quiet—the General had a long conference with his super-izing shadow. As it talked with him it seemed to stride up and down the country, among camps and artillery and marching armies. It looked to him bigger than ever—greater than ever. And he felt he must do something great in keeping with his shadow. Suddenly he thought of all the camps he had created and, in comparison with his shadow they seemed petty, piffling, hardly worthy of the opportunity. Why not, he thought, take even the biggest camps and make for himself one huge camp that would astound even himself! A camp so great it would be like a kingdom—and here he would heap up battalion upon battalion, brigade upon brigade, where he could, as it were, see them in the hollow of his hand, his hand, that had made them great! Aye! A tremendous march past—and all these thousands upon thousands saluting HIM, cheering him! He felt his greatness growing as he thought of it. The shadow, too, approved! He forgot it long enough to summon an orderly and dictate a curt telegram. Lo, in twenty words he had started the great adventure. His shadow swelled obedient. Democracy, in simple faith, applauded.

Be it noted, it was democracy that in all these ventures had provided the wherewithal. For instance, it gave the men without which no army ever existed. It gave the will to fight, the will to suffer, the will to die. It gave clothing, boots, accoutrement, artillery, ammunition, horses, carriages—and even automobiles and private cars for the General and his favourite aides. The General said, "Let this man be a captain and that man a colonel. Pay this man so much and that man so much more!" Millions he spent and democracy paid even that—even down to the General's barber bills and strawberries at breakfast.

So now, gladly and willingly, it set to work—through the sons it had lent the General for his army—to prepare this great camp where the General could see all the soldiers in the hollow of his hand. It bought him thousands of acres—just where he chose. It sank him wells and fetched him railways and built him roads and sweated and sweated and sweated in the heat and the grime and dirt, and the thirst for the General, because it believed the General was working for the state and for nothing else.

But the General had forgotten the state. He was dreaming of his greatest work. His shadow sat at his side constantly and whispered great words of glory to him, words that made the General's brain reel with emotion. The more he thought of his new camp the greater his desire to see it! He chafed at the delay. He yearned for this great moment—and dashed off a wire to his faithful assistants.

"I will come for the review to-morrow."

(Concluded on page 20.)

MUSING one evening soon after the war began, the General stood before a low flicker of a fire burning in a huge fireplace at the end of a great tall room. He was now the man of the hour. His country had commanded his services. Brooding thus, he became suddenly conscious of another person in the room, a person who moved every time he moved, but on a much vaster scale. If he moved an arm thirty inches long the other person moved one thirty feet long, poking all in front of the elbow out of a tall window. If he shifted a leg the other man shifted one ten times as long, a leg that ran more than half the length of the room and lost itself in a vast torso that spread all over the end wall and the high ceiling. If he coughed, the cough came back in a huge, hollow reverberation that seemed like the voice of a giant in a cave.

The General was fascinated with the size and the marvelous potentialities of this other person that did everything he did on a much larger scale—and yet did nothing else. Who was this man?

You say: it was the General's shadow. True; physically, that was all. But to the aroused imagina-