

# CANADIAN HOSPITAL NEWS

VOL. III

NOVEMBER 25, 1916

No. 6

## Organize !

You call yourself defender of the Right against the Might ?

*I do*

Of Freedom from the servitude of Fear ?

You've counted well the cost of it—the bitter long-drawn fight ?

*Ah ! true*

It's lasted now for months, why not for years !

You'd lay your life and labour on this altar—lest you fall ?

*I would*

They've money, men and valour, too, you know !

They're disciplined, united far above the nations all !

*Oh ! really !*

This nation of efficiency — your foe !

Though in peace they grabbed your commerce, will you ever realize

*What ?*

That the whole damn Hun-game all the time is simply Organize !

*All folly, nonsense ! !*

A. R. R.

**G**OT it ? —Organize ! after twenty-eight months of war every paper in the Empire from the Yukon to the Transvaal—and back again, any way you like—is preaching this sound doctrine. Men are everywhere casting down the false God of the Briton—the fetish of individual irresponsibility, commonly mistaken for freedom. There is only one freedom—that of the man who is all for the state, yet body and soul of the state.

A small part of the great ship is its propeller—the unit that is master and servant of the giant that arms it. Whether it be the serene and stately compass in the pilot house, or the meanest screw in her plates—each rules, each serves the great ship.

The propeller, compass, and screw are sad and silly things unless they get together. They may boast and puff importantly, yet the ship will not go unless they shut up, stand to, and do their part as units of a great organization.

They—the foe—know this great truth, and each and every screw in his ship of state is bent on being a first class screw until the higher command singles him out and fashions him into a compass needle.

Trouble is, our Empire is too full of loose screws not doing a