

Corralling the Young Recruit

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

MASSEY HALL, the recruiting trolley, between five and seven thousand people, three brass bands, two solo singers, a precentor, a platform crammed with notables and ten speakers, both civil and military, with the Lieut. Governor of Ontario in the chair—that was the main topographical outline of the recruiting evangeliad, held in the chief military city of Canada, Tuesday evening last week. There has never been a meeting in Canada like it—unless it had been in Ottawa the week before. Yet to a large percentage of the audience it seemed as though they had been at scores of such meetings; in the log church or the big revival meeting, where the preacher thumped the Bible and prayed in a tantrum, exhorted men and women to come to the penitent bench and gave out again and again the hymn,

"Must I be carried to the skies,
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize
And sailed through bloody seas?"

In fact, that Toronto mass-meeting, at which Sir George Foster, Sir Herbert Ames, Mr. F. F. Pardee, Hon. Mr. Hanna and Col. Currie were the chief speakers was a real, old-fashioned "choose-ye-this-day" division of the sheep from the goats. The pit was packed with old and middle-aged and family men, the first gallery with ladies and a few escorts, the top gallery with a few escorts and hundreds of ladies, and the choir gallery behind the battery of speakers with a little of all kinds.

BUT the young chaps between 18 and 35, whom the power of that meeting was supposed to reach out and grab from the paths of ease and habit to the legionary ranks of Kitchener's great army—where were they? Quite a number were outside listening to the band; hundreds were on the parade up and down Yonge St.; a thousand or so over at Hanlan's Point; a thousand or so more down at Scarborough Beach, and the rest bracing up telephone poles at hundreds of street-corners in various parts of a great military city of which the common centre nowadays is not the City Hall, but the Armouries, where the bugles blat and the shirtsleeve squads swing up and down.

As a matter of fact, this magnificent recruiting evangeliad was one of those conventionalized successes for which this country is so conventionally celebrated. It was just the same kind of success that an everyday revival meeting is compared to the kind that Billy Sunday pulls off along with his coat in a tabernacle seating 20,000 with salvation etiquette smashed to smithereens. It was in some respects a great meeting. The audience applauded half the time; sang, with or without the band, several patriotic airs, including Soldiers of the King and Boys of the Old Brigade; laughed and screeched and cheered and gave all the symptoms of being as much in earnest as any Liberal or Tory convention to get ready for a general election.

But it wasn't a sublime patriotic upheaval; it was very moderately a spectacle; it got hold of Broadway only in off moments. Suppose that instead of Massey Hall the Arena had been engaged for the occasion; that instead of two or three bands there had been ten or a dozen; that the Toronto garrison and the contingents now in training had turned out along with the Home Guard for a grand illuminated procession along the two main highways of traffic, ending up at the Arena and the very gates of war, with three of the best speakers in Canada instead of one, with a grand chorus of 600 behind the platform and all the bands massed below, and with somebody in the chair not half so officially important as Sir John Hendrie, but twice as powerful with an audience—it might have got to the meeting just the people that were most needed, leaving the others outside.

OF course the newspapers are supposed to reach the ranks that are wanted. And if these young chaps between 18 and 35—unmarried—happened to read Wednesday's papers last week they might have been informed how Sir George Foster drove home the distinction between the responsibility of the free man and the discipline of the conscript, the employer that lets his employee go to the front and fight for the employee that won't, the father whose son hangs behind and is defended by the son who does his duty, the mother who selfishly and the mother who unselfishly loves her boy. The headline said nothing about that; neither about the severely passionate analysis of Sir Herbert Ames nor the perfervid rhetoric of Mr. Pardee, nor much about the cheerful trench talk of Col. Currie back from the front, nor any of the soldier speeches made by young men limping to the front of the stage.

No matter who talked or what he seemed to say, the business was very largely a matter of duty and influence. Somebody ought to quit his job and go; somebody ought to influence somebody to go. "Ought" was written all over it. Nobody doubted the duty. No good Canadian ever really shirked it when he got his eyes open. The audience was enthusiastic for duty. But it never got a chance to break loose for the sake of a patriotic impulse, except when Col. Currie and the other men from the front got up in the stage trenches and fired at the crowd—who went up in the seats into a volley of cheers that came near raising the roof.

Which was precisely what the crowd wanted and what the whole of this great country is hankering after—the real thing, the impulse without reason, the desire to chuck everything and get to where the world's great job is at the present moment; as one of the young wounded men from Langemarck put it, "to make that job look so small that the janitor wouldn't know it if he swept it up in the morning." Solemnly reasoned-out speeches and eye-glass resolutions are all very well. But what the thousands in

and around Massey Hall wanted was the unreasonable impulse to cut away from the conventional and the customary and get itself or somebody else into khaki somewhere in France or Flanders. What it needed was blind evangelism and sudden conversion, not to the penitent bench, but to the recruiting office.

IN the old revivals, men often got saved who didn't stay saved; and the pulpit preacher who had to handle the backsliders said it was a dangerous kind of evangelism. But the young, unmarried man, between 18 and 35, who gets converted from his job or his home to the khaki and the rifle and the camp—he will stay converted. Once he gets the shove or the pull that changes his reasoning into action, he never has a chance to backslide. As an individual he may prefer to reason himself or to be argued into enlisting. As a potential soldier, one of the great passionate crowd with its faces turned towards the battle lines of Europe, he prefers to be swung along on the tide of a magnificent, illogical impulse. He knows that fighting when you get to it is no matter of argument. He knows that a battalion on the march never stops to think things over. He is beginning to feel—that average young man between 18 and 35—that the fighting lines in Europe are getting mighty close to the sidewalk lines and the front doors and the back doors of every Canadian home and office, and even to the trails of the holiday camps in the backwoods. The young man that orators and brass bands are trying to get out of his summer suit and his new Panama hat into the khaki and the cartridge belt is beginning to comprehend that in Germany the soldier is born and doesn't need much making; and that if the soldiers of the British Empire are to beat back those hordes of born and bred fighting men, they must quit arguing and disputing and organize as blindly as the old Canadian bush farmers flung themselves on the frontier in 1812 or any other time to beat back the invader.

And it was in this military abandon that the great meeting at Massey Hall was a good deal of a half-way measure. What the crowd did when Col. Currie got up without saying a word, was what it wanted to do when everybody got up. It hankered for the real thing, no matter how absurd or illogical it might be. And when the recruiting campaign all over Canada takes its cue from a great national impulse, the workers who get after young men in the highways and the hedges and compel them to come out will find the young men between 18 and 35 ready for the emergency. Sir Herbert Ames pointed out that 70 per cent. of the First C. E. F. were British-born under Canadian officers; it was now up to the Canadian-born. If the recruiting campaign from now on only gets up to the pitch of an ordinary election campaign in Canada, no orator in 1916 will be able to say that the Canadian-born failed to come to the scratch when the way was made plain in 1915. What the recruiting campaign in this country needs is just ordinary political organization all over the job.

New Zealand's Message to Canada

Wellington, N.Z., 23rd June, 1915.

By OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

HAIL, Empire Sister of the North! Your little Sister of the South greets you. Strong always, the blood-tie of our British origin has been welded doubly secure in the past three months on the reddened fields of Flanders and the treacherous slopes of the Gallipoli hills. In the face of seemingly insuperable odds our brothers in each grim theatre of war have shown to all the world that the British Lion's cubs from every far quarter of the earth are lion cubs still, ready and able to fight when the need comes. Prosperity has not softened their fibre nor dulled their courage. The young Britons oversea have always cherished feelings of almost reverent affection for that grand old Mother Land which the majority of us will never even see, and the depth of that sentiment has been proved in these late weeks, when in the assault on the gateway to Britain's eastern enemy's headquarters over 14,000 Australasians have shed their blood, and a very large proportion have given up their lives in defence of the sacredness of truth and justice and faithfulness to the word of man and nation. As little, toddling nations, we accepted the Mother Land's guidance and guardianship; now that we have grown to man's estate, we have accepted the responsibilities thereof and have not sought to avoid the dangers of participation in the game of nations—war.

NEW ZEALAND'S SHARE.

IN the struggle that began on the Gallipoli shores just two months ago, our warriors from the South have admittedly made history. To the Australians belongs the palm for the most outstanding feature of an achievement unprecedented in the history of arms. In the face of deadly fire from a strong and well-placed enemy, the Australian troops, well seconded by New Zealanders, gained a footing on

Turkish soil; and there they remain. But the cost has been great. Of the 14,000 odd men fallen, our share has been over 3,000, of whom 700 have been killed in action or died of wounds. We are not permitted to know the number of our men on service at any particular point, but we do know that when the last reinforcement draft left these shores our contribution had reached 19,000 well trained and equipped men, besides many horses and some batteries, with considerable stocks of stores and ammunition. At the outside, we could not have had more than, say, 12,000 men engaged in the fighting at the Dardanelles, so that our losses have been not less than 25 per cent. These stern facts do not deter our young men from volunteering for service at the front. Always we have from 5,000 to 7,000 men in active training, in a camp specially organized and well equipped. Sufficient men have registered to keep up our reinforcements, to fill the gaps caused by the wastage of war, for some months to come. I have no doubt more could be obtained readily enough.

SHOULD WE SEND MORE?

SOME people think New Zealand should do more than she is at present by largely increasing the strength of our armed forces. Those in a position to judge, however, consider it would be unwise to follow such a course. They point out that at present we are carrying out a settled plan of action, sending away certain drafts of thoroughly trained and equipped men; if we increased the numbers as suggested training would suffer because there would not be enough instructors, and difficulty would arise in the matter of finding equipment at short notice for additional men. Each succeeding contingent dispatched so far has outshone its prede-

cessors in smartness and general efficiency, and it would be futile to sacrifice such fine results for the sake of being able to say we have sent so many more men to the front. Double the number inadequately trained would be worse than useless—they would be a danger to their own friends in action. We shall certainly send more men, but not in suddenly enlarged drafts.

MAORI WARRIOR SONS GO FORTH.

ALREADY a contingent of Maoris has been sent to the Mediterranean. These men, descendants, most of them, of natives who half a century ago were waging a brave but unequal war against the pakeha, who had invaded his beautiful islands, are amongst the most fervent upholders of the mana (prestige) of the Great White King. Most of them, probably, saw him when, as Duke of York, he visited New Zealand in 1901. Therefore, every Maori feels a proprietary personal interest in the King, and a correspondingly dangerous regard for any enemy of the King. The first contingent of Maoris went to Malta for garrison duty; but it is understood they wanted to get to the front for more stirring work, and that the wish was to be gratified. I make no doubt if they do get to grips with the Turco-Germanic exemplars of dreadful ferocity the latter will not readily forget the meeting.

TRADE AND PRODUCTION.

THE past season has been a very prosperous one for those engaged in directly producing industries, though the full benefit of enhanced prices in markets outside New Zealand has not been reaped owing to shortage of shipping space consequent on so many steamers being commandeered for war purposes. The Government has bought, on account of the Imperial authorities, £2,000,000 worth of frozen