

Experiences of a Manchester Recruiting Canvasser.

(Continued)

At another house a man with a cork leg intimidated his willingness to go if someone could supply him with a sound leg in place of the one he left behind him in the South African Campaign. Amongst the large number of cases



"GIVE ME A NEW LEG."

that I visited, there was one unmarried man that might rightly be described as the real thing in "slackers". He wanted a job as good as the one he had—"Five bob a day and no rifle to carry, that's me". Those were his terms. The example of our Colonial kinsman was quoted, and a strong appeal made to his sense of duty as a son of the Empire, but without effect. Not wishing to leave him without a piece of my mind I hinted that after all Lord Kitchener did not want men who were afraid. "What" he replied, "me afraid. Why damn it man, I risk my life everyday—I'm a steeple-jack".

The conscript class to which steeple-jack belongs having now been called up, he must, of necessity, be with the colours, but let us hope not at "Five bob a day, and without a rifle".

Finis

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How to become a successful sentry.

First spend several years as a footman or butler in one of the homes of the aristocracy to obtain the necessary immobility of feature and statuesque aloofness of attitude. Study carefully the art of close scrutiny without appearing to observe. Learn to eavesdrop without self consciousness or any hint of curiosity. As physical poise and control are absolutely essential at all times, neither drink nor smoke, but slip your cigarettes and rum issue to our News Editor, who, although he doesn't drink, has thirsty friends. Study deeply and earnestly the arts of elocution and lip movement. Cultivate the science of ventriloquism, for by means

of these no mademoiselle will be able to pass without being aware of your presence, your past, and your hopes of the future. A complete knowledge of stage movement is also most desirable, for you will then be able to convey, by the shrug of the shoulder and the tender sigh, that your's is a blighted life and a broken heart, and by the lift of an eyebrow that with the advent of the particular mademoiselle in sight, hope has once more dawned for you.

Being a sentry and therefore forbidden conversation except in your tour of duty, to speak French is out of the question, but in your off hours you are free to take such liberties with the local language as may appeal to you—and mademoiselle. Never talk "Chinook" to the dear, down-trodden people of Belgium. They don't understand much of it, and they resent being treated like children. Give them the real straight-goods English, or as much of it as your training will permit. All good sentries drop their aitches, so in the face of your own personal likes and dislikes drop them and keep dropping them no matter how it hurts.

Saluting will form the greater part of your days work, therefore learn to stand at attention, salute at the slope and present arms, not merely with bare efficiency called for in the military text books, but with the flexibility of wrist, the stiffness of back bone, the unerring judgement of time that marks the master saluter. For officers of the higher command, the mere "present" seems a little meagre, a trifle insufficient. You may accordingly bring "kudos" to yourself and honour to your regiment by adding a few movements of the bayonet exercise. This will infallibly have the effect of bringing you before the notice of the "powers" although discretion and extreme tact must be employed in the use of this embroidery of the manual.

If you have a Brigadier or Major-General to work upon, let him have it with all the snap and go in you, and as he returns your salute, he will say to himself "There's a soldier with a soul, there's something more than a mere regimental number, and little round disc of tin, there's a person with personality, there's an individual with initiative". Result—cushy job—bright buttons—eggs for breakfast—bed to sleep in.

At night redouble your efforts and in addition, practice incessantly the power of falling asleep while leaning against the barn wall as if about to spring to the "on guard". Halt all persons bearing mess tins with froth on the top and demand the countersign, and having obtained this, hand the empty tin back again. It is desirable, in the interests of strict discipline, that you become able to suck a snifter of stout, smoothly, swiftly, and silently from a mess tin without rusting your rifle or spattering your puttees, and also you owe it to your regiment that there be no excessive drinking amongst the men under your charge. To that end sacrifice yourself to almost any extent.

You may smoke, (if you must), if you can without showing a light, and should an officer complain of the smell, blame it on the barn refuse, but above all never be found out.

In the cold grey dawn you will have few opportunities for relaxation, but there are always possibilities open to the enterprising and inventive mind. If you can engineer a fight between the watch dog and mademoiselle's pet goat you will have accomplished what almost every night sentry has thirsted to achieve since Mons, and for the most part failed. Hens are always worth while watching, so if you see a hen with a preoccupied look and an anatomy beginning to bulge, sleuth with all your might. You never know what you may pick up.

Do all these things my son, and so shall your face shine with fatness and your days pass in peace and plenty, and in time you may become the perfect sentry.