

huge dormitory the line of the bunks was as straight as lines can be and the bedding was as neat as if a Sister of Mercy had smoothed it. As we hove in sight, half-a-dozen orderlies who were seated around the stove—a furnace minus the cover—rose, stood at attention, and the sergeant came to where we were and saluted. The D.A.A. and Q.M.G. complimented him on the smartness of his lines and the general appearance of his quarters. Up went the hand. "Thank you very much indeed, sir," said the sergeant.

Observe that recognition of nattiness and the thanks for it. There was no compulsion for the first; there was no demand for the "very much indeed" in the second. They were both of the essence of comradeship, reinforced by discipline. This camp is no combination of Sunday school picnic and teachers' meeting; but unless a sadly too long experience of sizing up things has taught me nothing, there is in this camp, in this demonstration of what a modern, a Canadian soldiery can be and do, a blend of efficient service and essential patriotism such as armies of the olden time knew nothing about.

Beginning to Learn.

The D.A.A. and Q.M.G. partly explained it when giving his own experience of camp life. "I was twelve years in the militia," he said, "but I have got more here in a couple of months than I learned in all the dozen years before the war. We knew nothing, then, compared with what we are just finding out now. This soldiering is a world within itself instead of a rather pleasant appendage to civilian life. Discipline has a totally different meaning from what it did. All this saluting may seem unnecessary and more of a show than anything else. But it isn't. By the way, there is more of it under these conditions than there would be in permanent barracks, where officers and men do not see as much of one another as we have to do here. But the saluting is only part of the routine that prevents slackness, from the top rank to the bottom. You see, a soldier must obey without asking the reason why.

That is of the essence of fighting with masses of men and not because of any love of red tape. If there is to be implicit obedience in the fighting line, there must be implicit obedience in everything that leads up to it. The salute is part of the machinery for acting on the word of command and acting together."

"I don't see any sign that it is an engine of dread or of unworthy servility," I said to the D.A.A. and Q.M.G.

Colonel and Father Too.

"No," he replied. "I think the officer tries to deserve the respect as well as to command the obedience of the men. The commander of a battalion, you know, is everything to his men. He has to command them in the field; but only five per cent. of his attention is given to the actual business of fighting. He has to be their mayor, postmaster, chef, housekeeper, judge—he has to be the father of his men and see that their requirements are met from the rising to the setting of the sun. Indeed, as there are no women in the regiment, I suppose the commanding officer really has to be mother as well as father."

"That," I ventured, "is a mighty good word, for the mental factor has come to play an immensely more important part in military affairs than was ever dreamed of by your fore-runners. You saw what was in the papers lately about sending men home to England from the front as an antidote to homesickness?"

He had, and he said that that was only one of the many proofs of the widening of the military horizon, of the humanizing of the army. We exchanged a few notions as to the possibility of humanizing the whole trade of bloodshed out of existence, but that, we agreed, could not be a practical question till our fellows had had their chance to put the Kaiser where he belongs.

We entered the Industrial Building Number Five, which has become a sports arena, drill hall and church. The splendidly simple pulpit from

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