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Danger of the Empty Cradle.

The Problem Britain will Have to Face

By **AUSTIN HARRISON.**

The more men destroy life, the more essential it becomes to create life, says Mr. Austin Harrison, the brilliant Editor of the "English Review," who urges that steps must be taken to deal with the problem of Britain's declining birth-rate.

Long before the war, German professors started a philosophy of statesmanship, which they called "mass force." What they meant was numbers, and by numbers soldiers.

It was mass armies who would win wars, they said; mass numbers who would Germanise Europe; mass organization which would implant the German faith; the sheer, overwhelming weight of men who would overrun and override the Continent.

We need not linger over German purposes any longer. To-day we know our Hun and his ghoulish cant of kultur and machine-gun infiltration, and we have sworn to stamp the thing out. But that, too, means numbers, and when we get to numbers we find a very simple mathematical sum, which is that two from ten leaves eight, thus leaving a void and hence a population problem. Now we know that certain ideas have grown until our population may be said to be stationary—to-day we have the great war and its lessons.

War is a ferocious scavenger of life. Already tens of thousands of the bravest and the best have fallen; the summer is coming, and tens of thousands more, it is to be feared, will fall—how many we cannot tell, we avoid even thinking of our losses.

The Cradle and the Soldier
 Yet life goes on, eternally fruitful, for such is the law of life, as it is of peoples. Finally, it would seem our purpose on this planet to create, to leave behind the image of ourselves, to sow that others may reap.

But in England we are faced with a peculiar problem. Our surplus of women. It was nearly two millions before the war, women doomed never to be mothers.

What that figure will be when the war is over I will make no attempt to guess at. Anyhow, this population question is our very particular problem; and now that we are at war, and we know that the birth rate is falling and that infant mortality is increasing, it is clearly the duty of citizenship to face it for the God of country that we serve.

In Germany they have already legislated for the future. In England, "wait and see" does not legislate, for here it is the individual who acts; moreover, we have always that little difficulty to overcome, Parliament plus the lack of national education which teaches men to think imperially.

Yet our race problem remains, and soon we shall have to take steps to compass it. How is this to be done? Well, what is the principle on which we should all to-day think and fight? Unquestionably it is self-sacrifice. Apply that to the race question, and the answer is beautifully simple. It is creation. It is the law of life—life, more life. It is that in the crisis of war the cradle fights side by side with the soldiers for country, and that every mother is the mirror and glory of the man who dies to England.

Way to Race Suicide.
 Women are apt to think they can only serve in war by active help; that they are doomed to passivity; but that is an error. Woman is the sex antipode of man. Her essence is thus the exact opposite to that of the male, so that when man goes off to fight woman in her polarity of function and purpose is called upon to create.

Remember, every soldier was born of a woman. Two from ten leaves eight. Add our normal surfeit, say, one, which leaves seven. Add again, accident, and the fact that a great many women and men don't, or cannot, marry, so we have six—six men, whereas we should have ten to fulfil our continuity of race; now six are not sufficient. Children die; sterile marriages are on the increase. Five

and a half; it is not well. That way leads to race suicide.

And so we arrive at the significant paradox of life, which is that the more men destroy life the more essential it becomes to make life; or, in other words, the greater the losses in males the higher is the duty of woman to fulfil her supreme function. War always brings us back to primitive facts, and, naturally, because war signifies man's return to savagery and so to its corollary—evolution.

In the great struggle of human progress this is the outstanding truth. As Tennyson said "Every day a man dies, every day a man is born." Alas! in war, two men die daily, ten men, a thousand men, and each death cries out for a mother.

Great races have passed in this way—the Aztecs, the Red Indians; and the great empires have fallen for neglect of this truth—the Egyptians, the Romans; and great Empires have sunk to little empires, thus our loyal friends, the Portuguese. Some years ago in France the cry was "Faire des Gosses"—France is not bled white, as Bismarck foretold of the war that was to come.

Our business, man's business. To many no doubt the sympathetic connection of the cradle with war may seem incongruous, but women, who see essential truths more clearly than men, will not think so. Indeed, very wonderful is the calm of the war mother, the war widow, the war lover, for love is curiously close to the fighting spirit, and the end is said to be the beginning. There is no cant in this connection. It is just the parable of our being, perhaps what we are fashioned for.

The fruitless marriage, in war, is consequently a national disability, because all selfishness in war is contrary to the interests of the State. The more life is destroyed, the more precious life becomes. Behind the soldier there stand the reserves, and behind the reserves the draft. Armies moulding for the fray. Behind them, at home yet not one wait the less indispensable to country, there stand the women who are the mothers of our future. A victory which left a country motherless would be a barren win. Without the cradle man can only win the negation.

So woman, as the complement of man, in war fights like the happy warrior, conscious of her own vic-

tory—the victory of life. To-day we may say it is the civic duty of the sexes to mate and create, even as they go their ways on their so cruelly different purposes.

Ultimately, the passion of war is love—love of country. And what is love of country but the national expression of that personal love of man and woman, which, if it bear no fruit, is but the semblance of its natural truth?

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 - Fallen from an aeroplane.
- That's NEWS. Telephone us.

The items in this column that are starred (*) are by no means news. They are B.M.D.'s and cost fifty cents for one insertion and a dollar for three.—ED.

INDUCED 8,331 MEN TO DON THE KHAKI

Sergt. C. W. Niemeyer, Who Made Record in England, Joins Recruiting Staff—Fought at St. Julien—Member of Western Battalion in First Contingent and Comes From Edmonton

Sergt. C. W. Niemeyer, who was wounded at the Battle of St. Julien while serving in the Canadian Expeditionary Force, and afterwards achieved a record as a recruiting sergeant in England, has returned to Canada, and arrived in Toronto yesterday. He is to be a recruiting officer in No. 2 Military Divisional Area, and will report to Brig-General W. A. Logie, the officer commanding the district, to-day.

After he was injured at St. Julien Sergt. Niemeyer returned to England, and was attached to the Imperial Recruiting Staff of the War Office, London, under Major Passingham, the chief recruiting officer. For four and a half months he was actively engaged as a recruiting sergeant, and during that time he brought into the recruiting offices more than 15,000 men, of whom 8,331 were accepted

and attested. He created a sensation in London by his methods, and was the subject of a number of articles in newspapers in the metropolis.

The London Graphic artist sketched him in some of his effective poses and spoke of him "the Canadian spellbinder of Trafalgar Square." Sergt. Niemeyer accepted no pay for his recruiting work, but on the basis of one day's leave of absence from duty for each recruit obtained for the army, he would be entitled to a furlough of 22 years and 10 months. Taking this in mind, he wrote a jocular letter to the War Office applying for his discharge and pension and his wakening the audience up, after the long service and good conduct medals. So far, he says smilingly, he has not

received a reply. Sergt. Niemeyer is a newspaperman and was formerly a member of the staff of the Edmonton Journal. When war was declared he joined a battalion in Edmonton and went overseas as a member of the first contingent.

Some Job.

"What is the hardest part of your work as a lecturer?" asked the man designated as toastmaker. "As a rule," answered Mr. Peckins, the hardest part of my work is wakening the audience up, after the long service and good conduct medals. The man who introduces me has concluded his remarks."

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