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Canadian War
Book

The HUMAN SIDE

By
U. N. C. Dudley

29 ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. W. COOPER

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THE HUMAN SIDE

By

U. N. C. DUDLEY

Illustrated by H. W. Cooper

TORONTO
THE CANADIAN WAR PRESS

1916.

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AN INTRODUCTION.

A BOOK must win by its inherent appeal. But sometimes a word about the writer may help the reader. Mr. Dudley's is not a familiar name. One who has passed most of his work for the press may be allowed to say that he tells what he sees. The literary doctrine which "The Human Side" embodies is that what is interesting enough to talk about is interesting enough to write.

This, the first book reflecting Canada's relation to the Fate of Liberty in the world, originally appeared in "The Canadian War." The sketches strike an intimate note which military and political books about warfare cannot strike. They aim to intensify popular regard for the Great Business to which the Canadian Nation is gloriously committed.

"The Human Side" is an adumbration of a Point of View. A discriminating public will determine whether it is followed by others.

ARTHUR HAWKES.

Toronto, Feb., 1915.

THE RECRUIT.

HE HAD come up from London, on leave for New Year's. Christmas night he was on picket duty, and while we made the best of the chances for gayety (for the whole company of our kin in this city were here), and we missed him most of all. We had counted on his being with us, his uniform to give a suggestion of Things As They Are, which is necessary in the remotest places from the apparency of death. If there be not the Undertone of the Menace in all our doings, there is little of the grace of sacrifice, without which we had better be dumb.

But here he was, in the unaccustomed garb of the soldier. The Year had come in, and we had made the merriest we knew, and had given his chum also what heartiness the house could afford. There was a quiet half hour in the afternoon, and Dave was sitting with me by the fire—a cheerful blaze such as he had not seen in many days.

We fell to rumination, and then to a spell of reading. Dave has a blessed turn for humor, and he dipped into Punch, and Life. I picked up a more sober brand of journalism, and strayed to one of Peter McArthur's country life articles in which he lets us know how much better the sweeping airs of Ekfrid are than the swarming purlieus of New York, where once he loved to be.

Peter was discoursing on the turn of the year, and perforce wrote of war and the things of war, from the point of view of the observer in the country who has also much knowledge of the town. I came upon this sentence: "Even though our national destiny is involved in this war, there seems to be a growing apathy."

The sentence struck me between the eyes, and I stopped reading. I looked at the boy opposite, and began to think of the relation between his uniform and the growing apathy which Peter McArthur reports from the County of Middlesex. I can't show you Middlesex or tell you whether Peter is right or mistaken. But let me suggest a little of what I saw in the boy, of what I knew of him; and give you a glimpse of the feeling he stirs in me, and leave you to reflect on the chances of a growing apathy among people whom the war touches, as it touched me sitting by the fire on New Year's Day, with a soldier of the king four feet away.

Will it help us to understand one another to say that I wish I had a boy to give to this fight which is to redeem civilization? Forgive me for believing that if to-day there had been a strapping young fellow, instead of a tiny grave in a distant churchyard, his parents would have been proud of him in uniform.

Let that pass with the remark that, so far as it can be, this lad, whose blood is half like mine, is regarded as the special representative of our house in this cruel business, and that, so far as one can reckon the realities, it is a more fearful



*Dave had a blessed turn for humor, and he dipped into
"Punch" and "Life."*

thing to encourage others to go to the front than it is to go yourself. For, when you try to multiply your own arm a thousandfold, you challenge a day when sorely afflicted women and men, from whom the light has gone, may say to you: "If it had not been for you our boy would have been here, instead of in a nameless grave in some region that we shall never see."

A growing apathy? I had seen Dave look eagerly for the morning paper, to read the news from Europe. I had never before seen him take up the paper with such an air of participation in great events. It gave me a sense of not being in the Affair in which the national destiny of Canada is involved.

This fresh-faced boy, just turned twenty, who was born soon after his mother returned home from spending Christmas with me at the old folks'—and, sure as time flies, we never spent a Christmas since under the paternal roof, and can never spend another there, for there is paternal roof no more—I say this boy, who has always come to me for ideas about the destiny of the country for which he will fight a good fight, put me below his class when he picked up the paper to get his morning inspiration from the trenches, from the perilous deep, and from the battle-riven places where he wants to be.

What, then, is the measure of my load, heavily handicapped as I know myself to be by this unspeakable crisis, compared with the peril into which he, with open eyes, with clear and decided mind, with a courage which I know will never

fail, will lash the horses that draw the gun? If any of us had been told six months ago that Dave would be a driver in the artillery, we should have laughed; for, we should have said, drivers of horses into action are taken from other orders of brains. He belongs to the officers' stratum.



*With a courage that will never fail, will lash the horses
that draw the gun.*

Three months ago he was in the service of Government, with men under him, young as he is, and with fine prospects before him. When he spoke of enlisting, his chief tried to persuade him against it, and held out such temptations as chiefs in peace times may honorably do. **But** here he is, in a driver's uniform, doing the work

of the camp, as every other common soldier does it, knowing that certain of his kin do not think pleasureably of what he has chosen.

We are proud of him, glad for what he has done, thankful to have this place counted as his home, and to keep his things against the day of his return. Just a recruit like thousands of others, but a recruit in whom the honor of us all may be confided to his latest breath.

He came here a little while after war was declared, talked about it, but said nothing of the chances of himself going into the fight. Soon afterwards he wrote, asking what we thought about his idea of enlisting. He supposed his people would not want him to do it; but what did I think?

The only thing to say was that his decision must be absolutely his own, but that if he joined the army there would be elated people here. The next I heard was from Albinson, who took the severely practical view of the situation.

Excellent fellows who wanted to enlist, he said, could not get into the Toronto regiments. They happened to be out of employment, and if they were, what was the use of a young fellow, who was rendering excellent service to the state, against the time when the need for more production from the soil would be intensely urgent, going into the army? He would be throwing away his chances of promotion, and after the war might find it difficult to re-enter his special line of work as advantageously as he now stood.

A few nights later I was rung out of bed. It was Dave, about to take train for the town where he was in office. Here is the talk over the wire:

“What have you been doing in Toronto?”

“Pat and I have been trying to enlist, all day, but they don’t seem to want anybody. We haven’t had any luck all day.”

“Why didn’t you let us know you were in the city, and you should have come out here?”

“I wish we could, but we’ve been hanging on all day, hoping for a chance. A fellow told us just now that they have started recruiting for artillery at Guelph, and we’re going down there to-morrow to see if there’s any luck outside of Toronto.”

“So you’ve made up your mind, then?”

“Sure, that was easy—a lot easier than getting somebody to take us.”

“You’ve considered what Albinson said to you about throwing up your job?”

“Do you think we want only the unemployed in the army?”

I could have hugged him over the phone for that Scotch answer. To tell the truth, I couldn’t speak very clearly for the next minute. I suppose he thought it was a commonplace sort of talk, but for me it was a moment I would give much to know again. And so he went off to his train.

Two days afterwards word came that Dave was enrolled, and was waiting for mobilization.

He had had a letter from home, in which the point of view of employment was laid again before him. The writer was furious at the loafers in Britain who would not rise to their duty.

“That’s all right enough, the way he looks at it,” wrote Dave; “but if that was the kind on whom the honor of our country depended, I shouldn’t want to go.”

I was deputed to write for Minerva and the girls, to say just what we thought. That letter brought another with this sentence in it: “I’m so glad you didn’t give me any reasons why I shouldn’t enlist. Perhaps I have thought of more of them than anybody can tell me—I know what they are exactly. But I’ve enlisted, and I’m mighty glad of it.”

And here he was, this New Year’s Day, fit as they are made; a soldier because the true genius of the citizen is in his head and in his blood. And honest Peter McArthur says that in the country there seems to be a growing apathy, and that “We have heard so much of duty and patriotism that we are becoming benumbed We have become hypnotized and impotent by constantly dwelling on the war There seems to be urgent need of a public awakening of some kind.”

The telephone rang. It was a lady from a small town a score of miles away, whom I knew for one of the elect women to whom service is as natural as breath, and in whom patriotism is a never-failing spring. When she had told her

story, of what had been done for the war, I asked a question or two.

There had been a mass meeting to aid the Patriotic and Belgian Relief Funds. Did they have a full house? Oh, no; but the attendance was quite good. Many women at the meeting? Yes, perhaps more than half the audience. Not as many men as turn out to a political meeting at election times? No. Don't the men seem to realize that the war means more to them than any general election in which they turn out to hear fellow-citizens abused? Possibly not. How many recruits had gone from the town? The elect lady paused before she said, rather sadly, it seemed: "Hardly any."

I went back to the recruit. He had dropped Life, and Punch, and was gazing into the flame, as I parted the curtains. He did not hear me, and I watched him half a minute.

"Hardly any," the elect lady had said, and she was speaking from the country. "A growing apathy. A need for a public awakening"; Peter had written from the country.

Could I become apathetic, when I had abetted my sister's only son into that uniform; when, every time I retire to this study for a session with this typewriter, I am met by the boy's trunk, standing like a sentinel, by the French escritoire that was made two hundred years ago?

It struck me afresh that the only defence against growing apathy, against the discontents which the increasing tightness of the times will

surely bring, is the contact with the uniform, the association with the belongings of the boys who have gone; the growing sense of the nearness of the shedding of blood, which cannot be fully achieved until the living draft upon our own resources of affection has been made.

Dave looked up, and before I was again seated he asked, "What effect do you think the rebellion in South Africa is likely to have upon the future of the Empire?"

And so we fell to talking of things which belong to the uniform—great things which, even when they did not entirely sort themselves out in the mind of this recruit, had gone into his dictum over the phone, "Do you think we want only the unemployed in the army?"

Do you not see how much he leaves me to hold in trust for him, while he is away, and how much I must still hold in trust for him if he never comes back—this recruit who represents Minerva and the girls and me?

Multiply that sentiment by two hundred thousand, and you will have a sublimely patriotic army, and a Nation that has been born again.

THE BELGIAN.

HE SAT in the blackened doorway of what had been his comfortable house, with head bent, and hands clasped between his knees. He was dirty; his clothes were splashed with mud; his shoes split with much walking. His dirt was of a tragedy that had overtaken prosperity. It did not betoken a habit of his person.

He might have been asleep; so still he was. But the damp, raw morning was no time for slumber in the open air. Two tears fell upon the clenched hands; and if the broken homestead had not spoken with hideous eloquence of the crime he had endured, every line of his frame would have told you that he was all too familiar with grief.

Half the roof above him was smashed. The chimney was gone. The windows were shattered. Within was pitiful confusion, wrought by fire, and soddened by the endless rains of a temperate winter—it was the debris of a desolated home, whose family had vanished in the headlong, roaring flood of war. Before the lonesome man lay the vestige of a market cart, in which he was wont to drive to Mons, and on which was painted his name and parish—Jules Lafiere, Soublienne.

Jules had returned from England; and had tramped eighty miles from where the steamer

had landed him; now through French; now through German lines. None who saw could suspect his sad, bewildered, honest mien. The French had pitied and fed him. The Germans had let him pass; for they saw in him a rebuilder for their cunning dominion.

Occasionally he had been in touch with what were left of his fighting countrymen, whose uniforms were ruined by resisting all the odds of time, weather and the scarcely intermittent shrapnel of the vandal—to which conspiring cruelty the very God above had sometimes seemed partial when He was not blind.

For two nights and a day he had been in contact with British troops; and had heard afresh the friendly speech which the sojourn with his despoiled family, in the big house by the Kentish road that led through the Medway Vale to London had dimly acquainted him.

He had come back to see whether it was safe to risk a fresh start in the place whence the appalling rush on Paris had driven him with his family. They had been ordered to flee; for the house wherein he had been born, and in which all his children had learned to speak his name, would be in the zone of death.

When they reached Dunkirk a gossip had told him that the house and buildings had been utterly destroyed. That made him willing to embark on the salt water, which had always been a mystery to him who was rooted to husbandry from childhood. They had been swept with the

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mourning tide that had surged upon the Kentish coast, and had spread over that land which seemed a veritable garden of hope to them and their hapless partners in despair.

Jules Lafiere could not have described the lure that had brought him back to Soublienne. He could not have dissected the spirituality of his attachment to the place he had always called home. He knew no other, and was content that there was nothing else to know. Angelique—ah! that he might see her once more, and hear the voice that had been music in his ears ever since he met her at the fair—Angelique, and the two girls, and little Emile suffered the same wistful hunger as himself.

They cried silently when they thought of the compassion, of the springs of restoration which flowed daily from the soft-spoken, grave, English people, who smiled so kindly, even when they could make nothing of the tongue from across the straits, and had to be content with thankful glances, and sometimes the pressure of a grateful hand.

Angelique, and the girls and little Emile, wanted to go back home. The terror of the German was still upon them; but they thought the German must, by this time, have had enough of driving innocent people to destruction. They loved their English benefactors, and were assured that one day the French and the English would help their noble king to drive away the hateful enemy, and once more set up their flag, and build again the cities that were laid in ghost-

ly ruin. But they hated idleness, and had never consumed the bread of charity.

Jules had been told many times by the good interpreter that the English did not think they were bestowing charity upon the Belgians, their comrades in arms. They said that heroic Belgium had stood valiantly between them and the endless dust-grey men who had overrun Hainaut with the remorseless precision of a train.

It was comforting to be told this, and in the future little children should learn of what had happened, and how the war had made people who could not understand each other's speech, read one another's hearts like a book printed in very big letters. But Angelique and all of them wanted to go home; and if only papa would go and see what could be done, and then send for them, they would be so much happier. They would manage, somehow, with ever so little food and hardly any shelter at all—he would see how much they could make of every scrap.

And so papa Jules, who sat in the blackened doorway, had found his way, after many puzzling adventures, some of which he was afraid he would forget; for a man who travelled as he had done, saw so much and heard such dreadful things that he would need to have two heads to carry it all till he should see Angelique again. In Latourjean, the day before, he had met a man who told him that his house was not entirely destroyed, though it was not truly habitable, if the old fashion of living was to be considered. But what did that matter?

Of course, the old happiness, in his big chair, with his pipe, while Angelique ironed the white clothes of the girls, after she had made the butter, and had fed the hens—all that could not come back quickly. But it would be heaven once more to be in their own place, with the Germans many, many leagues away, and no danger of them coming back. It was, Jules repeated to himself fifty times, a wonderful piece of luck that the house remained, when, for all these weeks he had been sure that not one stone was left upon another.

When he heard the news he was sure that all would still be well; Angelique would soon be in her accustomed place. Already he pictured an early evening in the warm, sunny springtime, when little Emile would run swiftly to greet his papa coming to supper from the fields, where the tender barley would already flutter in the breeze; and they would walk beneath the cherry trees, white and fragrant with their divine bloom, into the kitchen where little Emile would climb his knees, and ask when he would take him to Mons.

And as he came over the hill, and saw the dear place in the dull morning light, his heart swelled within him; for there it was, almost as they had left it. But as he rounded the big bend in the road, his eyes began to read a different tale. The roof of the house was gone. Presently he descried a big hole in the barn wall.

Providence, then, had mocked him, as he might have known it would. He turned into a field to make a short cut for home. He walked

into tragedy; for his fields had never looked like this—they had always been in perfect order for seedtime, long before the turn of the year. The crops had been half gathered when he fled, in August. They were rotten, now that he returned—at least what the Germans had left was rotten.

The ground was ploughed with all the motions of a camp. When soldiers forage they are not particular for the practices of a skilled farmer who loves order and carefulness. He began to dread afresh what he might see when he turned through the gate on which little Emile so gleefully used to swing.

He entered the pasture, and stumbled over the skull and horns of one of his beautiful black and white cows, which had been the peculiar pride of Angelique and the girls. He stopped to learn which of the kine had come to so mean an end. But the rings on the horns only told him that it was one of the three that were six years old, whose horns were as like as two peas in a pod.

He crossed the pasture, gazing at the house as he walked. He disliked to go farther, for hope had almost died once more from his heart. Indifferently he saw a long, low mound, and decided to rest awhile on it, and to contemplate the prospect before him.

A few blades of grass had grown upon the mound, and as he sat, he reached out his hand, and pulled a few of them. Presently he caught hold of a cluster of tough, old blades. As they



Wiping a cold sweat from his forehead, he passed through the gate, where little Emile had ridden so joyously the very morning the Uhlans came.

did not come at once, he absently tugged at them. The movement produced a sinking of the earth—not much, but enough to announce that he had disturbed something below—perhaps a mole run, perhaps a rabbit burrow; perhaps—.

Jules, before he knew it, had leaped to his feet, and away from the mound as if a scorpion had bitten him. Beneath the grime, there was a blanching face; for he knew that there were ghastly, dead men underneath where he had rested—uncoffined, uncounted, unknown men.

He ran a dozen steps before horror ceased to paralyse his brain. Then he half turned as if to come back. He said to himself that Germans were there, and he would dig them up and throw them outside his polluted borders. But that was impossible, and wiping a cold sweat from his forehead he passed through the gate where little Emile had ridden so joyously.

Everything was gone. Hope had lied to him. Robbery had stalked behind the German army. He did not suppose that the men in dust-grey had taken his furniture, his implements, and all the familiar gear of dairy and farm. War, he told himself, without saying the words, is petty larceny, as well as red, reeking murder, and the woe of woes.

As he moved around the place—the place to which he had brought Angelique so gaily twenty years ago, and where the children had been happier than he could now believe—he thought of Armand, his first-born, who was with the army—



He was afraid to enter; he dared not go; so he sat upon the threshold.

would it not be proper that the king should see him and learn how cheerful and brave he was? But Armand might be in a hospital, or even under a mound such as that which had given him so terrible a fright just now.

He fell into a reverie about Armand, and leaned against the well. Why had the war seemed to make him forget his son?—his faithful Armand whom he was now certain he should never see again—perhaps would not know where or how he had fallen for the honour of Belgium. It was for Armand that Angelique wept, when she thought they were all asleep. How should he warn her that she would never see her son again? He could not tell. The war was killing everything. It would go on killing, till there was an end; and the good God, who had forgotten them, would close the book, and there would be no families any more.

Why had he been so foolish as to leave Angelique and the girls and little Emile, safe as they were for a little while in the big house by the road that led to London? He could do nothing here—he had no money, no horse, no food, no seed. He was a beggar, on whose land the Germans might perhaps build a prison in which to keep the few Belgians who would be left alive when they were weary of shedding blood. Any day the soldiers might make a target of the house, the barn, the dairy. A shell might drop into the well over which he stood. He moved away from the well, so vivid was his certainty of what was yet to befall.

Even as he walked to the house door it came to him that before he could return to the big house by the road that led to London, it too might be destroyed by the Germans who would surely cross the water as they had swept over the land. For had not the English talked of raids by ships that swam like fish beneath the water; and other raids by the hateful things that desecrated the air, and stole honest repose from the darkness? And would not the dust-grey men follow the raids?

He came to the door, looked in; turned about; for he was afraid to enter. He dared not go; and so he sat upon the threshold. He remembered that it was December 7th, and that on this day last year little Emile had wakened to find his stockings so full of wonderful things that he could scarce carry them to his mother, to show what Santa had brought down the chimney. Strange it was that Santa did not get to the English children till Christmas Eve, at the very time that the devout people of Belgium were at their midnight mass, the most glorious of all the year. How did he come to learn this while he was in England? He could not recall, but he knew.

Emile would have no Belgian Santa. Perhaps the good English Santa would think of him, on the night of the midnight mass. Perhaps he himself would get back to the house by the road, in time for that

He must have dreamed; for it was so clear that he was approaching the big house by the road, on Christmas morning, full of hope as he

had been on the hill two hours ago. But, as he sighted little Emile standing in the window, holding in his arms a toy lamb that the English Santa had left him; a shell from a gun many miles away had screamed above his head, and burst right into the window where Emile stood; and behind which Angelique and the girls were surely waiting.

As he saw this, in his mind, and thought again of the desolation in which he sat, he put his hands between his knees; huddled within himself; bent his head; and the two tears fell.

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A WOMAN, A SAILOR, AND BILLY FLEW.

“ ‘WOULD I want to go into the trenches?’ she said, as if she was going to freeze me. You bet I would. I’ve been there before, and I didn’t get killed. But I’m really a sailor, and I’m humiliated that I’m not with my ship right now. But I’m too old—getting on for sixty—and though I sent in my papers on the first of September, I’m afraid they won’t send for me. I’ve got two automatics in the wardrobe by my bed, loaded for fair, and the cartridge belt is as full as it will hold. We are going to have trouble—I don’t know how, or where, or when it will come; but we’re going to have it, and I don’t give a darn. Civilian or no civilian, I shall shoot the minute there’s anything to shoot at.”

Thus spake the captain bold—a natural fighting man. He sits in a fine office, telling his underlings whether they are to insist on cash with order for such stuff as books are printed on. He assured me that he is a funny fellow, partly because he says what he thinks, and partly, I fancy, because he does what he says—especially when it comes to shooting. He has fought to kill and has killed, and his point of view has point as well as view.

“I tell you what it is,” he said, “our women are the weak spot in this war.”



“Why,” she said, “I’d say ‘Here you are, Mr. German, the city belongs to you.’”

I looked at him, deprecating his present style of funniness. He looked straight back.

"Oh, yes, I know what I am talking about," he said. "Last night at dinner one of them said it was a shame to send good Canadian boys over there to be killed. What had we to do with it, anyway? I asked her, 'What would you feel like if the Germans came here?'"

"'Why,' she said, 'I'd say, 'Here you are, Mr. German, the city belongs to you.' What else could I do?'"

"I tell you," said the captain, who wishes he was on his ship looking for German submarines, "I tell you I lit into her pretty hot, even if it was in somebody else's house, and she was one of the prettiest women I have seen in a long time.

"I said, 'Do you know what would happen to you? You'd think to buy comfort by letting the Germans take everything. I'm not saying anything about the patriotism of the sort of surrender you pretend you would make, but about your own safety. Do you know one of the first things that would happen? Along would come some German to your husband, and he'd say, 'Your wife a pretty fine woman. You go away: leave her to me,' and before you'd know where you were, my lady,' I said to her, speaking quite plain, and before the crowd"—and the captain spoke quite plain before me, too, and wound up with the remark that the pretty lady said nothing when he asked her what she would think if her husband said to the intruder the equivalent of what she had said about the city.

"Why," she said, "I'd say 'Here you are, Mr. German, the city belongs to you.'"

The captain threw himself half-round in his chair, impatient and angry at the recollection of the indifference of the fine woman to the meaning of the German menace to Canada as well as to Europe.

"Tell you what it is," he resumed, "the people of this country haven't begun to wake up to what this war means now, and still less have they any idea of what it is going to mean, win or lose."

I couldn't help replying, "That's exactly why The Canadian War was started, captain. We don't profess to know a tenth of what it involves for this complacent country, but we do know that neither the average man on the street, nor the average man in the average government—and we have ten in the Dominion—senses the magnitude of the crisis that faces us."

"Realize?" said he, vehemently, "of course they don't realize. The Canadian is pretty much like the Englishman, who always says there is no danger, and that he musn't be disturbed. He keeps on saying it till he gets a good swift kick in the stern; then he rises up on his hind legs and does things. Besides, some people are really afraid to go up to the risk that is facing them."

"Scared?" I interpolated.

"Yes, sir! scared; and some of them scared stiff. They don't know what fighting stuff they've got in them till all at once they understand that if they don't get the other fellow the other fellow'll get them. They're like Billy Flew."

The captain gazed out of the window, and a reminiscent smile flickered round his face. The smile grew into a laugh, as the captain drummed his fingers on the desk. When he turned again it was to say:

"I can see the son-of-a-gun now, scared stiff, down by the sage-bush."

"Where was this, and when?" said I.



I could see Billy, full length upon the ground, wiggling his head into the sand.

"In Arizona, in 1887. The Apaches had been raiding, and we were sent out to catch or kill them. It was a hot, blazing afternoon, and we had been compelled to take cover in the open behind some little sage-bushes. Doc Cranston was behind one bush, ten paces to my right. Billy Flew was maybe twenty yards on my left. The

doc and I were quite safe, for they hadn't seen us. But they had found Billy, and were peppering him for a finish.

"I could see Billy full length on the ground, wiggling his head into the sand. The bullets were ping-pinging all round him, and he was scared as mortal could be. After a while he almost sobbed to us, 'Good-bye, boys; they'll get me right enough!'

"I tried to steady him, but he was sure they'd get him every shot. And, by gad, they did. A bullet just grazed the calf of his leg--only enough to tingle him up.

"You should have seen Billy. In a second he was up on his knee, cracking away at the Apaches on the hill. I called to him to lie down, or they would sure get him. I'd scarcely spoken before he was hit in the fleshy part of the thigh. He rubbed the blood and leaped to his feet.

"'Lie down, you damned fool,' I roared at him. 'They'll get you, sure.'

"'Not before I get one of them, the sons of bugaboos,' yelled he, and with that he stood up straight and pumped away at them as hard as he could go. I called again to him to get down, and when he wouldn't I crawled over and fairly pulled him down.

"Well, in the end, we cleared out of there with nothing worse happening, and Billy got scared no more.

"Over in England two or three Zeppelins throwing bombs on London would do them all the

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good in the world. Something of the same kind would do wonders for the fighting spirit of our own people. At present we are not even on playing terms with the war."

"What would you do, then?" said I.



A bullet grazed the calf of his leg . . . In a second he was up on his knee, cracking away at the Apaches.

"What would I do?" I'd put the whole country under martial mobilization inside of twenty-four hours, on the assumption that we are the front instead of being three or four thousand miles from the trouble. How else can you make the public realize what this war means? More and more men are beginning to make money out of it, which tempts them to think it's a pretty fine thing.

"I was on the car this morning with a man who would have been down and out but for the war. His factory's going night and day, filling orders for three or four governments. Do you suppose that man realizes that this war here is hell economically as well as in its loss of life and destruction of the means of livelihood in Europe? He is getting rich out of the war.

"Then there's another class of people who really think that we ought not to get ready for war. By jiminy, I believe in armament. That's the only way to be safe. Safety first for mine. We have got to put two hundred thousand men over the sea, and if that isn't enough we have got to send more—and then some more.

"The Government, to my way of thinking, aren't alive to the real meaning of the situation. They won't let men enlist in the militia regiments unless they promise to go across the sea if required. That's all wrong. These fellows who have only the beginnings of fighting efficiency within them should be got into the regiments. Get them in; put the uniform on them; let the spirit of the regiment and the sense of discipline get hold of them, and in a little while they will be ready to go anywhere."

"We have got to find equivalents for the bullet that grazed Billy Flew's calf?" said I.

"You bet your life we have," said the captain, as he glanced at a paper brought in by a swift clerk.

"C. O. D.," he said with the decision of the quarter deck to the clerk.

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AROUND THE CAMP.

SEEING a line of stalwart fellows prone upon the ground, nestling their heads in the snow, you know they are getting ready for Germans, and that you are watching a kindergarten of twentieth century warfare.

The bugler lies ten paces behind them, his weapon of sound and fury glistening in the morning air. A lone civilian comes along, asking your guide for Captain Macdonald. The guide can tell him nothing.

A figure in the snow lifts and turns his head and says: "What do you want him for?" The civilian, with a delightful inconsequence, answers: "I want to see him"—as if that were an addition to intelligence. The uplifted head asks:

"Yes, but what do you want to see him ABOUT?"

Wherein speaks the standardbearer of Discipline, which is king herearound. It doesn't matter what the recruit wanted or what the popped-up head answered. I knew the head, though I had only once seen it, in the paper. The guide said: "That's young Lindsey—George Lindsey's son. He is a lieutenant here. Smart fellow!"

Lindsey's head resumed its station in the snow to await the cool command for the next advance and the next flop and the next snuggle

down into the refreshing drift. We moved on.

Perhaps it wasn't fair to Lindsey; but who could help thinking of his great-grandfather and the service he did, and the rebellion he founded, and the devotion he always showed to the inmost shrine of freedom and liberty, such as Germans can never understand? Perhaps it wasn't fair to recall the fiery Scot who has been dead more than fifty years; for young men with commissions are happier thinking of what the future may do with the names they bear rather than of what the past did for the blood they circulate.

Still, it was curious that the first head I should be able to recognize in a posture that fairly trumpeted of war and of the defence of freedom which is ennobling the grimmest business that our race has ever seen, was a head that linked a controversial Past with a United Present.

It did more—it insured a certain intimate touch to all one saw and heard in the walk through the camp. It was a general survey of the camp rather than an inquisition into what it was, what it did, what it said and what it thought—this breathing bulwark of the State which is asked what is its right to raise its head in America and what its impertinent claim to swing its fist in Europe.

The D.A.A. and Q.M.G suggested we go up to the gate and begin at the beginning. So to the guard room we went, just inside where they take the tickets from you when the Exhibition, the gay, the tearless Exhibition, is on. We found the guard at rest—the resting portion of it, that is.

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Two hours on duty and four off for the whole twenty-four is not a bad life in good weather. When the stormy winds do blow, it is also not a bad life—in the guard room. The sergeant was a little fellow with a husky voice. His men were at attention before we reached the door. "Carry on," said the D.A.A. and Q.M.G. cheerily to



A line of stalwart fellows prone upon the ground, nestling their heads in the snow.

them. "Don't mind me. I'm only showing this gentleman through the camp."

There were five men in the detention room. One per thousand of the camp muster on the morning after holiday leave is a certificate of behavior that would have astonished a colonel of

the good old army days when it was expected of a soldier who went on leave that he would return too obviously the worse for his happiness.

These were five decent-looking fellows, especially the least charming of them. The surroundings of his left eye were a colored reminiscence of a too fervent argument. Of course he laid it off to too much alcohol; the story of which was also in the shrinking glisten of the other eye. You did not feel a bit moral in presence of this tumble from grace—sorry for his predicament, that's all, and certain that he would make the best sort of a recovery.

If you think of every soldier of the king as a knight on whose brow an icy virtue is enthroned, you forget that human nature has its limits in a camp as well as in a pulpit; and that the soldier fights for the hearth of the moral imperfectionist as well as for the palace of the bishop. This fellow in the detention room will be as doughty a man in the trenches as he was when he received that coloring as the evidence that he gave as good as he got. If only perfectionists were permitted to fight for us we should feel meaner than we do when we contact with the great material that is covered by these khaki uniforms; the high quality of independence that is behind the quick salute which speaks of ranking inferiority to the man to whom it is delivered.

I have shown you a good fellow with a black eye before going farther on the round, because it is the worst there is to show. It is so trivial that perhaps it had better have been left out of the

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picture. But, after all, it is so easy to speak well of the fighting man who makes a brave show, whose bearing seems to expound all the attributes of chivalry; and it is so very easy to speak like a Pharisee about the fellows who make slips with the cup and the lips, that it is worth while remembering that when the shells begin to scream it is on the sinner that we depend as much as on the saint.

Your debt is as great, then, to the fighter who stumbles into the detention room as it is to the gallant who thinks no evil. Get that idea into your head and it has a curious effect on your general attitude to the soldier in the camp. A little human experience that makes you feel kindly to the chap who happens to be in passing disgrace is the right sort of experience to acquire.

Go through this camp or any camp, know that thousands of men in it have answered the call of a patriotism as lofty as any that has ever echoed through the corridors of time, and you can't prevent the feeling that even in their faults, if they have any, they are before us who do not, as yet, bear the honor of our common name to the deadly field.

Here, for instance, was a sergeant in the Government Building, where the Forty-eighth Highlanders are billeted. The D.A.A. and Q.M.G. had said that a thousand men slept in this building where, a few months ago, Minerva and I had picked out lumps of West Indian coral, had examined the cocoa bean, and had seen the dusky weaver of the panama. The bunks are in two

stories. The lower is about six inches and the upper about five feet from the concrete floor. The slats, which remind you of a wire mattress, because they are so different, are as soft as boards usually are.

They carry a paliasse — it is not called a mattress, but by the old-fashioned name that suggests a grateful palliation of the board. On the pillow, which rested on the extra blanket, lay towel, bayonet, and in some cases a cap. At the foot, the soldier's rifle hung from a hook, butt downwards. His equipment was near by, so that if he were called suddenly to put himself in battle array he would be as little delayed as a fireman speeding to a blaze.

In the Forty-eighth section of the 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 easily 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 again. "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 recognition; there was no demand for the "very much indeed." They were both of the essence of comradeship, reinforced by discipline. This camp is no combination of Sunday school picnic

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*The canteen of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew . . .
Warm cheer; a reading room.*

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 were ignorant of.

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 had. 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. The saluting is only part of the routine that prevents slackness, from the top rank to the bottom. 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."

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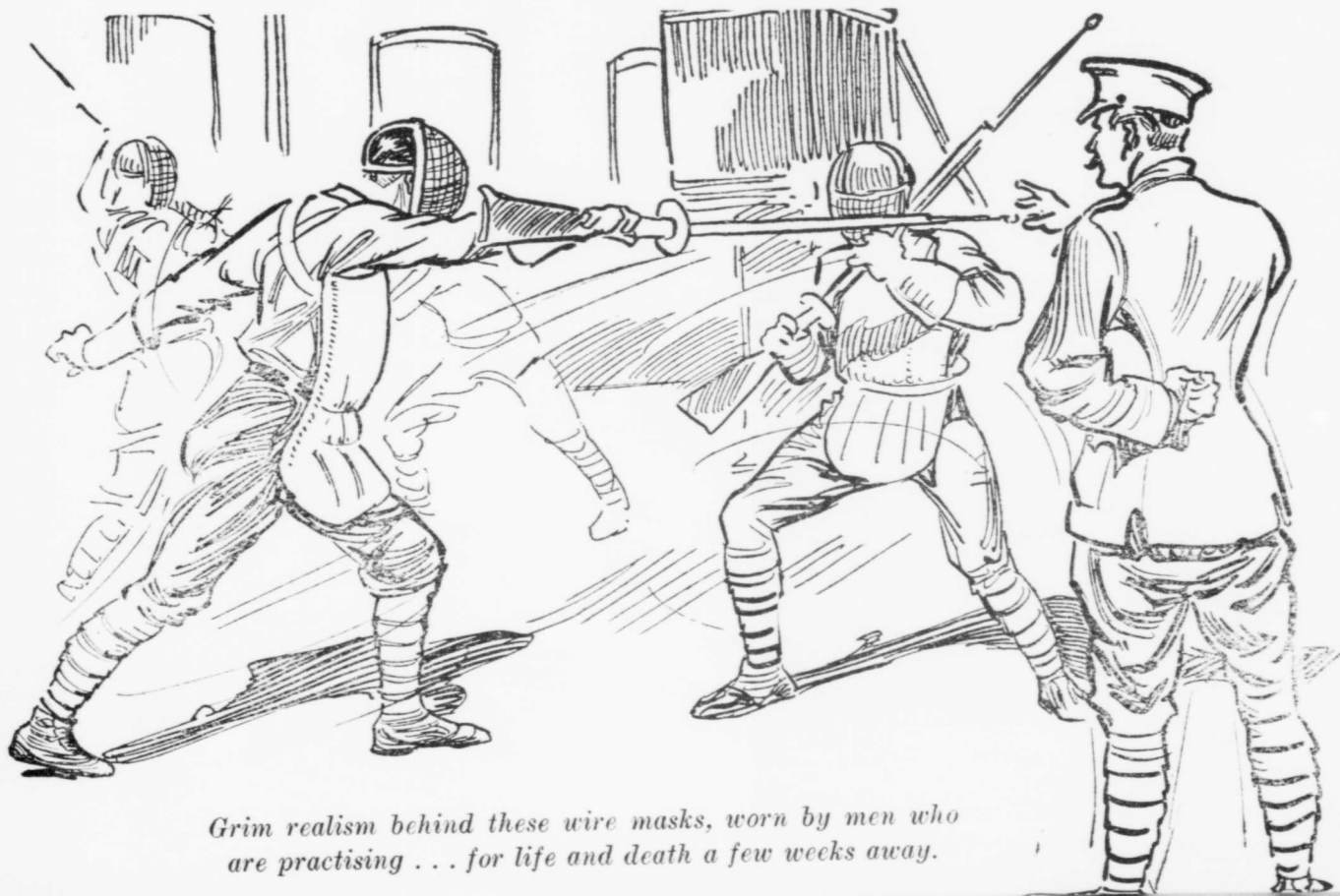
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dread or of unworthy servility," I said to the D.A.A. and Q.M.G.

"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 lead 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, obviously, 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 elevating 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.



Grim realism behind these wire masks, worn by men who are practising . . . for life and death a few weeks away.

THE BAYONETEERS.

WE ENTERED the Industrial Building Number Five, which has become a sports arena, drill hall and church. The splendidly simple pulpit from which the Bishop of Toronto, the day before, had excelled himself in a sermon on the call of Joshua to fighting leadership, stood in the middle of the arena. Close to it, half-a-dozen tall men were being drilled in bayonet fighting.

It did not seem incongruous that this preparation for slaughter should be going on alongside the episcopal pulpit. "Fight the good fight of faith," said the Bishop, or words to that effect. "Fight the German with the bayonet," was the answering chorus of the blows that my countrymen aimed at one another, each with its resounding clash of steel.

Probably most people suppose, in a vague sort of way, that the soldier is given a bayonet to stick on the end of his rifle for use in an emergency; and that the manner of using it is left to chance and primeval instinct, as the peasants tried to use pitchforks at Sedgemoor. Rifle shooting is an affair of practice; for distance lends difficulty to the view. But bayonet charging, from front or rear, we imagine, is an affair of getting your blow in first and getting it in as far as strength and the other fellow will permit. So, of course, it is; but the other fellow cannot be

relied upon to take it lying down, and the instructor instructs, and the novices stand up to learn.

They were equipped with dummy rifles; and the bayonets had soft knobs tied to their points. Each man wore a wire mask. As far as I could make out, from such a short watching as my guide's time could permit, if you attack, you must expect your opponent to try to ward off your thrust by pushing your weapon aside. What then? If you draw back to clear your weapon, you are open to his thrust, and are not in good shape to defeat its purpose.

So you must hope that he will be sufficiently off his guard to allow you to smash the butt of your rifle upwards and hit him in the face with it. Get home one good whack with that butt, and he is at your mercy. What you do if, as he diverts your bayonet, he manages to turn his butt far enough across your body to prevent you delivering the upward smash, we didn't stay long enough to find out. In bayonet fighting, you perceive, a good deal depends on personal initiative.

You have seen fencers and swordsmen showing their skill in tournaments. It was always a pretty exhibition. But its very skill robbed it of the final suggestion of reality. Only a very few can do display stunts. There was more grim realism behind these wire masks, worn by men who are practising, not for the auditorium, but for life and death a few weeks away, than there has ever been in any display of mere fence, however marvellous.



The impression was deepened by what was going on in that same building. As we watched the clash and thrust of the bayoneteers the hall shook with the recurrent stamp of three hundred men who were at rifle drill on the other side of the Bishop's pulpit. At a speed that nearly put me out of breath they were handling their nine-



The hall shook with the recurrent stamp of three hundred men at rifle drill.

pound Ross rifles, with bayonets fixed, forward, shoulderward, twisting over (to develop wrist suppleness, I suppose), and dropping as if to prod an enemy on the ground; then changing to the other hand, and repeating the operation; and keeping it up as if it were sheer amusement.

The stamp came when they plunged forward with the stock at shoulder—a rhythmic roar, the more intimidative that it came at fairly long intervals. The beat of manly feet on that board floor had something of remorseless doom about it.

We came out into the sun, and saw several companies at drill—just plain drill it seemed, after the grim bayonetry that we had seen hard by the Bishop's pulpit. We passed by the fountain—a mighty different scene from the September day when last I was here. Over by the Administration Building, where General Lesard wielded greater power than President Oliver, or even the press agent of the Big Show ever attempts to use, there was a big van with "Cakes and Pies" printed upon its liberal covering. The commissariat is the defence of the defenders. The spirit may be willing; but if the stomach is weak—woe betide the supply of fervor with which you start upon the long, long road.

The D.A.A. and Q.M.G. took me next to the canteen, of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, for which God and a bevy of ladies are to be praised. Some of them come down at seven in the morning to pour coffee for the boys. It is in the Dairy Building. Instead of cold storage there are warm cheer, a reading room, bunting with heartening, home-reminding letters on it; and still the greenery and other dressings of Christmas.

Maybe, hidden here and there were sprigs of mistletoe, to remind sundry of the boys of what had been, and to tease them with visions of what



Behind the first counter stood a lady with whom the D.A.A. and Q.M.G. shook hands gallantly, as if she might have been in Government House.

may yet be accomplished. In the reading room the future Lessards were going through the mortalities that beset officers' examinations. Behind the first counter stood a lady with whom the D.A.A. and Q.M.G. shook hands, gallantly, as if she might have been in Government House.

Behind a screen was a table spread with bewitching napery; and on a sideboard—or what did efficient duty for a sideboard—a regiment of grapefruit in waiting. This, I was told, by one who knows—the D.A.A. and Q.M.G. was chatting with the lady—was an effect of a drawing towards Sparta for some of the officers who do not agree that the plainest living need be started before—well, you know, what is the use of meeting trouble half way?

Which, being interpreted, means that the allowance of something over a dollar a day for the simple sustenance of the officers had been cut down to the rational frugality of thirty cents per diem—one cute young lieutenant always put the emphasis on the di when he thought how simple the patriotic life may become. The order to get into the thirty cent entrenchments had come unexpectedly; so that the table behind the screen had come rather suddenly, too; and was only a makeshift, grapefruit and all.

If you are curious about such things, you may care to know that General Lessard, who is an organizer to the last hair of his head, directed that the accounts of all the extra-military bodies which minister to the temporal and spiritual needs of the men inside the camp, be audited by

professional auditors, so that all the profits go back to the soldier in some form or other, after the immediate transactions are closed.

SAFETY FIRST.

FROM THE voluntary canteen, with its half-hidden grapefruit, to the refectory of the twentieth battalion was only a few yards. Covers were laid for a thousand—graniteware crockery, laid upside down—(that's a double bull, for the ware was white); pine tablecloths; serviettes at a distance; impending appetite over all; a kitchen full of a sweet smelling savor; piles of loaves; everything as it should be; with a squad of uniformed servingmen snugly disposed around the stove till the bugle should sound.

Across the way, under the grand stand, we saw the most valuable shooting range that has ever been set up in the western hemisphere—fifty targets all in a row. Between each two targets there is a steel shelter for markers, who can slide the bullet-broken target into safety for repairs, while the other is pushed out for the marksman. Behind the targets is a board wall, shot into a hole where the bullseyes are; and behind that a quarter-inch steel wall against which the bullets driven from the cartridges that carry little powder, flatten and fall harmlessly to the floor—effective safety play.

At first it seemed that perfect French winter conditions had been produced as an aid to accuracy. The building, with the grandstand for a roof, was in a mist, and you could hear water



*The shooters . . . drop their rifles and advance to learn
their scores.*

dripping everywhere—it reminded you of a fine winter morning on the Clyde.

But the spectacle of a Scotch mist was quite unintentional—the frost above was melting; that was all; and the realism was endured more than enjoyed. The shooters fire their five shots at the bullseyes; wait for the bugle-call; then drop their rifles and advance to learn their scores. Eight hundred men a day can practise in these miniature ranges, which are more effective than those at Long Branch, for the distances are shorter; and a man who happens to be slow in the uptake about how to hold, to sight and discharge the rifle, can be given all the instruction his head and his country require.

The first consignment of horses had reached the camp. We sampled the animals in the stables that are better than anything many of them will occupy when they leave their native land. There were light saddle horses, such as ladies delight in, and the twelve hundred pounders that are for general purposes, where speed and strength are required in combination.

The cavalryman has more to do in camp than the infantryman. His charges have to be fed early and tended late. He swings the fork oftener than he lunges with the bayonet. The artillery was not yet complete as to men, horses or guns. If your mind runs to the ornaments of the bucolic field; and you have been keen on the judging of class animals in the ring, how do you feel when you know that parks of artillery—guns and carriages—filled the judging arena at Toronto Exhibition?

The suppression of peaceful husbandry by the implements of war in the region of the horse stables, cattle byres, sheep pens and poultry sheds, gave a mighty strange aspect to the whole camp. The horses were the only quadrupeds in the long, low buildings. The cattle barns have been swept and garnished and made as sweet as new mown hay; and in them men repose in the stalls, though none was lying in a manger.

The hospitals are stalled off; especially the infectious quarters and the department for blessings like disinfection. In an upper room is a chamber, made of boards with sawdust between, wherein the clothes of such men as have been roughing it overmuch in the far-off woods are put through a steam bath for half an hour, to the end that they may have life less abundantly, and then dried by a fervent heat turned into the same chamber.

The subject of this near-godly process meantime lies in bed, waiting for his only pair; and only everything else. You see a masculine prototype of Psyche ready for the bath—sitting in it, i' faith; said bath being a shallow wooden tub of exceeding usefulness and of no ornamentation. A soldier bathing while his garments are being steamed, even as potatoes are steamed, is one of the aspects of modern warfare that would make Napoleon stare—an excessive regard for safety.

In the general hospital, each bed has its own stall—wherein the private is like cathedralled deans and archdeacons, and prebendaries and

canons of the church, those doughty soldiers of the Lord—we found Dr. Strathy giving a mighty youth his third inoculation against typhoid. He was a cheerful young giant. You could not see anything of his flesh, which the doctor reached, below the right shoulder, through the opened shirt. The filling of the needle within the bottle of germs—they looked like so much thick and addled beer, if such stuff can be—the injection of the dose—about five hundred million germs—and the sterilizing of the needle, combined to make an interesting demonstration — for the looker-on—of safety first.

A hospital is never a cheerful place for one who draws reflectively the fleeting breath of life. Some of the men looked sick; some were sad; some were positively happy. There was nothing to tell that the comforts of the place were sent by Liberal ladies. It was good to see the men who sat in five dentists' chairs, patients of the white-coated, eminent practitioners, who were on that day's roster from the eighty dentists who have freely given their services that their gallant fellow-citizens may the more thoroughly chaw up the Germans. The Toronto battalions will go into battle the best-teethed soldiers of whom any King may boast in an age of dental progress. Whenever have rosters of dentists so prepared for war? Who, before, has wielded from afar the mouth mirror as an aid to the bayonet? Perhaps, some day, it may be said that the mouth is mightier than the sword.

From dentistry to bakery, whose minister it



*A soldier bathing while his garments are being steamed
... One of the aspects of modern warfare that would
make Napoleon stare.*

is, is only a few yards. The smart, precise, stalwart sergeant-major who keeps charge of the men who fill the four big Aldershot-designed ovens which bake the bread for the whole five thousand, exposed an accent that came from the same territory as the ovens. Indeed, as the prevailing atmosphere of the camp was of efficiency tempered by optimism, the prevailing accent was English as the lion's mane.

By the grand stand we had overtaken a squad of men carrying canvas shoes, some in bags, some in arms, and some in a long, open box, which did not ride easily on the shoulders of four bearers. I regret to say that one of the company, offering a suggestion for the smoother performance of the common task, used a sanguinary adjective, which it is quite superfluous to repeat—you know it so well. It was not highly proper, and denotes no high order of chivalry. It is not singular to the English; but it is thought to become my countrymen in arms.

As the preponderant fighting share of Canada's honor will be carried into the trenches by men who aspire after the English manner; and as deeds are more eloquent than words, what is an expletive more or less? Possibly the fellows who were footballing in the snow, alongside the deserted switchback, were from across the water. There was not time to inquire, for one's attention was attracted by a string of men coming round the front of the grand stand—men without uniforms and carrying suitcases; all of them as unmilitary-looking as you and the rest of us.

I remarked on the suitcases; and the D.A.A. and Q.M.G. explained that though they brought suitcases into camp they would carry none out. They arrive civilians with the hundred styles of dress that a hundred civilians affect. They go out in the height of military fashion, equipped and dressed and harnessed as their fellows are. What becomes of the suitcases? I asked the D. A. A. and Q.M.G. They are sent to the places whence they came, the Government paying all charges, there to be held for such disposition as their owners choose, or as their friends desire, according to the fortune of war.

It is quite a business—the returning of civilian clothes to civilian quarters designated by the former wearers of the same. The D.A.A. and Q.M.G. said that the camp is run on principles of economy with the public money; and that in this matter of the return of outfits, for instance, every effort is made to prevent loss. But all officers are not equally careful about the smaller matters of the day—they think more of the future than of the present; and so lost clothes and lost suitcases have to be compensated for.

The hundred carriers of suitcases, newly from the country, will become an ammunition column—more fateful things than suitcases to carry. As they were from outside this vast metropolis, I asked the D.A.A. and Q.M.G. if any broad distinction is discernible between the city recruit and his comrade from beyond. The captain is a diplomatic sort of gentleman, and truthful withal. Here is his answer:



Men without uniforms and carrying suitcases; all of them as unmilitary-looking as the rest of us.

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“There is a great difference between the strong man and the athletic man. However strong an untrained man may be when he comes here, he is not much good militarily till he has been put through a course of physical training. Standing on his toes, with his arms akimbo, is a liberal education in calisthenics, for lots of the men who come from outside. Perhaps the man from the country is a little slower than the city dweller, simply because his habit of life has been more leisured. Possibly the discipline in the country regiments is not quite so rigid as in the city battalions. In the end, though, I shall not be surprised if the country has the advantage over the city; but whether we shall have anything striking to report when a larger proportion of the enlistment is from the country districts is more than one can predict just now.”

We were returning to headquarters, and the clock was getting towards dinner time. The savor from the refectory of the Twentieth Battalion would have told us all that a hungry man with the right to eat needed to know. Beef stew, with lots of potatoes and carrots, is exceeding good to one who has been nestling in the snow between whiles of chasing across it and throwing himself headlong to the ground.

At the threshold of headquarters a small, dark man met the D.A.A. and Q.M.G., with a speech in French, which was answered in excellent kind. This man was a Belgian reporting the arrival of three more Belgian reservists to be housed and fed and kept in drilling order at the expense of the Canadian Government till

they can take ship for their own smitten land. The three were of the second batch, the first twenty-five having already gone forward.

Two minutes more and I was trudging out to the gate. The General Superintendent of the Methodist Church of Canada was striding in—remarkable how the men of peace hover around the precincts of war, for they are nearly all born fighting men — the Bishop's pulpit, you recall, was next the clashing bayonets. Reflecting on this attribute of military godliness, I scarcely heard the tread of the first batch of diners, coming across from the Government Building. Appetite was honorably written on their healthy fronts.

By the time I was at the gate they were probably at the table; and as if to announce that it was high time civilians were off about their business—if they had any—a band of buglers came from the Transportation Building, stood on the steps and trumpeted certain information that was Greek to me. It was the concluding intimation that the soldier, preparing for his vital service to the State, lives apart in a world of his own, where discipline is the monarch against whom there is no appeal; and that the place where this rare and splendid mechanism is being perfected is holy ground. For, while life surges and drills for its appointed task, what eye can detect which of these will survive the test, and which names will be written where men who see them will say: "These died that we might live."

A LADY THINKS ALOUD.

WOULD Mr. Dudley think it too much for a lonely woman to ask if he could spare time to see her in connection with some of the things he has written about the war, and which make her wish to ask his advice?

That is the gist of an all too short letter which took me on Thursday afternoon to a house on the edge of the city, which I may not describe, and whose occupant I may not name. It is not customary with me to receive calls like this, but the note was—well, you can hear its undertone easily enough.

The Lady was of average size, with wavy, silvery hair. Her face was younger than her hair, because her soul is alive and her heart is warm. Her eyes—you cannot describe the eyes of a Lady who has had people at her feet ever since she could scamper, and who has lived the life of love and sorrow that comes to a widow whose only surviving children are marching into battle.

You never saw a combination of Beauty and Sorrow which did not have in it also a most blessed cheerfulness, which most of the time screens the sorrow. The Lady had all three, which, put together, make Charm—not the mere effort to be “nice,” which is the echoing cymbal of convention, but the charm that comes from character unsoured by the stress of life or by the illusion of disillusion.

Of course the Lady said things about the kindness of a busy man and all that, but she soon came to the point, which was the war, and what it means. She was so kind as to say that I could help her appreciate what it would mean to Canada, about which she was beginning to be troubled.

“With my two brave boys in the army,” she said, “I used to lie awake at night and picture all sorts of dreadful things that may happen to them”—and she paused, while a singular light came into the eyes that were looking at something I might not see—“and sometimes,” she said slowly, “I think of the dreadful things they may be compelled to make others suffer.” She repressed a shudder.

Ah! here, thought I, is the mother’s finest heart; the woman’s most exquisite dread; the angel’s most piercing insight into the things which war may make of men in whom chivalry may be overthrown, and before whom reeking blood may become a ghastly incense.

The Lady thought she was coming to me for aid. I smiled inwardly, as I recognized how great the debt on the other side would be before I left her house. What I said to her is of no consequence, but I shall take leave to set down, as nearly as a faithful memory can do it, some of what the Lady said, and leave you to sense the sacramental quality in her words, the inspiration, the warning of her spirit—the spirit of a woman in distress; a woman who has already made in her perceptions the last great sacrifice;

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a woman to whom is coming the only Vision that abides; a woman who, though she knows it not, has the power to create, to move and to lead great armies of the mind.

“I am in much perplexity,” the Lady said, “because sometimes I wonder whether my mind is working in the right direction, and I am almost afraid to let myself think. When the war came it was not hard for me to decide that if my boys wanted to go I would not put the smallest obstacle in their way. You see, their father was a public-spirited man, and my father had been a soldier in his young days, and I have taken some part in Imperial work—only a very little, of course, but I really tried to live up to my light before the war.

“So when the boys came to me together I was proud of their patriotism, as I knew their father would have been. Though it wasn't hard for me to decide to let them go, it was terrible when the parting came, and I spent many hours wondering how it will end for my family happiness.” She paused and broke away from the thread of her talk.

“I'm afraid you will think it strange of me, talking to you like this,” she said, with a deprecating gesture, “but I am sure, from what I have read, that you will understand. This war seems to be opening up ways in which we may be frank and honest with people whom we know to be travelling along the same wonderful road on which we find ourselves. Am I not right?”

I said the war was making deep changes in our intercourse with one another, and that frankness was one of the choicest aids to meeting a crisis which the human character could develop, and that if she were inclined to speak freely, I should count it an honor to hear. The Lady resumed:

“From so much thinking about my boys’ danger, and the possibilities of their never returning”—again she stopped, and there was a glisten in her sombre eyes that a stone could not mistake—“I have come into a peculiar calm about their fate. I know they will not fail in their duty, whatever it be. I know that I cannot affect what happens to them. They are all the world to me, but they are out of my keeping, and I have ceased to worry. Perhaps, for me, the bitterness of death has already passed, as it does, you know, through a merciful balm in nature and in Providence.”

The Lady looked at me for acquiescence—it is remarkable how the deeps are comprehended, when there is readiness to perceive. I bowed and she went on:

“I am not anxious any more about what is going on in Europe, and I do not fret about the danger to the Empire. When I found those feelings slipping away I dreaded that I was growing indifferent about the war, and that already I had become brutalized.”

I could not help smiling at the idea of this gracious, pleading presence becoming brutalized.

The foreign-born immigrant . . . his children are just as much native-born Canadians as you and your boys at the front are.



The foreign-born immigrant . . . his children are just as much native-born Canadians as you and your boys at the front are.

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The Lady saw the smile, divined the idea that evoked it, and laughed a silver bar.

“Oh, I know what you think, but women with grey hair can become brutalized,” she said, with a delicious candour.

I raised a hand in amused, ineffectual protest.

“Oh, yes,” she persisted, “women do not sometimes call one another cats for nothing. We are not angels, but human beings like the rest of you, with a feline capacity you refuse to acknowledge.”

The Lady fell into her more serious mood. “What I want to express is that the war has ceased to be for me the intensely personal matter that it used to be. My boys are part of a vast Something which I can't quite describe—like waves in the ocean. I am part of it, too, and it is because I want to find out what that part is that I am talking this way.”

The Lady paused again, waiting for some reply, but I could only offer a silent, almost a strained attention for what she would say next—this woman whose mind towards her flesh and blood the war had so marvellously renewed. “My boys have become like waves in the ocean.” What a simile; what a revelation! More followed:

“It seems to me that Canada is like a person walking on a mountain side on a very dark and stormy night, not knowing how serious the storm is, or how many the precipices that yawn before her unsuspecting feet. Just how much that impression means I cannot tell. But it deepens

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every week and seems likely to fill as much of my mind as the earlier feeling about my boys, and the terrible events in Europe and on the sea. When I try to analyze it I have none too clear an idea of what I mean by Canada. I don't know what Canada is, but I know it is more and more perplexing than I ever supposed it to be."

"May I ask how much of Canada you know?" said I.

"Oh," was the answer, "I have never been farther west than Muskoka; I have seen as much of Quebec as three trips to Europe have permitted me to see, but when I try to visualize what the parts of my own country are like, which I have never seen, I am frightfully at a loss."

"When you think of Canada," I ventured, "do you think spiritually of as much of it as you knew when you were a girl at home? The additions of population which does not speak English as its mother tongue—you have thought of them as immigrants and strangers, but not as partners in everything that you inherited from your soldier father?"

The Lady did not answer for perhaps half a minute. She gazed at the carpet. Then she raised her head sharply—I thought there was a toss of disdain in the movement at first, but the notion was a mistake.

"Mr. Dudley," she said, that has never struck me before. But what are you leading up to? There must be something behind that way of putting it. Do please tell me what it is."



I spent many hours wondering how it will end for my family happiness.

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"It was quite a chance shot," I answered. "May I ask why you have regarded yourself as a Canadian?"

"Because I was born in Canada, of course," the Lady replied.

"And your father, too?"

"No, he came from Shropshire, not far from the Wrekin, which I love almost as much as if I had been born there myself."

"And what was your father's chief attachment to Canada? Did he think more of the little place by the Wrekin, which he left, than he did of the place in which he was going to leave his family? Were not his Canadian-born children, and the certainty that they would influence Canadian life to all generations, more to him than the remembrance of his forbears in the Welsh marches?"

"Surely," was all the Lady said.

"And do you not rejoice that your boys are giving all they are to Canada, first of all, and that when the fight is over, they will some day have children of their own, and you picture yourself as a joyful grandmother, proud to have them ask you about the time their father went to the war?"

She smiled across to me, and I was sorry to see another mist in her eyes. "Why, you seem to know exactly what a mother of soldiers feels. You must have a son at the front, too."

It was necessary to confess that ours are all girls, and that there is a soldier—but that is

neither here nor there. I tried to explain what was in the back of my mind:

“Though you have regarded the foreign-born immigrant as always a foreigner, have you ever realized that his children are just as much native-born Canadians as you and your boys at the front are, that their interest in what follows the war is just as vital as yours and mine, and that they are some of the ingredients which make up your impression of Canada wandering at night in the storm on the mountain side?”

“You mean that all these foreigners are one with us in all this fight, and that we have got to make their relation to it identical with our own?” asked the Lady, leaning forward, eagerly, in her chair.

“Something like that,” I replied, “only when you begin to think the position out for yourself you will get a much clearer recognition of its dangers and its possible glories than you can ever get from anything you will hear.”

“Please don’t talk like that,” the Lady said. “You wouldn’t if you knew how ignorant and helpless women feel when they see these immense possibilities, which it seems so natural for men to deal with. What are we to do?—that is what I want to know, and I can’t seem to find out. Of course, there are knitting, and bandages, and sweaters, and comforts for the men. I don’t know how it is, but somehow I have begun to lose interest in that work. The spirit of sacrifice and help is in it, and we need more of that. I have done what I could, but after all, what is the use





Canada is like a person walking on a mountain-side on a very dark and stormy night, not knowing . . . how many the precipices that yawn before her unsuspecting feet.

of me spending a couple of days knitting a muffler when there is plenty of machinery that can knit it in half an hour?

“Is there not something I can do which nobody else could do quite as well? That is what I am trying to find out, and where I thought you could help me. I feel like a person in prison. I don't care what it is, but it seems to me there **MUST** be something that women like me can do for their country besides knit and sew. Will you excuse me a minute. My maids are both out.

And the Lady left me.

It was good hearing—this aspiration to add **ACTION** to beauty and charm. I had not come out to set a Patriot to work, but only to get an idea of what a lonesome woman was like. She was gone for two or three minutes. When she brought in a tea tray I was glad to have had time to think how to meet this **Unexpected Demand**.

THE WAR PARTY.

THE BOYS were around the piano, their arms across each others' shoulders. Within the half circle were four girls, one of whom was playing, with a touch that the boisterousness of the song could not hide, "Long live the King! Don't you hear them cheering?" They were in uniform. Minerva and I sat by the fire, watching and listening. It is a silence eloquent of the past that falls upon middle aged people when the flood tide of youth surges about their ears.

Afterwards Minerva told me she had not a serious thought all the evening—she was delighted to see the youngsters having so merry a time. The boys had come from the camp, where the refinements are not always the most refined. They would soon be going to cheerless France. It was good to see them so full of all that youth should revel in—good cheer, sweet company; the will to sing and the sense of freedom which those who cross Minerva's threshold feel as soon as they clasp her hand and read the welcome in her eyes.

I have seen the King go by. I have seen the one-legged veteran at the window; I have seen the graves on the veldt; and have walked where men died, under the pitiless sun; and have rested in the trench whence they sought the lives of others. And when I looked and listened, how could I help asking "Which of them will. . . .?"

When you fall to thinking like that, and you

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The six boys stood around the piano, their arms across each other's shoulders. Within the half-circle were four girls.

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know the kind of stuff of which the boys are made, the uniform becomes the vesture of a new sacrament in patriotism. You wonder how they would have looked if they had come in the clothes in which they had been wont to appear. The linenless collar, the puttee, the shoes that are made for service alone—these things may subtract from the more apparent excellence of social convention; but they carry a distinction, a seam of pathos all their own. For where there has been answer to a call of duty, as we knew there was in these six, there is a dignity that will not be discounted.

There is a philosophy of fighting clothes, which one can't stop to discuss just now. It is part of the rythm of the march—that curious harbinger of impending victory and impending death which comes to you as the fellows swing along, with rifle barrels swaying in ominous unison. It is a prophecy of things to come—glorious things; dreadful things.

Hudderson told me the other day that a friend had sent him the helmet of a Belgian who had gone unscathed through all the fierceness of the campaign. Hudderson had given it to a patriotic association, whose officers would auction it as a relic of the war. I thought of the helmet as I watched the boys linked together around the piano. What would these garments become if they should be carried to France, to Belgium, and perhaps to Berlin? And then—suppose that some of them should have to be covered in the ground--on what scene would grim

...
The six boys stood around the piano, their arms across each other's shoulders. Within the half-circle were four
girls



The four had been lined up in the hall and put through a saluting drill.

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eyes look—eyes of men too well accustomed to the broken sheaves of the Reaper, working remorselessly when all the world should be at peace?

Half an hour before, as the boys had come downstairs with me from the smoke room, they had surprised four girls tripping into the house, wearing the hats and overcoats which they had purloined from the cloak room, and in which they had made a route march to three of the neighbors', singing "It's a long, long way" as they marched.

The four had been lined up in the hall and put through a saluting drill. I' faith, I never saw a prettier sight; for the girls that live here and near here are good to look upon. It was a piece of pure jollity, bright as the morning, and innocent as the earliest pipe of wakened birds.

Later, I overheard Ush say that he and the other four would hug the big fellow for bringing them out to enjoy such a break from the rigid round of the camp. "I haven't been home for three years," he said, in partial explanation.

The remembrance of the girl-soldiering in the hall will come back more than once to the fighting boys, and also to us. We only wanted to make these fellows who have forsaken all, that our name may still be regarded in the world, feel like that—that those for whom they fight wish to minister to them a little, while they prepare for the unseen, deadly road.

They were just boys—I don't think any of them was past twenty-three. This one came from



*The remembrance of the girl-soldiering in the hall will
come back more than once to the fighting boys.*

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a bank. That one had taught school. We would have been glad to have them at any time. They are in the ranks because they understand.

Of course, they did not discuss the sacrificial relation in which they stand to the rest of us. Life is still pretty much of a humour to all of them. The ebullient jocularity of a camp is not far from them at any time. The solemnity of the times is not very far away either.

Without intention, they gave us glimpses of both. Ush had been named as the traveller of the bunch.

Said Dick, "He is an ex-mariner, for he has been half over the world."

Bry chimed in, "And he is an ex-banker."

Palmer joined the descriptive corps with, "And the next will be ex-it."

Everybody laughed, Ush as much as any. But in a minute a graver note came from the ex-mariner, ex-banker, ex-it.

"I had a letter from my prospective brother-in-law," he said; "and he tells me he has talked with some Northumberland Fusiliers who have come back wounded. They agree that the French soldier is great when he thinks he is winning, but he is not very good when he has to retreat. I think the difference between them and our fellows is the difference of mental attitude. The Frenchman goes to war prepared to die for France. He thinks it is glorious to fall on the field fighting valorously for her. I dare say it is. But our fellows don't think so much about dying

for their country as of making the other fellow do it. They can retreat, because they want a better opportunity to win. Don't you think that is the difference?"

Here, surely, was a soldier boy with a thinker in his head. He did not realize that he had illustrated his own philosophy when Palmer had joked about the ex-it. For Ush had said, laughing as he spoke, "Perhaps I shall, but there'll be some other ex-its before I go out."

Maybe they thought the old man sitting by the fire was pretty dull—a good carver of a joint; the father of fine girls and all that; but still rather an uninteresting old codger. They didn't come out to see him anyway. They went out into the night, for the most generous leave comes to an end, and the old man, standing on the steps as they clattered down the walk with apples and candies in their pockets, wondered which of them . . . ?

SENTINELS WITHOUT.

THE EVENING and the morning were the second day at the camp. The Australian this time was also with the D.A.A. and Q.M.G.—the Australian puts the free swing of the antipodean uplands into his drawing, as you can see. The Australian has also been a dragoon, and has forgotten more about military ways that I shall ever know.

Returning to headquarters after a midnight prowling of the frontier where sentries walk, something was said about the barrack-room lawyer—a gentleman of valor of whom earlier in the evening I had heard for the first time.

The D.A.A. and Q.M.G. mentioned him, and the Australian illustrated him, out there in the snow, with his mouth. He stood at attention to say quickly, complainingly, in a tone commingled of resentment and triumph—the express reflection of the barrack-room lawyer: “Beg pa’d’n, sir, but you can’t give me more than seven days C.B. f’ that sir?”

Observe how the Case for Discipline always comes back, whenever you touch military affairs. The barrack, the camp, the parade ground, headquarters,—all are subject to the rule of Rules. Some rules can only be learned by breaking them. The art of doing it, acquired with a certain elusive skill by the barrack-room lawyer, is a little



The D.A.A. and Q.M.G.

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more dangerous than the like art which, in a legislature, may develop a great Parliamentarian from unpromising material. Seven days C.B. is not so heavy a punishment as it sounds; but it is sufficiently irksome. It is bad enough to be confined to the house with mumps, but to be shut up in barracks with fatigue duties and dirty work generally, is galling to a man's pride — especially if he be a barrack-room lawyer, skilled and hardened in the niceties of His Majesty's Army Regulations, by a protracted, well-thought-out, calculated evasion of as many as lend themselves to that fascinating, most illuminating of the auxiliary arts of jurisprudence. There are just enough barrack-room lawyers in the Exhibition camp to show that the species survives.

One sinner destroyeth much good. One ingenious avoider of duty in a company will spread his quality as a rotting apple spreads itself through a barrel. Discipline is kept up, not against the man who doesn't need it, but as a defence of that man against his fellow who does.

Discipline is a mighty excellent thing. You need have no hesitation in recommending it—to other people. Let your respect increase, therefore, for the high-spirited man who brings himself cheerfully to the yoke of obedience because, so doing, his country may be served. The indifferent creature, and natural-born evasionist who drifts into a regiment, is to be congratulated because something will pull him up, and perhaps keep him up.

But the other fellow, the man who turns as naturally towards efficiency—take off your hat

to him, and thank the Lord that it is to him, and to such as him, that your own honor as a free citizen has been confided, for the yoke is not easy, and his burden is not light.

Accept, if you will, a few impressions that persist after this evening and morning of the second day at the Exhibition Camp—the impressions, I mean, that come of this seeming subjection of Freedom to Rule as you tramp around with the D.A.A. and Q.M.G. and the Australian Who Knows.

In the Manufacturers' Building, where, in times of peace, tired feet perambulate the aisles, the pianola is heard, lovely dresses are seen, and seductive samples are tasted, there are this day a million rounds of ammunition — enough to slay all the human beings in Canada if they were conveniently placed. Day and night two sentries march across the eastern front of the prodigious magazine, between it and the Press Building. Why there are no sentries at the western end I have not inquired, though it is probably because the western doors are barricaded.

A little before midnight we went to see the sentries. The first stood at attention, facing east, as we approached from the north. We walked right up to him. He was silent as wet gunpowder.

“Sentry,” said the D.A.A. and Q.M.G., with disarming politeness.

“Yessir,” said the stiff figure.

“Why didn't you challenge us as we approached?”

"I don't challenge anybody after ten o'clock at night, sir."

"Well, but think a little, sentry," said the D.A.A. and Q.M.G., after the manner of a father more grieved than angry. "Use your brains, you know. You are guarding this building. Three men approach you. You don't know who they are, and you don't ask. What is to prevent these two gentlemen"—he motioned towards the Australian and U. N. C. Dudley, who, together are twelve feet high and weigh something over four hundred pounds—"what is to prevent these two gentlemen knocking you down whilst I am talking to you?"

"I don't know, sir."

"You must not allow anybody to approach nearer than twenty-five yards without a challenge."

"Yessir."

"And as you say 'Halt! who goes there?' you must bring your rifle to the charge to receive the visitor. There must be no exception to this. Do you understand, sentry?"

"Yessir."

"Is this your first time on sentry go?"

"Second, sir."

"Well, now, remember next time, will you?"

"Yessir."

We passed on, and the sentry saluted, as sentries do, by bringing the disengaged hand, with a slap, over to his sloped rifle.

By a singular mischance, the second sentry was mum as the first, as we approached. The

lecture was repeated. We proceeded fifty yards towards the lake and then faced about.

This time it was, "Haltwhogoesthere?" the rifle came down to the charge, and three men stood still as convicted burglars.

"Friend," said the Deputy Assistant Adjutant and Quartermaster-General.

"Advance, friend," said the sentry, and the D.A.A. and Q.M.G. advanced accordingly to the poised bayonet, and discoursed with the subordinate whose command he had obeyed.

"Advance one!" called the sentry, and a civilian advanced. In a few seconds "Advance one!" he called again, and the Australian advanced and the manoeuvre was complete—the only military operation in which this one was ever engaged.

"One very dark night down here," said the D.A.A. and Q.M.G., "I came very nearly being run through. Perhaps I was woolgathering; but, anyway, I didn't see the sentry, and by Jove! I was all but on to his weapon; and he was ready for execution.

"'You've been at this job before?' I said to him. 'Where did you learn your business?'

"'In the Philippines,' he said.

It was a cold night. The Exhibition is a mighty sight more comfortable place than the Ypres Canal; but there are better outings at this time of year than lugging a nine-pound rifle back and forth, outside that million rounds of ammunition, and in sight of buildings which luckier beings than yourself enter with sublime assurance of comfort announced by every crinkle of their clothes.

A sentry may, with a good face, be sorry for himself. The two raw lads whose passing failure is here noted, were green and insufficiently instructed. They stood up well under an ordeal which made me feel that I had no business to see it. They were good honest lads, learning their great business, and getting experience on the way to perfection. Good luck to them, in worse places.

Of course, they might have been reported and their little failings inquired into by the colonel. They were instructed and left alone.

If you please, I am reminded here of General Gordon and W. T. Stead. Many years ago I was sent by The Manchester Guardian on a tour which brought me into close and persistent contact with Mr. Stead, to whom at Carlisle one night I confided an intention to write a character sketch of him.

"That's all right," said he, "and don't be afraid to tell what you know. Did I ever tell you what General Gordon said when I left him just as he was starting for the Soudan? In those days (in 1884) English journalism was purely formal, and no newspaper interview with a famous man had ever been published. General Gordon knew what I was going to do, and as I left, he said, 'Mind, whatever you say about me, don't praise me, don't praise me. The inferior never praises the superior officer.' "

The D.A.A. and Q.M.G. is a staff officer. He has, I believe, a general oversight of camp administration, under the Assistant Adjutant-

General, who is Colonel Elliot. Everything is his business. The opening for domination, for the spirit of the martinet, is there; but Captain Osborne seizes no opportunities of that kind. He believes in discipline as a means to an end. He speaks of his admonition to the sentry as instructional. I am mistaken if the blend of courtesy with strength had any conscious relation to the presence of a man with a pen at the midnight episode nearby a million rounds of ammunition. I shall remember it, as well as I remember the twinkle in Stead's eye in the hotel at Carlisle, as he repeated Chinese Gordon's injunction to the first journalist of his time.

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SALUTING, AND A PARADE.

COME BACK to this question of submission to discipline, because it permeates every department of an army's work—in faith, it IS the army. In childhood I used to see people within forty miles of Westminster Abbey walk into the gutter as the gig of a squirelet approached, and touch their caps deferentially to him—ordering themselves lowly and reverend before their betters.

In after years I came to know the squirelet pretty well, and, upon my soul, there was nothing about him that entitled him to the compliment which implied inferiority paid him. All he had was his gig, and his willingness to accept with a solemn mien homage from people over whom he had neither a vestige of legal authority, nor a character which induced admiration. Respect for quality is a proper ingredient of human life. From servility and the evil it exerts upon the man who receives it, good Lord deliver us.

Walking the camp for a couple of hours with a staff officer, you acquire a new familiarity with the admission of superiority which is implied in the turning of the face, the swift bringing of the hand to the temple, the holding of it there till recognition is vouchsafed, and the falling to the side again—you acquire a new familiarity with this thing, and a new signpost to what national

duty involves. For there are diversities of salutes, which mean diversities of the spirit which is behind the salutes. In the King's regulations the salute is a "compliment."

Do you know what it is to be thrilled by the acclamations of a concourse of people freely offered to a man who strikes their imagination and touches their gratitude?—thrilled, not merely excited—the sensation that goes down your spine and out to your finger tips—the mingling of emotions which, in their sum, tell you how much vaster is man than the beast of the field?

Well, I have felt all that in observing some of the saluting of sundry fellow-citizens in the Exhibition Camp by Lake Ontario. There is something transcendent about this place, this experience, which I cannot describe. I only know it is there, sometimes visible, sometimes intangible; but it is always there, a spiritual force, strange, steadfast, glorious. Otherwise it could not give a divine eloquence to so recurrent a thing as the saluting of an officer by a private who has never heard his name.

Maybe in ordinary times the psychology of it would not appeal. These times are extraordinary. These buildings, these whited spaces—everything is in contrast from what you have known. The very sheepfolds have been transformed into houses for the artillery—the bleating lamb has given place to the roaring twelve-pounder.

If you have an eye and half an ear, you are bombarded with evidences that there is serious, serious, very serious business afoot, and that the

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men you meet know it. There is the resilience of youth, the gaiety of its unconquerable spirit; but there is the long, long road before, which the men see. They are obedient to the high business to which they have put their hands, and for which their swords are sharpened, their right arms reinforced, their blood clarified, and their eyes lightened.

There is no real hiatus between the solitary salute and the battalion parade at nine o'clock. The Administration Building looks over the sward, past the band-stand where the Coldstreams, the Grenadiers and their comrades have played in the later summer time. Now it is white as snow can make it. At nine o'clock the regiments, whose chief is Colonel Allan, had been brought to their marks and dressed there, silhouetted against the snow.

The Colonel stood in front of them, a dignified figure, in his long overcoat, with the handle of his sword showing in front of the left pocket. Captains and lieutenants bustled up and down the lines seeing that everything was as it should be. As they passed officially from one to another, their naked swords were carried point upwards, in the right hand.

Presently there ran up the lane that divided the battalion in two, a deer-like adjutant. After he had turned and brought the battalion to attention, he came to the Colonel, and at a few paces' distance, with upraised sword, he made his report. It was all very precise, very formal, very noble indeed. A thousand men with a thousand rifles stood by, in an attitude of readiness.

When the Colonel transferred his attention from his adjutant to his battalion, I got a new glimpse of the majesty of mankind when it moves in disciplined unison. The Colonel put the men through the simple business of sloping arms two or three times. You know, or can imagine, the movement—raising the long rifle, with its gleaming, pointed steel, throwing it forward across the body, raising and clapping it down on the shoulder.

A thousand bayoneted rifles cleaving the air, a thousand descents upon a thousand shoulders, a thousand hands brought smartly down to the right side — these things make a noise in the eager morning air. What is it like?

Well, you are old enough to remember when the grain was cradled, before the cycle of A. D. Massey-Harris. Coming down the field of ripened wheat, you hear the rustle-swish of the heads and straw as they are gathered into the row from which the sheaves are made—rhythm and strength, labor and plenty, the beginning and the ending of life and the staff of life—the sweat, the pathos, the glory of seed time and the full corn in the ear: the Reaper reaping for the harvest home.

That is what I heard and saw and felt and exulted in, as Colonel Allan's voice rang out in confident and inspiring command. There they were—a thousand bayonets turned towards Lake Ontario, whose expanse supplied the assurance of infinitude which belongs to the Reaper swinging his relentless Scythe.

“Battalion” is a great word—try it, and listen in your mind to the tramping of undaunted feet. When the word is clarioned, and a thousand men move as one, it is magnificent. It is Obedience now; Victory to-morrow.

So they marched away, each company getting its orders as its turn came to follow the band. And as they marched, what do you think was the eloquent symbol of the purpose of their marching in all this heartening panoply of war? It was the presence, in the rear, of half a dozen recruits without uniforms, carrying their rifles as if to the manner born. It isn't a mere military formation that is being perfected, but a fighting power that is being welded into a Scythe of the Reaper, in whose hands are the issues of our National Life.

WHICH HAUNTS THE WORLD.

TURN AGAIN from the imposing mass and the gay infection of the band to the sentry and what belongs to his duty. The Australian has drawn part of the scene at the Dufferin Gate which we watched for a quarter of an hour. A dozen paces behind the man with the lantern stood the sentry, straight and eager, watching for figures to appear round the corner, from the Dufferin Street sidewalk fifty feet away. His comrades were hurrying back from their evening's leave on passes—in twos and threes, in troops. As soon as he saw anything—

“Haltwhogoes there?”

“Friend.”

“Advance,” or

“Advance one.”

The examiners of passes were flanked by the camp sergeant-major, a big, strong-voiced, assertive man, as you see him in the picture—not a popular man, perhaps; for assertive, conscientious men, who have no genius for suffering long, are seldom popular.

This one has brought his persistence, his faith in military orthodoxy from a distant land.



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The Camp Sergeant-Major examining passes

The impression he gives is, I think, that it is he who is ordained to inject sense and obedience into the inexperienced men for whom he is responsible. If I have seized it right, the whole attitude of the D.A.A. and Q.M.G. (not forgetting Chinese Gordon's injunction) is that behind him there is a great big Reason, as well as a big Rule. He does not stir resentment when he instructs.

To the sentry at the Gate, also, he spoke an enlightening word.

"Sentry," he said, "when your man has answered 'Friend,' you should say 'Advance, Friend.' Acknowledge his friendliness."

"Yessir," and "Advance, Friend" it was.

There was discussion with the sergeant-major about passes for sergeants, which we did not overhear. We were watching the returning stream, some with parcels that looked non-military enough, but betokened friends, lovers and countrymen in the city from which we seemed so far away.

We were also heedful of the smart sentry. All is not glory that resounds with the word of insistent order. You can have too much of a good thing, as this commanding figure knows. They had kept him busy for quite a while, and he thought there was going to be an intermission, and turned to walk so as to warm his overshod feet. His eye was on the corner of the wall, though. He started a speech, nominally to himself, but really for our edification, for sentries are human and love not lonesomeness.

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"Believe me," he began; and the corner of his eye saw a shadow.

"Haltwhogoesthere?" he almost shouted.

"Friend."

"Advance, friend." He turned again, and sighed—sentries may sigh, without breaking the King's Regulations.

"This is some——" again a shadow, and again "Haltwhogoesthere?" and the answer and the halt and the authority to move.

This time the deliverance was concluded to the very human accompaniment of a yawn: "Believe me, this is **SOME** job."

We believed.

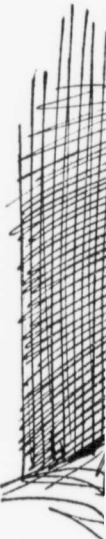
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I tried to reflect the grim reality that permeates this business, by telling of the rifle carriers in civilian attire in the rear of the Twentieth Battalion. You cannot escape it; no, not when midnight comes apace, and a sentry in mock distress, objurgates his job. While we were taking in the reception of soldiers with passes, a dozen civilians had come down Dufferin Street, in charge of a sergeant, and had entered within the gates. They stood there awhile. One particularly remains in my memory—a short, dark man, without an overcoat, his head covered by a cap of European design. I could see his eyes—dark, lustrous, sad, inquiring. Another quality was in them—a haunted look; as if something had overtaken or soon would seize him. It was

not fear, nor hesitation, but a Presence, an obligation, an endurance, a hope, and perhaps a despair.

“Oh, yes,” said the D.A.A. and Q.M.G., “those are the Belgian reservists who came in an hour ago. I had to send them out for supper, and now they are returning to stay till we can forward them to the front. They are coming all the time.”

Yes, indeed, it is Belgium that haunts the world.





*A haunted look—as if something had overtaken, or soon
would seize him. It was not fear, not hesitation, but a
Presence, an obligation, an endurance, a hope,
and perhaps a despair.*

THE FIGHTING TWO-STEP.

"Is THE band frozen, Sergeant Clark?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then the guard will go alone."

"Yes, sir."

The adjutant had inspected the guard, which had marched from somewhere in the region of the Poultry Building, to headquarters, where, alongside the band, it had awaited the colonel or other officer who should examine its quality. The sergeant-major brought his men to the exact spot by a series of orders that suggested right-angle alignment along the length of a corkscrew, so precise were his directions. The guard was famous neither for height nor beauty—it was just a fair average of the camp; for no H.R.H. was expected, and the ceremonial was ordinary routine.

You have seen exalted personages "inspecting" guards of honor and such like, and you have a generally vague idea that a work-a-day inspection by a work-a-day officer is the same casual affair. Not so. The adjutant, lithe and wiry as they are made, really inspects, with the sergeant-major in respectful attendance. He looks over the men's clothes as if he had made them. He passes from one to the other like a master tailor searching for models.

The inspection cannot be finished in one round, or in two. When he has "done" the clothes the adjutant steps to the front of the two ranks, and with a direct solemnity which an archdeacon might covet, directs them to prepare for inspection of arms. They hold their rifles so that the breeches, the magazines and the bores can be examined minutely. Half of them are looked into minutely, certified as correct, by a dignified silence, and in a little while everything is ready for the band—and the band is friz. So the guard marches to Dufferin Gate to the warming music of its own overshoes.

For twenty-four hours the guard is on duty—in sections of four—two hours on and four off. The formal transfer of authority and of gear is a twenty minutes' affair—so its details cannot be set forth here. Everything is important—the utensils are separately confided to the new guard; the names, numbers and delinquencies of the prisoners minutely set forth, and the cautionary advices to sentries enumerated—indeed, every apparent triviality which you or I would want to take for granted, is attended to with the particularity of a court of justice, and the ceremonial of saluting thrown in. It is good that so it should be.

Observe, for the eleventh time, how the Case for Discipline comes back. The guard is changed to-day, to-morrow, next day, next week, next month, with what looks like an excessive regard for punctilio. But there comes a day in the field when the alertness of the guard is literally a mat-

ter of life and death for thousands of men who depend on its vigilance.

The moving and saluting, deputing and receiving at Dufferin Gate are only so many of the ingredients which together make up a premium of insurance against disaster.

That is why the band comes out — when it isn't frozen—to give dignity to the assumption of responsibility for order and respect upon the threshold of the camp.

If you still think there is an unnecessary heed for things which don't count in this military business, try to visualize the work I am trying to describe, and to tune your ear afresh to the possibilities of the English language—the most glorious instrument of majesty in all the world—and speak, out loud, with as much significance as you can command—say “Sergeant of the Guard.”

There is impressiveness in mere numbers, and in the feathers which belong to the military art. Perhaps the soldier's life would not attract so many if a certain pomp of appearing well before the multitude were not associated with it. Discipline is no Beauty Unadorned. But it develops a beauty all its own. Physical training, to the end that hardnes may be acquired and endured, is a military culture in itself—a vastly more vital thing than it seems. A soldier has to march over hard roads, across ploughed fields, through paved streets. He has to do without sleep, and sometimes go without food. Foretaste of blood is in all his doings. What can he have to do with things such as dancing academies teach? Is he a Miss Nancy?

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The answer comes when you see fifty fellows mincing around in a circle, with arms akimbo, and feet a-two-step; and a very smart sergeant-major in the midst of the caps and over-clothes they have discarded, doing likewise, what time he calls, "One, two, three, four." War and two-steps in overshoes may not seem close affinities, but they are members one of another.

"Ho! patriots," the sentinel of the Breed may call, "the Hun is upon the shore of the lov'd



"This lying on the back, and throwing the feet towards heaven."

Motherland, and he seeks thy kindred to slay them, even the women and children."

And the patriot answers, "So let it be, till I finish this two-step, and till the band has played for the fourth exercise."

Sounds queer? But it is true; and wise as true. This two-step, this lying on the back and

throwing the feet high towards heaven; this vaulting over barriers—all these things are part of Counting the Cost, of emulating that king who did not lightly send two score against four score thousand. An hour of physical drill in the morning is a rare transformer—it can create an efficient man out of a human ox.

There is all the difference between a strong man and an athlete—the difference between a good dray horse and a superb steeplechaser. Strength alone cannot climb a wall or mount a charger. The muscles of mankind are many and various, and the soldier in these days mustn't be a stranger to any of them. You need muscle as well as morale to resist the Evil One who cometh out of Berlin.

We were in the Machinery Hall, as well as the Industrial Building, Number Five, to see the physical work. You know the place—the great oblong shed, of the earlier Exhibition period, with its squared timber pillars and its square windows and shafts and pulleys and oil-splashed floor. It was full of men divested of coats and caps, and exercising with their rifles as the band played what Lloyd George calls the greatest fighting song in the world—"Men of Harlech."

A rifle weighs nearly nine pounds—a trifle till you have to swing it about, and swing your body at the same time, first to the right, then to the left, then backward, then forward, then up, then down, then over your head, then down to your feet, then behind your neck, then on tiptoe as you reach towards the sky, then on tiptoe as

you stoop till you almost sit upon the floor. When you have done these things as fast as the men of Harlech marched, with their flimsy little bows and arrows, you will know that there is perspiration as well as poetry of motion when your King and country get you.



Arms and The Man—a Movement in Musical Drill.

It was all very inspiring, as well as perspiring. Sergeant-Major Whitten stood above the regiments, half-way down the hall and shouted

his orders—clear voice, stimulating earnestness, contagious confidence; a blend of competence and discipline. Bare-headed, with his coat off, the soldier looks almost as ordinary as the rest of us, even with his rifle in his hand. Under his regulation coat he is free to wear what will keep him warmer than his regulation shirt will do.

It was the Twentieth Battalion in Machinery Hall—the boys from the smaller places. If you go up Lake Couchiching way, inquire for the identity of a red-headed fellow who has turned his feet from the goal to the trench—a fellow, one would say, who never tires, who keeps at his job till there is no job left; a red-headed fellow who wore the blue and white sweater with “Orillia” blazoned across the chest. May his example be multiplied!

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IN A CATHEDRAL OF MARS.

THE NEW Industrial Building, without an impeding pillar in all its noble floor, is drill hall, theatre and church. Six days a week they push the Bishop's pulpit aside as if it were a piece of stage scenery. Among other things which usurp the episcopal interest are basket-ball goals. But on the night of our call the whole place was dark, for a picture show—the biggest movie theatre I have ever entered.

At first we could see nothing but the light leaking from the operating chamber, and a changing mist on the screen. The audience of about two thousand men was at the far end. The film was the Destruction of Pompeii. I had seen it elsewhere, so that the picture which nobody had come to see was more interesting—and it was like one of Whistler's famous pictures, the details of which you must paint in your own mind.

We stood on the edge of the ring which surrounded the seated multitude. Besides the picture on the screen, this is what we saw: A mass of dark, capped figures on the floor, illuminated here and there and now and then by a match struck for pipe or cigarette, and giving a weird suggestion of safe and restful bivouac. It was faintly moonlight outside, and the frosted win-

dows—dozens and dozens of arched eyes it seemed—and the frosted skylights conspired to tell me I was in a cathedral of Mars; a vast nave wherein uncounted warriors had sought a temporary sanctuary.

As that idea came, there was a stirring among the warriors, as if the quality of their repose had been changed—as indeed it was. The fictitious fall of Pompeii gave place to the real demonstra-



A red-headed fellow who wore the blue and white sweater with "Orillia" blazoned across the chest.

tions of war in Europe. We saw some of the living might of Austria, of Serbia, of Montenegro, of Russia, of Germany, of France, of Belgium and of Britain—naval, military, aerial.

Solomon in all his glory, Napoleon in all his conquests, never saw what these average soldiers saw and understood.

We stayed for the British pictures, and were disappointed. We had been shown German artillery, described as the most efficient in the world. Wait till we see our own, we said, and the men will cheer. Our own came last. They were good, but not half of what we wanted them to be. There was cheering, of course, and as much as the film deserved. But there was more disappointment than cheering.

Nobody was to blame. The pictures were star attractions; but they were designed for American audiences in which the German element, it would seem, must be respected. It is galling to be dependent on alien sources for such aids as these to Britannic patriotism. The assurances of the American caterers were better than their performances—wherein was a lesson learned and acted upon, that very night.

There was humour in the reception of some of the Austrian and German scenes; but once in a while a growl went up—an ominous, almost an ugly growl it was; and you listened instinctively for the bulldog snap, and the hard, relentless breathing that says the grip is to the finish—sure.

We found an indignant lady in the canteen, right after the show—one of the ladies who have endowed the camp with all that belongs to grace and motherliness, and to the kindness that never

fails. I am glad to say her language was quite as proper as her sentiments—and almost as strong.

We met her in the centre aisle of the Dairy Building, betwixt the refreshment counters and the rest and writing room. Soldiers came and went; some of them, carrying great chunks of pie which they ate as they walked—busy, comradey, relaxed — a gay atmosphere, with the genius of a wise womanhood presiding over it. Back from where the good lady partially expressed her feelings about the percentage of Rule Britannia in the pictures, was the desk of the Penny Bank, with an eager depositor claiming the assiduous attention of an accountant and a teller. For me, henceforth, the canteen became the Rialto—with Shylock barred.

WHEN YOU have seen the men eating pie, you are prepared for officers eating hot dog. Ours is a citizen army, and dignity and discipline can stand a modicum of homely truth. Everybody knows that officers hunger and need a little breakaway. Sometimes they are promoted and excuses arise for innocent departure from the rigid requirements of Duty. So we saw the chiefs of a battalion with their puttees off, and joined in their feast.

It was a love feast. We talked shop—which shows it was not merely a social affair. We did not kill the Germans with our mouths. There are things of more immediate concern at the Exhibi-

tion, for life there is one serious preparation after another.

The colonel was helping one of his majors to unpuzzle a problem in horses, harness and wagons, which was concealed in the regulations from Ottawa. A battalion needs so many draft horses for hauling equipment, so many swifter animals for communications, and a variety of gears too numerous to mention. At the bases there must be details to replace casualties.

Altogether, when you remember that a battalion is a good-sized country town, living in a perpetual moving day, you begin to glimpse the immense organization which its active service demands. There was trouble making up the total of animal equipment, owing to a misprint, and a little difficulty in reconciling the numbers of auxiliaries required for the base and their counterparts at the front. This discrepancy was more apparent than real when it was found that one man does clerical work for both sections of the battalion, and is counted twice. In horses and harness, where there was question as to the precise quantities provided for, the colonel practised the maxim, "When in doubt, ask for more."

I suppose all the colonels of the camp have been civilians first and soldiers next. They certainly have not the high and mighty distance of colonels we used to know in the long ago. They talk just like men. They are putting the same efficiency and everyday gumption into their soldiering that they have put into life elsewhere.

A camp is a camp. The officers wear collars the color of their coats. Their quarters are plainly furnished. They sleep in sheetless beds, consume simple rations, and they work — you would think they were working by the piece. In the apartment where hot-dog was dispensed we ate, and smoked, and talked, around the stove. I heard of the barrack-room lawyer for the first time, and of the skill that is developed by meeting him where he is on the defensive; and of other affairs which it would be seemly but not appropriate to repeat. All things conspired to pass a very pleasant hour in the midst of all the promise of war and the blessings of peace.

Writers who have been with the German army tell of the insufferable self-exaltation of the junior officer. Youth in any kind of authority is apt to catch swelled head. When it deals with subordinates it cannot always resist a temptation to show that it is on top. But I don't think that even the junior officers at the Exhibition have any other notion than to do their work becomingly, to deserve the respect of those to whom they give orders.

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TO THE LAST POST.

THE WISE officer learns that you get the best out of men by giving the best that is in you. A good chance of observing this maxim in operation came in the Exhibition sheep pens, where Capt. Morrison of the artillery was getting his quarters into shape. The captain is a South African veteran—he was mentioned in despatches. He has prospected the Northern woods and rocks for eight years, so that what he does not know about making the best of conditions is not worth knowing. He was watching physical drill in an alleyway between the hospital and his quarters; but swiftly turned aside to show what he was doing.

The captain, who was specially selected to command the Eaton battery, has done his best to get skilled craftsmen. The carpentering and electric wiring and other mechanical work was done by the soldiers. The officers are to be in the same building with the men—usually an undesirable arrangement, for familiarity breeds, you know. But between the wooden walls of their apartment and the men's quarters the store-room is an effective barrier to sound.

Mindful of veldt and bush, Captain Morrison was quick to confess that he had the best cook in camp and straightaway took us to him. The cook

was a very tall, brainy-looking young chap, who had spent years in the United States army on the Mexican border, where he learned the good tricks of his trade. There was none of the Alder-shot accent about him—he was as full of respect for himself as for his superior.

He manipulates the rations so as to make the most of them. For instance, there was an allowance of dried peaches sufficient for a smell and a taste. Trading beans for peaches, he got enough fruit for a real helping for each of his seventy-six men. By such honorable and capable juggling he puts on meals that astonish you when you know that it is done on an allowance of thirty cents per day per man.

We drank the cook's health in bowls of coffee, whose excellent taste was made more excellent by powdered milk. So that between evaporated peaches and evaporated milk and a cook who knows, the artillerymen are in good case.

The riding school for the Mounted Rifles, who are in their military infancy, was in front of the grand stand, on which signallers were flapping their orders. There were 1,400 horses in camp—more than were expected, or than there was equipment for. Jovial recruits were careering round the race track with uncertain seats on bare backs, and as much control over their steeds as their nerve and a stable halter would permit.

The riding was of all sorts and sizes. Several men hardly knew how they got up. One had not the faintest idea how he came down. His horse scampered back to the stable, leaving him to re-

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flect that all is not snow that bumps. Another who had descended without losing contact with the halter was trying to mount again. The Australian has mercifully refrained from depicting his frantic, ineffectual clamberings. Horses do not live long, they say, where shrapnel is abundant, and there was a certain tinge of grief in watching these animals, some of whose unshod feet told us that they came from the profound countryside.

In Colonel Chadwick's orderly room, where, by the way, 600 pairs of socks were piled—the gift of a Toronto lady—and in the stables, there



Learning to ride, without saddle or bridle.

was abundant pride in the general quality of the mounts, and especially in some of the more distinguished. Here was one, for instance, who knew nothing but races before he became a soldier. They used to think he was unmanageable. He is now acquainted with the need for Disci-

pline, though there is a suggestion of regret in his mien. He turns his head to look at you, as if to say, "What the mischief do you suppose I am here for?"

Of course, the horses don't know what to make of it all. The case for discipline is softened for them by the excellence of their quarters, plentitude of company and regularity of attention. Some of the chargers don't relish having to listen to the band—it's their unaccustomed nerves and not the music or the melody-freezing frost that's at fault. The bugle note takes some understanding in a horse; and the rattle of a gun-carriage makes him think there is something wrong with the load.

That same bugle is too eloquent for most of us. We have heard some of its discourse on steamers, at meal times, and there are suggestions of familiarity about the reveille which invades the D.A.A. and Q.M.G.'s bedroom at six o'clock, to acquaint you with the preciousness of sleep. The Last Post, which puts the camp to rest, at the witching hour of ten, has an eloquence all its own.

I waited for it at an open, upstairs window, hard by the Dufferin Gate. Why should it call to mind the lover and his lass standing by the wicket gate, in the fragrant lane, under the careless, unobserving moon? Perhaps because there is always a sweet sorrow about love's last good-night; and because this camp is one of the outward and visible signs of an inward and permeating devotion. Behind the Regulation is a

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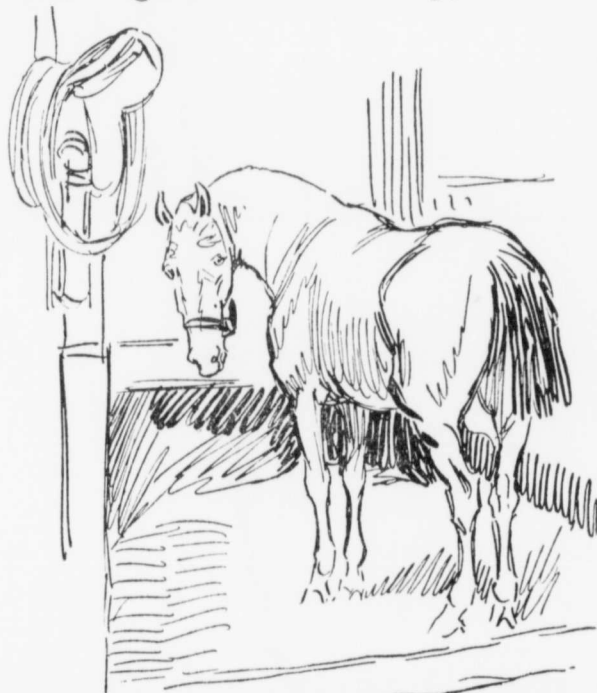
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Reason; and behind the Reason there is an Obedience to Honour and Love.

So the Last Post gave its benediction for the rest that remains to the soldier who marches in the snow, and swings his rifle above his head, and renews his legs with the two-step, and drills in



“What the mischief do you suppose I am here for?”

companies. Some of its notes are playful, quick and sharp—like the peremptory warning of the girl that it is time to be gone.

Then it falls into a half-pleading, half-mournful strain, and while the calls linger with the bugler, reluctant, it would seem, to explore the cold, responseless expanse of Ontario, automobile lights flash into your vision, as these mon-

ster eyes of the night turn and turn again to make the exit for the seemingly indifferent city.

The Last Post searched your heart. The speeding auto seemed to be searching the earth for hidden foes. The only answer you could give was silence; and the Camp — the Camp fell to slumber as it had done every night for months. The sentries paced their lonely ground; and presently, from far down where the Midway customarily flaunts its blare, a voice was heard, more than distinct as it fought its way to you through the spacious corridors of the Fair, and leaped over roof after roof, and pealed its challenge to the sky:

“Haltwhogoes there!”

THE MASTER OF THE MIDDLETONS

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HOMESICKNESS AT THE FRONT.

SOME PEOPLE have laughed at a cable from London. It says that our fellows at the front are allowed to go home on leave, as an antidote to homesickness, which reduces the efficiency of the army in the field.

Whoever heard of men being taken away from the grim work of war because they were homesick, like a lot of schoolgirls laughs the cocksure cynic, who has never been to war, who does not understand what mighty forces lie behind homesickness, and who cannot fathom the alliance between the sacredness of home and the grim brutality of organized bloodshed? But these things are of the very essence of warfare, and therefore, of the participation in it of good people who are thousands of miles away from the bursting shells.

We tell the men they are fighting to defend their homes. What man is so likely to fight to the end as the man to whom home, and everything that it holds, is most dear?

To make a happy fireside clime
For weans and wife
Is the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

Homesickness is an honorable estate, as honorable as the holy estate of matrimony, from which it springs. It is not a partner with Fear, but the hand-maiden of Duty. In the lion-hearted it may be the truest badge of his essential nobility. The general in the field, careful only for the efficiency of his fighters, takes note of the contagious character of the affection, because all men are not patterns of intellectual and moral chivalry, when they become inured to the seeking of enemies to slay them.

It is told that the homesickness which overtook some of our men on the illimitable veldt faster than they overtook Botha, De Wet and De La Rey, made them reckless, and sometimes curiously indifferent about their morale. It was impossible to let them go home for an occasional week-end, from far South Africa. Besides, the malady—if such it be—had never before been regarded as a factor in warfare.

Recognition of it is a sign of the greater humanity that has invaded the minds of men even when they are cumbered with the relics of barbarism. It is a far cry from the all but indiscriminate flogging for petty offences which disgraced the armies in which our grandfathers served, to the granting of leave from France and Belgium because of the danger of nostalgia. But there is more military wisdom in leave such as this than there ever was in the brutalization which was aforesaid regarded as indispensable to a fighting unit that did not receive a commission direct from the King. It is a sequence of

the change from two scanty meals a day to a reasonably liberal three.

Perhaps if we could learn the intimate details of soldiering in the long ago, we should discover that ancient generals knew more of the psychology of armies than we suppose they did. If the British generals only discovered the immense factor of homesickness in a campaign after they had been a long time in Africa, they were slower than some of their opponents, who, at the beginning, knew nothing of the arts of war as they were understood in Whitehall.

It is not fashionable just now to speak in praise of General De Wet. But we owe more to him for the efficiency of the British expeditionary force in France and Belgium than most of us have any idea of. What would have been learned by the red tapers of the War Office, from the Boer war, if it had consisted of the easy march to Pretoria, which they were so mighty certain of fifteen years ago? It was the lessons that Botha, De Wet, and De La Rey gave men like Buller, Roberts and Kitchener that made the modern, efficient British army.

De Wet is mentioned here because he, being so much greater than the circumstances from which he sprang, demonstrated the importance of understanding homesickness, of which few of the British leaders had ever heard, and which, so far as is known, is now set forth for the second time in print.

After Paardeberg—which gave Lord Kitchener a lesson in the futility of a certain style of

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frontal attack which he should have learned before—there was the advance to Bloemfontein, across the veldt. De Wet became commander of the Free State army when Cronje was captured. De Wet had been sent westward from Lady-smith, where he distinguished himself at Nicholson's Nek, by capturing a thousand soldiers and entraining them under the noses of generals who had not yet begun to find out that they were pitted against a natural military genius.

De Wet was second to Cronje, whose contempt for the rooineks prevented him from treating them seriously, even when Roberts came to retrieve, with many thousands of new men, the blunders of the frontal attack at Magersfontein, which failed to relieve Kimberley. If Cronje had taken De Wet's advice after Magersfontein, there would have been no Paardeberg. The Hex River tunnel would have been blown up and the railway at Colesberg destroyed, and Methuen's army starved.

After Paardeberg the Boers could only delay Roberts' steady advance. They fought well, but they could not go on day and night interminably. Presidents Kruger and Steyn had been in the field, and narrowly escaped capture at Poplar Grove. Kruger went back to Pretoria, and Steyn to Bloemfontein. A council of war at that capital determined to defend the city to the last ounce of resisting power, against the advancing British. When local arrangements had been made, the President and party set out to meet the army and tell General De Wet what was required of him.

A few miles out they met a straggler or two,

who said they were going to their farms, by the General's permission. "Deserters," said the President and his party.

Presently they met more, who told the same story. "There must be some misunderstanding," said the President and his party.

Half an hour later there came several well-to-do farmers whom the President knew for unimpeachable witnesses. They, too, said General De Wet had told them to go home, and to be at Brandfort, thirty-five miles north of Bloemfontein, in ten days' time.

The President and his party were dumbfounded. They knew De Wet for a leal burgher, and for a new-found military leader, such as they had longed for; but it was, surely, a deadly error—to abandon the capital to the enemy. They resumed the journey, sorrowing, and soon met a stream of disbanded burghers. Their inquiries were now for the whereabouts of the general, who had forsaken the field.

They were the first pursuers of De Wet in the war, who knew what man they were after, for the British had not by this time heard who was their most cunning adversary. It was two days before President Steyn found the farmer-soldier, at Kroonstad.

The eyewitness who is the authority for this narrative says that the meeting was painfully tense, on the President's part, and easy as a market day, on De Wet's side. There was reproach in the President's tone, as he asked the reason for abandonment of the field to the British.

"President," said De Wet, "you are a boer" (meaning the word as the Dutch use it to signify "farmer") "but I am older than you, and I think I know the boers a little better than you do. I sent the men home because it was the best thing to do. They had been fighting and retreating for many days and nights, till they would soon be able to fight no more. They were becoming discouraged, and they had not seen their wives and children and farms for months. They could not hold together longer. Roberts has so many men that nothing we could do would prevent his advance. If I had kept the men at a hopeless job we should have gone to pieces. So I told them to go home, and see to things, and meet me at Brandfort in ten days' time.

"But the city?" said the astounded President. "What is to become of our city, if we don't defend it, general? Have you thought of that?"

"Oh, yes," answered the imperturbable De Wet. "We have saved the city, as well as the men. We could not prevent Roberts taking the city. If he had taken it by first destroying it, we should have had no capital left, and the war would have been over as far as our burghers are concerned. When Roberts has taken possession, and destroyed nothing, he cannot move for weeks. His supplies have got to come up over our railway from Colesberg, and he is going to have an outbreak of typhoid. His men have been drinking unboiled water from the river where dead horses have lain. When he begins to use the railway, we will do him a great deal more harm

than we could have done by defending the city.”

“That sounds very well,” said the President, “but you have disbanded your army, and you can’t do anything without an army, can you?”

“But I shall have an army at Brandfort,” replied the easy-going De Wet. “When our men have been home and seen their families, and have put the farm work in order, they will come back, never fear. It was the only thing to do—send them home.”

On the appointed day there was an army at Brandfort, one-third bigger than the army which Roberts thought he had finally dispersed between Poplar Grove and Bloemfontein. We have not forgotten the capture of Dewetsdorp, the disaster at Sanna’s Post, the innumerable cutting of communications, and the interminable chase of De Wet.

The point of this resurrected phase of a war that seems so far off to-day is that the resistance of the Orange Free State was insured because an untutored military genius knew what was in and what might come out of homesickness supervening on physical weariness, against which courage cannot be everlastingly adamant.

And for our behoof, these thousands of miles from the war, what is there in this doctrine about homesickness reinforced from the African highlands? Just this—that behind the sickness is the home, and that the only abiding glory of the war is the glory that may come from injecting the spirituality of home into the long, long agonies; the pitiless trials of faith, of patience, of endur-

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ance, of two o'clock-in-the-morning courage, before and after the excitement of the fateful day.

Such a war as we are in is more than fighting in the trenches. We say it is democracy against militarism in its most odious form, and so it is. The time when men fought because they were compelled to fight, and were ignorant of the things they fought for, has gone for ever for those who call themselves by the Britannic name.

Our fellows are not all incipient statesmen; but there is a larger proportion of thoroughly informed, sincerely patriotic men among them than have ever fought before in the cockpit of Europe. Their moral sustenance depends, in large measure, on their apprehension of our support in more men, and in everything that can make the return to civil life noble and gratifying to a truly noble mind.

The lover who toils better because he knows his mistress regards his toiling, should have his counterpart in the soldier who fights better because he knows that those who do not hear the boom of destruction, who do not see the sights he hopes they will never see, care infinitely for his well-doing and will honor the men who return as well as those who fall.

It is for us—for you and me—to play worthily that part which alone can make home and the things of home the unconquerable motive power of the man in the field.



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