

YARNS FOR BOY SCOUTS

Told Round the Camp Fire

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FOREWORD

THESE yarns are merely additional to those already given in the handbook Scouting for Boys. Most of them have already appeared in our newspaper The Scout, but as there is a demand for their reprint, I have now put them together, and offer them in book-form for the use of Scouts and Scoutmasters.

For these latter a few special remarks will be found at the end of the book, and also some addressed to Scoutmistresses – that is to say, to ladies who are inclined to take up Scouting for girls.

June, 1909.

R. S. S. B. P.

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Editor's Note:

The reader is reminded that these texts have been written a long time ago. Consequently, they may use some terms or express sentiments which were current at the time, regardless of what we may think of them at the beginning of the 21st century. For reasons of historical accuracy they have been preserved in their original form.

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CONTENTS

| | |
|------|--------------------------------|
| I | PEACE SCOUTING |
| II | PATH FINDING |
| III | SHERLOCK HOLMES WORK |
| IV | STALKING WILD ANIMALS |
| V | ENDURANCE OF SCOUTS |
| VI | HOW TO GROW STRONG |
| VII | CAMPAIGNING |
| VIII | SEAMANSHIP |
| IX | THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE |
| X | HOW A BOY CAN RISE |
| XI | GALLANTRY |
| XII | SCOUTS' TEXTS |
| XIII | GOOD TURNS |
| XIV | TO SCOUTMASTERS |
| XV | TO SCOUTMISTRESSES |

I.

PEACE SCOUTING.

THE KING'S MESSAGE TO BRITISH BOYS.

His MAJESTY THE KING recently visited Eton College to open a new building which has been erected to the memory of the numerous Etonians who fell during the Boer War. His words to the boys on that occasion were these: –

“You can have no better example than that of the brave men of whom this splendid building is a loyal and lasting monument. In their lives and by their deaths they maintained the traditions which have made Eton renowned in our history. Those traditions are now in your keeping be worthy of them.”

In the same way all British boys will remember that our forefathers did great and brilliant deeds at home and across the seas in the old times before us, and their traditions are now in our keeping.

As the King has said, we must be worthy of them, we must do as our forefathers would have done to support our grand old country if the need should ever arise.

Remember always what that fine old Scout, Captain John Smith, used to say –

“Let us so imitate our predecessors that we may worthily be their successors.”

Well, that is what the Boy Scouts do. Imitate the old Scouts of the nation.

WHAT IS SCOUTING?

SCOUTS are men who go out ahead of a body of troops in war to find out where the enemy are, to watch what they are doing, to guide their own column by day or by night.

A “Peace Scout” is a frontiersman who goes ahead of civilization, and lives out in the wilds as a hunter of big game or a trapper for fur pelts, or a pioneer civilizing a savage country so that it becomes a colony for our Empire.

A lot of peace scouting can be learnt at home while you are young. A fellow looks an awful fool who goes out to a colony as a “tenderfoot,” and who does not know how to light a fire or kill and cook his own food, build a hut, fell a tree or bridge a stream, and he looks worse than a fool if he cannot find his way in the bush, or cannot track the spoor of an animal.

I remember a fellow coming out to a pioneer country who had been thought a great deal of at one of the chief public schools at home. He had played in his own school eleven at Lord's, and, you know, when a fellow has done this he thinks a lot of himself, and so do his friends. But this poor chap found that cricket and applause were not of much good to him when it came to pioneering in the backwoods, with hostile savages around, and he very soon got the “funks,” and offered a big reward to anybody who would get him safely out of the country and home again. Well, if he had learned a bit of scouting before he went out he would have had the pluck to go on, and would have enjoyed a real good time of adventure and success.

Yarns For Boy Scouts

Then there is the fellowship you get into by becoming a Scout. Scouts are brothers wherever they meet all over the world. They have their secret signs by which they recognize one another, and they are helpful and hospitable to all. A Scout would give you the best of his food and accommodation, but he would not expect you to pay him any more than he would expect you to spit in his face for it. A Scout will sacrifice his life to save his “pal,” or even to save a stranger, for the matter of that – especially if the stranger is a woman or a child.

But the joy of the life of a Scout is the living in the woods under the stars and in the jungles among the animals that inhabit them. He gets to know the ways of the beasts and their whereabouts by reading their tracks. He can find his way by the map in a strange country. With his keen sight he sees everything, both far and near, before the slow-eyed townsman has noticed anything.

He has endurance that enables him to run down his game or to escape from fast-running enemies; and he can stalk, or creep or hide where the ordinary lout would be seen at once. He can build his hut or boat or bridge, which means the use of the axe and a knowledge of knots, and of course he can light his fire and cook his “grub” and make himself generally handy and comfortable. Then a Scout’s life makes him so cheerful that he is always on the grin, and when a few Scouts get together round the camp fire, their songs and war dances are something fairly rousing.

All the life and work of a Scout can be learnt and practiced at home, a good deal of it even at school. There are already many thousands of Boy Scouts, both in Great Britain and in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. In the winter they learn tracking and signalling, compass-reading, and all about the Scout laws, and they play scouting games or hear scouting yarns, so that when the summer comes round, they are able to go into camp and practise scouting straight away, and it is grand fun for all.

To become a Scout you join a patrol belonging to your boys brigade, cadet corps or club, or if you are not a member of one of these, a few boys among themselves can raise a patrol by getting together six of about the same age, under a leader who is selected by them. The patrol leader then chooses one of the patrol as his corporal or second in command. Several patrols together form a troop, under an officer called a scoutmaster.

On becoming a Scout, you promise on your honour three things:

- (1) To be loyal to God and the Bong.
- (2) To help other people at all times.
- (3) To obey the Scout law.

You learn the secret sign of the Scouts and also your patrol call, every patrol being named after some animal whose cry you must imitate in order to communicate with the other members of your patrol at night. No Scout may, however, use the cry of another patrol. The Scout law binds you to be loyal, kind, obedient and cheerful.

When you have learned the different duties of a Scout and are able to do them well, you obtain a badge as a Scout. To get your badge you have to know a good deal about woodcraft; that is, to learn about animals and their habits and how to track them, and to be able to read the meaning of tracks when you find them, and to know what are the names of the different plants and which are good to eat.

You also have to learn how to find your way in a strange country by means of the map, or by the sun and stars. You must be able to light fires, and make signals with the

smoke or with flags. You have, of course, to be able to build your own hut or to make a shelter, and cook your own food.

You also learn how to build a boat or make a bridge, and how to save life from accidents, such as drowning, fire, runaway horses, etc., and how to bind up wounded people or look after the sick.

These, and many other things, are shown you in the handbook, and once you are able to do them you are entitled to wear the badge of a first-class Scout.

Then, in the summer-time, you go into camp in some good spot, either in the woods or mountains, or by the sea, and carry out your scouting games and practices.

The uniform of the Scouts varies a little according to each troop. Generally it consists of a Scout hat, a shirt with short sleeves, shorts, and stockings, with a bunch of ribbons on the shoulder of a certain colour according to the patrol to which you belong.

Every Scout carries a staff in his hand, for feeling the way, and for jumping ditches, and on his back he carries a haversack in which to carry his cooking "billy," food, etc.

You will find all about Scouting in the shilling book *Scouting for Boys*, which can be obtained from all booksellers, bookstalls, and newsagents.

Every big town has its Boy Scout Committee, and if you wish any information you should apply to the Secretary, or you can write direct to

THE MANAGING SECRETARY,
Boy Scouts' Headquarters,
116-118 Victoria St.,
London, S.W.

HOW I STARTED SCOUTING.

I have suggested scouting as a good thing for boys because I began it myself when I was a boy, and I know that, if you want to enjoy life and get on, a great step towards it is to learn scouting while you are young.

My first beginning was in "waterman-ship" for we had in the family a small sailing-yacht, which we four brothers manned ourselves. This necessitated one of us being cook and crockery-washer, and I have not forgotten my first experience in that line. I had to cook the dinner.

First Shot at Cooking.

Well, you know what it is when you begin as a Scout to cook your food; it is not quite a success at first. Mine was not, either. The dinner was not good; I know it, because I ate the whole of it myself not because I liked it, but because I had got to. My brothers could not eat it, so they made me do so, just as a reminder that I must learn to cook better.

I accordingly learnt a little about cooking after that from a cook at home, and I learnt from a baker how to mix flour and water and yeast to make dough for bread. I picked up a lot of scouting when living in town by noticing what was in shop windows, and remembering the things and the names of shops and streets. I used to look at a map of the town and then go to a strange part of it and try and find my way to some church or other building without asking the direction, merely by remembering the map. I knew every short cut through back alleys and passages. I attended every fire that I could get to,

and I made friends with firemen, and they taught me a lot about how to save people and how to put out fires.

There is plenty of scouting to be learnt in towns, just as there is in the country or on the sea.

Story of a Boathook.

I remember how in our sailing-boat we ran on some rocks one day in rather a nasty little sea, and, as the boat heeled over and rolled about, I thought all was up with us; and I huddled down helplessly, waiting to see what was to happen.

I was quite prepared, like the frog in the milk, to give up all efforts to save myself.

Just then a boathook which had become dislodged slipped and fell overboard into the sea, and I was thinking how soon I was probably to follow it when I was suddenly recalled to life by a string of remarks from my eldest brother, who was in command, abusing me for sitting by and letting the boathook go overboard and telling me to grab hold of it before it floated out of reach, which I quickly did.

I then saw that if he was so mighty particular about saving an old boathook at that juncture there might be some hope for our saving ourselves. So I bucked up and set to work to help the others. In the end we got off safe and sound.

But that lesson of the boathook has been of the greatest use to me many a time since in tight places when things were looking very bad. I have remembered that then was the time to wake up and work extra hard and not to give in, and if people roundabout were looking glum and nervous, the thing was to suggest some small thing to think about and to carry out to remind them that matters were not so hopeless after all.

For instance, in the case of an unpleasantly strong attack by the enemy, when some people were beginning to think that things looked bad for us, it came in useful to sing out: "Where's the cook? Isn't it about time we had breakfast?" and that seemed to set them all right again and to give them heart to carry on.

We not only sailed our boat round most of the coast of England, but we also made boat expeditions inland in a small folding-up canvas boat, which was great fun. We explored the Thames pretty nearly up to its source in the Chiltern Hills, and we got on to the Avon, which rises the other side of the same hills, and went down it through Bath and Bristol to the Severn; then we crossed the Severn and went up the Wye into Wales. We carried our tent and cooking-pots with us and slept out in camps every night, and had a real good time.

Handy Men All.

Of course, to do this we had to be "handy men" – to understand all about rowing and managing the boat, how to swim, how to tie knots, how to light fires and cook food, how to build shelters and to drain a wet camp, and so on. We used to get leave from the owner of the land where we stopped to take a rabbit or catch some fish for food. To get a rabbit we either set a snare or, what was better fun, we stalked him with a little saloon pistol.

One evening I was doing this at a place where, I am sorry to say, we had *not* got leave. There was no house to be seen and we were late and short of food.

I was creeping up behind a bush to get within shot of a fine rabbit who was squatting in the grass, when I thought I heard a crackling of leaves and sticks the other

side of the bush. A horrible idea struck me that a keeper was there stalking *me*, so I quickly slid back and crept away again as quietly as I could. When I had got some little distance I squirmed round, still lying flat on the ground, to see if I was being followed, and then I saw another fellow creeping away from the bush in the opposite direction.

He, too, was a poacher, who had likewise heard me and thought *I* was a keeper, and we were both wriggling away from each other! So I had another look at the rabbit, but he, cunning beggar, was sitting there, and I could almost swear he was giggling; at any rate, the next moment he popped into his hole, and we got no rabbit for supper that night.

Much as I liked these boating expeditions, I liked tramping ones just as much. In the holidays we used to walk through countries like Wales and Scotland, each of us carrying a bag on his back and sleeping out at night wherever we might happen to be.

Life in the Open Air.

Generally we would call at a farm and buy some milk, eggs, butter, and bread, and ask leave to sleep in a hay-loft if it was bad weather. Otherwise, in summer time it was very nice to sleep in the open alongside a hedge or a haystack, using hay or straw or old newspapers as blankets if it was cold. In this way we got round a lot of splendid country where we could see all sorts of animals and birds and strange flowers and plants, of which we took notes in our log; and we had to make our way by the map which we carried, and at night we used to learn to find our way in the dark by using different sets of stars as our guide. And we made sketches of any old castles, abbeys, or buildings that we saw, and read up or got some one to tell us their history.

When we got to any big town we used to get leave to go over one of the factories to see what they made there and how they made it, and we found it awfully interesting to see, for instance, how cloth is made from sheep's wool, how paper is made from logs of wood, iron from lumps of stone, china from bones and flints powdered up and mixed in a paste, and then turned on a potter's wheel; how furniture is made, how engines work, how electricity is used, and so on.

In this way we got to know something about most trades, and learnt to do some of them ourselves in a small way, which has often come in useful to us since.

That was the beginning of my scouting. In our handbook on *Scouting for Boys* I have shown how you can learn all the different duties of scouts for yourselves by six or eight boys getting together and forming themselves into a patrol and then carrying out the games and practices given in the book.

WHAT FAMOUS MEN THINK OF THE BOY SCOUTS.

I am glad to be able to give on this page some very kindly letters from Lord Roberts, Lord Charles Beresford and Mr. Roosevelt, who was till lately President of the United States of America.

ENGLEMERE, ASCOT, BERKS.

DEAR BADEN POWELL,

I write in reply to your letter of the 29th ultimo to say how glad I am that you are interesting yourself in teaching boys good citizenship and patriotism.

I don't think I can send you a better message than the following:

Yarns For Boy Scouts

Let your Boy Scouts bear in mind the words of the preacher of old "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." The tendency of our fellow-countrymen to "look on" is, to my mind, one of the most disquieting symptoms of the age. I trust that your Boy Scouts will "play the game and not look on," training themselves in their youth to be ready to defend their country when they arrive at man's estate, should the need of their services ever arrive.

Believe me,
Yours sincerely,



H.M.S. King Edward VII., CHANNEL FLEET.

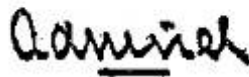
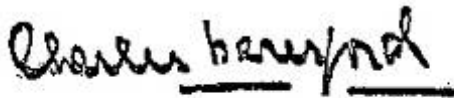
MY DEAR BADEN POWELL, –

Thank you for sending me your excellent proposals for the formation of Boy Scout Corps.

I think that your ideas are quite capital. The youth of to-day will be responsible for the maintenance of an Empire whose grandeur has never been equalled. Your proposed training and instruction for the Scouts embraces all that should make them good citizens.

It will impress upon them chivalrous, unselfish, and honourable sentiments, encourage them to admire pluck, and those that have a strong sense of duty, good order, and discipline will help patriotism and further patriotic views, and good comradeship is essential for the success of those high motives you have laid down as the guiding spirit of the Scout Corps for Boys. Young minds are easily affected by sentiment, more particularly when that sentiment is high-minded. May all good, luck attend you. Your ideas merit enthusiastic support.

Yours very sincerely,



The late President of the United States of America, Theodore Roosevelt, is a Scout of the first rank. He has been a War Scout in a regiment of irregular cavalry and at the present time he is out in camp, hunting big game. Every Scout will be proud to hear the ex-President's opinion of us.

Mr. Roosevelt writes of our handbook, *Scouting for Boys*: –

"I most cordially sympathize not only with the methods of the book but perhaps even more with its purpose; for, of course, with very trifling changes of language, the

lessons which it teaches us are as applicable to and as necessary for young Americans as young Englishmen.

“If the next generation grows up wishy-washy, to lack patriotism, and neither to have nor to admire the sterner virtues, the outlook will be indeed gloomy; and I think that mere frivolity, mere love of cheap excitement, may do as much damage as consumption. Moreover, I quite agree with the lesson of this book that ordinary athletic sports, excellent though they are, do not take the place of life in the open as you teach it.”

Theodore Roosevelt

The hint given by the ex-President that our form of Scouting would be equally applicable to American boys is already in the course of being put into practice.

Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton, the great observer of animals, started an association a year or two ago of “Red Indians” among the boys of America, and many of our ideas for scouting have been derived from his scheme. And other details in both happen to be very similar. I have every hope that he may now use some of our ideas in return, and that the Boy Scouts here will soon be in touch with their American cousins, the “Seton Woodcraft Indians,” on the other side of the Atlantic.

Boy Scouts have been started in all the leading British Colonies and also in Germany and other countries, including the Argentine Republic and Chile in South America.

In this way scouting will become a bond, not only between all classes of boys in Great Britain, but also in other countries across the seas; so that we shall all be the better friends. We shall be able the more fully to earn the title given to the Boy Scout Kim, in Rudyard Kipling’s story, and really be “The Little Friends of All the World.”

I hope before long to open a mutual correspondence between Boy Scouts of the different countries and colonies, each patrol sending letters to a corresponding patrol across the seas.

The German Emperor and the Boy Scouts.

The Kaiser is reported, in a newspaper which has been sent to me, to have advised his soldiers to carry out the training of the Boy Scouts of Britain, and to “Be Prepared” for carrying out their duty by making themselves fit and capable in every way. So you see, Scouts, that you are being held up as an example to follow in other countries.

CAN GIRLS BE SCOUTS?

I have had several letters lately asking whether scouting would be a good thing for girls to take up, and whether there was any chance of their being sufficiently plucky to make good scouts.

I have replied that I think girls can get just as much healthy fun and as much value out of scouting as boys can.

Some who have taken it up have proved themselves good scouts in a very short time. As to pluck, women and girls can be just as brave as men, and have over and over again proved it in times of danger. But for some reason it is not expected of them, and

consequently it is seldom made part of their education, although it ought to be; for courage is not always born in people, but can generally be made by instruction.

The Greeks in the old days put up a statue to a brave lady named Læona, who refused to bear witness against some of her friends. She was about to be tortured to force her to speak, and she was afraid that this might weaken her resolution, so, to make sure that she would not give them away, she actually bit off her own tongue.

Grace Darling was born in the year of the battle of Waterloo that is, – in 1815 – and lived with her father, who was the lighthouse-keeper on an island off the coast of Northumberland, near Bamborough Castle.

In September, 1838, a ship was wrecked during a gale on the rocks near the lighthouse. The sea was raging round the wreck, and it looked hopeless for any attempt at rescue of the crew; but Grace Darling appealed to her father to make the attempt with her in their boat. With great difficulty they got the boat near to the wreck, and she took the oars while he threw a line to the doomed ship, and by this means they managed to rescue the crew of nine men, who must otherwise have been drowned.

Only a short time ago a splendid attempt was made by a maidservant at Berwick to rescue her master, who was burnt to death in a fire.

A schoolmistress won the Albert Medal for saving children, at the risk of her own life, from the ruins of a schoolhouse which had fallen in.

Hundreds of other examples could be produced to show that women and girls can be as brave as men, especially if, like Scouts, they prepare themselves for it beforehand and make up their minds that they will see the danger through and not lose their heads and squeal or faint.

A GIRL SCOUT'S OBSERVATION AND PLUCK.

A few weeks ago the newspapers gave an account of a plucky act of observation by a girl in Hungary.

The place was a lonely farm on the estate of Count Korolyi.

Late in the evening a man, carrying a huge sack and apparently almost exhausted, knocked at the door of the farm and begged for a night's shelter. The farmer's daughter, not liking the man's appearance, did not care about admitting him, but, at his earnest entreaty, allowed him to leave the sack. A little later a noise caused her to look round, and she saw that the sack was moving. Then the blade of a knife appeared, slowly cutting through the sacking. Terrified, she picked up her father's gun and fired.

The girl fled from the house and met her father and told him what had happened, at which he obtained the assistance of two gendarmes and hurried home. The gendarmes speedily cut open the sack, and inside found the dead body of a burly man, armed with a revolver and a knife, and with a gunshot wound in the head, which had caused death.

Suspended from his neck was a whistle, and believing it was intended as a means of summoning accomplices, the police blew a series of calls. Almost immediately three men ran up, and, seeing themselves trapped, opened fire with revolvers. A desperate fight followed, the gendarmes using their revolvers freely. One of the robbers was shot dead, and his two companions were captured.

A curious thing about this story is that my mother remembers an almost exactly similar adventure happening in England. She has written it down for me and here it is:

History Repeats Itself.

“In 1839 Mr. Swinburne visited Admiral Smyth at Cardiff and related how a pedlar arrived one night at a well-to-do farm near his father’s place, Capheaton, Northumberland. The pedlar was carrying a very long pack and said he was taking it to Newcastle to sell dresses at the fair. The farmer’s daughter, being alone, would not allow him to stay at the house; but he was tired and footsore and afraid he might be robbed of his goods, so she allowed him to leave his pack near the big fire on the kitchen floor till next day, telling him he must seek shelter for himself in some cottage.

“Hour after hour she sat looking at that pack; it was so big, so long. At last she felt sure there was movement inside it.

“She heated the kitchen poker red-hot, and again sat down trembling, to watch that pack. After another half-hour it moved again, more vigorously; she heard a sound like cutting, and presently perceived the sharp point of a huge-bladed knife cutting through the wrapping. She seized the red-hot poker, and with determined dash drove it through and through. One piercing shriek, and all was still.” There was a thief in the sack who was an accomplice of others outside.

LION HUNTING.

I was recently in East Africa. This, as you know, is one of our colonies which lies just on the equator on the East Coast of Africa, opposite the Island of Zanzibar. It is a delightful country and a very paradise for scouts, because it is only very partially civilized, and is full of wild animals of every kind, as well as having a fine race of native warriors, who are very friendly towards us. It was there I saw the old lioness teaching her cubs about white men the picture of which you have seen in *Scouting for Boys*.



A railway runs through this country now, but when it was made a few years ago, the men who had to make it met with some very exciting adventures. At one time the lions killed so many of the workmen who were building the line that work had to be stopped. Night after night these lions used to prowl round the camp and make a rush and seize one of the unfortunate men as he slept, and dash off with him into the darkness, where a few minutes later they would be heard crunching his bones as they ate him.

Colonel Patterson, who is a very notable peace-scout, was in charge of the building of the line. He was a peace-scout because at that time he was pushing the railway to bring civilization and prosperity to the natives of that country, and was doing so at the risk to himself from savage warriors, wild beasts, and the fevers and sickness of the jungles. He has lately published a book called *The Man-eaters of Tsavo*, describing the exciting times they had, and how he eventually managed to kill several of the man-eaters and enabled the work to continue.

Here is his description of one encounter which he had with lions:

Charged by Lions.

“When on our way towards camp I thought I observed something of a reddish colour moving in a patch of long grass a good distance to our left front. I asked Mahina (my Indian gun-bearer) if he could make out what it was; but he was unable to do so, and, before I could get my field-glasses to bear upon it, the animal, whatever it was, had disappeared in the grass. I kept my eye on the spot, however, and we gradually approached it. When we were about a hundred yards off the reddish object again appeared, and I saw that it was nothing less than the shaggy head of a lion peeping over the long grass. This time Mahina also saw it and called out ‘*Dekko, sahib, sher!*’ (Look, sir, a lion.)

“I whispered to him to be quiet and to take no notice of him, while I tried my best to follow my own advice. So we kept on edging up to the beast, but apparently oblivious of his presence, as he lay there grimly watching us. As we drew nearer I asked Mahina in a whisper if he felt equal to facing a charge from the *sher* if I should wound him. He answered simply that where I went there would he go also, and right well he kept his word.

“I watched the lion carefully out of the corner of my eye as we closed in. Every now and then he would disappear from view for a moment; and it was a fascinating sight to see how he slowly raised his massive head above the top of the grass again and gazed calmly and steadily at us as we neared him.

“Unfortunately, I could not distinguish the outline of his body, hidden as it was in the grassy thicket. I therefore circled cautiously round in order to get a shoulder shot at him if possible; but as we moved the lion also twisted round, and so always kept his head full on to us.

“We were now within seventy yards of him and he appeared to take the greater interest in us as we approached the nearer. He had lost the sleepy look with which he had at first regarded us and was now fully on the alert; but still he did not give me the impression that he meant to charge, and no doubt if we had not provoked him, he would have allowed us to depart in peace.

“I, however, was bent on war, in spite of the risk which one must always run by attacking a lion at such close quarters on an open plain as flat as the palm of a hand; so in a standing position I took careful aim at his head and fired. I must confess to a disgraceful miss. More astonishing still, the beast made not the slightest movement but continued his steadfast questioning gaze. Again I took aim, this time for a spot below the tip of his nose, and again I fired with more success, the lion turning a complete somersault over his tail! I thought he was done for, but he instantly sprang to his feet again, and to my horror was joined by a lioness, whose presence we had never thought of or suspected.

“Worse was still to follow, for, to our dismay, both made a most determined charge upon us, bounding along at a great pace and roaring angrily as they came.

“Poor Mahina cried out, ‘*Sahib, do sher ata hai!*’ (Sir, two lions are coming); but I told him to stand stock still and for his life not to make the slightest movement. In the twinkling of an eye the two beasts covered about forty yards of the distance towards us. As they did not show the least sign of stopping, I thought we had given the experiment of remaining absolutely motionless a fair trial, and was just about to raise the rifle to my shoulder as a last resort, when suddenly the wounded lion stopped, staggered, and fell to the ground. The lioness took a couple of bounds nearer to us, and then, to my unmeasured

relief, turned to look round for her mate, who had by this time managed to get on his feet again. There they both stood, growling viciously and lashing their tails, for what appeared to me a succession of ages, snarling in a most vicious manner. Had either of us moved hand or foot just then it would, I am convinced, have at once brought on another and probably a fatal charge.

“But the lion seemed suddenly to grow weak. He staggered back some ten yards towards his lair and then fell to the ground; the lioness followed him and lay down by him, both growling savagely and watching us. The lion struggled to his feet again, retreated a little further, the lioness accompanying him until he fell again. I began to breathe more freely and finally took a shot at the lioness as she lay half hidden in the grass. I do not think I hit her, but anyhow she at once made off and bounded away at a great rate.

“I sent a few bullets after her to speed her on her way and then cautiously approached the wounded lion. He was lying with his back towards me, panting heavily, so I fired and put a bullet through his spine. He never moved after this.

“From the time I knocked the lion over until he first staggered and fell, not more than a minute could have elapsed quite long enough, however, to have enabled him to cover the distance and to have seized one or other of us. Unquestionably we owed our lives to the fact that we both remained absolutely motionless. I cannot speak too highly of Mahina for the splendid way in which he stood the charge.”

A SCOUT IN A TIGHT PLACE.

One thing Britons have always been celebrated for, and that is being able to stick it out in a tight place. There is a point in most fights, whether it is in war or in danger of any kind, or even in difficulties in your own career, when things seem to go so much against you that it is no use to go on, and the thought occurs to you, “I had better get out of this as quick as I can.” Men who have not got good command of themselves then make a bolt for it; but the good old-fashioned Briton stiffens himself, as his forefathers did in many a desperate corner, and stands up to the danger, and very often comes out successful in consequence.

And you see how it succeeded here in lion hunting. Though you may feel in an awful funk the first time you are in real danger, you must take hold of yourself and not allow your fears – nor your legs – to get the better of you. When you have successfully done this on one occasion, you need have no fear about afterwards, you will have joined the brotherhood of “brave men.”

This same man, Mahina, whom Colonel Patterson praises so highly, had not always been so brave. He had learnt courage from the Colonel’s example. Courage can be got by practice and self-command.

Here is the story:

The Last Charge of a Man-Eater.

The Colonel had wounded a lion and was following it up with one double-barrelled rifle in his hand and with Mahina following close behind him with a Martini rifle ready-loaded to hand to him if wanted. “Looking cautiously through the bushes,” writes the Colonel, “I could see the man-eater glaring in our direction and showing his great teeth in an angry snarl. I at once took careful aim and fired. Instantly he sprang out

and made a most determined charge down on us. I fired again and knocked him over; but in a second he was up once more and coming for me as fast as he could in his crippled condition. A third shot had no apparent effect, so I put out my hand for the Martini, hoping to stop him.

“To my dismay, however, it was not there!

“The terror of this sudden charge had been too much for Mahina, and both he and the carbine were well on their way up a tree.”

There was nothing left for the Colonel but to jump for the tree, too, and he only just swung himself up out of reach when the lion reached the spot.

“I seized the carbine from Mahina,” he continues, “and at the first shot the lion fell over and lay motionless. Rather foolishly, I at once scrambled down and walked towards him. To my surprise he jumped up and attempted another charge. This time, however, a Martini bullet in the chest and another in the head finished him for good and all. He dropped in his tracks not five yards away from me and died gamely, biting savagely at a branch which had fallen to the ground.”

ADVENTURES IN AFRICA.

The stories in our paper, *The Scout*, as you know, are not all true many of them are founded on fact, and others are made up of incidents which might possibly happen, but which are often drawn from the writer's imagination. Personally, I like reading adventures which really have happened to people, because they show what kind of things might happen to oneself, and they teach one how to BE PREPARED to meet them.

I have just been reading some letters written by my uncle, William Cotton Oswell, who was for several years in Central South Africa as a scout that is, exploring, map-making, and hunting big game; and you may be sure he met with plenty of adventures by the way. But, like all true scouts, he was a very modest man and did not brag about what he had done; in fact, one would have heard very little about them had it not been that (also like good scouts) he was very fond of his mother and wrote her long letters of what he was doing.

Also, like a good scout, he was kind to children, and I can remember well how he used to give me accounts, illustrated with little sketches, of his adventures with lions and buffaloes and other big game.

He made me long to grow big and strong and to be a good shot like himself, so that I might be able to go scouting in real earnest also and wasn't I glad later on when the time actually came and I, too, found myself actually at work in the jungles!

He Gave Him a Ducking.

Oswell made himself very strong and active when a lad by practising gymnastic exercises. General Leggatt wrote about him: –

“He was a very powerful and active man and could jump over a high-backed chair with only a quick step or two before jumping. He once placed himself on his back on the floor with his arms stretched out beyond his head. He made me stand on his open hands and lifted me straight up without bending his arms at all, to the surprise of all in the room. Of course, I was not a heavyweight!

“One day when we were out snipe-shooting (in India) he happened to be walking along a ridge in the paddy fields” – paddy fields are fields which are kept flooded with

water for growing rice – “and a big Mohammedan native was coming towards him along the same ridge. The Mohammedan had no idea of yielding one inch to allow him to pass, but evidently expected him to step off into the paddy field. However, as soon as he was near enough, Oswell, who would have made room for anybody, but was not the man to allow himself to be pushed into the mud, seizing the Mohammedan by his waistcloth, lifted him up in the air, and then threw him down into the paddy field with a tremendous splash.”

This reads to a Scout, perhaps, as rather a bad-tempered thing to do; but you must remember that some of these natives are not possessed of the same ideas and minds as white men; they have no idea of chivalry themselves, and are full of conceit and self-importance, and if this is allowed to grow without check they are apt to become insolent and mutinous, which is a very dangerous thing in a country like India or Africa, where millions of natives are ruled by a very small handful of whites.

It is therefore necessary to remind them now and then to respect their British rulers, and nothing commands their respect more than a show of bodily strength and pluck when their conduct deserves it. But it should never by any chance be carried to the extent of bullying.

Fair-Dealing Better than Bullying.

With reference to the story of Oswell’s treatment of the uncivil Indian, you need not suppose that he was so bad a scout as to use natives badly as a rule; on the contrary, he fully recognized and valued their good points when they had any.

His was the first white man’s expedition which succeeded in getting to Lake Ngami in Bechuanaland, South Africa. Oswell, accompanied by David Livingstone, the great missionary explorer, got there after a terrible journey of 300 miles, in which his oxen and natives suffered very severely from thirst, being on one occasion four days without water. But having discovered the lake, Oswell wanted to push further ahead; but he had only engaged his natives to go as far as the lake and not beyond. So he called them together and told them that he and Dr. Livingstone had determined to give them one of the two wagons with sufficient supplies and ammunition to take them home again, and they could easily find the way by following their outward wheel-tracks. He himself and the doctor were going to take the other wagon and push on still further ahead to see what the country was like. In his account of the incident, Oswell writes: –

“I added, that though we could not ask them to accompany us, as it was outside their original engagement, yet, if any of them were willing to do so, we should be very glad. I rather enlarged upon our ignorance of the country in front, for we did not wish to influence them unduly to join us. For a few minutes there was a pause and a blackness of face; then out stepped John (his particularly favourite native) and said, “What you eat, I can eat ; where you sleep, I can sleep; where you go, I will go. I will come with you.”

“The effect was instantaneous: ‘We will all go!’ they cried.” Thus by fair dealing with the natives he secured their whole-hearted assistance.

II.

PATH FINDING.

LOST IN THE BUSH.

As I told you before, I like true stories of adventures which really happened better than made-up yarns. Here is another true story of the great South African hunter and scout, William Cotton Oswell.

He, like F. C. Selous, another renowned scout, though he afterwards became a great explorer of unknown lands, began by losing his way in the bush. This is how he describes it in one of his letters home: –

“One morning our head man told me there was no food for the twelve or fourteen dogs, our night-watchers, so I took up my gun, which was loaded only in one barrel, and strolled out on the chance of a shot; but as, kill or miss, I intended to return immediately, I did not carry any spare ammunition. A reedy pond lay close in advance of the wagons, in a little opening; beyond this, as on every other side, stretched a sea of bush and mimosa trees.

“Two hundred yards from the outspan I came upon a clump of quagga and wounded one, which, though mortally hit, struggled on before falling. I followed, and, marking the place where it fell, set my face, as I thought, towards the wagons, meaning to send out men for the flesh.

“No doubt of the direction crossed my mind the pool was certainly not more than four hundred yards away in a straight line, and I thought I could walk down upon it without any trouble; so, taking no notice of my out-tracks, which I had bent slightly in following the quagga, I started.

“It was now about 10 a.m.; little did I think that 5 p.m. would find me still seeking three vans nearly as large as Pickford’s and half an acre of water. In my first cast I cannot say whether I went wide or stopped short of the mark I was making for; and it was not until I had wandered carelessly hither and thither for half an hour, feeling sure that it was only the one particular bush in front of me which hid the wagons, that I very unwillingly owned to myself that I was drifting without bearings in this bushy sea.

“The sun was nearly overhead, and gave but slight help as to direction, and the constant turning to avoid thick patches of thorns rendered it nearly impossible, in the absence of any guiding points, to hold a fixed course in this maze of sameness. I tried walking in circles in the hopes of cutting the wheel tracks; but though on a previous occasion this plan had succeeded, it now failed.

“As with empty gun I plodded on, occasional small herds of rooyebuck and blue wildebeeste, evidently very much at home, swept and capered by me, and stopping and looking at me with wondering eyes, increased my feeling of loneliness. I had no doubt of regaining my party next day at latest, and cared but little for passing a night in the jungle; but, bewildered and baffled, I envied the instinct of the so-called brutes, which, careless of their steps, were nevertheless quite sure of their way.

“Twilight near the tropics is very short. Just before the sun set, therefore, I followed a game track which I knew would lead to water, as it was still early in the

season and the rain supply had not dried up in the hollows. At dusk I reached a pool similar to the one I had quitted in the morning. After a good draught, I began collecting firewood; but for once it was very scarce, and the night closed in so rapidly that a bare hour's supply was all my store. Partly to save fuel, partly in the hope that as night crept on signals would be made from the wagons, I climbed a tree which stood by the side of the water, and had not been long perched before I heard, though so far off that I could hardly catch the sound, the smothered boom of guns.

“Alarmed at my absence, my companions suspected the cause and were inviting my return; but it required a very pressing invitation indeed to induce a man to walk through two miles of an African wood, in those days, on a dark night. This particular spot, too, was more infested with lions than any other I was ever in save one; and, though harmless and cowardly enough, as a rule, in the day, they were not likely to prove very acceptable followers at night.

Lions on the Warpath.

“But I had been walking all day under a tropical sun, my clothing was wet with perspiration, and it now froze hard – for freeze it can in South Africa – and I was bitterly cold. I determined to come down and light my fire. I knew it would last but a short time, but thought I would make the best of it and thaw myself before attempting to return. I had reached the lowest bough of my tree and had placed my hand beside my feet before jumping off, when from the bush immediately under me a deep note and the sound of a heavy body slipping through the thorny scrub, told me that a lion was passing. Whether the creaking of the tree had roused his attention and caused him to speak so opportunely, I don't know; but, without the warning, in another half second I should have alighted on his back. I very quickly put two or three yards more between the soles of my feet and the ground.

“Presently, from the upper end of the pool, came the moaning pant of a questing lion; it was immediately answered from the lower end. Their majesties were on the lookout for supper, and had divided the approaches to the water between them. It was much too dark to see anything, but from the sounds they seemed to walk in beats, occasionally telling one another their whereabouts by a low pant; of my presence I think they were not aware.

“This went on for an hour or more, and I grew colder and colder; my beard and moustache were stiff with frost. I could not much longer endure the cramped position in my craggy tree, and I felt I must get down and light the fires, when suddenly up came the blessed moon, and right under her the sound of three or four muskets fired together. With the help of her light and partial direction in case my companions grew tired of firing, I was not going to stay up a tree to be frozen.

The Return to Camp.

“Waiting, therefore, until the moon was about one tree high, and until the lions were far asunder on their respective beats as well as I could make out from the sounds, I came down, and capping – it was all I could do, for, as I said, I had started without powder and ball – my empty gun, I passed at the double round the end of the water, and dived into the bush on the opposite side. I struggled on for an hour I should think, when,

stooping to clear a low bough, four or five muskets fired together within fifty yards told me I was at home again.

I hope I was thankful then; I know I am now. Two of my Hottentot servants and a batch of Kaffirs had come some distance into the bush in the hope of meeting me, and escorted me to the fire in triumph. As I held my still only half-thawed hands over it, the baulked roar of a disappointed lion rang through the camp. He had not been heard before that night. 'He has missed you, Tlaga, by a little this time,' said my black friends; 'let him go back to his game.'

"They were right, for in the morning we found his spoor on mine for a long way back. Whether he had come with me from the water, or I had picked up a follower in the bush, I never knew. My constantly stopping and listening probably saved me, for a lion seldom makes up his mind very suddenly to attack a man, unless hard pressed by hunger. He likes to know all about it first, and my turning and slow, jerky progress had doubtless roused his suspicions."

A Tenderfoot's Mistakes.

Now there are two or three things which Oswell as a tenderfoot omitted to do, which he could have done as a trained scout.

Perhaps you can think of some of them for yourself?

In the first place, he would have noticed by the sun, the direction in which he first went out from the camp, and would thus have known at once which was the right direction for returning.

Then he would never have gone out with only one cartridge and without food in his pocket.

If he found himself lost he would not go wandering on, but would either track himself home by his own spoor; or, if that was impossible, he would sit down and wait for his men to track him, and would light a fire or make smoke signals to show where he was. Had he done any of these things he would not have been lost for nearly so long as he was.

Every Scout has to begin as a tenderfoot and to make a few mistakes at first – in fact, as Napoleon said, "A man who never made a mistake never made anything." That's a comfort to some of you who find yourselves making blunders when you are doing your best; but after you have learnt wisdom in that way you will get along all right.

In *Jock of the Bushwold* – that excellent story of the adventures of a dog in South African hunting – Sir Percy FitzPatrick tells how tenderfeet have been lost in most astonishing ways.

On one occasion a party of mounted hunters went out to shoot some Koodoo antelope a short distance from camp. He, being on foot, remained nearer to camp hidden in the bush to await any animal that might run off in that direction. After some shooting had gone on there was a sound of galloping through the bush, and suddenly there came past him, not a Koodoo, but one of the hunters, pale and panting, forcing his horse along at a gallop. Sir Percy, not seeing anything ahead of the hunter, called to him, asking what he was after, whereupon the man pulled up and slid off his horse, faint and trembling. He had lost his way, and had then lost his head and gone off at a tearing gallop without any sense or reason. That is what lost men are inclined to do, and of course it only makes

Yarns For Boy Scouts

their position worse. Keep calm, think out what you ought to do under the circumstances, and don't worry.

Sir Percy also tells an excellent story of Buggins, a tenderfoot who lost himself in an open plain, in sight of camp, with his friends watching him as he hurried about in all directions firing off his gun as distress signals.

GUIDES IN THE SKY.

Most scouts have begun by losing their way when they might have saved themselves the difficulty, and sometimes the horror of it, if they had only learnt a little about the points of the compass and about the sun and stars before they went out.

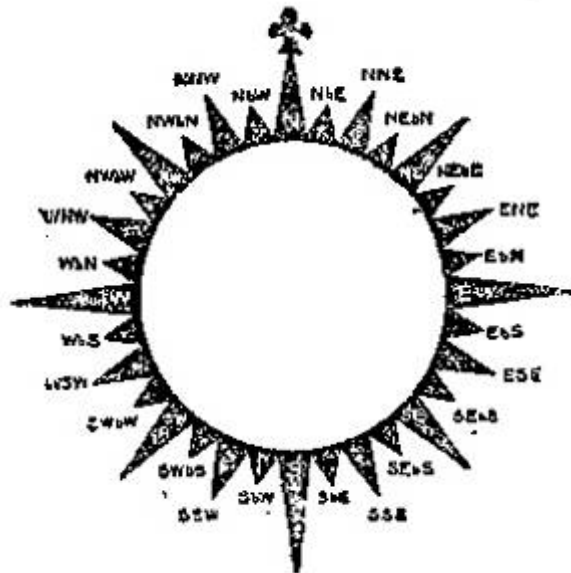
So I give you here a few simple hints on the subject.

You should notice at starting out in the morning on your expedition exactly which direction you are going in as regards the north and during the day you should be constantly checking your direction to see that you still know where the north is. When once you get into the habit of doing this which only comes by practice you will save yourself from the usual mistake of the tenderfoot, namely, getting lost.

Every Scout should practise finding the direction by the sun by day, and the moon by night, until he is able to do it without any trouble ; then he can go into the most difficult country without any fear of getting lost.

The sun rises in the east and sets in the west, while at midday it is, for us in the northern part of the world, due south. So if at noon you stand facing the sun your back is towards the north, the west is on your right hand and the east to your left.

Every Scout, like every sailor-boy, ought to know the points of the compass by heart.



You ought to be able to judge the time by the position of the sun in the sky that is to say, if it rises about six in the morning it is high over the head at twelve o'clock; when it is about half-way up the sky the time would be nine o'clock and when half-way down to the westward it would be three in the afternoon.

Yarns For Boy Scouts

South African savages generally describe the distance of one place to another by saying where the sun will be when you get to your journey's end. If you say, "How far is it from here to So-and-so?" they would point to the part of the sky in which the sun will be by the time you get there; you then have to estimate for yourself what o'clock that would be, and, knowing how long it would take you, you can judge how many miles it is distant. The sun itself is a pretty good long way from the earth, it is ninety million miles distant that is to say, supposing you could go there by train running at thirty miles an hour, it would take you 347 years to get there!

The world on which we stand is a round ball which moves in a big circle round the sun, and it also keeps turning round and round itself, and takes twenty-four hours to turn round. Thus, when our bit of the earth turns away out of sight of the sun it becomes shaded and dark, and that is night; then when our side comes round again towards the sun, day dawns and we get all the light and warmth that the sun can give us.

We talk of the sun rising and setting; it is really our earth that turns round and we come in sight of the sun in the morning, and gradually roll out of sight of it in the evening.

We are turning eastward all the time, so that when we come in sight of the sun in the morning he appears to be rising in the east and to set in the west. At midday he is, to us in the north part of the world, due south.

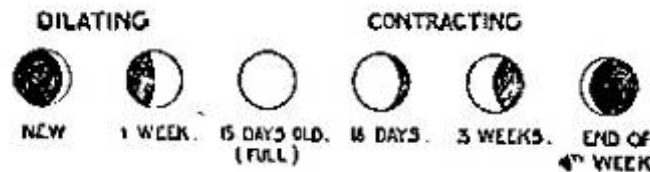
So the sun is a good guide as to which is the north, south, east, or west, according to the time of day.

One way to find the north and south is to hold your watch so that the hour hand points towards the sun, and if you divide the distance between the hour hand and the figure twelve on the watch as it then stands, the line of division will point to the south.

The Moon.

Then the moon also is a useful guide to Scouts. It is supposed to have originally been part of the earth, and it is a big round ball which keeps moving round the earth while the earth keeps moving round the sun.

Part of the moon gets lit up by the sun, and "moonlight" is really the sun's light reflected off the moon on to our earth.



We don't see the moon in the daytime because the sun is stronger than it; but at night, when our part of the earth is turned away from the sun, we see the moon very clearly – at least, that part of it which is lit up by the sun.

It takes the moon one month to get round the earth, and every night it is a bit changed in appearance as it grows from new moon to full moon and then decreases down to new moon again.

When the light part of the moon is shaped like the letter D, the moon is dilating, or growing towards full moon. When it is shaped like the letter C, it is contracting, or getting smaller towards becoming again a new moon.

Full moon comes once a month.

Yarns For Boy Scouts

The moon, like the sun, rises in the east and sets in the west. It rises fifty minutes later every night. It is therefore more puzzling than the sun for telling the time and direction.

But there are several stars which give you the north more easily, and these every Scout must know by sight if he is going to be any good at finding his way by night.

The Stars.

The stars appear to circle over us during the night, which is really due to our earth turning round under them.

There are various groups which have got names given to them because they seem to make some kind of pictures or "sky-signs" of men and animals.

The "Plough" is an easy one to find, being shaped something like a plough. And it is the most useful one for a Scout to know, because in the northern part of the world it shows him exactly where the north is. The "Plough" is also called the "Great Bear," and the four stars in its curve make its tail. It is the only bear I know of that wears a long tail.

The two stars in the "Plough" called the "Pointers," point out where the North or Pole Star is. All the stars and constellations move round, as I have said, during the night, but the Pole Star remains fixed in the north. There is also the "Little Bear," near the "Great Bear," and the last star in his tail is the North or Pole Star.

The sky may be compared to an umbrella over you. The Pole Star is where the stick goes through the centre of it.

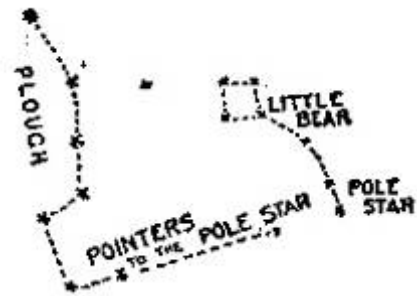
A real umbrella has been made with all the stars marked on it in their proper places. If you stand under it and twist it slowly round, you see exactly how the stars quietly go round, but the Pole Star remains steady in the middle.

Then another set of stars, or "constellation," as it is called, represents a man wearing a sword or belt, and is named "Orion." It is easily recognized by the three stars in line, close by which are three smaller ones which form the sword. Then two stars to right and left below the sword are his feet while two more above the belt are his shoulders, and a group of three small stars between them makes his head.



Now, the great point about "Orion" is that by him you always can tell which way the North or Pole Star lies, and which way the South, and you can see him whether you are in the south or the north part of the world. The "Great Bear" you can only see when you are in the north, and the Southern Cross when you are in the south.

If you draw a line, by holding up your staff against the sky, from the centre of "Orion's" belt through the centre of his head, and carry that line on through two big stars till it comes to a third, that third one is the North or Pole Star.

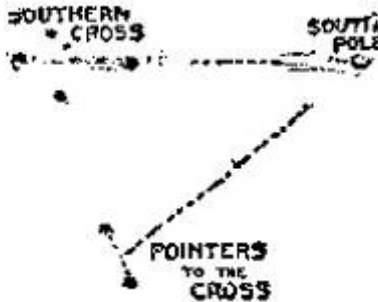


Yarns For Boy Scouts

Then, if you draw a line the other way, beginning again with the centre star of the belt, and passing through the centre star of the sword, your line goes through another group of stars shaped like the letter L. And if you go about as far again past L, you come to the South Pole, which, unfortunately is not marked by any star.

Roughly, "Orion's" sword – the three small stars – points north and south.

The Zulu Scouts call "Orion's" belt and sword the "Ingolubu," or three pigs pursued by three dogs. The Masai, in East Africa, say that the three stars in "Orion's" belt are three bachelors being followed by three old maids. You see Scouts all know "Orion," though under different names.



On the south side of the world – that is, in South Africa, South America, and Australia – the "Plough" or "Great Bear" is not visible, but the "Southern Cross" is seen. The "Southern Cross" is a good guide as to where the exact south is, which, of course, tells a Scout just as much as the "Great Bear" in the north pointing to the North Star.

A good scout is full of resource. He can find a way out of any difficulty or discomfort.

One of the chief duties of a scout is to help those in distress in any possible way that he can.

Scouting comes in very useful in any kind of life you like to take up, whether it is soldiering or business life in the City.

You need not wait for war in order to be useful as a scout. As a peace scout there is a lot for you to do any day, wherever you may be.

The history of the Empire has been made by British adventurers and explorers, the scouts of the nation, for hundreds of years past up to the present time.

It is a disgrace to a scout if, when he is with other people, they see anything big or little, near or far, high or low, that he has not already seen for himself.

By continually watching animals in their natural state one gets to like them too well to shoot them. The whole sport of hunting animals lies in the woodcraft of stalking them, not in the killing.

III.

SHERLOCK HOLMES WORK.

KEEP ON THE LOOK-OUT.

Scouts Rely Upon Their Ability to Notice Small Things.

IF you are in the country you should notice landmarks that is, objects which help you to find your way or prevent you getting lost, such as distant hills, church towers, and nearer objects, such as peculiar buildings, trees, gates, rocks, etc.

And remember, in noticing such landmarks, that you may want to use your knowledge of them some day for telling some one else how to find his way, so you must notice them pretty closely so as to be able to describe them unmistakably and in their proper order. You must notice and remember every by-road and footpath.

Then you must also notice smaller signs, such as birds getting up and flying hurriedly, which means somebody or some animal is there; dust shows animals, men or vehicles moving.

Of course, you should notice all passers-by very carefully how they are dressed, what their faces are like.

And notice all tracks – that is, footmarks of men, animals, birds, wheels, etc. – for from these you can read the most important information. The most successful detectives owe their success to noticing small signs. Scouts are natural detectives, and never let the smallest detail escape them. These small things are called by Scouts “Sign.”

“Beaver Bill,” the Trapper.

William Weaver, better known as “Beaver Bill,” was a trapper in Western America, and the account which appeared a short time ago in the Forest and Stream, of an adventure of his, gives you an idea how necessary it is for a Scout to be observant, to notice “sign,” to be able to stalk and keep hidden, and to have pluck and self-reliance.

All these Beaver Bill had; if he had not had them he would not have lived to tell the tale.

He was out alone on a trapping expedition that is, far away from civilized parts setting traps to catch beavers in order to get their skins to sell in the fur market.

He had left his tent early one morning to set his traps.

When he returned three hours later he found no camp! Where his tent had stood there was only a heap of charred rubbish. Round about were scattered beans, rice, and flour. Pots and pans had all been removed. On the sandy shore were the footprints of soft moccasined feet i.e. leather stockings. From all this sign he recognized that some Red Indians of the Cree tribe had been looting his camp; all other tribes wore hard-soled moccasins.

Beaver Bill poked around in the ashes, but could discover no signs of his bedding or furs having been burnt. These apparently they had taken away, together with all his tea, sugar, bacon, cartridges.

He was thus without food, cleared of his hard-earned furs, and over a hundred miles from the nearest white settlements, all alone, and with Indians near. He counted the foot-prints of his enemies, and made out that only four Indians had been there.

He had forty-eight cartridges left and his rifle. Well, what would you have done if you had been in his place? He made up his mind to pursue the Indians, and get back his goods or die in the attempt.

First he climbed a high bluff to see, if possible, which way they had gone. He could see for a long distance over the plains, and buffalo and buck were visible in all directions feeding quietly, so it was evident they had not gone that way. Presently he saw a herd of buffalo come running up on to the plain out of the river bed some five miles from him, so he guessed they were there. He went back to his boat and paddled down the river till he got near the spot. Then he crept ashore and got on to another bit of high ground, and again saw a herd of buffalo run up out of the river bed some miles further on, and again he paddled down there.

At last, as evening was drawing on, he guessed the enemy would stop and camp in some concealed spot, so he went along very cautiously and silently, keeping a sharp look-out for any sign of them. Frequently he landed and looked over the bank. The antelope and buffalo by their behaviour always gave him the clue that he wanted. At last he saw that the game were not running about anywhere, so he guessed the Crees had halted.

So he waited till darkness came on, and then floated cautiously along in his canoe. Then he saw the hidden glow of a fire among some trees. So he got quietly ashore without shoes on and, taking his rifle, he crept quietly and stealthily nearer and nearer to the enemy.

This is how he describes it: –

“Of course I was some excited, and as I got nearer and nearer to the fire my heart beat some faster, I noticed.

“‘Here, you old fool, I says to myself, ‘hain’t you never shot an Indian before, and are you going to get excited now when your grub and your bedding, and your fur and your life all depend on keeping cool and doin’ good shooting. Why, darn you,’ I says, stopping short and gittin’ mad with myself, ‘anybody would take you for a tenderfoot. Brace up, now!’”

Apparently he did brace up, for he crept close up to the camp, and found two Indians lying by the fire smoking, and the third sitting up; but he could not see the fourth anywhere, though he waited a long time. Then he noticed that his stolen goods were there, but were only made up into three bundles, so there were only three Indians after all; he had made a mistake in counting their footmarks.

So he hesitated no longer, but, taking good aim, he fired at the man sitting up, and then at one of those who was just getting up. And he killed them both.

By this time the third was up and running away into the bushes, but he rapidly aimed and fired and shot him too. He was thus able to get back all his goods and get safely away himself.

A GAMEKEEPER “PUTS THIS AND THAT TOGETHER.”

Gamekeepers and their enemies, the poachers, both make perfect scouts – because they are accustomed to outdoor life and to finding their way in difficult country by night

as much as by day; they have to be good stalkers and observant, so as to know the habits of their game, and they have to be plucky and cunning to face the risk of meeting their enemy in the dark woods.

But the difference is that the keeper is doing his work as his duty to his employer, while the poacher is only little better than the common thief; he is there to steal another man's property in order to make money out of it.

Only yesterday I heard a good instance of a gamekeeper having a Scout's observation and power of "putting this and that together."

His master came in from a walk and handed to him the bodies of three stoats which he had managed to kill, a female and two young ones.

The keeper examined them and said, "This is a good haul, but it would have been even better if you had been able to get all the five."

So his master said, "Oh! so you knew of this lot of stoats before?"

The keeper replied, "No; but I see from the teats of this mother-stoat that she had three young ones, and there must be a father-stoat also, so that there are still two left whom I will keep a look-out for."

A RED INDIAN'S OBSERVATION.

Here is a story of observation from the *Pathfinder*.

The Scout Pathfinder, together with Jasper and Mabel and two friendly Red Indians, were travelling down river in their canoe, trying to escape from hostile Iroquois Red Indians, who were in pursuit along the banks. They managed to run their canoe into a little creek close under the river bank, which was here exceedingly bushy. To conceal themselves better they cut and planted round them some extra branches, so that they could not be seen from the river; for the Red Indians who were searching for them came in two parties, one on the bank above them, the other wading down in the water.

"The near approach of their enemies rendered profound silence necessary. The Iroquois in the river were slowly descending, keeping of necessity near the bushes that overhung the water, while the rustling of leaves and the snapping of twigs soon gave fearful evidence that another party was moving along the bank at an equally graduated pace and directly abreast of them. In consequence of the distance between the bushes planted by the fugitives and the true shore, the two parties of Indians became visible to each other, when opposite that precise spot.

"Both stopped and a conversation ensued that may be said to have passed directly over the heads of those who were concealed.

"Indeed, nothing sheltered the travellers but the branches and leaves of plants so pliant that they yielded to every current of air, and which a puff of wind, a little stronger than common, would have blown away. Fortunately, the line of sight carried the eyes of the two parties of savages, whether they stood in the water or on the land, above the bushes; and the leaves appeared blended in a way to excite no suspicion. Perhaps the very boldness of the expedient prevented an immediate exposure.

"The conversation that took place was conducted in low tones, every word of which, of course, was plainly heard by the fugitives. The savages were comparing notes and discussing which way it would be possible for them to have gone. Then they agreed that they must have gone on still further down the river and that they themselves had better follow as quietly and as quickly as possible.

“The savages now ceased speaking, and the party that was concealed heard the slow and guarded movements of those who were on the bank as they moved on in their wary progress. It was soon evident that the latter had passed the cover; but the group in the water still remained scanning the shore, with eyes that glared through their war-paint like coals of living fire. After a pause of two or three minutes, these three also began to descend the stream, though it was step by step, as men move who look for an object that has been lost. In this manner they passed the artificial screen, and Pathfinder opened his mouth in that hearty but noiseless laugh that Nature and habit had contributed to render a peculiarity of the man.

The Young Scout.

“His triumph, however, was premature, for the last of the retiring party, just at this moment casting a look behind him, suddenly stopped; and his fixed attitude and steady gaze at once betrayed the appalling fact that something had awakened his suspicions.

“It was, perhaps, fortunate for the concealed that the warrior who manifested these fearful signs of distrust was a young Scout and had still a reputation to acquire.

“He knew the importance of discretion and modesty in one of his years, and most of all did he dread the ridicule and contempt that would certainly follow a false alarm. Without recalling any of his companions, therefore, he turned on his own footsteps, and while the others continued to descend the river, he cautiously approached the bushes on which his looks were still fastened, as by a charm.

“Some of the leaves which were exposed to the sun had drooped a little, and this slight departure from the usual natural laws had caught the quick eyes of the Indian; for so practised and acute do the senses of the savage become, more especially when he is on the warpath, that trifles, apparently of the most insignificant sort, often prove to be clues to lead him to his object.

“In consequence of the delay that proceeded from these combined causes, the two parties had descended some fifty or sixty yards before the young savage was again near enough to the bushes of Pathfinder to touch them with his hand.

“Notwithstanding their critical situation, the whole party behind the cover had their eyes fastened on the working countenance of the young Iroquois, who was agitated by his conflicting feelings. First came the hope of obtaining success, where some of the most experienced of his tribe had failed, and with it a degree of glory that had seldom fallen to one of his years, or a brave on his first warpath ; then followed doubt as the drooping leaves seemed to rise again, and to revive in the currents of air. And distrust of hidden danger lent its exciting feeling to keep the eloquent features in play. So very slight, however, had been the alteration produced by the heat on bushes of which the stems were in the water, that when the Iroquois actually laid his hand on the leaves, he fancied that he had been deceived. As no man ever distrusts strongly without using all convenient means of satisfying his doubts, however, the young warrior pushed aside the branches and advanced a step within the hiding-place, when the forms of the concealed party met his gaze, resembling so many breathless statues. The low exclamation, the slight start and the glaring eye were hardly seen and heard before the arm of Chingachgook was raised, and the tomahawk of the Delaware descended on the shaven head of his foe. The Iroquois raised his hands frantically, bounded backward, and fell into

the water at a spot where the current swept the body away, the struggling limbs still tossing and writhing in the agony of death.”

And thus did the little party of fugitives escape from capture and death.

RED INDIANS IN AMERICA.

Talking of Red Indians, has it ever struck you as odd that the natives of America should be called “Indians”? Well, this is the reason of it.

In the old days, some four hundred years ago, when the old Spanish Scout Columbus sailed across the Atlantic Ocean and discovered the great continent of America he supposed that he had got to India by a new route, and for many years America was supposed to be India, and naturally its inhabitants were called Indians. It was only when Amerigo Vespucci went out there that the mistake was discovered. Vespucci was the great man of those days for making maps, and he was sent out to make a map of this new part of India and by his observations he found it was many thousands of miles away from that country, so in honour of his discovery the continent was called after him Ameriga; but the natives are still, wrongly, called Indians.

HOW THE DUEL WAS FOUGHT.

Here is a story to show the value of noticing small signs and then thinking out what they mean.

It is taken from a book by the celebrated French writer Alexandre Dumas.

In the reign of King Louis XIV of France, fights between gentlemen and officers were frequent, either with swords or pistols, and at last the King gave an order that these fights, or duels, as they are called, were to be stopped, and that if any dared to disobey his order they would be very severely punished.

Well, one day it came to the King’s knowledge that one of his noblemen, named De Guiche, had been found in the forest badly wounded and his horse killed, and the story was that he had been attacked by a wild boar.

The King did not quite believe this story, and suspected that it was another case of a duel, so he sent for his best scouting officer, whose name was Captain d’Artagnan, and told him to go secretly to the spot in the woods called Rond Point where the accident had taken place, and to examine it very carefully, and to come back and report what he thought had occurred there.

D’Artagnan rode off at once to the spot and searched the place most carefully in every direction.

Tracking the Duel Step by Step.

Then he came back to the King and told him that there had been no accident, but a fight. He had found a horse lying dead. From the tracks he ascertained that two horses had come to the place walking side by side. On arriving at the open space in the forest called Rond Point they had halted for a few minutes (the horses had trampled the same bit of ground). Apparently one rider had listened while the other talked (because one horse had pawed the ground and had not been checked, his rider being too interested in the conversation to pay attention to him).

Then the rider who had been talking rode across the open space and turned and faced the other. He was riding a black horse some hairs of its tail had been caught in a

bramble. (N.B. Captain d'Artagnan in stating this apparently forgot that a bay horse also has a black tail!)

The man on the black horse fired and killed his adversary's horse, which now lay dead with a pistol-bullet in its brain.

The rider of the dead horse had extricated himself (there were marks in the ground of his dragging his leg with some difficulty from under the horse); he then walked towards the mounted man, stood firmly (both feet strongly indented in the ground), and presumably fired at him, but just missed him (as a hat was lying on the ground close to the other's position with a hole through it; the hat was an ordinary one with nothing to show to whom it belonged).

What Little Things Told.

The mounted man had had a second shot at the dismounted man but missed him, too (as there was a bit of feather cut from his hat lying near his position, and the branch of a tree behind him had been slit by the bullet). He had reloaded his pistol after shooting the horse while the rider was extricating himself; he did it nervously and hurriedly (as he had spilt some powder on the ground), and had dropped or thrown away his ram-rod, having no time to replace it in the pistol (for it was lying there). He then fired again and hit the dismounted man as the latter was about to return his fire; the bullet hit him in two places i.e. the right hand and chest (as was shown by two pools of blood where he had fallen).

This fact showed that he had his right hand in front of his chest, probably in the act of taking aim at the other. The pistol lay on the ground with blood on the handle, and a broken ring was on the ground near it which further proved the idea.

D'Artagnan believed the wounded man to be one named Guiché, because his crest was on the saddlery of the dead horse.

The wounded man was not killed (footmarks showed that two men came and raised him and walked away supporting him on each side while he dragged his feet and dropped blood between them).

The man who had wounded him rode off at a gallop, and his tracks had come to the palace; so he apparently must be one of the staff officers of the King.

In this way the King found out that a duel instead of a boar-hunt had taken place, and he knew who had been fighting.

Scouts should be noticing things all the time.

It is a disgrace to a scout if, when he is with other people, they see anything big or little, near or far, high or low, that he has not already seen for himself.

So you should be able to read tracks of men, horses, bicycles, etc., and find out from these what has been going on; and to notice by small signs, such as birds suddenly starting up, that some one is moving near, though you cannot see them.

By noticing little things on the ground you will often find lost articles, which you can then restore to their owners.

By noticing details of harness, and so on, you can often save a horse from the pain of an ill-fitting strap or bit.

By noticing the behaviour or dress of people, and putting this and that together, you can sometimes see that they are up to no good, and can thus prevent a crime, or you can often tell when they are in distress and need help or sympathy and you can then do

what is one of the chief duties of a Scout, namely, help those in distress in any possible way that you can.

What the Tracks Told.

Of course, no publication would nowadays be complete if it did not deal with Scouting, and so in *The Flag* there is a short account of a little exercise I had carried out one morning in observing “sign” and reading the meaning of it.

On the road were the tracks of two horses side by side; they had evidently gone side by side, as the tracks never crossed each other, but turned and changed their course together. The one on the near-side (left) was evidently a horse of ordinary size, judging by the size of its hoofs and length of stride. The one on the off-side (right) was evidently a cob, being of smaller build, but stout – the hoof-prints giving a wider track and shorter stride than the horse; it was also going rather lame, one foot making a shorter stride than the others and not treading so heavily on the ground.

From the fact that the cob was lame, it was probable that nobody was riding it; and from its moving alongside another horse on its off-side, it was probable that it was being led by a man on the horse (he would be holding his own reins in his left hand and would lead a led horse with his right).

Then the lame foot was shod differently from the others, with a shoe which was evidently intended to give relief to injury at the heel, so that the cob had been lame for some time.

From these signs I made out that the cob belonged to a stout old gentleman who had begun life as a poor man but was now well off.

Can you make that out too, or have you a better explanation?

Why he was Fat and Rich.

This, at any rate, is how I arrived at my conclusions.

The cob was owned by a stout old man, because ladies do not, as a rule, ride stout cobs, nor do young or thin, light men ride them.

Then he was well-to-do, because he could afford to keep a groom to take his cob out to exercise and ride another horse in doing so.

And he had not been well off as a young man because he evidently liked to keep on this cob in spite of its having gone lame, and had had it shod and exercised in the hope of its getting sound again. Had he been a good horseman, that is, one who learnt his riding as a lad, he would have sold his unsound animal and bought another; but he was probably not a very good rider and was accustomed to this cob and did not like to try a new one.

And that is why I guessed him to be a stout, self-made man of over middle age.

HOW MUCH YOU CAN TELL FROM NOTICING LITTLE SIGNS.

I think you will be interested in an actual bit of practice in India. During a walk on a stony mountain path in Kashmir, I noticed these signs.

Tree-stump, about three feet high, by the path. A stone about the size of a cocoanut lying near it, to which were sticking some bits of bruised walnut rind, dried up. Some walnut rind also lying on the stump. Further along the path, thirty yards to the south of the stump, were lying bits of walnut shell of four walnuts. Close by was a high

sloping rock, alongside the path. The only walnut tree in sight was 150 yards north of the stump.

At the foot of the stump was a cake of hardened mud which showed the impression of a grass shoe.

What would you make out from those signs? My solution of it was this: –

A man had gone southward on a long journey along the path two days ago, carrying a load; and had rested at the rock while he ate walnuts.

My deductions were these: –

It was a man carrying a load, because carriers when they want to rest do not sit down, but rest their load against a sloping rock and lean back. Had he had no load, he would probably have sat down on the stump, but he preferred to go thirty yards further to where the rock was. Women do not carry loads there, so it was a man. But he first broke the shells of his walnuts on the tree-stump with the stone, having brought them from the tree 150 yards north. So he was travelling south, and he was on a long journey as he was wearing shoes, and not going barefooted as he would be if only strolling near his home. Three days ago there was rain, the cake of mud had been picked up while the ground was still wet, but it had not been since rained upon and was now dry. The walnut rind was also dry and confirmed the time that had elapsed.

This is just an example of everyday practice which should be carried out by Scouts.

HOW TO BECOME A SHERLOCK HOLMES.

If a Scout is going to be any good at all he must in the first place be smart at noticing small things, and then in reading their meaning. That is what Sherlock Holmes did in the stories about him, and it is what every detective does in finding out a criminal, and what every real Scout does in finding his way in a strange country and in getting the information for which he is sent out.

It sounds a little difficult at first, but it is all a matter of practice; and if you practise a bit every day as you go through the streets in a town, or through the fields and lanes in the country, you are certain to become pretty good at it in a short time. You will find full instructions about it in our handbook, *Scouting for Boys*.

The fellow who has to turn his hand to many things, as the scout does in camp, finds that he is more easily able to obtain employment, because he is ready to turn his hand to whatever kind of work may turn up.

In the old days the knights were the scouts of Britain, and their rules were very much the same as the scout law which we have now. We are their descendants, and we ought to keep up their good name and follow in their steps.

We are very much like bricks in a wall – we each have our place, though it may seem a small one in so big a wall. But if one brick gets rotten, or slips out of place, it begins to throw an undue strain on others, cracks appear, and the wall totters.

Peace scouts can find their way anywhere; are able to read meaning from the smallest signs and foot-tracks. They know how to look after their health when far away from any doctors; are strong and plucky, and ready to face any danger, and always keen to help each other.

Scoutcraft comes in useful in any line of life that you like to take up. Cricket is a jolly good game to play, and conies in useful to a certain extent in training a fellow's eye, nerve, and temper. But, as the American would say, "it isn't a circumstance" to scouting, which teaches a fellow to be a man.

IV.

STALKING WILD ANIMALS.

HOW TO KILL ANIMALS.

ONE feature in our Scouts' Camp at Humshaugh was a "campfire yarn" spun to us by Colonel Coulson, who lives in the neighbourhood. He kindly came one evening to our camp fire and gave us a most interesting talk about animals.

He has served most of his life in the Army, and is a good all-round sportsman, fond of horses, dogs, shooting, and golf – so he is not a mere weak faddist, but a gentleman in every sense of the word.

He specially advises boys to be manly sportsmen, and points out that, though they do train themselves in that direction by many means such as cricket, football, riflshooting, scoutcraft, and so on, still there is one particular thing which they would also do if they only thought of it; but it is so seldom pointed out to them that they don't think of it – that is, sportsmanlike behaviour, fair play, and kindness towards animals.

A man who will hurt a poor, weak, inoffensive animal that is not likely to turn on him, is a bully and not a sportsman.

WHAT IS A SPORTSMAN?

A man who risks his life in shooting big game in order to secure good specimens for natural history collections, or to rid a district of a man-eater or other dangerous neighbour, is a sportsman in the true sense.

But he is a good deal removed from the man who turns out a wretched little rabbit to be run down by dogs in order that he may get a few shillings on the result, or from the man who goes shooting with the idea of killing more birds in the day than some other fellow.

At the same time these men would feel very hurt if you said they were not "sportsmen."

Even betting men, who, under the very far-fetched pretence of promoting horse-breeding, are as keen as any Shylock to get the best of their friends in grabbing their money over a race – even these call themselves "sportsmen."

I shouldn't wonder if even those round-shouldered, pale, cigarette-sucking youths who crowd to look on at football don't also call themselves "sportsmen !"

So in becoming a true sportsman you have got to think for yourself, and discriminate between what is really honest sport, and what is bullying or money-grabbing. Avoid the shabby side, and go for the good, manly one.

PIG STICKING.

Perhaps I have no right to speak on the subject. I am not sure that I am not a bit of a bully myself, because I must confess to being very fond of one sport which is undoubtedly cruel. And, although I hate to look at a heap of birds that have been shot (and I am fond of shooting), yet I can go for a boar, spear in hand, with the greatest delight. In writing a book on "Pig-sticking," I was hard put to it to defend my conduct, and I could only say in my defence that, unlike chasing the fox or the stag, the hunter has here to rely entirely on himself and not on hounds. The quarry has a very good chance of either getting away or of doing for his pursuer, as I have found to my cost. It is a sport that is the very best school I know of for teaching a soldier to ride, to handle his weapon, to use pluck, decision, woodcraft, and judgment. It helps to rid the poor Indian cultivator of a very pertinacious destroyer of his crops. And what is more, not only is pig-sticking the most exciting and enjoyable sport both for the man and the horse as well, but I really believe that the boar enjoys it too.

He is the pluckiest animal that lives ; the true king of the jungle, since all others yield the way to him when he comes along – the elephant flees from him, the tiger slinks out of his path. So that when he meets some one who really means to tackle him, his fighting and sporting instinct is roused; and often he never attempts to get away, and, in any case, after a short run he turns and has a go at the hunter and will pluckily repeat his charges again and again with all the dash and energy of enjoying it till either he is killed or the hunter thrown down and ripped.

Well, I've made my confession of this one weakness of mine in the animal-killing line, and I should be glad if any rabbit courser or other hunter of the harmless would also give us his view in defence of his form of "sport."

RABBIT SNARING IN CAMP.

Of course, animals have to be killed for food, or to prevent their doing injury to others, or to property.

But such killing is too often carried out without regard to the pain inflicted.

Colonel Coulson, for instance, mentioned rabbits being snared and left for hours in pain and terror before the snarer came along and put them out of their pain. Well, I think there must have been guilty consciences amongst some of the Scouts around him at that moment, especially on the part of one who was still finishing off, from a pie-dish, the succulent remainder of a rabbit which he had that evening snared, skinned, and cooked for himself.

Again I must speak in my defence, since I gave leave for the Scouts in camp to snare rabbits. But it was done in order that they should learn how to get food and prepare it for themselves ; it was not for the sake of mere wanton destruction; and the traps were visited frequently and the rabbits killed at once.

SCOUTS AND ANIMALS.

True Scouts are the best friends of animals, for from living in the woods and wilds, and practising observation and tracking, they get to know more than other people about the ways and habits of birds and animals, and therefore they understand them and are more in sympathy with them. No true Scout will go killing animals for the mere sake

of killing, and when he has to do it for food, and so on, he kills in the quickest and most painless way possible.

And when a backwoods Scout comes into civilized life you will always find him, like Colonel Coulson, most kind towards all animals. He will be fond of dogs and they of him; for dogs and horses are very quick to recognize a friend among strangers.

He will do all he can to mitigate the horse-torture which goes on in our cities through the bearing-rein, and he will look down on boys who carry out *wanton* bird's-nesting. By *wanton*, I mean taking eggs simply because you find them, not because you specially want that kind for your collection.

The Scout Law (Rule 6) lays down, as you know, that every Scout is a friend to animals: "He should save them as far as possible from pain and should not kill any animal unnecessarily, even if it is only a fly – for it is one of God's creatures."

I hope that some day we may develop among Scouts the art of taming wild animals as pets. It is easily done by patience and kindness with birds, squirrels, hares, and such, especially if you begin in the whiter by putting food out for them in hard times. Walnuts, almonds, and cheese, are the popular foods.

Lord Avebury even trained a wasp and kept it as a pet.

A CUNNING OLD BIRD.

The Rev. Theodore Wood describes the skua as being a particularly cunning bird, and quotes an instance of one which, on seeing a man hunting for birds' nests, guessed that he would want to get some skua eggs. So, hastily leaving its own eggs, it flew off to a common seagull who was sitting on her nest some little distance away, and drove her off, and took her place on the eggs. Every now and then the skua raised her head cautiously and looked around as though fearing danger, but in reality to attract the attention of the bird-nester. And then when he drew near she got up and flew round making terrible -squawks as if horrified at his finding the nest on which she had been sitting.

But she succeeded in taking his attention away from her own nest. He, no doubt, was the envy of all the other collectors in having got a clutch of real skua eggs; while the cunning old hen was the envy of the rest of her kind in hatching out a complete family of young skuas in spite of the visit of the egg-hunter.

I did not see this incident myself, so will not entirely guarantee its truth.

BIG GAME HUNTERS.

Mr. F. C. Selous, who was one of our greatest elephant hunters in South Africa; Mr. Peel, of Oxford, another big-game shot; and Mr. Abel Chapman, whom the Scouts at the Humshaugh Camp will remember with admiration and gratitude – these and many celebrated sportsmen are naturalists as well as hunters. They go out into the world to shoot good specimens of the different kinds of animals, and they pass by and spare hundreds of young and ordinary beasts, till they come on one worthy of preservation to set up in their museum at home, where people who are interested in animals can come and see for themselves the actual specimens of all the different kinds of wild creatures which inhabit the globe.

Similarly Captain Flower (another good Scout), the Curator of the Zoological Gardens in Cairo, goes off into the deserts and jungles and captures specimens of all the African wild beasts, birds and reptiles for the different Zoological Gardens in Europe.

Also a great many big-game hunters go out stalking wild animals quite as much with the idea of merely watching them or of photographing them in their jungle homes as of shooting them down. And that is what the Boy Scouts do, unless they actually want an animal for food; they may stalk him in order to watch his habits and ways, and to make sketches or photographs of him from life.

Most of the fun of hunting the animal lies in getting up close to him without his knowing it; that's where the difficulty and the excitement comes in. It is no great feat then to hold a rifle straight and shoot him.

A SCOUT STATESMAN.

One of the finest statesmen of the present time is also a first-class scout, and that is Mr. Roosevelt, the late President of the United States of America.

He began to be a scout by shooting big game when he was quite a boy, and he gives an account of his first deer hunt, which was carried out at night in a canoe with a lantern. The light seems to attract and dazzle the deer and so enables the hunter to get an easy shot. This kind of shooting is called "Jacking."

Even now, when he has got a holiday from the hard work of ruling over that great country, Mr. Roosevelt likes to go and live in camp and hunt big game, which he has been doing in our Colony of East Africa.

Here is a description from his book, *Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter*, of how he hunted a wapiti a kind of big stag and you will notice how he used scoutcraft to get it, both by stalking, using scout's pace, pluck and endurance, marksmanship, and power of finding the way. He writes: –

Wapiti Hunting.

"I was camped in a beautiful valley high among the mountains which divide South-western Montana from Idaho. The country was well wooded, but the forest was not dense and there were many open glades. Early one morning, just about dawn, the cook, who had been up for a few minutes, waked me, to say that a bull wapiti was calling not far off. I rolled out of bed and was dressed in short order. The bull had by this time passed the camp, and was travelling towards a range of mountains on the other side of the stream which ran down the valley bottom. He was evidently not alarmed, for he was still challenging.

"I gulped down a cup of hot coffee, munched a piece of hardtack, and thrust four or five other pieces and a cold elk tongue into my hunting shirt, and then, as it had grown light enough to travel, started after the wapiti.

"I supposed that in a few minutes I should either have overtaken him or abandoned the pursuit, and I took the food with me simply because in the wilderness it never pays to be unprepared for emergencies. The wisdom of such a course was shown in this instance by the fact that I did not see camp again until long after dark."

Scouts should remember this hint – never start out without food either inside you or in your pocket.

“When I next heard him he had evidently changed his course and was going straight away from me. The sun had now risen, and following after him I soon found his tracks. He was walking forward with the regular wapiti stride, and I made up my mind I had a long chase ahead of me. We were going up-hill, and, though I walked, hard, I did not trot until we topped the crest. Then I jogged along at a good gait, and as I had no moccasins, and the woods were open, I did not have to exercise much caution.

“Accordingly I gained, and felt that I was about to come up with him, when the wind brought down from very far off another challenge. My bull heard it before I did, and instantly started toward the spot at a trot. There was not the slightest use of my attempting to keep up with this, and I settled down into a walk. Half an hour afterward I came over a slight crest, and immediately saw a herd of wapiti ahead of me, across the valley and on an open hillside.”

For nearly an hour Mr. Roosevelt tried in vain to get nearer to the bulls who were both roaring challenges at each other. At last the herd got wind of him and dashed off through the bush.

“With wapiti there is always a chance of overtaking them after they have first started, because they tack and veer and halt to look around. Therefore I ran forward as fast as I could through the woods; but when I came to the edge of the fir belt I saw that the herd were several hundred yards off. They were clustered together and looking back and saw me at once.

“I was sure the herd would not stop for some miles, and accordingly I resumed my chase of the single bull.

“I was able to get up fairly close by crawling on all-fours through the snow for part of the distance; but just as I was about to fire he moved slightly, and though my shot hit him, it went a little too far back. He plunged over the hill crest and was off at a gallop, and, after running forward and failing to overtake him in the first rush, I sat down to consider matters.

“The snow had begun to melt under the sun, and my knees and the lower parts of my sleeves were wet from my crawl, and I was tired and hungry and very angry at having failed to kill the wapiti. It was, however, early in the afternoon, and I thought if I let the wapiti alone for an hour, he would lie down, and then grow stiff and reluctant to get up; while in the snow I was sure I could easily follow his tracks. Therefore I ate my lunch, and then swallowed some mouthfuls of snow in lieu of drinking.

“I left the trail, and turning to one side below the wind I took a long circle and again struck back to the bottom of the valley down which the wapiti had been travelling. The timber here was quite thick, and I moved very cautiously, continually halting and listening for five or ten minutes.

“Not a sound did I hear, and I crossed the valley bottom and began to ascend the other side without finding the trail. Unless he had turned off up the mountains I knew that this meant he must have lain down ; so I retraced my steps and with extreme caution began to make my way up the valley.

Finally I came to a little opening, and after peering about for five minutes I stepped forward, and instantly heard a struggling and crashing in a clump of young spruce on the other side. It was the wapiti trying to get on his feet. I ran forward at my best pace, and as he was stiff and slow in his movements I was within seventy yards before he got fairly under way. Dropping on one knee, I fired and hit him in the flank.

“At the moment I could not tell whether or not I had missed him, for he gave no sign ; but, running forward very fast, I speedily saw him standing with his head down. He heard me and again started, but at the third bullet he went down in his tracks, the antlers clattering loudly on the branches of a dead tree.”

And so the hunter got his quarry. But he had had hard work to get it and had to use a lot of scoutcraft to do it.

What a Tenderfoot Would Have Done.

He would not have succeeded had he been a “tenderfoot,” for he would probably not have been able to turn out of bed so quickly ready for action. And a tenderfoot would have rushed off without taking any food, and so would soon have been obliged to give up the chase. Then he did not try running till he got dead-beat, but he used “scout’s pace,” which enabled him to go on a long time at a fairly fast rate, so that he eventually overtook the deer. And by training he had made himself strong and fit to do this.

Then by having studied the ways of animals he knew exactly what the wapiti would probably do; he knew that the wounded animal if left alone would probably lie down for a rest and grow stiff by doing so. And also he saw that when he made his circular “cast” into the valley, that as there were no tracks of the bull having gone forward along the bottom he must be somewhere further back; he knew that the wounded animal would not try going up the hill to either side.

Then it is probable, too, that a tenderfoot would very soon have got lost, running about alone all day in such a country of forest and hills, but the hunter kept his wits about him and noticed his direction, probably by the hills and streams and sun, so that he knew which way to turn to go home to his camp at the end.

V.

ENDURANCE OF SCOUTS.

A TRUE STORY OF A SCOUT’S ENDURANCE.

MR. FREDERICK COURTENAY SELOUS is one of our great scouts, and for many years he lived as an elephant hunter in Central South Africa. He was very hardy and a splendid runner, and for this reason he was able to keep up with a herd of elephants even when they were on the run, and could thus pick out and shoot one big bull after another.

Of course, the hunting was done in order to get the ivory from the tusks of the old bull elephants; he did not kill the cows or young ones.

But if he had not practised running and keeping himself always healthy as a boy at Rugby School, he could never have succeeded as he did as a scout.

Here is an account, in his own words, of an adventure which shows you how necessary it is for a scout to be strong and active. The story is taken from his thrilling book of *Travel and Adventure in South Africa*.

He was, at the time of this incident, traveling with a few native servants (or “boys” as they are generally called) in the country of the Mashukulumbwi tribe, just north of the Zambesi River, where very few white men had ever been.

An Uneasy Camp.

“After a good supper – which I discussed with a light heart, for on the morrow I hoped to cross the Kafukwi – I turned in. It was the 8th of July, the last day of the old moon, and a dark though starlight night.

“Although on the previous evening our camp had been thronged with a crowd of men, women, and children, who had danced and sung, and kept up a constant chatter till after midnight, it did not escape my notice that this day there was not a single stranger in our camp when it grew dark; nor, with the exception of a little conversation carried on in a low tone of voice, did there appear to be any life or movement in the village behind us. I must confess that I felt uneasy, for I could not help contrasting the quiet and constraint with the noise and revelry of the first night of our arrival in the village.

“My boys, too, seemed uneasy, and sat in groups round their respective fires, whispering to one another, and all holding their assegais in their hands. As it grew later, however, they lay down one by one, and as the fires burnt lower and lower, an absolute quiet and stillness took possession of the night.

“I could not sleep, however, and was lying under my blanket, thinking of many things, and revolving various plans in my head, when about nine o’clock I observed a man come cautiously round the end of our scherm (a rough fence made of bushes to keep off the lions) and pass quickly down the line of smouldering fires. As he stopped beside the fire near the foot of Paul and Charley’s blankets, I saw that he was one of the two men who had accompanied us as guides from Monzi’s.

“I saw him kneel down and shake Paul by the leg, and then heard him whispering to him hurriedly and excitedly. Then I heard Paul say to Charley, ‘ Tell our master the news – wake him up.’

“I at once said, ‘What is it, Charley ? I am awake.’

“‘The man says, sir, that all the women have left the village (the women are always sent out of the way when there is going to be fighting), and he thinks that something is wrong,’ he answered.

“I thought so, too, and hastily pulled on my shoes, and then put on my coat and cartridge-belt, in which, however, there were only four cartridges. (Shows importance of always being ready.) As I did so I gave orders to my boys to extinguish all the fires, which they instantly did by throwing sand on the embers, so that an intense darkness at once hid everything within our scherm. (Sand is as good as water for putting out fire.)

A Treacherous Attack.

“Paul and Charley were now sitting on their blankets with their rifles in their hands, and I went and held a whispered conversation with them, proposing to Paul that he and I should creep round the village and reconnoitre, and listen if possible to what the inhabitants were talking about.

“‘Wait a second,’ I said, ‘ whilst I get out a few more cartridges, and I was just leaning across my blankets to get at the bag containing them, when three guns went off almost in my face, and several more at different points round the scherm. The muzzles of

all these guns were within our scherm when they were discharged, so that our assailants must have crawled right up to the back of our camp and fired through the interstices between the cornstalks.

“The three shots that were let off just in front of me were doubtless intended for Paul, Charley, and myself, but by great good luck none of us were hit. As I stooped to pick up my rifle, which was lying on the blankets beside me, Paul and Charley jumped up and sprang past me. ‘Into the grass!’ I called to them in Dutch, and prepared to follow.

“The discharge of the guns was immediately followed by a perfect shower of barbed javelins, which I could hear pattering on the large leathern bags in which most of our goods were packed, and then a number of Mashukulumbwi rushed in amongst us.

“I can fairly say that I retained my presence of mind perfectly at this juncture. My rifle, when I picked it up, was unloaded ; for, in case of accident, I never kept it loaded in camp, and I therefore had first to push in a cartridge. As I have said before, between our camp and the long grass lay a short space of cleared ground, dug into irregular ridges and furrows. Across this I retreated backwards, amidst a mixed crowd of my own boys and Mashukulumbwi.

“I did my best to get a shot into one of our treacherous assailants, but in the darkness it was impossible to distinguish friend from foe. Three times I had my rifle to my shoulder to fire at a Mashukulumbwi, and as often some one who I thought was one of my own boys came between.

“I was within ten yards of the long grass, but with my back to it, when, with a yell, another detachment of Mashukulumbwi rushed out of it to cut off our retreat. At this juncture I fell backwards over one of the ridges, and two men, rushing out of the grass, fell right over me, one of them kicking me in the ribs and falling over my body, whilst another fell over my legs. I was on my feet again in an instant, and then made a rush for the long grass, which I reached without mishap, and in which I felt comparatively safe. I presently crept forward for about twenty yards, and then sat still listening.

“Standing up again, I saw the Mashukulumbwi were moving about in our camp. It was, however, impossible to see any one with sufficient distinctness to get a shot, for whenever one of the partially-extinguished fires commenced to burn up again it was at once put out by having more sand thrown over it.

He Escapes – Alone.

“I now began to quarter the grass cautiously backwards and forwards, whistling softly in hopes that some of my own boys might be lying in hiding near me; but I could find no one, and at length came to the conclusion that all those of my people who had escaped death would make the most of the darkness and get as far as possible from Minenga’s before day-dawn, and I decided that I had better do the same. Therefore, I determined that my best plan would be to make for Monzi’s, also travelling through the veldt, and to endeavour to get there before my boys, and to wait for them there.

“In my belt I had a knife, a box of matches, and a watch (what a scout should always carry). I looked at it, and by the light of the stars saw that it was now eleven o’clock. First of all I had to cross the Magoee River, and I now made a half circle round the village, always keeping in the long grass, until I reached its bank, and then made my way cautiously up to the ford.

“I found, however, that a party of men were watching here, as one of them spoke in a low voice to his companions just as I was approaching, and so luckily gave me notice of his whereabouts (use of ears at night). After standing still listening for a few seconds, I cautiously retreated, but when I had got about three hundred yards off I thought I was far enough, and resolved to take it as it came, and cross the river at all hazards.

“The bank, I found, was guarded by a dense bed of reeds, and when I got through this I found there was a high perpendicular bank between me and the black, sluggish-looking stream, which I knew to be full of crocodiles. As the water looked deep, I stripped so as not to get my clothes wet. These, together with my shoes, I tied into a bundle and left on the bank, and then, holding my rifle and the two belts in my left hand, I slipped down into the river. The water, I found, was out of my depth; but, being an expert swimmer, I had no difficulty in getting across, holding my rifle well out of water.

“I had some trouble in getting up the steep, muddy bank on the farther side, but at length succeeded, and, depositing my rifle amongst the reeds, once more slipped into the water, recrossed the river and returned again with my clothes in safety. The water was bitterly cold, and I was shivering as I climbed up the bank. I now re-dressed in the long grass, and, climbing an ant-hill, took a last look towards my schema. The Mashukulumbwi I saw had now made up the fires, upon which they were throwing bundles of grass, by the light of which, I suppose, they were dividing my property. I turned my back upon this melancholy spectacle, and taking the Southern Cross (a constellation of stars only seen in the Southern Hemisphere) which was almost down, for my guide, commenced my lonely journey.

Alone on the Veldt.

“The night was very cold, and my whole clothing consisted of a thin coat, a light shirt, and a pair of trousers cut short off above the knee, my legs being bare. I now walked steadily to the south until 4 a.m. by my watch, always in long, tangled grass, through which it ‘was most fatiguing to find my way. I then felt so cold that, coming to a small patch of forest, I lit a fire and sat by it till sunrise.”

Then Selous walked on most of the day, but without any food, being afraid to shoot any game for fear of attracting attention of the enemy.

Night Visit to an Enemy’s Village.

“At length I reached the last Mashukulumbwi village, a little over two hours’ walk from Monzi’s. (Selous had walked on that night guiding himself by the stars.) I was perished with cold, and tired and thirsty besides. It was now long after midnight, and the inhabitants of the village were all wrapped in slumber.

“Going close up I could see that there was a fire burning outside one of the huts, beside which some one was lying. The village only contained half a dozen huts in all, and, being near Monzi’s and far from Minenga’s, I thought the inhabitants might be friendly. At any rate, I determined to chance it and warm myself, so I walked in and sat down by the fire. There was a boy lying on the ground on the other side of it, fast asleep. Presently I woke him up and asked him for water.

“I had just finished drinking when I heard some whispering going on in a hut just opposite to where I was sitting, and presently I saw a man emerge from it, and move stealthily away in the darkness. After a short interval he returned, and as he re-entered his

hut I saw that he had a gun in his hand. Presently I heard the sound of a bullet being tapped with a ramrod, and knew that the owner of the gun was either loading his weapon or making sure that it was already properly charged.

“All this was not very reassuring, but I felt so comfortable alongside the fire that I determined to rest there for an hour or so, and then leave the village and continue my journey to Monzi’s. Everything soon became perfectly quiet again, and every one in the village was apparently asleep. At any rate, the boy was who was lying on the other side of the fire. Presently I, too, lay down with my back to the warmth and my head resting on one of the logs that protruded from the fire. I held the butt of my rifle between my thighs, and had my hands clasped on the barrel.

“I had no intention of going to sleep, but thought that I would rest and get warm for an hour or two and then leave the village again without wishing any one good-bye. However, I was tired and sleepy, and must presently have dozed off and fallen fast asleep.

He Loses his Best Friend.

“How long I slept I do not know, but I awoke suddenly with a feeling that some one was near me, and starting up, found that two men were just approaching the fire. Seeing that they had no weapons in their hands, I sat down again and laid my rifle alongside of me, with the barrel resting on one of the fire-logs. The two men now sat down beside me, and commenced to question me as to what had caused my return alone in the middle of the night, and I endeavoured to tell them something about the disaster that had happened to myself and my people at Minenga’s.

“I only partially understood what they said, and was not able to explain myself very well to them. In endeavouring to do so to the best of my ability, I kept gradually turning more towards them, till presently my rifle lay almost behind me. It was whilst I was in this position that I heard some one behind me. I turned quickly round to clutch my rifle, but was too late, for the man whom I had heard just stooped and seized it before my own hand touched it, and, never pausing, rushed off with it and disappeared in the darkness.

“I sprang up, and at the same time one of the two men who had engaged me in conversation did so too, and, in the act of rising, dropped some dry grass which he had hitherto concealed beneath his large ox-hide rug on to the fire. There was at once a blaze of light which lit up the whole of the open space around the fire. My eyes instinctively looked towards the hut which I had seen the man with the gun enter, and there, sure enough, he sat hi the doorway, taking aim at me, not ten yards away.

“I sprang out into the darkness, seizing one of the pieces of wildebeeste meat as I did so, and, as the village was surrounded with long grass, pursuit would have been hopeless.

“I now got on to the footpath leading to Monzi’s, and walked along it rapidly to keep out the cold. My thoughts were gloomy indeed. My position had not been a particularly enviable one before the loss of my rifle, but now it was ten times worse. I could no longer procure myself food, and was at the mercy of any one of the cruel savages amongst whom I was, who might choose to make a target of me for his barbed spears.”

The Value of Endurance.

To make a long story short, Mr. Selous eventually got among more friendly natives, who gave him food and guides, and after about a week's walking he got to a place where he found some of his own natives who had, like him, escaped in the darkness and made their way southwards.

Out of his party twelve had been killed and six wounded and all his guns and rifles and goods had been lost.

In a few days more the whole party got safely back into friendly country.

But think what a terrible time Selous must have had!

Three weeks had passed since the attack had been made on him, and all that time he had been exposed to the hot sun by day and to great cold by night, with no blankets or proper clothing, with scarcely any food, and constant walking and constant watching for fear that the enemy might be following him.

None but a scout with extraordinary endurance could have lived through it.

And this endurance which is so necessary for a scout is equally useful for a soldier, or, indeed, for any man, whatever kind of life he may take up, and it is only to be got by practice, while you are a boy, at keeping yourself healthy and making yourself strong.

That is why Boy Scouts practise body exercises, running and physical drill, and also are careful to keep themselves healthy by only eating proper food, not smoking, by continence, by washing and dry-rubbing to keep themselves clean, and also by carrying out many other useful practices which are given in the handbook *Scouting for Boys*.

HUNTED BY SAVAGES.

An account is given in the *Deerslayer* of a white man escaping from a troop of Huron Red Indians, who were pressing him through the forest. His only chance was to keep running on in a straight line. If he once began to double or turn it would enable more of his pursuers to come up and to cut off corners, and so to overtake him. The ground was a good deal up and down hill, so in going up hill he went diagonally across the hill, walking part of the time to save his strength, and after crossing the top he would run straight down the far side.

But the frequent hills and the steady following on of the Hurons, who were tracking him at a great pace, kept him anxiously struggling on.

At length a steeper ridge with a deep valley beyond it, followed by a second hill, invited him to play off a trick on his pursuers which gave him a very exciting five minutes.

On gaining the top of the ridge he found a fallen tree lying across his path. He sprang on to it and off again, with a shout and a wave to his pursuers as though he saw a prospect of escape in the gully before him. But, instead of rushing down the hill as he had done before, he crept back and squeezed himself in underneath the trunk of the tree, and, pushing back the grass and twigs displaced in doing so, he lay completely hidden.

One by one his enemies came panting up the slope, leaped on the top of the tree-trunk, and then plunged hurriedly forward where his footmarks showed he had jumped off in the direction of the valley. In a long string they came, some very far behind, tired, and blowing with their unwonted exertions; and on they went, steadily crashing down through the bushes into the valley.

After the first few, hardly any of them paused to look for the spoor, imagining that of course the leaders were following it ; and these, when they found themselves at fault, were unable to pick up the trail where they had lost it, because their comrades in following had trampled the ground so completely as to spoil all chance of finding it behind them, and all that they could do was to try further and further ahead to hit it off again.

The scout himself lay low and recovered his breath while he counted some forty Indians pass immediately over him. Then as no more came he crawled cautiously out and crept away in a new direction, and so made good his escape.

Escaping the Zulus.

I have known a similar case in Zululand, when three white traders were attacked by Zulus. One, who was lying ill in the wagon, was killed at once. The other two escaped with their rifles into the grass, which extended for miles round and stood about two to three feet high. They ran as well as they could, for one was wounded, until they got blown; then they both threw themselves flat and waited for their pursuers with their rifles ready.

The Zulus had strung out in the run and were coming on in a long line. As the leaders came near the two men rose to their knees and fired, each killing a Zulu. Then they quickly loaded and each again fired and killed one. The remainder of the Zulus, seeing their four leading men thus killed within a few seconds, stopped and hung back, and the white men, sinking down again, crawled away quietly from the spot; and after getting a good start and recovering their wind, they got up and ran on again.

Of course, the Zulus followed them with a hue and cry. But when they got tired the hunted men again flung themselves down in the grass, but instead of lying still this time they crawled back towards the Zulus.

These, marking the spot where the men had disappeared, were running on to reach it when, to their surprise, they suddenly came on them much nearer than they had expected, and again the white men made their rifles tell at close quarters where they could not miss, and four more Zulus bit the dust; then the remainder ran back to get out of range of the hidden marksmen.

After this the fugitives got along pretty well; the Zulus followed them, it is true ; but whenever they lay down in the grass the Zulus stopped also and tried to surround them; but as they always shifted their position in the grass the enemy did not know exactly where to find them, and occasionally one Zulu in creeping along to get round behind them would find himself face to face with a rifle, and he did not live to tell the tale. The white men thus kept them off till nightfall, and then got safely away in the darkness and managed to reach our camp next day.

One of these men was suffering from a nasty jagged wound in the calf of his leg, which had been made by a big rusty nail which one of the Zulus had used for a bullet when loading his gun. A very ugly wound it was, too, and I well remember it because, as there was no doctor in camp, some of us had to look after it.

(Scouts, you know, have to learn in peace-time how to care for wounded or sick people, so that they know what to do in a case of this kind.)

A SCOUT'S FIGHT WITH A LION.

Here is an extract from a letter which I received the other day from a member of the South African Constabulary, which shows you that the members of that force, who as I have before told you are some of the true scouts of the nation, meet with adventures quite as exciting as any one reads of in made-up stories.

"I must tell you a lion story which, besides being perfectly true, is probably without a parallel in history.

"Constable C. W. Eagle, who you complimented shortly before you left on the good work he had done in this district in connection with the preservation of big game, was returning to Messina from a three weeks' patrol on the 24th of last month, when within fifteen miles of his post he passed a couple of Dutchmen, transport riders, who told him to 'boss up,' as they had shot a couple of lion cubs that morning, and they knew that the lion and lioness were not far behind, and in fact were following their wagons.

"Eagle rode on, and very soon noticed the spoor of a couple of lions crossing the road. He turned on the spoor into the bush, and immediately came face to face with a lion and lioness. Both the beasts were obviously in bad tempers and showed unmistakable signs of charging.

"Eagle was carrying a light Lee-Enfield carbine; but not feeling inclined to take both the brutes on single-handed, tried to turn his horse, but the animal refused to move an inch. There was no time to be lost, and Eagle, who is a noted marksman, determined to have first smack, so, firing from his horse, he shot the lion through the body. When he fired at the lioness she was actually charging, and his bullet broke her shoulder but did not stop her, and before he could fire again she was on him, knocking the carbine over his head and pulling him off his horse by his right hand, which she had seized in her mouth.

"Eagle says his one idea then was to prevent the lioness getting him underneath; he had no weapon whatever, as he always carries his carbine instead of a revolver. Fortunately when pulled off his horse he landed on his feet, and with his right hand still in the lioness' mouth he grasped her by the nostrils with his left.

"An awful struggle between man and beast then ensued, in which the constable was badly clawed, though he states that at the time he did not feel it.

"There was an eye-witness of this extraordinary fight in the person of an engineer named Scott, who, riding south from Messina, came suddenly on the combatants, who had then got into the middle of the road.

"Scott was unarmed, and, as his horse stood stock still and refused to move, he had to be a witness whether he liked it or not. What Scott saw was Eagle in the position described kicking the lioness in the belly while she clawed at him. Presently the beast released Eagle's right hand, and he then put his right arm round her neck, still holding on to her nose with the left. Scott's horse apparently thought it was time to go, and it turned round and bolted for Messina.

"The struggle could not really have lasted more than five minutes, and the lioness had already had enough of it, for she broke away, and going about twenty yards lay down.

"The lion had all the time been looking on, but he was badly hit and bleeding internally.

"Eagle now tried to reach his rifle, but it was not until he had fallen down twice in the attempt that he discovered his right leg was injured ; he then crawled to his rifle, but

only to discover that his right hand was useless, for it had been chewed to pulp. Then he began to 'see dark,' and knew he was going to faint. With a desperate effort he dragged himself to the road just as Scott returned with a transport rider and some natives. The lioness moved off into the bush, but they finished the lion with Eagle's carbine.

"Parties have been out after the lioness, but without success. She cannot have gone far, but the bush is thick and there are no dogs in the country. Eagle was taken to Louis Torchardt, sixty miles, and, thanks to an iron constitution, he will probably pull through; but it is feared he must lose his right hand and may be lame for life.

"Poor fellow, I don't know what will become of him, as the sort of life he has been living is the only one possible for him. He is now in Elim Hospital and has been having a dreadful time of it.

"But what a fight!"

Yes, and it was something more than a fight; it was a fine instance of pluck and endurance on the part of a scout.

The constable was not deterred from going on patrol along the road, although warned by the Boers that there were lions about. It was a pretty bold though somewhat rash thing for a solitary man to go and follow up the spoor of the two animals when he had found it, and then to face them all alone.

How he held out when being mauled by the lioness speaks to wonderful strength and endurance and pluck, and is a great lesson to all young Scouts to make themselves strong and healthy, and also to "never say die till you're dead."

It must have seemed to him perfectly hopeless to go on with the unequal struggle; but, like the frog in the cream, he stuck to it and fought it out, and so saved himself in the end.

If every fellow works hard at scouting and really learns all that it teaches him, he will, at the end of it, have some claim to call himself a real man, and will find, if ever he goes on service, or to a colony, that he will have no difficulty in looking alter himself and in being really useful to his country.

VI.

HOW TO GROW STRONG.

HOW LIEUTENANT MÜLLER MADE HIMSELF STRONG.

I WENT recently to see Lieutenant Müller, the celebrated Danish strong man. He gave an exhibition before a large audience of the different exercises by which he has made himself so vigorous and fit.

Yarns For Boy Scouts

There was a bed and bedroom furniture on the stage and he showed how he starts, the moment he gets up in the morning, to exercise his body and limbs. Altogether it was very like what I have shown you in the handbook *Scouting for Boys*.

Lieutenant Müller does not use any apparatus such as dumbbells or bars, but just goes through movements of his body, to make the inside as well as the outside muscles do some work. He has his bath on the stage, and goes through the process of rubbing himself down after it, showing certain exercises to make the blood run the better through the veins.

ANY BOY CAN DO IT.

Lieutenant Müller began life as a weak and puny boy; but you could never guess it to look at him now. He has made himself into such a fine, strong man.

It shows what any boy can do if he likes to try. But it is no use to wait till you are grown up and your muscles have formed themselves for life into weak, stringy things. If you want to be a fine specimen of a man, you must work for it as a boy; every day, morning and evening, for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour.

You very soon get into the habit of it, and will enjoy the fresh, healthy feeling it gives you.

Don't expect to see a big development of muscle all at once. It does not come while you are a boy, you are then only laying the foundation for it, but it comes out as you get older; and just as you come to manhood you find yourself firm, strong and upright, with smooth, steely muscle on every limb, and on back and stomach, with a feeling of health and fitness which makes you ready and able to undertake any amount of hard work with a hopeful idea of getting through it successfully and well.

Lieutenant Müller has written a handbook of his exercises which is called *My System*, price 2s. 6d. It can be got from *Health and Strength Office*, 12, Burleigh Street, London, E.G. If you cannot afford to buy this you will find much the same advice and exercises given you in *Scouting for Boys*.

For a Scout it is absolutely necessary to be healthy, fit, and strong, and therefore every Boy Scout ought to carry out these practices daily. They don't take many minutes, and are very simple.

Of course, they help you enormously for playing games and for doing your work. They are not intended for getting up a big show of blobby muscles on you, but rather for getting the inside organs of the body, such as the heart, lungs, and stomach, into good order. When these are all exercised daily and kept working, the body keeps healthy, your food gets properly digested, your breath comes freely into the lungs, and your blood is made healthy and it is pumped into every corner of you ; and it is from this that bone and muscle are grown and develop of themselves.

A sickly fellow with his digestion or heart damaged by smoking, might work away with dumb-bells for a year and he would never raise a scrap of muscle on himself, because his inside is not sound.

PRAYING WITH THE BODY!

In some parts of the world this physical or body exercise is treated as a religious ceremony. A great many of the old religions made people observe curious little rules as to

cleanliness and feeding and exercise, evidently with a view to making them healthy as well as good.

The Mohammedans do a great deal of body bending and lying flat, and getting up again while saying their prayers in the morning and evening.

In the *Federal Magazine* I have just been reading the account by a native student, of how the day is spent in one of the great Indian colleges. He describes how he gets up at five in the morning a bit early, I expect, for some of our students at home! – and after he has taken a bath and said his prayers to the rising sun, he goes in for a certain set of body exercises which are required of him by his religion.

These are called “Namaskar,” and consist in going from the standing position down flat on to his face, when he calls on the sun by one of its twelve names, touching the ground with his forehead as he does so, and then springs to his feet again.

This he repeats a dozen times, or, if he is very devout, two dozen times, and thus, without knowing it, he gets his body thoroughly well exercised every morning and evening.

In some parts of India there are monks who devote themselves specially to bodily exercises as part of their religion, and they go on with these for some hours during the day, so that they develop into wonderfully strong men, and are the professional wrestlers of the country.

Well, perhaps that is carrying the body exercises as part of their religion to rather an extreme length ; but, in the milder form, I see no harm in worshipping God with your body as well as your mind.

When you get up in the morning you ought to pray for guidance to do what is right during the day, and you ought also to exercise the muscles and organs of your body in order to keep yourself healthy and well. If you get into the habit of doing the two together, the one makes you remember to do the other when at times you might otherwise forget it.

Many fellows have asked me what are the best exercises to carry out. Well, I think that depends very much on what each man wants to develop in himself; but I tell you, in *Scouting for Boys*, the exercises that I use myself, which suit me and keep me very well. If you carry out these they will probably do you good, and then you can, if you like, substitute others later on to suit yourself more exactly.

PHYSICAL DRILL THAT SAVED OSWELL’S LIFE.

Oswell’s practice on the horizontal bar was instrumental in saving his life on one occasion when out buffalo hunting in South Africa. He describes it thus in one of his letters: –

“Coming homeward one afternoon we stumbled into the middle of a herd of buffalo asleep in the long grass. Our sudden appearance startled them from their dreams; a panic seized them and away they galloped in the wildest confusion. One old patriarch had been taking his siesta apart from the rest in a dense patch of bush to the right; the sound of the gun and the rush of his companions roused him, and as I ran after his relations with only one barrel loaded, I suddenly found myself face to face with him – within ten yards.

“He was evidently bent on mischief.

“We stared at one another for a second, and then I fired at his broad chest; it was the best I could do. He plunged at me instantly; I fortunately caught with both hands a projecting branch of the mimosa tree under which I was standing, and, drawing my knees up to my chin, he passed below me.”

A close shave which might easily have cost him his life had he not been accustomed to pulling himself up on the horizontal bar at physical exercise.

A SCOUT'S DUEL.

One of the warriors of the renowned Sioux tribe of Red Indians had a quarrel with a white trapper of the Fur Trading Company, and challenged him to fight.

It was rather hard to suggest a fight that would be equally fair for both parties. The Indian did not know how to use his fists, nor was he a good shot with a pistol, while the white man, though he could manage these, was no good with the bow and arrow or the lasso.

So they at last decided that they would strip off all their clothes and each go for the other with a big knife till one or the other was killed. Cheerful way of settling it, wasn't it? They were preparing to carry out the idea when their chiefs interfered and prevented them.

Mr. Catlin, who was present, asked the Indian, privately, if he was not afraid of the white man, who was a much bigger and more powerful man than himself. The Indian replied, “No. There is nothing to be afraid of in a man who keeps his mouth open.” And it was then noticed that the trapper kept his lips always parted.

This is very true; a Scout will notice that a strong, determined man always keeps his mouth severely closed, while a weak, silly sort of character always has it half open.

SHUT YOUR MOUTH AND SAVE YOUR LIFE.

That is the name of a book which I have just been reading. It is by George Catlin, who wrote many a good book about the Red Indians in America ; in fact, he lived among them for some time and got to know all about their wonderful powers as scouts and hunters on the plains.

In their wild state the Red Indians are so particularly healthy and full of endurance, as compared with people who live in towns and civilized countries, that Catlin endeavoured to find out the cause, and after careful inquiry among one hundred and fifty tribes of Indians, he came to the conclusion that it was because they breathe through the nose and not, as many civilized people do, through the mouth.

Babies are generally kept very much wrapped up and in warm rooms, and the want of air makes them breathe through the mouth ; this becomes a habit with them, and the back of the nostrils from not being used, gradually closes up, and as they grow older the children continue to breathe through the mouth. But with the Red Indians, the babies are put to sleep in the open air, and the mothers press their lips together while they sleep, or even bind up their mouth so that they only breathe through the nose. Very few Red Indian children die, while, in England, over 100 in every 1,000 die before they are one year old!

By breathing through the nose the air is measured and slightly warmed before it gets to the lungs, and the moisture in the nostrils catches up dirt and seeds of disease which may try to come in with the air. No animal sleeps with its mouth open; when a

man does so, he gets bad rest at night, and he chokes and snores, and the natural moisture in the mouth gets dried up and so he gets indigestion, and his teeth also get diseased from being too dry. The pictures which Catlin has drawn in his book give vivid impressions of the evils of sleeping with your mouth open.

A SNORER.

(From Sketch by George Catlin.)



ONE-THIRD OF YOUR LIFE IS SPENT ASLEEP. IF YOU SLEEP WITH YOUR MOUTH OPEN, ONE-THIRD OF YOUR LIFE IS SPENT PRACTISING THIS KIND OF FACE AND THEN YOU WONDER THAT YOUR FRIENDS CALL YOU UGLY !

He himself was not a strong man, and found himself getting more and more ill as he took to scouting and sleeping out in the open; it then occurred to him that this might be because, unlike the Indians round him, he slept with his mouth open; so he made up his mind to keep it shut.

The last thing before going to sleep was to force his mouth to keep tightly closed. In this way he got the habit, and at once his health began to improve, till he became as strong and as enduring as the Indians themselves.

IN THE WEST COAST JUNGLE.

When I was on an expedition in Ashanti, on the West Coast of Africa, everybody got ill with fever. We were continually marching through thick forests with damp, swampy ground underfoot. It was a filthy climate, steamy and unhealthy, and the endless marching among trees day after day, and week after week, got on the nerves of a good many of the men, and they became depressed and slack.

The commander of one corps said to me that he was going to make his men sing choruses while on the march, in order to keep up their spirits. So I replied, "Then your men will get fever by breathing the germs in through their mouths. It is bad enough to have the men depressed; but even that is better than having them useless through sickness."

I was one of the very few who came through that expedition without getting ill; but I believe that one of the causes of my escaping fever was that I always kept my mouth shut and breathed through my nose.

A PHOTO TELLS THE TRUTH!

A fond mother was showing me the photograph of her little boy the other day, and I remarked at once, "If you don't take care of that boy he will be developing adenoids in his throat."

Yarns For Boy Scouts

(Adenoids are a kind of inflammation at the back of the throat which interferes with the breathing and swallowing, and are very common among boys.)

The mother replied to me in astonishment: "Why that is just what he is suffering from; but how could you tell from his portrait?"

"Because," I replied, "the photo shows that he keeps his mouth slightly open. And if a boy breathes through his mouth instead of through his nose, he will very probably find adenoids growing in his throat." And that is what had happened in this case.

WATER-BOTTLES ON A CAMPAIGN.

Scouts do not carry water-bottles in ordinary countries. Soldiers seem to think it necessary to have that extra amount of weight dangling about them, and when they have been marching a short distance they halt and have a swig. Then they want another and take it. It's a grand thing to have your water so handy ! When the bottle is empty the man fills it up again at the first pool he comes to – the pool may be unhealthy, the water is neither boiled nor filtered; but what does that matter? It is wet, and that is the great thing when a man is thirsty, so he drinks it.

Then he gets tired and sickly, then he loads up the ambulance and rides instead of walking. Then he goes into a nice clean bed in hospital only that he is too miserable to notice how well he is looked after. And then he dies and has a nice military funeral though that doesn't benefit him very much, nor yet the remark on his gravestone that he died of "Enteric" – one word which means all this: "drinking-bad-water-when-over-thirsty-from-keeping-the-mouth-open-instead-of-breathing-through-the-nose."

WHEN DOES A SCOUT OPEN HIS MOUTH?

Very seldom; a scout generally keeps his mouth shut. When he is marching or running he keeps it shut and so does not get it all dry and hot and thirsty inside. If he should forget to keep it shut or find a difficulty at first in doing so, the dodge is to carry a round pebble in the mouth, this makes him hold his mouth closed lest the pebble should fall out. He will not then get thirsty like other fellows. But he must take care, at the same time, not to do the other thing and swallow the stone.

When he is working with others he keeps it shut and does not ask questions as to how he is to do his work, but he just goes at the job and does it the best way he can; he does not answer too many silly questions, he does not brag about his good work when he has done it, he keeps his mouth shut.

And it is the same at night when he is asleep. He does not lie with his mouth open, drinking in all the germs of sickness that are floating around in the night air, and at the same time drying his mouth and making him thirsty, and losing the natural moisture from his teeth. No, he keeps his mouth shut and breathes through his nose, which means, too, that he breathes silently, and does not snore.

A scout who snored at night would not be a scout for long, a listening enemy would find him out and polish him off, and we might put on his gravestone "Died through Snoring" – that is, not breathing through his nose.

TOOTH DRILL.

If you have read our handbook, you will remember this story of the recruit who wanted to enlist for the Boer War.



RECRUIT: "DO WE 'AVE TO EAT THEM BOOERS WHEN WE'VE KILLED THEM, SERGEANT?"

The sergeant examined him and found him all right until he came to look at his teeth; these were in such a bad way that the sergeant said, "No, I am sorry, but you would be no good with those teeth, in South Africa."

The recruit replied: "Well, that seems hard lines! Do we 'ave to eat them Boopers when we've killed them?"

The sergeant had, of course, meant that it was no use for a man with bad teeth to go on service, because he would not be able to bite and chew the' tough meat and hard biscuits which soldiers have to feed upon.

And so it is with a Scout; he must have good teeth if he is going to live the life of a frontiersman. Selous and those other Scouts whose wonderful feats of endurance I described to you in *The Scout* recently, could never have lived through those rough times if they had not had good teeth with which to make the most of such food as they were able to get hold of.

Most boys start with good teeth, but their teeth are very likely to get rotten unless they are carefully cleaned twice a day; and fellows often don't think of this till they get an awful toothache. But the teeth have then begun to go bad, and it is too late to do much with those that have begun to rot, though you may save some of the others.

The thing is to take care of your teeth before they begin to get bad.

Disease in the teeth is started by little scraps of food getting lodged in between them and being allowed to stop and rot there. But if you carefully brush out all the cracks between your teeth when you go to bed and when you get up, every day, the chances are that you will never suffer from a toothache, and your teeth will be strong and white and sound, and able to tackle the hardest biscuits that form a Scout's fare.

Sweets have a bad effect on the teeth; they are things that little girls are fond of, not Scouts. Smoking also is very bad for the teeth ; therefore, Scouts, avoid sweets and smokes.

Scout's Tooth-brushes.

Even scouts among savage tribes clean their teeth carefully every day, and, though they cannot go into a chemist's shop and buy a regular tooth-brush, they make little tooth-picks out of wood, and also make tooth-brushes of bits of stick with the ends frayed out by hammering; with these they brush the teeth up and down – not so much

across as we do – in order to clean out the cracks between the teeth, not only on the front side of the teeth, but also on the inner side inside the mouth.

Every Scout should either have real tooth-brushes or should make himself some wooden ones, and use them every morning and evening.

WHAT HARM IS THERE IN SMOKING ?

Smoking is all very well for men as a pleasing habit, but it costs a good deal of money which might otherwise be used for something better than disappearing in a cloud. (Twenty-five millions is a very big sum of money, but that is what was spent on tobacco in Great Britain last year enough to buy a fleet of a dozen “Dreadnoughts”). I reckon that I have saved £500 for myself by being a non-smoker.

But for a lad who is still growing, tobacco is an absolute poison, because it always weakens your heart ; and the heart is a kind of pump, which takes the blood and drives it through all the little pipes or veins to every corner of your body, and this blood then makes the bone, flesh, and muscle which build you up into a strong and healthy man.

If the heart becomes weakened by smoking or any other causes, it cannot pump the blood properly, and consequently the boy does not grow big and strong, and he gradually grows weak, finds himself easily tired, his food does not agree with him, he gets headaches and his eyesight weakens, and so he gradually becomes a poor, depressed little worm instead of a big, bright, and active young man.

No one ever took to smoking while a boy because he liked it – for it gives a most unpleasant taste until you are used to it, and it makes you uncommonly sick. But many boys are such little funks afraid of what others will say that they face this unpleasantness in order to “show off” and look like men. They think themselves awfully manly when swaggering about with a cigarette between their lips, but if a man sees them he only thinks them little fools.

Scouts Don't Smoke.

A law is now made to prevent boys from smoking because it is so bad for their health, and if a boy is seen smoking he is liable to be taken up and punished and a good thing, too, for those who are fools. But a fellow with any sense in him, and who has the courage of his own opinions, sees the harm that smoking would do him and is not such an ass as to smoke.

Scouts don't smoke. Selous does not, nor does Burnham, the great American scout, as well as many others whom I could name. They know that it often spoils your eyesight or your wind, and also your sense of smell, which is a most important thing for a scout to preserve, especially for scouting at night, where he has to use his nose as well as his ears and eyes for finding out things.

How Scouts First Found Tobacco.

It is very interesting to look back and see how smoking first began. It was brought in by some of the scouts of old days, and there was a very complete account of it in *The Boys' Outlook* a short time ago.

Two sailors belonging to the ship commanded by Columbus – the man who discovered America some four hundred years ago were sent ashore to scout the island of Cuba, and they came back and reported that the people there carried little torches with

them from which they blew smoke. These “torches” were, of course, cigars, leaves of the tobacco plant carefully dried and rolled up into a little stick, which they set light to and stuck between their lips so as to suck in the smoke. This was in the year 1492.

Some years later a French explorer named Nicot brought some of the seeds of the tobacco plant to Europe, and grew it, so that it soon came into use in France and Italy.

The old British Admiral, Sir Francis Drake, is said to be the first great Englishman who smoked – that was in 1585.

How Raleigh was “Put Out.”

But the usual story is that Sir Walter Raleigh, who had also explored Virginia, in America, first smoked tobacco in England about that time. The actual spot where he smoked was in the garden of the *Virginia Inn*, at Henstridge Ash, in Somersetshire. And the waiter, seeing smoke coming out of his mouth, thought that he must be on fire, so rushed and threw a bucketful of water over him to “put him out.” I should think it would put him out – very considerably.

In a few years people began to discover that smoking was harmful to the health, as well as being unpleasant to those who did not smoke.

In Turkey, the Sultan ordered that anybody caught smoking should have a hole bored through his nose and his pipe stuck through it, across his face, as a warning to others. Our King James I issued an order, in 1602, against smoking as being “loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, and harmful to the brain.”

In Russia, people who smoked were considered to have no proper sense of smell, so they had their noses cut off. What a thing it would be if they did it nowadays with motor-car drivers.

Scouts and Schoolmasters Did Not Smoke.

Captain John Smith, the great scout of those days, although he, too, explored Virginia, and lived there for four years, would not smoke when the others took to it because he saw how harmful it was for a scout. Soon after this a law was passed that no schoolmaster was allowed to smoke, since it gave a bad example to boys.

In one school, viz., Chigwell, in 1629, the qualifications for a master were that he should not be a “tippler or haunter of ale-houses, nor a puffer of tobacco.”

Eton Boys Ordered to Smoke.

When the great plague visited England, all sorts of cures and drugs were taken to save people from catching the dreadful disease, which spread itself everywhere, and among others, smoking was believed to be a preventive. Consequently, the children were made to smoke.

One old writer states: “I heard Tom Rogers say that he was a schoolboy at Eaton at the time when the plague raged, and all the boys were obliged to smoke in school every morning, and that he was never whipped so much in his life as he was one morning for not smoking.”

How I Took to Smoking.

I myself was ordered to smoke to prevent me catching fever. It was when I was being sent out for an expedition to Ashanti on the West Coast of Africa, in 1895. Lord

Wolseley, who was commander-in-chief at the time, had formerly been on service out there and knew the very unhealthy nature of the jungle, so, although he is a non-smoker himself, he advised me to take to smoking in order to disinfect the air round me and so avoid catching fever. So I took out a pipe and tobacco with me, and for the first three days I smoked like a house on fire. But the climate there is fearfully damp and moist, and my store of tobacco got very soon mildewed, and was so very unpleasant that I threw it and my pipe away and never took to smoking again. And I was one of the few who went right through that expedition without ever getting a day's sickness.

THE BEAUTY OF A CIGARETTE.

The beauty of cigarettes is that they are so small and don't cost much, and they don't make one feel half so sick as a pipe does when one first smokes. But cigarettes also have their drawbacks.

Mr. Edison, the inventor of the phonograph and many other wonderful things, has been discovering a curious kind of poison which is apt to drive people mad. It is called acrolein. He says, according to *The Boys' Outlook*, "We sometimes develop acrolein in this laboratory in our experiments with glycerine. I can hardly exaggerate the dangerous nature of this poison it is one of the most terrible drugs in its effects on the human body. Acrolein can always be got by burning cigarette papers. Yet this is what a boy is dealing with when he smokes a cigarette. Let me tell you: I really believe it makes many boys insane."

We all know that tobacco is a poison which tells on the heart and weakens it, especially in the case of growing lads; but if the paper also, in which the tobacco is rolled to make a cigarette, is poison, it rather knocks the "beauty of the cigarette." I, for one, am not going to be such a fool as to smoke.

WHAT NAPOLEON THOUGHT OF SMOKING.

Dr. Herbert Tidswell has written a very interesting little pamphlet of "Medical Notes on Tobacco Smoking," in which, as a doctor, he points out the dangers of tobacco to growing lads.

He also gives instances of well-known men who are nonsmokers, including Napoleon and his opinion on the subject, as follows: –

"President Roosevelt is a non-smoke ; Dr. Winnington Ingram, Bishop of London, is a non-smoker. The latter was recently a guest of the former on his visit to America, on which occasion they gave evidence of their physical efficiency by indulging in games at lawn tennis, and thus proving that grown-up men, who are non-smokers, can indulge in active exercise as eagerly as young men, although burdened with great responsibilities.

"Many of the greatest men of the day are non-smokers. Field-Marshal Lord Roberts has taken up the question fearlessly and has strongly condemned smoking among soldiers. Lord Charles Beresford wrote a letter to the Secretary of the Anti-Tobacco Society (Scottish) as follows: 'I congratulate you on your efforts to lessen the evils brought about by boys and lads smoking cigarettes. There can be no question that cigarette smoking destroys the nerves of young people, and if their nerves are destroyed they are of little use: a man without nerves fails in those manly actions and generous sentiments which have made this country what it is.'

“The late Lord Salisbury was famous as a statesman for his wisdom – and he was a non-smoker. The late Lord Gwydyr, who has held the following positions, Secretary to Lord Great Chamberlain (1837-70), High Steward of Ipswich, for many years Chairman of Suffolk Quarter Sessions, when celebrating his ninety-eighth birthday, said: ‘I attribute my long life under God’s blessing to non-smoking, temperance in eating and drinking, and taking plenty of exercise.’

“Many of the most active brain-workers declare they enjoy good health so long as they abstain from tobacco. I do not think hard work will injure a healthy man; but, on the contrary, work is necessary for most men, but tobacco is not a necessity, neither is it a luxury.

“General Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army, is a non-smoker, and he is now over eighty, and is in full possession of all his faculties.

“The late Sir William Broadbent, Physician in Ordinary to H.M. the King, was a non-smoker and condemned the smoking habit. Many other medical men also condemn it. The Rev. Thomas Lord, of Horncastle, an abstainer from alcohol and tobacco, reached his hundredth year, and was still in the enjoyment of all his faculties.

“The great Napoleon once smoked a cigar and quickly threw it away, saying: ‘Oh, the swine! my stomach turns!’ and resolved to touch tobacco no more.

“I recently heard of a labouring man in the North of Devon, a non-smoker, eighty-three years old, father of ten children. He is still active and in good health.”

If you look in *Scouting for Boys* you will see many other names that you know of, athletes, cricketers, hunters, and scouts, who do not smoke because they find that it handicaps them in their different games.

VII.

CAMPAIGNING.

AN ADVENTUKE WITH MATABELE.

A Zulu Scout.

HERE is an incident that occurred during the war against the natives in Matabeleland ten years ago.

We knew that the enemy were among some mountains about fifteen miles away from us, and my duty was to go and find out more exactly whereabouts they were, and in what strength, and if possible to discover where they had hidden their women and cattle.

In war against natives this is always a very important point, because cattle is to a native what a balance at the bank is to a white man. If one can get hold of their cattle it often ends a war.

I was allowed to take any troops I liked, but I found it was generally best to go alone, with one good reliable native to help me. If one went with troops the enemy were

bound to discover us at once and would then hide away in the mountains, so that we could discover nothing about them.

So I started off overnight with a first-rate Zulu, both of us riding ponies. After a time we came to a line of broken hills, beyond which lay a broad valley of long grass and bush, and on the far side of this rose the tumbled mass of mountains which formed the enemy's stronghold.

Creeping Through the Outposts.

The first line of hills was where they had small parties of men stationed as outposts, to give the alarm should our army advance to attack them.

These outposts did not keep themselves very well hidden at night, for as we got close to the hills we could see the glow and smoke of their fires every here and there among the rocks, so it was comparatively easy for us to take a line which passed between them.

It was exciting work.

We dismounted and tied up our horses' feet in bits of old blanket which we had brought with us for the purpose, both to deaden the sound and to prevent hoof-tracks. And then, cautiously feeling our way and leading our nags, we crept silently through the line of watchers.

Once we were safely through, we gaily mounted and rode on, guided by the brilliant stars above us, towards the mountains across the plain. Presently these began to loom up in the darkness, gloomy and silent, and yet we knew that they held hundreds of our enemies. Nearer and nearer we came, until they seemed to tower above us.

At last we left our horses, giving them a drink and some corn, and tethering them in a well-hidden spot. We went on our way on foot, going more and more cautiously and silently as we got among the rocks and foothills of the range. It was very exciting work in the darkness, with the enemy possibly close to us.

We took special pains not to leave more foot-tracks than possible, because we had been at this game once or twice before, and the enemy having found our "spoor" in the daytime, had followed us up and tried to cut off our line of retreat. So we did our best to give them no clue to our movements.

At last we reached a place from which we judged that when daylight came we might have a good view of the stronghold, and here we hid ourselves in the bushes and waited for dawn.

It was the custom of the Matebele if they got no signal of alarm from the outposts on the advanced hills, to begin to light their fires and to cook their food shortly before dawn came on, and that was our great opportunity for seeing exactly where they were camped. We could then creep closer to the spot and hide somewhere for the day and watch their movements and possibly see the women bring their food, and thus discover in which direction their hiding-place was – for the women and cattle were always camped in a different spot to the warriors.

A Trap is Set for Me.

A dull light began to appear in the eastern sky, a chilly feeling came into the air – dawn was approaching.

Then suddenly on the dark mountainside before us there came a spark and a glimmer, and a fire began to burn; a few seconds later another was lit, and then another and another.

The enemy were right before us?

I was thinking to myself, "You simpletons, you little know how you are giving away your position!" when Jan, my Zulu, laid his hand excitedly on my arm, and chuckling quietly, whispered –

"I do believe they are laying a trap for us! Wait for me here and I'll go and see."

He stripped off the European coat, trousers, and hat, which he was wearing, and leaving them in a heap beside me he slipped away quietly into the darkness, taking with him his rifle and walking-staff.

As I lay there, wondering at his suggestion – for I could see no sign of a trap for us – the thought dawned upon me that possibly he was going to make a trap for *me!* The

Matebele are cousins of the Zulus, and they talk the same language. It would therefore be quite easy for him to go to the enemy and offer to hand me over to them for an adequate return in cattle. No Zulu can resist a chance of getting cattle.

So he had not been gone long before I, too, crept away from our hiding-place. My first idea was to make for the horses and be ready to bolt should circumstances require it, but on my way thither I passed a pile of rocks, and a better idea occurred to me, namely, to hide among these where I could see our original hiding-place and also be in touch with the horses.

So there I lay, it seemed for hours, while the daylight gradually came on and the mountain grew alive with fires. Soon I could see men moving about among them, and eventually a number of warriors went up the hillside out of the grass, not very far from our position.

Suddenly there was a movement in the grass near my first hiding-place – one naked brown figure crept in alone. It was Jan, and he had not brought the enemy with him. He looked round in surprise at my absence, but so soon as I was sure that he was unaccompanied, I gave the whistle of a nightbird, which was our signal, and he quickly joined me at the rocks. Then he told me how, having noticed that the enemy's fires were lit up one by one in regular succession, it occurred to him that the job was being done by one man, not by several at once, and that possibly it was a ruse to lead us on (because the enemy knew that we were often watching them at night). So he had gone forward and very soon found himself among a whole lot of Matabele lying in ambush where they thought we might come. Of course, he pretended to be one of them, and lay with them for a time. He managed to throw cold water on the idea that we were about to-night; and before the daylight came on he took an opportunity of creeping away, and so got back to me.

I felt heartily ashamed of my suspicion of him; but of course, gave him no hint of it.

That day brought more excitement for us ere the sun went down. Finding, as the day came on, that we were lying directly opposite the front of the enemy's position and might therefore be in the path of men coming or going to it, we thought it best to get away more to a flank, where we could see just as well, but with less risk of being found out. So away we crawled and dodged among bush and boulders and long grass till we had reached a spot which we considered suitable.

An old dead tree gave us a good landmark as to where our horses were hidden should we at any time want to find them in a hurry. And, sure enough, before many hours had passed, we had occasion to do so in a very great hurry!

After studying the enemy's position for some time through my telescope, I came to the conclusion that part of it was hidden from us by a projecting shoulder of rock on the mountainside, and I thought that if I could climb up this without being seen I might get a real good look into their stronghold and find out exactly how it might best be attacked. Meanwhile Jan was also thinking and restless, and at last he said that he thought he could find out exactly where the women and cattle were hidden if he made a short stalk away to our right; indeed, we could hear the lowing of cattle and barking of dogs among the ravines in that direction.

So presently he crept off, after agreeing that if there were any alarm we should make our way as quickly as possible to the horses and each look out for himself. Then I had breakfast. This was not an elaborate meal ; I had an army biscuit in one pocket and a slab of chocolate in another, and a few bites of these taken alternately soon satisfied me, washed down as they were by a sip from a small pool of water among the rocks.

I never carried a water-bottle, nor would any scout who is in hard condition, and who keeps his mouth shut and breathes through his nose. The fellow who gets thirsty is the fat man who sweats away a lot of moisture when he takes exercise, or the man who works with his mouth open and gets his throat and tongue all dry in consequence.

Well, after breakfast I began to get anxious again to look into that stronghold, and presently I started off, after having examined every inch of the way through my telescope, and having noted in my mind every peculiar stone or tree that would serve to guide me as I got on my way.

Nearer and nearer I got till at last the great shoulder of the hill shut out all sight of the enemy's position and I felt comparatively safe from view. But their look-out men were generally placed pretty high up on the crags and were invisible, so I did not trust myself for an instant to the chance of being seen – or heard. I wore rubber-soled boots, and I crept up between the great rocks as silently as if there were somebody asleep close to me. Onwards and upwards I climbed, looking round on every side, as well as behind, to see that I was not being watched or followed.

At last my landmarks told me I was nearing the top of the shoulder, and here I crawled and wriggled an inch at a time, till I saw a friendly bush between two rocks upon the crest, and to this point I dragged myself like a lizard, and pushing my head into the bush, I was able at last to look down into the spot I had desired to see.

There were, a short distance below me, hundreds of Matabele lounging about quite unsuspecting of my presence – some cooking and eating, others putting their blankets out in the sun. There were all their little bivouac shelters, made of branches and grass, between the rocks. A few women and girls were about with baskets of corn and gourds of milk. The small clefts and terraces of the mountainside were strongly barricaded with stone breastworks and timber, and rough ladders, made from tree-trunks, led from one ledge to another; while caves here and there gave ample protection from shellfire.

It was a nasty position to attack, and I lay for a long time noting its difficulties for an attacker.

Then I thought it time to examine the rest of the mountainside to see where would be the best line for assaulting the place, and I slid quietly backwards out of my position and got once more among the great boulders in the ravine behind me.

Hunted by Matabele.

And I began to clamber to a new point from which to inspect the surrounding hillside. And then, whether I showed myself or whether a dislodged stone attracted attention I don't know; but there was a wild yell far up above me on the mountainside, followed by a long string of talk from a native, which was promptly answered by a hundred voices calling and yelling from the other side of the shoulder, and by some above me in the same ravine.

Then I saw a number of Matabele running and jumping on the rocks, and they saw me.

There was nothing for it but to get out of the place as quickly as possible, so I began to bustle down that mountain as hard as I could go, urged to it by the chorus of yells and screams which now burst out behind me.

"Bong!" went a gun, "smack!" went a bullet (ever so wide of me) on the face of a rock, followed by another and another; but then the firing stopped, though not so the pursuit. A hurried glance behind me showed a dozen or so of the warriors scuttling or clambering down after me like a lot of hounds after a fox.

I wasn't a bit happy ! There was a cold, sickly feeling about the pit of my stomach!

The Value of Skirt-Dancing.

I soon found, however, now that there was no necessity for concealment, that I got on faster by jumping from one boulder to another than by clambering down between them. My rubber-soled shoes seemed to cling to the rock as I landed and never let me slip. Years ago I had learnt skirt-dancing, and the value of that is that you get great command over your feet, you can so quickly dart them to the point you want. I do believe that it was largely thanks to that dancing that I am sitting here writing this to-day; for it enabled me to spring lightly and quickly from rock to rock without a mistake.

Another glance behind me showed me that my pursuers were getting strung out, and that the foremost of them were not quite so near to me as they had been, and then for the first time I realized that the Matabele, not being accustomed to mountains, were very bad at getting about over the boulders, especially when going downhill.

In an instant my heart warmed up again. I no longer went straight down the hillside. My wits came back to me and I remembered that probably the enemy on the other side of the shoulder were also racing me unseen down the hill and would possibly meet me at the bottom, so I edged away to my left, still going downwards, but gaining every stride on my pursuers.

At last I was down on the level and in amongst the long grass, out of sight. Then I changed my direction from running towards the left and was lucky enough to find a friendly dry watercourse leading to my right front, in the direction of the dead tree where our horses stood.

I rushed along this, bending double all the way, while my jabbering enemies were still careering onward away to the left in the opposite direction. As I rushed up to the

bushes at the foot of the dead tree, there was a movement among them. I dropped in my tracks and waited. It was Jan; he emerged, leading both horses, grinning (I never knew such a fellow to grin) and panting almost as hard as I. In a second we were up on our nags, and in a very few minutes were well out of range of our enemies.

Then, before us, as we galloped along, we saw light puffs of smoke ascending into the sky from the hills whereon the outposts stood, and looking back we saw that they were answers to smoke-signals from the stronghold where we had been. They served as warnings to us, so that we were able in our course to go round by another way and thus escape.

Jan told me that he heard the Matabele shouting that they had seen me, and he heard the shots; but these had ceased because the chiefs had called out: "It is the Wolf" – that was the name the Matabele gave me – "Don't shoot him, catch him alive – catch him with your hands!"

If I had understood this at the time, and if I had understood the fun they meant to have with me before they put me to death, I think I should have run even faster than I did. As it was, the natives in the stronghold instead of running down the hill to cut me off, at first ran up, thinking that the look-out men had caught me high up in the rocks and thus they left the coast more clear and we were able to escape.

ANOTHER TRUE SCOUTING STORY.

I have been rather astonished and very much pleased to receive a number of letters from Scouts saying how glad they are to have in *The Scout* accounts of adventures which have really happened, and not only made-up stories. As several of them say, these untrue stories are, of course, very exciting to read just at the moment; but they don't "stick by you," they are no guide to a fellow as to what he should do when he gets into a tight place, because something marvellous, and generally unnatural, always occurs to save the hero at the critical moment.

On the other hand, a true story, though it may not be so filled up with exciting incidents one on top of another, is nevertheless more interesting in a way, because it shows the sort of thing that really happens to a Scout, and what should be done under the circumstances.

I will take you to America for a change, and give you an incident in the career of the old American hunter and Scout "Bill" Hamilton.

Some years ago he was engaged by the General commanding the American troops to try and find out whether the Red Indians were preparing, as he suspected, to make war, and if so, in what numbers, and where they might be expected. It was not only a difficult, but, of course, a very dangerous task to go and find this out, because any white men if caught by the Indians were very liable to be killed, and if suspected of being a spy, would not have the slightest chance of escaping death, and, possibly, torture first.

However, the duty was given to Hamilton to go and find out about the enemy ; and so, for the good of his nation, he took his life in his hands and determined to go into the enemy's country with one companion, a man named McKay, who was partly an Indian, and therefore able to make friends with them.

This is Hamilton's account of the expedition taken from his interesting book called *My Sixty Years on the Plains*.

“We had a consultation about the best way of penetrating into the Indian villages. McKay had found out that the Indians were in need of ammunition and tobacco, so I proposed to the officers that we take two pack-horses loaded with the articles named, and make the Indians believe we were their friends. We would also tell them that if the officers found out that we traded ammunition they would hang us.

“The council of officers approved this plan, and we began at once to prepare for the expedition.

“I concluded to leave my horse, Hickory, and take Russell’s horse, which was a good one. We secured two gentle ponies to pack the ammunition and tobacco, and left the Fort after dark. We made about forty miles before daylight and hunted up a spring which McKay knew of. We remained here until sundown, and that night reached the Columbia River about ten miles below the mouth of Umatilla River.

“On the opposite side was a Klick-a-tat village, which had joined the hostile tribes. It was about one o’clock in the morning when McKay called to them. They asked, ‘What’s wanted?’ and we answered friends, and to come over with canoes, as we wanted to cross. They came over with two and we crossed, swimming our horses.

“On reaching the village, we found the whole tribe assembled to see who could possibly come at that time of night.”

(Note: Hamilton had waited till midnight in order to pretend that he was avoiding detection by the American troops.)

“They were acquainted with McKay, but they sized me up. I was dressed in a Hudson Bay shacto coat, with a Scotch cap. These Indians were friendly with Hudson Bay employees. They feasted us with dried salmon and we told the chief what we had. After this we slept till daylight, when a council was held.

“The chief informed us that the Palouse and other tribes would assemble on McNatchee River that day, as the Yakimas, with their great chief, Kan-a-yak-a, wanted to see how many warriors each tribe could furnish. He further said that they would be glad to see us with ammunition and tobacco. We traded a little with these Indians and, as a blind, had to take in exchange two good ponies.

“We reached the rendezvous after dark, accompanied by a delegation of Klick-a-tats, and were taken direct to the chief’s lodge.

“Our arrival created quite a disturbance in the village, and the chief eyed us closely for some time, in fact, until the Klick-a-tats told him how they crossed us after midnight and traded for some ammunition. This lulled the chief’s suspicion, my Hudson Bay dress assisting.

“I have acquired quite a knowledge of Chinook jargon, and we conversed in this language.

“Next day about four thousand warriors assembled, and they were a gay and proud lot of Indians, who looked with disdain on both McKay and myself. We found out all that Colonel Wright required – the approximate number of warriors, and also that the lull was caused on account of waiting for the different tribes to gather all their outside Indians and then to hold a council. They decided to assemble all their warriors on the Spokane River and draw the soldiers on, when they would kill all the cavalry, and take ‘walk-a-heap’ (infantry) prisoners and make slaves of them.

“We traded all our ammunition and tobacco, and such a trade was never made before or since. We gave all our stuff to the chief and told him to give us what ponies he

thought proper. He called up the Indians who had no ammunition and issued some to each, for which we received a few ponies, and not very good ones either.

“That afternoon at five we started as if going west, but when out of sight of the Indians we turned south, so as to strike the Columbia opposite Wallula, at the mouth of Walla Walla River.

“We rode the best ponies, leading our horses. The poor ponies we left on the prairie, having no use for them. When the ponies gave out, we rested for half an hour, and then saddled our horses, which were, comparatively speaking, fresh. We made excellent time, and at sun-up were opposite Wallula.

“McKay knew where the Indians always kept canoes cached (a scout’s word, meaning hidden), but we rested an hour before attempting to cross. The river is wide at this place and it takes a good horse to swim it.

“We crossed it without mishap, and let the horses feed for two hours, -after which we proceeded towards the Fort, where we arrived at ten o’clock that night. It was thirty miles from Wallula to the Fort. We reported our arrival to the officer on guard, and he sent an orderly to Colonel Wright. This orderly soon returned with orders to report immediately at headquarters.

“A council was in progress, and we made our report. Colonel Wright was well pleased at the news that the Indians were collecting on Spokane River, and he said that the campaign would be a short one. His predictions proved true. The Indians, in force estimated at five thousand strong and fairly well armed, were met by Colonel Wright with one thousand soldiers, forty Nez Perces Indians, and two howitzers, which, when the shells burst among them doing considerable execution, frightened the Indians very badly. They beat a hasty retreat to St. Joe Mission, and the chiefs pleaded with the fathers to intercede for them. Nine chiefs were taken prisoners and held as hostages for the Indians’ good behaviour. We then returned to the Fort, having been absent but six weeks.”

CAMPING OUT FOR BOY SCOUTS.

Before a scout can go and carry out expeditions like these, he must have some knowledge of how to live in the open, and therefore Boy Scouts ought to BE PREPARED for it by practicing camp life as much as possible.

In addition to the hints on this subject given in my handbook I add these few more ideas.

TRAMPING CAMPS – HOW TO MAKE A ONE-WHEEL KIT WAGON .

Already I hear rumours of exploring expeditions being got up by patrols of Boy Scouts in different parts of the country for the summer holidays.

Mr. A. Devine, of Clayesmore School, near Pangbourne, started these some years ago, and they have been most successful. One trip followed the course of the Canterbury Pilgrims from the *Tabard Inn*, in Southwark, to Canterbury.

Another went from London to the Hampshire coast and then over the country.

These tramps were carried out by a number of boys walking and biking, accompanied by a wagon carrying their camp and kits, and I hope to describe them more fully later on. But scouts can be independent of a wagon by carrying their own kit or portion of a tent, either on themselves, or, like the Japs, on a kind of very light wheel-

barrow. That is, a single wheel – an old bicycle or pram-wheel will do – with two handles splayed out and a couple of boards nailed on to them to form a platform for the kit.

Several troops have now a light two-wheeled hand-cart, which they man with dragropes and manoeuvre with the same drill as in the case of a field-gun – and very smart it looks.

But many will find, like I do, that it is well to be free of wagons and wheels, and to carry a light kit yourself. In any case, tramping camps are real good fun.

A SCOUT'S ACCOUNT OF THE CAMP.

I wrote in the *Scout* about the diaries which were kept by the boys who sojourned in our Humshaugh Camp, and gave the names of the boys who, by writing the best diaries, had won prizes. Well, one Scout did a thing which is not proper for a Scout to do – he lost his diary. But having done so he did the best under the circumstances and wrote a general report, from memory, of the whole camp.

This report has such merits of its own as to make me think that had he not lost his diary he would have been easily first in the competition. I reproduce extracts from his report. The writer is C. J. M. Thompson, Northallerton, Yorkshire.

“I have never had any rest in which to mope or become homesick, or attain any equally infantile ailment, but I have been on the move all day and every day.

“The pioneering was a distinct success, and it was with great misgivings I pulled down our little hut or lean-to in the woods on Friday morning.

“I have not spent all my time sight-seeing in the Chollerford district – not by a long chalk. I have seen active service in the field, by way of ambushing, and so on.

“The nights have been distinctly exciting, for I never knew when the tent was about to blow down; it had a list on all the time. We had one snorer in the tent ; a drawback, as he did nothing but keep us awake at the beginning of the night, instead of waking us in the early hours of the morning.

“The caterers must have found it hard to supply the appropriate food for Wolves, Kangaroos, Curlews, Ravens, Owls, and Bulls.

“I could go on for ever talking about the different camp celebrations, but I must not do so for lack of time.

“The thing which I shall remember most clearly is my visit to the Elswick works; for we saw guns of all sorts and conditions being squashed into shape, turned, rifled, wirewound, and the finished article. We saw a gun taken to bits in nineteen seconds, and put together again in forty ; both appeared a perfect miracle of speed.

“One thing I am sorry – I have seen so many things – is the difficulty to tell them to my friends at home. I should like to give a detailed account of my most pleasing day; but really I cannot say which day it was.”

HOW TO BUILD A ZULU HUT.

In Place of a Tent.

In going into camp, if you cannot afford to buy or to hire an ordinary tent, you will often be able to build yourself a very good hut. If you are in a place where osiers, willow, or hazel sticks may be cut, you can build yourself a very good little house after the manner of the Zulus.

Yarns For Boy Scouts

1. Select a flat bit of dry ground; drive a peg into the centre, and loop a piece of string five feet long on to it, and, with a pointed stick tied to the other end of the string, scratch a circle round the central peg. This circle should be eight or ten feet across – for a one-man hut it can be six feet across.

2. Cut a number (twenty to thirty) of pliant osiers or straight, whippy sticks, and plant them firmly in the circle about a foot apart, leaving one interval of two feet for doorway.



3. Bend the tops of the uprights down till they meet in the centre, and bind them together with twine or wire, or hang a heavy stone to them all with string. Tie a bent stick to form the arch of the door.

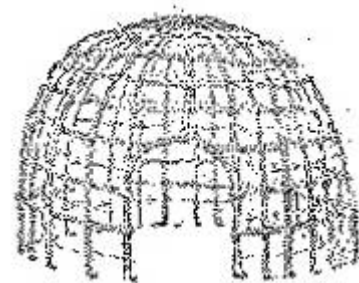


4. Lace withes, or thin osiers, or twigs, or straw ropes, or string, horizontally in and out of the uprights.

5. Thatch the hut with straw, grass, leafy twigs, etc., beginning at the bottom, so that each layer overlaps the lower one, and this makes it able to run the rain off.

The sketch shows the hut nearly thatched.

For the camping season, Scouts should know how to pitch tents properly. This is the way a bell tent should be set up: –



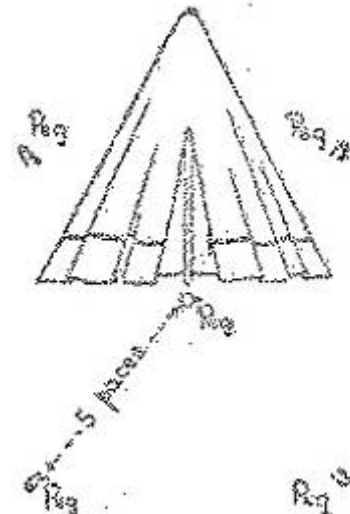
Take five tent-pegs. Drive one in to mark where the pole of the tent is to stand.

At five paces from this central peg drive in one peg for each corner guy-rope that is, at the right front, right rear, left front, and left rear. Spread out the tent on the ground, top to the rear, door uppermost.

Put the pole together and push it up inside the tent into the cap, so that the bottom or “butt” of the pole is near the central peg.

One boy takes the pole, and as the tent is raised by the others he holds it so that the butt stands at the peg.

The boys then make fast the guy-ropes (generally marked by red runners) to the four corner pegs; after which they drive in the remaining pegs – beginning with those on the windward side of the tent – exactly in line with the seams of the tent.



To Slacken the Ropes.

When it comes on wet or dewy, the ropes of the tent will contract and tighten to such an extent as to

draw the pegs out of the ground. So when the tent begins to get damp the patrol leader in charge should send a boy round to slacken up all the ropes an inch or two.

Or a simpler way of doing it, and one which saves any one from getting wet, is to dig a small hole, about the size of a teacup, two or three inches deep, close by the foot of the pole inside the tent, and then if rain or dew falls, to shift the pole into this hole. This at once shortens it and so eases all the ropes.

To Strike Tents.

To strike a bell tent, undo all the ropes except the four guy-ropes, roll them up and fasten them in neat rolls or knots.

One boy then remains inside as poleman, while two others unfasten the two front guy-ropes and hold them in their hands. The poleman then pushes the foot of the pole a little forward towards the door, and lowers the pole towards the rear; the guymen lower the tent quietly on to the ground. If they were to let it fall with a run the pole might easily get broken.

They then flatten out the tent; then fold over the widest part of it till it is narrow enough to equal the length of the tent-bag. Then fold over the top part and roll the tent up as tight as it will go, by kneeling on it. And finally, put it into its bag.

Pegs must all be carefully collected and put into the tent-bag with the mallet.

To Drop a Tent.

It often happens that tents have to be lowered in great haste. For instance, in the case of a sudden attack; because here tents standing show up the camp to the enemy; or in case of fire they are more liable to catch fire when standing.

To lower a tent quickly, the last man to leave the tent simply seizes the bottom of the pole and slides it along the ground and out of the door, and the tent falls flat.

MOUNTAINEERING – THE RIGHT WAY TO CLIMB HILLS.

A good many scouts tell me they are going on mountaineering expeditions this summer, and I think they will have a good time if the weather favours them. I advise them to notice the suggestions given in *Scouting for Boys* on the subject: to take scouts' tents with them, also mountaineering ropes and maps, and to carry out some of the exercises and games suggested: if they do this, they will find the trip all the more interesting.

Here are some additional ideas about mountaineering: –

The Ghurkas are a tribe who live in Nepaul in Northern India. They are among the best soldiers we have got in our Army. They are short, strongly-made little men, with slit-eyes and high cheek-bones very like the Japanese. And they are very brave, and hardy, and cheery. And they are very good at climbing mountains.

Major Woodyatt, of the 3rd Ghurkas, says of them that, "The hill-soldier comes down-hill very quickly – much quicker than we can manage; but he always goes up-hill slowly."

The immortal Shakespeare realized this when he wrote:

"To climb steep hills requires slow pace at first." That is a point which nine out of ten beginners forget, namely, to go up-hill very slowly and very steadily – on the flat feet, not on the toes."

The same rule is followed by the men of Montenegro. Montenegro is a small country high up in the mountains on the east side of the Adriatic. The men are splendid great fellows and very patriotic, fond of their country, and although not real soldiers, they all dress in the same uniform, practise rifle shooting, and always go about fully armed with rifle, knives and pistols. Yet they are most peaceful people, and are the only people I know of who do not know how to steal.

They used to be constantly fighting their neighbours, the Turks, and their way of defeating them was to pretend to be beaten and to run away up the mountains. The Turks followed them as fast as they could ; when they were getting blown and strung out, the Montenegrins used to turn on them, and, rushing down-hill like an avalanche, smash them up very completely. As they say themselves: "Any one can go up-hill, provided that he goes slow enough ; but it takes a Montenegrin to run *down* hill." And certainly it is wonderful what a pace they can put on in coming down their mountains.

For further information on Camp Life, see "Camping Out for Boy Scouts" by Victor Bridgers, with prefatory note by Lieut.-General Baden Powell. Price 1s. net, or post free for 1s. 2d. from A. F. Sowter, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

VIII.

SEAMANSHIP.

THE WRECK OF THE "ATALANTA."

SOME years ago, H.M.S. Atalanta was wrecked on the coast of Nova Scotia. She had got out of her course in a thick fog and struck on the rocks at Sambro Island.

She at once became a hopeless wreck and began to smash up, and it was a case of taking to the boats at once.

But the first boat to get launched was evidently too full of men, and the captain ordered twenty men to return on board the wreck again, which they at once did and so lightened the boat. When she did get away she capsized, but the men were so calm and cool about it that they quickly righted her and resumed their proper places in her without one being drowned. She then got into sheltered water behind the reef, and the rest of the crew got to her by means of two smaller boats and floating timbers, and so on. And last of everybody, the captain was brought off just as the ship finally broke up and sank.

Everything was done systematically as ordered by the officers and coolly and promptly carried out by the men, although at the risk of their lives. The consequence was that not a life was lost, though had there been a panic or disobedience by men thinking that they knew better than their officers, there is no doubt that a large number of them would have been drowned.

How the Clerk Saved the Clock.

The captain's clerk had always had particular charge of the ship's chronometer that is, a special clock that keeps most accurate time, from which the officers are able to

work out their position at sea every day. His orders were always to hold this clock in his hand when the guns were fired or the ship underwent any shock so as to prevent the works from getting any jerk or blow. So when there was the first alarm of the ship being near the rocks he seized the chronometer and ran up on deck with it, and not being able to swim he climbed halfway up one of the masts and hung on there when the ship fell over on her side. The mast eventually broke and plunged with him into the water ; but the other men saw him and got hold of him and dragged him into their boat, half-drowned, but still clutching the chronometer to prevent it getting a shock.

One nigger sailor had a fiddle which he was fond of, and he stuck to this even when he was in the water ; but at length, in danger of being drowned, he let it go, and got heartily chaffed and laughed at by the other seamen, who made very light of their terrible position. In the end they all got safely to shore.

THE “CHESAPEAKE” AND “SHANNON.”

“The flag of the *Chesapeake* has recently been presented to the Royal United Services Institute.”

Perhaps you wonder what this means?

You know that America was once a British Colony, but after a time the colonists, disappointed with some unjust treatment by the Government at home, rebelled and finally took up arms against the British troops, and defeated them. They then formed a Republic or a number of Free States of their own – which have remained ever since as the United States of America.

In 1813 we were at war with the United States, and on May 29, one of our men-of-war – the *Shannon*, a frigate of thirtyeight guns, commanded by Captain Broke – sailed into Boston Bay and sent a message to the American frigate the *Chesapeake* (forty-four guns), and challenged her to come out of the harbour and fight.

The American captain – Captain Laurence – having asked leave from his admiral, sailed out accordingly to attack the *Shannon*. The American ship was the more powerful, having forty-four guns and 360 men, against the *Shannon’s* thirtyeight guns and 306 men and twenty-four boys.

When the ships got nearer to each other the *Shannon* opened fire, which was quickly responded to by the *Chesapeake*.

In a short time the steering of the *Chesapeake* was damaged and she could not turn quickly enough, and the British ship, sailing round behind her, fired a broadside of guns into her stern and along her decks, doing great execution among the crew and to the rigging of the sails. Then the two ships got alongside of each other so that the anchor of the *Shannon* got entangled in the rigging of the *Chesapeake* and they were thus held together. Captain Broke, seeing this, ordered his men to further lash the two ships together with ropes, and then called on Lieutenant Watt to board the American ship with the quarter-deck bluejackets, which was immediately done.

Captain Broke himself with twenty men also boarded without opposition, the Americans retreating forward on to the fore-castle.

Lieutenant Watt, on jumping aboard the *Chesapeake*, was wounded by a shot fired from aloft. The Americans had a large number of men aloft in the tops, firing down on the boarders, while a strong portion of the crew were below on the main-deck, serving the guns.

The British thus had two lots to cope with ; so they divided into two parties, one to keep the Americans below from coming up, the other attacking those who were aloft. Captain Broke, heading the party who were clearing the deck and driving the enemy below, had a hand-to-hand fight with three American sailors at once, and was badly wounded, when a British bluejacket sprang to his assistance and cut down the man who was about to kill him.

Meanwhile Lieutenant Watt's party were trying to drive the enemy out of the tops – a top is a sort of platform halfway up the mast – and in this they were nobly helped by two young midshipmen. One of these, William Smith, followed by a number of his men, climbed out along the foreyard of the *Shannon*, and so on to the mainyard of the *Chesapeake*, and successfully stormed the enemy's tops.

At the same time the other "middy" got on to a yardarm and himself fired rifles into the enemy's tops as fast as his men could load and hand them up.

As the fight was now nearly over, Lieutenant Watt and some of his men got hold of the halliards and pulled down the enemy's colours, and " bent on ' to them the British colours with the American colours underneath, and were in the act of hoisting them when a sad accident occurred.

In the hurry they had unfortunately put the American colours uppermost, and as these went up the sailors and marines on board the *Shannon* thought that the Americans must after all be getting the best of it, and opened a heavy fire on to the deck of the *Chesapeake* and killed their own lieutenant and several of his men.

However, the flags were very soon put the right way up and rehoisted to proclaim to everybody, including thousands of American onlookers on shore, that the British frigate had defeated her opponent.

The British lost seven officers and seventy-seven men killed and wounded in this fight, while the Americans lost seventeen officers and 145 men.

The American flag which was captured on this occasion has lately been presented to the Royal United Services Institute, in Whitehall, London, where it is now on view. Every Boy Scout in London should make his way to this museum and see all the interesting things in it. It is just opposite the Horse Guards (where the mounted sentries sit on their horses).

A SHIPWRECK IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

"Our ship struck with terrible force on an outlying reef. No element of horror was lacking to complete our misfortunes – pitchy darkness, howling gale, mighty seas breaking over us, and to crown all, total uncertainty as to our position."

This is the predicament in which Mr. Frank Bullen and his shipmates found themselves some years ago in the seas near New Zealand, and he gives, in the *Nautical Magazine*, a thrilling account of their experiences.

"The boat was safely got afloat and the mate and seven hands succeeded in boarding her. But before the rest of our hapless shipmates could follow we were swept away by an enormous sea, which, at the same time drove the doomed ship off the reef into deep water, where she sank with those that were left on board, eleven in number."

The boat kept afloat till daylight, and the crew then managed to land on the shore, though their craft was capsized and smashed in doing so.

The land appeared to be a good-sized island, with tussocky grass and small trees, and a rocky beach.

Close to where they landed they found a cave and a good spring of fresh water, which they eagerly drank.

Then, on beds made of the rough grass, they lay down in the cave, and had a good sleep, which they sorely needed. When they at length woke up, the question of food at once became a pressing one, but half-starving though they were, none seemed willing to go far from the cave to look for it; the reason for this was that while they were waiting off the shore in the boat during the night they had heard roars and bellowings such as only wild beasts could have made, and they feared coming face to face with any of these, unarmed as they were.

However, they were lucky enough to see not far from their cave a number of penguins. These, you know, are a kind of stupid seabird which cannot fly, but lives on desert islands or rocks, and is very slow in its movements.

So they had no difficulty in catching and killing a number of these, which they then ate raw, for they had no means of lighting a fire, none of them having ever learnt how to do it without matches – that is, by rubbing sticks together.

Before you have finished reading this story you will begin to perceive that none of this crew had ever learnt scouting – they were all “tenderfeet.”

The only variation to their raw penguin was penguin’s eggs.

These are good enough when fresh, but in their case they found them too often with a young chick beginning to form inside, and the eggs, therefore, a bit too “niffy” for everyday eating.

During the night they again heard the savage bellowing and roaring of beasts, which made them cower together in the cave, and wish they had some means of defending themselves or of lighting fires to frighten them away. They were glad enough when daylight came, but none of them dared to venture very far from the cave.

Frank Bullen continues: –

“In this barbarous and helpless fashion we lived for ninetytwo days, nor made any attempt whatever to better our position, becoming each day more useless and brutish and less inclined to dare those imaginary dangers which our simple minds had conjured up. And then one morning we saw a steamer obviously making for the island. At once our hopes, which had seemed insufficient heretofore to keep us up to the effort of remaining civilized, revived, and we made frantic signals by waving our rags and branches. But to our chagrin the vessel, instead of sending ashore for us at once, steamed away along the coast, leaving us in a state of dull despair.

“Only a few hours had elapsed, however, when we were suddenly startled by seeing a man, obviously a ship’s officer, walking towards us. We rushed to greet him, but he stood as if stricken speechless by the sight of us. At last he spoke, saying, ‘What are you doing here?’

“Thereupon the mate gave him a brief account of our shipwreck, with our subsequent hardships and sufferings. He listened gravely, and when the mate had finished he repeated his first question, ‘But what are you doing *here*?’

This apparent obtuseness of his made us all angry, and we began, all at once, to repeat the story vociferously, with many coarse expressions of wonder at his stupidity for not understanding so simple a narrative.

“As soon as he could make himself heard he said impatiently, ‘Yes, yes, I know all about that, but why did you stop *here*?’ Scornfully, we in turn requested him to inform us how we could have got away. Then, with an air of resignation, as if compelling himself to be patient with us, he told us that on the other side of the island, less than three miles distant from where we had remained for three months, with a path so easy that he had traversed it in less than an hour, there was a well-built hut, stored with abundance of best provisions, cooking utensils, bedding, warm clothing, pipes, tobacco, and even reading matter.

“Besides all these there was a well-built whale-boat with a complete outfit of fishing-gear. There were also three cows and a bull, and several sheep, all somewhat wild, it was true, but still quite available to seamen of the usual type. There were also guns and ammunition. All this abundant store was maintained on the island by the New Zealand Government for the benefit of shipwrecked seamen, and the vessel to which he belonged was the Government ss. *Hinemoa*, Captain Fairchild, which was just then making one of her semi-annual visits to see whether everything was in order, and whether any castaways were in need of rescue.

“Then I believe it began to dawn upon us how our action, or rather our helpless inaction, would appear in the eyes of our fellow-men, and especially fellow-seamen. And beneath the coating of grime with which our bodies were covered we felt the hot flush of shame, a most salutary feeling, and one that we deserved if ever men did.”

Had there been a Scout among them, he would probably have known the call of a cow, and would have recognized it, or he would certainly have noticed and recognized its “spoor”; he would probably have known how to make fire by rubbing fire-sticks together, or by drying wet matches (if they had any) in his hair ; and I think that he would not have stayed three months in one spot without making himself a wooden spear or club and investigating the rest of the island and stalking the wild animals, if there were any.

But sailors are handy men, and Mr. Bullen says that although blushing with shame for being such tenderfeet, this crew were looking very fat and well, in spite of their rough experiences.

Still – I think I know some Scouts who would have thoroughly enjoyed themselves had they been there.

Yes, sailors can learn something from scouting, and Scouts can learn much from sailing.

A MUTINY AT SEA.

“How did you get that scar on your wrist, Captain?” I asked; but it took some dragging before I got the story out of him, and a stirring story it was when I got it: very like what one reads in a novel of the sea, but true in every detail. The sailing ship in which he was a youngster had been becalmed and delayed for weeks in the Pacific until food and water began to run short and all hands were put on short rations. Then came murmuring and discontent. The crew was not a British one; if it had been the men would have taken their trouble quietly and would have made the best of things; but as it was they were a mixed lot, and, as is generally the case, with “grouzers,” a cowardly lot. One day they armed themselves with pistols and knives and came aft, twenty-five of them against the seven British officers and men, intending to break open the food and liquor stores. When they were prevented a fight began in which the captain fell mortally

wounded by a bullet. The officers then used their pistols and for some hours that lonely ship on the ocean was the scene of fighting and bloodshed among its crew. In the end the officers prevailed, but only after eight of the mutineers had been killed and a number wounded on both sides. The hero of the fight was a huge negro cook, who, armed with a handspike (that is a great bar of wood), charged at the mutineers and bashed them down one after another, and when they gave way and fled he pursued them, relentlessly beating them down as he caught them, until they gave in and agreed to go to work again.

A TREASURE ISLAND.

Then our Captain admitted that he had been on a treasure hunt in one of the islands of the Pacific, and, what was the more convincing, he was quite ready to go again. His story again read exactly like Stevenson's *Treasure Island*, or any other novel of the kind, but was twice as interesting because it was true.

Some Englishmen had got information that many years ago a lot of treasure, including a statue of the Virgin Mary and a large amount of money, had been taken to one of the islands of the Pacific to be hidden away for a time. They had got a map of the island showing by certain trees and other landmarks the spot where the treasure had been hidden, and they fitted out an expedition to go and find it. Our Captain commanded their ship for them. They found the island and, after tremendous difficulties with the dense jungle and heavy sand, they got at the entrance to the cave where the treasure was supposed to be. Here a good deal of mining work had to be done, and in tunnelling into the cave there was an unfortunate landslip which brought down tons of earth and buried under it a number of the men. With the greatest difficulty these were dug out, some thirty of them being badly injured. So the ship had to sail away with these for medical treatment, and the expedition was given up.

But there still exists plenty of romance and chances of adventure in the southern seas.

ROLLING HOME FROM RIO.

I write this sitting on the deck of a great ocean Royal Mail steamer thrusting homeward across the Atlantic from South America.

We have left behind us the mud-stained La Plata River (as broad as the Straits of Dover), and Buenos Aires, the capital of the great Argentine Republic. We have visited Monte Video, the seaport of the plucky little state of Uruguay. Then we have skirted along the coasts of Brazil calling at four of its busy ports in passing.

Brazil is the biggest country in the world after China, Russia, United States and the British Empire, but there is a good deal of it still to be explored and opened up. We have two British explorations going on in the interior just now : a British man of war, H.M.S. *Pelorus* has pushed her way for 2,500 miles up the river Amazon into the heart of the wilds ; while Major Fawcett, R.A., has been for months travelling through unexplored regions, mapping the boundary between Brazil and Bolivia. In the course of his travels he has come across strange tribes of natives, some of whom are cannibals and eat human flesh. He has passed through vast forests where live great frogs in the trees and gigantic snakes, as much as sixty feet long, in the undergrowth.

Santos, formerly a pirates' lair, is a landlocked harbour among mangrove swamps and till lately the haunt of fever and "Yellow Jack." It is now teeming with life and

bustle, and the great ocean boats from all parts of the world load up with coffee along its railway wharves.

Two days from Rio we reach the great bay and ancient port of Bahia – the first point where the old Portuguese explorers touched when they discovered this vast continent. The population is half Portuguese and half negro. But a few hours here and on we go along the coast in steaming heat to Pernambuco. The harbour here is formed by a long straight wall of coral, which runs along the coast for miles at about one hundred yards from the beach.

Our ship does not go inside but lies off the port, and boats and tugs come out to fetch the passengers. It is no easy matter transferring from the ship to boats with the heavy swell which keeps the ship lifting and rolling while boats bob up and slide down alongside. In order to prevent accidents, therefore, the passengers are slung up in great baskets on a derrick, and thus lowered over the side into the boats awaiting them. It does not do to fall into the sea here, for close ^beside the ship one sees the sharp crescent-shaped fin of a shark, as he lazily slides his yellow bulk along through the bright blue water.

The sunny sandy shore with its white houses and red-tiled roofs among the green sugarcane fields, and the tall wavy palm-trees, and its happy niggers basking in the sun all is left behind ; we are rolling along northward over the fresh, clean sea which swishes and foams away from under our bows.

We visit St. Vincent, a barren mountainous island lying out in the mid-Atlantic. It is here that half the telegraph cables of the world meet and exchange their messages, with a staff of over eighty young Englishmen to operate them.

PORTUGAL.

Then Madeira, the mountain island of woods and gardens, with its bullock-drawn sledges taking the place of taxi-cabs. A few hours more and we reach the coasts of Portugal and Spain. Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, is a great white city on hills overlooking the broad river Tagus. From here started Vasco di Gama, who discovered the Cape of Good Hope and India, and also many other good sea-scouts of olden times.

Oporto, a little further up the coast, is the great place for port wine, and is also the scene of Lord Wellington's defeat of the French army under Soult in the Peninsular War. Vigo, with its splendid landlocked bay, so favourite a place of call for our fleets. Corunna, the picturesque old Spanish fortress where Sir John Moore was killed in the moment of his victory over the French.

Then we cross the Bay of Biscay till we reach the French fortified port of Cherbourg, from which, in a few hours, we arrive home in good old England.

A SAILOR'S LIFE.

Of course it is always pleasant to get home again after wandering about the face of the earth, but at the same time you can't help feeling regret that your wide travel and daily chance of new experiences and adventures is at an end, that you have to leave the good ship which has become a home to you, and that you have to part with your many friends among officers and crew.

I never get back from such a voyage without regret and am always glad when the opportunity comes of starting off to sea again.

No doubt many of you scouts will get this feeling too, and some of you will take up the career of a sailor. Well, I think you will do right, for it is a good life if properly made use of, and to a keen and steady fellow it opens up the possibility of a successful career.

With a view to seeing what sort of life it is for a Boy Scout I interviewed some sailor-boys on board, and after one of these had described the work he had to do, the pay he received and the food he got, I remarked that there did not seem much to complain of in the life, and I asked him if he meant to go on with it. His answer was, "Of course I mean to go on with it, sir. I would not change with any one in the world."

Well, that is the opinion of a boy who has tried it, and

from what I have seen of it I believe that the sailor's career offers a healthy, breezy life with interesting experiences of all parts of the world, on certain pay, with few expenses, and is a life in which a man can do much for his country and for others as well as for himself.

IX.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

ST. GEORGE AND MERRIE ENGLAND.

ALL Scouts should know about St. George.

St. George is the Patron Saint of England; he is also the Patron Saint of cavalry in all countries, and therefore Patron Saint of Scouts.

There is some confusion about his history, since many countries want to claim him as belonging to them, but the story which appears probable is this: –

St. George was born in Cappadocia in the year 303 A.D. He became a cavalry soldier when he was seventeen, and soon became renowned for his bravery. On one occasion he came to a city, called Selem, near which lived a dragon who had to be fed daily with one of the citizens, who was chosen by lot each day to form his breakfast. The day St. George came there the lot had fallen on the King's daughter, Cleolinda. St. George was resolved that she should not die, and so went out and attacked the dragon, who lived in a swamp close by, and killed him.

Some time afterwards he returned to his native city, and found there a proclamation had been issued by Diocletian against the Christians, and was posted up in the public place. St. George tore down the notice and trampled it under foot. For this he was arrested and tried, and was condemned and put to death on behalf of Christianity ; he was made a Saint.

Four hundred years later, another good Christian named George was sent to England by the Pope of Rome to revive the Christian religion, which was not very flourishing over here at that time. He landed where Bristol now stands – it was called Cealtide in those days – and he worked among the people of the Severn valley there, which was at that time called the Sabrina. He did good work there and turned the whole of the inhabitants of that part into good Christians. In the stories which were always told

Yarns For Boy Scouts

of his good work in thus rescuing the people of Sabrina from the Devil, he came to be compared with his namesake, St. George, who rescued Cleolinda from the dragon, and thus people got mixed up between the two, and believed that St. George was an English Saint, who rescued a lady named Sabrina from the Devil in the form of a dragon.

The original St. George was one of the few Saints who was a horseman, and the English St. George was fond of horses, for he issued an order against people cropping their ears and slitting their nostrils, which, apparently, was a practice in those days; and he also told them they must not eat horseflesh as they had been accustomed to do.

(I am afraid that many good Scouts have had to break that rule since then, on active service when meat was scarce.)

The reason why St. George is the Patron Saint of cavalry is this. About 1,000 years after Christ, the Christian knights of Europe went to Asia Minor to fight the Saracens, who were heathen. They called themselves Crusaders, or "Defenders of the Cross." Amongst the many battles which they fought, the most tremendous was, perhaps, the one in 1097, in which 70,000 knights were attacked by 250,000 mounted Saracens, and, in spite of their heroic fighting, they were very nearly overcome by force of numbers. In the end they managed to win by a final desperate charge in spite of the heavy odds against them, and two historians relate that this charge was headed by St. George and St. Demetrius, who suddenly appeared at the head of the knights mounted on white horses, and clad in gleaming armour. These charged at their head, and cut their way right through the Saracen host and so put it to flight.

The same thing happened again the following year at the battle of Antioch, and not only did the Christians believe in the fact, but also their enemies the Saracens related that they "saw these gods mounted on white horses leading the charge."

Even one hundred years afterwards, in 1187, when another fierce battle was fought, one knight, mounted on a white horse, fought with such heroism, and performed such prodigies of valour, that when at last he fell, the Saracens believed that they had killed St. George himself, and treated the body with every respect, and divided his clothes and equipment among them as sacred possessions.



THE SIGN OF ST. GEORGE.

He is Patron Saint of England – and of all Scouts.

The flag of St. George was a red cross on a white ground, and this badge was worn by the English knights and the English men-at-arms in the form of a white shirt with a red cross, over their armour. This shirt was called a "jacque," from which our

word “jacket” is now derived, and eventually the flag of England, which was the cross of St. George on a white ground, came also to be called a “jack,” from which the Union Jack derives its name.

From the fact that St. George appeared to lead them in their worst extremity in battle, knights used to be accustomed to call on St. George whenever they went into a fight, and their battle-cry thus became: “Ho, for St. George and Merrie England.”

St. George’s colours, as I have said, are red and white, and it is on that account that red and white roses are worn by all good Englishmen and good Scouts on St. George’s Day, which is the 23rd of April.

St. George was typical of what a Scout should be. That is to say, that, when he was faced by a great difficulty or danger, however great it appeared, even in the shape of a dragon, he did not avoid it or fear it, but went at it with all the power he could put into himself and his horse, and, although inadequately armed for such an encounter with merely a sword, he charged in, did his best, and finally succeeded in overcoming the difficulty which nobody had before dared to tackle. That is exactly the way in which a scout should face a difficulty or danger, no matter how great or terrifying it may appear to him, or how ill-equipped he may be for the struggle. He should go at it boldly and confidently, using every power that he can to try and overcome it, and the probability is that he will succeed.

KING ARTHUR.

He was (as you know if you have read your *Scouting for Boys*) the founder of British Scouts, since he first started the Knights of England.

The story goes that he never died, but when sorely wounded in battle was taken away in a boat by three queens, no one knows exactly whither – to some cave, where he still sits sleeping.

A long time ago a shepherd was sitting near “The Wall” in Northumberland, knitting his stockings, when his ball of worsted rolled down a crevice in the rocks. In clearing away brambles and rubbish to get at it, he came on a small cave, into which he crept. He went on, and on, and the cave became bigger and bigger, till at last he saw a light, and, pushing on he came to a great hall in the cavern, where a flame-fire glowed, but never flickered, and there was King Arthur, surrounded by his Knights, in armour, sitting asleep. On the table lay a sword, a garter, and a bugle.

The shepherd took up the sword and cut the garter with it, and a mysterious whisper then told him to blow the horn. He was about to do so when he saw King Arthur move, as if to wake; this so startled him that he dropped the horn and fled terrified back along the dark passages of the cave until he found himself once more in the open, and finally safe at home.

But he was never able again to find the spot where he entered the cave. I don’t know if the Scouts will be able to find it – especially as there is almost exactly the same story about a similar cave in Yorkshire, at Richmond, where I live – and, I daresay, in many other places, too.

But, even if we fail to find Arthur and to awaken him to revive chivalry, we may still awaken his memory, and revive chivalry among ourselves.

A Sword which Stuck into a Rock.

King Arthur, as I have told you in *Scouting for Boys*, was the son of the King of South England and Wales, but lived with his relations, and was not known to be the King's son. When his royal father died there were doubts as to who was the rightful heir to the crown.

Then appeared a great sword sticking hi a rock in the churchyard at Canterbury, with the legend on it that anybody who could draw this sword from the rock was the real King of England.

The noblemen of the country all came and tried and pulled and hauled, but could not make the sword move. At last, one day, Arthur's cousin wanted to take part in a tournament, but found he had left his sword at home, and asked Arthur to fetch it for him. Arthur could not find the sword, but remembering the one in the stone in the churchyard he went and pulled at it, and it came out quite easily.

After the tournament he stuck it back in the stone.

The nobles, on hearing of it, went and tried again, but could not get the sword to move, but when Arthur came along he drew it again without any difficulty. Thus it was that they agreed that he must be King.

Even as a youth the King proved himself to be a valiant knight and a good horseman and swordsman. In those days, you must remember, it was the duty of a knight to be prepared to fight against any one who insulted his country, or who was rude to a woman, or who was not strictly honourable and true.

But after a time Arthur proved to be perfectly invincible in a fight; nobody could beat him, and it came about in this way.

In one fight he had broken his sword, and he asked old Merlin, who was his adviser and guardian, where he could get another. Now Merlin was really a magician, and could work miracles, so he took him to a lake, where they saw far out in the water an arm and a hand standing up out of the water, holding a glittering sword.

Then there came to them a damsel who was called the "Lady of the Lake," and she said that Arthur could have the sword on condition that he would give her something later on when she might ask for it.

So, having consented, King Arthur and Merlin got into a boat and rowed out to the sword. As Arthur took hold of it the mysterious hand which held it up let go of it and sank beneath the waters.

While Merlin rowed the boat back to the shore Arthur examined the sword, and found it to be a beauty. On the blade was engraved its name, "Excalibur," which meant "Cut-steel," a sword that would cut through an enemy's armour. It also had a rich jewelled scabbard with it, which had the magic power – so the legend says – of preventing the wearer suffering from loss of blood if wounded. It would be a useful kind of sword and scabbard to get nowadays.

Armed with these, it is only natural that Arthur was able to carry through successfully a great number of hairbreadth adventures in the cause of honour and chivalry.

Yarns For Boy Scouts

King Arthur and the Round Table.

Having told you how King Arthur, the founder of British Scouts, obtained his kingdom and got his good sword "Excalibur," I will tell you now about his Knights and the Round Table.

First of all you must know that King Arthur had some difficulty in maintaining his position as King because several chieftains in Wales refused to acknowledge him, and made war against him. But he got assistance from other Kings and defeated them. One of these, King Leodegrance, had a beautiful daughter, Guinevere, and Arthur fell in love with her, and eventually she became his wife. The wedding took place with great pomp and ceremony at London, and King Leodegrance sent as a wedding present to King Arthur a splendid great round table. The table is still to be seen at Winchester.

On the day of his marriage King Arthur founded an association of Knights, who assembled round this table to discuss their rules and duties, and so they became known as the "Knights of the Round Table."

The Knights' Oath.

With great ceremony each of these Knights solemnly bound himself by oath always to act as follows:

To reverence God.

To be loyal to the King.

To be kind and merciful to all.

To be always courteous and helpful to women.

To keep from fighting except in a high and just cause.

To be always honourable and true.

To be always obedient to the laws of Knighthood.

Among these laws of Knighthood it was enacted that a Knight must always "Be Prepared" with his armour on to fight for the right – to defend the poor and helpless and his country. He must never break a promise. He must maintain the honour of his country, although it cost him his life. He must do his duty *with cheerfulness* and grace, his main duty being to do good to others.

If he failed to carry out these laws after swearing to do so he was considered dishonourable and unfit to wear the badge of a Knight, and could be killed, or expelled from the association.

The Knights and the Boy Scouts.

So if you compare the oath and duties of the Scouts you will see that they are much the same as those of the Knights of King Arthur.

When a young man was selected to become a Knight he had first to prove that he was capable, in every way, of carrying out his duties, just as a Scout has to pass tests before he can gain his badge.

The young Knight had his armour just as a Scout has his uniform ; his badge of being passed as a Knight was a pair of gold spurs to wear and a shield on which was drawn his crest, while a Scout receives a Scout's badge and the head of his patrol animal as his crest.

King Arthur himself had as his crest on his shield the lion of England and also the "Fleur-de-lys," or arrow-head of the Scouts; and his first motto was "Always Ready,"

Yarns For Boy Scouts

like our “Be Prepared.” So you see in very many ways the Scouts are like the Knights of the Round Table of King Arthur.

The Grit of Knights and Scouts.

Like the vow of the Knights, the oath which a Boy Scout takes on joining is no light thing, for it is an oath which he swears to carry out *for life*, and if he fails he breaks his word of honour; he is no longer an honourable, manly fellow, but merely a weak boy who makes a promise one minute and then has not the grit to stick to it. We don't want such fellows in the Scouts; we don't want them in our country.

If a fellow means to take up Scouting or any other line, he should think first of all what it lets him in for, and if he finds that it involves too much of a promise for him to make, if he feels that he is not manly or plucky enough to carry it out later on, he ought not to take it up; it is better to remain an ordinary “common or garden” boy than to promise to carry out your duties as a Scout and then to go back upon your oath and become a “slacker.”

Once you have broken your word of honour there is a taint about it which hangs to you for the rest of your days. The manly course is to see the good of what you are going to do; bind yourself on your honour to carry it out, and then stick to it through thick and thin.

The Holy Grail.

As they were sitting round the great Round Table one evening at Camelot (Winchester), a sudden brilliant light filled the room and there appeared and passed before them the “Holy Grail” covered up in a silken cloth.

This was the dish or cup from which Our Lord was said to have eaten His last supper, and in which also Joseph of Arimathea caught some of His blood when He was hanging upon the Cross.

It had been carefully preserved in the Holy Land, but had eventually disappeared, and no one knew where it had gone to.

And now, as had been foretold by Merlin, the old magician, the Holy Grail had appeared before the knights, although partially concealed by the cloth. When the vision had passed away the knights at once agreed that it was a divine call for them to go and search for the lost cup, and many of them got up there and then followed the example of Sir Gawaine, who said:

“I will make a vow, and that is that to-morrow, without longer abiding, I shall labour in the quest of the Holy Grail for a twelvemonth and a day, or more if need be, and shall not return unto the Court till I have seen it more openly than it hath been seen here.”

As the others stood up and made similar vows the king was much distressed, for he knew that he would lose the services of a grand lot of loyal friends and that many of them would never return.

Next morning there was service in the Minster of Winchester, and then the knights rode in full armour through the streets, where all the people came out weeping to bid them farewell, and they started off by different ways to seek the Holy Grail.

The knights met with various adventures while on their journeys.

Sir Lancelot's Adventure.

Sir Lancelot in the course of his wanderings came upon a little old chapel in the forest where he fell asleep and had a vision. It was of an old, sick knight coming to the chapel and being at once cured of his ailments; and then, being anxious to go at once on knight-errant service – that is to fight in the cause of honour and to help the weak – he took Lancelot's helmet, sword, and horse. When Lancelot awoke he found that this part of his dream at any rate was true – his sword and horse were gone.

He wandered forth and finally came across an old hermit living in the woods, who appeared to know everything about him and gave him advice as to his future conduct and way in life, and told him that he was as yet too full of sin to be allowed by God to find the Holy Grail. For one thing he was in love with Guinevere, which was not right as she was already the wife of another man – of his king. He vowed therefore to break himself from this affection, and set himself to do his best to be a true Christian and more than ever to help other people.

By direction of the hermit he now took up his residence in an empty ship by the shore and lived there for over a month till one day he was joined by a knight, who proved to be Sir Galahad. They both rejoiced greatly at meeting again.

Like true Scouts they could turn their hands to anything and were able to manage their boat themselves. And thus they spent six months cruising about, doing good whenever they could.

At length one day they were hailed by a knight who appeared upon the shore leading a white horse, and he called Galahad ashore to come and mount and seek the Holy Grail by land. So Galahad and Lancelot parted.

Sir Lancelot Finds the Holy Grail.

Lancelot sailed on for some weeks till he came to a castle whose door was open, but two lions were wandering about guarding it.

A voice called to him and told him that what he sought was within the castle, so he armed himself and landed, sword in hand, to tackle the lions. But again he heard the voice saying, "You are a poor creature if you trust to your armour rather than to God. When a danger is too great for you to manage yourself, ask God to help you, and then tackle it."

Lancelot thereupon prayed for help, and, putting his sword back in the scabbard, he strode forward into the castle. The lions made a rush as if to charge him, but he walked past them, fully confident that God would keep him safe; and so he came to the inner part of the castle, to a room where he felt sure the Holy Grail must be; but the door was fast shut. He called on the Lord to reward him and let him see the Grail.

Thereupon the door was opened, but a voice warned him not to enter. But as he looked in he saw the Holy Grail in the midst of a blaze of light, and in his joy and eagerness he could not stop himself, but rushed into the room. Almost immediately he fell senseless, and was so found next morning by the inhabitants of the castle.

It took him twenty-four days to recover, and as he was twenty-four years old he said that probably he was given a day of illness as a punishment for each year of his life, which had been evilly spent in not doing good to others.

So feeling all right again he put on his armour, and, thanking those who had been so hospitable to him, he started to return home.

A Tenderfoot Knight.

Sir Percival was one of the knights of King Arthur. He had been commended to the king as the younger brother of a number of men who had proved themselves good knights, so, in respect for these, the king made him a knight. But he was very young and shy, and altogether what we should call a "Tenderfoot" and so he was a good deal chaffed by the other knights.

At night when they sat down to dinner he was given a place at the lower end of the table; but then a strange thing happened. One of the queen's ladies who was dumb entered the hall, and taking Sir Percival by the hand she led him to a more honourable seat, and as she did so she found her voice and said, so that all could hear, "This is the proper seat for you and it belongs to no one but you."

Then she went out of the room and shortly afterwards died. The King and his Court were greatly struck by this, and from that time forward they treated Sir Percival with great honour and respect.

Sir Percival soon after set out on a journey of knight-errantry that is, like the Scouts, to see where he could be of assistance to others and to do them good turns.

He meant to go and find Sir Lancelot, who, having been rebuked for some fault by Queen Guinevere, had partly gone out of his mind, and had disappeared from the Court no one knew whither.

So Sir Percival and his brother, Sir Algovale started out to find him.

They first called on their mother to say good-bye to her, which shows that the knights of old had true reverence and regard for their mothers; but though she begged them to stay at home with her since their father and three brothers had been killed in carrying out their duty as knights, they stuck to their resolve to help their comrade, Sir Lancelot, whatever it might cost them.

Honouring a Servant.

After they had left her she sent a messenger, or "squire," after them with some money for their journey. After some hours he overtook them; but they would not allow him. To come with them, so sent him back to her with their thanks and blessings.

On his way back this squire was benighted, and went for shelter to the castle of a baron who was an enemy of Sir Algovale. When he recognized the squire as his enemy's servant the baron had him killed in spite of the fact that he was a guest in his castle.

Next day Sir Algovale and Sir Percival passed by that way and saw a burial going on, and found that it was their own squire who was dead – killed by the baron.

So they got off their horses and went on foot into the castle and sent word in to the baron to say who they were and that they had come to demand satisfaction for the traitorous murder of their squire.

The baron came out sword in hand and went for Sir Algovale while some of his men set upon Sir Percival. But Sir Percival very soon showed himself a match for them, and when he had cut down one or two of them with his sword, the remainder fled. In the meantime Sir Algovale had killed the baron. The two brothers then had their faithful squire buried with all honour in the Priory.

They had thus shown the true spirit of the knights; they had been quite as ready to risk their lives for the honour of a dead servant as for that of the living queen.

A Cut that Nearly Killed a Friend.

After this the two brothers parted and went off by different ways to find Lancelot.

Sir Percival very soon met with another adventure. He came to a bridge and there found a knight, Sir Persides, who had been caught by some enemies ; they had chained him to the bridge and left him to die of starvation.

Sir Percival, of course, went to work to rescue him, and drawing his sword he made a tremendous cut at the chain. And he was successful, for he gave such a mighty stroke that he not only cut the chain in two, but his blade also went through Sir Persides' hauberk and slightly wounded him. While they were laughing over this – for the knights, like their successors, the Scouts, were always cheerful – they saw a man riding hard for the bridge.

“Look out,” cried Sir Persides, “this is one of my enemies come back.”

“Let him come,” replied Sir Percival. And as the stranger charged him, Sir Percival met him with such a stroke as not only knocked him off his horse, but sent him flying over the bridge into the river, where, if there had not happened to be a boat handy at the time he would have been drowned.

The Finding of Sir Lancelot.

After many wanderings and adventures Sir Percival came to a castle on an island where there was a knight who had no name, but who had challenged any one who came along to come and fight with him.

So Sir Percival accepted the challenge, and the unknown knight presently sallied out. They charged each other with such might that both of them, horses and all, were thrown down; but they were quickly on their feet and, drawing their swords, they continued the fight on foot, and fought, as the old history relates, as “hotly as two wild boars” till both were badly wounded in spite of the armour which they had on.

But neither could get the best of the other.

At last, after they had been fighting for two hours (Think of that! Two hours fighting in heavy armour!), Sir Percival asked his opponent what his name was. The other knight replied, “I have no name. I am only known as ‘The knight who did wrong.’ What is your name?”

When Sir Percival told him, he cried out: “Alas, what have I done! I, too, was a knight of your company – ‘The Round Table ‘ – and here I have been trying to kill you all this time.” With that he threw away his sword and shield, and then confessed to Sir Percival that he was the missing knight Sir Lancelot.

You may imagine how pleased our tenderfoot, Sir Percival, was when he heard this, and especially five days later when he brought him safely back to King Arthur's Court, at Camelot (Winchester) ; for all the other knights now treated him with greatest honour, for he had proved himself a true knight he had earned his badge as a First-class Scout.

Sir Percival's Adventures.

When the Knights went off to seek the Holy Grail, Sir Percival went also, riding at first with Sir Lancelot. Passing through a forest they met a strange knight who attacked them both, and, good fighters though they were, he rolled them both over without killing them and then rode away.

This knight was really one of their own comrades, Sir Galahad; but all being shut up in their armour none of them recognized each other.

Shortly afterwards Sir Percival, who had parted company with Lancelot, was attacked by a hostile knight and about twenty men-at-arms, and they were getting the better of him and would have killed him, but at the critical moment a new knight appeared upon the scene and charged in to rescue the one who was being set upon by so many. In the words of the old history, "He dressed him towards the twenty men-at-arms as fast as his horse might drive, with his spear in the rest, and smote the foremost man and horse to earth. And when his spear was broken he set his hand to his sword and smote on the right hand and on the left hand so that it was a marvel to see. At every stroke smote him one down or put him to rebuke, so that they would fight no more but fled them to a thick forest, and Sir Galahad (for it was he who was again the strange knight) followed them."

Sir Percival recognized that this knight must be Sir Galahad, so he ran after him, calling to him to come back to him, but it was no good. After a time, when he was resting, a woman came along and offered to get him a horse, and she presently brought him a magnificent black charger, all ready saddled, and he jumped on and rode off to find Sir Galahad.

The horse must have gone like a motor-car, for the legend says that it carried him as far in an hour as an ordinary horse would have done in four days.

Finally, he found himself on the edge of a great sheet of water which was very rough and dangerous-looking; so, before plunging in to swim it, Sir Percival prayed to God for help and made the sign of the cross.

The moment he did this, the horse which he was riding, plunged violently and threw him off into the water, and Sir Percival recognized that the beast was really a fiend who had been sent to tempt him and to bring him to a bad end. He got ashore all right and thanked God for his escape.

The Biggest Fight of his Life.

By and by there came a vessel sailing towards him, and from it there landed an old man dressed in the white robes of a priest.

After saluting each other the priest told Sir Percival that he was very soon to fight the biggest fight of his life with the greatest champion of the world, but that if he fought well according to what he had been taught as a knight, he would not be killed nor badly wounded. Then the old man sailed away again.

Presently another vessel came in sight and made for the place where he was resting. This time there was a lady on board, who came up and spoke with him, and among other things told him that she had lately seen Sir Galahad in the forest; Sir Percival then told her that that was the man he was in search of, and she promised to bring him to him, but she begged him in the meantime to do her a kindness first.

Of course, as a knight, he offered eagerly to be of any assistance that he could. Then she explained to him that she had been a great lady, but that, owing to a slight quarrel, her husband had driven her from home the home which belonged to her and not to her husband. The servants all loved her so and pitied her that they had left him and come with her; but she badly needed the help of a knight to try and get back her own place again. So she begged him, if he could, to do something for her.

This he at once promised to do.

Meantime the servants pitched a tent on the shore, for it was a hot, sunny day, and prepared food and wine for the knight. When the lady gave him the wine to drink he noticed that it was very nice but very strong, and it rather went to his head.

She kept plying him with it, and, finally, when he was becoming hot-headed and thoughtless, she begged him not only to see her righted in this case, but always to be her friend and champion and to fight for her if at any time she was insulted or endangered. As a knight he was at once eager to take up the cause of a woman in distress, and without thinking of the other work, such as the search for the Holy Grail, to which he had already vowed himself, he was on the point of swearing to devote himself to her, when by chance he happened to look at his sword lying beside him with its handle shaped like a cross.

In a moment there came back to him the recollection of his former oath and engagements, and horrified at his own forgetfulness of his duty he prayed inwardly for strength and made the sign of the cross.

The moment he did so, as legend says, "The pavilion turned up-so-down and changed into smoke and a black cloud," and the lady sailed away over the roaring sea, angrily reproaching him. Then he recognized that she had been merely sent by the evil one as a temptation to lead him away from doing his duty.

So, thanking God for his release, he punished himself by driving his sword into his thigh.

Very soon afterwards the old priest came again to him and asked him what he had been doing. Percival told him how nearly he had been tempted from his duty, and the priest then said, "Yes, that was the fight I told you you would have – a fight with the most dangerous enemy in the whole world, namely Satan. But you luckily remembered what you had been taught as a knight – that is, to stick to your duty in spite of temptations, and so you won your fight."

The End of Sir Percival.

Later on Sir Percival met another of the knights, Sir Bors, and after they had been travelling together for some time in a ship, Sir Galahad came on board and joined them. And eventually, after many wanderings and adventures, they found the Holy Grail and had charge of it for over a year. At the end of that time Sir Galahad died, to the great grief of his friends. At the same time in a miraculous way the Holy Grail was lifted up and borne away into Heaven.

Sir Percival became a monk and died some fourteen months later.

Sir Bors made his way back to the Court of King Arthur and gave him the account of all that they had done and how they had found the Holy Grail.

Sir Bors.

Now, about Sir Bors.

He was one of the Knights of the Round table who started out to find the Holy Grail. On the journey he took counsel with a very learned and holy old man who warned him that only those would see the Holy Grail who lived a really pure and good life.

The Holy Grail was really what Heaven is to the ordinary man; only that man will see it who lives a clean life of doing good to others. The unclean fellow who gives way to his own lusts, who is unclean in his thoughts, words, or deeds, cannot see Heaven.

But Bors made up his mind that he would give way to no temptation, but would do all in his power to go straight and win his reward.

How Bors Deserted His Brother.

One day, when he was riding along, he suddenly came upon two horsemen who were taking along a half-naked prisoner between them, and as they went they beat him with thorny sticks so that he was bleeding all over. To his horror and rage Sir Bors recognized the prisoner was his own brother, Lionel, and buckling up his armour he started to attack the horsemen and to rescue his brother.

Just at that moment, on the other side of him, he heard a shriek for help, and there he saw a young woman, who was being dragged away into a forest by a mounted man. As she caught sight of Sir Bors, she cried to him as a knight to save her.

It was difficult for him to know what to do at the moment. In the old history it says:

“Sir Bors had much sorrow to know what to do. ‘For,’ said he, ‘if I let my brother be in adventure (danger) he will be slain, and that would I not for all the earth; and yet, if I help not the maid in her peril, then I am ashamed (disgraced) for ever.’”

What would you my reader, have done under the circumstances?

Well, this is what Bors did:

Although his natural inclination was to go and help his own brother, yet he felt it was his DUTY to help a woman first.

So, asking God to save his brother, he rushed upon the girl’s aggressor and felled him to the ground and soon released her. Very shortly afterwards her friends came along and received her from him with deepest gratitude and thankfulness.

Then Bors started off, like a true Scout, to follow up the spoor of his brother in the forest. After a time he came upon an old man dressed like a monk, who, in reply to his inquiries, told him that Lionel had been killed by his guards; and he showed him a body lying hidden among the bushes.

Bors took up the body on his horse and carried it to a neighbouring chapel. I need scarcely say, how, as he went, he reproached himself for having deserted his brother, and yet he felt that he could not have done otherwise. So he buried the body with deepest grief, and then went on his way.

Two Brothers Fight Each Other.

Not long afterwards on approaching a building, he was astounded to find his brother Lionel sitting outside it alive and well.

The monk who had shown him the dead body had been after all but one sent by Satan to hinder him from getting to see the Holy Grail.

When he saw his brother, Bors jumped down from his horse and ran to greet him. But Lionel stood back and told him he would have nothing to do with such a coward, and that there was only one thing to be done with so false a knight, and that was to kill him. Lionel then put on his armour and mounted his horse and called upon Bors to defend himself.

Bors, however, refused to fight his own brother and kneeled before him and begged him to desist. But Lionel was furious. and seeing that Bors would not fight him, he rushed upon him with his horse and trampled him under foot, so that Bors was

knocked senseless. Lionel then dismounted and drew his sword to cut off his brother's head, when an old man, who had been looking on, intervened and begged him to spare Bors' life, and offered to die for him instead if taking life were necessary.

Lionel, in his anger, exclaimed that he was quite ready to accept his offer, and promptly cut the old man's head off. But not content with this, he again went for Bors and began to unlace his helmet so as to cut his head off also.

Just then another Knight of the Hound Table came up and seeing what Lionel was at, he dragged him away from Bors; but Lionel, now mad with rage, attacked the new knight and killed him. Meanwhile, Sir Bors recovered his senses and tried to come to the assistance of the knight, but was too late. Lionel had killed him, and the next minute he turned on Bors who, though begging him to stop, now drew his sword in his own defence, for he said: "You have now slain one of the knights of our brotherhood, which is a greater crime than merely attacking your own brother." At the same time he prayed God to stop the fight if possible. And just as they were coming together in the attack, a great flame of fire came between them and burned their shields, and both fell back and saw that they must not fight.

How Bors Found the Holy Grail.

Then Bors rode off on his journey and after a time came to the shore where he found Sir Percival's ship, on which he then joined him.

After some adventures together they were joined by Sir Galahad, and with him they came to the Castle of Carboneck, where in the end they saw the Holy Grail.

SIR GALAHAD.

"The Siege Perilous."

You remember that the great table round which the knights of King Arthur used to assemble had the names of the different knights written in gold at their different places. But there was one vacant seat which was called the "Siege Perilous," or the "dangerous seat," because it would bring bad luck on any knight who sat there if he had any kind of fault or vice about him. So none of them had dared to try it.

One evening when they all came in and took their places for supper, they noticed that there was some writing on the table opposite the "Siege Perilous," which said that this seat should be occupied on the 454th year after the birth of Christ. Well, that happened to be the very date of their assemblage that evening.

A Stone that Floated.

While they were standing about waiting for supper, a curious thing happened : a man ran in and told them that there was a big stone floating on the river close by, with a sword sticking in it. So they ran out and saw it, and on the sword was written "No one shall draw me from this stone unless he is the man who ought to wear me, and he must be the best knight in the world."

King Arthur turned to Sir Lancelot and said, "You are the best of the knights; this sword must be for you." But Sir Lancelot said, "No, sir, it is not for me; I am no better than any other knight."

Then the King made Sir Gawain try to draw it. He caught hold of it and tugged, but could not move it. Then the King made Sir Percival have a try, but he did no better.

And, finally, a number of the knights in turn pulled at it, but without success. Afterwards they all returned to supper wondering greatly.

Galahad Joins the Knights.

While they were eating, a very old man came into the hall leading with him a young man dressed in red, unarmed, and carrying an empty scabbard which hung from his belt.

The King, with the hospitality of a Scout, asked the two to come and join them all at supper. The old man thanked him and led the young one straight to the dangerous seat, which had been covered over with a cloth. He lifted the cloth and it was seen that the writing which had been there had disappeared, and a new notice in its place said, "This is the seat of Galahad."

Galahad was the name of the young man. Everybody was amazed. But King Arthur thought at once of the sword sticking in the stone, and so he took Galahad outside and asked him to see if he could pull the sword out.

Galahad seized the handle and drew out the sword quite easily. And as he put it into his empty scabbard, he jokingly said, "It seems to fit better there." So he was at once accepted as one of the brotherhood of the Knights of the Round Table.

Sir Galahad's Shield.

When the Knights of the Round Table started out from Camelot (Winchester) to search for the Holy Grail, of course Sir Galahad went off too. But, you must remember, he had joined the knights without any weapons except a scabbard. He had got the sword out of the floating stone, but he still wanted a shield.

He started off on his travels without one, but four days later he came to an abbey where a beautiful shield was given to him. It was a white one with a red cross on it the same design that St. George of England had, and which is still shown on the centre of the Union Jack and on the white ensign of the Royal Navy. The shield was said to have been made by Joseph of Arimathea, the man who provided the tomb for Christ's body after the Crucifixion.

A squire named Melias brought the shield to Galahad and asked to accompany him on his travels. But a few days later Melias was badly wounded in an encounter with a strange knight, and Sir Galahad was obliged to leave him behind in hospital while he went on to find some way of doing good turns to other people and to search for the Holy Grail.

The Castle of the Maidens.

One day when Sir Galahad was saying his morning prayers to God, he heard a voice saying to him: "Go, Galahad, to the Castle of the Maidens and do away with the wickedness and cruelty which is going on there."

He did not know where this castle was, but he prayed to God to guide him, and, getting on his horse, he rode off along the bank of the River Severn.

Soon he came in sight of a castle, and, on asking its name, was told it was the Castle of the Maidens ; but he was at the same time strongly advised by all to turn back.

In reply to all their warnings and pleadings he said: "No; you may be sure that I shall not turn back. This is a great chance for doing some good and I'll take the risks."

The castle was held by seven knights, who were all brothers. They had agreed among themselves to be revenged for some wrong that they had suffered by seizing everybody who came by their castle and imprisoning them there.

In this way they got a number of ladies and girls as their prisoners. Men were able to defend themselves and get away, and I suppose boys in those days were as cunning as Boy Scouts, and managed to escape without being caught.

So Galahad looked to his armour and made sure that everything was right, put on his helmet, and, with a good spear in his hand, he rode up to the entrance of the castle.

A man came out and warned him not to come in as the knights in the castle would kill him if he did.

Galahad replied he did not care if they killed him; it was his duty to try and rescue all these poor captive ladies, and to put an end to the wickedness of these knights, and he meant to do so.

“Sir,” replied the man, “if you stick to that you will have enough to do.”

And he soon found it so, for, when he got inside the castle gate, the seven brothers all charged him at once. He killed the first with his spear, but had a rough time with the others, whom he fought with his sword. But he did not mean to be beaten, although they were six against one. He went at them so fiercely that they fell back before him and finally got driven out of their own castle.

Then Sir Galahad sounded a great ivory horn, which was used for calling together the people who lived round about on the lands belonging to the castle. And when they had come in he handed over the whole place to the lady who was its rightful owner, and released all the prisoners, and told the farm-people and tenants to protect their lady.

Of course, there were great rejoicings and the more so when they received news that the six knights in running away had encountered some more Knights of the Round Table and had been killed by them.

The next day Sir Galahad mounted his horse and rode on his way in search of the Holy Grail.

Sir Galahad to the Rescue.

Sir Galahad was riding through a valley on his way to find the Holy Grail, when he heard the noise of fighting going on near him. He put spurs to his horse, and dashing forward he quickly came upon a curious sight. One knight was fighting against seven others, while there were more behind ready to go for him should they fail.

The single knight was Sir Percival, though it was not possible for Sir Galahad to recognize him, closed up as he was in his armour.

Still it did not matter to him who the knight was; it was enough that he was a plucky fellow and was not getting fair play – in fact, he was on the point of getting killed, as his horse was down and he was hard put to it to protect himself.

Sir Galahad did not wait to count the odds against him; it was his business as a true knight to help any one in distress, although it might cost him his life, so he did not wait a second, but charged straight at the nearest man as hard as he could, and in the collision he rolled him over, horse and all. But he smashed his spear in doing so and had only just time to draw his sword before the others were upon him.

However, he went at them with such pluck and determination that he beat one after another of them down, and at last they began to hang back from him, and finally they turned and fled into the forest with Sir Galahad in hot pursuit behind them.

No Thanks.

And so he disappeared from Sir Percival, who, having no horse, was unable to follow him, though he tried to do so on foot, in order to do his duty to his rescuer that is, to thank him. But I expect Sir Galahad kept on into the forest in order to avoid being thanked, and to keep his name a secret, because no truly brave man likes a fuss to be made about what he has done when he has been carrying out his duty.

Remember that, Scouts, when you have done a good thing, don't hang about to be thanked or to be made a hero of, get away quietly and unnoticed. That's the way with Scouts as with the knights of old.

Galahad Meets Old Friends.

Some time after this adventure, Sir Galahad was riding along the shore when he came to a ship anchored close by, and on the beach was a knight whom he soon recognized as Sir Lancelot.

Of course, they were delighted at thus meeting each other, and for some weeks Sir Galahad stayed with Sir Lancelot on board, cruising about to see if they could be of use to any one.

At last Sir Galahad was called away by a knight who came riding along the shore, leading a splendid grey horse for him.

Galahad felt that this was a call to him from God, so he started off on his travels again to seek the Holy Grail.

He was resting one night at a hermit's hut in a forest, when a woman, riding on a cob, called urgently for him to arm himself and come with her. He did not mind being roused up from his sleep. He quickly got his armour on and, mounting his horse, followed her as fast as possible through the forest till she brought him to the shore; and there he found a vessel in which were his old comrades Bors and Percival. So he thanked the lady and, leaving his horse behind, he embarked in the ship with them and set sail.

After a time they came to the island and castle of Carboneck where Sir Lancelot had already been and found the Holy Grail. It was now their turn.

How Sir Galahad Found the Holy Grail.

They entered the great hall of the castle, where, as they sat at the table, they saw a vision of Christ, who came to them with the dish in his hands which they recognized as the Holy Grail.

He told them that they were to go on board a ship, and the Holy Grail would go with them to another place. And so it happened.

They sailed away with the Holy Grail till they came to a place called Sarras, where they took it ashore and set it up amid great rejoicing of the people.

Sir Galahad Becomes a King.

But the king of the place did not like their coming, so he had the three knights seized and put in a dungeon. But they were so cheered by the feeling that they [had found

the Holy Grail that dungeons did not matter to them, they felt that God was watching over them. And so it turned out, for soon afterwards the king fell sick, and when he found he was dying he sent for the knights and begged their forgiveness for falsely imprisoning them. Of course, they at once forgave him, for there is no sense in keeping up a nasty feeling against any one, even though he may have done you a bad turn at one time or another.

Shortly afterwards the king died, and, having no son to succeed him, the people chose Sir Galahad to be their king in his stead.

Sir Galahad had a splendid table made, upon which the Holy Grail was set up, and he and his knights prayed before it every morning.

The End of Sir Galahad.

At the end of a year there appeared to the knights a man, dressed like a bishop, accompanied by a number of angels, and he called upon Sir Galahad and said that he had come as a messenger from God to him for two reasons.

Firstly, because he had earnestly sought for the Holy Grail in spite of dangers and difficulties since it was his duty. He had put his duty before all other things, and therefore God was pleased with him.

And secondly, he had been “clean and virtuous” – that is, he had kept himself from evil thoughts or acts of any kind whatever. He would not allow his mind to dwell on them for a moment, nor would he allow his tongue to say bad things to or about other people ; but he had always been honest and brave and manly. And, therefore, God was going to take him to a higher fellowship than even that of the Knights of the Round Table – that was the fellowship of the saints and angels in Heaven.

That was the reward for having been a good knight who stuck fearlessly to his duty.

So Sir Galahad bade “Good-bye” to his comrades Percival and Bors, and knelt down before the altar and prayed. And as he did so his body fell forward dead, but his soul went up to Heaven.

It is said that at the same time Percival and Bors saw a hand come down which took the Holy Grail off the altar and carried it up to Heaven, and since that time no man has ever seen it again.

There was great grief among the people at the death of Galahad as they had all come to love him dearly. After the funeral, Sir Percival went into a monastery as a monk, and only lived for about a year after Sir Galahad.

Sir Bors after many adventures succeeded in getting back to King Arthur, at Camelot, where he was received with the greatest rejoicing by the other knights, who had long thought him to be dead.

By the King’s order he told all the adventures that had befallen Sir Galahad, Sir Percival and himself, while a number of clerks sat by and took down his story in writing, and this record was afterwards kept stored in a great chest at Salisbury

How Melias Got the White Shield.

Sir Melias, although not so well known in history as some of the other knights, was not a bad sort.

You may remember that when Sir Galahad became a knight he had no weapons, but these gradually came to him by various strange chances. At one time a fine white shield with a red cross upon it was handed to him by a young squire. This squire was Melias, who was squire (or what we should call “orderly”) to a knight named Bagdemagus. This is how he got the shield.

At a certain abbey where Bagdemagus was staying, there was kept this great white shield, and there was a legend attached to it that if anybody used it who was not a really good knight in every way, it would not protect him in a fight, but would allow him to be wounded.

Sir Galahad and Sir Uwaine were also staying at the abbey, and they all went together into the chapel, where the shield was kept to have a look at it. Bagdemagus was so pleased with its appearance that he said he must try it. So he took it, and, putting on his armour, he mounted his horse and rode out to seek adventures.

The Fight for the Shield.

It was not long before he met with more adventure than was good for him. He met with a hostile knight and at once proceeded to attack him. But the strange knight, in the charge, drove his spear past the shield, and through the armour, into Bagdemagus’ shoulder, and so unhorsed him. He dismounted and, taking the shield from Bagdemagus, warned him that he had done a silly thing in imagining himself to be the best knight in the world; he was not worthy to wear the shield, and had therefore got wounded.

Then he called to Melias, and handing the shield to him told him to take it at once to Sir Galahad and to give it him, and tell him that he was the knight for whom the shield was intended.

Melias, although given this pleasing mission by a great and powerful armed warrior, did not at once obey his order, because he thought his duty lay first with his own master, Bagdemagus.

So he went and tended him to begin with. He used his knowledge of “first aid” and bound up his wound, he then caught his horse and somehow managed to lift him on to it, which must have been a difficult job, considering the weight of the armour which knights wore in those days.

Then he led the horse slowly back to the abbey, where his master was lifted down, undressed, and put to bed, and there he lay for a long time in danger of dying, but eventually recovered.

Sir Galahad Grateful.

Meantime Melias took the shield to Sir Galahad with the strange knight’s message, and Galahad used it always afterwards. But before he had made use of this fine present, Galahad did not forget the Scouts’ motto that “a present is not yours until you have thanked for it.” And he rode out to the place where the strange knight lived and thanked him for the shield, and after that he set out in greater confidence to seek the Holy Grail.

Melias Gets His First-Class Badge.

But before starting he also wanted to thank Melias, the squire, for bringing him the shield, and finding that he was the son of the King of Denmark, and a very plucky as

well as good-hearted lad, he made him a knight, just as a Scoutmaster might give a good tenderfoot a Scout's badge.

But Melias, now Sir Melias, begged that Sir Galahad would allow him to be his squire and to accompany him on his travels. So Galahad consented and they started off. About a week later as they were riding along they came to a cross-road where a notice said that if a knight took the left-hand road he would soon have a chance of showing his skill for he would be attacked; if he took the right-hand road he would not come out alive unless he were a good man in every way and a well-trained knight.

Sir Melias begged that as they must each take one or other of the roads, he might take the right-hand one in order to prove that he was a good knight and true, even though it was to be at the risk of his life.

Sir Galahad at first wanted to take it himself, but finding Sir Melias so eager, he gave up his own desires and took the other road instead.

Sir Melias' Great Adventure.

Sir Melias rode into the forest, and after a time he came upon a table spread with food, and also a golden crown lying on the ground. He did not want the food, but when he saw the crown he could not resist the temptation to pick it up and take it with him. He had no sooner done so than a strange knight suddenly appeared riding towards him and calling upon him to defend himself. Sir Melias did not hesitate a moment, but dashed forward to meet the newcomer, with all the hope of proving himself a good knight. But as they crashed into one another the stranger drove his spear through Sir Melias' armour and he fell to the ground badly wounded.

Fortunately, Sir Galahad came riding along that way very shortly afterwards, and found him lying senseless. So he dismounted and bound up his wound. But while he was doing so, Galahad was suddenly attacked by the strange knight, who had come back to the spot ; but Galahad successfully unhorsed him and wounded him, when he was suddenly attacked from behind by a second stranger. Sir Galahad turned on his assailant with such fury that he very quickly defeated him also and drove both of them off into the forest. He then got Melias up on to his horse and brought him safely away to an abbey, where he handed him over to the care of an old monk. After an affectionate farewell he continued his journey. But Melias lay for many weeks in hospital.

Sir Melias' Mistakes.

As the monk pointed out to him, it was through his own fault that he had got wounded.

In the first place he ought not to have considered himself a real knight until he had been thoroughly trained as one (just as a tenderfoot should not pretend to be a first-class Scout till he has passed the tests). *He had too good an opinion of himself.* Then, when he knew Sir Galahad wanted to come by the right-hand road, he should have given up his own desire and let his friend have it. *He was, therefore, selfish.* But his worst act was to take the crown away ; it was nothing more nor less than stealing. And to give way to a temptation like that showed that the young knight was not half manly enough. And to steal a thing is so dishonest, entirely against what a man of honour would do, that it proved he was not as yet fit to be considered a knight, and he richly deserved all that he had got in being half-killed.

Be Prepared.

So it would be with a Scout if, after he had been made a first-class Scout, he went and let himself be tempted to forget his honour, to be selfish, and to steal, or lie, or do some other sneaking thing. He would no longer deserve to wear the badge or to be reckoned as a Scout.

Every young Scout will, like Melias, come to a chance one day or other of proving whether he is unselfish or not, and whether he can stand the temptation to be dishonest. Well, if you make up your mind to Be Prepared for this, you will come out of it all right, instead of being defeated like Melias.

WHICH WAS THE BEST KNIGHT?

King Arthur's Examination of the Knights.

King Arthur is said to have thought out for himself the same question which is put to you, namely which was the best of his knights ; but you need not be bound by his choice if you have reasons for thinking differently.

Only a small number of the knights who had set out to find the Holy Grail returned to Camelot (Winchester), and only two of these had seen it.

Sir Bors was one. He was a good, honest, and plucky fellow, but was not content with seeing the Holy Grail unless his friend, Sir Lancelot, could see it too. Probably this was the cause of his success, because so often it happens that if you try and do a good turn to some one else, the luck comes to you. And yet if you try to get the good thing for yourself you often fail, and even if you succeed it never gives you the same pleasure.

When the knights were standing before the king, Bors was keeping in the background, putting his friend Lancelot forward; but King Arthur saw him and called to him to come forth and tell his adventures. He very unwillingly told, in a few words, that he had seen the Grail; but he would not say much, which is the way with men who have done big things, and he was feeling so unhappy that he should appear to have done better than his friend Lancelot.

So then the King asked Lancelot, calling him at the same time "the mightiest of the knights."

But Lancelot knew that, although brave and chivalrous, he did not deserve the King's praise or affection, because he was deceiving him all the time about his wife, Queen Guinevere. So Lancelot could only confess that, though he had seen visions, his sin was too great to allow him actually to see the Holy Grail itself.

Sir Gawain, when asked how he had got on, had to confess that in his wanderings he had met with cheerful company, and had spent a good time with them instead of going on with the hardships of travelling about looking for the Holy Grail. So that, though a bright and brave young fellow, the King saw that he was not steady enough and had not got the grit to go through difficulties to carry out his duty, so he was no good.

Then Sir Percival gave his account of what he had done, and told the King also about Sir Galahad who was dead.

And the rest of the knights were also questioned. But it is difficult to know what opinion the King came to as to which was the best ; his opinion has not been recorded. It is an interesting point to think out for yourself.

Yarns For Boy Scouts

Scouts are Knights Seeking the Holy Grail.

Now this is the whole meaning of the stories of King Arthur and his knights. Every man or boy who goes out into the world is a knight, and the Holy Grail is the Spirit of God.

If he goes through his life trying to find that Holy Grail, doing his duty without selfishness and in spite of difficulties, such as poverty, temptations, want of time, and such things, he will in the end, "see the Holy Grail," he will get his reward from God.

And with you, Scouts, it is the same thing. You are knights bound by your oath to carry out the knights' (or Scouts') Law.

You are going about doing your duty, helping others, keeping straight and honest, cheery and brave, and, if you stick to that through thick and thin, you will see your Holy Grail – you will get your reward.

Therefore it is a good thing for you to think out which was the best of the knights and why, and then to follow his lead in all that you do and avoid the faults of the other knights.

There is not so very much to choose between the different Knights; they were very much like any other body of Scouts – some a little better, some a little worse than others, but all trying to do their duty aright.

Of course, the whole story of the Knights is rather mixed up, and not entirely true, although founded on facts. England was in those days divided up into various kingdoms, and King Arthur only reigned over one of them, but his rules for the Knights, and the splendid way in which they carried them out, attracted the notice of many others, not only in England, but also in Germany and elsewhere, and, as there were no newspapers and very few books, the story of their deeds was told by one person to another, and for many years afterwards, so that it got a good many changes into it, and knights who had done great deeds in other countries came to be mixed up in the story with those of King Arthur, and so gradually were counted as King Arthur's Knights.

But this does not affect the main point of the whole story, the general lesson of which was that if any man binds himself to carry out the rules of an association like the Knights or the Scouts, and really does so, in spite of dangers and temptations to give it up, he will in the end find his Holy Grail that is, he will feel the greatest happiness of mind while on earth and will go to Heaven at his death.

The rules of the Knights, as you know, were these:

First. – To be faithful to God and the King.

Secondly. – To help other people.

Thirdly. – To obey the laws of chivalry.

These were, to be always ready with your armour on, except when sleeping at night.

To defend the poor and helpless.

To do nothing to hurt or offend others.

To be prepared to fight in the defence of your country

To do all things honourably and honestly.

Never break a promise.

Maintain the honour of your country, even if it cost you your life.

Die honest rather than live disgracefully.

Do all your duty cheerfully.

And so also any Scout should truly carry out the same rules, in spite of any temptations to slack off and to merely do the play part of scouting, and not the work. If he can stick to it and can carry out these rules, especially that one to do good turns daily to other people, he will in the end find his Holy Grail that is, he will know what true happiness is, he will rise to great things, and he need have no fear of death, for he will get his reward in Heaven.

X

HOW A BOY CAN RISE.

HOW A POOR BOY CAN RISE.

CAPTAIN W. T. TURNER, who recently got command of the great steamship *Lusitania*, began his life at sea as an ordinary deck-boy when he was thirteen years old. As he grew up he became a seaman, and then he studied navigation and became an officer, and so rose to be captain of the finest and fastest ship in the world.

He succeeded very largely because he was a good Scout – that is, he was always cheery, even at the worst of times, he was hard-working and honest, and he was always kind to others.

He has risked his life and was awarded the medal for saving the life of a drowning boy.

HOW TO KEEP AHEAD.

Sir Alfred Jones, K.C.M.G., once a struggling, unknown ship's apprentice, now one of the most successful men of the day, has laid down the following rules for success;–

“One of the first rules for success in life is to keep healthy and strong, and the best prescription for this is to be temperate in all things. I would advise any boy who wants to get on to be a teetotaller and non-smoker. He should rise early and go to bed early. Of course, outdoor exercise is necessary, but do not devote all your spare time to cricket and football. Devote some of your leisure to mental improvement.

“Plenty of self-confidence is another valuable asset, for if people see that a man believes in himself, they will be much more inclined to believe in him.

“If you want to be successful, you must be ahead of your neighbours everywhere. You can only do this by enthusiasm and activity. Enthusiasm brings activity, for no one who is keen in his work can ever waste time.

“Don't be discouraged by small beginnings; remember the great oak was at one time an acorn.”

Scouting is the best thing in the world to make a boy self-reliant and fit him for the battle of life.

CARNEGIE'S FIRST JOB.

From Engine Boy to Millionaire.

When Andrew Carnegie was ten years old his father went home one day and said: "Andy, I've no work." That was the last of his boyhood.

The family went to America soon afterwards and Andrew started to work in a steam cotton factory, tending bobbins. In less than a year he had been taken from the factory, and put to running an engine in the new works, for which he was paid tenpence a day. Then he got a rise by doing a little clerical work between times.

Soon after this, when Carnegie was fourteen, his father died and he was left as the only support of his mother and his younger brother. But he didn't let his responsibilities discourage him. He just attacked the work of life with greater determination than before. He forged ahead, in spite of everything, till he got to the top.

A simple straightforwardness and a fixed determination to succeed made Carnegie's success.

THE STORY OF THE LITTLE OLD DOOR.

I am writing this in the Argentine Republic in South America. All around me are examples of men who have raised themselves from being ordinary poor boys into rich and powerful men.

There is a great fine building in the capital, Buenos Aires, which is partly the *Palace Hotel* and partly the office of the Mehanovich line of steamships. Let into the outer wall of this magnificent edifice one sees a little old door – this was the door through which the present owner of the property entered upon his good fortune. That is to say, it was formerly the door of a little hut, on the same site, when Mr. Mehanovich, an ordinary longshore boatman as he then was, plied his trade. He made money by landing passengers from ships arriving at the port – but he stuck to that money when he had got it, he put it into the bank and not into the drink-shop. Then he bought more boats and hired men to row them, and his business gradually increased year by year, until he was able to buy a steamer; and so he went on till to-day he owns a splendid line of eighty-one steamers on the La Plata River, and is one of the richest men in the Republic – and one of the kindest. When building his great offices he had the door of his original little place of business built in to serve as a reminder of how he started at first in a small way.

And that little old door should also serve as an encouragement to other poor lads to go and do the same as he has done.

A CIRCUS CLOWN IN CLOVER.

I went the other day to see the greatest wine factory in the Argentine Republic. This factory is growing every year so much that it promises soon to be one of the biggest in the world. The two men who own it were only fourteen years ago poor struggling Italians. One was a labourer working in a vineyard and the other was a clown in a travelling circus, but they both had energy and made up their minds to succeed – and they succeeded. The one knew all about wine-making, the other knew, from professional experience, that a fraud will not go down with the people. At that time wine-makers were manufacturing cheap rubbish to sell to the public, but these two men went to work to make the best and soundest wine in the market, and though they had to face difficulties and disappointments at first, honesty and pluck told in the end, so that to-day they are

among the richest men in that country. I was glad to see that their wealth has not spoiled them. They still work as hard as any one among their large establishment of workpeople. Not only is their wine sound and good for the consumers, but their success has made the other wine-makers take to honest ways and to make good wine also.

These cases which I have mentioned are only two of a very large number in this country (Argentina) where men have risen from being poor boys into wealth and power simply by their own exertions and merits ; but in no case did their wealth come to them by chance. You don't get it by sitting down and waiting for it ; you have got to prepare yourself by practising energy, and thrift, and straightforward dealing, and by looking ahead and keeping an eye open for a good opportunity; and also you must be prepared to meet with disappointments and a few failures at first, but you must not be crushed by these; smile and bob up again – like a field of corn when a squall comes on; those stalks which give way to it and break, fall away and are no more seen, but those which merely bow easily before it, with the full intention of coming up smiling again directly the blow is over, these succeed in facing the sun once more and in ripening to their full richness.

One so often hears men complain that it's all very well to talk about seizing your opportunity and making a fortune, but that the opportunity does not come to every one. I don't agree with this. Opportunity is bound to come to every man if he is only prepared for it. Only to-day a gentleman here has told me that the Government want him to bring out two hundred men to become colonists : the Government will give each man 120 acres of good farmland (and it is very good here), which he can pay for gradually any time within the next ten or twelve years. My friend says that with any luck the colonist should be able to pay off the whole in four years. Well, here is an opportunity for a man who is prepared to take it. As he is an Englishman I said to my informant, "I suppose then you will get out some of the unemployed from England?"

He replied, " No. Where's the good ? They would not know how to build huts for themselves or how to kill their sheep and cook their food, how to look after their health, and to live in the open. Those we have had out before simply refused to try and learn the language of the country and wanted public houses and other comforts, and we had to send them home again when they might by now have all been well-to-do farmers as the Italians, Spaniards, and Germans have become who took their place."

Britons, who used to make the best colonists, are now being passed by other nations. So you see by learning Scouting you will Be Prepared for seizing such opportunities as these when they come your way. In Scouting you are learning patience and energy, method, thrift and resourcefulness, and these are all most valuable steps for making your way to success; also you must attend to your religion and must also have discipline to obey orders. If you have these you are certain to succeed.

PERSEVERANCE.

An interesting experiment is to hang a heavy weight, say 100 lb., by a cord, and hang alongside it a cork on a thread; then let the cork swing steadily against the weight. Of course, it has no visible effect at first, but after about an hour the heavy weight will have yielded to the repeated tiny taps and will be swinging steadily.

In the same way if you have an apparently hopeless task before you, remember that cork and keep pegging away at it; you will get it on the swing in the end. Also when

Yarns For Boy Scouts

you are trying to carry out a difficult job don't forget the thrushes' call and Scouts' text, "Stick to it! stick to it!" And think also of the frog in the bowl of milk.

A FAULT ON THE RIGHT SIDE.

"He is Ower Superior."

That is what an old foreman reported the other day of a boy who was employed in his department at some works in Hull.

Dr. Jackson told me the story. Dr. Jackson is doing a big work in getting all the different associations for boys in Hull to work together under the common bond of Scouting. He has a central committee of representatives of the different clubs, and, no matter what their class or creed, all are now working together for the good of the whole under the freemasonry of Scoutcraft, and that is what I hope to see carried out in all our great cities some day. Well, to get on with my story, one of Dr. Jackson's boys, after being rescued from the gutter, had been trained and put into a good situation like hundreds more of them. The doctor meeting his foreman one day asked how the boy was getting on, was he satisfactory, and so on.

The old foreman replied in a non-committal kind of way, "Yes; he had no great objection to him."

"Well, but does he do his work all right?"

"Oh yes; he does his work well enough, but – "

"Does he keep bad company?"

"No; he is regular and well-behaved enough."

"What is wrong with him, then? Does he come late to his work?"

"No; he keeps time all right; but good time is not everything."

"Does he smoke too much?"

"No; he doesn't smoke at all. I would not keep him if he did."

"Does he drink then?"

"No; he is teetotal."

"What in the name of goodness is wrong with him then? You must remember he was only a gutter-lad, and you must make allowances for small faults."

"Yes, but it's not exactly a small fault. The truth is, he is 'ower superior.'

"Over superior?"

"Aye. He is too high and mighty."

"Indeed? I'm sorry to hear it. What does he do?"

"Well, you see he does not behave like the rest of us here, for when he wants to blow his nose *he uses a pocket-handkerchief!*"

DON'T BE A SNOB.

A favourite taunt I heard of at one school was that "no Gentleman's son was in the Boy Scouts." Well, we do not ask a Scout whether his father is a gentleman or not, that has nothing to do with the case. The point is, whether the Scout himself is a gentleman – if he is not, he does not remain a Scout long.

By "gentleman," I do not mean what possibly some of these little snobs mean, namely, a fellow with money and probably with nothing else to commend him. By "gentleman" I mean one who is chivalrous and manly. A poor boy can be this just as well as the rich one.

Yarns For Boy Scouts

The fellow who can chaff a boy for being poor, or for being keen to do his duty, *he* is the snob, and we would not keep him in the Scouts unless he changed his character pretty quick and became something more of a gentleman himself.

HOW TO MAKE BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW.

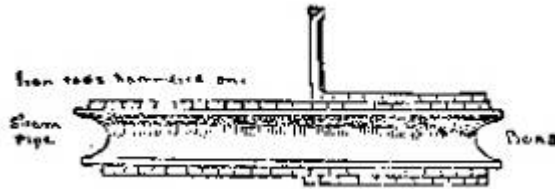
I have had complaints from some Scouts that the cost of tracking-irons is too great for them, and therefore they cannot practise the tracking games of deer stalking, etc.

These fellows are not good Scouts yet. You remember how the Israelites of old complained that they had to make bricks without being given the straw that was necessary to make the clay bind together properly. Well, that is half the fun in life – “to make bricks without straw.” This is how we did it in Mafeking.

The Mafeking Guns.

When we were besieged there we only had half a dozen small guns, old seven-pounders, while the Boers round us were shelling us every day with all sorts of good modern guns – “pom-poms” (which fire a rapid succession of one-pound shells as fast as you can say “pom-pom, pom-pom”), quickfiring fifteen-pounders, and finally their big 100-pounder gun.

Well, our men didn’t sit down under this and complain that they had no means of getting better guns; they started to “make bricks without straw” – that is, they started to manufacture a gun out of such material as they could find in the place.



SECTION OF THE GUN SHOWING HOW THE IRON RODS WERE HAMMERED ON.

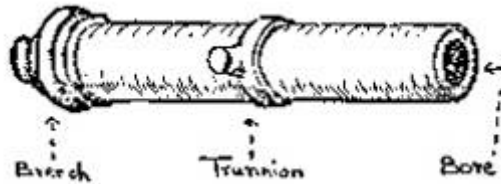
They got a steam-pipe out of an engine, and then heated up a lot of bars of iron like the rods of iron railings, and twisted them while red hot round and round this steam-pipe, and hammered them tight until they made a complete iron casing to it, and then they put on a second layer to make it doubly strong. That made the barrel of our gun, the steampipe being the “bore.” Then they made wooden models of a big ring with a big knob at each side to form the “trunnions” of the gun, by which it is supported on the gun-carriage.



By means of these wooden models they were able to make a “mould” – that is, the exact shape of the trunnions and ring out of damp sand. Into this mould they poured molten bronze, and thus made a metal trunnion ring, which they slipped on to the barrel while still hot, and then quickly cooled it so that it was shrunk on quite tight.

Yarns For Boy Scouts

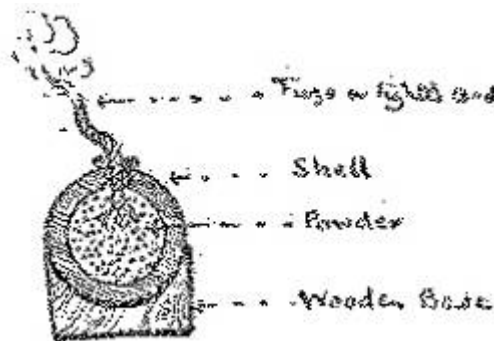
But the barrel was still open at both ends, so a big block of metal called the “breech” was made in the same way in a mould and shrunk on to one end, and our gun was complete.



After that they merely had to bore a tiny hole near the breech through the barrel into the “bore” through which the charge could be lit, and also they had to add the sights and to mount the gun on a carriage (which was really part of the carriage of a threshing-machine), and then we had a first-rate gun. They called it “The Wolf,” because that was my nick-name.

Major Panzera was the commander of our artillery, and he superintended the making of the gun, which was carried out by Mr. Coghlan and the men at the railway repairing shops, Mr. Gerrans supplying the carriage.

But then a gun is not much use without ammunition, and shells don't grow on every bush, nor do you pick up gunpowder wherever you walk. All these things had to be made, and out of the very limited supply of materials which we had in the place.



SECTION OF SHELL.

Of course, for the shells we had again to make moulds of sand of exactly the right size to fit the bore of the gun, and to pour molten iron into the moulds to make the shells. They were made hollow, in order to hold a bursting charge of powder, and a hole was left by which they were afterwards filled with the charge, and in which a cord was inserted, which, after catching fire in the flame of the discharge of the gun, would burn while the shell was flying through the air until it reached the charge in the shell, and so burst the whole thing among the enemy.

It all sounds very easy and simple, but to get hard metal sufficiently hot to run it into moulds you want something more than an ordinary fire, and we had to make a kind of special “blast-furnace” for the purpose. Here again our men made their “bricks without straw.” They got an iron house-cistern and lined it with firebrick. Where would you get firebrick from in your village?

They got it out of the furnace of a locomotive. Then they introduced “forced draught” – that is, they pumped air into the furnace, as a blacksmith does at his little fire,

but on a big scale – by means of a fan driven by an engine through a hose-pipe. In this way they got sufficient heat to melt the metal into a liquid state.

Then we had to make gunpowder to fire the gun with, and this we did by making charcoal from charred willow-wood, and mixing in saltpetre (which was used in that part of the country for washing the sheep) and other ingredients, till we made a very fair powder.

It was a great day when we first fired the gun. She was loaded and set ready for firing, and then the gun's men and onlookers lay down under cover in case she should prefer to burst rather than send out the shell. But she didn't burst; she seemed to know what was wanted of her, and banged out the shell with a tremendous burst of smoke and flame!

It was a grand success, and considerably astonished the Boers, who thought that we must have had a new gun sent up to us unknown to themselves. But we never trusted the "Wolf" so far as to stand up to her when firing her, and it was lucky we didn't, for one day she not only sent the shell flying on its way to the front, but she also sent her own breech flying backward, luckily without damaging anybody.

But after that we not only shrunk the breech on again, but we clamped it there with iron bands passed round it and hooked on to the trunnion ring, so that it could not blow off. After this it did useful service in the defence of the place.

You can now see the gun and some of its shells for yourselves, in the Royal United Services Museum, in Whitehall, London (just opposite the "Horse Guards," where the mounted sentries stand).

The "Wolf" was sent home by Lord Roberts after the siege as a present to the King, and His Majesty had it placed in the museum.

Waterloo.

There are lots of other good things to see in that museum. There is a splendid model of the battle of Waterloo, showing all the men and horses and guns all over the battlefield, both of the French and the British, just as they actually fought.

Trafalgar.

There is also a fine model of the battle of Trafalgar, with every ship shown. Nelson's flagship is there tackling two French men-of-war at the same moment.

Tracking-Irons.

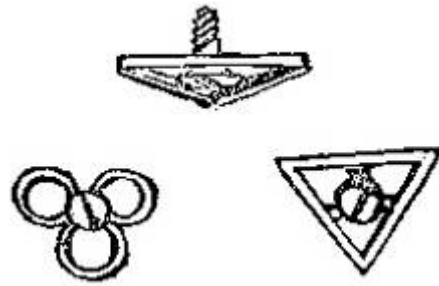
I have to tell you about tracking-irons, and I branched off to show you that, as we made bricks without straw in Mafeking, Scouts should not grouse or give a thing up because they have not got what they want ready made.

A tracking-iron is a piece of iron bent round and riveted into something the shape of a deer's feet, and fastened on to the sole of your boot by a strap over your toes and round your ankle.

If you are friends with a blacksmith you could probably get leave to make something of the kind for yourself in his shop; or you could make a deer's foot out of wood to fasten to your shoe in the same way.

But you are not bound to make a deer's foot-mark; any kind of mark will do, provided that it is not likely to be mistaken among other footmarks on the same road. So,

instead of getting expensive tracking-irons, you can get a screw made with a curious shaped head to it like this: which can be screwed on to your boot just as you would screw on one of the old wooden skates, or you can screw it into the butt of your staff. Perhaps the simplest way of all, and one which I have practised myself, is to buy at a bootmaker's a sixpenny box of "Agrippa" bootnails. These you can screw into the soles of your boots by the aid of a small wrench, which is inclosed in the box for the purpose.



This "making bricks without straw," or making something else do for what you have not got, is called resourcefulness, and a boy who practises this gift is bound to get on.

WHAT IS THE BEST TIME OF THE DAY?

For all Scouts the answer is the early morning.

All Scouts should accustom themselves to getting up early. The boy who wakes up and sees the sun pouring in upon him and turns over for another nap will not do much good in the world.

The Scout's time for being most active is in the early morning, because that is the time when wild animals all do their feeding and moving about; and also in war the usual hour for an attack is just before dawn, when the attackers can creep up unseen in the dark, and get sufficient light to enable them to carry out the attack suddenly while the other people are still asleep.

So a Scout trains himself in the habit of getting up very early, and when once he is in the habit it is no trouble at all to him, like it is to some fat fellows who he asleep after the daylight has come.

Most successful men are early risers, and their best work is that done before breakfast.

The Emperor Charlemagne, who was a great scout in the old days, used always to get up in the middle of the night.

The Duke of Wellington, who, like Napoleon Bonaparte, preferred to sleep on a little camp bed, used to say, "When it is time to turn over in bed, it is time to turn out!"

Many men who manage to get through more work than others in a day, do so by getting up an hour or two earlier. By getting up early you can also get more time for play.

If you get up one hour earlier than other people, you get thirty hours a month more of life than they do; while they have twelve months in the year you get 365 extra hours, or thirty more days – that is, thirteen months to their twelve.

So getting up early is the simplest possible way of saving time.

SELF HELP OR TACKLE THINGS YOURSELF.

I saw a Mohammedan the other day driving a cart and the traces broke, and he was lazy and said he could not go on.

"Why not?"

Yarns For Boy Scouts

“God has broken my traces: if He wants me to go on, I suppose He will mend them again.”

And in the Boer War I was talking to a Boer officer who told me that he had advised President Kruger before the war to get more artillery if he wanted to beat the English. Kruger replied: “No, it does not matter; if God wants us to win, he will defeat the English for us.”

So my friend replied: “Not at all. God helps those who help themselves. He can make you enjoy eating roast goose; but He expects you to cook it for yourself first.”

So when you have a difficult job to tackle, ask God to help you to tackle it, and He will give you strength. But you must still do the tackling yourself.

BOY SCOUTS' ENDURANCE.

I have been asked by Scouts how they could practice endurance when they never get a chance of suffering dangers or privations. Well, I have just heard of a case where another form of endurance is being shown by a Scout, and that is being chaffed and ragged by other fellows who are not Scouts.

: There are a good many cases of this, as there are sure to be at first. But the Scouts must stick it out and take the annoyance cheerily.

They must remember that a little chaff, although it is very irritating at the time, makes no difference to them ten years hence, and they can afford to laugh at it.

As Scouts, they are members of a big brotherhood which includes all the best men of our race in the different frontiers of the world, men who have smiled under far worse circumstances than when being chaffed by a few rotters, men who have smiled in the face of death at the hands of savages, or when alone in the waterless desert.

So a young Scout can afford to smile at the feeble attempts of “sloppers” to annoy him.

A LION AMONG JACKALS.

I remember an old Zulu Scout coming among a lot of lowerclass Kaffirs, who, trusting in their numbers, made fun of him in his native war-dress (they themselves wore dirty cast-off European clothes). When some one asked him why he took it so quietly, he only spat in a contemptuous sort of way and said: “lion does not kill jackals; they are not worth eating.”

So when you are worried, take it steadily, with “a stiff upper lip” – whistle a tune, and write and tell me how you succeeded.

DON'T ASK QUESTIONS, BUT DO THE JOB.

A reader of *The Scout* writes to me that he was much interested in my account of my first scouting expedition, which appeared in the first number of that paper. It was, as you may remember, a trip by boat up the Thames to its source, down the Avon from its source to its mouth, then across the Severn and up the Wye to my home in Wales.

Well, now this correspondent says he would like to do much the same trip, and proceeds to ask me a long string of questions. I can only reply to him, “When you undertake a big thing don't go asking a string of questions, but go on and do the job.” If you always do this you will succeed in life.

Yarns For Boy Scouts

Read the story of Rowan and how he carried the message to Garcia through the Cuban rebels; he didn't ask a whole lot of conundrums, although it was a strange and almost impossible task that was given him. He was merely told to take the letter to Garcia; he went and found out who and where Garcia was, and worked out all the details of getting there for himself.

DON'T DAWDLE.

“Love your country, tell the truth, and do not dawdle.” These are the points which Lord Cromer advised boys to stick to as they grow up if they want to be “men,” and not “wasters.” Lord Cromer is himself one of the best examples of what a Briton should be. He has served his country steadily through thick and thin, most of his life having been spent in foreign lands – in India, and especially in Egypt – doing his best to make them peaceful, prosperous countries under British protection and encouragement. And right well he has succeeded in his task.

The worst part of growing old or of facing death is the feeling that one has wasted one's life doing nothing that was of any use to anybody. The thing is while you are alive to try and do something, no matter how small, to help others, so that you leave the world a little better for your having been in it.

Lord Cromer himself has done this on a large scale; he, at any rate, can feel that the world has been much the better for his work in it. And his success has been mainly due to his carrying out those three points which he commends to boys.

1. He has always put his duty to his country before all personal feelings and desires.
2. He has always been absolutely straightforward and truthful in his dealings.
3. He has been a continuous worker, with never a cause to idle or dawdle.

I hope that every Scout will remember those three secrets of a successful career, and will carry them out in his own life.

THE SCOUTS' SMILE.

Part of the Scout Law is that the Scout should smile even under the worst of circumstances; when he is in pain, or anger, or trouble, it gives him immediate relief, if he can only force himself to it.

I see now that our example has been followed by the Optimist Club in America. Their motto is “Smile.”

Only those are allowed to join the club who can smile in the face of trouble and are willing to pass the smile along. One of the sayings of the club is, “The greatest smiler is the greatest healer” – meaning that if you smile when there is trouble about it cheers up others and makes them think less of their sorrows.

Queen Victoria was as brave as she was good. And during the South African War, when everybody was nervous and downcast owing to our disasters there, the Queen kept steadfast and hopeful, and would allow no sad faces or despondent talk around her. She kept up the spirits and pluck of all the Court, and gave confidence to the nation.

She smiled in the face of trouble.

SCOUTS AND SLACKERS.

There lies the difference between a slacker and a Scout; the slacker gets his order and carries it out so long as he knows an officer is looking on, but a Scout carries it out just the same whether he is being watched or not, simply because it is his duty. And that is why people trust him and give him important jobs in which he may often do a good thing for his country or for himself.

And that is what is meant by "discipline." True discipline does not mean that you carry out orders because you are afraid of being punished if you don't, nor does it mean that you do so in order to get into the good books of your officers. It means that you do your job – whatever it may be – simply because you know it is your duty to obey orders and to do it.

SCOUTS' DIARIES.

"There was a splendid sunrise behind a bank of clouds, and I had bacon for breakfast."

Every Scout at our camp near "the Wall" had to keep a diary of what he saw and did during the camp. The above was the opening sentence of one of them ; it carried out almost too closely what was ordered. He saw the sunrise and he did the bacon eating. The worst of it is that this diary is typical of most of the diaries that were sent in.

They were as a rule, very poor indeed; they described very closely unimportant things which were easy to put down, and gave very scanty information about things that would be of interest or value later on.

A boy would describe very minutely everything that he ate for dinner, but summed up his appreciation of, say, Chipchase Castle, with all its romance and fighting history and its grim and gloomy appearance, in a laconic sentence to the effect that, "We went and saw Chipchase Castle and got back to Warle for dinner, which consisted of," and then follows a detailed account of the menu.

Some few of the diaries, it is true, were well written, in good handwriting, showing observation and ability to describe in a few words things that would be of interest to other people or to the writer, himself, in after years. This is an art that is well worth cultivating and will almost always come in useful to a man.

Almost all real Scouts keep diaries of their wanderings and experiences, generally illustrated by little sketches, and diagrams or plans, and Boy Scouts should practise this. Personally, I began it by writing my diary in a small sketchbook and illustrating it with drawings; the book took about a week to fill, and then I posted it off to my mother. She then read and criticized it, and kept it stored away for me. I have kept up the practice since, and have now a store of sketchbooks which are always interesting to look through, and are full of information to me. I strongly advise every Boy Scout to do the same; it is not very much trouble once you are in the habit of it.

Keeping a diary means methodical work and the boy who carries it out is bound to get on well.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

At Wakefield the other day a Scout found he had not sufficient money to take him to the Scouts' Camp which the Yorkshire Boy Scouts of the Y.M.C.A. were getting up.

Yarns For Boy Scouts

So he did not sit down and grieve over it like so many ordinary boys would do, but he behaved like a true Scout and set to work to earn some money.

And this is the way he did it.

He got a man to lend him a bit of his field close to a big football ground, and he put up a notice to say: "Bicycles kept here for twopence." And there he stayed and took charge of machines while their owners looked on at the football match. In that way he made 9s. 4d, and more – for someone heard of his story and sent him another 9s. 4d.

And so he was able to go and enjoy his camp with the money which he has made for himself.

Some day he will go and make more money for himself and set himself up in business.

HOW SCOUTS CAN MAKE MONEY.

Scouts can earn a good lot of money in their winter evenings by making wooden toys, especially if a patrol works together, one scout doing the drawing, another the cutting out, another the putting together, and another the painting, and so on. In this way one set of tools will do for the whole patrol, and the work is done very much more quickly. And it would be quite possible to earn at least a pound a week if buyers are willing to buy.

Designs.

Any patrol that wishes to make toys should enlarge the sketches that appear on the following pages, and then trace them on wood and cut out. The designs are very simple and easy. One lot of boys have made £3 in a week by them.

The toys are amusing figures of people playing golf, or hunting, or scouting.

Tools and Material.

The following tools and material are necessary for the work:

A fret-saw, 9d.

A gross of spare blades, medium – coarse, at 1d. per dozen.

A clamp, 9d.

A V-block to support the work.

A quarter-inch board (holly wood is best, or "three ply").

A bradawl, 1½d.

Pencil and carbon paper for tracing designs.

Water-colours and paint-brush.

A pair of wire pliers.

A bottle of waterproof drawing ink and pen.

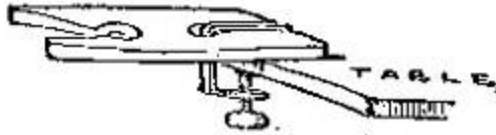
Two feet of medium copper wire (for golf clubs).

One foot of thin copper wire (for riveting).

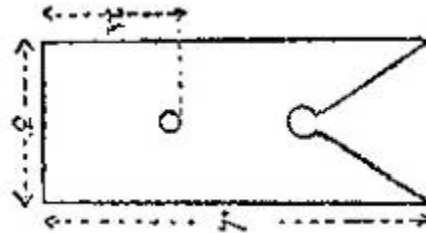
How to Work.

First spread the design on the board with carbon paper (face downwards) underneath, trace the lines of it with a pencil so that they come out on the board.

Then fasten the V supporting-block on to the edge of a table, by means of the clamp, thus:

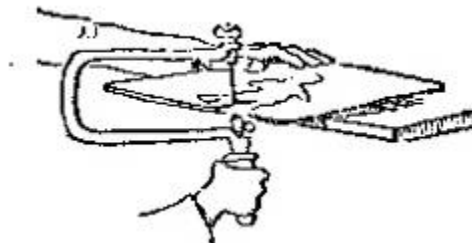


Lay the board on the block, and cut out the figure on it

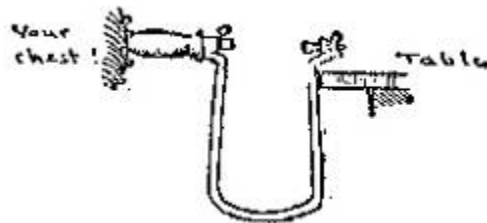


with the fret-saw. Hold the board so that the fret-saw works in the V of the supporting-block

Keep the saw blade perfectly upright while cutting, otherwise it will break. You must expect to break a good number of blades at first, till you have had some practice at the work; but they don't cost much.



While fitting the blade into the grips of the saw, you should press the steel jaw with your chest against the table, so that, while you are screwing tight the grips which hold the saw, the blade will have no strain on it. When screwed tight, release the pressure, and the jaws will then open slightly, and tighten the blade, which is what you want. The blade must be put in with the teeth to the front, and with points of the teeth downwards towards the handle ; this you feel with your finger. The cutting is effected in the downward stroke of the saw, not in the upward.



Piecing the Figure Together.

Some of the figures require their arms and legs to be cut out separately from the bodies. When this is done, they must afterwards be bored by the boring implement, and attached to the body by short bits of thin wire bent over at the ends, and tapped with a hammer on a hard-supporting surface underneath.

Yarns For Boy Scouts

Drawing and Painting.

When the wooden figure has been put together, copy the lines of the original drawing on the wood with pen and waterproof ink, on both back and front, as in the back and front views given. When the ink is quite dry, colour the figure, according to design or imagination.

Stands.

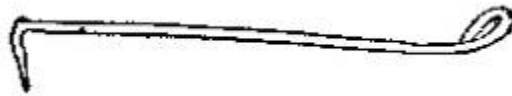
Many of the figures require a small stand underneath their feet to make them stand upright. They can be glued or spiked to the stand.

Sale.

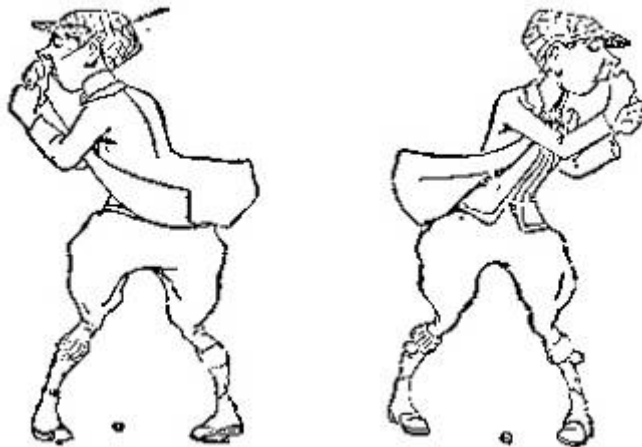
When you have made some figures, you can sell them to shops or to gentlemen in the neighbourhood.

But the best way is for you to sell them in your own neighbourhood if you can.

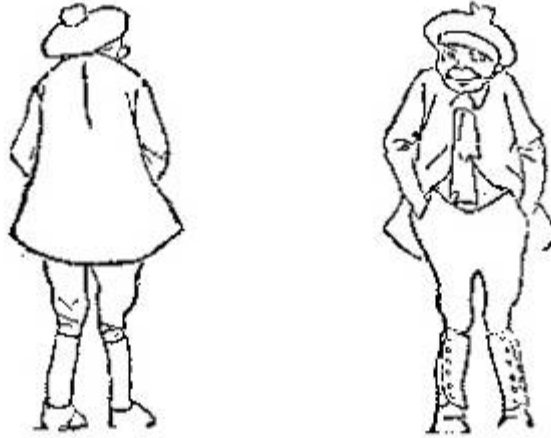
The golf club in the golfing figures is made of a short bit of stout wire, with one end worked round with pliers and hammer till it represents the head of the club. The other end is filed to a point, bent over with the pliers, and fixed with a tap of the hammer into a slight hole bored in the figure close up to the hands.



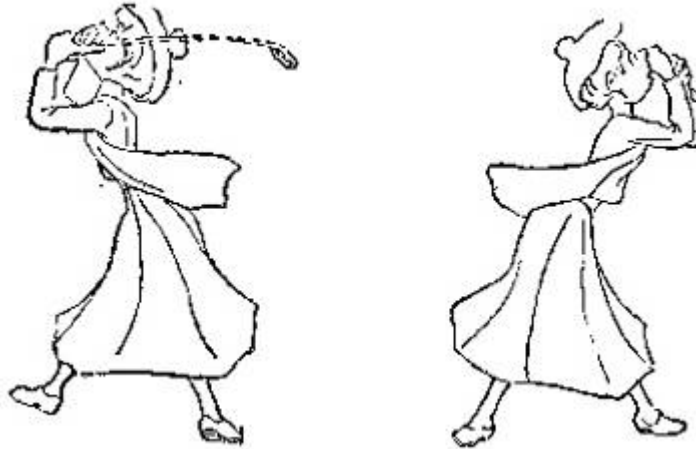
THESE ARE THE PICTURES YOU SHOULD ENLARGE;
SEVEN OR EIGHT INCHES IS A USEFUL SIZE.



TWO VIEWS OF A YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO IMAGINES HE'S A GOOD GOLFER
BUT ISN'T.



BACK AND FRONT VIEW OF AN UNEMPLOYED CADDIE, OR A KEEN FOLLOWER OF THE GAME.



TWO VIEWS OF A YOUNG LADY WHO THINKS GOLF "AN AWFULLY SPOUTING GAME, DON'T Y'KNOW."

SCOUTS' RELIGION.

The old knights, who were the scouts of the nation, were religious.

They were always careful to attend church or chapel, especially before going into battle or undertaking any serious difficulty. They considered it was the right thing always to Be Prepared for death. In the great church of Malta you can see to-day where the old knights used to pray, and they all stood up and drew their swords during the reading of the Creed, as a sign that they were prepared to defend the gospel with their swords and lives. No man is worth much who has not a religion of one form or another.

When you meet a boy of a different religion from your own, you should not be hostile to him, but recognize that he is like a soldier in your own army, though in a different uniform, and still serving the same King as you.

In *Scouting for Boys* I gave a little definition of religion which is very straight and simple. Religion is just:

1st. To believe in God.

2nd. To do good to other people.

Here are one or two more simple definitions of religion that people who are keen on us scouts have been good enough to send me:

“Religion is a life not a ceremony.”

“True religion is practical care of others and a holy life for oneself.”

“Usefulness is the rent we pay for room on the earth.”

“Until we cease to live for self we have not begun to live at all.”

SCOUTING ON SUNDAYS.

Our Scouts are of all religions, many of them from slums where no religion is practised, some of them of a religion whose Sabbath is on Saturday, not Sunday. But they all serve the same God, and the first promise they make on becoming Scouts is that they will do their duty towards God.

That is the first Duty of a Scout, and by his oath he is “on his honour” to carry out his duty according to his conscience.

The different religions are like the different branches of an army; they are the infantry, artillery or cavalry, who, although they wear different uniforms and use different weapons, are all fighting on the same side, for the same King.

They have their different codes and methods, with which I cannot interfere. I can only hope that they will never neglect their worship, whatever form it may take.

Most of the real scouts in our Colonies are honest, God-fearing men of a simple but deep religion, which they have learnt, not so much by instruction in churches as by study of the works of God in Nature – among the woods or mountains, the animals and birds, through the stars by night and the flowers by day.

What Scouts Can Do on Sundays.

What I personally suggest for the Boy Scouts’ Sabbath is that in the morning they should, without fail, attend church or chapel, or church parade, according to their religion, and that they should devote the afternoon to quiet scouting practices in the form of “studying Nature” (see Camp Fire Yarns 14, 15 and 16, in *Scouting for Boys*) by exploring for plants and insects, stalking and observing animals or birds, or visiting good picture galleries, or listening to God through good music if weather or circumstances forbid country rambles, or collecting flowers and taking them to patients in the hospitals. (See Chapter VII, *Scouting for Boys*, on Practice of Chivalry and Charity.)

This last is the best because it includes not merely being good, but what is much better – namely, doing good.

Regarding Scouting on Sundays, I hear that certain Scouts have been carrying out the practice contrary to their parents’ wishes.

This is all wrong.

One of the first duties of a Scout is obedience to authority. He must obey his orders in the FIRST place, and put his own amusement or desires in the SECOND.

If your officer, or your father, or your schoolmaster, or employer gives you an order, you must carry it out, even though it interferes with your own amusement or convenience. That is true discipline, and unless you have true discipline, you are of no use as a Scout.

WHY THE LITTLE JAPS ABE SUCH BIG MEN.

I am going to tell you a true story of a soldier in the Japanese War.

You all know how brave the Japanese soldiers were in their great war and how they succeeded, although they are a very small nation, in defeating Russia, which is the biggest of the European nations.

The secret of their success was that every man of the Japs had been taught a good deal of scoutcraft before he became a soldier.

In their schools in Japan all the boys are taught “patriotism,” that is, love for their country; “self-sacrifice,” which means doing anything, even to getting killed, in order that their country or comrades may succeed; and “discipline,” which means immediate obedience of any order that they may receive, no matter what it costs them to carry it out.

Now, a number of artillery soldiers had been ordered to train some wild young horses to work in harness and to drag the guns about.

But the Japs do not understand horses very well, because they don't use them much in their country, so the officer of the battery had to tell the men in every little detail how they were to start about training them, and he especially ordered that no horse, however badly it behaved, was to be struck or whipped, because it would only make him worse. The only way to train horses is to treat them kindly and pet them – whips are not the slightest use and ought to be done away with.

Well, one of the soldiers had a very bad and vicious horse to train, but he remembered his orders and kept his temper. All the morning this horse seemed to do exactly what the man did not want him to do ; if he wanted him to go forward, the stupid brute would go backwards ; if he wanted him to stand still, the horse would start kicking ; when it was “turn to the right,” the horse shoved sideways to the left, and so on. At last, at the end of a long and tiring lesson, when the horses were being groomed in the stables, the soldier, though he could not help feeling angry with his horse, still would not show it, but thanked the animal as a man should by giving him a handful of corn.

But the horse, instead of being grateful, suddenly dived forward, with ears and lips back, and seized the man's arm in his teeth, and at the same time, with his heavy, ironshod hoof, trod down on the man's bare foot.

Mad with the sudden pain, the man's control of his temper went, and he seized a whip and gave the horse two mighty cuts with it. But the officer saw it and he ordered everybody to stop work and called this man out to the front.

The man came to him, saluted, and stood at attention. The officer said: “You and all the others know that the order was given that no horse was to be struck, yet you struck your horse – twice – like this.”

And at that the officer took a cutting whip and lashed the soldier across the back, so that it stung him terribly through the thin shirt he had on.

The soldier gasped with the pain of it and clenched his hands, and the officer struck him a second time in the same way. The man stood erect, the two weals burning on his back, but he never said a word, and when the officer gave him the word to return to his work, he saluted and marched away.

It was only afterwards when he got back to his barrack-room that he broke down, partly with pain, but chiefly with the disgrace at having been publicly struck for having disobeyed an order.

Yarns For Boy Scouts

He did not think of arguing with the officer, or of pleading excuses, much less of resisting. He knew he had disobeyed an order and therefore had no right to object.

It is possible that a badly disciplined soldier would have objected, or possibly might have done worse and resisted the officer, but in Japan they are so brought up to discipline that the man was able to discipline himself, not only to receive his punishment, but to see also that, although an officer is not allowed to beat a man, neither was he allowed to beat the horse, and that therefore he had brought this punishment on himself.

That is true discipline. And the result of this discipline of the Japs over their own feelings was that they obeyed their officers even when ordered to get killed in an attack, and consequently their attacks succeeded.

That is the discipline that every Scout should have.

* * * * *

I may tell you the end of this story.

Some weeks later there was a vacancy for a new noncommissioned officer in the battery and several men were recommended to the officer for promotion. But he said he wanted one who really understood discipline, and there was one man at any rate who had had experience and had shown that he was well disciplined, and he called for the man whom he had punished and promoted him.

DUTY BEFORE ALL.

A man who is well disciplined is bound to succeed in life; but to be well disciplined means that he must begin practicing discipline whilst he is a boy.

As a boy give yourself orders and carry them out. Supposing, for instance, that you are an errand-boy taking a parcel or a message somewhere, you may be tempted to spend a few minutes on the way by looking in at some very attractive shop-window. Who knows, you might even see a new copy of *The Scout* for sale ! But don't be tempted. Don't buy it – then. You are on duty ; so say to yourself, “Duty first, pleasure afterwards; on you go!” So push on and get your duty done, and then come back and buy your *Scout*.

But don't forget to make yourself do your duty in small things every day, and you will soon find that it becomes a habit without any difficulty. And when a chance arises of your doing your duty on a big scale, you will do it without an effort. It is in this way that you rise to great things

XL

GALLANTRY.

HOW THE GUN WAS SAVED.

I CAN tell you a little yarn about Captain Hoël Llewellyn, who recently inspected the 1st Devizes Troop of Boy Scouts. The incident occurred in the Matopo Mountains, in Matabeleland.

For some days the scouts of the column, which was under the command of Colonel Plumer (Colonel Plumer, who is now General Sir Herbert Plumer, was the same commander who came to the relief of Mafeking in the Boer War), had been busy creeping about in the mountains finding out where the enemy were located, and when at last this was pretty well ascertained, orders were given for an advance of the whole force against the stronghold.

We entered the mountains through a narrow gorge, and came into a big circle of granite hills. They ran down in five spurs from one high ridge just like five fingers of a spread-out hand from the ridge of knuckles. These spurs were a mass of great granite boulders and thick, thorny bushes, and at the end of each – at the finger-nail, as it were – was a piled-up mound or “koppie” of boulders, with caves beneath them, which formed so many natural forts or strongholds for the enemy.

Before attacking these it was considered best to get part of our force, with the mountain guns and Maxims (which were carried on the backs of mules), up on to the “knuckles,” where they could cover with their fire the storming of the “finger-tips” by the remainder of the column.

This detachment moved off under command of Captain Hon. J. Beresford, 7th Hussars who, by the way also takes a great interest in Boy Scouts – and advanced up the “thumb.”

The main body in the meantime remained hidden where it was until the guns could get into position on the “knuckles” for shelling the “fingers.”

Beresford had been gone for about an hour, when we who were with the main body suddenly heard a few shots in his direction. These were quickly followed by a crash of volleys and rapid rifle-fire ; this, echoing back from the hills around, developed into a continuous roar, which was added to by the rattle of the Maxims and the boom of the bigger guns.

This was a sound which we had not expected to hear, as the force had not reached the “knuckles” yet, and we soon realized that it had met with a heavy and unexpected attack.

Rushed by the Matabele.

Captain Coope with some mounted scouts was at once sent to find out what was going on, and returned later with the news that the small column in making its way up the “thumb” had suddenly been attacked by Matabeles, who rushed on it from three sides at once ; but the force at once formed a square, and was able to check the enemy, though they got to close quarters on all sides under cover of the rocks and bushes.

It was a stiff and plucky fight for both parties. The enemy, rushing on in great numbers, seemed confident of overwhelming the little force of 150 whites opposed to them.

Some of the enemy got a good position within eighty yards of the square on a ridge of rocks, and it became very necessary to clear them out ; so a party was sent out under Lieutenant Hervey to dislodge them. As these men rushed forward to the attack their leader was shot down, mortally wounded, and his sergeant-major, who should have taken his place, fell dead. For a moment the party, having no leader, hesitated, but Mr. Weston Jarvis, who was merely there as a spectator, with a shot gun as his only weapon,

Yarns For Boy Scouts

saw what was wanted and at once sprang to the front, and, calling the men to follow him, headed the charge up the rocks and rushed the enemy out of them.

A Race for the Maxim.

At another time one of the officers, seeing the enemy were preparing to fire a volley at his men, shouted to them to take cover. The men in charge of the Maxim gun outside the square by mistake took this order as applying to them, and left the gun in order to take cover as directed. In an instant the Matabele saw their chance, and made a rush to capture it.

But at the same moment Captain Llewellyn spotted their move, and jumped forward himself, alone, to stop it.

It was a race for the gun – a race between the solitary British officer and the blood-thirsty savage warriors.

The Briton won. Llewellyn just got there first, and, jumping on to the saddle, turned on the gun, with its rapid rush of fire, in the face of the enemy, who were within a few yards of him; and they fell, or turned and fled and the Maxim was saved.

Well, that was a plucky act: a high example for all Scouts of Being Prepared to act bravely on a sudden emergency, and doing one's duty even at the risk of one's life.

A SCOUT MUST NOT FUNK.

There is no occasion to funk because other people around you are not sufficiently brave. If you read *The Man-eaters of Tsavo*, you will see that Colonel Patterson was on more than one occasion deserted by his natives when lions charged; but he always stood fast, and this no doubt saved him and caused the death of the lion every time.

Fellows are too apt to do just what their neighbours do without thinking whether they ought to do it or not. You see it in a crowd looking on at a football match: if one of the players gets tripped and rolls over you will hear a scream of laughter from everybody – not because it is such a very funny thing, but because one or two over-excited men yell and the whole crowd then follows suit and yells too without any real reason.

In the old days Britons did not do that, they looked on in a quiet, cool way; each man enjoyed the game in his own way, and if he felt inclined to cheer he did so, and not, as nowadays, simply because other people were cheering.

It is a good practice when you are in a crowd not to let yourself be carried away by what they do; take your own view of what you are looking at and act accordingly. Some day you may find yourself in a crowd that is behaving badly, perhaps afraid of something. Don't you therefore let yourself be made afraid too. Take hold of yourself, stick tight and stand up to it, and never mind what the others are doing, but do whatever is the right thing at the moment.

You may thereby do a very valuable deed, and in any case you will have shown to the rest a good example of manliness.

HOW TO BECOME A HERO.

Don't mind if other people are funkng: plunge in and look to the object you are trying to attain, don't bother about your own safety.

In Dublin a year or two ago a sudden demand brought out a lot of heroes in an ordinary street crowd.

Two men went down a manhole in the pavement to work in a sewer, 30 ft. below ground. Noticing that they did not reappear a man named Rochfort went down to try and rescue them, but he very soon became overpowered with the poisonous gas which often forms in sewers.

A small newspaper boy named Christopher Nolan seeing the danger ran off, very rightly, to the nearest policeman and told him of it. The policeman sent him on to fetch an ambulance while he himself took off his helmet and tunic and went down to fetch out the men.

A car-driver jumped off his car and helped the policeman. Ropes were passed down and insensible men were hauled up. By this time a crowd had, of course, formed. The sight of men being brought up insensible instead of deterring them, made other men volunteer to go down to help in the rescue.

The gallant policeman Sheehan who had just gone down was brought up dead.

Even this did not deter the crowd, and eventually thirteen altogether were down the hole, two dead, and most of them insensible from the fumes of the gas. By this time more sewer men had arrived on the scene, and they did what ought to have been done at first, only nobody had thought of it – they opened the next manhole leading into the sewer and so let in a draught of fresh air to clear away the gas.

This accident showed that there are plenty of heroes in a crowd if only there is some one to give a lead.

And that is the duty of a Boy Scout, to give the lead.

It is very noticeable that when a man once starts saving people's lives he so often goes on doing it. It is not an uncommon thing, especially in the Royal Navy, to see men with two or three life-saving medals. This is because when once a man has risked his life for the first time it comes much easier to him to do so afterwards, and also the man who is alert and ready to save life gets chances so much oftener than one in the crowd who cannot make up his mind what to do till it is too late.

Mr. Davis, living near Dolgelly, in Wales, is a proud man. His three sons have all won life-saving medals at different times; they are no doubt an alert and plucky family.

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE?

A story is told of the Matabele War, where two scouts who had been out reconnoitring, were coming back to the Army with very important information, when, in passing near some of the enemy, one of them had his horse shot, and was very badly wounded himself in the hip. His friend immediately pulled up, dismounted and dragged him up on his own horse, afterwards getting up himself, and just got away in front of the enemy. But he soon found himself completely cut off from the Army, and unable to gallop his horse under the extra weight of the wounded man. He had to make a wide circle out into the country until nightfall ; hoping then, in the darkness, to be able to get round to the Army again.

But once or twice during the night he found the enemy were still prowling about hunting for him, and he had to keep moving further and further away. Meantime, his friend was in dreadful agony, frequently insensible, and always in pain, and in the moments when he could stop, he begged his rescuer to leave him to die, or, better still, to shoot him and put him out of his agony, for there was no hope of his surviving the

wound, and his extra weight on the horse caused great danger of their both falling into the enemies' hands.

Here is a poser: What do you think you would have done if you had been the rescuer?

For a long time the rescuer would not think of the injured man's suggestion; but at last, when he had got a rest and time to think, he thought out what he would like to do, and what it was his duty to do. He would like to save his friend, if possible; but in saving him he could not carry out the duty of getting back to the Army as quickly as possible with the information he had to bring. Eventually he came to the conclusion to put his friend out of his agony by shooting him, and to do his duty to the greater number of men by bringing in his dispatch.

And that was what he eventually did. His only comfort was that, the moment he shot his friend, he suddenly found a crowd of savages rushing at him from all sides, and he only just managed to gallop away as they closed in. Had he tried to save his friend, they must both have fallen, and the message would never have reached the Army.

Be loyal to your friend, but at the same time never be disloyal to your duty. This may often put you in a dilemma; but the way to settle, if there is a doubt, is to put your duty first, and to do that.

There is a good story about loyalty to a comrade told in a book called *The Hill*, by H. Vachell, in which one of the boys at Harrow told his pal that he was going to break out during the night and go up to London on his bicycle and be back before morning. His pal, however, knew that the master had found out that some one was in the habit of breaking out, and would probably be on the look-out for him when he did so. So, in order to save his friend, he himself broke out a few minutes before his pal intended to, and got his bicycle and rode off himself upon it. The master saw him go, but could not tell who it was in the darkness, so went to the house and found out which boy was absent. Of course, he was found out, and next day he was about to be expelled from the school, when his friend, whom he had saved, stepped forward and explained the whole affair, and he was let off. That was true loyalty to his friend – to risk his own welfare in trying to save him – but in this case he was thinking of his friend rather than what was his duty to his commanding officer.

GALLANTRY IN SAVING LIFE.

Another form of devotion to your comrade is to be able and ready to save his life in the event of an accident.

In the summer time there are sure to be a good many bathing accidents, and I am very glad to see that a number of instances have occurred of boys saving lives of others who were in danger of drowning.

A case which was rendered noteworthy by peculiar circumstances was that of Archibald Reginald Cox (9th Ipswich Troop). A man threw himself into the River Stour with the intention of drowning himself. Scout Cox plunged in after him, and managed to hold him up in spite of the man's efforts to break free. The two were thus struggling together for over ten minutes in about twelve feet of water, before the man could be fetched ashore by his rescuer. For this exceptionally heroic deed, Cox was presented with the 1st Class Bronze Medal.

Yarns For Boy Scouts

Here is another case. On Saturday, June 20, 1908, four boys were proceeding down the banks of a canal in the district, and the younger boy, Reginald Harrison, age 10½ years, got rather behind. Suddenly George Batcheldor (1st Gravesend Troop) noticed the boy was not in sight, and proceeded to look for him. After running back along the bank, he was just in time to see the little fellow's head appear out of the water.

Seeing the danger Batcheldor at once lay flat on the bank, and, working himself out over the edge, he seized the little chap and dragged him to shore. By this time the others were on the spot and helped to take him to a shed on the rifle-range close by, where they took off his clothes. Batcheldor put his own coat and vest on the boy, after having well rubbed him all over. When his clothes were sufficiently dry they took him home; but Batcheldor insisted upon his keeping on the coat, vest, and cap to avoid catching cold.

The rescue was not carried out at the risk of Batcheldor's own life, and it did not, therefore, entitle him to the highest award, the Bronze Cross for Gallantry ; but he was awarded the Silver Medal for saving life. Scout Batcheldor also saved a little girl the next day.

I am very glad also to be able to record here a few of the many instances where our own comrades have effected rescues from fire, runaway horses, etc., as well as from drowning.

A Medal of Merit has been awarded to Scout W. Postlethwaite (Eccleshall Y.M.C.A. Troop) for gallantry displayed in rendering valuable assistance to a poor girl whose clothing had accidentally caught fire. Hearing her screams for help, the plucky youth rushed towards the girl as she came running through a doorway, and with commendable forethought he snatched up a rug, wrapped it round her, and succeeded in subduing the flames.

Scout R. C. Nichols (1st Swindon Troop) has been awarded a Medal of Merit for stopping a runaway and driverless horse, to which a heavy waggon was attached.

Another Medal of Merit has gone to Scout W. H. Caswell (1st Southport Troop). This youngster awoke one morning to find an attic on fire. Without an instant's loss of time he wrapped a wet towel about his mouth and nostrils, got a bucket of water, and poured it on the fire. Afterwards, assisted by his mother and sister, he succeeded in extinguishing the blaze. But for Caswell's presence of mind, and the promptitude with which he acted, his younger sister would have been in great danger, and might even have lost her life.

Already I have been able to present thirty Medals to Scouts who have risked their lives for others.

Now I want to hear of more Scouts doing the same kind of thing.

I don't want to hear from the Scout himself, but from those who saw him do the act.

Remember the chance of doing a good turn to a fellow-creature in danger may come to you at any moment – it may be a case of drowning, or it may be a fire, or a runaway horse, or any other form of accident. The main point is to BE PREPARED at any moment, even at the risk of your own life, to spring to the rescue.

One great step towards being properly prepared is to be a good swimmer. Every boy who is any good ought to be able to swim, and unless a boy can swim he cannot now get a badge as a first-class Scout.

HOW TO LEARN SWIMMING.

So those of you who cannot as yet swim should start to work to learn at once. It is only a matter of a few days' serious endeavour and you will be all right. A lot of fellows go to bathe and splash about and enjoy the water, but because they find they cannot swim at first attempt, they don't try any more. That is a great mistake; force yourself to try and to go on trying till you presently find you are able to do it all right. It is just like learning to ride a bike or to skate. The moment you find yourself able to do it you wonder why there was any trouble at all about it at first, and you will have added a great enjoyment to your life, as well as the power to be of real use to others – that is, to save a fellow-creature from drowning should such accident ever occur when you are by.

Try and swim like a dog – that is the easiest and most natural way to begin; all animals swim so. I did it myself when I first started swimming, but began to think that there must be something wrong about it because I never saw anybody taught it. Now I am glad to see that an Australian professional swimmer advocates it; he is quite disappointed with our swimming powers at home as compared with the men in his colony, and he puts our inferiority down very much to our beginning to learn with the more difficult breast or “frog's” stroke.

A large number of fellows in struggling to learn how to swim get into a bad form of stroke which they never get out of for the rest of their lives, whereas if they practised dog-swimming that is, with hands and feet paddling alternately – they would very soon be at home in the water, and could then learn the best form of breast and other strokes without any difficulty.

And to be able to do this really well, practise swimming with clothes on – you will at first find it very different from swimming naked. After practising at first in an old coat and trousers, try also with boots on.

There can be nothing more awful than to have to stand on the bank and see another poor fellow struggle and drown before your eyes simply because you have not taken the trouble to BE PREPARED for such accident by learning to swim.

HOW TO SAVE PANIC-STRICKEN PEOPLE IN A FIRE.

People and animals are both apt to get panic-stricken in moments of extreme danger.

For instance, in case of a fire, horses in a stable get so frightened that it is difficult to get them to be led out. The best thing to do is to blindfold them and to jump on their backs and ride them out.

So also with people in a house on fire; often they become so scared that it is impossible to make them move, even to get into the fire-escape. If you try and force them they will probably resist in blind terror. A way that is adopted by some fire-brigades is to slip a noose of rope or cord round the person's ankle, bend his knee, and pull the foot up behind him and fasten it in that position by tying the rope to his belt or round his waist, so that he has only one leg to stand upon. He is then pretty powerless to resist. This should be practised by Scouts when learning the methods of life-saving as described in *Scouting for Boys*.

XII.

SCOUTS' TEXTS.

I SHALL now give you some texts. The idea is that you should write out the text in big letters and stick it up on your looking-glass or somewhere where you will see it every day, study its meaning, and try to remember it and carry it out during the day. If you do this for a week, that motto will have become a habit with you.

WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY THE MICE WILL PLAY – THE
LITTLE ROTTERS.

Just what one would expect that the miserable little funks would do.

Be a man and don't be a mouse. When your officer, or master, or parent is away, don't therefore take it as a time to play the fool or neglect your work. It is your duty, as a Scout, to carry on just the same whether your officer is present to see you or not. Do your work because it is your work, not because some one is watching you do it. Act like a man and a Scout, and not like a mouse or a "rotter."

Here is another text which is much used by successful scouts. It is really a saying which comes from the West Coast of Africa, where the natives, when they want to get hold of a monkey, do not run after him and make a grab at him, or he would dart away up a tree out of reach, but slowly edge nearer and nearer to him, and then gently stroke and scratch him till they catch hold of him. Their way of describing it is to say.

SOFTLY, SOFTLY, CATCHEE MONKEY.

So when you are inclined to get impatient over some job that you are doing and feel inclined to rush it because other wise it seems so long and difficult, just remember "softly, softly, catchee monkey", – "patience wins the day" – and stick to it.

A real Scout is always the most patient of men; he doesn't worry if he does not succeed all at once, but waits and works quietly and determinedly till he "gets there" in the end in small things just as much as in big ones. Even in undoing a parcel he will not pull and tear at the strings; he will quietly set to work to untie the knots. I do.

PASS IT ON.

When you are playing football and you get possession of the ball, you know as well as I do that it is not your business to stick to it too long, although it may be great fun for you to see how long you can play it; you must not play a selfish game, but must do your best with it and quickly pass it on to one of your side.

So it is with any other good thing when it comes your way.

Don't keep it to yourself, but share it with others – "pass it on" to them.

In a book called *Impertinent Poems*, by E. V. Cooke (Pub. Forbes, Chicago), there is a verse to this effect which every Scout should remember and act upon.

"Did somebody give you a pat on the back?
Pass it on!

Yarns For Boy Scouts

Let somebody else have a taste of the smack,
Pass it on!
If it heightens your courage or lightens your pack,
Pass it on!
God gives you a smile, not to make it a yawn,
Pass it on!"

SMILE ALL THE TIME.

By this text, "Smile All the Time," I mean look on the bright side of things; even if things are very bad with you, say to yourself: "Well, that's all right, I can't be any worse off; it will improve now."

When you are in pain or anger, anxiety or trouble, if you can only remember to force yourself to put on a smile, it will do you great good and give you relief at once. Try it. Even in the case of a painful wound it pays, if you can only remember to do it.

If you are thoroughly out of temper over something, stop swearing or kicking, and think to yourself, "What difference will it make to my life ten years hence?" Then smile at your having been excited over such a trifle as it really is.

A smile, too, is not only good for yourself, but it does good to others, it makes them cheerful, too.

Think what a difference it makes when you say that one little word "Thanks." If you say it hastily and glumly, it means very little; if it is said with a happy glance and a smile, it warms the cockles of the heart of the person to whom it is addressed. Keep smiling.

UM-HLALA-POUNZI.

Perhaps that does not convey much to you.

It is a big mouthful to learn. It was the name the Zulus gave to me many years ago. If you find you cannot get round it,

BE PREPARED

will do just as well, as they both mean much the same.

UM-HLALA-POUNZI means literally: "the man who lies down to shoot." And therefore "the man who makes his plans and preparations carefully before carrying out a work."

You know our song?

"Be Prepared! Zing-a-zing! Bom! Bom!"

Well, that is merely the Zulu song translated. The Zulu edition was:

"M'lala pounz'! Zing-a-zing! Bom! Bom!"

So you can sing whichever you like, but act up to both; that is, Be Prepared. Make your plans beforehand, and then go ahead.

If you are going out for a good scouting expedition you think out beforehand where is the best place to go to, how to get there, and what food to take, and so on. And then you start off and carry it out successfully. In the same way if you want to have a real good happy life you have to think out beforehand which profession or trade would suit you best, prepare yourself for that particular line, and then, when the time comes, go into it and make a success of it. It is the fellow who never looks ahead who becomes a waster. So if you want to make this year a happy and successful one, you must think out now

what you will do towards getting on in your career, and how you are going to do good turns to other people.

I, myself, have never let a year pass without making some sort of a step in my career, so that when December 31 has come round I have always been able to look back upon something successfully accomplished during the year.

And this is partly done by looking forward on January 1 to see what you can do during the new year and so Being Prepared.

Don't let a year go by wasted without something being done.

BE A BRICK.

This means you should remember that being one fellow among many others, you are like one brick among many others in the wall of a house.

If you are discontented with your place or with your neighbours, or if you are a rotten brick, you are no good to the wall. You are rather a danger. If the bricks get quarrelling among themselves the wall is liable to split and the whole house to fall.

Some bricks may be high up and others low down in the wall; but all must make the best of it and play in their place for the good of the whole. So it is among people; each of us has his place in the world, it is no use being discontented, it is no use hating our neighbours because they are higher up or lower down than ourselves. We are all Britons, and it is our duty each to play in his place and help his neighbours. Then we shall remain strong and united, and there will be no fear of the whole building – namely, our Great Empire – falling down because of rotten bricks in the wall.

DON'T SHOOT THE MUSICIAN, HE IS DOING HIS BEST.

This notice was hung up in a drinking-saloon of a mining village out in the West of America.

Life was pretty rough there; everybody went armed. Drunkenness was not unknown, and when a man was irritable with drink it frequently happened that he showed his displeasure by shooting at anybody who annoyed him.

A man at the piano tried to make harmony, but occasionally it happened that his attempts were not fully appreciated by the audience. So, to make it a little safer for him, the above notice was hung up on the piano.

Well, it has a meaning for Scouts also.

People are very fond of sneering at others, especially when they see them making mistakes or doing a thing badly. So when you see a fellow miss a catch or fail to do something he was trying to do, don't be too hard on him, don't shoot him with nasty remarks or chaff, but say to yourself, "Poor chap! he is doing his best." And if necessary give him a kind look or word of encouragement. You can count it as your "good turn" for that day, and you will have carried out the Western motto: "Don't shoot him, he is doing his best."

TRY WHISTLING.

When things are going against you, or the people round you, it often gives an immediate cure to anxiety or irritation if one begins to whistle a tune.

I have myself seen it done on very many occasions with best effect.

Yarns For Boy Scouts

Lord Wolseley, in his *Soldier's Pocket Book*, recommends it for a staff officer, when a battle is going badly, to whistle as he rides about, because people who hear him then think it cannot be so bad as they imagined.

Napoleon himself, who for a long time was victorious in all his great battles, at last suffered a very severe defeat at Leipsic; but as he rode away among his retreating troops, he was heard whistling a popular tune, and this little fact went a very great way to putting heart into them again.

I know of another case which, although not a great one in history, was a very great one to me, because it showed me that among Scouts my suggestions are remembered and are carried out as though they were orders, and as though I were present to see them obeyed.

Two Boy Scouts (brothers) had got into an argument over some question and both were beginning to feel irritated and angry over it; the younger one was actually half-crying, when suddenly the elder one remembered that as a Scout he had no business to lose his temper, and he also remembered the cure for bad temper – namely, TO WHISTLE.

So he at once bottled down his feelings and started to whistle a tune.

The younger, on hearing this, also remembered his duty, and put his misery on one side while he, too, started to whistle – a very watery effort at first. Thus in two minutes they had mutually dropped the argument and were the best of friends again.

That's the way to make use of whistling, and don't forget it.

True Scouts never "wear a worried look." So when you see a tenderfoot looking anxious or bored, it is well to say to him: –

"CHEER UP! YOU'LL SOON BE DEAD."

When he has had this salutation once or twice, he will begin to remember that it is his duty to keep a smile on, not only to lighten his own trouble, whatever it may be, but also to make things brighter for other people about him.

DON'T STAND WITH YOUR BACK TO THE SUN.

Every Scout knows that when you examine footmarks on the ground, you should generally do so facing towards the sun; have them between you and the light, and you will see them all the better.

But that is not the meaning of this text; it has a second and a bigger meaning.

It means that when there is any sunshine or brightness possible, look out for it when you are in trouble or misfortune, and make the most of it.

If you feel inclined to grumble at your lot because you have damaged your leg and can't play in a game of football, think of other poor cripples who never can play at all.

However down in your luck you may be, remember there is a bright lining to every cloud. There is some brightness somewhere, if only you look out for it and don't turn your back on it.

Have you ever heard a thrush singing?

STICK TO IT! STICK TO IT!

That's what his song sounds like to me, and I think it is a very good one for a Scout to remember as his text. Fellows are so apt to get slack or to let a thing slide after they have got over the first excitement of trying it. Well, if they do that in little things they will do it in big ones, and so will never be any use.

So when you feel disheartened with your work, whatever it may be, and feel inclined to chuck it and to try something else, just remember the call of the bird – "Stick to it!" and stick to your job, and you will most probably make a big success of it in the end.

THE OAK WAS ONCE AN ACORN.

If ever you feel hopeless about getting on to success in life from a small beginning remember that even that great strong tree, the oak, began at first as a little acorn lying on the ground.

After he had got his roots into the ground and started to grow, it must have seemed hopeless for him ever to rise to be a great tree like those over him, but he stuck to it winter and summer, through gales as well as in fine weather, and gradually grew into the great fine tree that he is, giving out shade to people and food to animals, and thus a friend to all the world.

XIII.

GOOD TURNS.

I HAVE just visited South America and have seen many countries, and many wonderful sights, and have had many and varied experiences; but one thing which struck me as much as anything and will serve as a lesson to me was the remarkable kindness of the people there.

I learnt for the first time that the habit of doing good turns which the Scouts practise can be and is carried out by a whole nation, rich and poor alike.

Think what a foreigner meets with on coming to England. If he has letters of introduction to one or two gentlemen they ask him to dinner and perhaps take him for a drive round the town and then let him go his way. If he then tries in the street to ask the name of some public building or how to get to some place, people either stare at him or laugh, or at best give him some sort of instructions and leave him.

In South America I found it, everywhere, very different. People, even strangers, went out of their way to be hospitable and kind, gave up their rooms and their time for whole days so that one might be comfortable. If you asked the way of a man in the street he would bow and smile and *take* you himself to the place required. The humblest cottager wanted to give one coffee or grapes, and would take no reward. If you stay the night at a country cottage or farm, it is customary for the owner after giving you the best room – often his own bedroom – and on saying good-night, to give you his pistol as a sign that there will be no treachery and that he puts himself under your power.

When, after a most enjoyable stay, I was leaving – my baggage was packed and sent off to the ship – I looked round, money in hand, for the usual ordeal of “tipping” the servants, not one was to be seen; they evidently considered they had done their duty and had respectfully withdrawn. A party of English ladies leaving at the same time had the same experience, with the exception that the servants tipped *them*! The servants had sent to them on board some beautiful flowers as a parting act of kindness.

Some day when Scouting and its good turns have become general in England I hope that we shall all be more like the South Americans in kindness and courtesy.

A JAP BOY’S BRAVERY.

What is Bushido?

You have all heard of the bravery of the Japs in their war against Russia, how they feared nothing and willingly went to their death in order that their country might win.

This spirit of sacrificing themselves is called “Bushido,” and is just the spirit which every fellow must have if he means to be a real, true Scout.

It is got in Japan by the boys learning it, and thinking about it, and Being Prepared to practise it even while they are boys. The story is told, and I believe it is true, of a Japanese boy who saved his father’s life by Bushido, in this way.

The father had done something which had brought upon him the anger of a certain lot of men, and they wanted to kill him. They did not know him very well by sight, and in their haste to get him they killed another man whom they thought was him.

In order to make sure, they got hold of his little son, a boy of about twelve years old, and, showing him the head of the man whom they had murdered, they asked him if that was his father.

The boy at once understood that if he said “No,” they would go and search again for his father till they found him. So he pretended great horror and grief, and said, “Yes, alas! it is my beloved parent.”

But one or two of the men still seemed a little suspicious and so the boy, in order to make them believe him, drew out his knife and said, “Now that my dear father is dead what is there for me to live for?” And he stabbed himself in the stomach and fell dead before them.

This so convinced the would-be murderers that they made no further search for the father and thus he was able to get safely away.

Well, he was a plucky boy, wasn’t he? He is an example for every boy, and especially every Scout, to follow in Being Prepared to give up all, even his own life if necessary, for the sake of another.

That is what is meant by “Bushido,” or “self-sacrifice.”

BOY SCOUTS OUT-SCOUTED.

A gentleman was driving his coach in the country the other day when he came upon two tired Boy Scouts trudging along. Being a Scout himself, he saw the chance of doing a good turn and took it. He stopped the coach and offered them a lift, and they gladly availed themselves of it.

He took them along and finally set them down again near their destination. And then happened what I am almost ashamed to relate of Scouts, and which I know the two

Yarns For Boy Scouts

Scouts themselves are ashamed to look back on – they went off without thanking their benefactor.

I say I know they were ashamed, because they afterwards wrote a letter apologizing for their want of courtesy and gratitude. And that letter shows that at heart they were Scouts and gentlemen; but that, like many tenderfeet, they forgot themselves and their duty for the moment. Gratitude is a right and natural feeling to have for any one who has done you a kindness; but don't forget to practice "courtesy," or "politeness," by showing that you are grateful. Your oath as a Scout binds you to this.

If a present is given you it is not yours till you have thanked the person who gave it to you. And so it is with every good turn done to you; you have a duty to do with regard to it, either to pay it back in some way, or at the very least to smile and say, "Thank you" for it.

A PATH OF NEWSPAPERS.

I don't know whether Charles Pollock, the newsboy in Belfast, is a Scout or not, but he ought to be, as he has the right spirit in him.

As Sir Walter Raleigh, the great scout, did for Queen Elizabeth when he laid down his coat on the mud to prevent her soiling her shoes, so Charles Pollock laid down his newspapers the other day to make a dry path for Madame Melba, the great singer, to walk over.

But Scouts must remember that it is not only for queens and great singers that they should act chivalrously, but for any woman, whatever may be her rank in life.

And a Scout need not wait for some big occasion to be chivalrous, he can do it continually in a small way, such as making way for ladies in a crowded street, giving up his seat in a tramcar, helping nurses with children to cross a street, and so on.

A SCOUT'S "GOOD TURN."

"A well-known London hospital has erected a convalescent home for children on the coast of Essex. A patrol of Boy Scouts camping near heard a small patient say to a nurse: 'Oh, nurse, can't I go on the sands?'"

"But the cliffs were too steep for the nurse to carry him, so the Scouts undertook this duty daily, and thus obtained an introduction to the Home.

"One day it was discovered that the children had few toys to play with. The next morning one young Scout was seen stealthily emerging from the boys' ward of the Home. 'Oh! sir! Please don't make me tell!' was his reply to the question as to what he had been doing there. The question was not pressed, but the reason was discovered. The boy had a shilling for pocket-money and one and sixpence for his railway fare home. He had persuaded a patrol leader to let him walk home with him instead of going by train. In this way he had provided two and sixpence which he had expended on toys. Then when the camp was over he cheerfully walked back – eighteen miles."

[Extract from one of Mr. H. Godfrey Elwes' articles on Boy Scouts in the *Essex Western News*.]

In explanation of the above to those readers who are not Scouts, I may add that every Scout is bound by his oath to do a good turn – no matter how small – every day, either to a fellow-creature or an animal, and the case quoted gives a good instance of the practice.

A Scout ties a knot in his necktie in the morning and hangs it outside his waistcoat as a reminder until he has done his good turn for the day. On the Scout's badge also, there is a little knot hanging from the scroll which is also a reminder to him to do good turns.

TO START A JIBBING HORSE.

You may often be able to do a good turn, if you know the way, to a man in charge of a difficult horse.

When you see a horse "jibbing" – that is, refusing to go on – there are various ways of inducing him to do so; but in any case beating him is no good and is only cruelty.

By knowing what to do you can do a good turn both to the horse and to the driver.

Sometimes the horse jibs because his collar is rubbing a sore on his shoulder and it hurts him to go forward, so look there first of all.

If this is not the cause, one way to make him go on is to take a piece of rope about 12 or 15 feet long, double it and pass the loop round the horse's fore-fetlock, just above the hoof. Then pull his leg forward with the rope till he holds it out in front of him. Keep on pulling, and he will take a step forward. Repeat this a few times and he will then probably go forward of his own accord.

The second dodge is not a pleasant one for the horse, but it is not so cruel as beating him. It is to open his mouth and shove in a handful of mud, and for some reason or other he wants to go on.

In order to open a horse's mouth a tenderfoot tries to pull the lower jaw down – and fails. A Scout slips his fingers into the side of the horse's mouth where there are no teeth, gets hold of the tongue and pulls it out sideways and the horse holds his mouth wide open.

THE UNION JACK.

Lord Rosebery has taken the trouble to explain to you of the rising generation the history of our flag – the Union Jack.

Lord Rosebery is one of our greatest living statesmen – and remember that a *statesman* is different from a *politician*. A politician is a man who merely thinks of helping his party in Parliament, whether it is Liberal or Labour, or Unionist or Socialist, and so on. But a statesman is the man who thinks most of helping his *country*; he is far above the small party questions then.

Well, when a statesman like Lord Rosebery takes the trouble to tell you about the Union Jack, you will understand that there is some importance in it.

He has shown you that the flag is made up of the flags of St. George of England, St. Patrick of Ireland, and St. Andrew of Scotland.

But the Union Jack means something more than the mere union of England, Scotland, and Ireland – not forgetting Wales, who ought also to have St. David's cross shown in the flag; it means also the union of all our great colonies across the seas with Great Britain, the Mother Country.

All the colonies that form our British Empire fly the same old Union Jack, each with its own coat of arms in the centre of it, showing that, though different countries, they are all united under the same banner.

What the Union Jack really represents you can see from the picture on the next page.

Yarns For Boy Scouts

It is no use to talk of the countries of the Empire being united unless all the men in those countries actually feel their brotherhood and are ready to show that they are of the same great race and family.

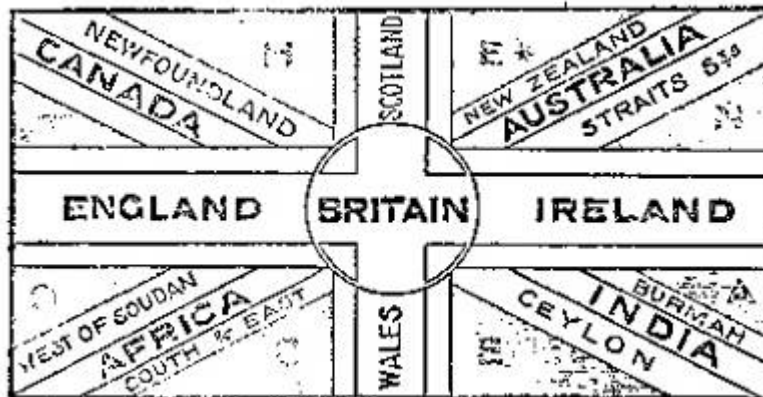
The Union Jack is like the colours of a football team. England, Ireland, Scotland, Canada, Australia, Africa, India, New Zealand, and the other British colonies all wear the colours and are players in the team. If we don't play together and back each other up and play to each other unselfishly, we shall be beaten when we come to play against a good team, whether it be in commerce, or in politics, or in war.

A house divided against itself cannot stand. And for that same reason we must keep shoulder to shoulder at home as well as throughout the world, and not let party politics and class make rifts between us.

As with football players, only those make good players who have played the game as boys. So it is with the bigger thing – in playing the game for your country, only those fellows are good who began as boys to be prepared to help the country and the Empire. By becoming a Boy Scout you are doing this very thing – you are learning to be a useful citizen; you learn to sink your own wishes and pleasures and safety in order to do your duty and help others – that is, you are learning to play in your place and to play the game.

So whenever you see our grand old flag flying jauntily in the wind, think how for ages it has “braved the battle and the breeze,” how your forefathers have fought and died for it, and how, if you have any grit in you at all, you must be prepared in your turn to take your share in keeping it flying, at any cost, should danger ever threaten it in business or in war.

The Union Jack stands for something more than only the Union of England, Ireland, and Scotland it means the Union of Great Britain with all our Colonies across the seas; and also it means closer comradeship with our brothers in those Colonies, and between ourselves at home. We must all be bricks in the wall of that great edifice – the British Empire. We must still stick shoulder to shoulder as Britons if we want to keep our position among the nations, and we must make ourselves the best men in the world for honour and goodness to others, so that we may deserve to keep that position.



YOU CAN LOOK ON THE FLAG LIKE THE COLOURS OF A GREAT FOOTBALL TEAM –
BRITAIN UNITED.

LITTLE FRIENDS OF ALL THE WOULD.

Boy Scouts are urged, in our handbook and in their training, to win for themselves the title which was given to “Kim” – namely, “Little friend of all the world.”

Branches of the Boy Scouts are now being started not only in most of the British colonies, but also in Russia, Norway, Germany, America, Chile, and Argentine Republic.

Part of our object is to form a brotherhood such as will not only prove a connecting link between the different leagues and clubs for boys in Britain but also between our colonial brothers and our American and German cousins, and our foreign fellow-men of whom we only know as yet too little.

We hope soon to start mutual communication with these by means of letters in Esperanto, and other ways, by patrols in one country corresponding with patrols in others. If this plan develops we may be able to start an interchange of visits of patrols from one country to another. We have already started such visits with Germany, and hope to do so with Canada and other colonies and countries. Such communications might do an immense amount to promote mutual friendship between the boys of both nations.

In this way the Scouts' Flag is of even wider application than the Union Jack, for it means that you Scouts are not only working shoulder to shoulder with other British boys across the seas but also with boys of other nations wherever they may be. You are ready to help them in any way you can, or are ready to do good turns to people of other countries as well as your own. In this way you are making yourselves deserving of the title of "Little Friends of all the World."

XIV.

TO SCOUTMASTERS.

BOY SCOUTS AS A NATIONAL ORGANIZATION.

An Undesirable Army of Britons.

WHATEVER may be our Military needs in Great Britain, we have at any rate one army for which there is no difficulty in finding recruits, but this army threatens to be a danger to us, not merely now but more especially in the near future, since it is a force pregnant with evil and is an ever-increasing one. I refer of course to the great army of unemployed.

No practical steps are as yet being taken officially to check its growth.

In the course of an argument the other day with a member of this same army on the "right to live" question, the loafer objected that we did not seem to care whether he starved or not. Some one replied, "We do care very much; it is quite an important point. You have got to die some day; you are never likely to be of any use to anybody so long as you are living; but you have just a chance of doing some good by dying – if you would die of starvation or despair. You might thus be useful for once by giving a warning to the crowds of others who are blindly starting to follow in your footsteps." I do not think he was convinced of the force of our view of the case; but our point was that there is little hope of doing much good for the present crowd of unemployed – our one chance lies with the rising generation, by taking steps to prevent them from also falling into the great slough which has opened up.

How the Army of Unemployed is Recruited.

There are three million boys in Great Britain; of these only some two hundred and seventy thousand are being trained under good influences outside their school walls, the great remainder are left to drift according to their inclination and to the examples around them, and their tendency naturally is to drift to the bad. This is the case not only among the poor, but also to a considerable extent among the sons of well-to-do parents. The boys, apart from their academical schooling, are not trained “in character,” not even in the qualities of unselfishness and thrift, which alone would do very much to divert them from the loafing habit. They merely drift on and recruit the great army of unemployed and unemployable.

The evil is patent enough, it is a canker to the nation – yet nothing beyond talk is being done by Government to remedy it; that great national duty is left (and wrongly) to individual efforts on the part of a few well-meaning faddists or enthusiasts, among whom are ourselves!

“The same causes which brought about the downfall of the Roman Empire are working to-day in Great Britain.” The same causes which brought about the downfall of the Roman Empire brought about also the downfall of many another Empire, such as Carthage, Egypt, Greece, Spain, and Holland. Empires, however strong they may seem, are capable of falling, and history is but the record of a succession of such extinctions. The causes have in nearly all cases been much the same, namely *bad citizenship produced by indifferent government*.

The present authorized scheme of education includes plenty of bookwork, but no development of the quality that counts – namely, character, which after all is of first importance. Not thousands, but hundreds of thousands of boys in our great cities, after a sufficient education in reading and arithmetic to enable them to devour the horrors of the Police News and to make their football wagers, are being left to drift into the ranks of the “hooligans” and “wasters” without an attempt to stay them. Yet those boys are full of enthusiasm and spirit, and only want their heads to be turned the right way to become good, useful citizens. But there is no hand to guide them at this eventful crisis of their lives, when they are standing at the cross-roads where their futures branch off to good or to evil.

They in their turn ultimately become the fathers of more boys, whom they are supposed to train up on right lines for good citizenship, when in reality they do not know what the word means.

Steps already taken to Remedy the Evil.

In default of steps on the part of the Government to remedy this great evil, the Boys’ Brigade, the Church Lads’ Brigade, the Young Men’s Christian Association, and many smaller institutions have started in to do what they can to get hold of the boys, and are thereby carrying out a highly valuable national work. Indeed they are doing a double good, for, incidentally, in giving character to the boys, they are also instilling it into the young men who take up the work as their officers and instructors. But with all their effort they only till a small portion of the great field, and that in an unorganized way; in some places the various societies mutually overlap or go over the same ground, while in others they miss out important sections; from want of amalgamation they do not work in complete touch with each other. Except with the better class of boys their methods are

only moderately popular. And they do not influence the worst classes. On going into the matter with the promoters of these organizations one could not help feeling that they lacked the following points:

1. Attraction and variety in their subjects, so as to completely capture boys of all kinds.
2. Manly and practical training and avoidance of “red tape” so as to appeal to a wider class of young men as instructors.
3. A common bond and understanding to bring the various organizations into close touch with each other, even if the desirable consummation – namely, amalgamation of the whole into one big “combine” – were not possible.

“Scouting” as a Remedy.

It then occurred to me that one possible step towards remedying these wants might be found in “Peace Scouting,” or instruction in the attributes of the better type of Colonial pioneers and frontiersmen of the Empire.

A small book of “Aids to Scouting,” which I had written for the men in my own regiment some years ago, was, to my surprise, taken up a good deal among schools and young people as an interesting form of training for them. So it occurred to me that if a scheme of instruction in “character,” quite apart from any idea of soldiering, could be devised on similar lines, it might have a powerful effect. I therefore evolved the idea of “Scouting for Boys,” and formulated it with a view to remedying these main wants – viz.:

1. That it might really catch boys of every class, and under an attractive guise instil the better points of ‘character’ into them.
2. That it might appeal to every young man of spirit as an interesting and manly way of doing useful work for his country and kind.
3. That, if adopted by the existing organizations as an addition to their present training, it might incidentally prove to be a connecting bond between all of them.

The subjects taught under the head of “Scouting for Boys” are these:

1. *Discipline* of self and submission to scout laws and orders.
2. *Campaigning*. – Including resourcefulness and pioneering, such as hut, bridge, and boat building; fire lighting, cooking, camp life, etc.
3. *Watermanship* – that is boat-management, knotting, navigation, swimming, saving life at sea, etc.
4. *Observation*. – Noticing and memorizing details far and near, tracking and deducing the meaning of the tracks.
5. *Woodcraft*, including the study of animals, birds, plants, etc.; elementary knowledge of astronomy; observation of animals, etc.
6. *Chivalry*, including the code of the Knights in Honour, and the practice of unselfishness, courage, charity, thrift, and, above all, helpfulness to others.
7. *Saving Life*. – Alertness to save life from fire, drowning, gas fumes, runaway horses, street accidents, etc.; first aid, etc.
8. *Endurance*. – Health and physical development, sobriety, continence, non-smoking, cleanliness, food, etc.
9. *Patriotism*, including history and knowledge of our country and colonies; duties as citizens, loyalty to king and employers.

The method of teaching the above subjects is entirely by means of games and practices such as appeal directly to the boys' spirit and imagination.

The scheme has been public a little over a year, and it has already been adopted officially by the best institutions for boys, such as the Boys' Brigade and the junior branch of the Young Men's Christian Association and numerous schools, etc. It has been used on more than one of his Majesty's ships and in several units of the Army for the purpose of instructing recruits, etc.

But one result which had not been foreseen, at any rate on a large scale, has been its rapid and widespread development as a separate organization of its own. This, although I had to some extent provided for it, I had not desired, as I believe in amalgamation and concentration of all such efforts, with a view to tackling the question with greater weight; but apparently the details of the scheme have commended themselves to boys to the extent of their taking it up for themselves, and of then looking round for officers to command them, which is rather the reverse of the usual methods; and officers are more readily found, because the scheme is elastic and leaves much to their own initiative and responsibility, without demanding a rigid adherence to rules and the continual furnishing of returns on their part.

Scouting has therefore broken out as a separate institution of its own, not only in most of our big towns in Great Britain, but also in Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and Canada, with a promise of further extension into other countries like Germany, America, Russia, and Norway.

Scouting as a Compulsory Educator.

Developing as it has done in this way in the course of a few months, the Scouts organization is already beyond what a mere officer in the Army can deal with, and the question arises whether it could not be used as an instrument by Government for dealing with this great question of the future of the rising generation.

It is evident that something has got to be done officially if we are seriously going to take in hand the safeguarding of the nation of the future. If our Government cannot make up their minds that compulsory soldiering for all lads between the ages of sixteen and twenty is necessary, if only for the moral and physical development of the race apart from any defence questions, they might at any rate find it possible to make compulsory training in character part of the school education of all children throughout the realm, and *if done on lines which really appeal to the lads and lasses*, it might have a real and lasting effect upon them. The Government might thereby take a practical step towards forming the rising generation *en bloc* into good citizens and men of character such as would raise our nation to deserve the place which it at present rather arrogates to itself as the leading civilizing factor of the world.

The foregoing is an article which was published in the *National Defence Review* in February last. Since its appearance I have been travelling in South America and have there had ample proof of the need of character-training for our men. There is a very rich country clamouring for emigrants and emigrants are pouring in month by month and doing well when they get there. There are emigrants from all countries, Italy, Spain, Germany and Russia, but not from England. Why not? I asked that question everywhere and everywhere I received practically the same answer – England no longer seems to produce the type of colonist for which she was formerly famous – the type which made

Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand. "We find Englishmen cannot stick to their work, they cannot keep sober, they will not learn the language of their neighbours (Spanish)." "They have not got the 'Guts' of their forefathers," as one man put it, more concisely than politely. But I believe that guts can be put in without a surgical operation by instilling into the boys "character" by means of such instruction as that suggested in scouting.

HINTS TO SCOUTMASTERS.

Wanted – Imagination.

The key to success in training your boys as scouts is to develop and bring into play your own powers of imagination.

Without this your instruction will be dry bones.

Boys are themselves full of imagination and of the enthusiasm based upon it: play up to this and you succeed.

But as boys grow into men their imagination, like their powers of observation, seems to flatten down under tread of materialism and matter of fact. The man who wants to get the best out of boys must get back to the atmosphere of boyhood. In what is to him a mere market-fruit orchard he must see a forest peopled by Robin Hood and his merry men. What he looks on as an ordinary fishing harbour he must recognize as the Spanish Main with its pirates and privateers. Even the Town Common may be a prairie teeming with buffaloes and Red Indians, or the slum a mountain gorge where live the bandits or the bears. If you have a shilling and an hour to spare, buy Kenneth Graham's *Golden Age* and you will see my meaning better.

Once this point of view is grasped, how wasteful and how futile does the dull routine of drill appear which the unimaginative man is prone to use under the delusion that it will make men of his boys.

Think out the points which you want your boys to learn and then make up games and contests to suit your surroundings and to bring them in.

TESTS FOR BADGES.

The idea underlying the award of the various badges for Scouting is to offer to the young Scout continued inducements to improve himself. Thus when he has gained his Second Class to go on to the First, and then to perfect himself successively in Pioneering, Signalling, Life-Saving and so on.

Scoutmasters and examiners are apt to make the standard of examination pretty high in order to ensure real efficiency. But this is a mistake. It would be all right if our object were to get a Scout of a high quality but that is not our aim. The real intention in our scheme is to instil into every single boy, and to encourage and foster in every possible way, some idea in him of self-improvement on however small a scale at first.

If the tests are made too difficult, although you may thereby form a few brilliant boys into highly capable Scouts you dishearten a large number of others of a duller or more average type, and you sow in them the seeds of hopelessness and helplessness, which is exactly the reverse of what we want to do.

Make the tests easy and you will encourage others to go in for the badges.

“THE ABANDONED CHILD.”

In the handbook, *Scouting for Boys*, I have given reasons why every young man with any grit or love for his country in him should take up the instruction of a few boys in scouting. He should consider it a duty, though at the same time he will probably find it a pleasure – the two very often go together.

My reasons include the case of those lads who are left unassisted by boys' organizations, without a friendly hand to guide them at the most critical period of their lives, when they take one of the two roads which lead to good and to evil respectively – and they generally take the bad one.

My contention has since been borne out by a very striking pamphlet by Mr. Bramwell Booth, which is well worth the study of all interested in the upbringing of the rising generation. It is entitled *The Abandoned Child*.

It shows how the Industrial Schools Act, which gives the power to put vagrant and immoral children into industrial schools, is very little used, and suggests that the Act should be amended to make it compulsory at the hands of police and other authorities. The Salvation Army returns show that there are at present, untouched by the Act, 5,000 children in vagrancy, 30,000 children living in immorality.

Money spent on these now, at this period of their lives, would be a good investment and a sound economy, since it would save their cost later on as grown-up criminals in prisons, workhouses, and hospitals. And the value to the State of an adult, skilled and at work in a trade, is assessed at £200.

If Acts of Parliament cannot be brought all at once to bear on so important a national question, at least men who are patriotic Christians can do something themselves in so big a field, and I venture to hope that scouting may be found to be of use as an instrument for such work.

HOOLIGAN TAMING.

Sir John Gorst's book, *The Children of the Nation*, is well worth study by every one who is interested in the future of the nation or in the welfare of the rising generation.

He shows how in every great city a class of lads known as “hooligans” has grown up. They are above the school age and have started life as “wasters” from the very first, bent on doing nothing. This they succeed in doing because as they grow older they become not merely unemployed, but unemployable.

Yet in the beginning they have all the spirit and are of the material to make good men if properly taken in hand in good time.

Sir John writes: “The University Settlements have succeeded in taming and civilizing some of them, and it is said that when a boy of this class begins to learn to box, his reformation has commenced.”

I believe that when he receives his Scout's badge it will be completed.

SLUM CHILDREN.

Sir John Gorst also shows how physical training, if imposed without discrimination on very poor, ill-fed children, may do more harm than good. And he points out that while the higher-class schools with their healthy children have playing fields for their games and exercises, the lower-class schools with their puny, ill-fed, ill-

clad little ones, have nothing but a small paved yard for their fresh-air exercise – too small for any games.

“The children of the rich play too much,” he says, “while the children of the poor do not play at all. They do not know how to play, and they have no places to play in if they did.”

If scouting can only suggest a few games for these poor children to play in their streets and slums, it will be something gained.

TO SCHOOLMASTERS.

It is possible that scouting may give a handle with which to get hold of their more unruly boys, and continue out of hours practice of the theory they learn in school. To give them education in character as well as mere instruction in knowledge.

Mr. A. K. Orage, writing in *The Planet*, points out that the children who obey too subserviently in school are not the ones to make rulers later on. He prefers the more spirited boys, but admits that they are difficult to catch and to train. “In the building of the Empire it is these boys who are the pioneers; reckless, rebellious, dashing, careless of life, adventurous – they are the experimenting fringe of civilization. The battles of the Empire have not been won so much on the playing-fields of England as in the corners for refractory boys.”

A commission on our schools has recently shown that there is an excess of book instruction in many schools. I believe that if one day a week were devoted to scouting, it would greatly benefit both teachers and scholars, mentally and physically.

SUNDAY LOAFING.

At present for many of those, and there are a very great many, who do not practise such things, Sunday is a day of loafing and vice; it is the worst day of the whole week for a large number of our lads and girls, both in our cities and in our lanes.

The Sabbath is the day of rest.

Idleness is not rest.

Change of occupation is what human nature demands as rest, and if it is not offered in a good form, it is very liable to be taken up in a vicious form, as stated in the old adage where Satan is described as generally having something available for idle hands to do.

For this reason I suggest certain attractive yet improving practices for boys on the Sabbath.

As scouting is a humble effort towards saving souls I see no harm in practising it on the sacred day.

I have had a letter from a patrol of telegraph messengers in which they point out that Sunday is the only day in the week when they are off duty and can learn scouting together; but that their departmental officers do not like the idea of their rushing about playing wild games on the Sabbath, and, therefore, are against their taking up scouting. I feel sure that this is only because these officers do not know what our kind of scouting is; and, therefore, I have sent them a copy of our explanatory pamphlet to show that the whole scheme is devised for making lads into manly, Christian characters, through a method that is attractive and interesting to the boys.

As regards practising scouting on Sundays, this is what I have written:

“In our work for Sundays we generally make Church Parade or attendance at a place of worship a feature on a Sunday morning, in accordance with the nature of the boys’ religion; but in the afternoon (which is so notoriously a time of loafing for the boys and girls in our country) we have scouting practices in the form of nature study in the country or parks; or, if the weather is bad or country not attainable, by attendance at good music or good picture galleries. Also in both town and country a practice for Sundays is “knight-errantry” – that is, going for a walk with the object of finding an opportunity of doing a good turn to somebody. Flower expeditions are also made, to see who can collect the best variety of wild flowers and name them; the flowers being afterwards taken to the hospital for the use of the patients.

“The great point in devising practices is, if possible, to make the lads *do* good instead of merely *being* good.

“I am convinced that the shutting down of all occupation on Sunday, as promoted by certain narrow-minded people who cannot see beyond their own personal point of view, is a very bad thing for our rising generation, and one aim of scouting is never to let the boys learn idle habits by having idle minutes to spend in the day.”

A Sunday-school teacher was telling me the other day how hopeless seemed the task of getting the boys to become sufficiently interested in religion till he hit upon the idea of taking them out into the fields and lanes and woods. Here what had been tedious hours in school became minutes of delight and interest to all. Nature-study soon showed them that there were sermons in stones and good in everyday things. The works of God brought these little souls at once in touch with Him in a way that the dry bones of half-understood Bible history in a stuffy schoolroom could never do.

SPIRITUAL TRAINING.

I have spoken in the handbook, perhaps, too fully of the steps of training and too little of the ultimate object of it all.

Scoutmasters should remember, nevertheless, to keep the higher aim always before them while devising and practicing the steps.

All these points of discipline, sacrifice of self, performance of good turns, and so on – that is, the moral side of the training – are not the end of it.

They form only another step, a step which clears the ground – especially in the case of the wilder, more thoughtless boys, who could not otherwise be caught – for sowing the seed of a spiritual religion such as will then be their guide and mainstay for life.

The exact form of that religion is left much in the hands of the Scoutmaster, as it must vary according to local circumstances.

But I feel it necessary to ask Scoutmasters who may only have noticed the material side of our training, not to overlook the fact that the spiritual is also none the less essential for its ultimate good to the boy.

THE SCOUTMASTERS’ UNIFORM.

We do not, I think, want an expensive uniform, nor a military one, with peaked cap, shoulder cords, belts, and badges of rank, and so on; we want rather something that can easily be made up, that gives freedom for work, that gives some sort of uniformity,

Yarns For Boy Scouts

and at the same time can serve as a pattern to the boys as regards neatness and smartness of turn-out in their own dress.

I think if those points are kept in view it is sufficient as "Dress Regulations" for the officers.



The general opinion is in favour of having much the same kit as that of the boys when in camp or at games, with a slight modification when out for drill parade purposes only. As it happens, this is what I have worn myself both last year and this ; but it is not for this reason only that I should urge its use. Most of the officers I have had to help me and those who have written to me on the subject also favour it.

The kit is approximately this:

For Camp and Games. – Flat-brimmed Scout hat with white-metal badge on the left side; green neckerchief or coloured collar and green tie; khaki flannel shirt with short sleeves; white sweater worn over it or carried on belt ; white shoulder knot on left shoulder; haversack over left shoulder; waistbelt, brown leather, with knife suspended from it; whistle and lanyard; shorts, preferably dark blue; stockings, preferably khaki, green, or brown; garters to show green tabs; shoes.

I prefer a light, strong walking staff myself, as most men do who do much walking in rough or wild countries, or by night.

For Drills and Parades. – Scout's hat with badge; coloured collar and green necktie; "Norfolk" shooting jacket; knickerbocker breeches of same colour; putties, or stockings, khaki colour; laced boots or shoes; walkingstick; whistle and lanyard.

XV.

TO SCOUTMISTRESSES.

SCOUTING FOR GIRLS.

In Japan, when a child is born, a sign is put up outside the house to proclaim the fact to the world at large. In the case of a boy the image of a fish is put up, signifying that like a fish he is one who will have to make his way against the river of life, whereas if it is a girl a doll is hung out to show that she is one to look pretty and to be made much of.

This may be typical of the sexes in the past, but it is not what is wanted nowadays. Girls should be brought up to be comrades and helpers, not to be dolls.

They should take a real and not a visionary share in the welfare of the nation, and they have the power – on womanly lines – of doing so to a most valuable extent. I do not mean that they can do so by getting hysterical over petty questions of party politics and making themselves ridiculous and thereby debasing themselves in the eyes of their fellow-countrymen. Quite the opposite.

1. Their first step is to realize what are the higher ideals of the men and to understand the characters of the men.

2. The second by virtue of such knowledge to place themselves on a plane where their opinion will command the respect and attention of the men.

3. And thirdly, having gained this standing, to expect from the men the practice of these higher ideals, and the men will rise to the occasion.

In this direction I believe that a great future lies before the women as a national asset in addition to the enormous power and responsibility already in their hands as mothers training the rising generation to be better men.

A step towards such development would be the training of the rising generation of women in the same code of honour, high spirit and patriotism as are considered essential for building up “character” in boys.

It can be done in the same way, that is by a method which appeals to the girls themselves, through their natural imagination and keenness.

As “Scouting” does this for boys a slightly modified form of the same course might be used for girls with the best results. Some of the modifications might take the form of the training adopted in the Colonial College for young ladies at Stoke Prior, Worcestershire, and other institutions for educating girls to be useful and capable.

I am forced to this suggestion by the fact that already some thousands of girls have registered themselves as “Boy Scouts”!