

to show that when we get done explaining foreigners, we find that we have gone only in a big circle back to the attitude of mind we were born with. A child does not know the difference between a foreigner and anybody else. **He does not know it because there is no difference.** The person or society that tries to teach him that there is a difference does a great wrong against nature, a wrong that it may take him a lifetime to right, if, indeed, he ever rights it.

The World Scout is allowed to go on looking at people as they really are, and to take them as he finds them, which is the right way to take them; not as he thinks they must be or ought to be. A boy will keep that point of view easily, if he is permitted, because it is natural to him. This explains part of the great success of the World Scouts. The World Scout, too, is permanently enlisted for peace, not by having peace preached to him, for that could not interest him a moment. But as he is allowed to see the plain simple truth about human beings, so he is allowed to see the plain truth about war. As he learns that society tries to deceive him about the difference between foreigners and folks, so he finds that society puts up a shocking deception on him about war.

The World Scout is allowed to see modern warfare as it really is. Not a fight against foreigners and enemies, because there are no foreigners, and those we call foreigners are not enemies, but quite the opposite. Not an adventure in chivalry, because there is no more real adventure or glory of chivalry in modern war than there is in going out into the backyard and shooting the cow.

Now, being turned off from following a false idea of chivalry, the Scout learns indirectly how to get at the **true**—to find something **good** that needs doing and **do** it. Perhaps, it is only some old woman that needs to be piloted over a crowded crossing—a cat or a dog to be rescued from cruelty; or it may be to fish a drowning person out of the river. The case of the child rescued from the fire is in point. That Scout was looking all the time for anything in his line. The opportunity came—a very serious one—and he was on the job.

The everlasting love of ad-

venture, the fun of never knowing what is going to turn up—that is what holds the Scouts to their work. Anyone who realizes what a hunting, trailing, yes, in a good sense, **gambling** creature a boy is by nature, can see at once how efficient the motive is. All the strongest factors of boy-life come into play—the “gang instinct,” emulation, imitation, competition—all work powerfully together for good, if the good is once seen to be (as again, it really is) an **adventure**.

But the World Scout soon finds out that if he wants to be efficient in the game of chivalry, he must train for it. A hard body, a quick and active mind and a tender heart—he can't do business without them. And he **will** train—because he has an incentive, and an **immediate** incentive. Not the prospect of distinguishing himself in some remotely possible war with Germany ten years hence—his chance to distinguish himself may come to-morrow. A runaway horse might break loose at four this afternoon, or a child fall in the river at sundown. So he digs in and trains with

not heard, to ask no questions, to be bottled up and prejudiced in every direction.”

“The World Scout will no longer have



A Husky Young Belgian—but who could tell it?

his mind compressed by bandages, much as the Chinese have their feet; he will break many bounds, God helping him, and as a young revolutionary, will make a newer and better world.”

And this is the way he outlines the object of the movement:

“We, who are World Scouts, are out for **service and unity**. I ask you to think what little unity there has been in the past. Every silly ass has talked of brotherhood, and done nothing for it. Churches, Freemasons, political parties, have preached fraternity until the very name of the thing has become sloppy. Why is this? Because behind it there was no reality. It was a brotherhood of dogma, of the dinner table, of the pocket—always of the pocket. We, who are World Scouts, whether we are British Scouts, Italian Scouts, French or German, commence our work by first accepting the brotherhood of all. We commence it by the brotherhood of the young and the old, by preaching that only by the close intercourse of the young with the old can the young become wise and the old become enthusiastic and young in spirit.

“The first barrier to be broken down is the barrier between youth and age.”

Let the boys keep the natural world outlook that they were born with. Let them go on believing that Italian and Russian boys are not enemies but friends; not foreigners but folk—because **it is so**. That “patriotic” separatist view is simply **not straight**—even if our public schools do implicitly teach it by their “so-called patriotic” exercises. It is based on an enormous misunderstanding of fact. There are no foreigners and no natural enemies.

Let them cultivate a chivalry that knows its real dragons, and fights them. Let them find the rich mine of adventure that lies in relieving the oppressed, defence of the suffering, protection of the weak. Of treating every woman as he would have



“FOLKS”
“They’re goin’ to raise our wages, land!”

might and main.

Not every one who plunges into print can express himself so effectively as Sir Francis Vane. Here are a few examples of his regular contribution to the columns of the “Scout.” Speaking of the future boy, he says:

“The young of all classes have been treated as babies or as potential criminals, to be seen and



Foreigners who are fast becoming folks.
Doukhobors at Waterloo, Columbia River, B.C.