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FOREIGNERS AND FOLK Canada's Own Christmas Party.

By "OURSELVES"

WHO ARE the foreigners and who are the folk? "In fact, what is a 'foreigner'? By 'folk,' of course, we understand—just ourselves. There is a kind of unwritten distinction between the two that all people seem to appreciate, but has any one yet been able to establish any real and radical difference between "ourselves" and "the foreigner" (i.e., one speaking a different language from "ourselves")?

Supposing Canada (figuratively speaking at this moment—"The Lady of the Snows") were to invite to a great cosmopolitan Christmas party a thoroughly representative crowd of those people to whom she has given sanctuary, without regard to color, creed or country, what would we find? That in all that tends to dignify or degrade human nature there is no difference.

The myth of "the foreigner" has not yet been seriously looked into by any one, although provincial governments, school boards and things of that kind do take some notice of it and do get excited about some phase of the fringe of it at odd times.

To the writer it was revealed in a new and powerful light as he followed not long ago the operations of that special feature of the "Boy Scout" movement under the generalissimo of Sir Francis Vane.

Sir Francis Vane, by the way, is sixth in direct line from that Sir Harry Vane of Cromwell's time, who had a foot both in the old and in the new world, having been accounted in England (as one has said) "the ablest naval administrator that ever lived," and subsequently won no less respect in New

England as governor of Massachusetts.

The writer had been accustomed to regard the Boy Scout movement, when it first started, pretty much as most people size it up to-day. The feeling was one of

lingering death of so many of those ephemeral "movements" with which we are all familiar.

The Scout principles were good, but in the background there was always the idea that war and fighting—fighting other people—are inevitable and often praiseworthy.

But one morning there came out in the London papers an account of a thirteen-year-old boy who had gone into a burning house and carried out a baby. The little chap took a risk before which men of mighty physique and reputed courage quailed and retreated. It was one of the bravest things we ever read, and a lump rose in the throat as we read on to where the father of the child sought to reward the boy, who modestly declined. "No," said the little hero, "it is my job, I'm a World Scout."

That incident inflamed our interest in this "boy's game." We had never heard of that kind of thing being part of a Scout's "job." We noticed, too, that the small hero called himself a world scout, and we wanted to know what was meant by a "World" Scout.

We found out that there were two kinds of Scouts, the "Boy" Scouts and the "World" Scouts, the points of difference between which are broadly these:

The "Boy" Scout is taught to believe in the existence of a large class of beings called **foreigners**, and that it is normal, right and sometimes very glorious and interesting to oppose these beings occasionally in the institution called **warfare**.

The "World" Scout, on the other hand, is in these respects not trained at all. He is simply allowed and encouraged to keep



Jewish Maidens in Bethlehem City.

indifference, or when forced to give an opinion it was that it was largely a sort of kindergarten for militarism, in some sense to be highly commended, in other respects to be condemned or left to die the