

FOOLISHNESS.

"Men are apt to fret and worry,
But what's the use?
When too late they always hurry,
But what's the use?
Just keep 'business boomin'
Men do lots of things inhuman—
Even argue with a woman,
But what's the use?"

—:o:—

THE ART OF SCOUTING.

In his work "Aids to Scouting," Colonel R. S. S. Baden-Powell, who has recently been exciting admiration by his manipulation of the British force at Mafeking, gives some very interesting as well as valuable information. "The importance of scouting and reconnaissance," says the colonel, "cannot be over-rated, although it is as yet only partially recognized in our army. It has been said that 'there is scarcely a battle in history which has not been lost or won in proportion to the value of the previous reconnaissance.' It is probable that in the future its value will be still greater, because, when acting against enemies armed with long-range weapons and smokeless powder that render his position invisible, we should be exposing our troops to absolute destruction were we to blunder them boldly against an enemy without knowing exactly how and in what strength he was posted. The day before Sadowa," it is pointed out by way of illustration, "a single Prussian scout discovered the whole of the Austrian army in an unexpected place." Dealing with landmarks, the author says, "The ground under your feet may have its foot-marks, hoof-prints, wheel-ruts, trampled grass, ashes of fire, etc., such as will tell their tale like a book."

Referring to tracking, Colonel Baden-Powell gives an interesting personal experience, showing how important it is that scouts should be skilled in the work. "I was riding one day across an open grass plain in Matabeleland," he says, "with one native scouting. Suddenly we noticed the grass had been recently trodden down. Following up the track for a short distance, it got on to a patch of sandy ground, and we then saw that it was the spoor of several women and boys walking towards some hills about five miles distant, where we believed the enemy to be hiding. Then we saw a leaf lying about ten yards off the track—there were no trees for miles, but there were, we knew, trees of this kind at a village fifteen miles distant, in the direction from which the tracks led. Probably, then, these women had come from that village, bringing the leaf with them, and had gone to the hills. On picking up the leaf it was damp, and smelled of native beer. So we guessed that, according to the custom of these people—remember, as I have said before, to study the habits and customs of your enemy—they had been carrying pots of native beer on their heads, the mouths of the pots being stopped with bunches of leaves. One of these leaves had fallen out; but we found it ten yards off the track, which showed that

at the time it fell a wind had been blowing. There was no wind now, but there had been about five a. m., and it was now nearly seven. So we read from these signs that a party of women had brought beer during the night from the village fifteen miles distant, and had taken it to the enemy on the hills, arriving there about six o'clock. The men would probably start to drink the beer at once—as it goes sour if kept for long—and would, by the time we could get there, be getting sleepy from it, so we should have a favorable chance of reconnoitring their position. We accordingly followed the women's tracks, found the enemy, made our observations, and got away with our information without difficulty."—"The Knight."

—:o:—

"POUR LA PATRIE."

(An English War Poem.)

The sea said to the island—
"I have taken your youngest son,
And I launch him forth on the breast of a wave
To fight 'neath an alien sun,
And your heart will surely bleed for him
Before the journey be done!"

The island answered her calling—
"O wave with the thick white crest,
This son of mine I have kissed and loved
And nursed at my tender breast,
But I sent him out, and I bade him go,
That our nation might find rest!"

The sea said to the island—
"O mothers that weep to-day,
That mind the fall of pattering feet
Of the children gone away,
If I bring back dead your youngest sons,
Will ye have aught to say?"

The island answered her calling—
"The wings of your ships snow-white
Will haunt us sleeping or waking,
By noon or dead of night;
But we only say to our sons gone forth
By way of the West, East, South and North—
"In the name of freedom—fight!"

—:o:—

No looking back. The Endowment Rank has never taken a backward step—it has always moved forward—it has always been on the increase in membership, receipts and assets—its success has been phenomenal.

Globe Sign Works... 314 Homer Street,
Vancouver

THOS. SHARP, MANAGER.

SIGNS OF ALL KINDS

Agents for White Enamel and
Brilliant Sign Letters.

Banners and Lodge Decorations.