

of Mill Hill School, one of Gresham's School, another of Louth, and two companies of Clifton College. This unit was splendid. All, however, were good, and one must not forget the 20th Battalion. These were nearly all in kilts, and the Cadets marched up to the high level in marching that their dress demands.

After the march past the Junior Division troops moved away and dispersed. The Senior Division, however, formed up in front of the saluting base, the mounted troops on the right, the Infantry in the centre, and the Artillery on the left, and General Murray, placing himself at their head, led them in Review order to give the final "Royal Salute." This done, the parade gave three resounding cheers for the King. I left the ground with these cheers ringing in my ears. They seemed to herald a new era and new life in the great history of the Empire.

## THE QUEEN AND A CHILDREN'S PAGEANT.

The Queen, who was accompanied by the Prince of Wales, Princess Mary, and Prince George, drove from Windsor Castle at noon yesterday in an open carriage drawn by greys with postillions to the grounds of Long Walk House, King's-road, Windsor, to see the elementary school children of the town in their historical pageant costumes. The pageant opens to-morrow.

Her Majesty was received by the Vicar of Windsor, the Rev. J. Ellison, chairman, and other members of the committee. When the Queen arrived in the grounds the children sang the National Anthem. The director of the pageant, the Rev. Bernard Everett, handed to the Queen an album of photographs of the children in various episodes and a specially bound copy of the book of words, and a little girl, the youngest child in the pageant, presented her Majesty with a bouquet of lilies. Miss Helena Ellison, daughter of the vicar, also handed to Princess Mary a bouquet of roses. The Queen and her children then made a tour of the grounds and inspected the groups of children. In reply to a short speech from the vicar thanking her for her visit, the Queen said how delighted she was with all she had seen, and she wished the children to know how charmed she was. The Royal party then drove back to the Castle.

## TO-DAY'S REVIEW OF BOY SCOUTS.

To-day the King will review some 40,000 Boy Scouts at Windsor, and the occasion is not likely to be forgotten by any of the young "handy-men" who have the privilege of being present. It was in September, 1909, that the Boy Scouts held their first great annual parade at the Crystal Palace, when 13,000 of them heard King Edward's message:—"Please assure the boys that the King takes a great interest in them, and that if he should call upon them later in life, the sense of patriotic responsibility and happy discipline which they are now acquiring as boys will enable them to do their duty as men, should any danger threaten the Empire," and, having heard it, proved that they had not forgotten how to make a cheerful noise. King George has shown his approval of the movement by becoming its Patron, and all that is now required of the boys and those who instruct them in the multitudinous arts of scout-craft is to act on the old French professor's adage, *Continuez, mes enfants*.

To-day the Boy Scout is a familiar figure in every frequented or unfrequented thoroughfare; there is no country lane so lonely that one does not meet him at the end of it, following up some undecipherable track or carefully preparing his open-air hearth. Speak to him and he replies with disciplined courtesy, first of all saluting—a symbolic act, since the three upraised fingers are to remind him of the three points of the Scout's Promise. At his enrolment he promised on his honour (1) to be loyal to God and the King; (2) to help others at all times; and (3) to obey the Scout Law, a brief and pithy code which, without any of the distressing verbiage of a "pi-jaw," forbids selfishness, snobbery, rudeness, unkindness to animals, disobedience to any rightful authority, lack of cheerfulness, extravagance, and impurity in thought, or word, or deed. There can be no doubt that the vast majority of the uniformed Scouts whom one meets are trying to live up to this simple but sufficient code, which is, after all, merely a translation into words of the inarticulate creed of our public schools, perhaps the only true democracies existing in the world at the present time. No doubt some of them fail again and yet again. But it is an observed fact that these bare-kneed urchins, with their cowboy hats and measured staves, treat the public more politely

than the public sometimes deserves, and do no damage to private property when, out of a spirit of adventure, they turn Nelson's blind eye on notices against trespassing. Yet, but for their uniforms and an air of being about their own business, most of them could not be distinguished with the naked eye from the mobs of hooligans in the making which are the terror of every possessor of a garden living in the vicinity of one of the nation's free schools.

### HAPPY DISCIPLINE.

But scouting in the new sense of the term is not merely a code of everyday morality simple enough for boys to understand. If it were no more than that, we should not have seen the Boy Scouts multiplying in our midst as mysteriously and prodigiously as, say, the petrol-driven vehicles in our streets during the last few years. The truth is that scouting is a new co-operative pastime, new to the boys of this industrial age though old as the hills in reality, which has its own "happy discipline" (King Edward's phrase is the keyword) and teaches sportsmanship (the *εὐλογία* of our race) in a new and exhilarating way. Every healthy boy longs to do things with his hands and to go in quest of adventures. But

Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
Upon the growing Boy

long before he has gratified these primal instincts, which have their root in the prehistoric past, when every man had to make for himself all that he required and knew what it was to hunt and be hunted at the same time—of all forms of adventurous living the most soul-sufficing. In the vast open spaces of the Dominions beyond the seas it is still possible to satisfy the instincts in question; indeed, the outlying inhabitant of the prairies or the *wild* is thought to be deficient in a man's manhood if he cannot use them to his profit as well as for his pleasure. But the Englishman and other dwellers in long-settled countries has little chance of playing the primitive man; much more often than not the desire to do so has been squeezed out of them by an education which is designed to fit the pupil to take his place in an artificial and highly-specialized order of life and, whether its instruments are books or laboratories, leaves him ignorant of the vicissitudes and ambushes of Nature. None the less, the primal instincts are not destroyed; they are merely forced to lie latent, and are ready, as experience proves, to spring up again and bear fruit appropriate to the occasion. The Englishman, perhaps because he has cultivated games which are similitudes of the changes and chances of the true life of open-air adventure, soon acquires the keen eye and adaptable hand of those who live in the ways of the wilderness.

Colonel S. B. Steele, who commanded Strathcona's Horse in South Africa and is famous throughout the West as a Scout and a Scout-master, will have it that the trained Englishman is almost always a better "tracker" than the Indian or half- caste. And the following example, from the writer's own experience, makes for the same conclusion. He and others had the exhilarating task years ago of attacking a poplar bluff, a natural sylvan fortress in which an unknown number of Indian outlaws—these proved to be only three—had entrenched themselves. The first attack on the bluff was a disastrous failure, resulting in the loss of three lives. One of those who crawled into the patch of bush and got out again in safety was a volunteer, an Englishman who had not long been in the West. As he wriggled through the dense undergrowth he came to a place where a slashing axe had been at work; and he went no further, suspecting the existence of some occult trap. Afterwards it was found that the Indians had cut radiating runways through the tangle of weeds and willows; anybody entering one of those long narrow clearings was virtually at the end of a tube and was bound to be shot from the central rifle-pit.

### FUTURE OF THE MOVEMENT.

The fact that it gratifies these primal instincts—remember that the essential boy is primitive man—is the final, formal, material, and efficient cause of the success of the movement started by the defender of Mafeking, who himself has the glorious gift of unfailing boyishness. It is all very well to say, as some austere critics do, that the Boy Scout's work is merely "playing at Indians." Even the oldest of us once wished to play at being Indians. Unfortunately there was nobody to tell us how to play that game according to its immemorial rules. Otherwise we should all have become Boy Scouts. Space is lacking to enumerate all the developments of the Boy Scout's open-air work, which now includes the learning of every conceivable form of handiness, thoroughness being rewarded by honourable titles, of which that of "King's Scout" is the highest and the most coveted. Admirable

features of the organization are:—(1) The rule that the Scout must pay for his uniform and everything else; (2) and the fact that the central controlling body does not hamper local growth and freedom. And the movement has been wisely kept non-political, non-military, and inter-denominational in character. During the three and a half years of its existence amazing progress has been made. Everywhere in the Empire the Boy Scout is now found, and he is also to be seen at work—or at play, rather—in Germany, Russia, Japan, Chile, to name only a few of the more widely-disparted lands he has entered to possess. Everywhere it has been discovered that the movement is an antidote to bumptiousness and bad manners; the "larrykin" of Australia and the "smart larry" of Canada are mellowed and mitigated by its influence. To-day there may be as many as half-a-million Boy Scouts in the world. Whether that computation be accurate or not, there will very soon be a million.

So far no dangers threaten the arrest of the growth of this disciplined army of handy-men. But, for their own sakes, the educationists must not be allowed to lay hands on it. No doubt it is an invaluable form of education. But it is better not to let the boys think of it in that light. Otherwise the happiness may fade away out of their discipline.