

SCOUTING FOR BOYS

A HANDBOOK FOR INSTRUCTION

IN

GOOD CITIZENSHIP [1908]

HOW THE EMPIRE MUST BE HELD

PEACE cannot be certain unless we show that we are always fully prepared to defend ourselves in England, and that an invader would only find himself ramming his head against bayonets and well-aimed bullets if he tried landing on our shores.

The surest way to keep peace is to be prepared for war. Don't be cowards, and content yourselves by merely paying soldiers to do your fighting and dying for you. Do something in your own self-defence.

You know at school how if a swaggering ass comes along and threatens to bully you, he only does so because he thinks you will give in to him; but if you know how to box and square up to him he alters his tone and takes himself off. And it is just the same with nations.

It is much better that we should all be good friends—and we should all try for that—no calling each other names, or jeering; but if one of them comes along with the idea of bullying us, the only way to stop him is to show him that you *can* hit and *will* hit if he drives you to it.

Every boy should prepare himself, by learning how to shoot and to drill, to take his share in defence of the Empire, if it should ever be attacked. If our enemies saw that we were thus prepared as a nation, they would never dare to attack, and peace would be assured.

Remember that the Roman Empire 2,000 years ago was comparatively just as great as the British Empire of to-day. And though it had defeated any number of attempts against it, it fell at last, chiefly because the young Romans gave up soldiering and manliness altogether; they paid men to play their games for them, so that they themselves could look on without the fag of playing, just as we are doing in football now. They paid soldiers to fight their battles for them instead of learning the use of arms themselves; they had no patriotism or love for their grand old country, and they went under with a run when a stronger nation attacked them.

Well, we have got to see that the same fate does not fall upon our Empire. And it will largely depend upon you, the younger generation of Britons that are now growing up to be the men of the Empire. Don't be disgraced like the young Romans, who lost the Empire of their forefathers by being wishy-washy slackers without any go or patriotism in them.

Play up! Each man in his place, and play the game! Your forefathers worked hard, fought hard, and died hard, to make this Empire for you. Don't let them look down from heaven, and see you loafing about with hands in your pockets, doing nothing to keep it up.

HINTS TO INSTRUCTORS

Teach the words and choruses of:

'The Maple Leaf' (Canada), 'The Song of Australia', and other Colonial songs.*

'God Bless the Prince of Wales'.

'Rule Britannia'.

'Hearts of Oak'.

'The Flag of Britain'.

'God Save the King'.

(J. S. Maddison, 32 Charing Cross.)

CAMP FIRE YARN.—No. 27



CITIZENSHIP

Duties of Scouts as Citizens—Duties as Citizen Soldiers—
Marksmanship—Helping the Police.

SCOUT'S DUTY AS A CITIZEN

THERE are two ways by which every good Briton ought to be prepared to keep up our Empire.

The first is by peaceful means as a citizen.

If every citizen of the Empire were to make himself a really good useful man, our nation would be such a blessing to the civilised world, as it has been in the past, that nobody would wish to see it broken up by any other nation. No other nation would probably wish to do it. But to hold that position we must be good citizens and firm friends all round among ourselves in our country.

A house divided against itself cannot stand. If a strong enemy wants our rich commerce and Colonies, and sees us in England divided against each other, he would pounce in and capture us.

For this you must begin, as boys, not to think other classes of boys to be your enemies. Remember, whether rich or poor, from castle or from slum, you are all Britons in the first place, and you've got to keep England up against outside enemies. You have to stand shoulder to shoulder to do it.

If you are divided among yourselves you are doing harm to your country. You must sink your differences.

If you despise other boys because they belong to a poorer class than yourself you are a snob; if you hate other boys because they happen to be born richer and belong to higher-class schools than yourself, you are a fool.

We have got, each one of us, to take our place as we find it in this world and make the best of it, and pull together with the others around us.

We are very like bricks in a wall, we have each 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.

Don't be too anxious to push yourself on to good billets. You will get disappointments without end if you start that way.

Work for the good of the State, or of the business in which you are employed, and you will find that as you succeed in doing this you will be getting all the promotion and all the success that you want.

Try and prepare yourself for this by seriously taking up the subjects they teach you at school, not because it amuses you, but because it is your duty to your country to improve yourself. Take up your mathematics, your history, and your language—learning in that spirit, and you'll get on.

Don't think of yourself, but think of your country and your employers. Self-sacrifice pays all round.

Excellent Lantern Slide Lectures can be got on hire from the League of the Empire, Caxton Hall, Victoria Street, London, on the history of our Colonies and Empire.

DISPLAY*

JOHN NICHOLSON was one of the finest among many fine Britons who helped to rule India. On one occasion he had a meeting of a number of chiefs at a time when they were beginning to show some signs of mutiny. The most important one of these chiefs was called Mehtab Singh, and just before the meeting he told the others that he for one was not afraid of the Englishman, and that he meant to swagger into the room with his shoes on. (It is the custom in India for natives to take off their shoes on entering the presence of a superior just as in England you take off your hat on coming in.) And he did so. He walked in before them all with his shoes on.

Nicholson did not appear to take any notice of it and went on with the meeting; but at the end of it, just as they were all leaving, he suddenly stopped Mehtab Singh, and ordered the others to wait. He then reprimanded him for his insolence, and ordered him to take off his shoes then and there and to walk out with them in his hand before all the other chiefs. And so he had to go, hanging his head with shame, disgraced and humbled by the firmness of the British ruler.

This makes a good subject for a display.

Scene in a great tent or hall in India.

Nicholson (with a black beard), in a dark suit, sitting on a throne in the centre, with several British and native officers in red tunics grouped behind him. Native princes, seated in chairs in semi-circle to either side of him, all with white socks or bare feet, except Mehtab Singh, who has black shoes on, put out well before him for all to see.

Nicholson rises, signs to the chiefs that they may go.

All rise and bow to him, with both hands to the forehead.

As they turn to go he stops them.

'Stay, gentlemen, one moment. I have a matter with you, Mehtab Singh! Thou camest here intent to show contempt for me, who represent your Queen. But you forget that you are dealing with a Briton—one of that band who never brooks an insult even from an equal, much less from a native of this land. Were I a common soldier it would be the same; a Briton, even though alone, amongst a

thousand of your kind, shall be respected, though it brought about his death. That's how we hold the world. To plot against your master brings but trouble on yourself. Take off those shoes.'



Mehtab Singh

Face—Dark rouge, not black. Dress—Big turban, coloured dressing-gown and girdle, white socks, and black shoes.

[Mehtab starts, draws himself up, and glares at Nicholson angrily.]

Nicholson [very quietly and deliberately]—'Take—off—those—shoes.' [Points at them.]

A pause. Mehtab looks round as if for help, takes a step towards

Nicholson, but catches his eye, and stops. He sinks slowly on one knee, head down, and slowly takes off his shoes.

Rises, keeping his head down, slowly turns—Nicholson still pointing—and walks slowly out, shoes in hand.

[If a longer scene is required Nicholson might then address the chiefs on the might of Britain, which, though a small country, is all powerful for good of the world, and so he, as representing her, stands one among them for the good of the whole. And that if they want peace and prosperity they themselves must be loyal and true to the hand that is arranging it. Nicholson's words are splendidly rendered in the poem by Henry Newbolt.]