

which drip vile hypocrisy and dishonor. They brand this age as the age of cannibalism of the souls as well as the bodies of helpless victims. What are they? They are figures taken from ten average pay envelopes of employes of the textile mills at Lawrence, Mass., where the great power of a great State and of a great nation stands ready to shoot and bayonet our brothers who protest too much against degradation and misery being fastened upon them and their children forever. Ten poor, little soiled pay envelopes sent to the writer's desk. And printed on their backs is the superlative sarcasm of a big bank—"Do not spend all your income"—society's, civilization's favorite prescription for the hellish wrong of it all!

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## RELATED THINGS

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#### IT WAS NOT MEANT TO BE.

For The Public.

My heart grows chill at the world of ill  
That lies on every hand,  
Like sands of stone over treasure prone,  
In the waste of a golden strand.

For the fathers work till in pain they shirk,  
And in stupor their misery rests,  
While the mothers weep, and the children keep  
The visions of grief in their breasts.

"As the perfume blows from the lips of the rose,  
As the sunshine and rain from the sky,  
From the heart of man"—says the wonderful plan—  
"Let the message of happiness fly."

Then I charge you strong—ye righters of wrong—  
To unravel this riddle of fate,  
Lest we reach the road where we lighten the load,  
In exhaustion, and conquer too late.

THORWALD SIEGFRIED.



### THE BOY SCOUTS.

From an Article by Dan Beard, National Scout Commissioner, in the Review of Reviews  
for October, 1911.

Some husky men in their shirt sleeves were pitching quoits, when one of the players somehow lost his balance just as he was about to make a pitch. In his struggle to save himself, his body swung round in a half circle, he flung his arms out to balance himself, and the iron ring flew off at a tangent, gyrating through the air, landing in the midst of a merry group of picnickers, who were eating their lunch from a cloth spread on the grass.

There was a shrill scream, and a young woman threw up her hands and fell backward on the sward, with an ugly gash in her head from which the red blood flowed profusely. The other wom-

en screamed shrilly too, either out of sympathy or because it was the only thing they knew how to do in such an emergency.

The men joined the crowd and elbowed and jostled one another, stupidly, helplessly staring at the victim of the accident, at the same time shutting off all fresh air from the now unconscious girl.

No one knew what to do; the accident was unlooked for, unusual, and, hence they were unprepared. A small boy not over twelve years of age in a khaki suit, a modified cowboy's hat, and with a bag like a canvas haversack hanging by a strap over his shoulders, was attracted by the commotion, and, boy-fashion, wormed his way through the crowd. He was not excited, nor nonplussed; he looked calmly around at the crowd, and, in the even voice of one accustomed to being obeyed, gave the command to "Stand back and give this woman air."

Without question and without realizing their own absurdly ignominious position, the people quietly obeyed, and at a respectful distance watched the small boy stanch the blood, close the gaping lips of the wound, apply the antiseptics, and, with the deftness of an expert surgeon, bind up the head with bandages. He even administered a restorative, and then as the young woman sat up, blinking at the crowd, the boy, a lad of a few words, said, "Now take this woman home." A minute more and the little figure had mingled with the crowd and disappeared.

It was not until it was all over that anyone thought to ask who had so masterfully taken charge of the situation, and efficiently rendered first aid to the injured.

At first there was no answer, and then another lad with the same sort of a campaign hat answered, "Oh, him? Why he's one of the Boy Scouts of America. He belongs to Mr. Sutton's troop. He passed such a bully examination on first aid that the patrol made him the 'toter' of the first-aid kit. What does B. P. stand for? Oh, that means 'Be Prepared.'" With that the youth saluted and retired to join his friends.

This incident happened in the Keystone State. Similar instances are happening all over.

Such incidents are typical of the spirit which the Boy Scout movement seeks to arouse in the boys. Its threefold aim of strengthening the body, training the mind, and building up the character, is based upon the practical idea of leading a boy to be thorough, honorable and alert in his play and to be thoughtful of others.

The Scout activities appeal to the boys because they include innumerable things which their heroes of fiction and history have done. In place of trying to force the boys to conform to the artificial ideas and standards of the adults, evolved by adults who lead artificial lives, *we go to the boys themselves*, find out the real things which interest

them, the fundamental causes for their activities, the kind of men that make heroes for them, and then we endeavor to show them how they can derive entertainment in natural boyish ways; how they can emulate the remarkable virtues of such real boy's heroes as the picturesque groups of remarkable persons developed by our frontier, whom we call the Buckskin Knights—such men as Jonathan Chapman (Appleseed Johnny), a follower of Emanuel Swedenborg's teachings; the daredevil Simon Kenton, a devout Methodist; the greatest scout that ever lived, Daniel Boone, of Quaker ancestors, whose whole life was influenced by the precepts of the Friends; the great pathfinder, Marquette, a priest of the Roman Catholic Church; Abraham Lincoln, a product of the frontier; George Washington, the foundation of whose remarkable character was built in the wilderness among the Buckskin men.

The boys by becoming Scouts have an opportunity to learn woodcraft, gain knowledge of birds and trees, learn the secrets of the woods, to swim, paddle a canoe and do many other things boys love to do. At all times they have over them a Scoutmaster, whose credentials have been approved and who is really their physical, mental and character trainer. He watches over them and guides them in their play and their various activities, trains them in alertness, self-reliance, and other Scout virtues. His aim is to turn out useful, self-reliant, alert, honest citizens.

The idea of Scoutcraft appeals strongly to our youth. It is not a religious movement, although all religions indorse it, for we take the middle of the road and go no farther than the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. It is not a military movement, for militarism is conspicuous by its absence; it is not nature study, for there are hundreds of societies devoted entirely to that subject which are unknown to fame; it is not athletic, for there are thousands of unknown athletic associations; it is not woodcraft. It is all these things and more put in a way that strikes the boys as manly and helpful.

The Scout "Oath" or promise says: "On my honor I will do my best—1 To do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the Scout law; 2. To help other people at all times; 3. To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight." The Scout law has twelve planks, and if a boy obeys them he will be an excellent Scout. The points are—1. A Scout is trustworthy. 2. A Scout is loyal. 3. A Scout is helpful. 4. A Scout is friendly. 5. A Scout is courteous. 6. A Scout is kind. 7. A Scout is obedient. 8. A Scout is cheerful. 9. A Scout is thrifty. 10. A Scout is brave. 11. A Scout is clean. 12. A Scout is reverent.

The prominent men interested in this movement represent all shades of political and religious

beliefs. There are peace men, sitting elbow to elbow with famous war heroes, but whatever their individual faiths may be all these men are honestly, sincerely and deeply interested in the welfare of the American boy. They are fully aware of the fact that all boys are naturally democrats, hence it is that rich or poor, Catholic, Protestant, Jew or Gentile, Republican, Democrat, Insurgent, or Socialist, they are all proud to be called Scouts. The activities of the boys are as varied as their fancies.

Scouting is typically and intensely American. It is safe to say that no full-grown man can appreciate the real meaning to the youth of the United States of the word Scout, unless that person is in full sympathy with American institutions, tradition and history, and familiar with the potential power, manly self-respect, personal integrity and personal dignity only to be realized under a republican form of government, the only form of government that has no tendencies to make menials of its citizens.

The Boy Scouts have nothing to do with war, and their Scoutcraft has no more connection with it than has the hunter's knowledge of woodcraft and the lone trapper's ability to take care of himself under all and any conditions. War with the old scouts was not of their own seeking, but incidental to the life they led. War with the Boy Scouts is not talked of, prepared for, or considered in their training; the whole aim of the society is to make them clear-eyed, clean-limbed, clear-minded, efficient, manly boys and ultimately good citizens.



### THE MOLLYCODDLE.

S. E. Kiser in the Chicago Record-Herald of February 27.

The Mollycoddle's heart is sore.

"Once more" he sadly sighs,

"We'll hear that two and two are four,  
That folly is unwise.

"With strenuousness let loose,

"Twill be our daily lot

To hear that stones yield little juice,  
That heat is always hot.

"We shall be told in thunder tones

That wrong cannot be right,

That jelly hasn't any bones,  
That black is never white.

"And when these platitudes are heard

We'll have to show surprise,

As if a god spoke every word,"  
The Mollycoddle sighs.



In the meantime, the price of kerosene, like Henry George's famous thought, still mounts.—Chicago Tribune.