

## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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## The Man Who Tried to Save the World

Mr. Wilson's strength is broken, and he cannot resume his place in America's life.

WHEN we look back on the history of the world a few great figures stand out. The countless multitude goes by and their names are forgotten; but a few shine like the stars.

On the roll of these immortals a great name has been written in our time. For a thousand years men will tell the tale of the last thousand days in Europe, and the shining figure through them all will be Woodrow Wilson.

He was the head of the greatest, proudest, richest nation in the world, and the hour came for him to decide whether the peace of America should be broken on that tragic wheel of fate that was breaking Europe. When there was no other way to save mankind he threw America in the scale and turned the tide of victory for the children of liberty who were weary of the war.

His vision splendid, his clear trumpet calls to the sense of duty in the heart of man, his dauntless stand for what is eternally right and not for what is at present convenient, gave hope to just men everywhere. The spirit of Lincoln and Cromwell was in him, and he talked in Paris, it was said, as if he had come straight from Galilee.

He who was guiltless of the war tried to make it all worth while. He tried to save for you and me, and for all who are to come, some priceless jewel from this wreckage of the world. When Militarism was gasping to begin again, he sowed the seed of the League of Nations, the only hope that this world has, the hope that will blossom in fulfilment and become the pride of all mankind when Militarism lies where the Kaiser is.

And then Mr. Wilson went home, to find the powers of evil entrenched in his own land, and once again in the story of the world the prophet was stoned in his own country. The fears and jealousies of some men, the ignorance and doubt of others, set a great barrier in Mr. Wilson's path, and his last fight among his own people has overcome his strength.

He lives on, but his great days are over. The great days of a conqueror they were, and whatever record of them leaps to light he never shall be shamed. We whose strength is left will remember him as long as we have breath, and will set up, as the noblest monument upon the earth, that power for which he gave the strength of his body and mind, the League of Nations.

One sows and others reap, but he who sows good seed shall reap his harvest at the hands of God.

A. M.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London  
above the hidden waters of the ancient River  
Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



Ah!

WE hope it will be a long time before the Prince of Wales is King, but we hope that tale is true of what he will do when he is.

When he was a tiny boy, the story says, he was thinking deeply one day, as a young boy will, and he suddenly said: "When I become King, the first thing I shall do will be to stop sin."

He will find it hard, but when God wants a hard thing done, says Milton, he tells it to his Englishman, and our Prince is truly an Englishman.

## The Poet at the Hunt

MR. FISHER, our splendid Minister of Education, believes in saving minutes. He has just been telling a story of a country squire out hunting who would pull out his little copy of Dante when the hounds slowed down; learn a few lines by heart, and take up the pursuit again.

We would rather he had stayed at home with Dante, but if a man must hunt he is all the better for taking Dante with him.

## The C.N. Goes to Church

MANY of our readers send us note of preachers who take the Children's Newspaper into the pulpit.

We are always glad to go to church. We would warn our wise preachers, however, not to announce that they are going to preach from the Children's Newspaper, or they may have to do what a popular preacher in Philadelphia is doing every Sunday just now, putting up this notice outside his church to keep the people away, "Please come to church only once on Sunday."

Personally, however, we like overcrowded churches better than overcrowded slums.

## Man Cannot Live by Bread Alone

AMONG all the pitiful news that comes from Austria stand out those ancient, solemn words, "Man cannot live by bread alone."

For what is the most remarkable fact about Austria at this moment? It is that the one wealth she has to save her from perishing is her works of art. By selling two pictures only she could buy bread until the next harvest comes.

That is a wondrous thing. We do well to love beautiful things, to put up great statues in our streets, to set up noble buildings, to fill our galleries with lovely pictures, for of such things are the realms of gold.

The most splendid city in Europe was Vienna, with treasure piled on treasure, with a pride in her art that few cities could rival; and in this dark hour when all else fails her—when princes and principalities and powers and pleasures are gone—the beautiful things her artists made are the only things she can sell for bread.

Our poet Keats was right. *A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.*

## John Joyce of Datchet

THERE was the stuff that England is made of in an Englishman who died the other day.

He was driving a loaded cart for his master when he fell off the shafts into the roadway, where he lay dying when assistance came. He could only speak a word or two as they carried him off to die, and what he said was: "Look after the stuff on the cart."

Now he is with Jack Cornwell wherever heroes go, and we gladly send his name into every school in the United Kingdom. He was John Joyce, of Datchet in Berkshire.

## Tip-Cat

A NEWS heading announces "German dyes for Britain." This is an attempt to hoist the German colours again.

Who toils not, neither does he spin? The man at the top.

Sir Albert Stanley describes London as "the greatest city on wheels." So something should be on the turn.

For uncle's wife: The ante-room.

When Parliament meets, a new Milk Bill is to be introduced. This will worry people who can't afford even to pay the old one.

They are complaining that many museums are still occupied by War Office officials. But what are museums for?

Mr. Lloyd George tells us "there is no Russia." Then why so much ado about nothing?

A put-up job: The housing scheme.

One ton of coal in the shed is worth nine in the mines.

We are told we must set Central Europe on its feet. It has no heads left to stand on.

## We Should Like to Know

WHY the non-stop trains on the Underground stop at all stations.

## Young for Ever

THANKS be to that good friend of ours who says that not merely children, but mothers and old men, are richer and wiser for the Children's Newspaper, and who hopes we may live through many New Years, but may never grow up. "I wish you perennial childhood," he says; and so do we. When we grow old we shall die.

## A Prayer for the Honest Life

I pray not that  
Men tremble at  
My power of place  
And lordly sway;  
I only pray for simple grace  
To look my neighbour in the face  
Full honestly from day to day.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

## Londonettes

By a Country Girl

THE shop window was filled with tortoiseshell and gold fittings for the dressing-case.

Electric light blazed on the display of luxury like a vulgar halo. One or two fur-clad women stared at it almost with awe. Presently came two workmen.

"Well," said one, after a prolonged scrutiny, "I don't know what to give my old woman for her birthday, but I don't see anything I fancy here."

WE were packed like sardines in the Underground lift, and when a lady said "John!" to a decrepit old gentleman, the boy in front started and turned.

He blushed, but the old gentleman laughed at his confusion, and the boy grinned. As we descended he kept stealing a glance, smiling, and looking away, while the old gentleman beamed.

The boy who shared his name was small, pale, ragged, ugly, and jolly all at once. He looked as if he would be the hero of his brothers and sisters, and his mother's right hand. On his shoulder he carried a huge bale, and I felt he was proud of it, proud of being a wage-earner and a man of the world.

The old gentleman put his hand in his pocket, and I became excited. Would it be sixpence? I could imagine the sweets the boy would take home, or the sickness he would get from cigarettes; or the tremendous moments he would have at the pictures, when suddenly—you remember the fable of the dairymaid who counted her chickens when they were still breakable eggs . . . ?

*The lift stopped with a sudden bump, the boy staggered, and the bale pitched on to the old gentleman's toes . . .*

IN one of the narrowest side turnings out of Piccadilly I saw a shabby little boy, about six, who was running along singing to himself, and quite lost in his play. You could see he was an Arab chief or a Red Indian as he splashed through the puddles.

I stood watching, and he was some way from me when I saw a telegraph messenger-girl approaching him, and, almost at the same time, a taxi-cab swung round the corner behind him.

The girl messenger sprang forward, seized the child, and held him back against the wall. As soon as the car was gone he wriggled from her grasp, and resumed his game.

The girl walked on, replying to my glance with a smile, and saying: "Thinks he's the Lord Mayor, he does! Wants the whole road to himself!"

IN London you are always catching snatches of drama as you walk through the streets, odds-and-ends that make you want to hear the whole play, and know the history of the actors.

Late at night I saw two men "having a row," and several men listening to them; for in London people gather to a "row" as in the country fowls gather to the rattle of the corn-bin lid.

As I passed I saw that one of the two men, who did not look like a gentleman, was very prosperously dressed. The other, who was standing in the gutter, had a back so bent as to appear deformed, and he was shrunken and old and shabby. Under his arm he carried a violin.

On his head he wore a skull cap. I heard him say, looking very earnestly up at the other, "Well, I know I'm poor; but I'd rather be afflicted with poverty than with ignorance!"



PETER PUCK  
WANTS TO KNOW  
Where the Old Year  
has gone to