

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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Waiting for the Pony

EVERYBODY knows that it is a bad thing for us to have everything we want and even worse probably to get it easily.

Grenfell of Labrador tells us somewhere that one of the things he and his brothers most eagerly wanted as children was a pony. Their father gave them, instead, a small allowance, and opened banking accounts for them. The money they saved was called pony money, and he added to it from time to time. They thus had the excitement of helping the fund to grow and the eager looking forward to the time when they could buy the pony. In the end, the animal came as a gift.

Though Grenfell the boy doubtless thought his father had odd ideas, Grenfell the man says he was very good and wise. It was, he says, quite a great idea to keep them waiting, for we all value the things we wait for. There is not a little joy in having to save up for something and then go forth, having won through, to make the triumphant purchase. That may seem merely the ridiculous idea of a grown-up, but even grown-ups may be wise.

There is another advantage in learning to wait for things. We shall find in life lots of delays and postponements. Life is by no means always in as big a hurry to give us things as we are to receive them. We may imagine that the moment we leave school the world will step aside and make way for us. Usually it does not. We have to learn to labour and to wait. It is an asset to have learned it early.

Great men have had to wait; year after year some of them starved for the bread of appreciation. Wordsworth and Browning, it has been said, wrote for thirty years without earning enough to buy them porridge. They saw smaller men pass to the front and win earlier and easier rewards. But their day came at last. Once, when the crowd pressed about Browning with wild enthusiasm, someone asked him if he minded it. "Mind it?" he asked; "I like it; I have waited forty years for it."

Not to be able to wait may be a tragic handicap. The case of Bizet is a classical example. He had composed the famous opera Carmen. It was his greatest work. Its poor reception broke Bizet's heart. Three years after his death Carmen was triumphantly staged in England. If only the composer had learned to wait, how much happier had been the issue.

It is wise not to grumble over-much at those delays which give us a chance of learning the great lesson that the good things of this world are ever and always well worth waiting for.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Twas in Trafalgar Square

WE hear a good story which matches Punch's story of the lady driver who, on being asked why she did not signal, said there was no signal for what she wanted to do! Our story happens to be true.

There was a terrific hold-up in Trafalgar Square; it seemed as if the cars and buses and lorries and vans could never be disentangled. But the good policeman smiled through it all, and when it was over nodded to the lady driver who had been the cause of all the trouble and said to us: "Would you believe it? I told her she should have been on the other side and she said, *Yes, I know, but there wasn't any room.*"

The Speedometer

WE were glad the other day to see a speedometer on which we could nearly read the figures! The motor trade is getting on. It has taken just a quarter of a century to see the sense of a windscreen made of one piece of glass instead of two. Perhaps in 25 years more every car will have a readable speedometer.

Mr. Smith

WE have very much sympathy with old Mr. Smith whom a friend of ours came upon in a Yorkshire village. He was looking very well, and the friend of the C.N. could not refrain from saying she had never seen him looking better.

And Mr. Smith agreed that he was never better. "Oh, yes, ma'am, I am very well, but I am getting a bit worried. You see, I saved a bit of money for my old age, and I am afraid it is not going to last out."

Old age has its blessings, but good health has its trials; yet we hope, all the same, that Mr. Smith's good health will keep company with his good spirits for many New Years to come.

Everything is Getting Better

IF a bad man wants to join the Navy today he may try as hard as he likes, and he will not get in. The Navy is as particular as the Police Force about the character of its recruits.

But a hundred years ago a newspaper was rejoicing because a notorious rogue had been sentenced to "five years servitude in the Royal Navy." He was a smuggler of Bognor; and smugglers were violent, drunken, treacherous, and dishonest.

Times have changed indeed. We have come up from days when to serve in the Navy was a punishment to days when it is a high honour.

The Noontide of Peace

O Eternal God, rise with Thy morning upon our souls, quicken all our labour and our prayer, and when all else declines let the noontide of Thy grace and peace remain.

Herodotus at the Station

HERODOTUS, it seems, greatly exaggerated; Xerxes had not a fighting army of millions in the field at Thermopylae.

Perhaps not, but what interests us at the moment about Herodotus is that there are people to whom he is still more interesting than the best-seller. We cannot refrain from recalling a little story one of our popular judges told us the other night.

He lives an hour's train journey out of town, and as he must take care of his eyes he does not try them with the vibration of a running train. But he can read when the train is waiting, and he must be one of the few passengers who like the stations. After six months on this train he has read through Herodotus during the stops!

Tip-Cat

IN ten years there will be five million motor-cars on the road, they say. On the road to where?

MANY M.P.s are said to be musical. Their favourite instrument is believed to be the mouth-organ.

WE are advised by an oculist not to read when travelling by rail.

Always a mistake to read too much between the lines.

MODERN men, a contemporary notes, still have easily hurt feelings. Perhaps they do not like to part with them.

MR. LANSBURY can see no difference in himself when he puts on a frock coat.

He ought to change his tailor.

A NEW book is entitled Trouble. It is hoped that everybody will ask for it.

WHY is it, writes a traveller, that the English do really shine among nations? Perhaps they are light headed.

THE new skirts which are to make women look taller are described as the height of fashion.

NADIR KHAN of Afghanistan is trying Prohibition. Nadir Khan if any man can.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

THE Corporation of London has given £525 toward rebuilding Dr. Barnardo's Homes at Stepney.

BOY Scouts planted 80,000 trees in New York State last year.

A MANCHESTER man who has prospered after a struggle entertained 6000 struggling people at Christmas.

Fair Haven

Lady Fairhaven has given to the nation Runnymede, where Magna Carta was signed in 1215.

RUNNYMEDE for England!
English barons said,
Golden was the meadow,
June was overhead,
Silver shone the water,
Silver shone the spears,
While the rushes shuddered
Like a tyrant's fears.

JOHN rode out from Windsor
All in rich array,
In the kingcup meadow
Stood the king at bay,
Stern the faces round him,
Vain his threat or plea,
So he signed the Charter,
So was England free.

RUNNYMEDE for England!
Says a voice today,
Sacred field of freedom
Be thou green for aye,
Free from brick and mortar,
Free from booth or toll,
Thou that wast the birthplace
Of the English soul.

The Brave Lady

By the Country Girl

OFTEN I met her in the country lanes, with a great bunch of wild flowers or berries, according to the time of year. Her hair was grey, but her blue eyes danced, and smiles came readily to her rosy face.

Then I heard her story. She was the eldest of a country parson's fourteen children. She mothered all her brothers and sisters and all the children in the parish. Nothing delighted her so much as getting up a children's party or packing a little basket with surprises and treats for a small person suffering from mumps and measles. All her life was passed like that.

Suddenly came a change. Her income dwindled into a pittance. The beloved maids must go. The old house must go. She must learn to clean flues and wash saucepans. She must not give any more children's parties. She must turn beggars from the door. She must try to earn her living by letting rooms to strangers, although she was not strong enough to wait upon others.

Those rosy cheeks are a sign of fever, not health. She has had several operations. But she holds her head high, keeps her little home spotless, pays her way, and smiles at the world.

The world, loving courage, smiles back. She said the other day: "Such a beautiful thing has just happened. The coal merchant has sent me a present of logs. He said he hoped I would not be offended, but he had seen no smoke coming from my chimney, and he did not like to think of me without a fire in this bitter weather.

"Of course," she added hastily, "I told him I was using an oil stove when it was really necessary. But wasn't it beautiful?"

Yes, dear lady. And you are beautiful too.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If musical composers like living in flats