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SPEECH WAITING FOR A PRIME MINISTER

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THESE HARD DAYS OF THE WORLD

AMERICA'S NEW CRISIS

Is Money Secure Under the
Stars and Stripes?

HARD TASK OF MR ROOSEVELT

A novel has recently been written by a realistic writer, Miss Catherine Brody and Mr Sinclair Lewis, of America, has been calling attention to it.

This book has the ironical title *Nobody Starves*, and describes an appalling tragedy which comes into the lives of a young husband and wife, both workers in Detroit and the neighbouring town of "Micmac." They are employed in motor works, and by careful saving buy a car, the ambition of all workmen there.

A Terrible Tale

The slump comes and no car, no property, no savings have any value. The hard, material, machine-made prosperity built up by soul-destroying tasks disappears, and want stalks through the towns of Michigan.

It is a terrible tale, but the terrible thing is that we have just had convincing evidence that it is a true story of what is happening in this centre of the world's most modern motor-car industry at this moment.

Suddenly the other day over 500 banks in the State of Michigan closed their doors, so that neither workers, nor tradesmen, nor employers could draw out the money they had placed for safety in them.

The newspapers called it a Bank Holiday, as ironical a phrase as the title of Miss Brody's novel.

To add to the irony this holiday began on the anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birthday, and was fixed to last till the legal holiday celebrating the birthday of George Washington.

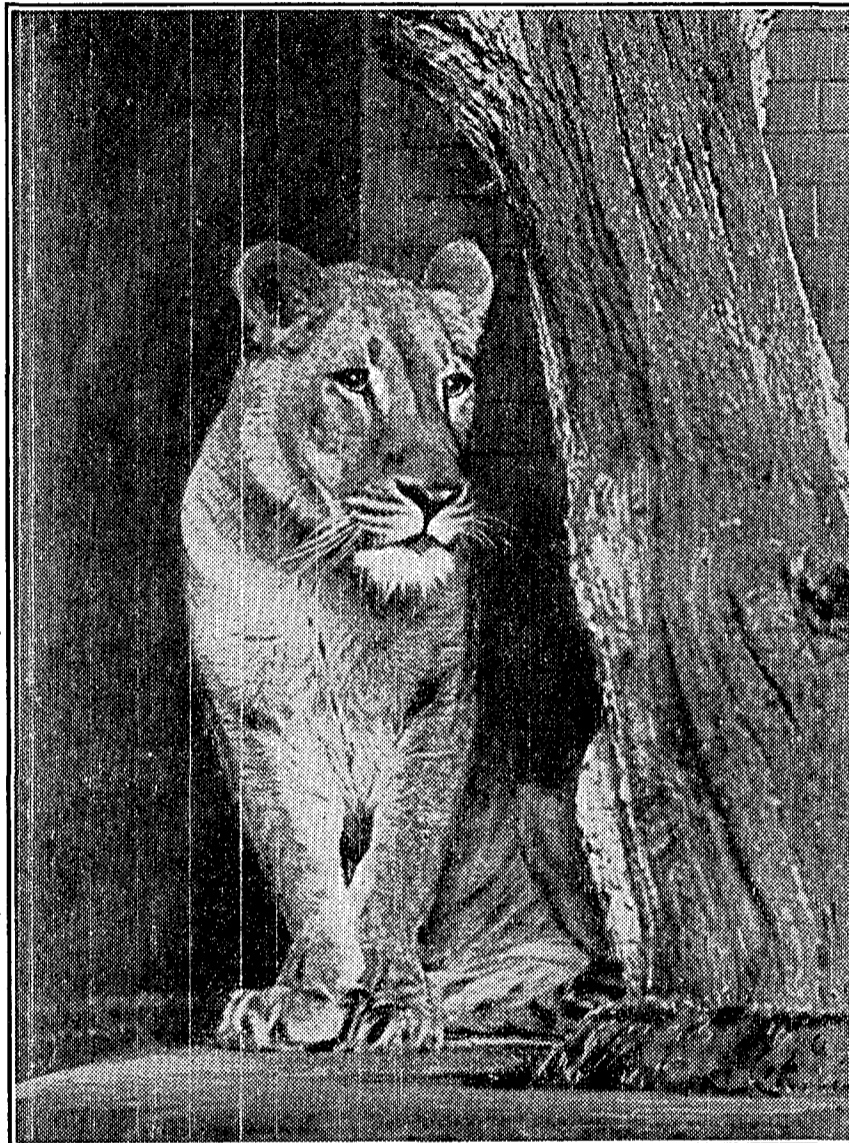
What would these builders of America's greatness and freedom have thought of it, we wonder.

Why the Banks Were Closed

The closing of the banks was ordered by the Governor of the State of Michigan owing to the critical position of one of the biggest banks in Detroit. Before he took this drastic step he had consulted with the National Banking authorities and he acted as he did to prevent financial crises in neighbouring States.

While the Michigan Governor was deciding what to do the Senate Finance Committee was sitting, and Mr Baruch was declaring that there was only a thin veil of popular tranquillity between America and disaster; and when the news arrived at the House of Representatives next door, Mr Garner, the Speaker, declared with a break in his voice that there was no place under the flag (Old Glory) where a man could

Who Goes There?



Something seems to have attracted the attention of Juno, the lioness at the London Zoo, when the C.N. photographer took this picture the other day. Was it the familiar sound of her keeper's approach?

deposit a hundred thousand dollars with certainty that he could get it back when he wanted it.

The truth would seem to be that the country with most of the world's gold in its vaults is on the edge of a financial crisis far worse in many ways than that we, on this side the Atlantic, met and mastered 18 months ago.

There is serious alarm throughout America, and this crisis in Michigan could hardly have occurred at a more disturbing place, for all eyes have been gazing on the efficiency of Detroit for ten years. Detroit, in fact, has been a symbol of success, a Zion of the industrial worker. The farmers out West and the cotton-growers down South had been ejected from their wide acres, but the debt payments from Europe were ensuring the real industrial workers their living. Have they, after all, been living in a fool's paradise?

It seems, alas! that they have, and of the two remedies their leaders are proposing only one can relieve them. It is not the doctrine of *Ourselves*

alone, but the policy of world cooperation, which is, we are sure, at the back of Mr Roosevelt's mind.

Our own country can do more than any other to help America in this crisis, and here lies the hope of the world. In addition to the debt question, other economic questions are to be discussed between the English and the American Governments, a concession on our part entirely in the right direction.

Is there another concession we can make to relieve a trade situation on which, though she does not say so, America must feel deeply? Can we not take steps to interest our own Dominions in the future trade relations between ourselves and America, and all get together, lowering tariffs all round, and consequently starting trade moving, modifying the Ottawa agreements which tie our hands?

At any rate, our only policy is to make things as easy as possible for the new President in his fight with the isolation policy which is still very much alive across the Atlantic.

FROM THE GREAT CHIEFS OF THE WORLD

THE LEAGUE MAN AND THE WARRING TRIBES

How He Settled the Quarrels
of 23 Enemies

PEACE ON THE EDGE OF A RAZOR

A High Commissioner was sent by the Council of the League of Nations to Liberia not long ago to make inquiries on the spot into certain irregularities; and he went out with the hope that he could settle things.

When he arrived, however, he found the Liberian Government at cross purposes with the native tribes. Some of these tribes were hostile to the Government and most of them were hostile to one another. In many cases, indeed, the women and children had fled and were actually starving.

A Triumph of Character

The Commissioner therefore went up-country, taking with him two unarmed policemen. Having arrived in the Hinterland he called together the Paramount Chiefs of the warring tribes. They came to the number of 23; and they did not come alone, but brought their guards with them because they dare not trust one another.

The Commissioner wondered how to describe himself, and, his commission being from the League of Nations, he hit on the idea of telling the Chiefs that he himself had been sent to them by the Council of the Great Paramount Chiefs of the World.

When the Chiefs came into his compound they wanted to bring their guards with them; but the Commissioner decided that all guards must be left outside. He said they need not fear, for *he would protect them*. Here was a fine act—a white man with two policemen telling the Chiefs of 23 warring tribes that he would protect them, and that they must send their guards away! They obeyed him. It was the victory of character over violence.

A Supreme Test

For two days they talked. One Chief was told to give back two canoes; another so many oxen; and so on through two whole days of wearisome details; but at last they were all ready to agree to peace.

Then came the signing of ratification. According to the custom of Liberia each Chief in turn ate some cocoa powder, *held out to him on the edge of a razor*, the razor being held in the hand of his principal enemy.

Here was a chance for the enemy to cut his throat on the spot; and the trust of the Chief whose turn it was to lick off the powder from the edge of the razor was truly a remarkable thing.