

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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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



Good Business

By The Pilgrim

WE did a good stroke of business the other day.

A timid knock came to the back door, and we opened it to find someone hawking Crown Derby in a wheelbarrow. We dislike hawkers, but we had to listen to this one, for he had golden hair and blue eyes, and a most disarming smile. "Please do you want any pots today?" he asked.

We could have the two cups for a penny, and the plate was a penny too. Without hesitation we bought the lot. It appeared to us that there was a sudden slump in Crown Derby.

"Thank you very much," said the hawker. "I'm trying to get pennies for my mummie. She says she has to go down on her bended knees to get a penny from my daddie."

Off he went, a little chap of four, trundling his wheelbarrow and singing to himself.

Happily the Crown Derby was none the worse, and we were able to return it to the hawker's mother. Very glad she was to get the pots safely back in the china cupboard.

Melody Triumphant

So the Blue Danube Waltz has recorded its seventieth birthday!

With the Barcarolle from Tales of Hoffmann and many other melodies from the brain of Johann Strauss, it lives on to charm succeeding generations.

What has our generation done that melody seems to be denied to so many modern composers? We find a musical critic telling us that music must embody *thought*. We take leave to assure him that there is no more thought or learning in the Blue Danube Waltz than in a red rose or a white daisy. Melody is the heart of music, and the pretentious composers (or compilers) of long musical exercises, in which no note seems to be related to any other, are guiltless of melody because they lack the genius to give it. The great musicians were great melodists. Those who lack the all-essential quality should turn to economics or statistics, or bricklaying or gardening, or anything else enabling them to produce learned problems and exercises in mental agility.

A Prayer For Each One of Us

Almighty God, in whose hands are the mountains and the seas, and all the power of the rushing, mighty wind, in Thy gentleness I put my trust, on Thy forgiveness I depend, in Thee, and in Thee only, I find myself.

Grant that I may live so close to Thee that Thy strength and grace may ever abound in me, and that through my life others may feel Thy power flowing in them as a tide of new life, lifting them above the wreckage of Time and the cares of common days, and bearing them ever toward the sun of Thy abiding peace.

The Good We Do

The good we do today becomes The happiness of tomorrow.

Hindu proverb

The World is Mad

WHILE we are still attempting to digest the staggering fact that this country intends to spend a million pounds a day on tools for war in the next five years, an analysis of the world armament situation shows even more clearly the state we are in—*we* meaning the human race.

The world last year spent three times as much on preparations for war as in 1914. It spent £2200,000,000, or £7,000,000 each working day. This year the sum will be greater. Italy and Japan have both pushed their expenses for arms up to half the total national budget.

We are building up Army and Navy and Air Force; Germany has reconstructed her Army, has 108 warships built or building, an Air Force of 2000 planes, and her entire industrial plant organised for war.

In 1935 France was behaving fairly reasonably, but the next year her war budget jumped by 60 per cent. This year's budget is up another 33 per cent. The conscription term has been put back to two years. She is turning out military aeroplanes at the rate of 1500 a year.

Italy is able to call up every able-bodied man from 21 to 55. She has 1200 factories working a 60-hour week on armaments.

Russia, seeing her Baltic ports threatened by the growing German Fleet, and her other frontier 6000 miles away menaced by Japan's increasing power, has created an Air Force superior to that of any in Europe, with 5000 planes. In three years her defence budget has been multiplied by ten. One-fifth of Russia's expenditure goes for arms.

And all this in time of peace! In the days when man had no other weapon than the club to defend himself with warfare was a far less costly business than today. In the world war it cost £5000 for each man killed, and there were 10,000,000 of them.

It is clear that if the present preparedness schemes on foot throughout the world bear the same bitter fruit the price per man killed must rise to £15,000. Yet in all other departments of life mechanical advances reduce unit costs. Why in the department of death do they raise them? The unit cost of the next war can only be kept at a reasonable figure if it wipes out the entire human race.

Why not let us all have a Big Economy Move and wipe out war instead? Think of having £7,000,000 a day to spend on making life saner, richer, and more beautiful for the plain people of this world!

An Empire Cabinet?

THE C.N. is glad to see the suggestion of a Dominions member of the Cabinet.

As there are obvious difficulties in such a case, would it not be possible to establish an Empire Cabinet which would consist of the existing British Cabinet plus four—the representatives of Canada, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand?

The Minority

THE apathy of the elector continues. At the L.C.C. elections less than 43 per cent of the electors went to the poll. In every 100 electors, that is, 57 favoured with their votes no candidate whatever.

The new L.C.C. thus represents a minority of the electors in London.

In Parliament, we observe, the number of members voting in important divisions is often hardly more than half the membership of the House. Even so, those who vote do not always listen to the debates.

The Absentee Voter may be said to match the Absentee M.P.

Is It Worth While?

MANY of the millions who vote for members of the House of Commons to make laws for the nation would be interested in a remark by a judge on the bench the other day. He begged counsel not to read an Act of Parliament because *he could not understand it*.

It seems a pity to pay M.P.s to pass laws which people must obey at the risk of their liberty, but which even the judge who must administer them cannot understand.

Why?

I CAN never understand why the toastmaster should say, My Lords and Gentlemen. I cannot fathom why British peers cannot be considered gentlemen.

Lord Rosebery

Relativity

NEVER let us be ashamed to say we do not understand. The wise man is he who is always wondering and wanting to know.

Therefore we welcome these words of Sir Joseph Thomson, one of our wisest men:

The theory of Relativity involves much very abstruse and difficult mathematics, and there is much of it I do not profess to understand.

For ourselves, we confess, we share the difficulty of this famous scientist, and as he has been President of the Royal Society and is a professor of physics, we find some consolation in his words. It seems a great pity that Relativity cannot be expressed in terms to be grasped by a man of scientific eminence.

The Wonder of Thy Spring

IT was Whittier who gave us a verse which we may well recall at this stirring season.

O favours, every year made new!
O gifts, with rain and sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
The fullness shames our discontent.

This thought seems to have been in Arthur Christopher Benson's mind when he wrote in his springtime hymn:

The morn is fresh and bright,
The slow dark hours depart;
Let days unstained and pure delight
Bring sunshine to the heart.

Lord, touch our careless eyes;
New life, new ardours bring,
That we may read Thy mysteries,
The wonder of Thy spring.

Tip-Cat

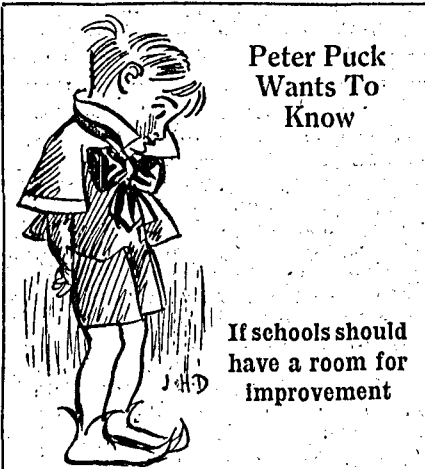
A LADY says she has had her carpet down for half a century. Can you beat it!

MANY girls go in for fencing. To avert the risk of being wallflowers.

OXFORD'S new boat has been built round the oarsmen. Knocking rowers into shape?

WHAT do the Municipal Reformers stand for? asks a reader. To get seats.

A BEGINNER soon finds his feet at the skating rink. But often loses his head.



Peter Puck Wants To Know

If schools should have a room for improvement

THAMES Flood Conference, says a headline. It won't be a dry meeting.

SOME modern plays start well but don't quite come off, says a critic. And they don't keep on.

A LONDON man says his big moustache has helped him to get a living. He has always been able to make both ends meet.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

NO toy pistols are now allowed to be sold in South Africa.

DR BARNARDO'S received 138 homeless children into their Homes last month.

THE chief museums at South Kensington are to be open until eight.

JUST AN IDEA

Do you remember what Philip Gibbs said? The war destroyed the work of a thousand years. It killed all the efforts of mankind to reach a higher stage of intelligence. Now we are back in the Jungle.