

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 65 Week Ending
JUNE 12, 1920

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Ready Every Friday 1½d.

JOSEPH PAXTON'S BIG GLASS HOUSES

SHEPHERD'S LEAP TO FAME

ARTIST FROM THE FIELDS

French Government Crowns
Him With Honour

RISE OF POOR BOYS IN ART

A new sculptor has come to Paris and has conquered at a bound. He has come from a mountain sheepfold to find his work crowned with honour. From minding sheep on the Cevennes mountains he has carried marble and chisel to the capital of his native land, and of two wonderful works from his hand the French Government has bought one, a woman's head, while the other, a faun, is attracting admiration far and near.

Such is history's way. She is repeating in the case of this French shepherd, Paul Darda, a story that occurs from time to time through all the long romantic annals of art. From the sheepfold, from the peasant cottage, from the little country mill, from the squalid shop, genius flashes out as unaccountably as a crystal spring in a barren land.

Boy Who Brought Art to Life

We forget the conquerors and merchant princes of Florence, but we remember with love and admiration that shepherd boy who gave us not only gorgeous paintings but the lovely campanile of the exquisite cathedral. The designer of that crowning glory of Italian Gothic art was the shepherd boy Giotto, who guarded his father's sheep on the hillside 650 years ago.

Barbaric invasions had overthrown Rome, laid Italy prostrate, destroyed most of her noblest buildings, and exterminated her families of artists.

Then arose Giovanni Cimabue of Florence, to paint Nature again more as she is, and Cimabue found ten-year-old Giotto minding his father's sheep, scratching a portrait of his pet lamb with a sharp stone on a rock.

He took Giotto to Florence and trained him, and the immortal shepherd brought art to life, and left in Florence monuments which all the world goes to see.

Art Triumphs in Garret and Hut

Our Francis Chantrey was so poor that he worked in a garret with a farthing candle stuck in his cap to light his first piece of sculpture. Inigo Jones began at the carpenter's bench; Grinling Gibbons starved in a hut on a marsh over his first masterpiece. Rembrandt and Constable set out as little country millers; Millet, famous for his "Angelus," was a poor peasant lad; Romney came from a carpenter's shop, and our matchless colourist, Turner, was a miserable barber's boy.

Such is a passage from the enthralling narrative that history tells us of art, the aristocracy of callings, and we wonder if the new artist from the Cevennes sheepfold is to have a future as resplendent as these wonder-men who came before him in the roll of fame.

The Happy Days Are Coming Back



A little mermaid in the sea



A little man in the Serpentine

A MILK-BILL YOU CAN PAY Tragic Appeal for London Hospital

One of the saddest results of the war has been the way in which the charities have suffered. The hospitals are in terrible straits for lack of funds.

From that fine East End institution, the London Hospital, which has done noble work for 180 years, comes an appeal by its chairman, Lord Knutsford, that might well melt a heart of stone.

All the invested funds of the hospital are pledged for current expenses, and the hospital has *no money left*.

When he wrote it could not pay its last month's milk bill, which amounted to £1252, and was keeping it back; while the bills for the next week's provisions could not be met. Here is a great and honoured institution for the relief of human suffering *broken* by the war. "We are beaten," wrote Lord Knutsford,

"beaten by the increased cost of everything—salaries, wages, food, drugs, and all that is necessary to run a great hospital."

It has been the friend of all the poor in London, open to all who would. Will you pay it back in this sad hour of its misfortune?

Will you, the happy readers of the C.N., pay this month's milk bill, which Lord Knutsford is keeping back? If only one reader in 200 would send half-a-crown to Lord Knutsford this milk bill would be paid off. Please send it to the *London Hospital, London, E.*

It was the C.N. that found Leslie's mother when the London Hospital could not; a great thing it would be if we could pay this bill, and serve once more this institution that has served us all.

HERO OF THE CLOUDS Flying Man Dies to Save a Village

THRILLING STORY OF A
"LITTLE WAR"

The papers refer to the fighting on the North-West Frontier of India as one of our "little wars." Little it may be as regards the number of troops engaged, but great and terrible in its effect, and great in the heroism it calls forth. What, for example, could be more stirring than the story that has now reached home of the death of Flight Officer Courtenay-Dunn?

During the advance of the Derajat column to Karriguran, the Force Commander ordered that the villages of the Shakai Wazirs should be bombed to disperse any forces they had ready to help the Mahsuds, our enemies.

Greater Love Hath No Man

Flight Officer Courtenay-Dunn was sent on such a raid, taking with him Sergeant Palmer as observer. On their way to Shakai the radiator of the engine began to leak, and they turned to come back, but soon it was evident that they would have to risk a landing in rough country.

The danger of such a landing was increased a hundredfold by the cargo of bombs they were carrying, and the observer asked if he should let them go. The flight officer replied, "No, don't pull them off; they will only kill some of these people, and they are not hostile. I can put her down quickly all right."

So the plane landed with its dangerous cargo on a river bed covered with large pebbles smoothed by the water. The landing was a clever one, and all seemed well until, while taxi-ing to a standstill, a rock caught one of the bombs and exploded it. Both pilot and observer were blown some twenty yards, the pilot being covered with burning petrol. Both fainted, but they recovered in a moment or so, and began to put out the flames.

Kindly Tribesmen

But the exertion was too much for them, and both fell unconscious again, and so were found by the Mahsuds. The tribesmen treated them well, and applied their own rude remedies to the officer's terrible burns. Intelligence officers heard of the incident and promptly arranged for the prisoners' return, and so the flight officer was carried on a native bedstead over the thirteen miles to Jandola Hospital.

Arrived there the wounded man recovered consciousness; but he was too badly burned to recover, and in a few hours he died—a life given in order that a few villagers unknown to him might go unharmed. *Portrait on page 12*

Darkness is Cheaper Than Light

Nottingham, which has earned the reputation of being a well-lighted city, has just decided to abolish street lighting for the next three months in order to save twopence in the pound on the rates