

## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 11 1922

## A Great Doctor Protests

WE are glad when the doctor turns crusader, and it is good to see a great physician taking off his coat to protest against horrible books and horrible pictures and horrible plays.

Horror is not good for us, he says; it is, indeed, very bad for many people, and harmful to all. Anything that depresses us is bad. It lowers our vitality. It renders us the easy victim of microbe and temptation. We should avoid horror like the pestilence that it is.

This doctor also tells us that Fear is one of our great enemies. We must fight it. The boy at school must not fear the examination; the young man must not fear failure; the grown-up must not fear illness. Keep fear and all violent feelings at arm's length. It is said that perspiration was once taken from the forehead of an angry man and injected into a guinea-pig, and the guinea-pig died of poison! An even temper is not only good manners: it is good business. Look on the cheerful side of things. Avoid all violence of thought and feeling.

The world is behaving in a ridiculous way. It goes to brutal plays that are written merely to make the flesh creep; it reads trashy books of excitement and crime. The kinema that interests it most is the kinema of unreality and horror; and its chief pleasures are of a restless and sensational kind.

If a prophet called to this mad world that it was wicked, the world would only laugh; but now that a great doctor warns the world that it is destroying its nerves and is bound for Bedlam something may occur.

On all sides we notice a slight change. Warnings appear in the paper against the wasteful and evil habit of cigarette-smoking; against the absurdity of so much dancing; against too much food and too much excitement; against anxiety, fear, restlessness. Doctors are preaching reasonableness and good cheerfulness.

Let all our readers who wish to be healthy and happy realise that we ourselves compound the elixir of our life. We are our own doctors and dispensers. We are our own medicine. By our thoughts we decide the health of our bodies and our minds.

And so the day may come, if the doctors will keep hammering away, when every newspaper in the land will follow the example of the C.N. and exclude from its columns all things brutal, vulgar, and base. By that time the recreation of Creeps will have gone out of fashion, and the world will settle down to a life of general happiness.



## 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



## The Unseen Friend

WE who believe that the Creator of the World still rules and guides our lives as we pass through it, remember with a thrill just now the words of Shackleton as he recalled a march with two of his men in Georgia:

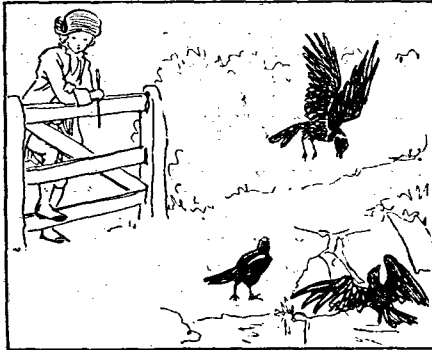
When I look back (he said) I have no doubt that Providence guided us, not only across those snowfields, but across the storm-white sea.

I know that during that long and racking march of 36 hours over the unnamed mountains and glaciers of South Georgia it seemed to me often that we were four, not three.

I said nothing to my companions on the point, but afterwards Worsley said to me, "Boss, I had a curious feeling on that march that there was another person with us."

Now Shackleton has fallen asleep by those mountains and glaciers of South Georgia, and we may be sure that waiting for him there, amid those spacious silences, was the Unseen Friend of Everyman on this eventful journey through the world.

## Proverb of the Day



To One Who Makes Excuses  
Crows are Never Whiter for Washing

## Who is Happy?

A RICH man has been saying, in one of those sweeping phrases that are not always true, that "the poor are happy."

Surely the idea of the rich that the poor are happy is just about as true as the idea of the poor that the rich are happy. One thing stands out for all the world to see—that happiness is the property of neither rich nor poor. It belongs to those who make it for themselves. Riches cannot buy it, nor poverty take it away.

## How Do You Read?

SOMEbody has been classifying readers of books as he finds them, and has made a list of five kinds:

- The readers who read through;
- The readers who read at;
- The readers who read in;
- The readers who read round about;
- And the well-beloved readers who read between the lines.

We like them all except number two. We like to read through—if the reading is worth it; we like to read *into* what we read, bringing to it what we know; we like to read all round about a thing; and especially we love to read between the lines. How much there is between the lines!

## The New Sort of Post Office

HAVING lost so much money by abolishing the penny post, the Post Office is said to be about to stamp advertisements on our letters. The idea is to print an advertisement on the envelope as the stamp is blotted out.

Most people will prefer the old-fashioned way of raising money for the Post Office—the way of encouraging millions of people to write hundreds of millions of letters at a penny apiece. We have no doubt that these advertisements would be quite as unreadable as the Post Office stamps on our envelopes usually are, but we dread the day when every letter from a friend will tell us whose hats to buy and whose jam to eat.

## Tip-Cat

WE are happy to announce that the Armaments Reduction Committee will not restrain plants from shooting this spring.

FOR the upper classes: Highroads.

CAN you tell a man's profession, asks a grown-up paper, by his appearance? Sometimes we can by his disappearance.

AT the Pitman's Fellowship Dinner the menu was in shorthand. But we believe the meal was not otherwise abbreviated.

THE sun never shines for a pessimist. He is always in the fog.

THEY are starting a fight in the American Senate by giving it the new peace treaty.

THERE is a shortage of pennies. They must have been changed into halfpennies.

TO call a workman a "hand," Lord Leverhulme thinks, spoils the relations between master and man. Keeps them, in fact, at arm's length.

MR. JAMES DOUGLAS says we should be happier if we were to cry daily. He evidently thinks happiness is all my eye.

THE Prime Minister does not want to have "a rocky party organisation." Yet his new party is in the cradle.

## Goodbye, Shackleton

With feelings of great sorrow we reprint below the C.N. goodbye to Shackleton when he went away.

Go, little Quest, across the sea,  
Where sailors seek their bread,  
And tell a world of £ s. d.

Adventure is not dead.  
Return to us from fearful seas,  
Where griefs will pierce you through,  
And tell a world that dies of ease  
The fairy-tale is true.

## You May Live How You Will

By Harold Begbie

YOU may live how you will,  
Like a stream or a puddle,  
With the heroes or pigs,  
In a star or a muddle;  
You may fly, you may crawl,  
You may grow or stand still,  
There is none to prevent:  
You may live how you will.

NOW, the fool lives a life  
Like a seesaw; the clown  
One moment jerks up, and  
The next he hangs down;  
But the best way to march,  
Never minding the rest,  
Is to keep urging on  
With your face to the Best.

FOR the aim of true life  
Is a hunger and thirst  
For the Best we can be  
Rising out of the worst,  
For the Best we can dream,  
And the Best we can do,  
With this fact for our cheer  
That the Best will come true.

YOU may fly, you may crawl,  
You may grow or stand still,  
There is none to prevent:  
You may live how you will.

## Fame

By Our Country Girl

THE governess said with pride,  
"What do you think? I found Eleanor reading Galsworthy's Man of Property. Of course, it is much too old for her, and I took it away. But fancy a child of nine being able to grasp a book like that! Fancy being able to appreciate Galsworthy at that age!"

"It is remarkable," I agreed. I determined to get Eleanor's views on this important work.

"Hallo!" said Eleanor, looking up from the nursery table with a blob of blue paint on her nose. "I'm drawing water-babies."

"Don't they look a bit like poached eggs?" I asked.

"That's a water-lily," explained Eleanor; "the water-babies are over there." She pointed to some pink frogs in the corner.

"Oh, I see. Splendid! I suppose you have been reading 'The Water Babies' again?"

"No. I've been reading a book about ladies and gentlemen."

"Indeed! What happens?"

"Oh, nothing happens."

"What's it called?"

"I forget."

"Who wrote it?"

She wrinkled her brow.

"I know it's somefing funny. John—John—oh, John Gasworm!"

## Till That Hour

Not a day passes over the earth but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words, and suffer noble sorrows; of these the greater part will never be known till that hour when many that are great shall be small and the small great.

CHARLES READE