

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 15 1922

Statesman of Your Life

ONE day, when a great bishop was fighting an unjust proposal, another bishop whispered into his ear that it was dangerous to oppose the King. "All the more reason," replied the bishop, "why we should resist, that it may not become a custom."

That is what wise men see in all unjust proposals—the danger that, once they are tolerated, they may grow into customs.

A great Frenchman has told us the difference between the statesman and the historian. "The historian," he says, "is employed to describe the malady when the sick man is dead. The statesman is employed to treat the sick man while he is living."

We can all look back and say: "That was unwise; see what it did; see what it grew to be;" but it requires great foresight to say of a new suggestion: "This is dangerous; if it becomes a custom it will be our ruin."

We are all excellent historians, but not many of us are statesmen. How often do we meet some sad and broken old man who says to us: "Ah, I know very well why I have come to this sorry pass; it was because I did this thing or that." How wise he is after the event. But not often do we meet a young man who says: "I won't do this, I won't do that, because if such things become a habit they will impair my health and weaken my will."

Youth is the time of statesmanship; in youth we are statesmen of our lives. No one else governs us. Each one of us is an absolute monarch. Circumstances are never our master; they are merely the conditions of our lordship. Always, so far as they affect our inner life, we can say to them Yes or No. We can preserve our own inner lives from the tyranny of the world outside.

Look at the world just now. What a chaos it is! What a ruin has come upon us! Why? It is clearly the result of blindness in our statesmen. They did not foresee. They allowed militarism to become a habit. They let greed become a custom. They pursued the spirit of revenge and abandoned the spirit of goodwill.

We can learn from them. If we would have order in our minds, and not chaos, let us resist every action which, once it becomes a habit, will destroy our self-mastery. The time to resist is when evil is weakest, and it is only weak when it is whispering to us from outside.

Keep it there. If it should get inside, care nothing about what will happen, but at all costs pitch it out. Fight an evil before it is a habit and grows into a custom, before it is too late. Be the statesman of your life.



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 Great Fight

IT is a strengthening thing to know that Reason has always had to fight Folly, a David defying a Goliath.

We sometimes think, perhaps, that it is only in our own day that such absurdities exist as starving scholars and rich prize-fighters. But we have lately come across a scholar who lived hundreds of years before Christ.

He was a great teacher, a great exponent of philosophy. Driven from his native country in youth, he spent 67 years wandering about Greece and possibly earning money by the recital of his verses, and he spoke with what looks like bitter professional jealousy of "the honours and emoluments heaped by the public on boxers, wrestlers, racers, and chariot-drivers."

So long ago as that these things were done; so long ago a man arose who preached aloud that mind should be preferred to muscle.

Knowledge of this kind should put heart into the student. Let him realise that he has to fight for his mind and soul. The greatest of all the fights is not the sort of fight the grown-up papers talk so much about: it is the everlasting fight between the little band of the Children of Light and the vast hosts of the Children of Darkness.

To live in the presence of great truths and eternal laws—that is what keeps a man patient when the world ignores him, and calm and unspoiled when the world praises him. BALZAC

Fair and Square and Open

THE war has left a trail of evil things behind, and few good things; but one good thing it has bequeathed to all good men—the belief that nations, as well as individuals, must do unto others as they would that others should do unto them.

All the world knows that wars are made by plots and secrecy; all the world knows that nations in the past have entered into secret treaties against one another such as no man would enter into against his neighbour. The secret treaty is one of the infamies that have to go, and the League of Nations has been built up on the firm foundation of open dealing between Governments.

We think of it now because we have been reminded in these last few days of the workman who went up to Livius Drusus in the great days of Rome and promised that for five talents he would put up walls to prevent the neighbours from seeing into the house of Drusus. But Drusus was unwilling. "I will give you ten talents," he said, "to make my house so transparent that all Rome may see how I live."

It is a good text for any of us, and it seems to say to Governments that the way to peace lies in openness and friendliness. Fair and square and open let us be, like Livius Drusus.

A Question of Colour

IT is being suggested that dark-haired people do better in cities than the fair-haired ones, who are disappearing.

Certain insects have been mentioned as being light-coloured in the country, but black in cities. No one has yet mentioned the black-beetle. Was it once white?

Tip-Cat

THE King thinks every man in the land should be able to afford a carpet. If he can't he is simply floored.

A SCIENTIST tells us that in 10,000 years arms and legs will disappear. But many people will still be nobodies.

THE War School of Gas is to be closed. It is thought that without it the age will be more enlightened.

A CRITIC considers that every famous man should put down his recollections. The recollections of some of them ought to be put down.



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW
If strained
relations ever
snap

STRIPES are to be popular in men's summer wear. We hope they will be strokes of luck.

LONDON shoeblacks are said to be vanishing. They must be polishing themselves off.

IT is better to take a holiday in one piece," writes a doctor, "than in sections." How can you take a holiday unless you have the pieces?

A SWISS roll: A fall down the Matterhorn.

THE Underground now gives change if you push a button. It only gives it under pressure.

The Best Policy

DIRT has been called "matter in the wrong place." Crime often seems to be energy applied to the wrong purposes. The man arrested in Paris for stealing platinum from lightning-conductors had climbed the lightning-conductors to get it, a feat very difficult and very dangerous. It would be far easier for such a man to make a living honestly.

His idea is like that of the people who spend their time searching through old wills at Doctors' Commons in London—the idea of getting rich quickly. It is much more unpleasant and tiring to hunt out and decipher musty documents than to do a decent day's work. It is also much less remunerative.

Honest toil is the only sure way to fortune. Short cuts are always deceptive. They lead into marshes where no sure foothold is.

Ship Ahoy!

By Our Country Girl

THE ship she came a-curtseying,
A-bowing through the bay;
The sky was black and blue with storm,

The waves were white and grey.
Like wolves in chase I saw them race,
Their white fangs grinning gay.

UPON the shore folks did not think

What ship that ship might be;
They pushed their prams and led their dogs,
And thought about their tea.
But I was small: I saw it all—
The Magic on the sea.

I KNOW it came from Araby,
All laden with the Spring,
With casks and casks of honey-dew,
With ring on fairy ring,
With bales and bales of nightingales
On tip-toe all to sing.

THE gallant timbers groaned beneath
The tadpoles in the hold,
With poet's quills and spider's webs,
And lambkins one week old,
And evening stars and ingot bars
Of dandelion gold.

THE Captain was an angel
Whose cloak was made of sky;
The Pilot was a schoolboy,
With mischief in his eye;
The crew were dreams, in rainbow streams;
They trimmed the yards on high.

SOCIETY NEWS

Grand Fête in a Rock Pool

All sorts of sea anemones attended the Spring fête on the seashore, which was very Ornate and was opened by a blast on the Globehorn blown by a Trumplet in a Cloak that was Scarlet-fringed and Gold-spangled.

A Painted pufflet, looking very Rosy and wearing a Scarlet and Gold star Eyed a Pallid Cave-dwelling anemone with a Necklet of Crimson, who arrived Sandalled.

A Wrinkled creplet with Snowy hair was very bored, and soon became a Gapelet. He opened his Fish-mouth very wide, when someone said: "We shall have to let the Arrow muzzlet."

A Winged Cup coral, wearing a Yellow Imperial, flew to the fête and carried a Painted corklet to keep him afloat should he fall in the Snake-locked harbour.

Among the flowers were many Anemones, a Daisy, a Marigold wartlet, and a Dahlia wartlet; and the guests, who were highly bejewelled, included a Gem pimplet, a Diadem pimplet, and a Scarlet pearlet.

A Prayer for a Generous Mind

Give us to be of generous mind
As well as kindly heart,
To see each other's point of view
And yet hold fast to what is true;
To think the best of all our kind,
And service as the better part.