

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 16 1925

The Capital N

A correspondent writes to thank the C.N. for using a capital N in speaking of the Negro race. Nearly all our papers, he says, use the small letter, though they would never think of speaking of frenchmen or americans.

THE C.N. is continually receiving letters from boys and girls of backward races, and from grown-ups who tell us of the good things children of the backward races do; and it is glad to pay its tribute, as often as opportunity occurs, to these children plodding up the hill to civilisation. And so it feels called upon to protest against the bad habit of speaking disrespectfully of the members of certain great races of mankind.

When we go again to Wembley, and see the Chinese boys there, shall we call them chinks? Or shall we speak of those splendid black citizens of ours in the African section as niggers? Even if we do, it may be said, we never mean anything by it. No; we do not mean it, but there is a shade of contempt in these names, as if we were rather above those members of the human family who are not of the same colour as ourselves.

Men of all races have their own good points. We should look for them. Think, for example, how the black races can sing. Nobody who hears Mr. Roland Hayes, the Negro singer, will ever forget him. And could we speak with contempt of those black servants of Livingstone, who, through many dangers and hardships carried his body hundreds of miles to the coast?

The Chinese were a cultivated nation when the people in these islands were barbarians. They had books and wonderful pictures; they had poets, and even men of science. And we should not find it hard to honour them. If we picked up a piece of Chinese porcelain, we might ask whether we could make anything like that. There is a monument in France to mark the place where the Chinese soldiers lie who died in the Great War. It is "a place for ever China." If we stood before that we should not say lightly, "Here are the chinks."

It is only a little thing whether we use one word or another, but the feeling of contempt for other races is a very serious thing, and we cannot begin too early to honour all men in ways great or small. Men of many races are different from one another. Some are more like children, others are grown-ups, but we belong to the same family and in a family nicknames are not used if they give pain or if they show contempt for the younger or weaker members. And shall we not be careful not to hurt any of those in the great human family who have not yet had our chances?



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



Why He Went First

WE grumble at having to tip so often, but it is far worse abroad. Every-one seems to be so ill-paid that he expects his master's clients to make up his wages. Even the motor-bus driver gets his franc tip for a six-franc run.

In a certain fashionable resort there are two buses which ply between the golf links and mountain railway. They must both make the journey, even if there is only one car load. Of course the foremost bus attracts the most passengers, for few people seem to realise that both will run.

One day a stranger asked the driver of one bus which was going to start first.

"The other man," said the driver. "He always goes first." And then, by way of explanation, "He has more children than I."

There is something lovely about that. May more people play golf, and fewer play baccarat at that resort: may both buses be crammed on every journey!



The £ is nearly its old self again

News from Prison

PRISONS are becoming at last what they should be, places of reformation rather than vindictive punishment.

A convict who has behaved well is allowed to attend concerts and lectures, and to join a debating club, and is given a shilling a week. He may buy tobacco, jam, or sauces to season the prison fare. It is a precious shilling, it is the convict's sole possession, his sole power; he can do what he likes with it, though in every other action he is a slave.

Not long ago a Salvation Army band gave a prison concert, and it seems to have reminded one convict that there were people more needy than himself. Though his daily bread was nauseous, he could not starve; though his house was the house of shame, he had shelter. For, some time afterwards, the Army received a postal order for three shillings, and a note saying: "I have been saving up a month, but I promised a shilling to a mate."

Perhaps no one else in England kept Lent with such self-denial as that poor criminal. Criminal he must have been, for he is serving a life sentence. But surely he is not a criminal any more?

Shop Before Three

IS there anyone, we wonder, who cannot do something to help the wheels of the world to go round a little smoothly?

We notice some interesting shopping figures which show that 20 per cent of people shop before noon, 30 per cent from noon to three, and 50 per cent from three to half-past six. That is to say, half our shoppers crowd the shops in the last three hours of the day.

Clearly here is a chance for some of us to help the world a little. We can shop before three.

Tip-Cat

IT is good, we are told, to have a trade to fall back on. For this purpose the hardware trade is not recommended.

A PARTY of Chinese scholars have come to Europe to study Western civilisation—as soon as they can find it.

THE first swallow has arrived—after a neck-and-neck race with the first cuckoo.

No people are so often wrong as people of common sense. They would have to have uncommon sense to be always right.

ARTISTS should pay no attention to public opinion. But may have a private view of it.

WE are warned that the country is moving to new catastrophes. But are the new houses as bad as all that?

A DOCTOR says a man must visit the dentist often if he wants to live long. But are we bound to consider what the dentist wants?

CLOTHES have much to do with character. And even more to do with habits.

GENERALLY, it seems, men who talk much do not like themselves. Neither does anybody else.

A CORRESPONDENT in an evening paper asks, What do golfers eat? Not their words, we hope.

The Idle Boy

It is a hundred years since the railways came, and it seems worth while to quote this fragment from the life of James Watt.

As he was seated at table with his aunt, one evening, she said to him:

"James Watt, I never saw such an idle boy as you are. Take a book or employ yourself usefully. For the last half-hour you have not spoken a word, but have taken off the lid of that kettle and put it on again, holding now a cup and now a silver spoon over the steam, watching how it rises from the spout, and catching and collecting the drops of water it falls into. Are you not ashamed of spending your time in this way?"

Times Have Changed

By Our Country Girl

THE other day I met Alethea bristling with indignation.

She is a student in London, living in lodgings on an allowance from her father, a poor country parson. She is usually so shabby that her friends feel embarrassed at being seen in her company, but she manages to read all the new books and see all the best plays and hear all the important concerts. I think Alethea finds life enjoyable.

"I say! Isn't this too bad?" she exclaimed, getting up from her bench in the park with an open volume in one hand. "Listen. Instead of a midday meal I've only had biscuits all this week, and I've added what I saved on it to some money my aunt sent me for a hat, and have spent it all on Jusserand's Literary History. Well, what do you think I find in the chapter on Richard de Bury?"

"Richard de Bury?" I murmured.

"Yes, you know, the thirteenth-century bishop who couldn't get into his bed because the room was so stacked with books. He collected them, and wrote about them, and saved monastery libraries. You know his famous passage: 'Everything decays and falls into dust, and the glory of the world would be buried in oblivion had not God conferred on mortal man the benefit of books?' And there's that other jolly bit about books being the teachers who never refuse to answer, or scold, or meet ignorance with mocking laughter. I knew those bits before, but now I know something fresh."

"What is that?"

"There's a passage where he rages against clerks who commit high treason by letting rats nibble the manuscripts, or who dry flowers between the pages, or"—here she began to read aloud—"admit into the library a two-legged animal more dangerous than the basilisk, who, discovering the volumes insufficiently concealed by the protecting web of a dead spider, condemns them to be sold and converted for her own use into silken hoods and furred gowns."

Alethea glared. "A two-legged animal! He means Woman!"

"Ah well," I said, "women have changed since then. But really, Alethea, just now you do look more dangerous than the basilisk!"

Did Weary Horses Come for Rest?

When sick folk came to You, their pains to tell,
O Christ, came animals to You as well?

I wish I knew.

Did weary horses come to You for rest,
Casting their spent limbs at Your kindly feet?

Did starving pariah dogs paw at Your breast

When no one else would give them food to eat?

Ah, surely so! For Love beyond our ken
Could not confine itself alone to men,
And yet be true.