

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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## THE TEN-YEARS TRIUMPH OF THE PEACE

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### NOAH GOLDBERG AND HIS WOODEN LEG

#### STORY OF A FORTUNE

The Pole Who Died Far Away  
From Home

#### HIS CURIOUS HIDING-PLACE

Many a romance has been woven round an eccentric rich man who would not trust his savings to a bank and died without revealing their hiding-place; but no mere romance of a missing fortune outdoes the true story which comes from Vienna.

One day there arrived in the Austrian capital a Polish Jew named Noah Goldberg who took a room in a hotel and deposited £120 with the manager.

Goldberg fell ill, was taken to a hospital, and died. The Polish consul arranged his funeral and had all his luggage taken to the Consulate. Then he wrote to the dead man's kindred to tell them he had used the £120 deposited at the hotel to pay expenses and to ask what he should do with the luggage.

#### An Accidental Discovery

Nobody wanted a trunk of old clothes. But after a while the relatives became much interested in it. They knew that Noah Goldberg had a fortune, but no lawyer or banker had any trace of it, and they began to suspect that it was hidden somewhere—behind a loose brick, or buried in a garden, perhaps. But he might have carried part of it about with him, so they asked the consul to search the clothes and luggage thoroughly.

The consul did so and found £60. It was a mere crumb. The relatives now had no further use for the luggage, and it could be sold. So the consul sold the trunk and all that it contained, and it is here that the tale becomes worthy of a place in the news of the day.

Luckily (most luckily for the heirs) there is a consular official named Wieder who has a wooden leg. Goldberg also had a wooden leg. Wieder said he would try Goldberg's wooden leg on and buy it if it proved comfortable. In doing this he touched a hidden spring, and a little cupboard was revealed, tightly packed with banknotes! The wooden leg was Goldberg's savings bank, and it held £17,600.

#### What Might Have Happened

This sum is to go to his relatives simply because there chanced to be a wooden-legged man at the Consulate. If Wieder had had two legs of his own the wooden limb would probably have gone to a hospital or found its way to a hawker's barrow, and how romantic it would have been if some beggarman had worn it! For days he might have stumped about the gutters of Vienna, selling matches by day and sleeping under archways by night, till by chance he touched the spring and found himself rich beyond his dreams.

### A Child of a Dying Race



Most of the Red Indians now live in reservations provided by the American and Canadian Governments. Here is an Indian medicine man naming a child in the Glacier National Park reservation, in Montana. On page 10 an old chief tells of the exciting days when his race roamed far and wide across the plains.

### REMEMBERING 102 YEARS AGO

A FAMOUS old gentleman who lived through many reigns to die in the year that has just ended once said to a young friend:

"Ah, my dear, it is a sad thing to live till there is no one left to call you by your Christian name!"

Many people have lived to be a hundred and to be lonely; but lucky Mrs. Michael Coughlan is the only lady of 106 who claims to have a husband older than herself. Her husband's age is said to be 109.

The rare couple live at Tullamore, King's County, Ireland, where they have just celebrated the eightieth anniversary of their wedding. Their son John is 78.

Our first memories stay longest. Mr. Coughlan still remembers the joy and excitement of his first drive, when, as a little boy of seven, he travelled in the stage coach between the cities of Cork and Dublin.

That boyish rapture is easier to recall even after 102 years than the whereabouts of yesterday's newspaper or the name of last week's caller.

We hear that Mr. Coughlan loves gardening and works in the garden still. Perhaps that has kept him hale and happy for so long. May he continue to enjoy the sight of his roses and the sound of the voice he has heard and loved so long.

### THE LONG WALK THROUGH AFRICA

#### FROM THE CAPE TO THE PYRAMIDS

Two Men Give Themselves a Thrilling Memory

#### THE MAN WHO FOLLOWED THEM FOR 200 MILES

"Come for a walk?" said R. A. Monson.

"Where to?" asked J. H. Wilson.

"What about crossing Africa?" suggested R. A. Monson.

"Right," said J. H. Wilson.

We suppose it started somehow like that. The two young Australians may live humdrum lives ever after, but at least they will have one splendid adventure to recall in the days to come.

They left Cape Town for Cairo determined to tramp all the 7600 miles which stretched between, but in the Sudd area they were forced to use barges and dug-out canoes for some 600 miles. The whole journey took over 15 months.

#### Change and Excitement

They passed through great heat and great cold. They saw gorgeous birds, astonishing plants, and swarms of giraffes, gazelles, and hartebeest.

Once Wilson woke just in time to save himself from a hyena. Once Monson was alone in the forest when a rogue elephant came charging down upon him, trumpeting its wrath. He only escaped being trampled to death by plunging into a thorn bush.

Both men got malaria, which came and went after the manner of a cat tormenting a mouse. On many occasions they suffered from hunger and thirst, and when they reached the Abyssinian frontier they were turned back and threatened by the Murle tribe.

#### Hardships Worth While

But they declare that all the hardships were worth while. Except for the Murle tribesmen they met kind and hospitable folk in every native village, and one day they were joined by a Chewembe man who could not speak English or Arabic but made them understand that he had heard of their walk, and wanted to guide them, and had followed for 200 miles alone!

They already had a Swahili boy to carry their luggage, but they accepted the new companion, so two brown and two white men walked into Cairo at the journey's end. It had cost Monson and Wilson £1000.

Now they are back at work again, one of them in a newspaper office, and the wonderful months in the open air, with no clock to tyrannise over them, must seem like a dream already. But the dream will live anew when their grandchildren say: "Tell us about walking across Africa, and what the elephant did."