

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 6 1930

Our Servants

EVERYONE who is doing any work in the world is a servant. There is no prouder title than that of Public Servant. Why is there so little pride in being a Domestic Servant?

Every good housewife is a domestic servant. It may safely be said that any woman who is not domestic enough to serve her home will never make a good wife or a good mother. There are thousands of women who are their own and their only servants. Their number has been increasing of late years and continues to increase.

This is because, although there are just as many homes as ever with too much for one woman to do, it has become harder to get helpers. A man can get as much help as he wants in his office or his shop or his factory, but his wife will often have the greatest difficulty in finding a cook or in keeping a housemaid.

Shop assistants, waitresses, factory hands crowd the labour market. But no one ever expects to find a good Domestic Servant in the market-place, and there is no certainty in the registry office, which too often is a poor enough place. It is not a matter of pay. In the greatly improved conditions of domestic service today most servants are better off than the girls and women working in shops and factories.

The allurements of the town, and the kind of enjoyment and companionship it brings, together with the hope of converting the companion into a partner for life, are strong inducements to girls not to go into domestic service; but it is a short-sighted policy for both, because domestic service is the one occupation which will enable the one to make a good home or a wifely companion for the other.

We ought not to expect to find wise heads on young shoulders if no one takes the trouble to turn them the right way. What are all our charitable institutions doing to train their girls?

There was a time when the Foundling Hospital trained its girls to become domestic servants, but, though thousands of pounds are subscribed every year to Homes for orphan and destitute children, it is difficult to the point of impossibility to extract a domestic servant from them.

Yet these are just the institutions where the charitable public (which is one of the chief victims of what is called the Servant Problem) have a right to expect a little sympathy. We think the girls in these institutions, growing up to take their place in the work of the world, should be told that domestic service is a service of honour, a service to the home, and a service to its future.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Seen When Passing By

ON one of the quiet quaysides of the Seine in Paris a ten-year-old boy stood bewildered by an accident with his little automobile.

He had bumped into a tree with it, and he could not put it right, for he had no tools, and evidently did not know much about it. In his helplessness he burst into tears.

Just then a taxi came along and the driver caught sight of the boy. It is quite the right thing for motorists to help fellow-motorists. The taxi-driver stopped, left his car, and examined the damage. In a minute he had repaired the mischief done to the toy, and it worked again. With a cheering tap on the boy's check he jumped into his car and drove rapidly away.

The spectators who gathered round appreciated the scene warmly, and so will those who only read of it.

The Seat That Is Not There

By Peter Puck

There are only seats in the House of Commons for about half the Members.

Said Tom, "What naughty gentlemen are those who make our laws! They often call each other names Amid prolonged applause.

Now boys are spanked for being rude, But these M.P.s are not." Said Nurse, "You little understand Their sad and souring lot.

The storied hall wherein are met The men who rule our land Has only seats enough for half; The other half must stand."

They have to fight elections first, And when the seat is won They hurry off to Westminster To find there isn't one.

Elizabeth Aged Eight

From a Correspondent

EDUCATION, somebody was saying the other day, has never been at so high a level before.

But a doubt has crossed our minds. We walked home from school with Elizabeth aged eight, who, having been at work from nine till four, had waited on longer for a music lesson and had brought back her homework to do. It included an *Essay on Archbishop Cranmer*.

The essay finished, and she tired out with wrestling with the ancient cleric, we lifted her to the window to look at the Great Bear in the northern sky.

"What's the Great Bear?" said Elizabeth crossly. "Nobody ever told me anything about the stars."

The Stars or Archbishop Cranmer: which would seem to come first for Elizabeth aged eight?

So nigh is grandeur to the dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low *Thou must*,
The youth replies *I can*.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

An Impulse

WHILE a traveller, identity unknown, was munching sandwiches in the buffet at Dover, before boarding the Ostend boat, he caught sight of the collecting-box for Dover Hospital.

He asked about its building fund, and forthwith took his fountain pen and a cheque-book, wrote a cheque for £50, and borrowed an envelope.

In the envelope he sealed up the cheque, handed it to the waitress to deliver, and went on his way.

It was an impulse. But, as an ancient proverb says, it is only out of a gold cart that a gold nail drops. This was a golden impulse out of a heart of gold.

Tip-Cat

YOU can run up a house in four days, says a builder. Quicker, if you have a ladder.

A SCHOOL for teaching parrots has been started in London. A poll-itical institution?

A CHICAGO bandit held up a man on his way to the dentist. There is something good in all of us.

IT is said that the coffee situation caused the Brazil revolution. We have had coffee like that.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If a dentist lives from hand to mouth

TO be a good typist, says one of them, brains are needed. Also a typewriter.

MEN are going in for gaudy socks. They will have to be pulled up.

AN explorer home from the South Seas, asked what the natives do for a living, informs us that they sell copra and Robert Louis Stevenson's inkpot.

SOME barometers cost as much as thirty pounds. The weather we get doesn't seem worth it.

A TELEPHONE girl won a fishing contest in Kent. She got the right number.

IN Armenia eggs are used as currency. They must be always breaking the bank.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

MR FORD has given £50,000 to the Deutsch Museum in Munich.

SIR WILLIAM MORRIS has given nearly £50,000 to rebuild a hospital near Oxford.

LINDBERGH is to fly through South America on a Goodwill Tour.

JUST AN IDEA

Nobody will keep his word in the next war. There will be no international law. Cattle will be killed, crops destroyed, men, women, and children blinded and poisoned.

Wanted, a Word

IT is curious how we have come to use the word Flying to describe passage through the air by machinery. It is, of course, quite wrong.

Suppose a man declared that he had swum the English Channel, and on being asked how he did it replied that he crossed by rowing boat. He would be laughed out of court. Suppose another declared that he had swum the Atlantic, and on being asked for an explanation replied that he had crossed in a motor-launch, what should we say of him? Why should we call working an aeroplane flying?

Obviously a true word is needed to describe what is actually done, namely, *sitting in the seat of a machine and working its engine and the controls to travel through space*.

The words Aviator and Aviation are not true, because they are derived from *avis*, a bird, and a bird most certainly flies and does not sit in the seat of a machine and work an engine. A man using oars *rows*, and a man travelling in a ship *sails*, but what does a man do who uses a machine to travel through the air? Someone should invent an appropriate word.

A Prayer From the East

This is my prayer to Thee, my Lord.

Strike, strike at the root of penury in my heart.

Give me the strength lightly to bear my joys and sorrows.

Give me the strength to make my love fruitful in service.

Give me the strength never to disown the poor or bow the knee before insolent might.

Give me the strength to raise my mind high above daily trifles; And give me the strength to surrender my strength to Thy will, with love.

Rabindranath Tagore

Ideas of Norman Angell
Faith and the Practical Man

MEN who take particular pride in being practical sometimes say "I would believe in such ideals as the League of Nations if they were practical."

To which one can retort with truth: "They are not practical because you don't believe in them. If men believed in them these ideals would be commonplaces."

Two boats were being swept toward some rapids. In one boat some of the rowers were pessimists who believed so strongly that it was hopeless to struggle against the current that they did not row their best. The boat was swept over the rapids and all were drowned. The men of the other boat were more optimistic. Believing they could stem the current they did their best and reached the shore.

The forecasts of the pessimists and optimists were both confirmed by what happened, and what determined it was the human will, which depended on their faith. N. A.