

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 352

Week Ending  
DECEMBER 12, 1925

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Postage Anywhere  
One Halfpenny Every Thursday 2d.

## HOW A PARASITE ENTERED U.S.A.

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### A LOCARNO FOR THE BIRDS

#### 100 SACRIFICED FOR THE RACE

Terns Found Not Guilty of the Fishermen's Charge

#### A YEAR'S TRIAL

Without the wave of a wing or the peck of a beak, the terns of Blakeney Point have saved their lives and won a splendid victory.

They are proved not guilty of the serious charge of ruining the flat-fish industry of this ancient Norfolk port.

For the last 25 years the breeding-ground of the terns at Blakeney Point has been officially protected, with the result that their numbers have shown a gratifying increase. Throughout this period, however, the harvests of plaice, flounders, and other flat-fish decreased. As terns feed from the sea, what could be more natural than for the fishermen to assume that the increase of birds accounted for the decrease in flat-fish?

#### Smallest Flat-fish Harvest

Obviously the birds do not take adult plaice and flounders, but, said the fishermen, they do take the young ones. The smallest flat-fish harvest on record brought matters to a head last year, and there was a fear that the terns might have to go. But the Locarno spirit prevailed there before ever diplomacy had heard of Locarno as a meeting-place.

The result was that the National Trust and the fishermen each appointed its own watcher, and each shot one tern a week and sent the body to a famous scientist, who examined the crop of every bird so procured. The trial has been in progress for a year, and now we have the verdict. Not a single tern examined had eaten a flat-fish. A hundred birds had lost their lives, but the good name of the race was saved.

What a splendid vindication of modern scientific methods of inquiry we have here. Every species of bird similarly examined in previous years has come out of the ordeal with at least a right to live; rooks, larks, woodpeckers, and so on. It is sad to remember that in the past wrongly suspected birds were shot down to the point of extermination.

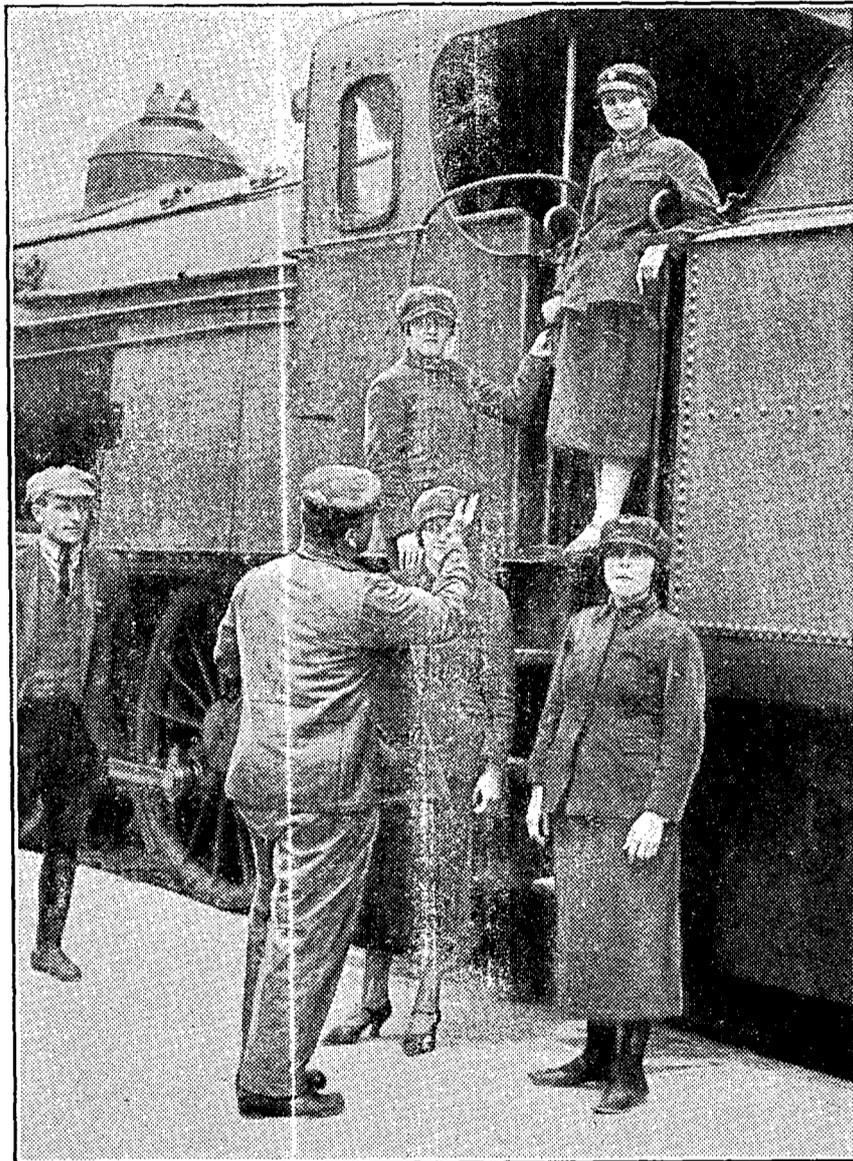
#### Animals Tried in Courts

Earlier still all animals accused of offence were tried in courts of Church law, with lawyers on each side, the arguments lasting years, at enormous cost to the villages or parishes concerned.

Such trials were in force for hundreds of years and all derive from a terrible law of Moses, found in the 21st Chapter of Exodus, that if an ox gore a man or a woman to death it shall be stoned to death, and, if it have a reputation for goring, then its master also shall be stoned to death.

We order these things better nowadays, and the terns may well rejoice at the new Locarno spirit.

### The Women Engine-Drivers of Serbia



So far from there being unemployment in the Serbian part of Yugo-Slavia, there are not enough men to do the necessary work of the country, and as more engine-drivers are required on the railways than can be found, girls are being taught to drive the locomotives and fill the vacant places. Here we see some of Serbia's women engine-drivers

### THE ASSEGAI THAT FAILED

#### GREAT-GRANDMOTHER GEISING'S STORY

Looking Back Over Ninety Years of Life in Africa

#### BEGINNINGS OF THE BOER NATION

When Great-grandmother Geising died in Johannesburg last month all the old Boers of the Transvaal mourned, for she was one of the last links with the beginnings of the Dutch Boers as a nation.

With them when they set out on the Great Trek to the north to find a new country of their own, north of Cape Colony, she went with her mother and father. That was the year after the Victorian Era began, and she was the same age as Queen Victoria.

#### The Place of Weeping

Many times the old lady told her grandchildren, and her great-grandchildren, the story of that tragic journey into the black heart of South Africa, where Dingaan and his Zulu impis waited to ambush them. She was with Piet Retief's party, and at Weenen, called to this day the Place of Weeping, the black warriors fell upon them as they passed the ford in their oxen-drawn wagons.

The Voortrekkers, as the migrating Boers were called, were hopelessly outnumbered, but even the women armed themselves with axes in that desperate stand. The girl's mother was killed before her eyes. A Zulu warrior seized the girl herself and was drawing back his assegai to slay her when a Voortrekker shot him down. She escaped the spear-thrust by a hair's breadth, but the massacre was not over. If she had not crawled under a heap of dead she would not have lived to tell the tale eighty-seven years after.

#### The Zulu Waterloo

Eighty-seven years—the life of a nation! She saw other Voortrekkers, undismayed by this massacre, press on and inflict a terrible reprisal on Dingaan and his Zulus at Blood River. It was the Zulu Waterloo. The Boers yearly commemorate the battle as Dingaan's Day.

Thereafter they established themselves north of the Vaal, and in the Transvaal planted their farms from Johannesburg to Pretoria. The old lady lived on through all their struggles; she was 107 when she died. Her husband died before the last Boer War, and he was within a year of being, like her, a centenarian. He is said to have fought in Blücher's army against Napoleon. Her son, a mere stripling of seventy-four years, was born when the Boers were a settled people, but he had to fight for them in nine Kaffir wars.

What a link with the past old Catrina Geising was. The shadow of death passed her by and never returned till nearly ninety years had gone.

### A STORY OF THE GREAT FLOOD

THE tragedy of the Dolgarrog Flood is now an old story, but we must tell a dramatic tale that came out only the other day at the inquest on poor little Betty Brown, four years old.

Betty lived with her father and mother and sister Margaret at one of the bungalows, and it was Mr. Brown who told the story.

He was in the house when he saw a torrent in the road, swirling into his garden. At first he did not realise what was happening, and he ran to warn his neighbours. Returning, he found his wife and Margaret outside. The mother ran in and, seizing a coat, wrapped it round four-year-old Betty and brought her out. The father looked out and saw death coming in a vast waste of water. It seemed to be safer in another bungalow, and, taking Betty, he shouted above the roar for those who were there to follow him. It appears that Mrs. Brown went back for something. As Mr. Brown looked round for her he saw his bungalow

slide away in the flood. He never saw his wife again.

In the frightful panic of the moment he gripped the child in his arms more tightly and tried to think what to do. That second a black torrent swept the poor refugees off their feet. The second bungalow went. Something must have struck the father, for he knew nothing more till he came to his senses gasping, half-blinded in the flood.

Then it came to his dazed senses that the last thing he could remember was hugging little Betty as the torrent came upon them, and he saw the bungalow sliding away. Now his arms were empty. A night of unspeakable horror passed over him. Not till the next morning did he know that Margaret was safe. She had managed to climb on to the school-house roof.

Such was the tragic doom that swept over that happy household. It is good to think that the two sorrowing ones have each other for comfort.