

WANTED: A DECORATION FOR BRAVE INFANTS.

A shabby woman, hurrying in the sweltering heat along a poor street, carries in her hand a cross of beautiful flowers. Through the openings in the paper roses and lilies peep out. Quite a poor woman, but so generous and tender-hearted. God bless her!

A mother, one may be sure, who has been spared the awful experience of other poor mothers in the neighbourhood, going to offer her little token of sympathy. She will stop directly at the door of a house with darkened windows, behind one of which lies the mutilated, disfigured body of a little child—a victim of the recent air raid—one of the nineteen little bodies that a few days before had been happy, irresponsible little East End children, than whom there are none more fascinating. Poor babies! Poor mothers!

There are many schools in the vicinity of the latest Hun atrocity, and the teachers deserve high praise for the manner in which they stood at their posts and kept panic at bay, forgetting their own danger in their anxiety for their helpless charges.

"We had to lock the gates," said one head teacher, "to prevent the mothers from swarming in, and then we made the children sing, to try and drown the sound of the bombs. They started with 'Loving Shepherd of Thy Sheep.'"

Imagine the pathos of it, and only a few yards away the Good Shepherd was gathering so many little lambs in His sheltering arms, for ever safe from the fiendish cruelty of man.

"And what did we sing after that, children?"

"Old Jack Frost."

"Yes, we thought that would sound nice and cool, as it was such a hot day, didn't we?"

Row after row of dear little girls assented, and gave the song over again for our benefit.

They looked so happy and neat and clean, with hair in pigtails, that it was difficult to realise that they were East End children.

"I always insist on plaited hair," said the mistress, and at a word from her the whole class shot round in order that a back view of the pigtails might be obtained. It was rather like a scene in one of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas. But we realised in a flash the value of the perfect discipline and obedience that had kept them safe and calm in a moment of awful peril.

"You're not afraid of bombs, are you, children?" "No."

"Are you safe with Governess?" "Yes."

The All-Highest ought to have heard them. "Governess" would certainly circumvent him.

The infants' room has been sparsely attended since that black Wednesday, but the "brave" infants present were commended by the teachers.

Wanted, a design for a decoration for "brave" infants. Herod and the arch-Hun could deface one side, and we suggest an all-conquering "Governess" should adorn the other.

"A young lamb's heart, among the full-grown flocks,

What has thou to do with sorrow,

Or the injuries of to-morrow?

Thou art a dew drop which the morn brings forth, Ill-fitted to sustain unkindly shocks,

Or to be trailed along the soiling earth;

But at the touch of wrong without a strife,

Slips in a moment out of life."

H. H.

PROFITEERERS MUST GO.

Lord Rhondda has been appointed Food Controller. We hope he will not hesitate to control the profiteers who do not hesitate to grow unduly rich by a system calculated to starve the poor. We know something of the feeling in industrial centres on the holding up and rotting of good food, whilst the children go short, and of the waste of the workers time in obtaining their rations. Unless the new Controller tackles these abuses, and he is the man to do it, the profiteers may have a rude awakening. King Hunger is by no means a ceremonious person.

VIROL LIMITED.

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON'S TRIBUTE.

Presiding at the general meeting of Virol, Limited, Mr. B. S. Straus, J.P., Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, stated that notwithstanding the abnormal increase both in costs of manufacture and distribution, amounting during the past year to £30,000, the company had been able, through a record increase in sales, to maintain its profit without increasing its pre-war prices.

A striking testimony to the value of Virol had been received from the eminent Polar explorer, Sir Ernest Shackleton, who, on his return from the Antarctic, wrote, "I wish to take the earliest opportunity of telling you how much my comrades and myself owe to Virol and the Bovril rations which we had on the Expedition. I think it is not too much to say that without them, few, if any, of us would have survived. The ordinary rigours of the South are bad enough, but when there are added to them the disasters which befell us and placed us in such dire straits, the mere sustaining of life becomes a gravely difficult task. Not only did Virol and the rations materially

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