

# JUNIOR RED CROSS

## NEWS "I Serve"

April 1922



A Carpathian Shepherdess

HAPPY CHILDHOOD THE WORLD OVER



The brand Excalibur, no longer gleams..  
 In jeweled splendor neath a waning moon..



# THE RETURN OF KING ARTHUR

By Dora Lee Newman

OCEAN SCENE—Boy and girl on sands asleep. Frontispiece by Henry C. Pitz And lamentations rose from stricken homes

Water Sprites appear as if from spray of waves.

## FIRST SPRITE:

My waves have broken on the shores of France,  
Where swiftly coursing waters of the Seine  
Bring Aisne and Marne unto the deep'ning sea;  
And in their tide is still some plaintive wail  
Of children, old and sad beyond their years,  
Who mourn for homes made wreckage, barren fields,  
And fathers lying low 'neath Flanders sod.

## SONG:

Blow, blow, winds, wail sadly o'er the lea;—  
Break, break, waves, as hearts break o'er the sea;—  
For little children moan and sigh in lands beyond your  
foam,  
While others safe and sheltered lie, within the walls of  
home.  
Blow, blow, winds, break waves upon the shore;—  
For East to West its message brings of woeful years in  
store;  
Break, break, waves, wail winds across the plain;—  
The cry from anguished children torn earth renders  
back again.

## SECOND SPRITE:

The Danube swirled my waters on its crest,  
Whose music erst was famed in lands afar;  
Fair cities filled with plenty lined its banks,  
And in its course the sparkling rivulets  
Came tumbling from the peaks with echoes clear  
Of mountain melody, of hearth-songs sweet.  
But now the Danube sings a mournful strain,  
A plaintive lullaby to starving babes  
That naked lie beneath the winds of heaven.

## SONG:

Blow, blow, winds, wail sadly on the lea;—  
Break, break, waves, as hearts break o'er the sea;—  
For little children moan and sigh in lands beyond your  
foam,  
While others safe and sheltered lie, within the walls of  
home.  
Blow, blow, winds, break waves upon the shore;—  
For East to West the message brings of woeful years in  
store;  
Break, break, waves, blow winds across the plain;—  
The cry from anguished children torn earth renders  
back again.

## THIRD SPRITE:

The Dneiper washed the snows from Russian plains,  
And swept them first into an inland lake,  
And thence by channels deep into an arm  
Of broad Atlantic, and so to the West.  
And on its way it gathered store of tears,  
For many young ones mourned their bitter lot,

Where Famine stalked with Cold, and dread Disease.  
For fields once gold with grain were red with blood,  
And hordes of men, half-wolf, in hunted packs,  
Went scorching farm and town with flaming brands,  
And helpless thousands knew not where to turn  
For food and shelter from the carnage round.  
But some would tell that in a region far  
Where vessels touched the borders of the South,  
A Cross of Red was placed above a door  
To bid the wanderers enter; food was there,  
And shelter, and the welcome of warm hearts.  
For great America had set this pledge  
That out of her abundance she would share  
With these, the destitute and sore oppressed.  
But lo—the children neither see nor hear!

*(Red Cross Appears. Sprites kneel.)*

## SPIRIT OF THE RED CROSS:

The children of America but sleep!  
On them depends the welfare of the world—  
They are its Hope, its Promise, for in them  
I live, or die, and so is lost to earth  
The one touch of humanity that binds  
All climes and peoples,—every race and creed—  
In golden chains of service.—Rouse them, Sprites,  
That Young America may hear your call!

*(Sprites seize conch shells and blow.)*

Children of America, awake!  
Fair France has need of succor at your hands!  
Children of America, awake!  
The Danube Valley waits to clothe her young!  
Children of America, awake!  
The eyes of all the earth are turned to you!

*(Sprites fade away as children rub their eyes, see Red  
Cross, and kneel to her.)*

## CHILDREN:

Greatest of Mothers, we have heard the cry  
Torn from the deep breast of the anguished world,  
Have caught the vision of your seeing eyes,  
Compassionate of woe, yet filled with light  
Born of true wisdom, and of Faith, and Love.  
As Arthur taught his Knights in Table Round  
That loving Service binds all hearts in one,  
So have you taught Humanity your creed;  
And like unto those Knights of olden days  
So do we pledge ourselves gladly to SERVE,  
And herewith summon all our country's Youth  
That they may vow allegiance to your cause.

*(Children seize shells and blow.)*

Awake, the East!  
Land of the Dawn, send down your merry troops!  
From Maine to Maryland we bid them come!

*(Enter children of the East.)*

Awake, the South!  
Land of the Flowers, we need  
your boys and girls  
From Appalachians to the Southern Gulf!

*(Enter children of the South.)*

Awake, the North!  
Land of the Winter Snows, your children send  
From lake and woodland, valley, hill and plain!

*(Enter children of the North.)*

Awake, the West!  
Land of the Dying Day, we crave your Youth!  
Throw wide your golden portals—let them pass!

*(Enter children of the West.)*

CHILDREN:

We bring to all the children in this land  
A call resounding clear from countries far,  
Where Want and Misery stalk hand in hand—  
Gaunt specters following on the track of War.  
Too long we've dallied;—now on me and you  
The answer waits: What can we children DO?

FIRST SPOKESMAN:

Schoolboys are we, from Manual Training come—  
To fashion useful things our hands are strong;  
To needs of every wrecked and ruined home  
We pledge herein our time and labor long.  
Where Poland lies prostrate 'neath wintry skies,  
Ravished and desolate, our new work lies.

SECOND SPOKESMAN:

We are the Little Mothers of the Age—  
We thrill to new-born babies' wailing cry;  
Learn of Domestic Art the precepts sage,  
And with all diligence our needles ply.  
We know the needs of Russian refugees—  
We'll send our tiny garments overseas.

THIRD SPOKESMAN:

For toys and playthings childish hearts hold dear  
We heed the cry that on our conscience breaks  
From toddling children, born to dearth and fear,  
Forlorn, bereft of all that pleasure makes;—  
For such as these we use our willing hands  
In joyous labor, at Red Cross commands.

FOURTH SPOKESMAN:

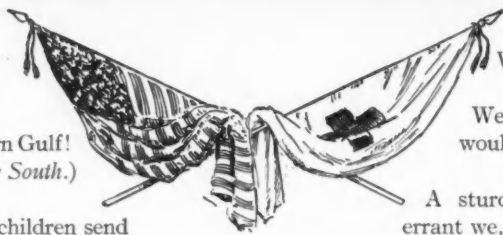
To hapless orphans we our gifts shall send,  
Dolls of all kinds; black Sukey Sue shall vie  
With fair Clorinda; Teddy Bear attend,  
And his young human mother's patience try.  
We feel for little mothers everywhere  
Who have no dolls to give a mother's care.

FIFTH SPOKESMAN:

Through Correspondence we shall learn to know  
The folk and customs of the countries round,  
That Understanding may her presence show  
In places where Distrust has long been found.  
We would have peace instead of strife and war,  
And love in hearts where hatred was before.

SIXTH SPOKESMAN:

By teamwork we shall build our Fund of wealth—  
Which we but prize to make our dreams come true;—  
Right modes of living—nobler thought than self—  
Through education; joy to children due.



Work, Thrift, and Sacrifice  
must show our love;  
We give ourselves when we  
would worthy prove.

ALL:

A sturdy band of young knights-  
errant we,

Our quest is happiness the wide world o'er;  
It lies in Service to Humanity,  
In Good-Will that we hold in common store.

RED CROSS:

Thrice blessed is our beauteous native land,  
Thrice blessed in its bounteous store of wealth,  
Its lives untouched by misery and want,  
Yet more than these, with generous hearts and hands  
That freely give of what to them was given.  
For herein lies full measure of content:  
That he who gives, more happiness receives  
Than he who takes; and love poured far and wide  
Returns to bless the giver seven-fold.

CHILDREN:

Three thousand years ago the Prophet raised  
His voice against red-handed War, and prayed  
For Peace and Concord in the earth. Then came  
The Christ, and taught Good-Will. But men  
Gave meed of praise to those whose naked swords  
Made fields of carnage, and for lands and power  
Went trampling down the hearts of old and young  
Bold Alexander, Carthaginian kings,  
Great Caesar, Charlemagne, and him we call  
The Corsican,—all with their legions mowed  
Down men as garnered grain; and then this last  
Most dreadful cataclysm swept the earth,  
And all the universe ran red with blood.  
But the old order changeth giving place to new,  
And God fulfills Himself in many ways.  
The young Knight-Errant of a later Age  
Succors all helpless, all those in distress,  
As did his noble peer in Arthur's time,  
No longer by the dint of battle's din,  
But by Love's labor in a common cause.  
The brand Excalibur no longer gleams  
In jeweled splendor 'neath a waning moon,  
But rests in solemn peace beneath the lake,  
And in its place we bear a banner brave  
That glistens in the white light of the day,  
Upon its folds the magic words, "I SERVE,"  
A talisman to overthrow our foes,  
Starvation, Ignorance, and sore Distress.  
If for the lack of arms to bear it on  
Its precious folds should droop, one worthy note  
Should thus be lost forever from the earth.  
One Queen keeps watch above us—she that sprang  
From these three regal ones of Arthur's time,  
Faith, Hope, and Charity; and in her hands  
She bears a Cross of Red—the Sign of Peace;  
And by her ministrations all the earth  
Is bound by gold chains round the feet of God.  
Arthur is come again.—He cannot die.

*(Curtain)*



*Polish Juniors are being helped to collect seeds and to buy school books*



*A Junior Red Cross is under way in Bulgaria, through American aid*

*Juniors are sewing for needy Russian children. A folk dancer*



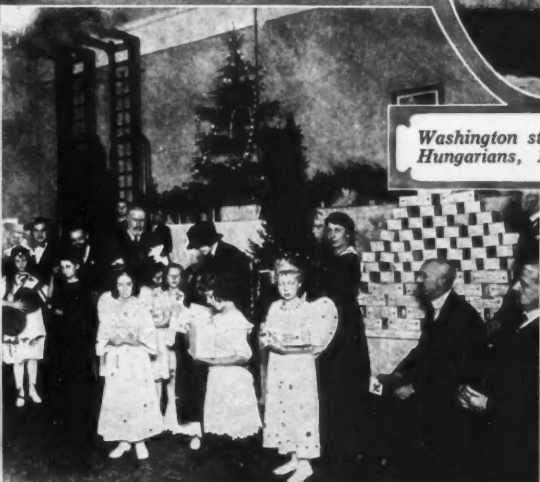
*Bright little Russians from Volga River region, assisted by Czecho-Slovakian Juniors*



*Washington statue erected by Hungarians, 1906, Budapest*



*Quartette of young Albanians, glad to send smiles of good will to American Juniors*



*Incident in distribution of 50,000 Christmas boxes sent by American Juniors to Austrian children*



*Sea of Hungarian babies given American aid. Juniors have given bedding for children's hospitals*

# PROGRESS OF TWO ALBANIAN PILGRIMS

By C. A. Hollingshead



*They were given lifts by kind-hearted captains of pack-trains. They believed if they could only get to the school the Americans would let them enter*

**I**N THE VALLEY of the Vjosa River, in southern Albania, lies the historic town of Premeti. Twenty-two centuries ago, tradition says, it was founded by Pyrrhus, the warrior king, whose spirit still survives in modern heroes such as Mystari Effendi and his followers who gave their lives in defense of the city during the Balkan War.

In Premeti lived two fourteen-year-old boys who had heard of the vocational school the Junior American Red Cross was starting in Tirana, the capital. The two were eligible for admittance, having finished the five-grade Albanian Elementary School, but were too poor to pay the charge for attending the vocational school.

They believed that if they could only get to the school, the Americans would let them enter.

Early one August morning the two boys started to walk to Tirana, a hundred miles away. As far as Lushnja, on the Muzaqeja plains, they were fortunate, getting a lift here and there from the kind-hearted captains of pack-horse trains. The traveler in the Balkans who has not met a column of a hundred or more wiry little horses in single file, each decked out with gaily colored beads "for luck" and a bangle on his forehead "against the Evil Eye," the leaders shaking out a symphony from merry-throated bells, has missed the romance of the land.

In the early morning they left for Lushnja. One of them had a relative in Kavaja, and they hoped to get food and shelter. The distance was covered by the middle of the afternoon.

But no one they met knew this relative. The young travelers bought a loaf and without taking time to eat went on to Durazzo, nearly ten miles away. Here they were sure of aid, as the uncle of one lived there.

After a few miles they found they must rest, and pulling their coats over their heads to ward off the sun, they slept till night. Then up and on, for "We made courage to see the uncle." On the coastal plain between Kavaja and Durazzo there are only brackish pools and lagoons. Here they had their first sight of the ocean and their first experience of the bitterness of abundant water and not a drop to drink.

Arrived in Durazzo, the boys asked for the uncle, a military doctor, but found he was stationed at Tirana. It was night; they had a scanty loaf of bread, but where could they sleep? With the soldiers, to be sure, for soldiers never refuse a kindness, and they all went to bed in the guard-tent.

The next morning, when they were sore of foot and full of dread that there would be no helping hand in Tirana even if they got there, was the real test. Should they give up or rally for one more effort? "We had much sadness and much fear, but we ask the God to help and by courage we walk the whole day."

Again they were unfortunate; at the end of their twenty-six mile journey they were informed that the uncle was at a camp miles away. Again a soldier, one from their own province, treated them to a restaurant supper and hired a bed for the night. "That bed wasn't so big but we slept much, dead for tired."

The two appealed to the Tirana Inspector of Schools and after a visit to the Minister of Education, papers were prepared and presented.

At last the weary travelers were admitted. They spent three days and nights abed before beginning their school-work. They had earned the right to enter by every rule of the game, and have proved their fitness since.



*"Cat and mouse" is a game enjoyed by grown-folks and children alike in the mountains of Albania, but they call it "Maca e mini," which is pronounced "Mawtsa a meenee"*

# WHEN THE BOXES ARRIVED

By Catherine Gavin

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *When you have been making things to send across the ocean haven't you wished often that you could go along with your gifts and see for yourselves who received them. The Junior Red Cross worker in Austria has written you what happened to the fifty thousand packages which were sent to the boys and girls of Austria with your messages of Christmas cheer a few months ago—and she has written it so graphically that when you have read her letter you will almost believe you were with her.*]

**DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS IN AMERICA:**

Your Christmas cargo of fifty thousand packages arrived at the American Red Cross Warehouse in Vienna on December 20—in ample time for Christmas Day. Altogether there were about five hundred schools to which your parcels were distributed. Some of the children ran home as soon as they received their gifts so that their families might share in their surprise. Others stayed to enjoy the fun. Floors were strewn with boxes and the schoolrooms were merry with the noise of happy children. Sometimes a girl got a boy's package, or a big girl got a little girl's gift, but exchanges were soon made and they were all good-natured and happy!

One boy found some popcorn, something he had never seen, and did not know how to use. A few days later he was asked with a few of his friends to a "kitchen party" where "eine Amerikanerin" put into a skillet some of the little brown kernels and covered them tightly. There were a few moments of speculation while the pan was over the fire—then behold! "Magic Snow," they called it, and it disappeared like snow. These boys had no gardens but one of them saved some of the kernels to send to his uncle in the country. The corn came from a boy in Kansas.

At one boys' school packages intended for girls were received, but when told they could exchange them the boys all said they would rather give them to their sisters, although longing glances were cast on the fortunate recipient of a mouth-harp.

The Junior packages of Christmas joy were taken to the children's hospitals, several orphanages, the home for crippled children, and schools for deaf, dumb, and blind children.

An auspicious occasion for the distribution of one hundred of these boxes was the Christmas party in Belvedere Palace, in Vienna, where a distribution of the

American Relief Association took place. President Hainisch of Austria, and members of American and other foreign relief missions, were present. Christmas music was given by a children's chorus representing the children of Austria who are being helped by the American Relief Association. After the music the Junior Christmas boxes were presented. The enthusiasm of the elders was as spontaneous as that of the children when the boxes were opened, revealing tops, marbles, sweets, handkerchiefs, books, chocolate, stockings, colored crayons, ribbons—all of which are far too expensive in Austria to permit of purchasing.

Come now, American Juniors, to the orphanage at Judenau, a village about an hour's ride from Vienna, and see the joy that your Christmas cargo gave two hundred little girls. There used to be a moat with a drawbridge surrounding the old fortress which now is used as an orphanage. The Fortress has great thick walls and four round towers. In one of these old towers there was a tall Christmas tree all covered with lights. Hanging from its boughs were the Christmas gifts—cookies in the shape of toys! In the big dining hall some of the girls gave a Christmas play. They were dressed as angels with white wings and golden crowns. The rest of the household sang Christmas songs. After the entertainment they all marched up to receive the packages which had come to them from America. Pandemonium reigned when the boxes were opened. Even the little angels were on their knees in joyful excitement. Such wonderful things! Nice smelly soap, beautiful toothbrushes, combs, beads, toys, even stockings and little dresses—and dolls! Then there were Christmas cards and



*Fifty thousand packages that were sent by American school boys and girls caused many times that number of smiles to brighten the faces of unhappy children of Vienna and other Austrian cities*

the letters. Many of these little orphans had never received a letter of their own in their whole lives and here were letters from far-off America! "Auf Weidersehn!" "Gruess Gott!" "Froehliche Weinachten!" shouted the children when it was all over. Their little faces were so beaming that they looked like rows of Christmas candles.

Some of these "Liebesgabenpakets" were also sent to the cities of Linz, Graz, Innsbruck, Salzburg, Klagenfurt, and even to the far-away snowy Tyrol, to Bregenz and Feldkirch, to spread the Junior message



## S I G N S



By Ethel Blair Jordan

There's a stirring underground where the growing things are found.  
The bear is stretching in the hollow tree;  
Wild geese are flying past, the sap is rising fast.  
The baby buds are bursting to be free.

The bluebirds build and sing, a redbird's on the wing,  
The wind is sweet with blowing daffodils.  
The dandelions gleam, there's laughter in the stream,  
And Spring comes dancing down across the hills!



# THE PLANTING OF THE TREE

**T**O PLANT a tree is to have part in a very wonderful thing.

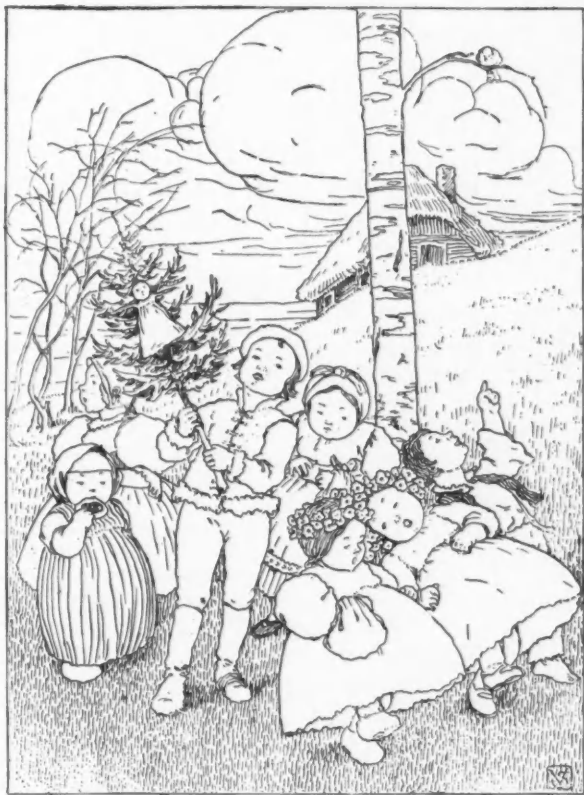
A clump of roots, a slender twig, a leaf-bud or two, the tree is so small that a child can plant it, and yet the miracle of life is there. The roots take hold of the soil, the sap rises in the twig, the leaf-buds unfold—the tree is alive and growing!

Seasons come and go and every year the tree increases in height and girth. Now it has passed the housetop, each spring birds nest in its boughs, and in the summer an old man rests contentedly in its shade and says to himself, "I planted this tree." The old man passes on and children play in the tree's shade, and one of them boasts, "My grandfather planted this tree."

True it is that he who plants a tree helps to make this, our earth, a more beautiful home for man.

"What tree would you plant, if you were going to plant a tree this spring?" I asked some boys and girls. "A linden, because it is our national tree," a boy answered instantly. "I would plant a cherry tree," a girl answered, her eyes shining, as if she saw already her cherry tree in bloom, all white as if decked for bridal. "And I would plant an apple tree, a very old one," a little boy said ecstatically, as if his clear child's eyes caught the poet's vision of a "Wide, apple-blossomed earth." "And I would plant a horse-chestnut because it is so shady"; "And I would plant a fir"; "And I a poplar"; "I would plant a birch"; "I would plant a willow"—all the children had their favorite tree and all were eager to plant.

The eagerness and the faith of the children worked a miracle as great eagerness and perfect faith always do. They saw their trees fully grown. The horse-chestnut cast a wide circle of shade, the little fir tree had multiplied itself into a forest of firs, and long lines of poplars bordered winding rivers. All the loveliness that the planting of their trees would bring to the earth was instantly present to the children.



*"Springtime in Czecho-Slovakia," an original pen drawing by a fourteen-year-old Czech artist*

**By Emily S. Harrison \***

home of man, and how its topmost branches were in Asgard, the home of the gods? And perhaps some of the older of you boys and girls know that Carlyle, the great English writer, said that this tree, Igdrasil, is the tree of existence, its leafings and deleafings are the rise and fall of the nations, and the sighing of the wind through its branches is the sighing of the multitudinous life of man. Well, I like to believe that just as the tree, Igdrasil, bound the worlds together, so this Junior Red Cross tree will bind together all countries and all peoples.

But most often when I think of the Junior Red Cross tree it is not to the tree, Igdrasil, that I liken it; but to the other tree, mentioned in Holy Writ, "A tree whose leaves shall be for the healing of the nations." Is not this our Junior Red Cross tree? Its leaves are kind deeds and loving thoughts. These leaves alone can cure the sickness of this old world, can heal the scars and wounds of past wars and ancient hatreds. To this tree all the peoples of the world will come for healing and new life. In its shade the aged will rest, youth will dance and sing, and happy children play. Surely it is in that hope and that faith that we plant our Junior Red Cross tree.

\* In Junior Red Cross News of Czecho-Slovakia.

But do you know, boys and girls, that you have planted a tree this spring that is more beautiful than any of these? It is the tree of the Junior Red Cross. It is a slender twig now, but it is growing and putting forth vigorous shoots. The leaves of the tree are your Junior activities. Every kind deed and every true, helpful thought for others is a fresh green leaf. Think how many leaves your tree will have even in this its first summer, and then think of its countless leaves in the years to come!

Do you children remember the tree, Igdrasil, in the old Norse mythology; how it had its roots deep down in the kingdom of Hela, the death-goddess, how its trunk passed through Midgard, the

# JUNIOR RED CROSS

## NEWS

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*Look up, and not down,  
 Look out, and not in,  
 Look forward, and not back,  
 And lend a hand.*

—Edward Everett Hale

**“Awake, O World!”** There is a painting by Margaret W. Tarrant, bearing this title, which shows a youth robed in white, who is walking barefoot through a natural garden of budding trees and over a carpet of crocuses and daisies. Drinking in the beauties of Nature’s New Year, this youth, with uplifted face and outstretched arms, is supposed to be calling aloud the words that give the picture its title—“Awake, O World!”

This youth may be considered as typifying the millions of boys and girls in the Junior Red Cross at all seasons of the year. “Awake, O World!” is the cry of the “still small voice” which prompts every little act of helpfulness that is undertaken by an individual Junior or by a Junior Red Cross school group. This cry is being echoed around the world, and an actual awakening is going on.

All children—big and little—are learning that happiness is something that is found only through *unselfish* living; that it is something that must-always be *shared!*

**“We Live in Trossachs”** declares a letter from a school in Brig o’ Turk, by Callander, Perthshire, Scotland, which has come through Junior Red Cross School Correspondence for a school in the United States. This letter arrived at an appropriate time, indeed—at tree-planting time. Schools that really celebrate Arbor Day will be interested to hear the explanation of Trossachs from the enthusiastic school correspondent. “Trossachs,” continues the letter, “means bristling with trees. The trees are oak and spruce.”

Trossachs is in the lake district of Scotland made famous by Sir Walter Scott in “The Lady of the Lake.”

### Noteworthy Days of the Month

- April 3, 1783—Washington Irving was born.
- April 6, 1909—Peary discovered North Pole.
- April 10, 1866—Henry Bergh founded American Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.
- April 13, 1869—Westinghouse patented air brake.
- April 20, 1917—“America Day” celebrated in London.
- April 22, 1917—“United States Day” observed in Paris.
- April 23, 1838—First steamships crossed Atlantic.
- April 23, 1564—William Shakespeare was born.
- April 29, 1862—McKay patented shoe-sewing machine.

### On Arbor Day

Deep in the earth, on Arbor Day  
 A tiny tree was tucked away.  
 A little maiden loved it so  
 That down she knelt and whispered low:

“My precious tree, grow straight and true,  
 Do all the good that you can do,  
 Be loving to the birds and bees,  
 And scatter acorns in the breeze.”

I think the tree, too, had a word,  
 And listening you might have heard,  
 “If I will grow both strong and true,  
 My little girl, will you? will you?”

“Will you love people, one and all,  
 And let just words of kindness fall?  
 For, little maid, we each can grow  
 To something beautiful, you know.”

—Elizabeth Thornton Turner, in  
*Primary Education.*

## O Life That Maketh All Things New!

By Samuel Longfellow

O Life that maketh all things new,—  
 The blooming earth, the thoughts of men!  
 Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,  
 In gladness hither turn again.

From hand to hand the greeting flows,  
 From eye to eye the signals run,  
 From heart to heart the bright hope glows;  
 The seekers of the Light are one.

One in the freedom of the truth,  
 One in the joy of paths untrod,  
 One in the heart’s perennial youth,  
 One in the larger thought of God.

The freer step, the fuller breath,  
 The wide horizon’s grander view,  
 The sense of Life that knows no death,—  
 The Life that maketh all things new.

(By courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Company.)

# SPRING'S CALL

By Harold B. Atkinson

**T**HE SNOWS have disappeared. The swollen streams dully reflect the sunlight filtering through the trees, and their murmur calls to us that Nature is awakening.

Here and there are green things peeping through the brown grasses of the summer past. On the banks of a brook a violet is blooming; in the open the downy-yellow violet; on a shaded hillock the long-spurred violet and the bluet, growing in bunches! Farther on are tufts of hepatica.

Under a faded bush a bright green stalk is spied. A jack-in-the-pulpit bows low in the breeze and aloft a robin is chirping to his mate and preening his feathers beside their newly made nest. A blue-jay dashes by, screaming at a crow sailing fast through the heavens.

What is that in that swampy spot? Skunk cabbage! Beyond, patches of wild strawberry plants! And in a cold wet spot, saxifrage. In a moist thicket are found the perfoliate bellwort and wild geranium; . . . and on the distant hillside, dutchman's breeches. Isn't that squirrel-corn blooming over there? Yes, and spring-cress, adder's tongue, dwarf ginseng, great-white trillium, red trillium, and bloodroot. In the shade of an old pine the trailing arbutus flourishes. Wild phlox grows in the open, and in sprawling clusters the wood betony—and the mitella, tiarella, two-leaved dentaria, and cut-leaved dentaria. A flash of yellow and the first dandelion is uncovered! The dwarf everlasting, field horsetail, growing by the railroad track, and chickweed are added to the list. In a rich, damp, open place meadow-rue and wild ginger are found, and gorgeous wood and rue-anemones, growing on the margins of the wood.

In many nooks and glens are found all these wild flowers—little items in the handiwork of the Creator that await, in woods and fields, those who will seek their loveliness. *This is the invitation of Spring!*



*"Green things peeping through the brown"*

## SOMETHING TO DO IN APRIL

**I**F ALL the wood in the world were suddenly to disappear, there wouldn't be much world left. Wood is not only useful for houses, furniture, cork, rubber, firewood, and coal (which is mineralized wood), but the wooded hills, covered with the accumulating leaves of ages, soak up the rain, allowing it to trickle down to the streams. Without these forest-regulators there might be floods and later droughts. Crops would wither, and the world would be a desert.

When the pioneers came to America, the forests seemed inexhaustible and no thought was given to saving the trees. That carelessness is beginning to be felt. George P. Marsh was the first to call attention to this, and in 1872 J. Sterling Morton, then Secretary of the United States Department of Agriculture, inaugurated Arbor Day in

Nebraska with the planting of a million trees. Since then nearly all the states have appointed a day, mostly in April, on which trees are planted, with songs, ceremonies, and instruction in tree-culture.

Some communities name each tree for a famous person, an adaptation of the Aztec practice of planting and naming a tree for each child born. One tree-planting custom in England is to plant trees in such order that their initial letters form an acrostic. For instance: A(sh), M(able), E(lm), R(edwood), I(ronwood), C(hestnut), A(lder)—America!

"He who plants a tree plants a hope," says Lucy Larcom. But he does more. He plants a guarantee for the next generation, and "transmits America greater, better, and *more beautiful*. . . ."



Photo by Nellie W. Birdsong

*"He who plants a tree plants a hope"*

# GARDENS OF STARS AND HEARTS

**I**N THE Junior Red Cross community center at Epehy, France, we decided to make a community flower garden all along our barrack. At first we met with discouragement on every side. The four gardeners in Epehy said it would be impossible to get rid of the layer of lime subsoil brought to the surface by shells; that the ground was full of shells and very dangerous; that the girls and boys would not be interested enough to care for it. However, we started the garden. For days we carted off loads and loads of lime and rock and war débris. Shells fairly boiled out of the ground. Then we brought loads of fertilizer and went to work.

By Electa McKey

off with bricks. Six were for boys and six for girls, and in the center of each bed was a small bed of different design—a diamond, a star, a triangle, a heart, a circle, or a square.

Then we divided the children into groups and called them after their symbols "the stars," "the hearts," and so on. They were delighted and immediately began excited discussions about "our bed." But the real excitement began when we put in the seeds. Hands were so eager that sometimes the seeds popped in in bunches. Then everybody patted it down and put up little sticks to mark the kinds of flowers planted. Then the beds were cleaned



"We laid out the garden in twelve beds"

We laid out the garden in twelve beds, three meters square, divided by central and side paths, and pointed

up and all eagerly smoothed every inch, and with watering pots, pitchers, and dippers watered the ground.

## "THE COURT OF SERVICE"

**D**OES your school want an entertainment with which to close the school year? If so, you will be glad to hear of "The Court of Service," a Junior Red Cross Pageant by Louise Franklin Bache. The pageant may be given indoors or outdoors, have as many or as few characters as desired, and is simple to produce. Here is the story of "The Court of Service" summarized:



A Junior pageant may be obtained free by all Junior Red Cross schools

In the golden hours of today there exists a court whose children serve wherever there is need. King Service presides over this court, assisted by Love, Preparedness, Mercy, Education, Thrift, Industry, Patriotism, Happiness, Health, and Peace. King Service asks a reckoning of the work of these aides. Messengers are sent East, West, North, and South throughout the world to

bring before the Court of Service all who work mir-

acles of happiness under the banner of the Junior Red Cross. Love's Standard Bearer brings children of the happy homes of the world. They are followed by children who lack the blessings of childhood—health, happiness, and love. The happy children share their abundance with the others and all skip joyfully out together.

The Standard Bearer of Preparedness presents a water-rescue scene. A Child Welfare Station overseas is the picture Mercy lays before King Service. A Junior Red Cross school in Albania is the tableau Education presents. The Juniors of America appear, followed by school children of Belgium, China, Czecho-Slovakia, France, Hungary, Italy, Montenegro, Poland, Serbia, and Rumania. Junior followers of the Standard Bearer of Thrift exhibit one way to raise money for the "Service Fund." The followers of Industry sing a song of Knitting, Gardening, Toy-making, and School Correspondence.

Patriotism presents an example of learning "Citizenship through Service." The Standard Bearers of Health and Happiness lead in Juniors who demonstrate how health and happiness may be found. Peace unites the children of many lands in a powerful league of understanding and friendship.

King Service praises his followers and leads them out into the world where there is work for all.

Copies of "The Court of Service" may be obtained free from your Red Cross Division Headquarters.

# THE TURKEY BOY AND THE CAPITOL

By Anna Milo Upjohn

Illustration by the Author

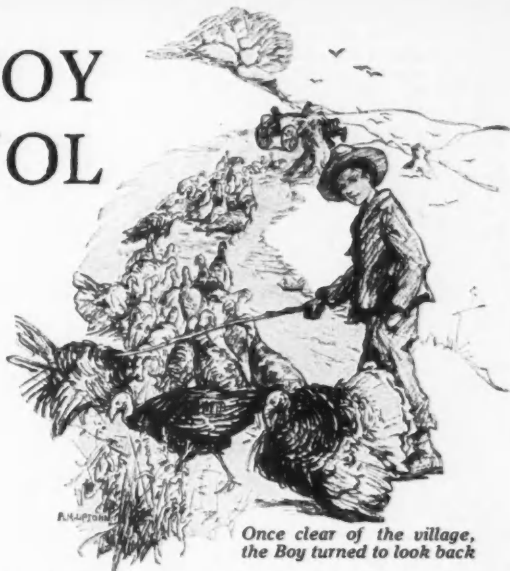
A GROUP stood around the stove in the village grocery store. From a hanging lamp the light fell on three felt hats whose shadows blotted out the faces beneath them. But three spots of chalky white moved up and down as the men talked, holding their clay pipes between their teeth.

Out of the shadows a boy's face was lifted full into the light, flushed and tanned and vivid with excitement, for tomorrow, in company with the School-teacher, he was to start for Washington, driving a flock of 300 turkeys for the Thanksgiving market. Money was scarce in Virginia in those days just after the Civil War, and the turkeys had been collected in exchange for coffee and lard and stamped calico.

In the blue haze of a November morning the procession set out on its sixty-mile march. Silas, a colored man, had been hired to drive the two-horse wagon, from the back of which the Schoolmaster, dangling his legs, dropped a thin trickle of corn on the highway. The turkeys, inclined at the outset to wander, soon recognized the source of supply and stepped forward eagerly. The Boy, stick in hand, herded the feathered flock.

Once clear of the village, he turned to look back. Like a wall of blue shadow rose the mountain behind the little knot of homes gathered at its base. The Boy could distinguish his own on the hillside, a patch of white against the blue, and on the back porch a splash of orange—the pumpkin his mother was saving for Thanksgiving. With a sigh of expectancy he faced the road, the gray-brown undulating line of turkeys bobbing and strutting and gobbling irately in surprise and protest when other travelers demanded the right of way. On ahead between the purple-brown mist of bare trees and hedges lay the winding road, which led to Washington, home of the President, capital of the United States.

The School-teacher whistled cheerily. He planned to reach his prospective father-in-law's farm before dark, where he looked forward to a blissful evening with Sally. Late in the afternoon the caravan turned into a by-road, a short cut to Sally's farm. The turkeys began to get refractory. They had gone eight miles, following the lure of the dropped corn, but now they inclined toward rest. Prodding them gently with his stick, the Boy urged them through the narrow lane hemmed by stone walls over which stretched rows of leafless cherry trees. The sun, a smoky red disk, was sinking toward the background of Blue Mountain. And as the sun went down, the turkeys flew up—flew into the cherry trees placed there by a kind Providence, and covered them with soft dark blobs.



Once clear of the village,  
the Boy turned to look back

The three custodians, balked of their plans, raged, cajoled, and prodded from below. But though the Boy managed to dislodge a few of the nearest turkeys, they flew up again to higher boughs.

And so after a short consultation the night watches were left to Silas and the Boy, and the Schoolmaster picked his way across the rough stubble field. Silas made a fire under the shelter of the wall; he sliced bacon, and ground coffee, and while the bacon sputtered in the pan, the Boy, lying in the grass, with one tired foot flung high above a knee, listened to the weird chant of the old darkey—"Great Day! De righteous marchin', Gawd's goin' build up Zion's wall!"

The days, six of them, were uneventful as compared with the nights. It was the turkeys who determined where they should be spent. Once it was in an abandoned farmhouse taken possession of by three rough squatters. The turkeys had installed themselves immovably at sunset in great cottonwood trees in front of the house. Would the squatters object? A bargain was struck. The squatters were to provide the evening meal, the convoyers the breakfast. A log fire burned in the kitchen, and on the table stood a bowl of molasses, a loaf, and a knife. That was the supper. After it the whole company rolled up on the floor and slept till morning. Then coffee, chicken, and on again to the goal.

On the afternoon of the sixth day the great, white dome of the Capitol loomed against the day. The Boy gazed at it reverently. So might Arthur's knights have viewed the vision of the Temple of the Grail.

And so the tale of the gallant three hundred ended!

But not so that of the Boy. For during the Great War the President of the United States called the "Turkey Boy" to take charge of the Emergency Shipping Fleet. Then as Secretary of the Interior he served as a member of the President's Cabinet. Under another President, he gave his experience and his devotion to the Red Cross. At present he is serving at its head, and from his office window the white dome of the Capitol fills his view.



Photo by C. Sfetea

*An industrial school for girls in Breaza, Rumania, is being assisted by American Juniors through the National Children's Fund. The Junior Red Cross service ideal is being spread in Rumania partly through small scholarships which have been given to several hundred boys and girls who want to become teachers*

## IN PICTURESQUE RUMANIA

RUMANIA is a little country in Southeastern Europe where the Junior American Red Cross has found much work to do.

By Mary H. Moran

Yesterday we left Bucharest, swathed in blankets and wraps, our luggage draped over the hood of the engine. We were stopped at Campina for our credentials, and discovered that our chauffeur did not have proper identification papers. He and the car were arrested and we were told we should have to return to Bucharest for the necessary credentials. After vainly explaining that we had secured everything that the Bucharest authorities were willing to issue, I decided to stop talking and eat lunch. Then we called on the military chief of the town, smilingly told our tale of woe, admitted we had the honor of knowing Colonel Manolescu, and asked when we could get a train to Bucharest. Major Poporici, the chief, jumped for the telephone, talked, dashed a pen across a paper, signed it, stamped it, and waved us out, saying, "You can travel anywhere in Rumania!"

We arrived in Breaza about 5 o'clock. After a brief visit at the school we started for Alcena, 14 kilometers over the hills, and such hills! Three times we descended to push our little car up the steep inclines.

Alcena is on a broad plateau near Sinai. As our

car sailed up and down the winding country road that leads to the highway, we had glimpses of rolling hillsides, wooded slopes, open valleys and high mountain peaks against blue winter skies, the hills covered with a far-flung velvet mantle of soft fawn, flecked with the blue of snow patches in the hollows and the green of frozen pools, the roadside ablaze with oak and bittersweet.

We spent the day at the school in Breaza and I wish you could see it as we do, with the memory of the little half-starved group we saw in Bucharest last winter. Very far from perfect is the little home in Breaza, sheltered by the hills and musical with the tumbling melody of the Prahora that flows through the valley across which rises the wooded hills to Sinai. But there is cleanliness and order and quiet within the peasant house that shelters the 25 war orphans who for the moment make up our school. The girls are bright-eyed, pink-cheeked, upstanding, and as they bend over looms, spinning wheels, and embroidery frames, the lovely colors and soft fabric taking new form and beauty under their deftly moving hands, they make a picture that I wish could be passed on to all who have made this come to pass.

# SERVING AT HOME

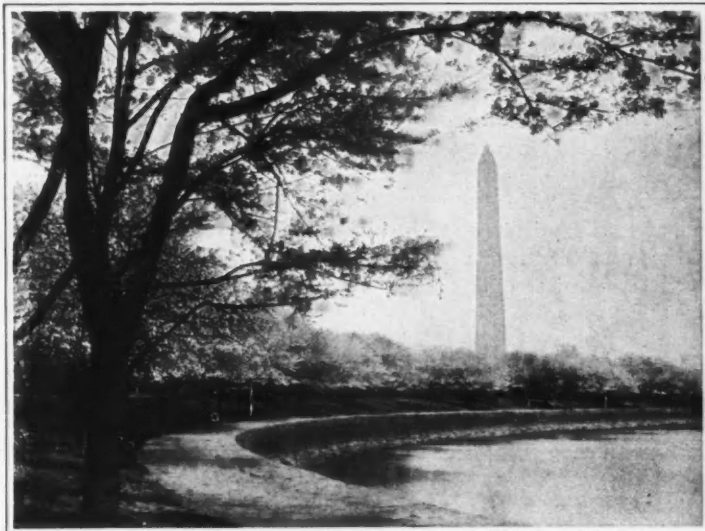
**J**UNIORS in Idaho are supervising the serving of hot lunches in thirty schools in Lemhi County.

Juniors of Clark, Texas, raised their Service Fund by picking cotton in a field adjoining the school ground and by selling eggs.

Chicago Juniors have formed a lasting friendship with the pupils of the Cutbank, Montana, Indian School to whom they have sent numerous gifts and letters.

Porto Rican Juniors have agreed to provide the money to pay for the education of a little French girl whose father was killed in the World War.

A Valentine gift of \$200 was made by the Sacramento, California, Juniors to be apportioned to the National Children's Fund as follows: Albania \$150, Rumania \$30, and \$20 for the general European program. As



*Cherry blossom time in Washington*

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their domestic project they are furnishing 100 quarts of milk daily for undernourished children.

The Children's Home at Tampa, Florida, is receiving the attention of the Juniors of that city. They are planning to furnish the nursery and perhaps a hospital ward for the babies.

## WITH JUNIORS OF OTHER LANDS

**A**T a national teachers' conference for Jugo-Slavia, held in Zagreb, Croatia, a Junior Red Cross representative spoke on plans for Junior organization in that country. The schoolmen present promised to spread the message in their schools. The Governor of Croatia requested the Junior representative to give the same talk to a group of citizens which formed an enthusiastic committee to further the work.

All the way from Cape Colony in the southernmost part of Africa, to Minnesota in the northernmost part of the United States, there has traveled a beautiful album. School children of Knysna, South Africa, made it for the Juniors of Lucan, Minnesota, and it contains interesting pictures of Cape Colony life and climate, and two pages of South African flowers, pressed with exquisite care into artistic designs. The album had to cross more than 7,000 miles of land and sea and even the equator,

but friendly interest has bridged the distance and the boys and girls of Knysna and Lucan are beginning to feel "neighborly."

In the Town Hall of



*Almond blossom time in Sicily*

© Underwood & Underwood

the ancient city of Budapest, Hungary, the Junior Hungarian Red Cross gave a very successful entertainment, which included recitals, music, dances, and a sale which helped to swell the Junior fund. There was a large attendance, including a representative from the Ministry of Education, and everyone expressed great interest in the Junior movement and predicted a rapid increase in membership. Hungarian Juniors are well trained. A professor-surgeon lectures to them every week on public health, clean living, etc.; a famous professor of fine arts directs the work of the schools, and the Hungarian Red Cross First Aid Society is giving the Juniors a course of real first-aid work.

# The Editor's Letter to You!

DEAR JUNIORS:

There is a story by the East Indian poet, Tagore, of a boy who found delight in making paper boats on which he wrote messages of good will and, after filling the boats with *shiuli* flowers, set them adrift on a river that flowed by his home. Then this imaginative lad would think by day and dream by night about his flower-laden boats and would wonder where they would land and who would pick them up and find his greetings. You girls and boys of the Junior Red Cross are engaged in an occupation very similar to that of the boy in the story, with this difference: the good that you do is not set adrift, but follows currents and channels that are sure to result in much happiness in all instances.

A few months ago a boat started across the Atlantic Ocean carrying, not *shiuli* flowers, but 50,000 little packages of gifts—useful articles and playthings—prepared with your hands for children in certain Austrian cities who were considered to be in a very unhappy state. If you will read the report of the arrival of those boxes, on page 119, you will realize anew that it is "more blessed to give than to receive." If the joy of those who received was great, yours should know no bounds!

And the happiness abroad was not limited to 50,000 war-waifs. The love which prompted your act radiated throughout an unhappy country. The President of the Austrian Republic was present at the distribution of a large number of these boxes in Vienna, and your kindness, added to the activities of the American Relief Association and the American Red Cross in the past, helped to bring to the President of the United States recently a message of gratitude from the President of Austria, which reads in part:

"As the government, as well as the people of the United States, have contributed in so large-hearted a manner to relieve the distressed condition of the Austrian children, I believe it would make their fortunate land more joyous if they could know what happiness they have given here. . . . One of the youngest among republics feels itself happy in having the opportunity to acknowledge its indebtedness to the oldest of all republics."

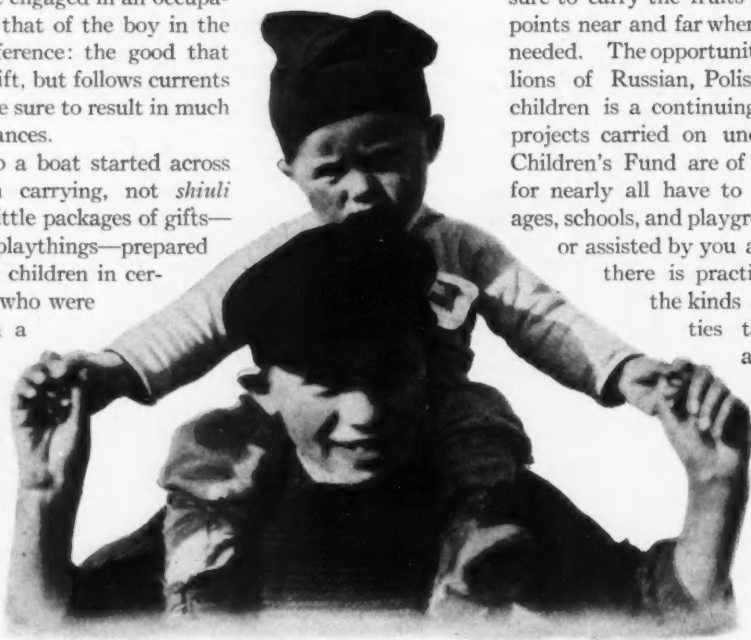
What better proof could there be that the *work* of the

Junior Red Cross is promoting "happy childhood the world over" and creating a bond of good will even among adults! Notice that little word in italics—*work*. It is mainly through activities that good will is manifested. Merely talking and reading about Junior Red Cross ideals will not get very far. Good intentions, when not developed into something really done, are like little boats of *shiuli* flowers that are cast adrift and that almost immediately capsize and sink. Many Junior Red Cross channels are open to you, and are sure to carry the fruits of your efforts to points near and far where they are greatly needed. The opportunity to sew for millions of Russian, Polish, and Austrian children is a continuing one; numerous projects carried on under the National Children's Fund are of a lasting nature, for nearly all have to do with orphanages, schools, and playgrounds established or assisted by you abroad. At home

there is practically no limit to the kinds of helpful activities that are possible,

as indicated in the article in this NEWS called "Serving at Home."

"In the United States of America there is a very important organization—the Junior Red Cross." That



Greetings from the heart of Hungary!

is the way that Kathleen May Ivey, a seventh grade student of the Powell School, Birmingham, Alabama, began a school essay. Then she went on to say: "The children of our room understand that being a member of the Junior Red Cross helps to make us better citizens. It teaches us to love and understand the children of other nations and helps them to love and understand us. Then when we grow to womanhood and manhood perhaps the nations will not disagree as they do now."

The more you do to earn this fine opinion of the *importance* of the Junior Red Cross, the happier you will be. And if you will read the beautiful poem, "The Return of King Arthur," on the opening pages of this NEWS, you will be inspired by the spirit that makes all work of this kind important. This spirit is as old as man—has always been; and it heals, and renews, and beautifies, and promotes a pure and selfless love for all mankind. It is what a learned Englishman, Henry Drummond, has called—in a little book—"The Greatest Thing in the World." And that is LOVE!

AUSTIN CUNNINGHAM



