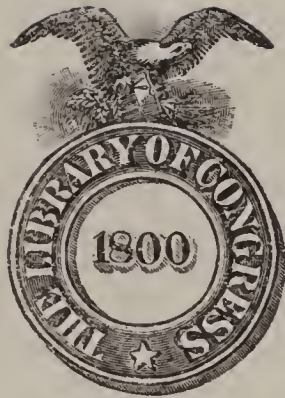


THE BOY WITH THE AMERICAN RED CROSS



FRANCIS ROLT-WHEELER



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MISS NIPPON THANKS AMERICA.

Yukika Haraguchi, daughter of the military attaché of the Japanese Embassy, on the steps of American Red Cross Headquarters, extending the thanks of Japan for the most superb gift of help (\$11,600,000) ever recorded in history, to aid the victims of the greatest disaster the world has ever seen — the Tokyo Earthquake.

U. S. SERVICE SERIES

THE BOY WITH THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

By
FRANCIS ROLT-WHEELER

With Forty-Eight Illustrations
From Photographs



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The Boy With the American Red Cross



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PREFACE

THE splendor of adventure appears in its most luring and romantic form when allied to heroic deeds; in no branch of daring does it rise to greater heights than in those great world-rescues which are done under the banner of the American Red Cross.

All civilization holds a throb of pity when some great disaster takes its toll of death and distress, all civilization thrills with admiration and sympathy when some great work of relief not only gives food to the starving and houses to the homeless, but also restores comfort in distress and hope in despair.

When a tornado lays its black finger of destruction upon the land, when floods turn a river into a raging torrent, when vast fires lay everything waste, when mysterious epidemics ravage a whole country, when famine decimates a population, when earthquakes shake great cities into ruins, when molten lava from volcanic eruptions engulfs whole villages, then do the Red Cross heroes spring to the fore, and the heart of humanity answers with a universal cry. In times of war, in times of catastrophe, in times

of peace, the Red Cross stands foremost. To reveal the greatness of its work, to show how every American can be a partaker therein, and to give yet another reason for deep-held love to the United States, is the aim and purpose of

THE AUTHOR.

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THE BOY WITH THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

CHAPTER I

THE TORNADO'S TRACK

“MAY I take the big car out, Mr. Oglethorpe? Right away?”

The request was made breathlessly.

“What for?”

“Bad tornado in Boniton, sir; a couple of hundred killed, hundreds injured!”

The banker lifted his eyebrows and glanced ironically at his usually imperturbable chauffeur.

“I didn't know you were a sensation-hunter, Martin.”

“I'm a Red Cross man, sir!”

“You are?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Ah, that's different.” A note of respect crept into the financier's tone. “Still, I want the car myself this afternoon.”

“What for?”

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“Is that any of your business?” his employer queried sharply.

“Yes, sir; it is!” Martin’s retort was emphatic, though the tone was more respectful than the words. “The Red Cross comes ahead of any man’s private affairs.”

“But this happens to be my car.”

“It doesn’t! Not now! Not when disaster calls! You’ve got no rights bigger than human suffering!”

John Oglethorpe stared amazedly at his man, who had always been obedient to his slightest order. This time, the positions were reversed, and it was the chauffeur who dominated.

The old banker was too keen a judge of human character not to recognize forcefulness when he saw it, and he was also democratic enough to appreciate worth in any man. He put his hand in his breast pocket.

“Very good, Martin; take the car. The people may need help there. How much do you ——”

“Bring your pocketbook along, sir.”

“You expect me to come?”

“Your driving coat’s in the car already.”

Oglethorpe was a man of quick decision. Though personal intervention in a crisis was far from his sedentary nature, he saw Martin’s view-point in a

flash. Perhaps, if truth be told, a certain inner pride forbade him to appear indifferent to a summons for help. Not that he cared what a chauffeur might think about him, but, as he had said himself, a Red Cross man was different. He rose instantly and walked to the door, which Martin held open respectfully.

"I'd promised to take Gavin out this afternoon," commented the banker, as they walked down the palm-bordered hall.

"He's in the car now."

"Man!" Oglethorpe halted, abruptly. "You don't intend to take him, too?"

"Why not, sir?"

"With dead and dying everywhere, according to your account—that's no place for a boy!"

"Gavin's going to be rich, sir, isn't he?"

"He'll be well enough off, I suppose," admitted the banker, with a self-satisfied smile.

"Then the sooner he does see something like that, the better. He'll have a chance to learn what money's worth."

"You're a Socialist, Martin?"

"I, sir? No, sir; not at all! I'm a Red Cross man, sir."

He went down the front steps two at a time, the

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banker following him with the same vigor, though he had not done such a thing for twenty years.

Gavin hailed him excitedly:

“Coming, Father? Fine! Martin said you would!”

The elderly man jumped into the car without a word, and none too soon, for the big automobile was already wheeling around the curve of the drive. It shot out between the entrance gate-posts and swerved on to the grey rain-swept road, anglewise to the howling wind, an aftermath of the tornado which had devastated the country a hundred miles away.

The speedometer jumped to fifty, sixty, almost seventy!

“If old Constable Jake sees us,” commented Oglethorpe, “there’ll be some pretty fines to pay!”

“He won’t say a word, Father.”

“Why not?”

“While Martin ran up to your study, I fastened a whopping Red Cross sign on the front of the radiator, big enough to be seen a hundred yards away.”

“Where did you get it?”

“It’s a dress or something. I found it hanging in a cupboard.”

The banker leaned forward and smiled grimly as

he recognized the twisted remnants of a Paris gown which his wife had particularly prized for its glorious color and cut. He said nothing, for what was the use now? Indeed, talking was not easy, for the car, despite its weight, was fairly bouncing along the road, and Martin's hand never left the raucous horn.

As they approached a typical small farming town, the car slowed down a little and conversation became possible, even though the cutting wind blew the words to shreds.

"Did Martin tell you how he got the news?" came the query.

"By 'phone from the Red Cross Chapter at Kellyboro, in the next county; there isn't any Chapter in this one," Gavin answered. "So far as I can make out, he was practically ordered to report for duty."

"And if I hadn't given permission?"

The boy grinned.

"Guess you'd have been out a chauffeur, Father!"

The banker's pride was piqued. While this was the first time that he had ever come in personal contact with the Red Cross at work, he had a profound admiration for it in a vague sort of way and had given more than a hundred thousand dollars to the cause during the World War. Yet, even so, the idea that his chauffeur was ready to abandon him

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at a moment's notice, because of a Red Cross call, came near to irritating him.

A few minutes later, the car swerved off the main road and shot up a narrow country lane. At the speed they were going, the automobile began to bump and jolt like a springless farm wagon behind a bolting horse. Oglethorpe leaned forward.

"What—are—you—going—this way—for?" he jerked out, between the bumps.

"Two villages on the highway have been wiped out," the chauffeur answered in the same jerky speech, and holding tightly with one hand to the side of the car as it skidded on the muddy lane. "Likely there'd be smashed houses scattered all over the road, and we couldn't get by."

The banker leaned back again with a gesture of resignation. Martin was in command, there was no doubt as to that.

A few moments later, Gavin cried excitedly:

"Look, Father!"

There, right in the middle of a wheat field, was the roof of a barn, apparently intact.

"I don't remember any farm buildings about here," remarked the banker.

"There weren't any," declared Martin over his shoulder. "That's come from miles away!"

They went on, more slowly now, for signs of the tornado's fury were beginning to appear: a rafter, a splintered board, the shattered remains of a buggy, and, a little farther, a hen-coop.

Just round a turn of the road a good-sized tree had fallen, uprooted, and barred the way. The four-wheel brakes just checked the car in time to save a crash. Martin swerved out into the rough hay meadow and back into the road, taking the two ditches almost at a jump. Oglethorpe felt as if his teeth had been shaken out of his gums.

"You told me when I engaged you, Martin, that you'd driven a motor ambulance at the Front during the War," he commented. "I hope you didn't take the wounded at this speed!"

"A good bit faster sometimes, sir," the chauffeur answered, "and over worse roads than this!"

They drove on as swiftly as they dared, for there was no saying now what obstacles might not bar the way.

A little farther, Martin raised his hand and pointed to the left.

"That's Grantburg, sir!"

"Shades of mercy! It's all in ruins! I can hear screaming! Stop, Martin; stop!"

The car sped on.

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“ Stop, I tell you! ”

“ We’re going on to Boniton.”

“ Stop! ”

The chauffeur half turned, and in his voice rang the steel of disciplined command.

“ Mr. Oglethorpe, you’ve got to understand that relief work must sometimes seem to be as merciless as war. A big disaster supersedes a little one. If we stop to help a dozen people we rob a thousand of the aid they have the right to expect! ”

And he stepped on the gas.

The wind howled about them madly. The mud splattered to right and left, the big car, accustomed to the best roads only, lurched and banged from rut to hollow as the inexorable driver forced it on. The tension of the ride and Martin’s authoritativeness exasperated the banker almost beyond endurance. Wealthy as he was, as he always had been, this enforced subordination to his own chauffeur made him wild. Had he dared, he would have wrenched the wheel from the driver’s hand.

“ Lippville, Father! ”

Scored, scarred, and ravaged, wrecked houses standing out against the sky, an iron-framed wind-mill twisted on its base like a corkscrew, the little hamlet spoke eloquently of the fury of the storm.

That any houses remained at all was explained by a broad gash between the road and the village, a brown gash of destruction. There crops, trees, and hedges had been uprooted by the fearful suction of the whirling blast, or had been razed clear to the ground. Lippville had been just on the edge of it, and the path of devastation, barely a couple of hundred yards wide, had only skirted the line of dwellings.

“Wasn't Jed Roode's place somewhere about here, Gavin?” the banker queried. “Somewhere between Lippville and the road?”

“It surely was! Do you suppose ——”

A cellar-hole in the ground, with some overturned agricultural machinery near by, sufficiently answered the question. The house, the barn, the outbuildings, had vanished.

As for Roode and his family—who could tell?

Oglethorpe fell silent, thinking, and he did not speak again until the car slowed up, not far from Boniton. Some large squared logs lay across the road, blown from a timber yard, fully half a mile away.

Martin stopped the car and jumped out.

“Give a hand, both of you!”

The order was peremptory.

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Gavin vaulted over his side of the car, and his father, to do him credit, was but little slower. At a sign from the chauffeur the banker stooped and took hold of one end of a large beam, stiffly and awkwardly. But the strength was there—unexpected strength. With Martin he heaved the beam to one side of the road.

Without a word said, off went the otter-lined overcoat, the coat and waistcoat. A different man stood there, and one of powerful frame.

At the lifting of the second beam, a new spirit came into the city financier. He went at the task eagerly. A forgotten youth began to awaken. He picked up a heavy plank alone, and tossed it aside with a grunt of satisfaction. The boy fairly gasped. He could scarcely recognize his always slow-moving and dignified father.

“I used to play tackle on the Rutgers team,” the banker commented in answer to his son’s look, and buckled to the job.

Martin nodded approval.

The road clear, they went on.

On every side evidences of ruin accumulated. They were nearing the track of the storm. At one place death showed its ghastly work, and the father held Gavin in conversation so that he should not

see. Better, the man thought, for the boy to come slowly to a realization of what disaster meant.

Passing from out an orchard-bordered stretch of road, they came to the "Shack-town" section of Boniton—a welter of grey, slivered boards, with lonely and despondent figures standing here and there, or sitting, crouched amid the ruins of their homes.

At the beginning of Hill Street, the main street of the town, the car stopped. It was impossible to advance any farther. A brick building had slumped in a spiral across the street, as if a giant hand had lifted, squeezed, and twisted it, and then let it fall.

Martin leaped out, leaving his engine running. At a swift pace, clambering over the wreckage of fallen houses, he made his way to a point on the western side of the town, not far from the demolished City Hall, where a knot of people had congregated in the lee of an unroofed stone building.

There, as the chauffeur had rightly guessed, were the doctors, working at topmost speed under all the difficulties of improvised conditions. The hospital had been in the very track of the twister, and the death-list there had been terrible.

"Who's in charge?" Martin asked curtly as he came up.

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“No one yet! The Mayor’s dead, and the Chief of Police is missing. Stewart’s coming from Madon City with a Red Cross unit. He hasn’t got here yet. The road’s blocked, probably,” answered the Consulting Surgeon of the hospital and the leading doctor of the place. “Who are you?”

“Martin. Red Cross. Formerly in command of the motor section of an ambulance corps in Flanders.”

“Ah! That’s good. Better take temporary charge of relief work yourself then!”

The old surgeon turned to the circle of men around him.

“Boys! Here’s a Red Cross man. He’s in command. Enough said!”

And he went back to his dreadful but humane business.

Martin whirled on his heel.

“Rescue work, first!” he ordered. “What are you all doing here looking on? Is every one out of the ruins?”

“Wa-al ——” a drawling voice began, with a note of protest in it.

“Any ex-service men here?” Martin snapped out.

A smart young fellow with a clear eye stepped forward and saluted.

“ I was at Chateau Thierry.”

“ You're the kind I want! Take every one of these idlers with you and start a systematic search of the fallen houses—systematic, mind you! If any one loafers or grouches, take his name and get rid of him! Don't force your men too fast, but make them go steady. Leave the youngsters behind; I need 'em. Off with you! ”

“ I don't see jest why ——” the same drawling voice resumed, with the same intonation of querulousness.

Oglethorpe stepped forward. He was a big-boned man and accustomed to command. Both his presence and his voice carried authority.

“ Follow the others,” he thundered, “ or you'll see why quicker than you expect! ”

The shambling slacker muttered something under his breath, but, after a look at the angry banker, did as he was told.

Martin was already off on another line. He picked out the brightest-looking of the lads in the group which was surrounding the doctors, and bade him guide Gavin to the part of the town which had suffered least from the ravages of the tornado.

“ Get into every house and find out how many beds are available,” he said curtly to the banker's

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son. "Make a list. As soon as you get a dozen or so, send a youngster here with the list so that I'll know where to send the injured. I'll look after stretchers and stretcher-bearers meanwhile. Lively now!"

Gavin and his guide, with a couple of smaller boys following, went off at a run.

"Mr. Oglethorpe," continued Martin, wheeling on his employer, "I'm doubting whether the Madon City Red Cross unit can get through to-night. It's got to cross the tornado track half a dozen times. We've got a couple of thousand homeless on our hands, right now, without a place to sleep or a bite to eat.

"Food comes first. That means that some kind of a soup kitchen has got to be fixed up before evening. There seems to be some kind of a church still standing over there. See if it's habitable. Rouse out the minister if you can, and get the keys; if you can't, force the door. Have the janitor get a fire going. Then round up a few women—not the chattering kind—and send them over to the church."

"What for?"

"To fix up the food, of course! After that, you go to all the provision stores still standing. Have them send over to the church everything they've got

that can be eaten without cooking, and a lot of other stuff that can be quickly prepared. Some of the women will volunteer to cook it, that is, those whose houses are in good enough shape. If you can find any bakers, set them at work, and tell every woman who knows how to bake bread to get busy. We'll round up live stock to-morrow.

“ Oh, yes, and don't forget to tell the storekeepers to make out an exact bill ——”

“ I'll settle up for all that,” interjected the banker.

“ Don't say so, then. It's foolish to waste money which can be used for urgency. If the merchants think they're selling to the Red Cross, some of them will be decent enough to quote wholesale prices, and most will ask only a small profit; but if they think there's a millionaire to bleed, there's mighty few of them that won't profiteer.

“ In any case, the Red Cross is a stickler for rigid bookkeeping methods, and won't stand for any profiteering. The motto of Headquarters is: ‘ Don't stint, but don't waste! ’ Good organization doesn't take any longer to start than bad! And the quicker you get going, the better.”

Oglethorpe nodded.

“ Organization won't bother me,” he said, “ but I don't know about handling the women.”

“ You won’t need to. You’ll find that once they know it’s for the Red Cross, every one will come into line without a murmur. And send me a verbal report within an hour! ”

Again the banker was conscious of a fierce resentment for this curt fashion of ordering him about, but he swallowed it down and hurried off to his tasks.

It was all that he could do to keep from running over to join a group of rescuers which was working frantically to remove the débris of a house, under which several members of a family were pinned, but he closed his ears to the cries of the wounded as best he could, and hurried on all the faster to the church.

The minister was not there, having been one of the first to organize a rescue party, but his wife was in the parsonage, a prim little woman much filled by a sense of her own importance. She was almost useless from panic and distress, for her sister was counted among the missing. None the less, the banker learned from her who were the most reliable and efficient women of the neighborhood.

Much to his surprise, Oglethorpe found himself aglow with a certain satisfaction in carrying out the orders of Martin, and he set his trained brain to the rapid mapping out of a Food Organization. He was amazed at the sense of relief expressed by the

people of Boniton on learning that some one representing the Red Cross had taken charge of the situation.

The spirit of generosity was lifted high by the disaster. Nearly all the merchants offered to donate a part of their goods, and the rest accepted readily the suggestion of quoting wholesale prices. Only one storekeeper—the biggest in the place—refused blankly, saying that he was already half-ruined by the destruction of his house, and that selling goods at a greatly increased price at the expense of the sufferers was his only chance to redeem his losses.

Oglethorpe was not the man to be rebuffed by a storekeeper.

“You yellow-souled jackal!” he stormed. “I wish there were martial law here! I’d have you put up against a wall and shot!”

“Business is business,” the other responded, for this was his only creed.

“Business isn’t bloodsucking!” raged the banker.

He called to the men who were following him in wagons to take the stores to the church, and ordered the entire stock of the would-be profiteer to be seized.

“Listen to me!” he continued. “I’ll have a list made of everything we take and give you my per-

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sonal check for the wholesale price of your stuff, as on the day you bought it, plus five per cent., so that you won't have a chance to complain. Then, when the whole story is told of the tornado relief, your share in it won't be forgotten, and I shouldn't be surprised if you were run out of town. I'd tar and feather you if I were one of the citizens of Boniton!"

But Martin frowned when told of this action.

"You were wrong," he said sternly. "You should have waited until all the other provisions were used up before seizing the man's goods, no matter how mean-livered he may be. There's no reason to commandeer except in case of urgency. And you'll have to make it thoroughly understood that your action was taken on your own responsibility, not on that of the Red Cross. I didn't give you the authority to commandeer! You haven't ever been under discipline, Mr. Oglethorpe, or you'd know that to exceed orders is just as bad as to disobey them."

The banker, duly snubbed, returned to the church to supervise the work which Martin had set him to do. Never before had he realized what a multiplicity of seemingly unimportant things become questions of tragic import during a great crisis. For, truly, this was one. Over the heads of all rested the pall

of a calamity. There was no one who had not lost either relative or friend during those four fearful minutes when the tornado swept in its stunning confusion through the city, few who were free of the sickening dread that comes from a constant repetition of horror. And, withal, such seeming trifles as a stove that smoked, a shrieking baby whose voice could not be hushed, an insufficiency of coffee, and even personal petty jealousies, added exasperation to the jangled nerves which terror and grief had set on edge.

Fortunately, being accustomed to handle large affairs, Oglethorpe possessed the gift of quick decision, and though he made innumerable mistakes in his large-scale domestic economy, none was serious. Before nightfall the church was converted into an immense dining-hall, able to accommodate four hundred people at a time, and food had been got together sufficient to feed four times that number.

Gavin was working no less rapidly. He had been shrewd enough to think of finding out which of the older lads in the village were Boy Scouts. Their Scoutmaster, alas! was among the dead, but there were two Eagle Scouts in the town, and these, together with Gavin, formed the nucleus of an invaluable band of auxiliaries. They knew every one in

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the place, and no sooner did Martin or Oglethorpe find some vital point lacking in the relief-work system than they were able to use the eager lads as messengers and even as aids to supply the deficiency.

The question of lighting was a case in point. The electric light plant had been wrecked, and, in order to carry on the rescue work uninterruptedly, it was necessary to have some outdoor lights. Under the instruction of electricians, garage-owners, and the like, a whole gang of boys—some of them radio fans and accustomed to wiring—soon worked out a system of storage-battery lights, dismantled automobile lamps, acetylene flares, and the like.

They served, too, as watchers, for the inhabitants of "Shack-town" were not always to be trusted. The Chief of Police, who had been extricated from the ruins of the City Hall, despite a bandaged head and a splintered wrist established a patrol and kept order with the aid of a number of the older boys, every able-bodied man being needed at the work of rescue.

It was not until nearly eleven o'clock at night that the Red Cross unit from Madon City reached the stricken town, bringing its chairman, another doctor, a dozen nurses, and ample medical equipment. An auto-truck with food supplies was already on the

way, and others would follow at regular intervals until the railroad was able to repair the tracks wrenched up by the tornado and could resume regular communication.

Stewart, the head of the unit, was met at the church by Martin. The latter, concisely, made an introductory report and turned over the situation to the official Red Cross representative, outlining the temporary organization and summarizing the work that had been done.

His report finished, Martin turned directly to Oglethorpe. The note of command was gone from his voice, the stamp of authority from his pose. The Director of Relief had again become the chauffeur.

“The car is ready, sir,” he said.

“The car? What for?”

“To go home, sir, I supposed.”

“What? Go home now? And leave all this work to some one else? You’re crazy, man! Do you think I could sleep quietly now, and think of all these people in distress, of the men and women who may still be pinned under the wreckage, of the hundreds that we still haven’t found beds for, and of all the fellows who’ve been straining every nerve and muscle all afternoon and evening long—many of them not even stopping for a bite of food?”

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“No! If Mr. Stewart will have me, I’ll stay here so long as I can be of any service. The bank can take care of itself, so long as there’s relief work like this to be accomplished!

“As for you, Martin, I put you under Mr. Stewart’s orders right now, and I’ll fire you if you dare to come back to me until he releases you!”

The chauffeur ventured a smile, and looked at the boy standing by and listening intently.

“And Gavin, sir?”

“I’ll ask him! How about it, son?” he queried.

“Me, Father? Oh, I can’t go!” came the decided reply. “It isn’t Martin that I’ve been helping, but the Red Cross, and that’s still on the job. I’m game to stick to the end—that is, if you’ll let me.”

“And your mother?”

“I’ve thought of that. There’s a farmhouse, about four miles from here, where the ’phone’s still working. Walters, one of the Boy Scouts, has a motor-cycle. He can run out there in a few minutes and send off a message. In fact, he’s done that for different people a dozen times already. What shall I tell him to say, Father?”

The banker smiled, a tired but determined smile.

“Let him tell your mother that you and I have been kidnapped by the Red Cross!”



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THE GREAT TORNADO SWEEPING DOWN UPON OMAHA.



Courtesy of American Red Cross.

WHAT THE RED CROSS WORKERS FOUND AN HOUR LATER.



Courtesy of American Red Cross.

RESCUE COMING AT 100 MILES AN HOUR.

The National Red Cross Director of Disaster Relief leaving by airplane to rush relief measures following a destructive tornado.

CHAPTER II

A KNIGHT IN OVERALLS

WHEN and where Gavin dropped asleep that night, he never remembered. All that he was able to recall was that, shortly before dawn, he sat down somewhere, too tired to stand up any longer, and went right off to sleep. He did not wake until noon, to find himself in the house of a woman whom he had never seen before. Some minutes elapsed before he realized that he was in Boniton, and then the tragic occurrences of the day before swept over him like a flood.

Ashamed of his tardiness, he leaped out of bed, dressed at top speed, and hurried to the church which had been the center of operations the night before.

All was changed. Just beyond the ruins of the Abattoir, a small city of white tents was rising. The streets leading to it had already been cleared of débris, and, over the level road leading to the city from the north, a string of automobiles and trucks could be seen coming to Boniton or leaving it.

There were no longer any rescue gangs delving

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amid the ruins of wrecked houses. Every shattered building had been searched, and, so far as could be determined from a first hasty comparison of the town records, there were no "missing." Every one was accounted for, either among the dead, the wounded, or the lucky ones who had escaped.

"Where's Father, Mr. Stewart?" queried Gavin, breathlessly, as soon as he could get near the Director of Relief, who was standing in front of the church ordering and regulating the whole operation with short snappy commands that carried confidence as well as authority.

"Gone to bed. Only just about an hour ago, though. He's good stuff, is your father!"

Gavin's eyes glittered with pride. Rightly he judged that praise from a Red Cross man was generally hard to get.

"Did he stay up all night then?"

"He surely did, and worked like sixty! I could never have accomplished half of what has been done but for him. Mr. Oglethorpe has got just the right kind of head for this sort of work: he doesn't get flurried, he doesn't forget anything, he recognizes instinctively the proportionate value of things which need to be done, and he doesn't waste time over non-essentials."

“And where’s Martin?” queried the boy.

“He’s still at it. Oh, you don’t need to worry about Martin! He’s an ace! We know all about him. He’s got a war record in the Red Cross that any one might be proud of.”

“Why! I never heard him talk about it!”

“You wouldn’t. He’s not the kind to brag.”

Stewart broke off as a man came hurrying up from the rapidly rising Tent City; after a brief interchange, he gave the newcomer some incisive instructions in regard to the construction of sanitation drainage for the camp, and then resumed:

“As a matter of fact, relief work calls for men of quite a special nature. Oh, I don’t mean to suggest that all kinds of people aren’t ready to help. As a rule it’s rare to find any one who isn’t willing to slave to the very last burst of his powers on the first day of a disaster; a good many overdo themselves, and give us more trouble afterwards. The main trouble with relief volunteers is that they overlap. Six men busy themselves over a piece of work that one man ought to do alone, and five equally important things are left undone.

“The second day tells a very different story. The first eagerness to help has subsided into a dazed realization of the magnitude of the disaster, and a queer

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kind of helplessness spreads like a mental epidemic—I've seen it scores of times.

“The third day, generally, is worse. The stunned feeling lapses into a dull despair, and this abandonment of hope is a far worse calamity than the disaster which caused it. As I told your father, the Red Cross doesn't give food as charity but mainly as a temporary measure to keep the body going until the normal desire for action returns to the victims of a disaster, bidding them act for themselves. The best relief work is that which creates the smallest amount of parasitism.”

“I can see that,” agreed Gavin, “though I wouldn't have thought of it. Before I came here, yesterday, I thought money would do everything. I see now it won't.”

“Relief work is a question of organization far more than it is of money. Our ultimate aim is always the upbuilding of courage and the reestablishment of normal conditions. Your father saw that, without being told, and he seems to know just how to go about it to reach those ends. You've got no Red Cross Chapter in this county. I've been trying to persuade your father that he ought to organize one and take charge of the local relief work, himself.”

“ I wish he would! ” declared Gavin.

“ Why? ”

“ Oh, it’s great! I never enjoyed myself half so much as I did yesterday! ”

Stewart wrinkled his close-set, far-seeing eyes with a definite expression of amusement.

“ Queer idea of enjoyment you seem to have, ” he remarked.

“ Well, ” persisted Gavin, “ I did, just the same. There was a sort of a thrill about it. After all, school is only like everlastingly getting ready to do something and never doing it. Here, yesterday, every one was at it all the time, and at it hard! I suppose it was rather dreadful in a way, but I didn’t think about the people being killed or hurt, or ruined, or any of that sort of thing, I only thought about helping them. ”

“ Which is exactly the right idea. ”

“ So Martin said. But I had it all wrong before, Mr. Stewart. I thought the Red Cross was only good for rescuing wounded men on the battle-field, and that sort of thing. ”

“ You’re not so far wrong as you think, my boy. That’s where Red Cross work originally began, and, when war is raging, it’s still the biggest part of the work we have to do. In peace times, however, the

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Red Cross is every bit as active, for the war between Man and Nature is never-ceasing. Such disasters as are produced by hurricanes, floods, earthquakes, and volcanic eruptions, to say nothing of fires, famines, and pestilences, reap a terrible harvest of human lives every year.

“That kind of relief work, while, on the whole, it has been greatly heightened by our modern humanitarian outlook, existed even in early times. As far back as the Middle Ages the Knights Hospitallers used to assist the victims of earthquake disaster in addition to their great work of aiding the wounded in war.”

“The Knights Hospitallers, Mr. Stewart? Who were they?”

“The real heroes of the Crusades, to my way of thinking. I’ll tell you about them at dinner-time if you like. Your father asked me this morning to give him a short account of the beginnings of the Red Cross. I started to tell him, but he was far too exhausted to take in the sense of what I was saying. So I sent him off to bed, though he grumbled at my orders like a child who is told that bedtime has come!” The Red Cross man laughed. “I promised him that I’d tell the whole story this evening. There’s your chance to hear it, unless you’re too

tired to sit up. By the way, Gavin, can you run your father's car?"

"Sure, Mr. Stewart! I do it right along!"

"Good! Then I can keep you busy all the afternoon. Martin's gone down to Lippville to organize the relief work there. He ought to be back in about an hour or so. Go inside now, and get something to eat—there's plenty of food here—and when Martin comes in you can take charge of the car and let him have a rest. I don't want him to break down."

Gavin had learned a good deal about obeying orders the day before. Instead of breaking into a long list of queries as to what he would be expected to do, he asked only:

"Whom do I report to?"

Stewart looked keenly at the boy. He had taken note of him the night before, and had realized that, as in the father so in the son, there was to be found that mixture of initiative and discipline which is the essential character for Red Cross work.

"Report to Thorsson on the North Road," he answered. "Never mind his blunt manner; that's only on the surface. Study the man. If you can get him to talking, you'll learn a lot. I mentioned the Knights Hospitallers a minute ago. He's a modern

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example of that same splendid old spirit, a true example of chivalry in the rough: a Knight in overalls! ”

Gavin nodded obedience and went in to a good hot lunch. The food was little more varied than army rations in character, but it was plentiful. The boy took note of everything around him. Martin's organization in the church did not seem greatly to have changed, and yet there was a definite smoothness and stability in the running, which is the surest sign of frictionless operation. It seemed incredible how in a few hours the situation had been changed from one of temporary expediency to one of skilfully organized relief.

After lunch, Gavin hurried down to the point where the North Road entered the city. There, note-book in hand, roughly clad, stood a powerfully-built man with tousled tow hair and dominant grey-blue eyes. Gavin did not need to ask if this were the man to whom Stewart had referred; authority hovered about him like an aura.

“ I've been told to report to you, Mr. Thorsson,” said the boy. “ I'm Gavin Oglethorpe.”

“ The banker's son? ”

“ Yes.”

“ What do you suppose you can do? ”

“Relieve Martin, and run Father’s car.”

“Where to?”

“Wherever you say.”

“Ah!” The man nodded. “That’s the way to talk! I can use you if you know enough to do what you’re told. But the car won’t be back for half an hour or more.”

“I can wait.”

Thorsson frowned.

“Waitin’ means wastin’. Do you figure that standin’ around with your hands in your pockets is relief work?”

He cast a quick glance around him.

“There’s a house over there, half blown down,” he continued. “I don’t see anybody doin’ anything to set it straight. Get over there, right now, an’ see if you can’t start somethin’.”

This was a vague and breezy order, but Gavin did not hesitate. He remembered Stewart’s saying that initiative was as necessary as obedience, and he felt a thrill of pride as he realized that Thorsson’s words practically meant that he must decide for himself on what action was to be taken. It was in his own hands to “start something,” even in the short space of half an hour.

As he scrambled over the piled confusion of tim-

bers and splintered boards, which were all that the tornado had left of the front of the house, Gavin braced himself to quick decision. He was terribly conscious of his own inexperience, but he realized that he must not show it. The previous night's activities, under the direction of Martin, had taught him, to a certain extent, that the first thing to be done in relief work is to make immediate use of what still exists rather than to try to determine what may be needed later.

All the front portion of the building was a wreck, for the edge of the tornado had cut clear through it; yet two rooms remained intact, save for a large hole in the side wall through which a falling roof-beam had plunged. The furniture and contents of the entire house lay pell-mell, scattered and strewn out in a curve by the suction of the whirlwind. Some pieces of furniture were broken to pieces, some not even scratched. A big bed was standing fifty yards from the house, the brass rail twisted and doubled up like a piece of soft wire, but the bedding had not even been ruffled. There it had stayed all night and all morning, and the people of the house had not even taken the trouble to set the bedding out to dry.

In the mood of helplessness which is characteristic

of the second day of a disaster, no one had tried to do anything. The eldest child, a girl, had been seriously—perhaps fatally—injured, and was under the care of a Red Cross nurse in the improvised hospital. The mother could do nothing but rock herself backwards and forwards with grief, while her husband brooded and puffed furiously at an old pipe. Two boys, one about eleven years of age, and the other a little younger, were huddled together, cold and miserable. They looked up as Gavin clambered toward them over the splintered wreckage, but the father and mother did not move.

In a flash, the boy realized the significance of Thorsson's words: "See if you can't start something!" There was the punch in it! It wasn't what he did that mattered, it was the actual doing.

"Come on, fellows!" he said cheerfully to the two boys. "It's up to us now! You've got two rooms all to the good in spite of the twister. Let's get 'em in shape!"

The father looked up with an air of indifference, the mother did not stir; but both the lads jumped up at once. They were relieved to get away from the suppression of their parents, who, since early in the morning, had been bidding them to keep still.

Gavin had not the faintest idea about housekeep-

ing, but he remembered that Martin had told him the night before that food was always the first thing to be considered in a disaster, and that shelter only came second. Food, to the boy's ideas, depended on a kitchen, and he knew that the Red Cross plan was concentrated on helping other people to help themselves. He looked around at the pile of débris and at the household stuff all cluttered up with roof-shingles and covered with the white dust of fallen plaster. Pinned under a disjointed window-frame he saw the kitchen range.

"The stove looks a bit sick," he commented, "but I shouldn't wonder if she'd work yet. And there's plenty of wood to burn! Let's take her in, fellows!"

It was a heavy lift for the three boys, but they managed it.

"How about stovepipe? See any around?"

"Squashed, mostly," said the eldest boy. "There are two or three lengths over there, though, that aren't so bad."

Gavin looked up.

"The chimney's gone, though."

"Stick the pipe out of the window then," said the other, who was more accustomed to makeshift expediciencies than the rich banker's son.

"Good scheme!" agreed Gavin, enthusiastically.

“We sure don’t need to worry about the glass; there isn’t any left to break.”

“Hunt up an elbow, if you can, Paul,” suggested the elder, as the two boys labored at fitting the ends of the flattened stovepipe. “Aren’t these hard to put together, though!”

They pinched their fingers several times in the effort, but at last they succeeded in getting the pipe fitted together after a fashion, using a single elbow, and poked it out of the window-frame. The stovepipe was as crooked as a ram’s horn and looked most battered and dilapidated, but it would, at least, serve the purpose of giving a draught, and enabling a fire to be lighted. This done, Gavin turned to the younger lad.

“See if you can’t find some pots and things somewhere,” he suggested.

To the older he said:

“I wish we could find a hammer and some nails! It wouldn’t be much of a job to nail a few boards on that hole there, and keep some of the wind out. It’s going to rain again, sure, and the rain comes from that side.”

“I saw the hammer just now,” and the eldest boy picked it out from amid the ruins of a chest of drawers. “There aren’t any nails, though.”

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“ Plenty of 'em! ” retorted Gavin. “ Yank 'em out of the smashed planks.”

At the first sound of the hammering the father looked around to see what the boys were doing. A few minutes later he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, rose and took the hammer from his son's hand without a word, and set to work.

Presently the younger lad came in with an armful of small saucepans and frying-pans, covered with mud and sticky with pasty plaster. At the sound of the clanking of the pots, the mother glanced up and spoke sharply:

“ Paul! Don't you dare put those dirty pots on the stove! ”

Gavin chuckled to himself. Scolding was certainly a sign of interest.

“ But he told me —— ” began the boy, nodding his head in Gavin's direction.

“ Put them down! ”

“ Where, Ma? ”

The woman got up with a jerk, snatched one of the pots out of the lad's hand, and began cleaning off the dirt with a slightly less muddy rag.

It was at this point that Thorsson came crunching over the pile of wreckage. His experienced eye took in the situation at a glance.

“I knew you’d be one o’ the first to get a-goin’,” he said approvingly to the man who was busily engaged in nailing boards across the hole in the wall. “All the neighbors said it would take more’n a puff o’ wind to break your nerve.”

As a matter of fact no one had said anything of the kind to Thorsson, but the little fillip to the man’s pride had its effect. He made no answer, but hammered harder than ever.

The relief-worker turned to Gavin.

“Come along, you boy chauffeur! I need you now!”

Gavin wondered at this summons, for it did not seem to him as if the half-hour could have passed already, but a shrewd look in Thorsson’s eye warned him against making any comment. He dropped instantly the table he had been examining, wondering how he was going to supply its missing leg, and straightened up. Seeing that his chief turned on his heel without another word, Gavin followed him.

“The car isn’t in sight yet,” Thorsson remarked, as soon as they were out of hearing.

“Then why ——”

“Why did I call you away? For reasons! If you’d stayed around there an’ bossed the job that fellow would have got sore, likely, an’ felt he was

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bein' forced to work. If he does any fixin' up on his own hook, he'll be so tickled with himself for doin' it that he'll never stop till everything's in shape. A good many men are made that way. They need a push, sure enough, but they need only one. Once you start a stone rollin' down a hill you can leave it alone; there's no need to run after it an' push it some more."

The boy felt that this was sound reasoning, though the idea would never have occurred to him. He would have stayed on to help, and according to Thorsson's ideas he might have spoiled all the good that had been done.

"What did you do to start 'em off?"

Briefly Gavin described his experiences.

"If you can handle a thing that way, I guess you can run a car all right," was the relief-worker's word of praise. "Do you know the road to Urbain?"

"Not from here. I know it round by Lippville."

"That's the only road open now. Listen, youngster! There's a man pretty badly hurt here, a grave surgical case, who ought to be rushed off to the Urbain Hospital—some kind of a special operation, I don't know just what. A Red Cross nurse'll go along. The tin Lizzies we've got on hand aren't any good for that sort o' work, an' your father's car

is the only one big enough so's the injured man can be taken lyin' down. You'll take with you an order to bring back some medical supplies from Urbain. The quicker you make the trip, the more chance there is for the poor chap—as long as you don't set the car to jumpin' like a jack-rabbit. Comin' back you can burn up the road all you want to; there ain't any speed limits right now."

Gavin rubbed his hands with delight.

"Great! I wish there was something like this every day!"

Thorsson grabbed him by the shoulder and wheeled him round. The enthusiasm in the boy's eyes was certainly genuine.

"So that's the way you feel about it, is it? H'm. So do I."

"Have you ever been through a tornado before, Mr. Thorsson?"

"Tornado relief work, you mean? This is my fourteenth time."

"It is?"

"Not countin' hurricanes."

"Always with the Red Cross?"

"Every time."

"You're with it all the time then?"

"No; only when I get the chance. I'm not on

any regular relief staff, if that's what you're drivin' at."

"But I don't see how ——" Gavin began.

"Maybe not. But it's easy to see, just the same. You're not on the Red Cross, are you?"

"No."

"An' yet you're helpin' out."

"That's because this tornado business happened right close to where we live, and Martin brought me along."

"Suppose you heard of another disaster twice as far away, an' Martin wanted to take you, would you go?"

"Like a shot!"

"That's me, too."

"You mean you're just a volunteer worker?"

"That's the idea."

"And Mr. Stewart?"

"Oh, that's another story. Stewart's an official o' the Red Cross, chairman of a Chapter. But he gives his time for nothin', too, like most Red Cross leaders, if that's what you mean, though he doesn't go outside his own district. I'm a rover, an' that's different."

"How?"

Thorsson swept the road with his glance, and not

seeing the car coming, turned to the boy with a gesture of decision.

“Here, I’ll tell you what first got me into doin’ Red Cross work every chance I get, if you want to know. I was a young fellow then, lumberin’ in Michigan. In those days there wasn’t any Forest Service like there is now, with Rangers an’ Fire Guards an’ all, an’ forest fires used to range through those tamarack swamps pretty bad.

“Well, late one fall, in 1882 I reckon it was, a big fire came roarin’ through the Big Woods with a fifty-mile gale behind it. There’d been a long spell o’ drought, an’ everything was as dry as a chip. With the few scattered settlements o’ those days there wasn’t enough people to have stopped a blaze like that! It would have taken the whole U. S. army to head it off!

“Fire soon took hold o’ the railroad ties o’ the little narrow-gauge line that ran to the lumber camps, an’ burned ’em through; every road was choked with flames an’ most of ’em—bein’ corduroy roads, made o’ logs—were smokin’. The settlement where I lived with my father an’ mother was all ringed round with fire.

“We had a garden an’ a little root-cellar, ’cause Father was a hard worker an’ never spent a cent

on anything he could make or raise himself. We chucked out the potatoes an' stuff out o' that cellar, so as to make more room, an' piled in there ourselves, with four of our neighbors—that was all the place would hold. We nearly died of suffocation down in that hole, but not quite, though Mother was unconscious for more'n an hour. At that, we were the lucky ones!

“When the fire had passed by a bit, an' we risked comin' out for a breath of air—hot an' smoky air it was, too, which cut the lungs when you breathed it—a good half o' the people in the town had been burned to death, an' there wasn't a single house standin'. None of us had any money to speak of, an' winter was comin' on. Starvation an' cold were right ahead, an' no way to dodge 'em.

“The very next day—the next day, mind you!—four big wagons, their wheels charred black from havin' passed over the still smoulderin' corduroy roads, an' the horses' legs all tied up in some asbestos canvas stuff, pulled into the clearing that had been a live little settlement two days afore. There was one Red Cross doctor, a dozen nurses, two relief-workers, an' enough flour an' bacon to last the whole village for a week.

“Next day, down from over the Canadian border,

came wagon-load after wagon-load o' lumber, duty free. The Red Cross had made a special arrangement with the Canadian Government to help us out, an' when the Red Cross talks, every one listens. Up the other road, from the States, came more wagons with food, tools, hardware, an' a couple o' master carpenters.

“That was all we wanted—a chance to get to work an' put things in shape ourselves. Every one of us took a hand, an' we slaved night an' day. I was only seventeen then, but I was nigh as good an axeman as my father had been before he got all crippled up with rheumatism an' not able to do much more than potter about his garden. You see, I'd been born with an axe in my hand, just about.

“We worked like we was all crazy. Before snow flew every family—every one—had a house of its own, with stoves, beds an' enough rough furniture to get along on. The Red Cross found a job for every man in the lumber camps, an' advanced money all winter to our families, until we got paid after the drive, in the spring, when it was paid back. If it hadn't been for the Red Cross my father and mother would have starved or frozen to death that winter.

“Well, after the drive we got together, all of us, an' said we'd pay back the Red Cross for the lumber,

the stoves, the food, everything. Those durn officials wouldn't take our money! The Red Cross folk said it was their work to get us on our feet, to become a self-supportin' community once more, not just to make a loan an' leave us with a debt to pay.

"If we wanted to show our gratitude, said they, all we had to do was to send help to other people in trouble. I tell you there's never been a disaster in these United States from that day to this, that there hasn't been a good lump of a donation sent to the Red Cross from that little lumber town in the north o' Michigan.

"That summer Mother died an' Father went back to Norway on a visit. He never came back to America again, but died some time after in his own country, as he had always longed to do. Me, I was born here, an' I'm nothin' but American. Well, Father's goin' left me alone, except for my brother, an' I didn't get along any too well with him.

"But I couldn't forget the Red Cross. Just to send 'em a ten-dollar bill here, an' a twenty there, seemed pretty thin to me when I remembered everything that had been done for us up in the lumber settlement. I wanted to help with my hands, since I wasn't rich enough to do much with my pocket. But there didn't seem to be any way.

“Then, the next winter, when I was up in lumber camp as usual, there came a visitin’ doctor from the Red Cross to teach First Aid to us lumberjacks. Most o’ the boys laughed at it, but I didn’t. I’d seen the Red Cross at work, an’ I knew what it could do. I ate up those First Aid lectures an’ asked for more. I wasn’t very strong on readin’, but, by spellin’ the words out some, I managed to get a good bit o’ the Health Manuals in my head; I learned a bit o’ rough nursin’, too.

“In the drive next spring my brother got badly nipped in a log jam. My knowledge o’ First Aid kept him goin’ till the camp doctor got there, an’, so I was told, what I’d done helped to pull him through. I’d given a hand to one or two cases afore, one man ’specially, who slashed into an artery with a glancin’ axe.

“After that I couldn’t keep still any more. I wanted the Red Cross to give me a permanent job. It couldn’t, for the organization then wasn’t anything like what it is now. But I wasn’t goin’ to be put down for that. Folks couldn’t prevent my helpin’, if I took a notion to. So I got into the habit o’ readin’ the newspapers.

“Any time a disaster was reported I stuffed my little savin’s into my pocket, put a change o’ socks

an' shirts an' my First-Aid kit into a parcel, an' got to the place as soon as I could. Sometimes I was broke an' had to ask days' wages when I got there, but generally I had enough in my pocket to keep me goin' for a while, durin' the first pinch at least, an' then I'd stay on afterwards at ordinary days' pay, helpin' build the place that had been smashed up until news that some one was in worse trouble pulled me away somewhere else."

Gavin thought of Stewart's description of the "Knight in Overalls," but kept silent, fearing to break the current of reminiscence.

"I put in near four years in the Mississippi Valley, helpin' out the negroes after the flood of 1884," Thorsson continued. "Ask the people of the Ohio River if they remember the *Josh V. Throop*, the first boat that ever flew the flag of the American Red Cross. Go down to Cairo now, an' though more'n forty years have passed, you'll find men that can hardly hear that name without a gulp in the throat.

"We went up an' down the Ohio, from Evansville to Cairo, an' half the time the boat was outside the regular banks of the river while we were rescuin' people from a house which was floatin' an' jouncin' down the roarin' flood, or climbin' trees to cut loose

men an' women who'd tied themselves on to branches an' had fainted from hunger an' exhaustion, or rowin' in small boats across fields a fathom deep in whirlin' water to bring food from the steamer to fifty or sixty people marooned on some hill with the flood fairly boilin' around it, the old craft steamin' from place to place under forced draught in a long-strained effort to help everybody, all at once, over a stretch of four hundred miles o' ruin!

“ We'd hardly got back when news came that the flood crest had hit the Mississippi, an' we took the *Mattie Bell*, one o' the old-style paddle-boats, to do the same kind o' relief work further down, on a stretch runnin' nigh all the way from St. Louis to New Orleans. I can't tell you how many hundreds o' folk we saved from drownin', an' how many thousands from starvation. An', at that, we didn't get to a quarter o' the places in need! It may sound queer, but we had as much work tryin' to save an' to feed the cattle an' pigs as we did people, for if all the stock died off famine would follow sure. I remember totin' corn an' fodder on my head to bunches o' pigs, runnin' around an' squealin' like mad, on rafts anchored to trees. When it wasn't tragic it was funny.

“ Those four years I spent down among the fever

bayous o' the Lower Mississippi were the hardest years o' my life. Puttin' courage into colored folk who've been hit by a disaster is like tryin' to fill a sieve with water. I worked steadier'n I ever worked before, or since, and I never took a cent more'n just enough for my clothing an' my grub, though the plantation owners were kinder an' more hospitable than anybody'd ever believe. I did about everything durin' that time, from buildin' houses an' plantin' cotton to makin' cradles for nigger picanninies an' totin' an ol' mammy on my back thirty-six miles to a place where there was a doctor.

“When the yellow fever epidemic broke out in Jacksonville, Fla., I hadn't a cent to bless myself with, an' I had to beat my way there like a hobo, ridin' on the brake-beams.”

“Did they let you into the town, despite the quarantine?” queried Gavin.

“I never got there! I saw a small bunch o' Red Cross nurses—untrained colored women most of 'em were, for there wasn't the trained nurse corps then that there is now—gettin' off the train near Macclenny, so I hopped off an' followed 'em.

“There was a row when I showed up, o' course, but a man who wasn't scared o' Yellow Jack was right useful around the little temporary hospital

they put up. That is, I was busy enough until I took the fever myself, but I didn't have it bad.

"Just the same, to straighten up a bit, I came back north for a while, an' went to work carpenterin' an' learnin' something about general house-buildin'. I was findin' out how to build staircases—a trickier job'n you'd think—when the Johnstown Flood came in 1889, with two thousand folks drowned by the burst or burned to death when the railroad bridge, to which hundreds had fled for safety, took fire, high above the ragin' torrent. No need to tell you about it; every one knows that story. Then ——"

He broke off.

"There's your father's car comin' down the road now."

"And you've been doing that sort of thing ever since, Mr. Thorsson?" Gavin persisted, not wanting to lose a single one of his companion's unusual experiences.

"On an' off, averagin' say about six or seven months in the year. In between whiles I follow up different trades, tryin' to learn a new wrinkle every year; they all come in handy in trouble times, an' I've seen all sorts o' those!"

"Such as?"

"Well, I've chased on the heels o' West Indian

hurricanes along the Carolina coasts an' down on the Florida keys; I took a long trip on snowshoes once, carryin' help to a minin' town in Idaho, cut off by a snow-slide; I've fought fires a-plenty, the biggest I ever tackled bein' when an oil-drillin' section in Texas took ablaze an' the very rivers were flamin' with blazin' oil; I've been at a dozen colliery disasters, I reckon; an' I got down into Galveston just two hours before the tidal wave hit the place.

“One o' the queerest jobs I ever had was helping to kill off locusts in a seventeen-year plague—the Army was called out to give a hand that time. Then I organized a gang once to wipe out the rats in Los Angeles durin' a bubonic plague scare. There's variety enough in the work, no doubt o' that!

“Out o' the forty-eight States o' the Union, there's only three where I haven't done relief work, not that they've escaped trouble either, but because I was tied up somewhere else when the disasters hit 'em.”

“You've never been abroad?”

“I went to Cuba when the Spanish-American War started. I cleared out o' there, though, afore very long. There was too much wranglin' an' fuss between the different societies who were doin' relief work there, an' who weren't satisfied to hitch up to

the Red Cross. I'll admit it wasn't any too well organized at that time.

"I reckon I didn't make myself any too popular in Havana," Thorsson added, with a short laugh. "I wanted to see the work get done an' didn't give a hoot who did it, but to my way o' thinkin', those relief bunches were so interested in tryin' to make a bigger show'n their rivals that they hadn't any money left to spend on the soldiers. I told 'em so, straight! But they were all interested in hushin' up the scandal, an' that fair made me mad. If I hadn't got out, there'd have been a first-class row.

"I wouldn't mention it at all now if it wasn't that the jealousy an' bad blood o' that time is all gone by an' forgotten. I've thought since that maybe it was a good thing after all. The Spanish-American War was a horrible example of our relief-work inefficiency—very few people ever knew how rotten bad it was!—an' it sure showed the Army an' the people o' the United States that we didn't know the first durn thing about the proper handlin' o' war conditions.

"The best result o' that war, to my way o' thinkin', was the organization of the American National Red Cross, in 1904, on an authoritative basis, backed up by Congress, headed by the President of

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the United States, supported by every man in the country who's worth his salt, an' functionin' to the last notch in peace as well as war. I'm for it, an' with it, first, last, an' all the time! An' I tell you, boy, that if there's anything better under the Stars an' Stripes than the American Red Cross, you've got to show it to me! ”



Courtesy of Illustrated London News.

“AT A CERTAIN STATION ON THE LINE FROM THE FRONT TO THE BASE HOSPITAL.”

This famous drawing by Frederick Villiers is regarded as the most truthful and poignant picture ever made of the American Red Cross at work in times of warfare. All nations bore tribute to the efficiency and devotion of the American Red Cross during the World War.



Courtesy of American Red Cross.

The Beginning.



Courtesy of American Red Cross.

The End.



The Rescue.

THE HOLOCAUST AT SALEM, MASS., WHERE THE RED CROSS
BECAME THE FAIRY GODMOTHER FOR HUNDREDS
OF RUINED FAMILIES.

CHAPTER III

THE OLD CRUSADERS

STEWART pushed back his chair, took a cigar from the box handed him by Oglethorpe, and nodded at the impatient Gavin.

“You’ve been asking a good many questions during dinner,” he began, “and I’ve kept from giving you detailed answers to them, as you may have noticed. I’ve done that because I don’t want to prejudice you one way or the other before really giving you a fair idea of what the Red Cross is, and how it developed. Do you want me to tell you the whole story, or shall I skip the historical part and begin with modern times?”

“Let us have it all, if you will,” replied the banker. “A thing without its history is like a plant without its roots.”

“Exactly!” Stewart nodded approval.

“Well, then,” he continued, “I’ll tell it you in my own way, according to my own ideas. And first of all, I want to start by saying that it doesn’t seem quite fair to me to represent Red Cross work as if it were just an outcome of what we are pleased to call

'modern civilization.' It isn't anything of the kind, but, rather, goes back to the very dawn of Man's history.

"Nor am I very partial to the modern over-emphasis on women's work in the Red Cross. Nursing is but a branch of it—though an all-important branch. None the less, nursing is only made possible under well organized relief-work conditions, and the essentials of such organization have always been in the hands of men.

"Numbers sometimes give a disproportionate idea of values. Relief work after a big disaster requires one administrator, a dozen experienced relief-workers, a couple of score doctors, and several hundred nurses, but it would be absurd to suppose that the nurses were more important than the doctors and the relief-workers combined!

"I'm not trying to minimize the work of Red Cross nurses in the smallest degree—there is no greater admirer of their skill, their loyalty, and their devotion than myself—but I emphasize the work of men, Mr. Oglethorpe, because, to my mind, the men and boys of the United States aren't so quick to realize their necessary share in Red Cross work as the women have been. And that's a complete reversal of history."

“ True enough,” commented the banker. “ I never saw my duty until yesterday! ”

“ As far back as I’ve been able to go in past records,” Stewart resumed, “ I’ve found evidence that, in all times, men have been able to see the need for an ‘ Organization of Merciful Heroes,’ as an Egyptian papyrus calls it. I will admit, if you like, that it is only within comparatively recent times that the idea has been broached that such an organization should be international. Yet it is an utterly false idea to represent our ancestors as barbaric and without scruple, and ourselves as civilized and considerate.

“ In Egypt, for example, the earliest written records of humanity tell us that physicians were held in high esteem and paid by the state. Soldiers received medical care without charge. Surgeons accompanied the armies, having a personal retinue at their disposal, and they were under orders to tend the wounded of the enemy as well as those of their own forces.”

“ They were! ” exclaimed Gavin, surprised.

“ By royal edict! It is true that this was done, mainly, for profit, for a prisoner of war became a slave and the Pharaohs of Egypt required an enormous amount of labor for their monumental works,

such as the building of pyramids, the cutting of rock-temples, and the tunnelling of tombs.”

“What was done with the badly wounded?” queried the banker.

“Generally, they were killed outright so that they should not suffer. The old rules of battle—that there should be ‘no giving nor taking of quarter’—were not so dreadful as they seemed. One must remember that in the battles of old times, when clubs, arrows and swords were the only weapons used, a slight wound healed easily, a deep one was incurable. In those days, too, the soldiers formed a special caste, paid and supported by the state with the understanding that they should be ready to risk their lives, their families being maintained at public expense in the event of the bread-winner’s death on the battle-field.

“In the Trojan War there is abundant evidence that every soldier was taught First Aid, so far as arrow and spear wounds were concerned, and every chief—such as Achilles or Hector—was required to understand the use of rude surgery. Homer was not a physician, but his knowledge of the treatment of wounds would have made him an excellent ambulance surgeon. In Ancient Greece, the laws of Lycurgus ordered medical men to the rear of the right

wing during battles, and the leader of the right wing was instructed to withdraw, in case of imminent defeat, in such a way as to leave the group of surgeons immune from attack. Here, already, is a type of hospital unit."

"There were not any women nurses among the Ancient Greeks?" Oglethorpe asked.

"Not so far as I've been able to find, though the wives and sisters of soldiers on both sides were permitted to come on the field after nightfall, and were never molested.

"Alexander the Great took surgeons and physicians along with his armies in elaborate Oriental style. Their work, it is true, was primarily devoted to the care of the officers, but there is little reason to doubt that they tended the soldiers also. There is still on record an accusation made against a Macedonian surgeon that he had neglected to instruct the common soldiers in what we know now as First Aid, showing that this was a customary procedure. In Sparta this was taught in the schools, showing how the Spartans realized its importance."

"And we haven't got to that yet in the United States, eh?"

"Not yet, though the Junior Red Cross is beginning it."

“ Did the Greeks, too, give help to the enemy’s wounded? ”

“ I haven’t found any record of it, but their foes, the Persians, did. Xenophon states that Cyrus the Great commanded his surgeons to give the same attention to all wounded found on the field, irrespective of nationality, but Cyrus was an unusual character. It is possible, too, that this was with the value of slaves in view, or, at least, with an exchange of prisoners.”

“ Did they have internment camps for prisoners, then? ”

“ No! Their contests were pitched battles between armies. One or the other was generally definitely defeated. The victorious general made his terms, but, very often, these were honorable terms and allowed the freeing of prisoners. You see, a conquered nation was required to pay tribute, and it was to the interest of the victor not to weaken a tributary too greatly.”

“ And under the Romans? ” Oglethorpe asked.

“ With the natural Roman gift for organization this early Red Cross spirit developed rapidly. Under the Republic the soldier was all-honored, and military surgeons were held in high esteem. Most of them, by the way, were trained in Egypt. The

organization was very complete, each single legion of 3,000 men having one skilled surgeon and one physician. In each 'double maniple' of 200 men there was an assistant surgeon and an assistant physician, constantly attached to the army. In war time there were a great many more, the cavalry, the heavy infantry, the light infantry and the 'legion of allies' each having its medical service.

“Under the Roman Empire, when the army became a more mercenary body, the medical unit became still more complete. Military hospitals were imperative, and one was built in every province. The great military hospital at Rome, built near the Prætorian Gate, had 400 beds. As spear wounds and such rarely took more than ten days to heal, the capacity of such a hospital was nearly 150,000 men a year.

“Nor was that all. Red Cross work, as such, was compulsory upon every Roman citizen. Convalescent soldiers were billeted upon the homes of the people, and noble matrons vied with each other for the honor of having the care of a warrior who had been wounded in a victory. Even to the outermost bounds of the empire every family was required to care for wounded soldiers, and reimbursement for expenses was promptly made by the state if de-

manded. Rights of Roman citizenship were granted to certain 'barbarians' who had cared for a number of wounded Romans.

"Such work was not confined to the so-called civilized nations. Tacitus, speaking of the German barbaric tribes, declared that the wives of the soldiers followed on the battle-field to dress the wounded. They seem, however, to have tended only such of their enemies as they deemed able to give ransom. Such women might chance to be killed by a stray arrow-shot, but no Roman soldier ever raised a sword upon them."

"You certainly give a very different picture of those old battle-fields than what I had supposed, Mr. Stewart," the banker commented, thoughtfully. "I thought they were scenes of slaughter, and nothing else."

The Red Cross expert smiled.

"Humanity hasn't changed much," he answered. "There were brutes in war then just as there are now, but there were merciful generals and fair-dealing warriors, too. China seems to have been almost the only country where the sense of caring for the wounded did not exist, but a disregard for human life has always been a characteristic of the Celestial Kingdom.

“The end of the Roman Empire, to go back to where I branched off, came only just a little while before the birth of Mohammed, and, at that time, the old Roman Empire had changed into two Christian and mutually hostile powers, the papal power in Rome and the Byzantine power in Constantinople. Though this was the period of bitter hate and constant religious strife, the establishment of the ancient office of deacons, attached to each church, carried the Red Cross idea a little farther. The old world was made to understand that helping the wounded in war or the injured in a disaster was not only a matter for the state but also for the charity of individuals.

“Among Mohammed’s immediate followers there was little of this feeling. The Prophet’s fanatic teaching of the slaughter of all ‘dogs of unbelievers’ evoked a similar fanaticism among the Christians, and, for nearly a century, mercy disappeared from the battle-fields. The Arabs were the first to yield, and their physicians tended Christians long before a Christian doctor would offer help to an ‘infidel.’ At a later time, among the Saracens, Saladin’s chivalry was well known. He issued an order that Christian hospital units, officially recognized as such and wearing the Cross, should have free access be-

hind the lines for the purpose of looking after their own wounded.”

“What ever brought him to that?” questioned the banker, amazed.

“The work of the Knights Hospitallers in the main. They were the precursors of the Red Cross, and for eight hundred years held high the title which they were given by the King of Jerusalem: ‘the Heroes of Humanity.’ After them ——”

“Not so fast, Mr. Stewart, if you please,” protested Oglethorpe. “I’ve only got a very vague idea about the Knights Hospitallers. Aren’t they the same as the Knights of Malta?”

“To a very great extent. That is, one Order grew out of the other. But as I was going to say ——”

Here, again, the banker interrupted. He was of a persistent turn of mind, and never liked to leave anything unexplained.

“Have you any reason for sliding over the history of the Knights Hospitallers?” he asked.

Stewart looked confused.

“It happens to be my hobby, and I’m afraid of boring people,” was his reply. “It’s hard to tell it properly without giving some details, and the origin of the Order is all mixed up with the history of the Crusades. That’s a life study in itself, and people

aren't interested in the Crusades any more. Most of us Americans don't even know what they were about."

He turned to Gavin:

"Do you?"

"Oh, sure!" declared Gavin, who never doubted of himself. "They were—they were ——" he hesitated, "a sort of armed pilgrimage to get hold of the Holy Land."

"For whom?"

"Eh?" Gavin was puzzled. "Why, for—for the pilgrims, I suppose."

Stewart shook his head.

"From whom was Palestine to be taken? Do you know that?"

"From the Saracens," returned the boy, confidently.

"'Saracen' is a word that doesn't mean much," commented the Red Cross man. "And why did the Crusaders want it?"

"Because the Saracens wouldn't let Christian pilgrims go to Jerusalem."

"It wasn't so simple as that, my boy. And you haven't got the main facts right, either. The First Crusade, while summoned by the Pope, was the result of an appeal from the Byzantine Emperor. As

for pilgrimages, the Arabs very generously allowed Christian pilgrims to go to Jerusalem and even granted a Christian king the claim of a 'symbolic royalty' in Jerusalem. But what makes that period especially interesting to me always has been that the First Crusade had as one of its chief aims the maintenance of a Hospital of the Cross in the territory of the Crescent."

"I never heard that," declared Oglethorpe, "or, if I ever did, I'd forgotten it."

"Likely enough you never read about it, for the Crusades deal with such a startling and sensational period of human history that the original causes are often overlooked in the vivid glare of the actual happenings. But I'll give you a few of the main lines of causation, if you want them. A good deal of this will be new to you, Gavin," he added, turning to the boy, "but your father may remember most of it when recalled to his memory.

"The origin of the bitter conflict which raged between East and West for over ten centuries is found in the separation of the Roman Empire into two divisions, with capitals at Rome and at Constantinople, respectively, after the death of Constantine the Great. The perpetual hostility of rival emperors—and rival patriarchs—kept their coun-

tries in a turmoil, and the natural racial hostility of East and West fanned the flames.

“The final collapse of Pagan Rome did not end the rivalry and the hate, it only changed its character. The Pope, at Rome, became the real ruler of the West. The Byzantine Emperor and the Patriarch of Constantinople were the rulers of the East. The never-ceasing strife over precedence and doctrine between the Pope and the Patriarch resulted in the dividing of the Early Church into two great bodies, Catholic and Orthodox. That division exists to this day, the Greek and Russian Catholic Churches not owning obedience to the Pope.

“Shortly after the death of Pope Gregory the Great came the sudden rise of Moslem power, dating from the Hegira, or Flight of Mohammed from Mecca in 622. Fifteen years later, Jerusalem fell into the hands of Omar, the great Arab conqueror, who built the Mosque of Omar, containing the rock which is regarded by Moslems as that from which Mohammed ascended to Heaven, and by Jews as that of the proposed sacrifice of Isaac.

“Mohammedans also revere David, Solomon, and Christ as being great prophets, and hence Omar respected Jerusalem as an especially Holy Place. As you are probably aware, Mr. Oglethorpe, the sanc-

tity of holy places is piously—even fanatically—observed by all true Moslems. The Arab hosts refrained from pillaging Jerusalem, the Caliph Omar permitted Christian institutions—including the Hospital—to continue their work unmolested, and he gave free access to the Holy City both to Christian and Jewish pilgrims.”

“That was fair enough!” declared Gavin. “I hadn’t any idea they could be so decent. I thought the Saracens cut off the head of every Christian they met!”

“By no means. The Moslems held the Christians to be infidels and enemies, certainly, but they fought fair, and they respected Orders belonging to any religion. Bodies of Christian monks and colonies of hermits remained unharmed in Egypt during the first period of Mohammedan rule, so long as they refrained from taking up arms. Even more remarkable, I think, was the fact that, when Charlemagne was accepted by the Patriarch of Jerusalem as Christian Emperor of the West and Patron of the Holy Places, the great Caliph, Haroun-al-Raschid, confirmed it.”

“The caliph of the Arabian Nights’ Entertainments?” queried Gavin, interrupting.

“The very same. Haroun-al-Raschid not only

permitted the patriarch to send the keys of the city to Charlemagne, but he actually allowed him to assume the title of 'Symbolic Ruler of Jerusalem,' though this dignity did not convey any territorial rights.

“Charlemagne responded by sending an envoy with gifts to the Caliph, and he lavishly endowed and enlarged the little hospital, reëstablishing it under the name of the Hospital of St. John (the Baptist) in Jerusalem. A point of great interest—Charlemagne ordered that Moslems should be admitted to the hospital, although Jews were excluded.

“For two centuries this Hospital of the Cross remained unharmed in the City of the Crescent. Monarchs and princes from all countries of Europe sent gifts to it, and pilgrims by the thousand added their contributions. In later times, whole provinces were bestowed upon the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the Hospital of St. John in Jerusalem, thus rendering the Patriarch of Jerusalem an independent power within a Moslem city. Let me remind you again that the Arab caliphs, many of whom were great patrons of literature and the arts, not only tolerated but respected the religious and Red Cross work of the Christians in Jerusalem.”

“What changed the situation so suddenly as to bring on war?” the banker queried.

“The internal quarrels of Christendom. The hatred between papal Rome and Byzantine Constantinople grew ever more and more bitter. Rome had the unquestioned priority, Constantinople had the riches and the power. The Byzantine Emperor put in his claim to be recognized as Patron of the Holy Places, instead of the weakling successors of Charlemagne. Groups of Christian monks, representing the two factions, fought continually in the streets of Jerusalem and secret murders were frequent, rendering it difficult for Moslem soldiers to keep the peace.

“A fanatic caliph, Hakim Biamrillah, declaring that the Christians were making of the Holy City an unholy place, destroyed the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the Hospital of St. John in 1010, and declared the Frankish symbolic protectorate at an end. The Patronage of the Holy Places—little more than an empty name—was put in the hands of the Byzantine Emperor, and, eleven years later, a group of merchants from Amalfi rebuilt the hospital, though on a small scale.

“Then came the great conquest of the Arab caliphates by the Seljukian Turks. The caliphates

had declined in power, and, consequently, were an easy prey to the Turko-Tartar hordes which fell upon Persia, reduced Bagdad, and, in 1071, captured Jerusalem. Rude of temperament and impatient of opposition, the Turks dealt roughly with the ever-quarreling monks and barred the way to pilgrims. The haughty Patriarch was compelled to flee to Cyprus. Yet even the Turks respected the Hospital of St. John in Jerusalem. The one and only tie that remained between Christianity and the Holy City was the link of the Red Cross.

“The Turkish conquest changed the entire aspect of affairs in the Eastern Mediterranean, though the Europeans did not understand it. They could not, for ethnology was an unknown science in those days. We realize the situation better now.

“The Arabs, originally a southern, desert-dwelling people, felt more at home in the hot regions bordering the Desert, and extended their empire easily and swiftly over Asia Minor, North Africa, and southern Spain; they made little effort to subdue Europe after their one defeat at the hands of Charles Martel. The Turks, coming from the cold, high plateaus and mountains of Turkestan, were satisfied with mere garrisons in the hot countries, for ever their eyes were set on the conquest of Europe, their chief de-

sire being Constantinople. Furthermore, being brigands by nature and habit, the Turks understood the importance of controlling all overland trade routes from the Orient, thus enriching themselves and causing the impoverishment of countries bordering on the Mediterranean."

Oglethorpe leaned forward.

"Let me see if I have caught the drift of your argument, Mr. Stewart," he interposed. "From what you have said, I judge there were three forces beginning to work simultaneously in Europe: the merchants, who wanted the trade routes opened; the kings and nobles, who saw the time coming when they would have to defend themselves against a Turkish invasion by way of Constantinople; and the papacy, which saw its power defied, its pilgrims attacked, and its patronage given to its Byzantine rival. Is that it?"

"Exactly! You've caught the essential things. But there were two other causes operating as well. The weakening of the Arab caliphates had already started the Christians on a campaign to retake Moslem territory. Calabria and Sardinia had been won back for the Cross, more than half of Sicily had been reconquered, and the Moors in Spain were being slowly driven southward. These achievements

had bred confidence. Not understanding racial strains—lumping every kind of Moslem as a ‘Saracen’—the Christians did not realize the vast difference in warrior-spirit between the Tartar Turk and the Semitic Arab. Furthermore, Western Christendom resented the fact that the new power in Islam had broken up the tacit agreement with the Arabs, in regard to Palestine, which had endured for more than four centuries. These five causes underlie the whole story of the Crusades.

“What had been merely an exasperation changed into a positive menace a few months after the capture of Jerusalem by the Turks, when, at the battle of Manzikert, the Byzantine army suffered a crushing defeat, losing, at a single blow, nearly the whole of Asia Minor.

“Emperor Michael VII humbled himself to appeal to Pope Gregory VII for help; the Pope agreed to send reinforcements to Constantinople on the condition that the Eastern Church should make its submission to the Western. This offer was evaded, and the Normans, who had already been gathered as a fighting force, seized Calabria and the rest of Sicily for themselves. Ten years later, another Byzantine emperor, Alexius Comnenus, one of the ablest of his line, appealed to Count Baldwin of Flanders for

help, and afterwards begged for aid to Pope Urban II, half-agreeing to submit to the papacy. The Pope distrusted the Emperor, but agreed to send an army, with the secret intention of turning the issue to the advantage of Western Christendom. I'm sorry to have to give you all these details, but, otherwise, you won't be able to make head or tail of what happened afterwards.

“ You can see at once, Mr. Oglethorpe, that Emperor Alexius and Pope Urban II had two different ends in view. The former had asked for reinforcements to enable him to drive back the Turks; the latter saw a means to conquer Palestine for the West, and thereby to force the Eastern Church into submission. Any victory, therefore, would be regarded by the Emperor as a restoration of his territory; it would be viewed by the Pope and the Western Knights as an extension of the Holy Roman Empire.

“ The time was ripe for a Crusade. The Paladins of Charlemagne and such men as Robert Guiscard and the Free Lance adventurers of the eleventh century had already unwittingly founded the military side of chivalry; the troubadours gave it a romantic flavor. Knighthood, as such, was shaping into definite form. The younger sons of noble fami-

lies thirsted for opportunities to show their prowess and for new territories wherefrom to carve out kingdoms of their own. The Normans had shown them the way.

“At the same time, the years immediately preceding the First Crusade had been marked by widespread famines, notably in Flanders and Lorraine. Pestilence had followed. Misery prevailed in Europe. Relief of some sort was imperative, and the fabled Orient was supposed to be full of treasure. Thus, nobles and peasants alike were eager to get away from their homelands and avid for adventure.

“The preaching of the First Crusade fitted in with every element of the time. It held out, to knight and serf alike, the hope of immediate gain; it fulfilled the romantic and adventurous ideal of the age; it rang loudly in the ears of fighting men; it offered to the credulous the certainty of Heaven; and, perhaps most determinative of all, it wiped out, at a single blow, every debt, every crime, every fear of punishment. A Crusader was automatically freed of all his misdeeds, as well as absolved of all his sins, the moment he took the Cross. With every high ideal and every base motive thus welded toward the attainment of a single goal, the preaching

of the Crusade could not but succeed. In fact, it surpassed all bounds.

“It has been well said: ‘Alexius may almost be compared to a magician who has uttered a charm to summon a ministering spirit, and who finds himself, instead, surrounded on the instant by legions of uncontrollable demons.’

“The unbridled enthusiasm spread like an unchecked fire. High-minded prelates, ambitious nobles, blood-hungry barons, romantic knights, loyal men-at-arms, mercenary soldiers, reckless adventurers, fugitive monks, escaped serfs, harried bankrupts, tramps, criminals, and camp-followers of every description responded frantically to the impassioned and revivalistic preaching of the Crusade.

“More easily set aflame and in more immediate need, the people of the poorer classes were the first to respond. Under the fiery oratory of Peter the Hermit, five great divisions of ‘Pauper Crusaders’ were formed. Three of these were cut to pieces in their march across Hungary, partly because of their insane excesses in Jew-baiting, more than 10,000 Jews being slaughtered in cold blood by one division alone. Others aroused the fury of the inhabitants of the regions through which they passed by their excesses, for there were no leaders to hold them in

hand. The German bands marked their whole line of passage by hideous atrocities, and thousands paid the penalty.

“Two divisions, under Walter the Penniless and Peter the Hermit, respectively, managed to reach Constantinople with only half their number dead on the way. These were led across the Bosphorus and into Asia Minor by Walter the Penniless. Such a draggle-tail host was but a mouthful for the warrior Turks. In less than six weeks, scarcely a handful of survivors remained, and acres of bones were the sole melancholy result of the Pauper Crusade.”

“How many perished, do you suppose?” Oglethorpe queried.

“At least a quarter of a million men, counting those who were slain in Hungary or died on the way. But while this mad, undirected march of the Paupers was proceeding to its doom, the other section of this First Crusade, known as the Princes’ Crusade, was being organized by experienced leaders and was setting forth on its way.

“Numberless individual bands streamed eastward, but three large divisions easily outranked the rest in importance. These were the crusaders of Lorraine, under Godfrey of Bouillon and his brother Baldwin; the Norman Crusaders under Bohemund of

Otranto and his nephew Tancred; and the Crusaders of Provençal France, under Raymond of Toulouse and Bishop Adhemar, the papal commissary. Under their banners, some 200,000 men gathered at Constantinople. It was a rough and reckless host, hard to hold in order, but containing a goodly proportion of picked fighting men.

“The Byzantine Emperor, at his wits’ ends to know what to do with those proud and independent princes, forced them to do him unwilling homage, a sad mistake in diplomacy. It is worthy of note that Godfrey of Bouillon was the first to agree to Alexius’ arrogant demands, and that he made the very remarkable stipulation that ‘if the troops of the Emperor are afraid to march, at least every man of skill (physician) in the Empire must accompany the Soldiers of the Cross, for their knowing of strange diseases in those lands unknown to us.’

“Alexius, realizing that while victory might be embarrassing, still it would serve his purpose better than defeat, utilized his cunning and Oriental diplomacy to sow dissensions in the new-born Turkish Empire. While not entirely successful, Alexius’ policy rendered possible the march of the Crusaders across Syria without serious opposition.

“I will spare you the record of the political com-

plications which followed the capture of the important cities of Nicæa and Antioch, and the sensational and furious quarreling between the three leaders, leading to personal combats innumerable. At the last, Bohemund retained Antioch, Raymond sailed for Tripoli, and, a little later, Godfrey led the rest of the Crusaders against Jerusalem.

“ The siege, which lasted a month long, is famous in the annals of military history, and the slaughter was terrific. At the last, by heroism unexampled, by the most unbelievable endurance under the burning heat of a July sun, the Crusaders rode into the city, weary, battle-spent, blood-bespattered, but hysterical with joy. The supreme goal was achieved, and, after nearly five centuries of infidel rule, the Holy City of Christendom was once more in the hands of Christians.

“ The first man to greet the ecstatic Knights was Gerard of the Red Cross, prior of the Hospital of St. John, whose head, by miracle, was still upon his shoulders. Of him there is a tale to tell! ”

CHAPTER IV

HEROES OF HUMANITY

“ WITH Gerard and the Siege of Jerusalem,” Stewart continued, “begins the story of the Knights Hospitallers, the true forerunners of the Red Cross. Let me anticipate history enough to say that for more than eight hundred years there has never been a time when the Knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem have not been engaged in Red Cross work.”

“ Eight hundred years! ” exclaimed the banker.

“ Actually more than that. While it may not be quite accurate to admit the claim that the Order of Knights Hospitallers was founded by King Antiochus, in the days of Maccabees, there is no doubt that it carried on a tradition established at that time.

“ It is sure that Simon Maccabæus established a hospital in Jerusalem about 150 B. C., and it is on record that Herod the Great visited it. In writing of the destruction of Jerusalem, under Titus, in 70 A. D., it is stated by Josephus—who was an eyewitness—that ‘ for reasons of mercy certain build-

ings were left untouched.' It seems reasonable to suppose—remembering Roman views as to military hospitals—that this charitable institution was one of those spared. It was closed only for a few months during the Persecution under Decius, it escaped the Persecution under Diocletian, and it was established on a solid foundation by Constantine the Great. The Caliph Omar respected it, as I have told you, and the foundation was enlarged by Charlemagne in 807. Destroyed in 1010 by Caliph Hakim Biamrillah, it was restored in 1021 by the piety of certain merchants of Amalfi, who put it in the hands of a body of Benedictine monks.

“During the great siege of the First Crusade, Gerard, the Benedictine prior of the Hospital of St. John, aided the Christians secretly. When the Crusaders entered the city, Godfrey of Bouillon rewarded the Hospital by confirming to it the site on which it was built, and granted it an immense palace which stood beside it, as well as two bake-houses.”

“Why bake-houses?” queried Gavin.

“Ah,” said Stewart smiling, “that’s a queer story! The old tale tells that Prior Gerard was threatened by the Turks with the destruction of the Hospital, unless he assisted the Moslem cause. He agreed with apparent willingness, hurried to the

walls of the city, and vigorously joined the ranks of the stone-throwers. The Moslems were watching him closely, however, and they found that he was hurling loaves of bread at the invaders instead of stones. A pile of loaves was found beside him. He was promptly seized and brought before the Turkish Governor.

“Gerard, in his own defence, declared that it was not his fault if God intervened and changed the stones into bread, and demanded that the so-called loaves should be produced as evidence. They were brought to the seat of justice, and found to be stones. Gerard then urged the Governor to accompany him to the walls, and asked him to choose a stone himself, one about which there could be no trickery. The Governor did so. Gerard then took the stone chosen and hurled it with all his force at the attacking Crusaders. No sooner had it fallen to the ground than a soldier picked it up and began to munch it contentedly. While falling through the air the stone had turned into bread. Amazed at this miracle, the Moslems drew away in awe and dared no longer interfere with the ‘infidel marabout.’

“Upon the entrance of the Crusaders into the Holy City, Godfrey of Bouillon was immediately elected as ‘Advocate’ of Jerusalem—he declined to,

take the title of 'king' in the city of Christ—and proceeded to rule with an iron hand. Gerard, true to the traditions of the Hospital, admitted the Moslems wounded during the siege, in spite of the thundering denunciations of Arnulf, the newly elected Patriarch.

“Prior Gerard had a forceful personality, and the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem was a name to conjure with. Treasures untold began to pour in: royal jewels, lands, even whole provinces at a time.

“During Gerard's lifetime, Pope Paschal II formally instituted the 'Knights of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem.' At the beginning, it was a monastic nursing order with a membership of nobles, vowed to poverty, and little else. Hospitals were soon established in the coast towns of Palestine and Syria.

“Almost immediately, however, it became evident that the Knights Hospitallers must be prepared to defend their institutions from the Turks, a thing the warlike noble-born Knights were only too ready to do. At the same time, they undertook the armed defence of pilgrims traversing hostile territory on their way to Jerusalem. This required the establishment of forts, military garrisons, and stations of supply.

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“ Within twenty years, the military side of the Order became so highly developed, so many famous knights flocked to its banner, such vast treasure was available for purposes of war as well as of relief, that the Knights Hospitallers found themselves, almost unavoidably, one of the great driving forces in the later Crusades.

“ Unlike their powerful rivals, the Knights Templars, the Hospitallers remained steadily faithful to their original missions: the rescue of the wounded on the battle-field, the healing of the sick in times of pestilence, the sending of relief to victims of disaster, and the maintenance of the pilgrimage routes.

“ A large part of their enormous wealth was spent in the building of hospitals, in the education and sustentation of learned physicians and surgeons—who were accepted as the equals of the Knights—and in the providing of nourishing food (white bread) for the sick. It was one of the rules of the Order that any sick man had the right to command, the Knights—though nobles or princes in their own right—were vowed to obey.

“ It would take all night to give you even the briefest account of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem, which lasted for eighty-seven years, and of the hapless Second Crusade—brought about by the fall of

Edessa—the failure of which was followed by the Jihad, or Moslem Holy War under Saladin, which resulted in the loss of the Holy City.”

“ Was Saladin a Turk or an Arab, Mr. Stewart? ” questioned Gavin.

“ Neither, my boy. He was a Kurd, allied to the Turks by race but Persian by language; the representative of a hardy, vigorous race. Saladin was a man of true greatness, one of the outstanding figures of his time. He burned with desire to free the Mosque of Omar or Aksa, in Jerusalem, from the Christian grasp, and it was in the true ‘ crusading ’ spirit that he led his fanatic hosts from Egypt against Palestine.

“ The Knights Templars and the Knights Hospitallers fought him savagely on repeated fields, but Saladin drove them back, and at last won his way into Jerusalem. Thereupon he slew, in cold blood, every one of the Knights Templars he laid hands on, and massacred, likewise, every Knight Hospitaller who was found bearing arms. None the less, he allowed ten of the Nursing Knights of the Hospitallers to remain in charge of the Hospital of St. John, and he granted permission for the others to establish a hospital in Acre.”

“ That was true chivalry! ”

“It would take an endless time,” Stewart continued, “to tell you the stories of the Third Crusade, with Richard Cœur-de-Lion at its head, in which Acre was recaptured and a truce was made with Saladin by which the way of pilgrimage to Jerusalem was reopened; of the Fourth Crusade, which started against Egypt, was diverted by the treacherous politics of the merchants of Venice to the storming of Constantinople, thus setting Crusader against Christian and which ended in the creation of a Latin power in the Byzantine Empire; of the Fifth Crusade, also against Egypt, which won Damietta but was driven back before Cairo; and of the Sixth Crusade, which was no Crusade at all, but merely an armed advance, cloaking a shrewd negotiation with the Paynim, by which Frederick II of Sicily, in 1229, secured Nazareth, Bethlehem, and Jerusalem without striking a blow. In this treaty, the Knights Hospitallers played a part, for their aims were ever more for charity than for conquest.

“As before, the advent of a new power in Asia and in Egypt wrenched away the prize. As the Arabs had given place to the Turks, and the Turks to the Kurds, so the Kurdish dynasties were forced to give place to the Turkish Mamelukes in Egypt and to the Mongols in Asia Minor. In 1244, Jeru-

salem was captured by a Mameluke general, and it remained thereafter in Moslem hands until a few years ago, when it was taken back by the Christians."

"When?" queried Gavin, surprised at the statement.

"At the end of the World War, when Allied troops entered Jerusalem, under a British general," his father explained.

"The loss of the Holy City in 1244," Stewart resumed, "brought about the Seventh and Eighth Crusades, under St. Louis of France. These efforts, valiant as they were, and carried on in the true crusading spirit, achieved nothing. St. Louis was taken prisoner in the first of these Crusades and died in Tunis on his way to the second one.

"In 1291, Acre, the last stronghold of the West in Asia Minor, was taken by the Mamelukes and the Christian occupation of the Holy Land came to an end. The last man to be carried on board ship, seriously wounded, was Jean de Villiers, Grand Master of the Knights Hospitallers. Yet, in less than ten years, the Hospitallers had reëstablished themselves on the coast of Syria, had succeeded in obtaining special privileges for the Nursing Knights, and had opened another hospital in Smyrna.

“ Before we bid good-bye to the Crusades, though, there’s a little story of the Hospitallers which is worth the telling, for it deals with a phase of Red Cross work which once had terrible poignancy, but which exists no more. You have heard, of course, of the Children’s Crusade? ”

Oglethorpe nodded, but Gavin shook his head and leaned forward eagerly.

“ I never did! ” he said. “ A Children’s Crusade? ”

“ Yes! A very famous one! In 1212, a shepherd boy named Stephen, with a precocious gift for oratory, travelled afoot over a large part of France, preaching a Crusade on his own account. He declared—not without truth—that the Crusades had failed because popes and princes had used them for political ends, instead of following the spirit of the Cross, and he prophesied that Christ Himself would march with the Army of Innocence, once it had reached the Holy Land, and that the infidels would throw down their arms and surrender without a battle.

“ He set the boyhood of France aflame, and led some 15,000 boys (and some hundreds of girls dressed as boys) to Marseilles, promising them that as soon as they arrived on the seashores the waters would divide for them as the Red Sea had done for

Moses and Aaron, and the Children's Host would march dry-shod to the Holy Land. Stephen had never seen the sea, and thought it was not much wider than a large river.

"Alas for their childish enthusiasm! The waves of the Mediterranean paid no heed to Stephen's bidding. The children, homeless, hungry, footsore, exhausted, despairing, were pitiful to see.

"The people of Marseilles, partly to get rid of so many extra mouths to feed, partly in the superstitious hope that a miracle might happen if the youthful pilgrims reached the Holy Land, subscribed some money for their transport. But responsible ship-owners refused to have any part in such a hare-brained scheme, declaring that the children should be sent back to their homes. Stephen persisted, and some evil-minded ship-captains, of the low types which hang around some Mediterranean ports, agreed to take the money and to transport the children."

"Why evil-minded?" queried Gavin.

"Because," Stewart dropped his voice impressively, "their only intention was to sell the little pilgrims to Barbary pirates, Algerian slave-dealers, or Turkish masters. Cargo after cargo of these Christian children was landed at Algiers, Tunis or

Tripoli. None of them reached the Holy Land; most of them died under the whips and cruelties of their masters.

“At the same time that Stephen was preaching his Crusade in France, Nicolas of Cologne gathered an army of 20,000 children, in the Rhine provinces, repeating Stephen’s prophecy that the sea would open before their feet. Imbued with the same faith, they set forth and marched toward the coasts of Italy. Very little is known of their fate, but they, too, were sold into slavery, largely by Greek traders in the pay of the powerful merchant princes of Venice.”

“It was an abominable thing!” Oglethorpe burst out.

“It was! But at the orders of Garin de Montaigu, Grand Master of the Hospitallers, part of the treasure was put aside from the revenues of the Order and put into the hands of special envoys, to be used for ransom-money. The Knights visited all the ports on the shores of North Africa where the child-pilgrims had been sold, and offered ransoms for them. For a good many years after that, Knights Hospitallers might be found standing by the slave-marts, ready with a ransom in case any Child Crusader should be put up for sale.”

“ Splendid! ” declared the banker. “ That’s work worth while! Did they keep it up? ”

“ For a long time. In later centuries, the Order of Trinitarians took up the duty. Indeed, many Trinitarian monks took vows to enter slavery voluntarily. They gave themselves in ransom to set others free.”

“ That’s finer yet! ” affirmed Oglethorpe, enthusiastically.

“ The Order of Knights Hospitallers,” Stewart went on, “ while never flinching in their charitable duties, suffered the natural result of becoming rich too suddenly. They got into trouble with the Popes, they aroused the jealousy of other Orders, especially their powerful rivals, the Knights Templars, they were rightfully accused of a lust for power, and the Knights militant section of the Hospitallers became an exclusive and aristocratic body, living luxurious lives in times of peace.

“ As fighters, however, they were foremost on every field, comparable only to the Knights Templars in dash and courage. In the sack of Jerusalem, 325 Knights were slain, and only sixteen escaped. In the Crusade of St. Louis, in Egypt, all the Hospitallers attached to his army were slain but five. The Hospitallers joined with the Knights Templars

to form the principal Christian barrier against the onrush of Mongol hordes.

“Later, when the Knights Templars were disbanded—on false charges of heresy and immorality—much of their property was given to the Knights of the Hospital. The Hospitallers had been chased from Jerusalem to Cyprus, from Cyprus to Rhodes, and finally to Malta. Yet, despite all the attacks made on them for their overweening ambition, none the less their unceasing care for the sick and wounded shed a glory on them which blotted out their less worthy deeds. As the ‘Heroes of Humanity’ they won the esteem of the Early Middle Ages.”

“I believe that to be true,” the banker agreed. “Good lasts longer than bad. Unselfish work will always be appreciated at the last—though sometimes it has a long time to wait!”

“When, in later centuries,” Stewart continued, “the Hospitallers became known as the Knights of Rhodes, and, still later, as the Knights of Malta, they became the overlords of Levantine commerce and one of the links between the East and the West. This brought them under constant criticism from certain of the Popes and from the more bigoted section of Christendom. Because of their trade friendship with the infidels, they were accused of heresy,

and even of atheism. Yet no one denied that the Knights continued to maintain hospitals, to spend large sums of money in ransoms for slaves, to harry Paynim pirates, to protect Christian commerce, and to guard the pilgrim routes, as of old.

“In times of disaster they were promptly to the fore, and their relief work in aid of the sufferers from the great earthquake in Messina and Calabria, in 1783—as in the earthquake of Lisbon thirty years before—did not vary in any essential character from well-organized Red Cross work of the present day. The Order still exists, though most of its work has been taken over by the International Committee of Red Cross societies, which, I might add, works hand in hand with the Red Crescent, just as the Hospitallers did eight centuries ago.”

“It’s curious,” remarked the banker, musingly, “that there weren’t any women interested in all that nursing work.”

“There were! That was one point where the Knights Hospitallers differed radically from every other monastic order. They admitted women as associates—at the beginning. A woman of noble birth, Alix, established the Hospital of St. Mary Magdalene, for women, in Jerusalem, in connection with the Hospital of St. John. The Women Hospitallers

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did visiting nursing, too, though that side of the work was necessarily abandoned when Jerusalem was taken by Saladin. A house of that Order still exists in Spain. Thus there were Red Cross nurses, as well as Red Cross relief-workers, more than seven hundred years ago."

"Did they really wear the Red Cross?" queried Gavin.

"At the beginning, the costume of the Knights Hospitallers was a black mantle with a large white or silver cross on the shoulder; in active service, and when wearing armor, the mantle was exchanged for a red surcoat with a white cross. The English Knights of the Order wore a white surcoat with a red cross—the Cross of St. George—which is exactly the same as the Red Cross of to-day, save that the end of the arms of the cross were slightly indented, Maltese fashion.

"When the modern Red Cross was organized, in 1863—I'm going to tell you about that in a minute—the Knights Hospitallers' symbol of mercy, a white cross on a red ground, was suggested as the insignia. As this was the national flag of Switzerland, however, the colors were reversed. Thus Switzerland's honor as having been the prime mover in the great Treaty of Geneva was formally acknowl-

edged in the Red Cross flag, and, at the same time, the historical and sentimental connection with the Knights Hospitallers was maintained.

“ In the modern Red Cross, woman nurses take an important place, and I’ll show you why. The history of nursing is a long one. The patrician ladies of Rome organized hospitals with women nurses. Under Byzantine rule, it was recognized as a part of the duties of the empress to visit the hospitals on certain saints’ days; in these hospitals women attendants were engaged. An interesting point is that, in the fourth century, a contemporary historian remarks that six hundred women were employed in the hospitals of Alexandria.

“ The whole character of life in the Dark Ages and the Middle Ages is incomprehensible without a proper understanding of the dominant part played therein by the great religious Orders of monks and nuns, who did—and did well—practically all the social work which we now consider to be the duty of the state. Charity, in the widest sense of the word, was a principal tenet in every rule: Benedictine, Augustinian, Franciscan, or any other. The labors of the Little Brothers of the Poor, founded by St. Francis of Assisi, hold high rank in the galaxy of noble deeds. The Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent

de Paul, founded in 1633 for the express purpose of nursing and charity relief, is still the largest nursing organization in the world.

“The honor of giving an international character to Red Cross work in war lies with Surgeon-General Percy, of the French Army. In the eighteenth century he suggested to the French and Austrian commanders that all military hospitals—irrespective of nationality—should be considered as sacred asylums; that if any of them were captured by either side, the enemy must continue their upkeep and provide for the medical staff; and, especially, that no distinction of nationality was to be made in the reception of wounded. Soldiers, when convalescent, were to be sent back to their respective armies without being considered as prisoners of war.

“Out of his own private fortune he trained, uniformed and equipped a corps of ‘stretcher-bearers’ for work amid the wounded on the field of battle. He was blamed for his efforts, instead of thanked, for the world had not yet risen to the idea that sickness is a greater bond of union than territorial boundaries are of disunion. Although it was disapproved at the time, the plan had shown its usefulness, and Napoleon adopted the principle of ‘stretcher-bearers’ in his later campaigns. Percy’s

ideas were largely adopted in the Second Treaty of Geneva in 1905, and endorsed by the Convention of The Hague."

"Steadily the world improves," commented the banker.

Stewart shrugged his shoulders, and continued:

"Up to this time, however, there was no such thing as the 'trained nurse,' except in the form of a training by experience, such as the Sisters of Charity received. The first training of nurses began in 1836, in Germany, when Pastor Fleidner established, at Kaiserswerth, an Institute for the Training of Deaconesses. Florence Nightingale went there to study its methods.

"America was the first to follow this splendid lead, for the Society of Friends founded a nursing organization on the Kaiserswerth pattern in Philadelphia in 1838. England followed two years later. During the next ten years, the value of trained nurses became so evident that almost every country in Europe established training schools. Gradually, the idea grew that a trained nurse need not take religious vows, and, as it was a well-paid and dignified profession, women took to it with eagerness."

"I never knew that Florence Nightingale was a trained nurse," put in Oglethorpe. "I always

thought she was a wealthy and charitable woman who, because of her tender-heartedness, answered an appeal for help sent to England by a journalist during the Crimean War."

"That's perfectly true," agreed Stewart, "but it's only half the story. Though wealthy, Florence Nightingale always possessed a surging desire for the service of humanity. While of English parentage, she was born in Italy, and had travelled much. It grieved her to realize that England was far behind the Continental countries in such matters as sanitation, hospital and prison work. Her mission in life, as she saw it, was to awaken her country's conscience in the matter. Her enduring fame shows how well she succeeded.

"She went through the entire course of training at the Deaconesses' Institute at Kaiserswerth, and then spent more than a year in Paris, living with the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, in order to learn and to compare their methods. On her return to London, she reorganized a Convalescent Home and a small Hospital, giving lavishly of her own fortune, and making every effort to interest the authorities in the character of her work.

"One day, not long after British soldiers had reached the Crimea, the *London Times* printed this

historic appeal from its War Correspondent at the front:

“‘Are there no devoted women among us, able and willing to go forth to minister to the sick and suffering soldiers of the East in the hospitals of Scutari? Are none of the daughters of England, at this extreme hour of need, ready for such a work of mercy?’

“Sidney Herbert, Secretary of War, wrote that very morning to Florence Nightingale, as the only competently trained woman in England, giving her a free hand in everything if she would undertake the organization of a volunteer nursing service, and offering her a ship-of-war for the transport of everything needful. This letter crossed one from Florence Nightingale, offering her services.

“Within five weeks, the ship of mercy set forth, with thirty-eight nurses, about one-half of them partly trained. The French Sisters of Charity had been on the field ever since the second week of the war, and three hundred Russian Sisters of the Exaltation of the Cross had already established hospitals in Sebastopol.”

“H'm! Florence Nightingale wasn't the first, then, as I thought!”

“No, but her fame is rightfully the greatest, for she had the training and the organizing ability to

make military nursing an essential part of army work. She was the first to realize the need of haste in rescuing the wounded. Still more, she was the first to give practical effect to the idea that care for the wounded is a part of the country's duty; up to that time, military nursing had consisted only of doing one's best, out of charity, for such soldiers as happened to be brought to improvised hospitals.

“It was Florence Nightingale who forced the army to build proper hospital camps, who insisted on sanitation, and who used military efficiency instead of haphazard kindness. She was a pioneer in her insistence on cleanliness and fresh air in hospitals. She was, perhaps, one of the very first to break through the terrible old custom of abandoning the sick and dying during all the hours of darkness, for, amazing as it seems now, wounded sufferers agonized all night long in military hospitals without attention.

“To Florence Nightingale belongs the honor of having instituted night nursing, and, every night, went herself along the line of sick and suffering—there were four miles of beds in Scutari alone!—lamp in hand, to soothe and to heal. Her figure—that of *The Lady with the Lamp*—possesses a peculiar appeal of winsomeness and efficiency, and she



Courtesy of American Red Cross

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Founder of modern nursing and of the rescuing of all wounded, whether friend or foe.



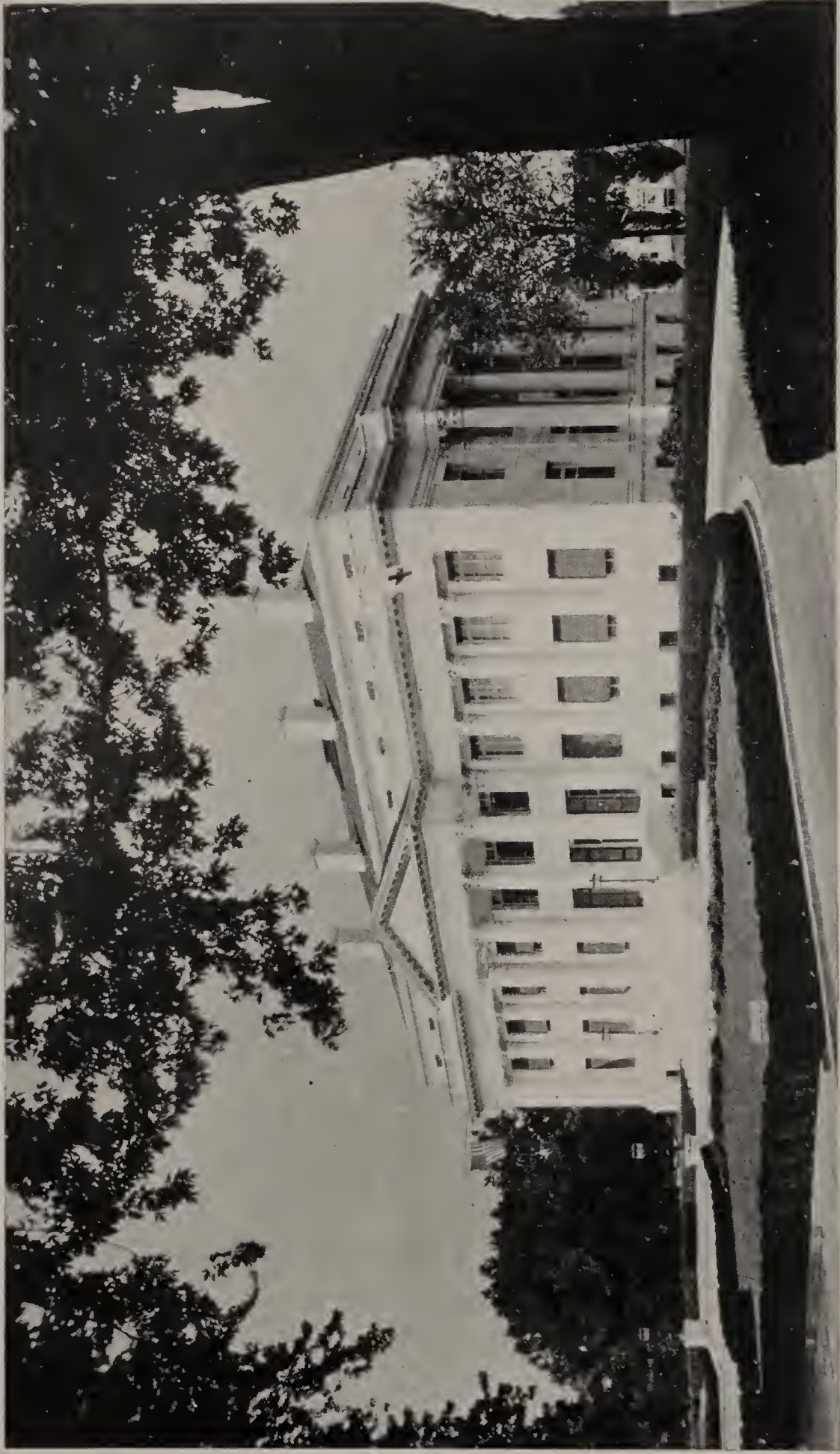
HENRI DUNANT.

Founder of the International Red Cross, whose personal efforts brought about the Geneva Convention.



JANE DELANO.

Founder of American Red Cross Nursing Service, with 19,000 nurses; she died in France from work in World War.



Courtesy of American Red Cross.

AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS HEADQUARTERS, AT WASHINGTON.

“A Memorial built by the Government of the United States and patriotic citizens, to the Women of the North and the Women of the South, held in loving memory by a now united country.”

has become the symbol of sick-room tenderness and strength to a modern world.”

“ High praise! ”

“ It cannot be too high! Among other rare qualities, Florence Nightingale’s work possessed the unique quality of inspiration. Two of your countrymen, Mr. Oglethorpe, were among those stirred by her, and they brought into concrete and vital form the great principles which the work of Surgeon-General Percy and Florence Nightingale had evoked.

“ The first, however, was Henri Dunant, a French Swiss, of Geneva. By nature a philanthropist, and by preference a traveller, he found himself on the very heels of the Battle of Solferino, when, in 1859, the Austrians were routed and the French and Sardinians followed in pursuit, the surgeons of the respective armies enforcedly accompanying the troops and abandoning the wounded. It was thus he wrote of it, in that famous pamphlet ‘ A Souvenir of Solferino,’ which has become a classic in the world’s writings of humanity:

“ ‘ The morning of June 24th dawns with the sound of battle. Three hundred thousand men are face to face. Fifteen miles long stretches the battle line. The bugle notes and the roll of the drums resound the charge. At three in the morning, the



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allied army corps are marching on Solferino and Cavriana.

“ ‘By six o’clock, the fire becomes more furious. In the warm June morning, the Austrian troops in compact masses march along the open roads under the fluttering banners of black and red. The brilliant Italian sun glitters on the polished armor of the French dragoons and cuirassiers.

“ ‘In the burning midday heat, still more furiously the battle rages. Column after column fling themselves on each other. Piled high, the dead lie on hills and in ravines. Austrians and Allies trample the wounded underfoot, kill each other and fall upon their bleeding comrades. Drunk or mad with blood, the butchery goes on. Over the field of slaughter dashes the wild cavalry charge, the horses’ iron hoofs beating down the wretched men.

“ ‘Back and forth the conflict rages. Villages are taken and retaken; every house, every farm, the scene of battle and of struggle. Back of dark, threatening clouds, the sun is lost. A tempest of wind and lightning rises; icy rain sweeps across the field. As the shadows of night begin to fall, the tumult of the battle dies away. Exhausted men sink down to sleep where they stand, or search for some missing comrade. The silent darkness is broken by the groans and cries for help of the wounded men.’

“ This famous pamphlet, ‘A Souvenir of Solferino,’ then goes on to describe in simple but throbbing language the horror of that night and the days following, the thousands of untended wounded, the lack of water and food, the pitifully few surgeons

where hundreds would not have been too many, the lack of nursing, the pity and hideousness of it all.

“ ‘Why,’ asked Dunant at the close of his pamphlet, ‘why have we thought well to recall these scenes of grief and desolation, to recount such lamentable and gruesome details, and to draw such vivid pictures of despair?’ ”

“ The words are famous, and his answering question is still more famous:

“ ‘Would it not be possible,’ he wrote, ‘to found and to organize, in all civilized countries, permanent societies of volunteers which, in time of war, would render succor to the wounded, *without distinction of nationality?*’ ”

“ This question was answered by the Geneva Conference, largely made possible by the enthusiasm and ability of one of Dunant’s townsmen, Gustav Moynier, and that conference brought into being the modern Red Cross.

“ It is significant that Dunant’s first visit to secure royal aid for his project was to the Grand Master of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, Frederick Charles of Prussia. Without any thought of jealousy, the head of the Knights of Hospitallers, carrying on the tradition of centuries, promised his support. Napoleon III followed, and the monarchs of

one country after another rallied to this humanitarian plan.

“Moynier, president of the Society of Public Utility of Geneva, learning from Dunant how cordially he had been received, called an international conference ‘to investigate the means of supplementing the inadequacy of medical services of armies in campaigns.’ This conference was held in Geneva in 1863, with fourteen European countries represented. The United States, in the throes of Civil War, did not attend. Briefly, the conference agreed to resolutions forming the nucleus of the Red Cross as at present organized.

“The year following, a diplomatic convention was summoned to give force to these resolutions. At this the United States was not only represented ‘in an informal manner’ by our Minister to Switzerland, but also by a representative of the United States Sanitary Commission. This Commission, during the Civil War, had been carrying out relief work among the wounded according to the latest ideas of that time, and had solved by practical methods many of the problems which the Convention feared impracticable.

“There’s little doubt, to my mind, that the very full exhibit of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, with

its reports, statistics, photographs, etc., was a leading factor in bringing the diplomats to agree to the resolutions of the preceding Conference, and to sign the Treaty of Geneva, popularly known as the Red Cross Treaty. Thus, though the United States was not one of the original signatories, its 'unofficial observers' were potent in bringing about the amazingly successful conclusion."

"My father," interposed Oglethorpe, "was a member of the Sanitary Commission during the Civil War. He told me, once, something of the difficulties which it faced before the United States Government would approve its work."

"The difficulties were enormous," Stewart agreed. "The medical department of the Army declined its assistance, and President Lincoln was openly hostile to it. Undesired inspection by the Commission revealed that, in the Union Army camps, there was no system of drainage, no sanitation, and no means of bathing, that the tents were overcrowded and foul, the soldiers' clothing was inadequate, and there was no opportunity for washing linen. Vermin was everywhere, menacing typhus. There was no effort at proper cooking, no fresh vegetables, no disposal of waste, and scurvy and dysentery were regarded as matters of course. The United States Govern-

ment turned a deaf ear to the reports of the inspection.

“The disaster of the First Battle of Bull Run, with its appalling evidence that the Union soldiers were too weak to possess any morale, produced a profound impression. The Commission started a volunteer investigation, and found that the demoralization of the army was no fault of the soldiers but was due to crass incompetence and culpable neglect of everything that the officers of an Army, the medical department, and the commissariat ought to do. So condemnatory were the findings that the Government strictly ordered that the report should not be allowed to be made public. The Confederate Army was better officered, better tended, and better fed; the Southern women, from the very start, slaved night and day for their soldiers.

“Realizing that the war would be lost to the Union side unless something radical were done, the Government accepted the findings of the Sanitary Commission—although refusing to give it official standing—and proceeded to make reforms in a half-hearted way. The Commission was not to be put down and continued aggressively on a volunteer basis. Vast Sanitary Fairs were the means of collecting millions of dollars; trains, steamboats, and

stretcher corps were equipped and sent forth; from every brigade arose a cry of gratitude, and yet the Commission was almost forced to abandon its work for lack of official support.

“Bad as was the apathy of the Government, local pride was almost more harmful. Soldiers’ Aid Societies multiplied in every Northern State, and each tried to work privately, aside from the Sanitary Commission. A supply depot from Maine refused to give food to a regiment from Pennsylvania. The rivalry was insensate, the waste of energy and the scattering of supplies cost hundreds of lives.

“At this point came a turn in the tide: the Government allowed the Commission to undertake the distribution of supplies. This gave it a semi-official standing, and, instantly, order began to rise from chaos. In 1863, General Grant issued an order that the Army should do its utmost to help the Commission. This gave it a chance to take advantage of the recommendations made by Florence Nightingale and Dunant, and the United States was the first nation to put into action the lofty ideas which, a few months later, were to be crystallized by the First Conference at Geneva.

“As yet there was no trained-nurse system. The history of the American Red Cross would not be

complete—even in the briefest account of it—without mention of the names of Dorothea Dix, Captain Sallie Tompkins, Mother Bickerdyke, and Clara Barton. The work of the women of America, of North and South alike, was a marvellous example of devotion and unselfishness. Yet, lacking an organization which could direct and concentrate their efforts, not one-tenth was accomplished of what might have been done with the same means.

“ The Sanitary Commission purposed to continue after the war, and formed an association to obtain the United States Government’s adherence to the Treaty of Geneva. It failed utterly. Clara Barton—who had done some relief work during the Civil War—was a visitor at the meetings of the International Red Cross Committee in 1869, and she witnessed some of the work of the Red Cross in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-1871. But her appeals to the United States had no effect.

“ In 1877, Monsieur Moynier, President of the International Red Cross Committee, again tried to enlist America in the good cause. At last, Clara Barton secured a favorable promise from President Garfield. Upon this the ‘ American Association of the Red Cross ’ was formed, with Clara Barton as president, and was confirmed by the Senate in 1882.

The United States became a signatory of the Treaty of Geneva in the same year.

“ This Association did some good work, as it could not help but do, but there were very serious defects in its management, such as loose auditing methods—no one ever knew where the money went to. Relief work on a big scale required a profound knowledge of business administration if costly and wasteful ‘overhead’ is to be avoided, and nowhere is waste so reprehensible as when handling money given by generosity for the aid of sufferers.

“ Consequently, when the Spanish–American War broke out, in 1898, there was no national confidence in the A. A. R. C. A new volunteer body, called the ‘American National Red Cross Relief Committee,’ was formed in New York, with Bishop Potter—a born leader and an organizer of remarkable power—at its head. Other big cities followed this lead, with committees of their own on the New York pattern. The A. A. R. C. fell lower and lower in public esteem. Following the War, a slight reorganization was made, but, a year or two later, grave irregularities were found in its affairs, and the leading men of the country demanded an investigation. Clara Barton resigned, and the association was dissolved soon after.

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“In 1905, the real ‘American National Red Cross’ was created, to function as a Government institution, with the essential factor that its operating expenses were to be cut down to the last notch, and its books rigidly audited by the War Department. Taft, then Secretary of War, was its first President. Ever since Taft entered the White House, the President of the United States has been the President of the Red Cross. The chairman and vice-chairman of the War Relief Board are the Surgeon-Generals of the Army and the Navy, and there is no private or corporate influence of any kind. By special proclamation in 1911, the American Red Cross was designated as the only volunteer society authorized by the United States Government to ‘render aid to its land and naval forces during war,’ other societies being compelled to offer their assistance only through the Red Cross.

“It was full time for such a reorganization, for, only three years later, the World War broke upon mankind with all its horrors. The story of Red Cross work in the War hardly needs to be told. Every man who went overseas, every man who stayed in the home camps, every woman who toiled willingly in the workrooms or sewed frantically in her home to aid the soldiers, every child in the

Junior Red Cross, knows the greatness of America's effort. The children, especially, did marvels, and when you realize that there were over 11,000,000 of them enrolled by the end of 1918, you can see that they formed a force to reckon with."

Stewart turned suddenly on his young companion.

"What did you do in the Great War, Gavin?"

"I had a tutor at home, and hadn't started going to school yet, so I wasn't in any Red Cross work," the boy replied. "But," he added eagerly, "I'm going to make up, now!"

CHAPTER V

THE TRAIN OF DEATH

“GAVIN, this boy’s fate is strictly up to you!”

Gavin stared blankly at the piece of paper which had just been handed to him, and at its curt message, simply signed: “*T. Stewart.*” Then he looked up, to catch Martin’s shrewd eye on him.

“Where did you get this, Martin?”

“A boy brought me a letter from Mr. Stewart this morning while you were at school. This slip was inside. I was told to give it to you. That’s all I know about it.”

“Haven’t you asked the boy anything?”

“I? Not a word. Why should I? That’s your job, if I understand Red Cross orders right.”

“But why should Stewart pick on me?”

“Well, just after he was here last week to see your father about getting that Chapter started, you told me that Junior Red Cross group work in school—such as foreign correspondence and the exchange of portfolios—wasn’t exciting enough for you, and that you wanted a chance to do something all by yourself.”

“ And you told Stewart, I suppose? ”

“ I dropped him a line.”

Gavin turned the paper over in his hands, evidently a good deal embarrassed.

“ What’s the fellow like, Martin? ”

“ He’s in my rooms over the garage.”

“ Yes, but what’s he like? ”

“ Better look him over for yourself.”

“ I wonder what Father ——”

“ I didn’t observe that Mr. Stewart’s note said anything about consulting your father at the start.”

The boy stared at his companion, amazed and overcome. His hastily spoken word was bringing results with an unexpected swiftness.

“ You mean it’s really up to me, then? ”

“ Looks that way.”

Gavin pitched his bundle of school-books on the steps leading up to the house from the park drive, and turned toward the garage, the chauffeur at his side. The two went up the stairs to Martin’s two-room lodgings, the boy’s heart thumping uneasily in confusion and embarrassment.

“ Ivan Michailovitch,” said the chauffeur, as he threw open the door and motioned Gavin to enter, “ this is Gavin Oglethorpe.”

A tall lad, roughly dressed, stepped forward and,

to the American boy's utter surprise, kissed his hand.

A disconcerting pause followed. Gavin had not the faintest idea what to say; the Russian lad, evidently, was waiting. Martin, keenly observant, stood aside to watch how the situation would develop.

"You've come to see me?" said Gavin, at last.

The Russian bowed.

This did not advance the conversation much farther.

Then Gavin realized that if Stewart had sent the lad, it must be in some connection with the Red Cross, and at once he remembered the motto of his little badge: "I serve."

"What can I do to help you?" he asked, and a gleam in Martin's eyes showed him that he was on the right road.

"You is Red Cross," the Russian answered. "I will do what you says is good."

Not at all eased by this frank placing of responsibility on his shoulders, Gavin pulled up a chair. He could see that the interview was likely to be long.

"Sit down, Ivan!" he said, with embarrassed friendliness.

After a momentary hesitation, the Russian sat

down, well on the edge of his chair, very straight and attentive.

“How did you get here?” queried Gavin.

“You mean—from Russia?”

“Yes.”

“Siberia—Japan.”

Martin leaned forward with sudden interest.

“Were you one of the Red Cross Children’s Colony on the *Yomei Maru*?”

“Yes.”

“Ah! You ought to find out about that, Gavin,” put in the chauffeur. “Get him to tell you about himself.”

The Russian had listened carefully.

“I speak English not well,” he said, “but understand little bit. You want—know me?”

He drew from his inner pocket some pages of a magazine, pinned together, very carefully wrapped in a piece of cloth. They were slightly yellowed with age. These he handed to Gavin.

The pages bore no magazine name, but a photograph on the first page was that of an American Red Cross Refugee Hospital in Vladivostok. It was part of a copy of the *Red Cross Magazine* for April, 1919.

Gavin ruffled the leaves.

On the third page of the article was another photograph, representing some men crowded into a box car, which was divided horizontally by a sort of shelf. Under the picture were the words:

They were packed in, forty to a car, and the door was seldom opened except to take out the dead.

Ivan rose, and pointing to one of the bearded men in the lower section of the car:

“My father!” he said.

“In the War?” the American boy queried.

“No. My father, he schoolmaster. Bolsheviki put him in prison, Samara, because he not close school. Dead now; dead in train.”

Gavin stared at the lad, his blood running cold, and turned back to the beginning of the article. It was entitled “The Train of Death,” and was written by a Red Cross man, Rudolph Bukely, who had been a banker at Honolulu before he offered his services to humanity.

Martin, who had risen and was looking over the boy’s shoulder, interrupted by saying slowly, almost solemnly:

“I remember that article—well! Read it!” he said.

And, in that small room in happy America, the shadow of pitiful tragedy came, of terrible tragedy,

as Gavin turned back the yellowed pages, and began to read.

“It is the eighteenth day of November, 1918.” Thus the article began its true tale of misery and of the relief that came so late.¹ “I am at Nikolsk-Ussurisk in Siberia. I have seen enough misery to fill a lifetime. I will try to set down in my own manner what I have seen. I have seen the dead, through whose bodies disease and vermin have eaten their way until life itself has departed, after five months of daily, agonizing torture from hunger, filth, exposure. Before God, I do not exaggerate!

“I have seen through the windows of box-cars, whose dimensions were twenty-four feet by ten, forty animals who once were human men, women and children; faces glared at me which I could not recognize as those of human beings. They were like beasts’ faces, of a species unknown to man. Stark madness and terror stared from their eyes, and over and over all the unmistakable sign of death. . . . What I have seen and heard I would have deemed lies if any one had told me of their occurrence. To-night I am sitting here writing them,

¹ The author does not hesitate to quote at some length from this article, for it is one of his firm convictions that American boys who are worth their salt are not afraid of the truth. The American Red Cross has to deal with terrible realities, and there can be no flinching.—F. R-W.

hoping that the mere writing of the details may relieve me, so that I can once more think rationally and do earnest conscientious work with the American Red Cross in Siberia, for poor, stricken Russia.

“This ‘train of death,’ for by that name all Eastern Siberia now knows it, left Samara (in Russia) approximately six weeks ago. Men of the Russian railroad service are stationed as far west as Manchuria Station, some twelve hundred miles west of here, through which the train must have passed at least three weeks ago. Since then it has passed through Hailar, Titsikar, Harbin, Moolime, going on and on like a thing accursed, through a land where its stricken passengers found little food and less pity.

“It left Samara in charge of some Russian officers. It had on board, at that time, twenty-one hundred prisoners of all sorts. They were apparently civil prisoners. Between that day and the day before yesterday, when we found this loathsome caravan in Nikolsk, eight hundred of these wretches had died from starvation, filth, and disease. In Siberia there is misery and death on every hand, on a scale that would appal the stoutest heart. There were, as near as we could count, thirteen hundred and twenty-five men, women and children penned up in these awful



Courtesy of American Red Cross.

ON THE TRAIN OF DEATH.

“They were packed in, forty to a car, and the door was seldom opened except to take out the dead.”



Courtesy of American Red Cross.

THE GOOD SHIP *RED CROSS* SETTING OUT ON HER ERRAND OF
MERCY TO ALL NATIONS, AT THE BEGINNING OF THE
WORLD WAR.



Courtesy of American Red Cross.

SEVENTEEN LIGHT MOTOR AMBULANCES DONATED BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE AND HARVARD UNIVERSITIES TO
FRANCE, ENGLAND, BELGIUM, GERMANY,
AND AUSTRIA.

cars yesterday. Since last night six have died. By and by they will all die if the train is permitted to go on in such conditions.

“I cannot understand the reasoning of the Russian mind. There are millions of pounds of produce at Omsk which cannot be moved for lack of rolling stock . . . and yet for weeks this train has been wandering, driven on from station to station, every day a few more corpses being dragged out. There are from thirty-five to forty persons in a box-car, measuring, say, twenty-five feet by eleven, and the doors have seldom been open save to drag out the bodies of the dead, or some woman who had better be. I have been told that when they first started out there were as many as sixty in many of these cars, but death has weeded them out.

“I have climbed into these cars at night with my flash-light, I have gone into them in the early mornings and examined them. I have seen men with the death rattle in their throat, half naked; others just lying in a semi-unconscious stupor, and others with the whining grin of imbeciles, holding out their hands for a few cigarettes or kopecks, chuckling with glee like apes upon being given them.

“I have talked to one of them, a woman doctor who was doing Red Cross work with the Red Guards

—she would have done the same work for any one. A highly educated, intellectual woman, forty years old. She has been on this train for weeks.

“I have talked to a girl under eighteen years of age, beautiful, refined, intellectual. She was formerly a typist and bookkeeper in the mayor’s office at Samara. The opposition party got in; she applied for the same job and got it. Later, the authorities heard of her former occupation, and she was sentenced to six days in jail. She was taken in the great net. She has been on this train for weeks, and unless the Red Cross comes to her aid she will die on this train. Her clothing . . . no coat, in this fierce winter weather.

“I have talked to a man who has not the brains left to know the difference between a Red Guard and one of any other color. His wife quarreled with another woman, who evidently lodged complaint. He has been in the box-car for five weeks. He will die within forty-eight hours.

“I have talked to a man who, going home from his work at night, stopped to see the reason of a street disturbance. The police arrested many in the crowd. He was among them. He will die on the train.

“I have seen such die, and the following morning

I have seen their bodies dragged out of the cars like so much rubbish. The living are indifferent, for they know that their turn will come next.

“Of anything like sanitary provision this train has nothing, and the accumulation of filth in which these people have lived and are dying is absolutely unspeakable.

“The Russian officer in charge of the train has made inconsistent statements about the reasons why those people have been subjected to such awful deprivation and abuse. He tries to make the best story of it possible. They were supposed to have been fed regularly at the different stations along the route, but often for days there has been no one to give them even bread.

“We have sent a hundred and thirty to the hospital to-day, and, one way and another, we are holding the train. That is the main thing. It should have begun going back to Samara last night, but it has not gone, and I do not think that the Russian train officials will dare to send it out with us on the spot all the time, opening the cars ourselves, talking to the prisoners, giving them what hope of help we can, and taking photographs every day. We are doing all this without authority, and, in the face of this horror, we don't care who cares.

“Two more days have now gone by. Since we arrived a cooking car has been put on the train, with a large iron kettle, and yesterday the guards claim to have given the prisoners a little soup. One kettle for thirteen hundred and twenty-five people, and soup passed through a window—a foot by a foot and a half—by means of an old rusty can! Three men died in the night.

“As we walked past the train, a man hailed us from one of the cars and the guards were told that there were dead inside. We insisted on the door being opened, and this is what we saw: Lying right across the threshold was the body of a boy not over eighteen or nineteen years old. No coat, merely a thin shirt, in such tatters that his whole chest and arms were exposed, for trousers a piece of jute bag pinned around him, and no shoes or stockings. What agony that boy must have suffered in the Siberian cold before he died of filth, starvation and exposure! And yet ‘diplomacy’ prevents us from taking charge and giving aid. But we are holding the train!

“We climbed into the car and found two other dead lying on the second tier of bunks amongst the living. Nearly every man in that car was sunken-eyed, gaunt, and half clad. They were racked by

terrible coughing. They had the stamp of death on them. If aid does not come quickly, they will die.

“ We looked into a few cars only, but at one window we saw a little girl, perhaps eleven years old. Father, mother, and child are on that train, and will die there.

“ Two days later. . . . We are still holding the train by means of the coöperation of a Czech lieutenant, and in case of need he agrees he will put the engine out of order. Last night the station-master showed us telegraphic instructions that the train must positively pull out at 1 A. M., but it is still here. . . . At the hospital, to-day, the conditions are as bad as ever.

“ The afternoon. . . . We are still holding the train, and have made arrangements with a Russian bath, some three-quarters of a mile away, to wash all the prisoners to-morrow. They should be through in ten hours, but it may take longer.

“ Our Red Cross car has arrived from Vladivostok, and as each man goes in to his bath his infested underclothes will be taken from him and burned, and he will be given in exchange a pair of socks, a sweater, and a pair of pajamas. They will then be put in new cars.

“ Oh, you dear, dear women of Honolulu! The

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first case that I opened came from you, and I read on the slip, 'Hawaii Chapter.' Inside were warm flannel pajamas, beautifully made, each with a handkerchief in the pocket and a flannel Red Cross sewed on the coat. All the weary hours that you have spent during the last four years in dear Hawaii making these things, day after day, would seem as nothing to you if you had the privilege, as I had, of seeing these garments, sewed and made by your loving hands, clothing the bodies of these poor emaciated wrecks in lieu of the foul rags that even now are burning. When they saw the Red Cross, many of them broke down and wept and pointed to the Red Cross on my collar and hat.

"To-morrow when this train pulls out, it will have nine hundred and twenty-five Red Crosses on it (persons so clothed) but I must still call it the 'train of death.' There is no use disguising the fact that these people are nearly all going to die, for as soon as the train shall have pulled out, the old conditions will return and there will be once more the corpses thrown out day by day from each car.

"Next day. . . . To-day we leave for Vladivostok. We have done all that we could do. We have just learned that there are thirty additional cases of typhus in the hospital and Heaven knows

how many on the train. We have bought buckets and brooms for the cars, which will help a little.”

The article goes on:

“Mr. Bukely’s prophecy that the death train would still be a death train was fulfilled. As it went on over the Trans-Siberian, first west, then east, back and forth, driven from town to town, miserable news of it kept filtering into Vladivostok. On December 6, two weeks later, the train, now with thirty-eight cars of prisoners, had left Titsikar for Chita; one hundred and twenty were reported dangerously ill, and fifteen had died since leaving Nikolsk. The Siberian Red Cross Commission immediately wired to hold the train, but it had gone west beyond Chita.

“At Manchuria Station, the local Americans of the Army and the Russian Railway Service provided food for one day, and the Japanese general was able to furnish further relief. Medical attention was given at this point.

“Three days later another telegram came in, showing that the train had been turned back from the west and was probably in the vicinity of Titsikar, in the middle of Manchuria, on the Chinese Eastern Railway. On and on, days and nights, weeks running into months, the wretched company

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ever dwindling as death takes its cruel and incessant toll."

Gavin dropped the paper in his lap, feeling more than a little sick.

"And you were in Siberia, too, Ivan?" he asked, shakily.

"When Father—Mother was put in prison, I run away. Hid in train, part way to Kurgan, tried walk to Petropavlovsk. Caught by soldier, much beaten, very much. Lived empty hut woodcutter. Winter—very cold. Lot snow. Spring—me very weak, too weak walk like man, crawled over snow like snake."

"What did you find to eat?"

"Nothing—often. Nuts in squirrel pockets, sometimes."

"He means the hoards gathered by squirrels for their winter use," explained Martin.

"Caught rabbits asleep—two." Ivan made the gesture of strangling a wild creature with his hands.

"Ate raw—no fire."

"Ugh!" exclaimed Gavin, with a gesture of repulsion.

"Spring—better. Lot caterpillars, little frogs, birds' eggs—very good. Made net of grass, catch lot fish. Grow strong. Summer, lot berries, roots, me well again. Go Petropavlovsk. Put in prison."

“What on earth for?”

Ivan shrugged his shoulders.

“In Russia, no one know why prison. Not stay long. Sent Omsk. Japanese Red Cross man visit prison Omsk. See me. Lot talk. Me go away, free. In Russia, no one know why free. Japanese Red Cross tell American Red Cross. Take me Vladivostok. Good, there. American Red Cross school, lot Russian teachers. Hundreds lost children. Big, clean houses, Russian Island. Learn little English.”

“One minute, Ivan!” interposed Martin. “I think I’d better make this a little clearer to you, Gavin, for I’m not sure that Ivan himself understands how that Red Cross school came to be established at Vladivostok. What happened was this:

“During the spring of 1918, a good many parents of the better classes of Russia—such as had not yet been killed by the fanatic revolutionaries—realizing that Bolshevik rule was as disastrous to education as it was menacing to child-life, sent their children to certain regions near the Ural Mountains, which were at that time uninfected by Soviet propaganda. Most of these children had their tutors or their governesses with them, and their parents were willing and ready to pay the Ural peasants for their keep.

“ In the autumn of that year, however, the revolutionary fighting created a barrier of fire between the children and their parents. The money to pay the peasants couldn't get across the zone of civil warfare, and the country-folk, hardly able to keep themselves alive, turned the children out. Most of the tutors and governesses deserted their charges as soon as their pay stopped coming, but a good few remained loyal.

“ Turned out to fend for themselves, hundreds of these children were reduced to roaming the woods, half-naked, living as best they could on roots, berries and nuts. Acorns and chestnuts, raw, were the principal food of most. Many of them were less than six years of age, and one little lad was only three. Luckily, winter hadn't quite come on yet.

“ American Red Cross workers first ran across scattered bunches of these children in November, 1918, and promptly set out to hunt up others. Nearly eight hundred were found, but there's no way of saying how many hundreds remained undiscovered and must have died from starvation or frozen to death during the winter.

“ Those who were found were taken eastward, some to Omsk and others to Tomsk, to be looked after by the Red Cross. In the spring of 1919 the

two groups were put together and were moved to Vladivostok, where, it was thought, they would be sure of safety. The Government of Omsk gave the American Red Cross full authority to adopt these children temporarily.

“As the system of education under the Tsar’s Government had been entirely overthrown by the Bolsheviki in 1916, the schools having been shut down and the schoolmasters and clergy massacred—for a Bolshevik hates an educated man like poison—these eight hundred children, who had been running wild in the Urals, were in sore need of schooling and kindly discipline. You can easily see what a task it was going to be to train these children.

“Accordingly, when the youngsters—growing fat and rosy after six months in our care—were quartered in the old military barracks on Russian Island, Vladivostok, one of the very first things that the American Red Cross did was to establish a Russian school, using the few faithful tutors and governesses as teachers, aided by the school authorities of Vladivostok. The Red Cross then asked the Archbishop to appoint an Orthodox Church priest as resident on Russian Island, and thus the little colony entered on a happier time than most of the children had ever known, for many were too young to remember much

of pre-war days. As Ivan says of Vladivostok, it was 'good there.'

"During the summer of 1919, the American Red Cross tried to send the children back to their own country, but there wasn't a chance. Russia was murder-crazy. Instead of diminishing, the Red Peril ran eastward and threatened Vladivostok. The safety of the colony being imperilled that way, the children were embarked on the *Yomei Maru*, in July, 1920, if I remember right. There were 781 children on the steamer, together with 62 of their native teachers. Wasn't that it, Ivan?"

"Yes—right," the Russian boy agreed.

"The *Yomei Maru* ran by Japan, stopped for a few days in San Francisco, then struck south through the Panama Canal and reached New York. After a couple of weeks' stay there, she sailed on for Europe, put in at Brest and finally docked at Keivisto, in Finland, some little distance south of Viborg. The Finns were right ready to help the little ones.

"From there the colony went on, part of the way by rail and part on foot, to a luxurious sanatorium at Halila which had been constructed and equipped by the Tsar for consumptive Russians of the richer class, but which had never been occupied because a

Finnish Revolution broke out just before it was going to be inaugurated and changed the line of the frontier. At Halila, the Children's Colony was organized on exactly the same basis as in Vladivostok.

"Late in the autumn of 1919, the Soviet Government demanded the immediate repatriation of the children, declaring that it was able to provide for them. So the youngsters were taken by sledges to the frontier, one departure of a hundred children every fortnight, until all had left. A Red Cross officer accompanied each batch to the frontier, where representatives of the Russian 'Parents' Committee' received them."

"It seems a shame to have sent them back to Russia!" declared Gavin.

But Ivan shook his head in disagreement.

"No. Red Cross, right. Red Cross, always right. Some had fathers, mothers, in St. Petersburg," he said.

Gavin remarked that the lad did not use the name "Petrograd" nor yet "Leningrad."

"But how did you get here from Finland, Ivan?" he queried.

"Me—not to Finland. Stop New York. Mother—dead Samara; Father—dead 'death train.' Soviet not want me, me not want Bolsheviki!"

“What did you do, then?”

“Uncle of me, very old, lived Alaska. Me—Red Cross send there. Last year, come back States. Live with cousin—close Madon City. Cousin go back Southern Russia, me stay uncle. Uncle dead two weeks now. Me ask Red Cross what do. Mr. Stewart—Red Cross, say—come here.”

He nodded in a satisfied manner. It was very evident to his mind that everything the Red Cross might suggest was perfect.

“I can’t very well let the Red Cross down, can I?” exclaimed Gavin, turning to Martin in perplexity.

“No, you can’t!”

“Then what am I to do?”

“That,” the chauffeur remarked, “is exactly what Mr. Stewart has put up to you to decide.”

The boy pondered a minute or two.

“You told me once,” he said, thinking aloud, “that in a case of trouble, food is the first thing to think of, and shelter is the second. I’m sure if I pass a word to old Mammy, Ivan’ll be able to get anything he wants from the kitchen. As for shelter—can you put him up here, Martin, until I have a chance to think things out? You’re Red Cross, too, you know,” he added with a chuckle.

“Of course. I can easily fix up a temporary bed in this room. I’d expected to.”

“That’s all right!”

Gavin sighed with relief as this first decision was off his mind. Then an idea came to him.

“Of course, I could finance him along myself,” he said. “Father generally lets me have any money I want. But why shouldn’t the other chaps at school join in? This is Junior Red Cross work, sure enough. We could sort of adopt him for ourselves!”

“Don’t try to shift the responsibility!” warned Martin.

“I’m not trying to. But when there’s a chance to do something really worth while, it’s only fair to let the other fellows have some of the fun!”

CHAPTER VI

THE JUNIORS—" I SERVE "

STEWART had put into Gavin's hands the problem of dealing with Ivan's future, but the boy was not so foolish as to suppose that he was expected to act without advice. He went promptly to his father's study, told him what he had done and what he intended to do.

"Very good," said the banker, when he had finished. "You've started, and you've got to carry through. You can't back out now, that's clear, even if you want to."

"I don't want to!" protested Gavin, indignantly.

"Of course not. Then the first thing you have to consider, it seems to me, is how you're going to make good. That takes money. Now I'll give you a set of books for bookkeeping, and, although you young people really ought to earn it all yourselves, I'll start you with a gift credit of a thousand dollars, every cent of which is to be expended on some Red Cross work, and entered in those books and rigidly accounted for. I'll audit them for you every month.

"But I want you to think of that money, Gavin,

not as if I had given it to you, but as if it had been collected from a thousand poor children who had given a dollar apiece. If you waste even fifty cents of that thousand dollars, put it to yourself as if you had thrown away one-half of some poor youngster's generosity. Look on it as a Trust Fund, Gavin! "

" I will, Father; really, I will! "

" So much for that, then. Now for the next point. I quite approve your idea of having the Red Cross Junior Auxiliary at your school take up Ivan's affairs with you, so long as you don't fall into the mistake of thinking that ' what's everybody's business is nobody's business.'

" Another thing. Never let yourself think that help to a person is the same thing as charity to a ' case.' I've known some good charity organizations who've failed to do their best, just because of that wrong point of view. People hate such organizations and won't go to them for help because they think the relief-workers cold and intrusive. In Red Cross work, you're helping, and helping seriously, you're not giving charity.

" Of course, I don't need to tell you that you ought to do all your Junior Red Cross work seriously, as well as you possibly can. Just the same, if the Foreign Correspondence done by your group isn't as

well handled as it might be, or if your Exchange Portfolio is hastily put together, the effect isn't disastrous. You, yourselves, are the ones who are most hurt. But the instant that you're dealing with the lives of people, and that you're handling Trust Funds, the situation changes. Carelessness becomes unpardonable, and waste is criminal.

"By the way, you're Chairman—or whatever you call it—of the school auxiliary, aren't you?"

"No, Father. Mr. Howard, one of the teachers, is. But the fellows call me 'Prexy.'"

"Let them drop it, then. Pick some one else for your leader."

"Why?" asked Gavin, a little aggrieved.

"Because, to my idea, you'd better act as Treasurer. It'll give you training in something that you'll need later in life. It's fully as responsible a position, and yet it won't look as if you were trying to get the glory of leadership—which is a form of vanity you ought to learn to avoid, especially in Red Cross work."

The boy nodded.

"I see!"

"Now for this question of Ivan. You need to bear in mind, my boy, that the very worst thing you could do for him would be to have him feel that

there is always some one ready to support him when things go hard. From what you have told me, there's a certain danger that way. It's natural enough, perhaps, considering that Ivan would probably be dead by now if it hadn't been for American Red Cross help in Siberia. But it's the wrong principle, just the same. He's fifteen years old, you say?"

" Yes, Father; but he looks a lot more."

" H'm! Then he's old enough to think about going to work soon."

" I thought maybe he could help out Martin and the gardener, washing the car and doing all sorts of little jobs about the place."

The banker shook his head.

" That would only make him a hanger-on, the very thing you ought to avoid."

" What kind of work should I put him at, then? "

" That," said Mr. Oglethorpe, with a smile, " is one of the things you must find out. Study his character, his natural desires, his abilities, and act accordingly."

" All right. But if he started to work for himself, we shouldn't be helping him! "

" Oh, yes, you would, and far more than if you were just supporting him. You can't put Ivan on

his feet all in a minute, of course. You'll have to find out what he can do best, fit him for some particular trade or line of work, get him a job, start him off in it—perhaps apprenticing him, see that he has a chance to go to Night School to improve his English, and launch him generally. Once he's solidly on his feet, you can begin to help some one else, and, likely enough, Ivan will become a supporter of the Red Cross instead of a drain on it. Remember Thorsson's story! ”

The next afternoon, Gavin had a talk with the teacher who had organized the Junior Red Cross Auxiliary in the school, and he gave Mr. Howard “The Death Train” to read.

“I will use parts of this for dictation in the English Class,” the master said. “A document of real life, such as this, has literary value. Now what do you propose to do about the Russian lad?”

Gavin repeated the advice his father had given him, and suggested that the master should determine what line of work the newcomer ought to do.

“No. You boys will have to find that out for yourselves. Let me see. There are still two months of the school term. I suggest that Ivan come to school for those two months, not so much for what he will learn out of books—though it will improve

his English a good deal—but because it will put him in actual touch with the rest of the Juniors. Make it your business, all of you, to have him realize your friendliness. Get him into your sports, and all that sort of thing.

“A good many of you,” Mr. Howard went on, “are apt to regard the Russians as a species of barbarians. However false or true that may be, you need to understand clearly that such is not the Red Cross point of view, for whom humanity is everything and nationality is nothing. I have told you before that the Red Cross idea is not: ‘America against the world,’ but, ‘America for the world.’

“To have one Russian for a friend is likely to give you boys the feeling that there may be a good many possible friends among the Russians. It will certainly modify your hostile prejudices, if you have such. And that is a start toward international good feeling.”

“Which is a way to stop war, isn’t it, sir?”

The master raised his eyebrows slightly.

“That is rather a big subject, Gavin, and, with all the little wars now going on, world-peace seems far away. But certainly, war is less likely to arise between nations of which the peoples are good friends. In any case, the admission of Ivan to your own cir-

cle—on the terms of an equal, be it well understood—is the first thing to be done.”

“ We’ll attend to that, all right! ” agreed Gavin, emphatically.

That evening, he chatted with his father over the teacher’s suggestions, and wound up by suggesting:

“ I suppose we ought to get Ivan a whole new outfit, oughtn’t we, so’s he’ll feel dressed like the rest of us? ”

“ How do you propose to get it? ”

“ Buy it, I thought. ”

“ With what money? ”

“ Why, with that thousand dollars! ”

The banker raised a disapproving finger.

“ You haven’t caught the hang of the Red Cross system yet,” he said. “ You should always endeavor to extend the opportunities for helping as widely as you can, thus lessening the burden on each giver, and you should never pay out money except when it is imperative. Of course, in a real disaster, such as the Boniton tornado, give freely, give enough so that the help is a cure and not only a palliative. But to come back to this question of clothes for Ivan. Do you know Aronson? ”

“ The clothing-store man? I’ve been in the store, that’s all. ”

" Hasn't he got a little girl in the school? "

" I think he has."

" Tell her the story of Ivan, and have her tell her father; maybe your sister can do it better. Then, next day, let a couple of you boys go to Aronson. He's a reasonable man. I shouldn't be surprised if he gave you a suit of clothes, for the sake of the Red Cross. Anyway, you'd get wholesale prices. Calatto will give you all the shoes in his shop if you ask him. Don't go to the Misses Burton; they'd give, but they're poor, and it isn't fair to ask. Worry around a bit. If you're smart at the job, you ought to be able to get everything Ivan needs without spending a single cent of the Trust Fund."

Gavin squirmed uneasily.

" I don't like to, much. It seems like begging."

The banker turned on his son in a swift access of irritation.

" Who asked you if you liked doing it, or not? Put that silly pride in your pocket, and keep it there! You can stand a few minutes of unpleasantness for the sake of the Red Cross, can't you? "

Gavin remained silent. He knew better than to answer when his father was in that mood.

The next day, though with dread, he did as he was told. Armed with a copy of " The Train of

Death," and with a letter from the teacher stating that he and Will Garfield were authorized by the Junior Red Cross Auxiliary to secure an outfit of clothing for a Russian refugee, he set out on a round among the storekeepers, anticipating rebuff and insult.

Surprise followed on surprise. Instead of raising objections, Aronson fairly broke down on reading the "Train of Death" article, and offered to give everything that was needed. Although Gavin told him that they were not collecting money, the storekeeper insisted on writing out a check for a hundred dollars, "in the name of my little Miriam," as he put it. Calatto gave two pairs of shoes, and would have given ten.

A hatter—whose son was cub reporter on the local paper—was equally generous, and next morning Ivan's story was known all over town. Small checks and ten-dollar bills poured in, rather to Gavin's embarrassment. Half a dozen people wrote, offering the Russian lad a job. Oh, there was no doubt of it! An American town, once waked up, is about the most generous thing on earth.

With Ivan's admission to school the Monday following, the Junior Red Cross Auxiliary took a long leap forward. All the boys and girls wanted to work



Courtesy of American Red Cross.

Juniors of the Red Cross making toys for orphans in refugee camps, in famine-stricken areas or in war-spent countries.



Courtesy of American Red Cross.

Boy members of the American Junior Red Cross making tables for use in hospitals for ex-service men.

WHEN THE HANDS MAKE GOOD THE WORDS: "I SERVE."



Courtesy of American Red Cross.

BOY SCOUTS AND JUNIOR RED CROSS WORK CLOSELY
HAND IN HAND.

First Aid should be part of every boy's training, and these two
great organizations unite to make it effective.

for Russia, and for Russia only. But the teacher, very wisely, insisted on a continuation of the regular programme.

When the Auxiliary had first been organized the year before, shortly after the Boniton tornado, Mr. Howard had pointed out that Junior Red Cross work might well be divided into five groupings: "Service for Ourselves," "Service for Our School," "Service for Our Community," "Service for Our Country," and "Service for Our World." One afternoon each week was given to the work, and the master had the knack of making that afternoon the jolliest of the week. Mr. Howard clearly had ability that would not allow him to stay long in his present position.

Ivan's surprise was without bounds when he learned that the Junior Red Cross afternoon meeting for that week was at Blake's Pond. There he found that "Service for Ourselves" included a number of things which he had not in the least expected. Swimming was one of them. "Every Junior a swimmer" was one of the watchwords of the Auxiliary.

The Russian lad had never been in the water, and was, by nature, a little timid. But he felt that he had the honor of Russia to maintain, and he floun-

dered into the water, gasping and choking. The boys refrained from teasing, and helped him all they could.

And as he was resting after his first trial, feeling as if he had swallowed a barrellful of water, Mr. Howard explained to him that proper diet, regular exercise, personal cleanliness, orderly neatness, and a score of similar things were a part of the "Service for Ourselves" programme. At the same time, the master handled the matters in such a friendly way as to make the doing of them seem a pleasure instead of a burden.

The readiness of the other boys to help him in every way spurred Ivan wonderfully. Entirely removed from hearing any Russian spoken, he put into use the lessons he had learned in Vladivostok and picked up English quickly. No one was more eager than he to find out where next week's Junior Red Cross meeting would be held. All that he knew was that this time it would be "Service for Our School."

The meeting was not announced for Blake's Pond, but for the basement of the school, where Ivan had not been as yet. On entering, he saw a row of carpentering-benches, a small forge, a machine-lathe, and all the appliances of an up-to-date workshop. The girls had the other half of the basement, with

sewing-machines, hand-looms, stocking-knitters, embroidery frames, and a big kitchen.

As soon as they came in, some of the boys of his group started in at once to make window-boxes and book-shelves for the schoolrooms, or equipment for the playground. A good many were making picture-frames. One group of four was busy over a roll-map cupboard, which, with all its fittings and springs, was a long and troublesome job.

"Did you notice Mr. Howard's desk, Ivan?" asked Gavin.

"Much carved one? Yes."

"We made that!" came the proud declaration.

Ivan looked up eagerly.

"Carve, I like do! In winter, all Russian boys carve. Father, very good; show me many things. Lot designs. Quite different!"

"Say, chaps," Gavin called out, excitedly, "we've a new Little Wonder in our midst. Ivan knows all about the Russian style of wood-carving!"

They clustered around him, and Ivan, flushed with pleasure, picked up one of the tools. From the first minute it was in his hand, the boys had no doubt of his skill. Ivan understood the technique of carving and had a real talent for it, though it was evident that the grain of the wood was very different

from the white birch to which he had been accustomed.

Gavin, watching closely, began to see a line opening out which might solve the question of Ivan's future. Certainly there was a place in America for so skilful and patient a wood-worker as the Russian boy bade fair to become.

The following Tuesday came the third Red Cross Auxiliary day, for "Service to the Community." On coming to the schoolhouse door—having previously been told to put on his heaviest shoes—Ivan was surprised at being handed a pair of heavy leather gloves and a stout saw-edged knife. He put on the gloves and followed one of the groups of boys, led by Will Garfield.

Coming to a big stretch of vacant land, the half-dozen lads scattered. Will stooped down at once, and grabbed a vine trailing along the ground.

"See this stuff, Ivan?" he said, speaking very distinctly. "It's poison—we call it poison ivy. It doesn't hurt some people at all, even if they touch it; some people are poisoned if they just touch it by accident; and there are some people who catch the poison so easily that they get ill just by walking near it. The man who owns this bit of land doesn't live here. So we're going to clean the place up, so

that the poison ivy won't spread. It's hard to kill, but if it's cut down, an inch or two below the ground, every spring, year after year, the roots die out."

"Right! Very good! Sure!" declared Ivan, in complete understanding, and plunged at the work enthusiastically.

"Of course," Will explained, as they worked side by side, "we don't do this every Community Day. Sometimes, when it's very hot, we go to Blake's Pond and learn how to save drowning people—that's service for the community, too. In bad weather, we learn First Aid—they taught you that at Vladivostok, didn't they? When there's something big going on in town, a parade, or something like that, we help in one way and the Boy Scouts in another.

"The Junior Red Cross girls do a lot, too, for the community. They help out at the milk stations for babies, the older ones do follow-up work for the Community Visiting Nurse, and they give a hand in arranging a summer camp for city girls from the slums, who never have much chance to be in the country."

"That is all good to do!" affirmed Ivan, and he worked all the harder because of the thought that he was but one of many, all engaged in community service.

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The following week it was the turn for "Service to Our Country."

"I do guess this time will be work for soldiers hurt in war?" the Russian lad suggested, eager to show his interest.

Gavin shook his head.

"No," he answered. "That job is too big for us Juniors. Wounded ex-service men are well looked after by the United States Government. The Red Cross does a good deal in bringing them in touch with the right people in Washington, so's they get everything they ought to have. But, as you heard Mr. Howard say the other day, we oughtn't to try to undertake anything that some one is doing already."

"Right—so!" agreed Ivan.

"Being Juniors," Gavin continued, "it's more our end to help fellows of our own age, fellows who haven't got the same chances that we have, either because they're poor, or because they live 'way in the backwoods, or something like that.

"Last year we fitted up a whole playground for a school in the mountains of Tennessee, we gave them baseball uniforms and an outfit, and subscribed enough to send a college chap there for a month to teach them the game. You wouldn't think it, but

that baseball team has done more to stop feud shooting in that valley than twenty years of preaching had done," and he proceeded to explain to Ivan the feud menace in certain sections of the Southern Alleghanies.

" This winter," Gavin added, " we made some special-sized tables and chairs for crippled negro children, who'd been treated in an Orthopedic Hospital in New Orleans and were going back to their cabin homes. Right now we're starting in on some stuff that's needed for the Indians. Plenty of work for your tools, I shouldn't wonder! "

But it was the fifth week, especially, which thrilled Ivan. There were five Tuesdays in that month, so that " Service for Our World " had a special afternoon to itself, instead of being sandwiched in between other affairs. It was the regular work of this international afternoon, which had brought about Gavin's discontented remark about the uselessness of foreign letter-writing, and the unimportance of sending portfolios and scrap-books.

" I have received a letter from a school in Fiji," the master announced that morning, " in which the children state their desire to make a collection of wild flowers of all countries, pressed, of course, and prepared so that their colors do not fade. There

are beautiful sea-shells in Fiji—some of them very rare—and the Fijian children offer to send a collection to our school museum in exchange. Do you want to undertake that work?”

There was a manifest hesitation. A good many of the boys thought to themselves that picking flowers was more like girls' work.

The master's tone took on a crisper note.

“I am very well aware that some of you,” he said, and fixed on Gavin an accusing eye, “fail to realize the importance of Junior Red Cross School Correspondence. It has a great deal of value, far more than you imagine.

“In the first place, it teaches you to write fairly good letters—and I am sorry to say that there are very few of those boys now sitting before me who are able to send letters as courteous and well-phrased as those done by boys of your own age in Europe. In the second place, it enlivens your interest in geography, of which subject, I have been grieved to note, you show an appalling ignorance; I am quite sure that you know a great deal more about Prague, with which city you corresponded last year, than about Fiji, because you have only read the name of the latter place on a map. In the third place, such letters and such exchanges of portfolios take the

place of travel, to a small degree, and the travelled man is the well-informed man.

" With regard to the portfolios, of which also I have heard some criticism"—Gavin began to feel very small indeed, " I am afraid that I must remark that those who do not support the making of them are governed either by laziness, or indifference—or both. They do not grasp the fact that such should be prepared with great care and with a proud pleasure.

" The portfolio we received from Prague last year is a pride of this school, as you well know. We show it to all our visitors. We exhibited it at the County Fair. Some of you know it almost by heart. We feel that the children whose faces and whose work we see there are our comrades, and we should recognize them and welcome them as old friends, were they to come here. I wish that I were not compelled to recognize that the portfolio we sent them in return was so inferior to theirs! "

" We could send another, sir! " piped up a voice from the back of the schoolroom.

" That is Bocker speaking, is it? I am glad to hear you suggest that, Bocker, for I remember how little trouble you took last time. We will send another, and we will make it such that the school at

Prague will be as proud of its American portfolio as we are of our Bohemian, or rather, Czech exhibit. Now, as to this Fiji project, raise your hands, those of you who are willing to contribute your work."

Most, but not all, hands were raised.

"All those who have agreed to share in the 'Service for Fiji' will meet me this afternoon, at the usual hour, at Mill Bridge. Bring a dozen sheets of blotting-paper with you, each one—clean blotting-paper, of course. After we come back and while we are arranging our collections, Ivan may be able to give us some idea as to what we might do for his home city, Samara."

The tone grew cutting!

"The others who do not come," he paused, "will have the pleasure of staying at home or wandering about the streets doing nothing. A fine way of showing your Red Cross spirit!"

At Mill Bridge, that afternoon, a surprise was awaiting them. An old gentleman, with straggling white hair, a large herbarium slung over his shoulder, stood there. Several of the boys rushed forward.

"Oh, Doctor! Are you coming with us?"

"I had thought of doing so."

"Fine!" "Great!" came the cries in chorus.

And Gavin added, to Ivan:

"Now we will learn something about flowers! Dr. Wandsworth is one of the greatest botanists in the country and he's just chock full of the jolliest stories about plants!"

"Remember the stories I tell you, then," laughed the merry old doctor. "Mr. Howard has told me what you intend to do. And I'm not so sure if the children in Fiji wouldn't be more interested in knowing that the sunflower turns its head with the sun, that the pimpernel foretells the weather by changing color, that the tumbleweed picks itself up and takes a walk every season, and that the sundew eats flies than they would be in knowing the Latin names and botanical characters of those plants—though you ought to tell that, too, in your portfolio. But you'll have to keep your ears open!"

That afternoon ramble was a revelation to every one, Mr. Howard included. The old botanist led the boys into a world of strange adventure and curious romance, or so it seemed by the way he told of the lives of plants and their flowers, of their plucky fights against the hardships of weather or unfavorable soil, of the race for sun and air, of the peculiar fashion in which certain species chum with other chosen species, of the magical influence of perfume,

of the long-laid plots to attract insects, and of the acrobatic feats or aeroplane ventures which seeds undertake in order to launch out into the unknown.

Gavin was not the only boy who stayed up late that night, scribbling at top speed all that he could remember of the old botanist's stories. For the first time in his life, the boy really thought of plants and flowers as living things, with a sort of consciousness of their own. Never, after that afternoon, did he look at a plant or a flower with lack of interest; Dr. Wandsworth had given him the seeing eye.

"And if I were you," the doctor had said before leaving, "when you write to Fiji, I would suggest to the Fijian children that they tell you all the stories they know about the creatures which lived in the sea-shells they're going to send you. You've no idea what wonderful tales lie hidden in that green mystery-world below the surface of the sea!"

It was not until the next month had brought around another international Red Cross meeting, at almost the last reunion of the school year, that Ivan summoned up enough courage to address his comrades on what he considered to be the needs of his home town in Russia, a thing that the boys were wildly anxious to hear. The lad was able to speak fairly good English now, though slowly and jerkily.

" I now understand," he said, hesitatingly, after he had given quite a good description of his town and of his childhood life there, " that, in Red Cross seeing, a country good-governed and a country bad-governed is all the same thing. The children are not the governments. Russian children—Bolshevik children—Menshivik children—are not more good, not more bad, than French children or Turkish children. We are to help all.

" You wish me tell what is best for Russian children. I say—play! In America, I see very much play, very, very much; in Russia, no play. No sport. No games. It is not much fun. Either very serious or very much mischief. Bad mischief, because life dull. Play cards much—not good. It can teach nothing good.

" I say—tell Samara boys how play. Not big games, not baseball, tennis, not at beginning. Too difficult. Fathers—mothers—not understand. Playground games better: Prisoner's Base, Hoop-and-Spear, Leap-the-Frog, Toad-in-the-Hole, Pitching-the-Horseshoe. I write letters in Russian, tell how; you make American photographs, show how. Health game, too! "

" That's a rattling good idea, fellows," commented Will Garfield. " I see Ivan's scheme. Some

of us have got cameras, and we could take a whole series of illustrative snap-shots."

"Why not take moving pictures?" suggested Gavin. "We could get up regular teams, practise those games until we had 'em down fine, and then send the films over to Russia. I'm sure we could get the loan of a camera, and maybe a camera man, from one of the big film companies, if they knew we were doing it for the Red Cross."

"Maybe, later," returned Will. "But what use would that be in Ivan's town? The fellows in Samara wouldn't have projection machines in their schools, nor yet electric power in their playgrounds! That's a good idea of yours, Gavin, and we might do it later, for more up-to-date places. But to start off with, the regular photos would be a help. Any of us can take 'stills,' and my cousin has a cracker-jack of a high-speed camera, to catch us running or jumping. He's pretty busy, but with 'daylight-saving' hours, he could help us out during June and July, when the light would be just right. What do you say if we get together once a week during the summer holidays, and do the job up thoroughly?"

And the plan went through with a whoop!

CHAPTER VII

A LAND OF REFUGEES

AFTER the closing of school, the question of Ivan's career demanded immediate attention. Gavin, largely aided by his father's suggestions, set himself seriously to determine what was best to be done.

The Russian lad's deftness with wood-working tools gave a clue to one way by which he might earn his living. First by correspondence, and afterwards by a personal visit, Gavin got in touch with a furniture manufactory, specializing in hand-made articles for the first-class trade, a factory where solid wood was used instead of veneer, and where good taste was considered more important than quantity production. There Ivan's gift for carving would be appreciated, especially by those connoisseurs who desire good furniture, made after their own patterns, and who seek for real craftsman work.

In order that the Russian lad should start on his new life happily, Gavin found him a room in a boarding-house with sympathetic people, to whom, also, he gave the "Train of Death" article to read,

sure that this would deepen their interest in the young refugee. He also persuaded Ivan to join the Young Men's Association of the town.

Gavin paid his protégé's membership in the Association for three months, and also gave him the equivalent of one week's wages in advance. This sum of thirty-five dollars was all that had been paid out of the Junior Red Cross Service Fund, which had risen by voluntary contributions to nearly fifteen hundred dollars. Ivan promised to write fully to the Auxiliary, at least once a month, so that he might maintain a close relationship with the Red Cross.

School over, and Ivan settled, Gavin began to grow restless. The making of photos for the programme of games, to be sent to Samara, was in the hands of an efficient committee. The money in the fund troubled him not a little, for it did not seem fair to have the cash lying idle, when there were so many people in the world to be helped. His enthusiasm for the Red Cross, which had been begun by Martin's insistence that he should visit the scene of the Boniton tornado disaster, did not die out, as his father had expected. On the contrary, it seemed to have put down deep roots.

Mr. Oglethorpe himself, intent on planning the

organization of a Red Cross Chapter, which should take over the direction of all the relief work in his own county, was not less enthralled. But, on Mr. Stewart's advice, he delayed the actual organization until he should have had the opportunity of visiting other Chapters, both in America and abroad, in order to observe their systems and to learn the methods which more experienced Chapter chairmen had found most efficient for speedy and yet economical administration.

Father and son were thus hand-in-hand in all Red Cross ideas, and Mrs. Oglethorpe—whose preferences were for the social amenities which had been her only life—complained, half seriously, that her all-important bridge parties, teas, and club meetings no longer seemed to be of any great interest to her household. It was not that she did not appreciate the work of the Red Cross, and she was generous with gifts from her private fortune, but, having been brought up in retirement, she had a strong dislike of coming in personal contact with wretchedness and suffering.

“If you are so intensely interested in those foreign people who are in trouble,” said she to her husband, “and if Gavin is so absurdly taken up with Russian runaways and Fijian sea-shell gatherers”—this was

a gentle little dig at the Auxiliary, "why don't you go abroad and risk catching typhus or some horrid thing like that yourselves this summer, while I go, as usual, to White Sulphur Springs. I know very well that you don't like it there."

This was an opening for which the banker had been hoping, for while, like many really busy men, he hated summer resorts and their actively empty life, he did not wish his wife to feel that he was allowing his Red Cross interests to interfere with the life of the home.

"That's an excellent idea of yours, Laura," he answered. "A few months abroad—perhaps in the Mediterranean—would do Gavin a great deal of good. I will admit that, so far as I am concerned, I'm greatly interested in what is happening in Greece right now. But are you sure that you wouldn't like to come to Europe, and to have a season in Biarritz or Deauville, or some of those fashionable watering-places?"

The woman shook her head decidedly.

"I have never been on the sea, and I am afraid of it," she said. "I feel certain that if I were seasick—and I should be sure to be—my nerves would give me trouble all the rest of the season. No, I prefer White Sulphur Springs. The society there

is very pleasant, and the waters agree admirably with my constitution."

"At what time would you prefer to go there?"

Mrs. Ogleshorpe looked at her husband with a twinkle in her eye.

"John," she said, "you're not at all good at hiding things, though you believe you are. Do you suppose I haven't noticed that you are anxious to get away?"

"I'm sure I haven't ever said so much as a single word about it!"

"No, dear, and I know you wouldn't. But, just the same, the idea has underlain a good many of your talks with Gavin. There, there, make your plans! Go to Greece or wherever it is you want to go. I will ask Mother to come and stay here until the season opens at White Sulphur Springs, and we will go there together. But be careful of yourself, John, and of Gavin especially! I don't want to see you coming back like refugees yourselves!"

"No fear, Laura!" the banker laughed. "Well, if it doesn't disturb your plans at all, I'd like to start about June 10."

"That's next week!"

"Next Tuesday. There's a boat sailing for Naples the day after. We could take the train across Italy

to Brindisi, connecting with a boat for Saloniki, and we'd get to Greece about the 28th. I'd like to be there before the 30th."

"May I ask just why?"

"The Red Cross relief work in Greece is going to be wound up on that date, and I'd like to see the refugee camps in full action before they close up for good. Then, so Stewart tells me, there are likely to be a good many complications for the first two or three weeks after the American Red Cross gives up its work, and individual non-official workers may be of service."

"Then telegraph at once for a cabin, Robert, and arrange matters just as you think best. Will you take Martin with you?"

"Yes, I'd thought of doing so."

"And the car?"

"No. I'll have the car ready to take you down to White Sulphur Springs. You won't need Martin. The Burtons' chauffeur will be at liberty—they're taking the Thousand Lakes trip this season—and I can arrange for him to take charge of the car. He's a good man, and a careful driver, as you know. I'll cable to have an automobile waiting for me at Saloniki."

"Very good. I will see that your trunks are

packed and that everything is ready, just the way you like it."

Thus it happened that, a few weeks later, Mr. Oglethorpe, Gavin, and Martin found themselves on a Greek steamer, running from the Island of Corfu to Saloniki, accompanied by a young Greek relief-worker who had been with the American Red Cross when the refugee work first began, and who was returning from Genoa, where he had escorted a party of Greek refugees, emigrating to the Argentine Republic.

"I've never quite understood, Father, how Greece got into such a mess as to need all this relief work," Gavin remarked, as the boat steamed through the Ægean Sea.

"I'm sure I couldn't tell you the details," the banker replied; "you'll have to ask Mr. Saripoulos if you want to know them all. I've talked to a good many people about modern Greek affairs, and the various accounts all seem to disagree.

"Roughly, so far as I can make out, the whole trouble arises from the unsettled treaty complications that followed the World War. It takes a Balkan expert to thread his way through that tangle. Generally speaking, Turkey wasn't kicked out of Europe, as a good many people wanted her to be,

largely because the Powers couldn't agree as to which of them should control Constantinople and the Bosphorus. Greece, because of her claim to all the territories of the old Byzantine Empire, has always insisted that Constantinople ought to be in her hands, but the way she blew hot and cold during the War had hurt her standing."

"Still, when you look at the map," said Gavin, "it does look as though Constantinople ought to go to Greece, if Turkey is kicked out. And her historical claim seems fair enough."

"That may be all right in theory, son, but not in practice. In order to shut Russia out of the Mediterranean, Constantinople must either be held by a single strong Power, or else by a figurehead Power which is willing to act as a mere mouthpiece for a consortium of all the Allied Powers.

"Greece is neither one nor the other. She is one of the weakest of the Powers, her politics are in a constant turmoil, she is bitterly hated by all her neighbors, she is a trouble-maker on every occasion, and the placing of Greece on the Bosphorus would only be the signal for another Balkan War. Bulgaria demands an outlet to the Mediterranean, and is just aching for a chance to pick up arms. The Powers of Europe, whose business it is to try to maintain



Courtesy of L'Illustration.

Greeks driven forth from Turkish territory by the Lausanne Convention, having no place to go.



Turks shipped out of Greek territory, according to Lausanne Convention, homeless and destitute.

EXCHANGING POPULATIONS BY TREATY.



Courtesy of American Red Cross.

American Red Cross volunteers transcribing Braille, a system of embossed letters so arranged that the blind may read with their finger-tips.



Courtesy of Underwood & Underwood.

Turkish Red Crescent volunteers making bandages, splints, and clothing for the wounded, without distinction of race or creed.

WHERE CROSS AND CRESCENT MEET.

peace, couldn't afford to let Greece occupy Constantinople, for the Near East would blow up immediately.

“Consequently, when the World War came to an end, Greece's aspirations were denied, and the question of Constantinople was left open. The various treaties since concluded have ended, as you know, in Turkey retaining a large share of her European possessions—including Eastern Thrace—and much of her territory in Asia Minor. In this Turkish territory there are a number of Greeks living, just as parts of Greece are thoroughly Turkish.”

“I begin to see where the hitch comes,” said Gavin, thoughtfully.

“There's always a hitch when territorial and racial boundaries don't agree. That's why the Balkan States will never be peaceful, can never be peaceful. Hostile races, with age-long hates as well as religious antagonisms, live side by side.

“In defiance of the Powers, and in spite of the fact that the political situation in Greece was intolerable, Greece started a war against Turkey last year. It was intended, apparently, as a political dodge, to get the Powers into the mess. After a few initial victories, the Greek armies in Asia Minor began to get the worst of it, and then, as the Turks

began to warm up a bit, the Greeks got thoroughly whipped. The troops fled in retreat to Smyrna, barely able to get their army past the hordes of fleeing refugees. Just when the city was full to bursting, when the Turks were close behind, and nearly every vessel had left the harbor, Smyrna was set on fire."

"By the Turks?"

The banker shrugged his shoulders.

"No one seems to know, definitely. It wasn't done by the Turkish Army, that's clear, for it was still a couple of days' march away. It may have been begun by Turkish incendiaries in the city, or even by accident—though that seems improbable. The Greeks who were hostile to the government were formally accused of the crime, and suspicion also fell on the lower elements of the Levantine population and the riff-raff of the refugees, seeking a chance for loot. Whoever started it, the fire spread rapidly and became one of the most appalling disasters of its kind in modern times. With the Turks behind, the sea in front and the city burning over their heads, the refugees and the inhabitants of Smyrna were mad with terror. The number of deaths has never been known.

"At the same time, the news of the Turkish vic-

tories gave Turkish officials, all over the Ottoman Empire, the signal for repressive massacres. Everywhere a rage of persecution began. Then began, so a Red Cross man who was there told me, the most pitiful and tragic flight of modern times, even more heartrending than that from Belgium at the beginning of the World War, for the fugitives came vast distances, fleeing in any direction, anywhere away from the Turks. Armenians, Greeks, Macedonians, and a motley of peoples poured into Western Thrace and the Ægean islands. By last October, nearly a million and a quarter refugees had reached Greece and there was no means of feeding or housing them. The suffering was terrible. Worst of all, there was the menace of epidemic disease.

“The United States took immediate action. President Harding called a meeting of the representatives of several big American relief organizations, and a working agreement was made by which the American Red Cross and the Near East Relief were ordered to take charge of the situation under the general direction of the Red Cross, it being understood that the Red Cross was to deal with the emergency in Europe, and the Near East Relief in Asia. Constantinople was used for warehousing and similar purposes, as in nearly all Near East work. A

special fund was created and several millions of dollars raised.

“Five days after this proclamation,” the banker went on, “a number of experienced relief-workers sailed from America. Red Cross nurses in Europe were directed by cable to report for work at Athens and Saloniki. Purchasing units were set up in New York and at various points in Europe, and you can get some idea of the work done, Gavin, when I tell you that I saw in a Red Cross Report that 16,213 tons of flour were distributed in a little over seven months. About 4,000 tons of other foodstuffs were shipped.

“Fortunately, the Greeks are accustomed to the simplest food. Some coarse bread, olive oil, fruit, and an occasional dish of vegetables was all they required. As you can see, son, this enabled an amazing amount of work to be done at a comparatively low cost.”

“The people at Boniton fared better than that,” put in the boy, remembering the piles of food which Martin had collected within a few hours of the passing of the tornado.

“Yes, that’s one of the Red Cross difficulties in America, so I’m told. Sufferers from a disaster in the States aren’t always grateful for getting bare ne-

cessities, they expect luxuries. It's a lot easier to help a people of simple habits.

“For example, the clothing question wasn't serious in Greece. Less than a million garments were sent, of all kinds, and only 5,000 pairs of shoes. Going barefoot, to most of the refugees, was no great hardship. But imagine the fuss in the States if the victims of a disaster were made to go without shoes! That very simplicity was what made Red Cross work in Greece so successful. In less than two weeks after the arrival of the Americans, shelter camps had been organized, bake-ovens built, a regular transport system started, and every refugee was getting food enough to keep him or her in good condition.”

“That was quick work!” cried Gavin.

“Quickness is the essential virtue in an emergency. You saw that at Boniton!

“Of course, as always, the biggest danger of massing all sorts of people in a narrow space is the possible outbreak of an epidemic. The American Red Cross had taken a staff of medical men, and these took the Greek doctors in hand and gave them an idea of Red Cross methods. Surprisingly quick to learn those Greek doctors were, too, so I'm told. Typhus, smallpox, and dysentery all broke out, but so closely was the Red Cross on the job that every

outbreak was stamped down before it had a chance to become epidemic.”

He turned to the Greek relief-worker, who had just sauntered up.

“ You had a good deal of trouble with typhus in the camps, didn't you? ” he asked, by way of getting the Greek started on what was sure to be interesting information.

“ Only at the beginning, ” came the reply. “ The Americans brought forty tons of soap. That helped, I think. Oh, yes, typhus would have made many dead people if it hadn't been for the Red Cross. You see, we hadn't any organization to take care of the refugees. We couldn't have. Every bit of the energy in Greece was being put into the War, yes. The worst was that the politicians in Athens were too much in their personal quarrels to help anybody, I think.

“ Me, I was just going to sail for the front, but when I was on the quay at Piræus I saw a ship of refugees come in. I had a commission as an officer, yes. I tore it up, and said I would stay in Greece to help.”

He laughed, a little bitterly.

“ They wanted to shoot me for a traitor, because—so the quite-military colonel said—it was more

patriotic to shoot Turks than to feed Greeks. I told him I was a Greek-feeder first and a Turk-shooter by and by."

"Didn't they court-martial you, or something of the kind, Mr. Saripoulos?"

The Greek nodded.

"Oh, I should have been shot, I think, but the cable news came that the American Red Cross was sending a relief ship. So the quite-military colonel set me free to do Greek-feeding. That was to show the Americans that somebody was already doing refugee relief work, I think. It was much needed. The two weeks before the Americans came, I was like the four winds all blowing at once, here, there, and my head twisted trying to do everywhere. That was before I had learned how."

"The refugees were in bad condition, I suppose?"

"Quite desperate. That ship-load came from somewhere in the Taurus. They had not eaten much in three weeks, I think. A good many were ill—but the hospitals were already overfull. Four people were mad, oh, raving mad; three women and one man. I had no place to put them. They disappeared one night. Their comrades threw them into the sea, I think.

"There was one week I did not know what would

happen. Two more ship-loads like that came in to the port. One captain came to me and offered to take his human cargo out to sea again and to throw them overboard, to give more food to the Greeks. They were Armenians, I think."

"What! Offered to drown a whole ship-load?"

"He wanted five drachmas a head, I think. He said it would be much cheaper than feeding them. He thought I would be pleased, I think."

"What did you do to him?"

"Me? What could I do? It was no use to discuss. I told him he would get more money by going to Alexandria for a cargo of wheat. So he landed the Armenians, and went. They were nearly all women and children, whose men-folk had been killed or were held as prisoners by the Turks. That is nearly the same thing, I think."

"But didn't Greece herself try to do anything, Mr. Saripoulos?"

"Oh, we did a great deal, as soon as we were shown how. That was the most shining work of the Red Cross, I think. The Americans were only forty-five, but there were several hundred of us, by and by, doctors and assistants.

"The Red Cross made friends quickly, everywhere, which is strange, because the Greeks are suspicious

of foreigners, I think. But we saw that the Americans had come only to help us, not to be our masters. They did not begin politics nor religion, and that was a good thing, I think. In less than a month, most of the distribution of supplies had been put in our hands. That surprised everybody, I think."

"Wasn't there some trouble about it, though?"

"Yes, Mr. Oglethorpe, but that was to be expected, I think. When, before, had anything with public money been done honestly in Greece? But as soon as we saw that the American Red Cross was honest, all the good people were glad, I think. We stood three profiteers against a wall one morning."

"And shot them?" queried Gavin, excitedly.

"Oh, yes," the Greek answered indifferently.

"Without any trial?"

"Law is so slow, I think. The people of the camps were quite pleased, I think. Once the Red Cross had started us, all went very well."

"There was another reason for that, too," put in Oglethorpe, "from what the Red Cross people told me at Headquarters. The refugees, themselves, being directed by people who knew their language, customs and prejudices, were handled more economically and with far less friction than if they had been managed by an all-American staff. And that's why,

now the Red Cross is getting ready to leave, the refugees are ready to accept direction under their own countrymen."

"They never would have been before," put in Saripoulos. "But we're thoroughly organized now, I think."

"But just why is the Red Cross getting out so suddenly?" queried Gavin.

"Because it is purely an emergency organization," his father explained. "If I have the idea right, it is the business of the Red Cross to bear the first brunt of disaster. Its main purpose is to relieve immediate distress, to organize temporary assistance, and to give the local agencies and institutions of a country the time and opportunity to prepare themselves to take over the burden which the Red Cross has carried during the emergency.

"Then, so it was explained to me in New York, relief camps are as injurious when an emergency is over as they are beneficial in times of stress. A month too long, even a week too long, is dangerous. The camps breed laziness, dependence, and indifference. As long as people can get housed and fed for nothing, and get a chance to idle around all day, they won't work."

"That's certainly true with my people," the

Greek agreed, "and we shall have much trouble to meet, I think. Fortunately, the Red Cross is turning over the work to us just at the very right time. The crops have been good, the fruit season is beginning, and, because the Red Cross brought two tons of vegetable seeds which it distributed free, a large amount of extra vegetables have been grown. The war is over, so that the Government can begin to think about something else besides the Army. The summer time is always easier for the poor. And, for the first few weeks, we have enough food. But we shall give them less to eat, I think."

"Why?"

"So that they will get hungry, very hungry," was the Greek's calm reply. "They will be more ready to work, then. Of course, there is much bad to come, I think."

"For what reason?"

"The refugees have brought an additional million of people to the population of Greece. Many of them, most, I think, are from the country. Now they have no land. There is no free land in Greece to give them. They must find work, where there is no work, and food, when we have only just enough for our people—without that million. And a million mouths eat very much in a year!

"But that is not the worst. According to the proposed treaty, Turkey is to have the right to expel Greeks from her land, in exchange for the Turks which we drive out, too. That is difficult, I think. Those who go are angry, those who come are discontented. All have lost their homes."

"You anticipate real trouble, Mr. Saripoulos?"

"Of course, yes, I think. People do not pour from one country to another like wine from one jug to another. And it is certain that the Greek and the Turk are not lovers. There will be another war, I think."

"Right away?"

"No, later on, I think. But a big illness will make trouble, and there will be much malaria this autumn, I think. There are so many refugees in the malaria-infested districts. Those are the least populated places, and the over-supply must go somewhere."

"Does the Red Cross know about that?"

The Greek nodded.

"A good deal of quinine is being left, all the doctors have been instructed in Red Cross malaria-fighting methods, and the camps are free of it. But the refugees will not be so careful when the Red Cross is gone. If you are staying here, Mr. Oglethorpe, you will see something, I think."

While he expected to see things on a large scale, none the less Oglethorpe was amazed when, next day, he was taken to the great refugee camp a little distance from Saloniki. Eighty thousand refugees were gathered in this great temporary city, built of tents and huts, and all scrupulously clean. There were but six American Red Cross relief-workers in charge, but the Greek assistants under them were working like clockwork. All moved in an orderly routine, but the refugees were manifestly in a discontented mood. More than half of them had received notice that they must leave the camp the week following, and the prospect of returning to work was not attractive.

“Aren't you afraid that some of them will turn brigands?” queried the banker.

“Undoubtedly! But we have drafted a good many of them into a temporary police. We must expect to go through a troubled period, I think.”

“And the women and children?”

Saripoulos shrugged his shoulders.

“Our women are good workers, better than the men. They will find places. As for the children, as long as they are not in actual want, we can leave them alone, I think. It is summer time, so that they won't suffer, I think. Then the crops have been

good, so if they beg they will get food enough to keep alive, I think."

"But they'll be miserable!" put in Gavin.

"Ah, my boy," answered his father, with a sigh, "it's going a bit too far to expect the Red Cross to make folks happy. After all, if Mr. Saripoulos will excuse my saying so, all this distress and suffering arises from the war, which was deliberately started by Greece. All the Powers told her to keep out, and she was distinctly the aggressor. It is our business to help her, as much as we possibly can, for the Red Cross pays no heed to the fact whether the suffering people are to blame or not; we don't go into politics, we're concerned only with the fact that suffering exists. But it isn't our business to keep Greece from taking her medicine, and, certainly, she'll have to shoulder her own burdens the minute she's able to.

"You can see for yourself, Gavin, that if the American Red Cross devotes too much time and money to what might be called chronic conditions, we'd have no chance to deal with acute situations, and experience has shown that an average of three great disasters and fifty small ones is to be expected every year. We can't be the Fairy Godmother to all the world!"

The next few weeks were busy ones for Gavin and his father. The break-up of the Saloniki camp brought about many heart-stirring scenes, and it was difficult for the American not to interfere. But, though a rich man, he soon saw the enormous expense of trying to help special cases, and he realized the necessity of dealing with emergency affairs by group methods only. Gavin was unable to see this, and over and over again he came to camp headquarters with some particularly pathetic case, or some situation among the children which he thought was a matter for a Red Cross Junior to help.

One day, not very long after their arrival, while walking through the half-deserted camp, Gavin saw two boys fighting. He came up quickly, to try to find out what was the trouble, and, when only a few yards away, saw the flash of a knife. Instantly he dashed in, and caught the offender a full punch right on the point of the jaw. The would-be stabber fell, and the knife went spinning out of his hands.

Instantly the other boy drew his knife, ready to plunge at his fallen foe. This was as foul work as that of the first fighter, and Gavin closed with him, trying to wrench the knife out of his hand. There was a short but sharp tussle before he got it free.

By this time, both boys were ready to turn on

him, but they hesitated, knowing that, as a rule, Americans in Greece carried revolvers. Gavin did not, for his father had absolutely forbidden it.

This hesitation saved him. The two boys noticed the little Junior Red Cross button on his coat, and drew back. Neither of them understood a word of English, nor did Gavin know any Greek. Yet when he beckoned to the two boys to follow him, they did so.

Mr. Saripoulos, to whom Gavin took the culprits, showed no surprise. The American lad had a strong impression that it would not have made any real difference to the Greek if the two boys had killed each other. Yet he questioned them closely.

“It is nothing,” he concluded airily, turning to Gavin. “This boy’s father is a prisoner among the Turks, and the other lad made the accusation that he had deserted. So a knife was drawn. It was quite natural, I think. But I will put them both in prison, if you like.”

It was Gavin’s turn to hesitate. He had heard a good deal about Greek prisons, and that the two lads should be condemned just to satisfy him was not a pleasant thought.

“Are they staying in camp much longer, Mr. Saripoulos?” he asked.

The Greek relief-worker turned over the pages of the comprehensive ledger which the American Red Cross had left, and which contained detailed information of every refugee in the camp, and looked up the boys' names.

"No," he said. "Both are to go next week. A sponge-fisher at Piræus needs two cleaners, and I'm sending them there."

"To kill each other, all over again?"

The Greek shrugged his shoulders.

"I am not their father!"

Gavin thought hard for a minute or two.

"No," he said, "I don't want them sent to prison. But that captain of the Greek steamer we came here on seemed a good sort. He'd take one of them for a deck-hand, I'm sure, if we paid wages for a couple of months, until the new hand was worth his salt."

"Undoubtedly," said the relief-worker, dryly, "since that would mean a sailor for two months for nothing. But who is to pay that money? You?"

"I'm willing enough," said Gavin. "But it's only sixteen dollars. I can take that out of the Junior Red Cross Service Fund of my school. I'm dead sure that the fellows there will be glad to have had a hand—no matter how small—in helping out the Greek refugees."

CHAPTER VIII

EARTHQUAKE AND FAMINE

MARTIN had not found much work to do in Greece. Relief had been thoroughly organized after the eight months' direction of the American Red Cross, and the Greek relief directors, fully trained to take over the duties, had no need of him. In any case, Martin considered himself of greater value in emergency operations. Merely to be driving Mr. Oglethorpe's car from place to place in a land where the Red Cross flag was flying everywhere, was a sore trial for him.

Some three weeks had passed thus when news came over the press cables to the Athens newspapers, announcing a succession of slight earthquake shocks in Messina, and stating that the great Sicilian volcano, Etna, was awakening into activity.¹

The news excited Gavin to an extreme degree. Messina had become a familiar name to him, ever

¹ The great eruption of Etna (at which the author was present in person, and lived near the lava-fields for months) took place in June 1923, not the month following, as stated here. This slight change of date has been made to fit the requirements of the story.—F. R-W.



Courtesy of American Red Cross.

MESSINA, JUST AFTER THE TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKE.
This Sicilian city, five times wrecked by earthquakes, is slowly
being rebuilt along lines suggested by the American Red
Cross, and with the aid of funds sent from the
United States.



Courtesy of American Red Cross.

SAN FRANCISCO, AFTER EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE.
View of Telegraph Hill, where many people were caught and
burned to death, and where the property loss reached
the staggering total of \$500,000,000.



Courtesy of American Red Cross.

“STRAIGHTEN THAT OUT FOR ME WITH THE GOVERNMENT,
PLEASE!”

All claims of disabled ex-service men are carefully investigated
and adjusted through the American Red Cross.



Courtesy of American Red Cross.

“TELL THEM AT HOME I’LL BE OUT OF HERE PRETTY SOON!”

Red Cross workers, in Government hospitals, keep ex-service
men in touch with their families.

since Stewart's account of the help which had been given to that earthquake-stricken city and region by the Knights Hospitallers in the eighteenth century. The very idea of Etna in action was thrilling.

"Oh, Father," he clamored, as he burst into one of the private offices in the barrack-like Relief Building, "there's going to be a volcanic eruption, and I've never seen one! It's going to be a big one, like that Mont Pelé one that you so nearly got caught by, in Martinique, and that you've so often told me about!"

"And where is all this to happen?"

"Etna's waking up! Martin says so!"

"Is Martin a professional seismologist, then, as well as a Red Cross man?"

"No, but a famous Greek professor chap is going to Sicily on the very next boat, Saripoulos says, so it must be true!"

"Ah?"

"And a lot of little earthquake shocks have been registered at Messina! That's why the geologist is going there in a hurry. Greece is on the same earthquake line as Sicily!"

The banker put his elbow on the table and leaned forward, keen interest in his glance.

"That's more serious! One can expect anything

in Messina; that city seems foredoomed to ruin, ever since those long-ago days when it was overthrown and when a pirate fleet was overwhelmed in its harbor, during a sea-battle with the Roman galleys. And you remember the great earthquake of 1783 that Mr. Stewart told us about?"

"I know! That's one reason I want to go there!" exploded Gavin.

"I had intended to visit Messina on my way back," his father rejoined, "largely because a good deal of the rebuilding which is going on there—though with exasperating slowness—is being done along the lines suggested by the American Red Cross, after that last terrible destruction of the city in 1908, a calamity compared to which the San Francisco earthquake of 1906 was as nothing. The American Red Cross showed up well there, according to all the accounts I've read, and I'd like to be on the ground to see it for myself."

"It was a really bad shock, wasn't it? I have heard it was."

"The whole city was destroyed, as was Reggio, in Calabria, across the straits. Over 75,000 lives were lost. All along the Calabrian and Sicilian coasts a terrible 'tidal wave' rolled in—it was thirty-six feet high at San Alessio! Yes, son, the

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Messina earthquake was a world-disaster, certainly the biggest of modern times.¹

“Every civilized country in the world rushed to the assistance of Messina. The Italian Red Cross, a marvellously well-organized body, had sixteen temporary hospitals established in the earthquake region within eighteen hours—a record! The King was on the ground very shortly after. But the hospitals didn't have the money to keep them going, since every lire of the Italian funds was being spent in the terrible urgency of instant relief. The American Red Cross came to the front at once and cabled a donation of \$300,000 to maintain these hospitals and to establish others, until Italy should be ready to take them over.

“The United States Ambassador formed a volunteer Red Cross Committee from the American colony at Rome, and thousands of dollars were put into his hands. He set out, ten days later, with three doctors, eighteen nurses, and a ship-load of supplies, designed principally for aid to the little mountain villages lying along the line of earthquake shock, and which had not yet been reached by the agencies working in the big cities.

¹ This is written as having been said before the Tokyo Earthquake of September 1923, when 250,000 lives were lost, unquestionably the greatest calamity of its kind ever recorded in human history.

“As a matter of fact, the relief agencies couldn't possibly get to these villages. They were already swamped, and doubly swamped, with the wounded and mutilated, with the homeless and starving. Just think of it, Gavin, the towns near by had suddenly to make accommodations and to find food for 500,000 people, of whom at least 100,000 were seriously hurt. And the earthquake shock itself didn't last forty seconds! A thing like that fairly stuns the mind; I'll admit that I can't quite grasp it myself!

“One American woman, Katharine B. Davis, a very well-known social worker, chanced to be staying in Syracuse when a Russian warship and an English warship steamed into its tiny harbor, bringing 600 wounded with them. There were no hospital accommodations available, and there was only one trained nurse in the entire city. Naval surgeons from both warships undertook the immediate surgical work and treatment, and this American woman hastily organized a volunteer corps of untrained nurses. That saved the situation for the time being, until the flood of Red Cross nurses which was streaming down by every train and ship from every corner of Europe, arrived to undertake a task greater and more sudden than that from any battle-field.

“ When the Red Cross medical units arrived, Miss Davis took charge of relief work, under cabled instructions from the American Red Cross. She commandeered every sewing-machine to be found for miles around, and set the women at making garments. She stirred up the municipal authorities of Syracuse to set relief schemes in operation—such as road-making and harbor improvements—and, for quite a long time, the American Red Cross paid the wages which kept these survivors and their families alive.

“ It’s worth remembering, too, that the one figure which stands out the highest in the story of the Messina earthquake was an American, Bayard Cutting, Jr. His deeds, done despite his delicate health, rank him at the supreme level of the finest of the Knights Hospitallers of old time. He died soon after his return to America, worn out by his labors for the earthquake victims. Messina is a sinister name in the records of disaster, but Red Cross work, on that occasion, linked all the world in helpfulness.

“ And Etna has a bad reputation, too! If she really should be on the rampage again!” The banker hesitated. “ I suppose you want to go? ”

“ Well, Father, that steamer we came here on, and that you liked the captain of so much, is going

back to Naples to-morrow. And she's got to stop at Messina to drop the Professor! ”

The boy's father looked regretfully at a pile of papers in front of him, for he had offered to act as financial adviser to the Greek committee for a month or so after the Red Cross had left, just to make sure that the American system was thoroughly understood and was being properly followed.

“ I would surely like to go with you, son! ”

“ Can't you come? ”

“ Not right away. But if anything really serious develops, let me know at once, and I'll join you as quickly as I can get there. You'll be safe enough under Martin's charge, so far as that's concerned, but send me a cable at least twice a week, so that I'll know you're all right. Tell Martin to come and see me, to get instructions.”

“ And then I could take that Nicolas chap down with me to the ship, couldn't I? ”

“ Take care he doesn't draw his knife on you, then! ”

Gavin fidgeted, for his father had not as yet given a definite permission, albeit an implied one.

“ I can go, then? ”

“ Well—yes! There, get along with you,” the banker said at last, “ and good luck! Don't get too

wild now, and go trying to look down the mouth of the crater or anything of that sort! ”

“ I won't, Father! ” answered Gavin, with a hearty handshake. “ Thanks ever so much! ”

And he rushed out to tell Martin that he had received permission to go.

The chauffeur had not been in any doubt as to Mr. Oglethorpe's answer, and had already commenced to pack a couple of big suit-cases. There was no time to waste, for the steamer was to start at daybreak and it was necessary to get down to the port and to be on board the evening before.

The Greek seismologist, who spoke English well, for he had been one of the members of the International Committee to study the Great Indian Earthquake of 1897 and the San Francisco Earthquake of 1906, took an immediate interest in Gavin. He explained to him, with a wealth of detail, all the various causes and conditions of earthquake shocks. If truth be told, the boy understood but little of the explanation, for the geologist's language was highly technical, and Gavin was not far enough advanced in science to be able to follow him. Besides which, earthquakes did not seem as interesting as volcanic eruptions, and, every chance he could, the boy turned the conversation to the latter subject.

“ You do not have the eruptions of the volcanoes in the United States,” remarked the Professor, “ for, while there are old volcanoes there, they are all dead. That is the good thing. You have a proverb: ‘ The good Indian is the dead Indian ’; with that, I do not agree. But: ‘ The good volcano is the dead volcano ’; that, yes! ”

“ Sometimes they come alive again, though,” commented Gavin. “ Mont Pelé, in Martinique, was supposed to be dead, so Father says.”

“ Ah, but it had been alive again for more than the month before the disaster. It gave plenty of the warning. That was one time,” he added, “ that the Red Cross could not give the help. There was no one left alive to help. Over 40,000 lives were blown out—pouf! Like I blow out the candle! ”

“ Just as it was in Pompeii, I suppose? ” put in Gavin, who had visited Pompeii and Herculaneum during the one afternoon that he and his father had stayed in Naples; he had also taken the little mountain ratchet-railway up to the crater of Vesuvius.

“ No, no; not at all like the Pompeii. The people of the Pompeii were not all killed, or, at least, not quickly. Most of them got away, for not many of the bones were found. But the people of the St. Pierre, Martinique, were all slain in a few seconds

by a cloud of brilliant flame of incandescent poison gas which swept over the whole city when the top of the Mont Pelé blew off.

“It was not in America, precisely, but in the American possessions that the fate of the Pompeii was repeated, and not many years ago. One of my colleagues in the Japan told me about it. That happened in the Philippines.”

“I never heard of it!”

“You mean the Lake Taal eruption, Professor?” put in Martin, who had been listening. “You ought to learn about that one, Gavin; it was a corking example of how the American Red Cross has got a hold in our insular possessions.”

“But how can a lake have an eruption?” queried Gavin, not a little puzzled.

“It was not the lake,” the geologist took up the tale. “See, I will tell you. In the middle of the Lake Taal, which is in the island of the Luzon, there is the little volcano—just the very little one—not more than three hundred feet high. It was all covered with the dense forest, and the country on the shores of the lake was luxuriant with the tropical vegetation and dotted with the little Filipino villages. There was nothing at all there to make any one think it was the volcano. It had not spoken at

all for nearly two hundred years, and the Filipinos had forgotten that it could be angry.

“Then—it was on January 30, 1911—before day-break, when all the little natives were asleep, the volcano opened its long-silent mouth, uttered the single roar, yawned yet wider and belched out millions of tons of the white-hot ashes. There must have been the fumes, too, but not very violent ones.

“Some of the people were strong enough and quick enough to run away through the falling ash and a few of them did escape, though with their feet burned to the bone in running; those who were near the volcano fell before they reached the safety, perhaps because of the fumes, perhaps because of the muchness of the heat. Some were caught in the drifts of the white-hot ash, drifting like grey snow on fire, and which buried their grass huts, just like the Pompeii was buried. Then, as so often happens in these volcanic or seismic cases, the ‘quake-wave’—often miscalled the ‘tidal wave’—came up and swept away the many little fishing villages along the shore. About 1,300 people were killed in that half-hour.”

“But the best of that story is to come,” put in Martin. “As soon as the news reached Washington, Red Cross headquarters cabled a thousand dollars,

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and asked the Governor-General of the Philippines how much more he needed. But the Manila Red Cross Chapter was full of local pride. It cabled back that it could handle the relief work itself, and the fifteen thousand dollars needed for immediate need was raised right there in the island. There wasn't any Junior Red Cross in those days, it hadn't been organized yet. But the little Filipino school-children, in almost every American-run school, brought some little gift of food to be sent to Lake Taal.

“It was a hard place to bring help to. There wasn't a single road around the lake. The seashore, a little distance away, was all choked with volcanic pumice and ash. Boats had to be tugged from the sea through this mess of pasty, churning surf and then dragged with ropes up the shallow and nearly boiling river so that the relief parties could get to the sufferers.

“Difficult as it was, by nightfall the Red Cross had got a small field hospital up, to help the injured, most of whom had been atrociously burned by lying on the white-hot ash. Burns are excruciatingly painful and very slow to heal. A chap I had in my Red Cross Ambulance Motor Section, during the War, and who'd been at Lake Taal, said the suffering was worse than anything he'd seen at

the front. But every man who was able to work was found a job, and every widow and orphan received support as long as she needed it. In two years, the place was all green once more, and the volcanic ash was yielding rich crops."

"But did the people go back there again?" queried Gavin, in astonishment.

"Oh, yes; the land was worth more than before."

The geologist nodded.

"That often happens. Look how the rock-hard black lava of the Etna becomes fertile, after the century or two of disintegration. The vineyards of Etna are famous, and they are all on the black lava."

"Do you suppose there really will be an eruption there, Professor?"

"Oh, that is certain! But I do not say when. Etna is the very active chimney; it smokes all the time, you know. And it growls often. There is an eruption on the average of every eleven years."

"Bad ones?"

"Well, there were seven fairly big ones during the last century, and, in this century, there has been just one, in 1910. So it is perhaps the time. Generally the eruptions of the Etna are not very dangerous, because the mountain is so big—it is enormous! You see, if the lava flows out from the cen-

tral crater, it is bound to cool and solidify before it can push its way down to the cultivated land on the lower slopes of the mountain, where the people live. Still, the Catania has been destroyed three times; once, very dramatically, when a shower of big red-hot stones bombarded the Cathedral during the crowded service on the Sunday morning. Catania was levelled by the earthquake once, too."

"Sicily doesn't seem a very safe place to live," commented Gavin.

"Well, your American Red Cross will always come to help, if anything happens," said the geologist, smiling, as the bell rang for dinner.

Messina was a disappointing and melancholy sight. Although fifteen years had passed since the great earthquake, the city was all littered with ruins. A couple of new streets had been built, running up from the port, but huts and shiftless barracks occupied even the main streets. Vast stretches, formerly occupied by houses—especially in the neighborhood of the Cathedral—were still as the earthquake had left them. It seemed as though the disaster had been so terrible that the population had been stunned by the shock.

"I can understand it," explained Martin, when Gavin expressed surprise that the rebuilding had

been so slow. "The Italian Government couldn't maintain Messina on charity forever, and the time had to come when help was withdrawn. It was probably done too suddenly, or else the people of Messina had got so used to being helped that they hadn't the ambition to put themselves on their feet again.

"You know, it's easy enough to organize a bread-line, as long as you have the money; any one can do that. But it takes a pretty thorough training in relief work and a solid understanding of the complicated social problems of to-day to demobilize that bread-line, so to speak, without undoing all the good you've done before, or injuring the people you're trying to help.

"It's the getting out, at the close of a period of relief work, that calls for the highest organizing power, and the American Red Cross is careful to use its best men for the purpose. I miss my guess if this dragging along in Messina isn't just because the Italian Government did such wonderful work when it came to helping the distressed, but didn't understand just how to build up courage in the faint-hearted and energy in the lazy."

"That is probably the most true," agreed the geologist. "But it must be remembered that it is

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more difficult for us in the Greece, or in the Italy, than it is for you. The Mediterranean peoples are well content to sit in the sun if there is the bread, the oil, the wine to be had, free. That is why we have so many beggars. The poor expect always to be poor, they do not dream to be rich. When the disaster comes, they feel it is natural to be fed.

“ In the northern nations, there is more the ambition, there is more the desire for a varied life, and there is more the anxiety to get on in the world. The very climate of the north makes the want for more food, and for the better-built house, for fires, for warm clothing. All that must be bought, while our sunshine is free. Then, too, the bracing winter puts the energy in the body.

“ That is why some of the Oriental peoples are so hard to help. They cannot easily meet what is different. The people of the India and of the China are hard workers, very hard workers, when they think there is the hope; but they are very bad workers when something goes wrong. If they are too hungry, it is the Fate!

“ I have done Earthquake Surveys in the China, and have seen one of the great famines in the valley of the Hwang-Ho or Yellow River, ‘ The River of Sorrows,’ as the Chinese call it. This river, to-

gether with the Hwai-Ho and the Hungtso Lake, has been the cause of unbelievable disaster for thousands of years. It is too shallow for the navigation in the winter, too rapid in the summer, and, though efforts have been made to hold it in embankments—at places twenty-five feet high above the surrounding plain—it cannot be controlled and breaks all boundaries, covering the cultivated lands with sand and muds for the thousands of square miles.”

“Thousands of square miles!” exclaimed Gavin. “Isn’t that coming it a bit strong, Professor?”

“In 1887,” the geologist replied, “the flood on the Hwang-Ho absolutely destroyed the cultivated land for over the 50,000 square miles, that is to say, a region four times as large as the whole country of Belgium. Over 4,000,000 people were made homeless, and over 1,000,000 lost their lives from famine. These destructive floods cause the very great misery, and they repeat themselves every few years. Even the money given by the American Red Cross—and large sums have been subscribed—is but the little drop in the big sea. And the fatalistic spirit of the Chinese is hurtful.

“‘If there is no food,’ say they, ‘we die,’ but they do not struggle to help themselves.

“It is true that for the men and women of the

China the life is of the most difficult. All peoples of the world will admit that the Chinese are the patient, hard-working race, and yet, to them, every country shuts the door. During those great Chinese famines, suppose the United States let the few million in, to work the thousands of square miles of uncultivated land in America, instead of sending some hundreds of thousands of dollars at every news of the disaster, it seems to me that she would be the gainer, not the loser, and the Chinese would be helped, too."

"That's going a bit far!" exclaimed Martin. "Right or wrong, the Chinese are excluded by United States laws, and that's as far as we have any right to go. Anyway, the Red Cross takes a lot of pains not to infringe, in the lightest fashion, on any government policy. Immigration is a very ticklish subject. However much we might like to admit refugees to the States, in order to help them, nothing is ever done contrary to Government regulation or public feeling. It's not our business to handle anything except the prevention of suffering and the prompt alleviation of suffering.

"But you're 'way out, Professor, in your idea that the Red Cross isn't doing anything to help China permanently. If it hadn't been for the World

War, to begin with, and the political mix-up in China after—due to the formation of a Chinese Republic and the civil wars it brought on—the Yellow River would already have been put in harness and the biggest cause of Chinese famines would be over.

“By and large, the American Red Cross has given nearly a million dollars for famine relief work in China. The American Missionary Boards have given almost as much. Europe has helped generously. All that, as you said, Professor, is but a drop in the sea. You know why better than I do. Famines will always continue in China until the vast granary country of the Yellow River basin is made permanently safe from floods. I think you’ll admit that I’m right in saying that the Yellow River plains could feed the whole of China, and still leave millions of bushels of grain for export.”

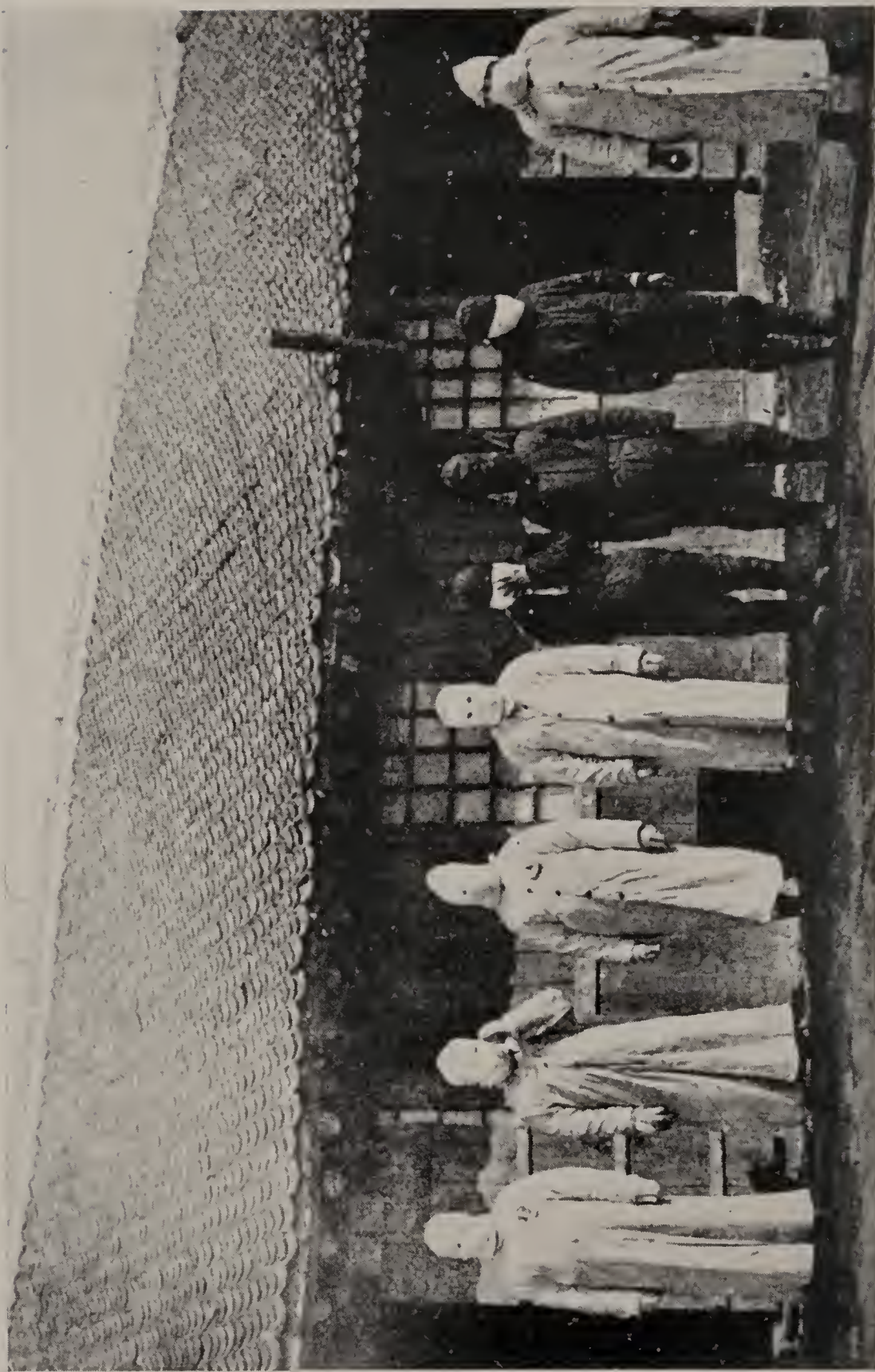
“It is the truth,” admitted the Professor.

“I happened to get hold of a special report on this once in a Red Cross camp,” Martin explained, “and that’s how I know. That report said that, before the time of Christ, the Chinese emperors had chained the river, so that the floods were not so bad. They can grow two crops a year on those plains. In the old Yu times, the average was eight good



Courtesy of American Red Cross.

RUSHING RED CROSS FOOD SUPPLIES ACROSS THE FLOOD-SWEPT FAMINE AREA OF CHINA.
An hour's delay may mean a score of deaths from hunger.



Courtesy of American Red Cross.

HEROISM AT ITS HIGHEST.

Dr. Richard Strong, of Harvard, working with the Red Cross in Manchuria to stamp out pneumonic plague, the deadliest pestilence known to the modern world.

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crops in five years. A hundred years ago, there were six to seven crops in five years. Then the Powers began to interfere with China—I'm not going to talk politics!—and this broke up the old system of mandarin rule; the crops in the Yellow River basin dropped to four or five in five years.

“Then China became a Republic. All authority was swept away. Half a dozen different kinds of civil war broke out—and are still going on. All conservation work was abandoned, for there was no central directing power left anywhere. Now, the flood plains hardly produce the equivalent of a single full crop in five years. Get it? The modern spirit in China has reduced by four-fifths her food supply in her richest district, at the same time that her population is steadily increasing. What's the answer?

“Fourteen years ago the American Red Cross gave the answer. It's our business not only to help in times of famine, but to prevent famine, if we can; just as we try to prevent the spread of a plague, as well as to cure the sufferers. So, modern peoples, instead of giving talky-talk to China, or doing only such work on concessions as will bring them in a fat profit, ought to give China the benefit of real modernity. The Red Cross isn't out for profit, and that's why we stepped in. Have you ever heard the story

of the American Red Cross and the Yellow River, Professor? ”

“ No! It I have not heard.”

“ Yet it’s simple enough. In 1911, the American Red Cross, with the approval of the Department of State, offered to the Chinese Government the services of an expert in river conservancy, to make a thorough engineering survey of the whole question of the Yellow River, the Hwai-Ho and the Hungtso Lake, the Red Cross paying all expenses. After a year spent on the survey, a report was submitted, showing that the work was feasible and would pay for itself.

“ The Chinese Government then asked the Red Cross to take charge of the whole affair, raising a loan to finance the project, choosing the engineers, and all the rest of it. It was a big job, almost as big a job as the Panama Canal, and equally useful. But since the banks who lent the money would want interest, and this interest must come later from the fruits of the enterprise, that made it a business matter, and not one of philanthropy, so that the American Red Cross couldn’t very well undertake the responsibility.

“ Just the same, we offered to use our influence. The banks agreed to make a loan to any strong and

responsible corporation, suitably guaranteed. Certain prominent men were approached, and they agreed to assume the responsibility, but demanded that a committee composed of the three biggest engineers in the United States should be sent out, not only to make a survey, but to map out the whole project, both from the engineering and the financial point of view. The head of this commission was Colonel Sibert, who had built the dam and the Gatun locks at Panama. The expenses for this very complete and elaborate survey were borne equally by the American Red Cross and the Chinese Government."

"And did the engineers say 'Yes'?" queried the geologist, greatly interested.

"They surely did. They brought back the complete engineering plans, worked out to the last detail, showing that six years' work, at a cost of \$30,000,000—about what America wastes on chewing gum every year—would ensure the restoration to production of land enough to feed forty million people annually, and would pay for itself in less than ten years. Most important of all, it would put an end, forever, to famines in China.

"As the American Ambassador at Peking reported: 'Once again a condition of distress exists in this

region . . . and such heartrending calamities will continue to dominate this most fertile region of China until radical relief is afforded, such as only the Hwai River Improvement can give. . . . No undertaking at present proposed in China equals it in importance and significance.

“ ‘ It is not only that millions of acres of the most fertile agricultural land of China will be reclaimed to usefulness, affording assured means of livelihood to twenty million human beings, but the character of the work itself is of such a nature that its execution would have a profound influence on the future of China. The work would be a model for scientific method and organization as applied through Chinese life.

“ ‘ More especially, however, it would be the beginning of reclaiming the waste lands of China and utilizing the forces of nature, as represented in the rain-swollen streams, with the result that, according to the computations of competent experts, the agricultural productivity of China could be increased by nearly one hundred per cent.

“ ‘ This is the starting point of all reform, leading to the betterment of conditions of life in this country. That these opportunities exist is recognized by the leading representatives of all nations; the Amer-

ican project has therefore been given generous support in the press throughout the world, such as has never fallen to any other foreign enterprise in China.

“ ‘In this enterprise lies the finest opportunity which America has ever had of bringing a great liberating influence to bear in China—liberating millions of people and eventually the entire population from the dominance of unfavorable natural conditions. All Americans in China realize the importance of this work. Having put our hands to the improvement of famine conditions in Central China, it has become a matter of justifiable national pride that this great work should be carried to the successful issue which is now in sight.’ ”

“ But will it ever be done? ” queried the geologist. “ Especially with all the unhappy revolutionary propaganda in China? ”

“ It will be done, ” declared Martin, confidently. “ Famine prevention work pays no heed to politics, if only some kind of stable government exists under which operations can continue. We are out to save lives, no matter who the people be or what they think. Humanity is humanity, and suffering is the only claim we recognize. Be sure! The ‘ River of Sorrows ’ will turn into a river of joy when it is gently guided by the American Red Cross! ”

CHAPTER IX

THE VOLCANO SPEAKS

HALY-WAY up the long winding road to Taormina, leading steeply upward from the seashore station of Giardini, just at a turn overlooking the terraced garden of the Duke, Gavin suddenly pulled Martin by the arm, and pointed:

“Look!” he cried.

Upon the farther side of the valley of the Alcantara, which circles the great volcano to the north, rose to the sky the majestic cone of Etna, a sombre purplish blue against the last dying hues of a clouded sunset. And, as the boy pointed, a column of flame rose from the crater of the mountain, flickered, held itself aloft a quarter of a minute, and then sank again. Upon its disappearance, a faint red glow still hovered over the crater.

Five minutes they waited, to see if there would be any further sign from the great mountain, where, according to tradition, Vulcan, the God of Fire and Smiths, lies imprisoned. Ten minutes they waited, and then came the column of flame again.

“It doesn’t look so big, after all!” said Gavin,

disappointed, for, somehow, he had expected a more sensational display.

The driver of the carriage, who, like most of the Taormina coachmen, had picked up a few words of English—Taormina is exclusively a tourist resort—intervened at once.

“Is true! It does not look big, not so big as it is. But that flame, my young Signore, is more than forty kilometres away. I am not of the clever ones, but it thinks to me that a flame nearly as long as my finger, seen from forty kilometres away, and which comes from a hole more than two kilometres around, is not small like a match!”

Martin nodded.

“He’s right, Gavin. That flame must be nearly a mile high and a quarter of a mile through. That’s stupendous, when you come to think of it. Even the eruption of Vesuvius in 1906—which was the first volcanic disaster in the relief of which the American Red Cross took a part—never, at its worst, gave such a flame as that!”

“Couldn’t we climb the volcano and have a nearer look at it?”

“I suppose you want to go and have a peep down in the crater, eh?” said Martin. “Just the very thing your father warned you about.”

“ Well, we ought to be able to get closer than thirty miles, anyway! ”

The boy turned as though to ask the driver.

“ Is true! Closer, yes. How close, I not know. Me, I am not a man of Mongibello (Etna). I was born at Mola ——” he pointed to a strange castle-like city perched insecurely upon one of the strangely-shaped and sharply-cut mountains behind Taormina, just visible against the darkening sky. “ But I know a muleteer here, Salvatore Panebianco, born in Sant Alfio, all his brothers live there, high on slope of Mongibello. He tell whether possible climb, how far. I find him and send him your hotel.”

The coachman was as good as his word. Next day, Salvatore came. He did not know a word of French or English, nor did Martin understand a word of Italian. Through the medium of the hotel clerk as interpreter, Salvatore refused flatly to guide Gavin and Martin up the mountain. Courteously, but firmly, he intimated that it was no climb for the untrained, even under the best of circumstances, and that, with the mountain angry, it was dangerous.

Then the boy had a happy thought.

“ If the Professor of Geology should come with them? ”

The hotel clerk translated, and the Man of Etna

swept his hands outward in a graceful gesture, for Sicily is not yet degraded by modernity, and scholarship is still regarded as superior to money.

“ A professor! A man of learning! Ah, Signore, that is very different! ”

Moreover, as Gavin was able to explain that the Greek professor had once spent some weeks in the Observatory which stands upon the southern slopes of Etna, all the guide's objections were removed. A telegram to Messina brought the Professor next day.

“ I shall be the curious,” he said, “ to ascend the mountain from the side of Sant Alfio. I am inclined to think that it is the safest side, just now. I know the volcano the little bit. I have been to Milo. There was the great eruption of Etna in the sixteenth century, which sent the very long tongue of lava toward the place which is called the Valley of the Winds. You would not recognize it as the lava flow now, it is like the high ridge all covered with trees.

“ New lava from the central crater cannot pass that. If there should be the eruption in the neighborhood of the Valle del Bove, there is no danger, it will flow downward toward the sea. The craters which lie between the summit and Sant Alfio are very old. I do not know the Etna very well, but

I have studied the volcanoes of the world much. Not too much! They still keep many secrets. Tonight, I will borrow the telescope, and we will climb up to Mola, or even to Mont Venere, and look."

From Mola, that evening, the view across the valley to the volcano was very clear, and the three watched the flame, rising and falling every ten or twelve minutes.

"The mountain is active, very active," the geologist concluded, "the much more so than the two times I have seen him before."

"Is it really going to have an eruption?" queried Gavin.

"It is in interior eruption now. In the central crater only. If it stay there, it is not dangerous to the life. Let us then make the climb by Sant Alfio, quietly, as far as is the wise, and we will see. The official permission we will not need, they at the Observatory know me well."

Next day, the four of them, Martin, Gavin, the Professor and Salvatore, took the train to Giarre, and thence, by a rumbling heavy postal autobus, climbed to Sant Alfio, a village built upon a very steep slope in the middle of great green vineyards, which stand out in amazing color contrast against the jet-black soil of disintegrated lava. There was

no hotel there, not even the smallest inn, but, with the extraordinary hospitality which is characteristic of the Men of Etna, the priest of the village church put his house at their disposal, while Salvatore prepared for the expedition planned for the following day.

There a new obstacle intervened. Salvatore's brothers were unanimous as to the danger of the ascent, and, with true Sicilian family clannishness, the muleteer revoked his agreement to act as guide, even with the presence of the Professor. Here was a deadlock.

Then the priest noticed the American Red Cross button on the lapel of Martin's coat, and the Junior Red Cross button on Gavin's jacket.

"Are you, then, of the American Red Cross?" he asked.

"Yes, Reverend Father," answered both in chorus, and Gavin added:

"We've just come back from helping the refugees in Greece."

"Ah!" The priest drew a long breath. "There is no man in Sicily who will refuse to do anything for one of the American Red Cross! Ecco, Salvatore! These be of those who built the Villagio Regina Elena, the refugee city near Messina, and

who gave many houses and an orphanage near Reggio."

"Much too good for the Calabrians," growled Salvatore, for the Sicilians have no love for the people of Calabria.

"Animal!" thundered the priest. "Are they not children of the good God also! See, the Red Cross of America shows more charity than you! I call you shame!"

Salvatore winced.

"But, Reverend Father ——"

"Do I, with my grey hair and my old legs, have to climb the mountain as a guide, because you do not know what is due to noble guests?"

"Ah, that! No!"

Salvatore was evidently shocked at the idea.

"Ecco, my son! It is time that you began to understand! Go, find the mules! And the best!"

This time there was no protesting reply. The priest had touched the peasant to the quick. Anything may happen on Etna, save an infraction of hospitality. For an honored guest, no risk is too great, no danger too extreme.

At three o'clock, the mules were in front of the priest's house, three sturdy beasts, mountain-trained. Beside them stood Salvatore's elder brother, Con-

cetto, and also a lithe lad, apparently some thirteen years of age.

“ Ah! ” said the priest. “ And where is Salvatore? ”

“ He takes my work to-day, Reverend Father. He has told me all. As you may have heard, there is no path on Mongibello unknown to me. ”

“ There are tales of a certain Atanasio the Black! ” The priest referred to a famous brigand, a faint smile on his lips.

“ He knew the mountain well, ” agreed Concetto, who saw the uselessness of denying the suggestion that he had been one of the brigand’s band. “ All knowledge may be useful at times, Reverend Father. ”

“ I give you my blessing, ” said the priest, “ the responsibility is yours. You, Giuseppe, I suppose, ” he added, turning to the lad, “ will be interpreter? ”

“ Yes, Reverend Father. ”

“ Behold how wise it is to learn! A safe return, my children! ”

They started up through the village, turning to the right past the famous Tree of a Thousand Horsemen. The way was by so-called roads, for there were walls of black blocks on either side, enclosing vineyards, but, anywhere save on Etna, such a way

would never be imagined as usable. The road was merely the bed of an old lava flow, slightly rounded by the torrential rains of winter, a winding track of water-worn blocks, ledges, ridges and slides of lava, left just as after the eruption, save only that where the ledges were too high or the confusion of fragments too jagged for any four-footed animal to pass—even an Etna mule—some smaller bits of lava had been piled in to make a rugged staircase. That the mules could get up at all was a matter of blank amazement to the boy, when he had time to think at all; this was not always; most of his energies were devoted to not sliding off over his mule's tail, so precipitous was the ascent.

At seven o'clock they reached Maggazini, the highest of the large vineyards, situated exactly at the point where the cultivation of vines ceases and the plantation of hazelnut trees begins. There a halt was made for supper. Shortly before nine o'clock, Concetto bade the climbers settle down on the straw in a big loft and ordered them to sleep until midnight. Giuseppe and he followed suit, though neither seemed tired, albeit that both had climbed the entire distance on foot instead of on mule-back.

“Why not go straight on, instead of sleeping?” queried Gavin.

Giuseppe translated and Concetto shook his head.

“From here to where all vegetation ends is five hours of climbing,” he said. “That can be done in the dark. Afterwards, it grows worse. We must see where to put our feet. And we must climb fast, so that we return down by night.”

“Couldn’t we sleep up there and see the volcano by night?” queried Gavin, eagerly.

But the geologist interposed.

“Very dangerous! In the Observatory, that I learned. It is dangerous, even when the mountain is quiet, for, if the wind rises it becomes at once the hurricane on the treeless upper slopes of Etna. Now, with the volcano puffing the pipe, the wind to blow the fumes near us would not be good, it might be the death. The volcanoes are the treacherous friends. Concetto has reason. Above all things, we must be down again by night.”

At midnight—a pitch-black moonless night, the stars hidden by a film of high-floating volcanic ash—Gavin was wakened, and, still more than half asleep, was helped on his mule.

Once more they started.

After perhaps half an hour of quiet riding through the plantation of nut-trees, Concetto passed back the word:

“ Careful! It grows a little rough here! ”

Gavin was getting waked up now, and it was time. The mules commenced to go up a road which wound in and out of enormous chestnut trees at an angle like that of a steep staircase, but so irregular that the sure-footed animals were compelled to ascend in jumps and sudden heavings of their powerful haunches, almost like goats.

Sitting on a blanket strapped to the mule, and without stirrups, Gavin found the grip of his knees all insufficient. To keep himself from slipping over the mule's tail, he had to hang on to the surcingle with all his might. In the dark night, the black road was invisible. Even the silhouettes of the great chestnut trees were scarcely to be seen, and, several times, low-hanging branches nearly scraped the boy from his precarious seat. How the mules ever found places to put their feet seemed something very like a miracle.

Five hours were spent in this rugged ascent. Then, in the distance, the climbers saw the gleam of a fire.

“ The topmost shepherd's hut on Etna, ” Giuseppe explained. “ Concetto sent a message yesterday they should a fire have. ”

“ That'll be great; wish we were there now! ” ap-

proved Gavin, for he was chilled to the bone and his teeth were chattering, though he was wearing a heavy overcoat and woolen gloves—and the day before, at sea-level, a Palm Beach suit had been burdensome, for a July sun, in Sicily, can be painfully hot. Yet here, at dawn, at 7,000 feet above the level of the sea, upon black lava which had radiated away all the previous day's heat within two hours after sundown, with the air beginning to be rarefied, the sneaking little down-current from the peak pierced to the bone.

“How long do we wait here?” asked Gavin, shivering.

“No long, Signore,” Giuseppe answered, translating Concetto's reply. He pointed to the northeast, where the false dawn was beginning. “We will go on as soon as it is light. But you will take hot coffee first.”

Gavin drank the coffee with great gusto, and then, when he had swallowed the last drop, a problem struck him suddenly.

“Look here, Professor,” he blurted out. “This is a volcano, isn't it? That means it's just a peak made by layer on layer of lava and ash coming out of the craters, doesn't it?”

“Very largely,” the geologist replied.

“And lava’s pretty solid. I mean, it doesn’t let water through. And if it did, the water would all get turned into steam by the fire below, wouldn’t it?”

“What is it that is troubling you?”

“I’m wondering where they got the water for this coffee on the top of a mountain all on fire?”

Giuseppe having translated, Concetto answered the boy’s question.

“It is snow,” he said.

“Snow!” ejaculated Gavin. This was even harder to believe.

Concetto smiled.

“When it comes daylight, Signore, I will show you. Mongibello is very high (11,274 feet) and in the winter there is very much snow. One may give sheep to feed on the young thorn-bushes in the spring. So the shepherds must have water for the sheep. They get it from the snow.”

“I don’t see how!”

“It is this the way, Gavin,” the geologist explained. “High mountains attract the rain-clouds, so that the Etna, in the winter, is generally in the clouds. In high altitude, these clouds condense as the snow, not as the rain. The tempests of the wind are terrible. The dry powdery snow is driven into

the old craters and into rifts, where it is packed very hard, almost like the ice.

“In the early spring, the shepherds climb up among the snowfields and spend the month or more here, in the bitter cold, descending every evening to the shelter of the forest. They cut the thousands of blocks of this hard snow. These blocks they put in the ravine, or in the hole where the summer sun will not strike them, and they cover the blocks of snow with scrub and branches that they carry up from the forest. As the air is always cold, it does not melt.

“Then, in the time of summer, when the sheep are feeding, and the water is the necessary, they take one or two of these blocks of snow, and put them in the sun in the morning, on the slab of lava which slopes down into the lava trough. In the evening the snow is all melted and the sheep drink. It is all because the sun is hot and the air is cold.”

Slowly the daylight came, and, with its light, Gavin found himself in a new world. Not a tree of any kind was to be seen, merely a spotting of some of the older lava slopes with grey-green shrubs a foot high. These aromatic bushes—famous as far back as the days of the Roman emperors for the flavor and tenderness they give to mutton—were

triply-armed on the older parts of the plant with vicious thorns, but the season's growth was green and tender. They, and they only, suggested something real.

All else was strange, forbidding, unearthly. Two cinder cones, four hundred feet high, rose from the edge of an old crater between the climbers' resting place and the rising sun, black, gaunt, grim, with a hard outline that cut upon the sky-line like a knife. On every side were sharp cones, deep pits, rugged barriers, jagged walls, smooth slopes, all of black lava, always black, so that their black forms upon the black ground cut no shadow, black and unnatural save where a tinge of violet, a smudge of sulphur-yellow, or a pallor of white decay made the great blackness all the more repelling. Above them loomed the great lonely peak of Etna, sullen and inhospitable, and, while the summit itself was hidden, the puffs of vapor could be seen, and also the great trail of smoke and ashes trailing as a sombre plume to the distant horizon.

"*Avanti!*" cried Concetto, and the march was resumed.

Then came a grim and arduous climb. For ten minutes at a time, perhaps, the way would lie up and over a lava flow, in criss-cross ridges forced up

by underneath pressure to such shapes as nightmares breed, bristling with spikes of lava-glass, with curving pike-heads as sharp as shark-hooks, and with the razor-like edges of semi-exploded gas-bubbles, sometimes solid but often hollow and treacherous.

This would be followed by a cinder-slope, into which the feet would sink half-way to the knee, so that the leg would have to be lifted knee-high at each step, bringing quick fatigue and muscle-strain. On the further side, another climb over lava, and then cinder-slope again. At times it was necessary to flounder across an ash-slide, the soft ash—full of glass spikes like infinitesimal needles—filling eyes, nose and mouth. Then again lava; on and up interminably.

Gavin's eyes were red with injected blood. His heart was pounding rapidly. His ears were singing. His voice, when he spoke, sounded to him faint and far away. He was feeling more than a little sick at the stomach.

At the top of a long hard pull over a welter of lava boulders, Concetto called a halt. Gavin, though staggering, kept his feet. Martin, red-faced and more full-blooded, was at the end of his powers. He sank to the ground with a groan.

“Mountain-sickness,” pronounced the Professor,

and he produced a small bottle of capsules from his pocket.

"Here is cold coffee, Signore!" suggested Concetto.

"The that is good, but the this is better. See," he said to Martin, "you had better go down to the shepherd's hut again. A few hundred feet down, all this sickness will pass away."

But Concetto interposed.

"No," he said authoritatively. "The Signore must go on. There can be no separation."

He pointed to the cloud of smoke above them.

"Mongibello grows angrier. I, Signore, I am the only one to guide you. It is dangerous to wait, but better than to separate. In half an hour, he can walk again."

The half-hour was precious, but at the end of that time Martin staggered to his feet.

"On!" he said.

Fortunately, for a hundred yards or so, the slope was not great. Then came a steep climb. Concetto took Martin firmly under the arm, and fairly lifted him along. Giuseppe, though smaller than Gavin, did the same. Both Etna-born, both accustomed to climbing, the rarefied air had no effect on the dwellers of Sant Alfio. The old geologist, wiry,



The smoking peak of Etna, seen from half-way up.



Photos by the Author.

What climbing over lava really means; this wall is thirty feet high.

THE SCRAMBLE UP THE VOLCANO.



Photo by the Author.

LOOKING DOWN INTO THE CRATER OF ETNA.

In the great eruption of 1923, the warning shaft of flame stretched from rim to rim and was a mile high. The circular cliff in the background is a part of the rim. The flat lava to the right is not a floor but an insecure shelf. It was glowing hot when photographed.



Photo by the Author.

LOOKING DOWN AT THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS.

The distant rim and the rock-shape to the right show the old crater, the eruption from which destroyed Pompeii. The present crater is a small opening in a low central cone which has grown on the floor of the old crater.

bloodless, climbed on without distress. But before they got to the top of that climb, blood was trickling from Martin's nose, and he was temporarily stone-deaf.

On and up! There was no longer any stimulus in climbing, any interest in strange scenery. It was like some torment of toil in an evil dream. The minutes, the hours passed.

At last, all unexpectedly, fringing the edge of an old crater and making one more desperate effort upwards, they came suddenly to a great flat plain, level and smooth as though it had been scraped and rolled. This vast plateau stretches for miles, and yet, so huge is Etna, it scarcely makes a break in the cone-like contour of the mountain.

From the edge of this plain, they had a full and clear view of the uppermost cinder-cone of the crater. There remained only a few miles across the lava plateau—as level as though it were an exercise ground for cavalry—two steep slopes of lava, a winding scramble along the ragged edges of an old crater, a wide ledge, and then the final ash-and-cinder cone leading to the top.¹

¹ The author was a member of the first expedition to ascend Etna after the great eruption, and the second man to reach the summit.—F. R-W.

All threw themselves on the ground for a breathing space. Martin and Gavin were at the point of exhaustion. Under favorable conditions, perhaps, the boy might have reached the summit, but Martin could go no higher.

“ Ah! ”

It was a cry of danger.

Lying on the cinder-plain one could feel a vibration, not strong, but continuous, just as when one puts a finger on a boiling kettle.

“ Dangerous! Very dangerous! ” said the geologist. “ It is deep down, of course, much deep, but still ——! ” He turned to Giuseppe. “ Ask him if there have been any earthquakes? ”

The guide shook his head.

“ At Messina, I have heard. Not here. Never any here.”

“ That is bad! ”

He fell thoughtful.

Gavin, half torn between the desire to reach the summit and his feeling of extreme fatigue, asked anxiously:

“ Do we go up all the way? ”

“ Close to the crater? You are mad, my young friend. Look at the cloud shrouding the mountain! Were it the night, you would see the flame. This is

as high as we will go. It is not wise to wait. We must descend, Concetto! ”

“ Not by the same path! ” returned the guide.

“ Why not? ”

Concetto pointed to the long plume of smoke, rosy underneath and leaden color above, trailing from the cloud that hung above the mountain.

“ Well? ”

“ It turns this way.”

“ You are sure? ”

“ Most sure, Signore! ”

“ You are afraid we might be caught? ”

“ Can one read the thoughts of Mongibello? ”

“ Then, where? ”

“ Better to cross the Valley of the Winds.”

The geologist nodded.

“ True, it is not likely that the current rising from the mountain could cut across the powerful up-draught from the sea. The Valley of the Winds is over there? ”

He pointed across the plateau.

“ Yes, Signore, but we must go round.”

“ And why? ”

The guide walked quickly twenty or thirty yards inward, thrust his stick in the ground and then pulled it out. After a moment's watching he beck-

oned the rest of the party to come near, but not too near. The hole left by the stick remained. Presently a little whirl of cinder and ash formed about it. The whirlpool grew and grew. In a couple of minutes, the hole was six inches across.

The geologist shifted backwards quickly and all followed suit.

“We go!” he said, and they did. But, before leaving the place, Gavin looked back. That quicksand whirlpool was widening steadily.

Without waste of words, the party began to skirt the edge of the plateau. There was no climbing now. It was fortunate, for Concetto was setting a pace difficult to keep up. He had fallen absolutely silent. The only clue to his haste was a certain nervous glance which Giuseppe threw over his shoulder from time to time.

“That fumerole there ——” said the geologist, pointing in front of them.

“What?” queried Gavin.

“It was not there the few minutes ago!”

Giuseppe echoed:

“It was not there!”

They passed close to it. Near by, the steam could scarcely be seen, but it was necessary to pass over a crack. The geologist stopped a moment, and sniffed.

“ We have come too far,” said he, and hurried on.

“ Why? ” queried Gavin.

“ You have not looked at the crater? ”

“ Yes,” said the boy. “ I thought it was getting quieter. The smoke isn’t puffing out the way it was.”

“ I have seen. It is that which is the worse.”

It was late afternoon before they reached the further side of the great plateau. Gavin was almost done out. The lack of sleep the night before, the long climb, the mountain sickness, the swiftness of Concetto’s stride along the plateau ridge, all together, were proving too much for him.

“ Couldn’t we sit down, just for a minute? ” he pleaded.

Concetto jerked his head in the direction of the great trailing plume of volcanic smoke.

“ The ashes are falling where we stood at noon,” said he, and pressed the pace.

Relief was soon to come.

Just at the angle of the great three-cornered plateau, a furious blast of cool, wet wind came hurtling upwards, damp and chilly, yet most refreshing.

“ The sea-breeze, up the Valley of the Winds! ” declared the geologist, exultingly.

They halted, in the full blast, and every one of them—Martin and Gavin especially—breathed as deeply as they could, filling their lungs with denser air. In five minutes' time, both felt better, and Martin, who had not spoken a word during the whole march across the plateau, said, gratefully:

“That's like breathing life!”

It was a nasty scramble, rounding the corner of the plateau, but in that roaring, life-giving wind, it seemed as nothing. After an hour's walk they came to a little ridge marked by three low cones, marking the farther edge of the Valley of the Winds. In the shelter of these, the guide turned.

“Half an hour for rest and food!” he said, and unslung the knapsack from his back. “There is no need to fear now. The fumes will not pass the upwind from the sea.”

Gavin forced himself to eat, and then sank back, dead with sleep.

The sun was lower when they awakened the boy. His first glance was for the plume of smoke. It was trailing lower, lying almost parallel to the Valley of the Winds. As Concetto had said, it could not cross the upward current.

“It is that we go down-hill all the way now,” said Giuseppe. “My uncle lives at Cerro. We will stay

there to-night. It is on the railroad. To-morrow you can get back to Giarre.”

And what a blessing it was to be on a down-hill trail, with every step the air growing more breathable, and with the strain of climbing done! And those cinder-slopes, so hard to mount, how easy to descend! Sticking the heels in deeply, and leaning far back, the party went down as if they had seven-leagued boots. Twelve hours it had taken from Maggazini and four from Sant Alfio. Yet less than five hours in all were sufficient to bring them down safely to Cerro, just after dark had fallen. They had great reason for thankfulness.

The rough but absolutely heart-whole hospitality was grateful, but Gavin cared less for food than for bed. As there was but one bedroom in the cottage—with a window which was never opened—Gavin chose instead an out-shed full of straw. Rolling himself in a blanket, he lay down in luxurious softness, and, in less than a minute, was fast asleep.

There was to be a waking!

Quite suddenly, at one o'clock in the morning, immediately above the village of Cerro, and about twelve miles up the side of the volcano, a triple-tongued sheet of flame shot up to the sky. For a fraction of a second there was silence, and then the

whole mountain groaned and shook under the concussion of the terrific subterranean explosions.

Gavin, startled out of his seven wits, leaped up from the straw and dashed out of the shed to look. A heavy stone, glowing cherry-red, falling apparently from a sky of lurid menace, crashed upon a house near by, killing a sleeping child. This was one of the three deaths caused by the eruption.

The boy's first thought was to dash back again for shelter, but the inmates were pouring out from every house, shouting panic-stricken questions at each other. There was no need to answer them. The flaming mouths above were an all-sufficient reply.

This burst of roaring fire was of short duration, and, almost immediately, a pall of black smoke blotted out everything from sight. The rain of stones stopped. Came two more explosions, the blasts tearing the cloud asunder. Two new mouths had opened, and from all five craters ruddy streams crept snake-like down the mountain. One glance sufficed to show their direction.

The lava was heading straight for Cerro!

CHAPTER X

A RED WALL OF DOOM

FOR two or three long minutes, the startled villagers of Cerro looked at the glowing doom creeping down the mountainside, and then the cloud fell blackly again over all. Yet they had seen enough. One question, and one question only, was uppermost in all minds. Would the lava reach as far as the village?

The village cobbler and local gossip, who was believed to have secret relations with the brigand band of Atanasio the Black, hurried up to Concetto.

“Where is the Master? Does he know?”

“He is on the mountain!”

The answer inspired confidence, and Giuseppe, translating to Gavin, explained how the people of Etna had more faith in the brigand chief than in their government, more faith, indeed, than in anything else in the world, except, perhaps, their patron saints.

“He will come here, then, surely! He will tell us whether the lava will reach us!” declared the cobbler.

Concetto pointed to the Professor.

“Ecco! Here is one who is learned in such things. He has lived in the Observatory!”

The villagers clustered round, begging to be told whether their homes would be destroyed, or if the eruption would be but a little one.

“I am afraid to give you the hope,” said the Professor. “The craters are not far. But it is too soon to speak yet.”

“I remember,” said a sturdy charcoal-burner, known as Pietro the Hairy, “that one wise woman warned us of disaster if the jettatore remained in the village.”

The cobbler threw up his hand with the forefinger and little finger outstretched, as though to ward off the Evil Eye, and queried:

“Is it because of him that the mountain speaks, think you?”

The gesture of protection and of menace was rapidly repeated by most of the people in the crowd, and the hinted accusation spread fast.

“Let us ask Father Ignacio,” said one, and hurried off to the rectory, recently built upon the farther slope of the valley, where a new church was soon to be erected.

“If it be the jettatore, his house alone will be

spared," said another. "Then we shall know for certain!"

Following this conversation, word for word, by Giuseppe's translation, Martin took his two companions aside.

"There's murder in this crowd!" he said. "We'll have to keep close watch!"

The Professor nodded; he had sensed the spirit, also.

"If the lava should get here, how soon is it likely to reach?" asked Martin.

"Not for the many hours yet. There is the time. For the moment, the jettatore is not in the danger. They fear him even more than the lava-flood."

"What's a jettatore?" queried Gavin.

"One who is believed to have the power of casting magic spells by means of the Evil Eye," the Professor answered.

"And there are people who believe that still!" the American boy exclaimed, in sheer amazement.

"You see for yourself!"

The night grew heavily darker. A dense cloud of smoke and ash obscured the whole mountain, and absolutely hid from sight the glowing craters. Only from time to time, as the edge of this pall lifted, could the red edges of the approaching lava-streams

be seen, their nearer ends seeming to be larger and more menacing. Throughout their entire length they were dotted with brighter spots, like gleams on the scales of some monstrous serpent. These bright points were places where irregularities in the ground caused a tongue of the more liquid white-hot lava to project from the blackened but ever-advancing mass.

Shortly before daylight, Ricco Giovanni, who owned a little hazelnut plantation high on the hill, came running breathlessly into the little street of Cerro.

“It comes! It comes!” he cried. “Already my house is swallowed! St. Jude, protect us! What can we do? It comes!”

The excited villagers thronged around him, all asking questions at the same time in their high-pitched voices, and drowning the more exact queries which the Professor tried to make. But even the most persistent of the shouters fell silent when Father Ignacio stepped forward.

“You tell us that your house is already taken. So! Then, truly, it comes fast, for your plantation is ten miles from the ridge where the craters have opened, if my old eyes have not deceived me. Say, then, Ricco, how quickly comes it?”

“ Like a frightened snake, Reverend Father! ” answered the panic-stricken man.

“ Give us the truth, not fine words, my son! It cannot move as fast as you can run, or you would not be here. Speak, then, does it go as quickly as a man can walk? ”

“ About so, Reverend Father. ”

“ It moves more slowly, then, ” interposed the Professor, and the priest nodded agreement.

The eastern sky was now brightening rapidly. As dawn came on, the danger seemed to lessen, for the black cloud hid all view of the volcano, while the red edges of the approaching lava-flows grew paler and scarcely visible in the sunlight. That this was but the disguising of the menace, however, every one of the villagers knew. They had lived under the threat of Etna all their lives, and their forefathers for centuries.

“ If there were but time to bring the miracle-working statue of St. Jude from Linguaglossa —— ” the priest began hesitatingly, then stopped.

Just as he spoke the words, a black-hooded figure passed between him and the crowd.

It was the jettatore.

All, even the priest, shrank back, but Pietro the Hairy slouched forward.

“ It is you, with your Evil Eye, who have brought this danger upon us,” he asserted threateningly. “ If the lava touches my house, I, yes I, Pietro the Hairy, will throw you into the hottest part of it, that you may spit your soul out there! ”

“ I, too! ” said another.

“ And I! ”

The jettatore looked first at Pietro the Hairy, then in a fearless manner swept the crowd with his deep-set, burning eyes.

“ Will your threats stop the lava, think you? ” he said, tauntingly.

Pietro the Hairy looked at him darkly.

“ They may! ” said he, and raised his hand again, in protection against the Evil Eye.

The sinister suggestion was greeted with muttered approvals from the men around, for Sicily is still full of witchcraft beliefs, and there is a deep streak of paganism in the islanders. Pietro's hint of a human sacrifice to appease the Demon of the Volcano appealed to almost every villager. Even the priest made no spoken objection.

The jettatore, secure in the dread which his presence had always inspired, taunted his accuser:

“ Your tongue races wild. You are afraid! ”

Pietro did not waver at the ridicule.

“I am afraid of the Evil One,” he said. “But I am not afraid to send a sorcerer to his own place!”

The jettatore threw back his hood, and a strange glare came into his eyes. He was about to throw a spell.

A shiver ran through the crowd.

In the hand of Pietro the Hairy flashed a stiletto. Simultaneously, for he had been watching closely, expecting this very move, Martin leaped to the side of the jettatore, revolver in hand.

“The Red Cross will not see murder done!” he cried.

Swiftly translated by Giuseppe, the words ran through the crowd. Some growled offense and others nodded approval. Only Pietro the Hairy did not move, his eyes watchful, his hand ready to strike.

In the excitement, no one had paid attention to other happenings, but, suddenly, the thundering of galloping hoofs came so close that no one could help looking up. The Castiglione road makes a sharp S-bend just before reaching Cerro station, and, almost before the villagers were aware of it, a rider on a magnificent white horse, with twenty mounted men behind him, came tearing into the street.

One wild shout of welcome went up from all throats:

“Atanasio the Black! Atanasio!”

The brigand chief, who was still the dominant factor in the life of many communities inland from Etna,¹ acknowledged the salutations of the crowd with a negligent gesture, and with a slight lift of the eyelid, summoned Concetto to his side.

“What goes on here?” he asked.

Shortly and crisply, Concetto told the tale.

“So! And you say this stranger is of the Red Cross of far America?”

“Of a truth!”

“It is well! Those who remember Messina do not forget! But you lose time, all of you! Rescue, first; quarrels, afterwards. Words will not buy again what the lava takes. I had thought to command you, my children, but there is a better here. To do rescue is the true work of the Red Cross of far America. You shall obey this Signore as though he were I, in person!”

Giuseppe translated.

“A thousand thanks,” said Martin, “but the Red Cross helps local authority, not supplants it. Issue your orders, Atanasio, and let us give assistance.”

Gavin chuckled inwardly at the American Red

¹This still holds true, though such independent leaders do not resemble the brigands of old time; many are chiefs of the Mafia, and do more good than harm.—F. R-W.

Cross recognizing the brigand chief as authority, but there was no doubt that he was so.

“It is well. Let all that is in the church be saved first. Let all men combine to take out of the houses what things you can. Concetto, take charge, under the noble stranger. See that all furniture and belongings be put into carts, or on asses, and be driven half-way up the hill toward Castiglione. Leave all on the ground and return for more. Begin with the most threatened houses first.

“Cesare, see that the women and children are saved, but let not a whisper from the noble Red Cross stranger go unheeded. Silvestro, supervise the driving of the live stock. Go, and quickly!”

“And this bringer of evil, what of him, Atanasio?” growled Pietro the Hairy.

“I will do justice!” The brigand paused a moment for reflection. “It is a simple matter for decision,” he declared. “It is well known that this Marco is held to be a jettatore, and that he has often spoken evil of holy things. He is accused of having summoned the demons of the mountain; but this, Pietro, thou cannot prove, nor the accused man disprove.

“Ecco! Here is my judgment!”

“The accused shall be put, with hands and feet

unbound, in the church; the window is to be barred and the door double-locked on the outside. If he be innocent, let Fate decide! If the lava spare the church, or if it fall in such way that he can escape, he shall go free and no man shall dare to touch him; if the lava consume the church in such wise that he cannot escape, so shall his soul, believed to be the possession of the Evil One, return to its master and yet no man shall have slain him.

“Behold. It is the word of Atanasio!”

Pietro the Hairy slid his stiletto back into its hiding-place and Martin put the revolver in his pocket.

“Rough justice!” the chauffeur commented, when Giuseppe had translated. “But it’s not our business to interfere.”

Gavin was thrilled.

“Are they going to take him to the church right away?”

“Evidently!”

It was a grim procession that awful morning; where fair and foul met so closely. To the east was a clear blue sky and bright sunshine, but overhead and covering the rest of the heavens was a semi-solid violet-black cloud, heaving bulbously and faintly lighted by a dull red reflection below, in the deep shadows where the sunlight did not penetrate.

Birds twittered in the nut-orchards but the earth trembled constantly under the growling detonations of the mountain. All that was near spoke of peace, yet in the far distance could be heard a strange, dry clatter, not alarming in itself, but terrifying to those who knew what it portended.

The old church lay a little distance up the hill, therefore nearer to the advancing lava than the lower part of the village. It was a small structure of brick, deeply plastered within and without. There was neither spire nor belfry, but a peaked extension of the front wall held a single bell, already removed by the salvagers. A rose-window above the door, its stonework carved in the curious Moorish patterns which Sicilians still do so admirably, gave the only light to the interior. The door was open.

Father Ignacio, evidently anxious to get away, removed such of the holy vessels and altar ornaments as the villagers had not considered themselves worthy to touch, and hurried out, with a word to Atanasio. He passed the jettatore with averted eyes, not for fear of the Evil Eye, but from conscious guilt of his inability to save the threatened man. He had known Atanasio for years, and was aware that the brigand chief never reconsidered his decisions, even when he knew them to be wrong.

The jettatore entered with a firm step, defying Atanasio and Pietro with his glance. The brigand, though conscious of his own authority, whipped off his hat and put it before his face to save his eyes from that baneful glance, but Pietro, considering himself a doomed man, supported the supposedly fatal glance. With a stern delight in the doing, he bolted and barred the door of the church and nailed fast the narrow window of the sacristy, which was the only other mode of exit.

When this was done to his liking, Atanasio gathered up the reins, preparatory to riding away.

“Understand thou, Pietro the Hairy,” he said. “If the lava avoids the church, or if the building falls in such fashion that the jettatore is able to escape, he is not to be harmed. I have said it. Thus is the word of Atanasio!”

Martin shrugged his shoulders.

“I’m off to the rescue work,” he said. “This justice of yours, Atanasio, is none of my affair.”

“I’d like to see it through!” declared Gavin, who was not greatly interested in the mere loading of furniture on village carts and on the backs of asses.

“It is well,” said Atanasio, when he understood the boy’s statement. “Thou, Pietro, give the key of the church to the boy of the Red Cross. So, there

will be no temptation. Remain until the church has fallen, or the march of the lava shall have stopped. Giuseppe, thou will bring me word."

The situation was a novel one, and Gavin was eager to talk it over with the avenger. But Pietro the Hairy was little disposed for speech. He roamed about until he found a point whence he could watch both door and window. There he sat him down, his eyes fixed upon the church like those of a cat upon a smoke-hole. The carter's nature was a primitive one, and his mind had room for but one emotion at a time.

The dry, clanking sound gradually came nearer, and, with it, the noise of falling trees.

Climbing on the low wall which separated the church property from the hazelnut plantation, Gavin could see the approaching lava in the distance.

Certain in his own mind that Pietro the Hairy would not desert his grim guardianship, Gavin hurried upwards, eager and thrillingly curious to see the lava at close range, Giuseppe following closely at his heels.

The sight was utterly unlike what the boy had expected, and, at first glance, most disappointing.

The face, or front edge of the lava-field, was like a lofty wall, its top spitted with jagged spines and

fantastically contorted blocks. The wall itself looked as though it were made of clinkers taken from a coke-fire, these clinkers being of all sizes, from pieces weighing a ton, to slivers no longer than a nail. The general color, where the lava was cooled by exposure to the air, was a violet-black, though here and there a copper hue showed also.

But the wall-like edge of this enormous mass of molten matter—more than a mile wide and twelve miles long—was in constant motion. By reason of the friction on the ground, the lower stratum of the lava was held back, forcing the top part constantly to overhang. As this top layer cooled on exposure to the air, it lost the viscosity which held the whole white-hot field together, and chunks of all sizes fell to the front of the advancing wall, each piece, as it fell, exposing the white-hot interior at the point of fracture.

The slope of the ground, at this point, was slight, and the lava advanced but slowly. Although, at some point along the wall, some piece or pieces were overtoppling constantly, as much as two or three minutes might elapse before there was any change at a given point. Then, little by little, the top would bulge over more and more, and huge blocks would come down by the run, bringing a shower of incan-

descent grit with them, these blocks, themselves, being overrun by the advancing semi-fluid white-hot mass, and raised to incandescence anew.

It was a fascinating thing to watch, and the spell of it grew with watching. Gradually, but only gradually, the terrific and irresistible power of this slowly-moving monster of fire bored its way into the boy's consciousness. Gavin had brains, and, in front of that lava-wall, he learned a lesson not easily to be learned—that when the forces of Nature combine to destroy, the forces of Man must combine to protect. Nature knows no territorial boundaries, and the Red Cross—greatest of all agencies of help—knows none neither. The boy could not have expressed this feeling, but he felt it, none the less. It is a lesson worth the learning.

Yet even so marvellous a sight could not overcome the boy's terrible fatigue from loss of sleep and the strain of the previous day's climb. His eyes closed in spite of himself, as he sat on a stone wall to watch.

Giuseppe, though he had not had any more sleep than the American boy, was more accustomed to climbing and to the open air, and stood the weariness better. It was well that he did keep awake, for he saved Gavin from a nasty backwards fall from

the wall, poked and pushed him until he was a little awake and brought him back to the open clearing beside the church where Pietro the Hairy still was watching.

“You take long sleep now,” said Giuseppe. “I keep wake. I see Pietro does not take key. The lava not come before night, I think.”

Gavin's eyes were burning and his mouth was stale. He had not realized how utterly he was worn out. He sprawled on the ground, propped partly against a tree, prepared to argue the question with Giuseppe, and fell asleep in the middle of a word.

The afternoon was well advanced when he awoke.

The boy's first glance was up the hill. It was not necessary now to go far to watch the lava. The Red Wall of Doom was not more than seven yards from the low wall surrounding the church, and it was crashing in that same dry, clanking fashion through the plantation of hazelnut trees by which the church was surrounded. Every few minutes, a tree burst into flame, as an overtopped block of red-hot lava fell against it.

Pietro was not watching the lava. It was doubtful if he had so much as cast a look at it. His eyes were still fixed on the church, from which no sign of life had come.

While Gavin had slept, Martin had been there and had brought food—the usual Sicilian field-fare, bread, goats'-milk cheese, onions and a gallon of strong red wine. The boy fell on these ravenously, ate and drank heartily, and, refreshed with sleep and with food, felt fit for anything.

Darkness drew down early, for the great cloud of smoke and ash hid all the southern and western sky.

With the coming of night, the malignity of the approaching lava began to show itself more and more. The black wall revealed itself as seamed and cracked with innumerable fissures, through which could be seen the fire within. The falling blocks glowed sombrely after their fall; the advancing edge of the volcano-born destruction showed redder and ever more red.

As night intensified, the speed of the lava increased. It crashed into and pushed down the low wall surrounding the church, rolled slowly over the débris and thrust on.

“Ah,” muttered Pietro, with a grunt of satisfaction, “it begins!”

A huge pinnacle of lava, which had towered high, began to totter. So big was it that the interior was white-hot and viscous still. It drooped slowly, like a gigantic candle in the blast of hot wind,

hung dizzily a moment, held by the viscosity of its terrific heat, then broke and fell, revealing the appalling furnace within and bringing down with it an avalanche of red-hot blocks and a torrent of fiery dust. Down the face of the lava it crashed, struck the ground, rolled over twice, and rested against the wall of the church.

The moment was at hand. The grim forces of Nature were to determine the jettatore's fate.

It was full night now, but every inch of the church-wall, every twig on the surrounding trees, every stalk of the heat-shrivelled grass, was picked out in red light. As the lava came on, faster and faster, with scarcely a few seconds' interval between the falling blocks, the glare grew angrier and angrier. The emitted heat began to scorch the face.

Yet Pietro did not stir. He sat there, motionless, unheeding the approach of the Red Wall of Doom.

Ah! What was that?

From the church could be heard a voice, singing. Could the doomed man sing? Or was it the voice of a spirit in the church?

Pietro crossed himself, and Gavin was conscious of a stirring of fear.

With a clatter and a crash, again a shower of blocks toppled down, two of them rolling till they



Peasants praying to their patron saint to stop the lava, here shown steadily grinding forward upon their homes.



Courtesy of Sciences et Voyages.

The Red Wall of Doom advancing upon the church, photographed just at the moment of the building's collapse.

VILLAGE ON ETNA BEING BURIED IN MOLTEN LAVA.



Copyright by Grupi, Tuormina, Sicily.

STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH OF ETNA'S NEW CRATERS IN ERUPTION, THE LAVA FROM WHICH
DESTROYED THE VILLAGE OF CERRO.

touched the church wall. The lava was moving forward, steadily. Now there was not six feet of space between the towering pinnacles of the glowing volcanic matter and the rear wall of the church.

Pietro rose to his feet, to watch the more intently; Gavin drew closer, to watch Pietro.

On and on came the lava, a constant stream of falling blocks and a never-ceasing slide of incandescent clinkers filling up the space between the erupted matter and the church wall. Soon the gap was filled, and the pressure of millions of tons began to thrust irresistibly, but slowly, against the building.

There seemed to be no chance of the lava stopping now.

Pietro's eyes glistened eagerly. In what way would the building fall?

A crack ran diagonally across the plaster. The sides bulged.

So, for as much as five minutes, the church held firm, while the lava piled up behind it until it was higher than the roof.

Then, as slowly as though some giant hand were doing it, the walls began to spread apart, the locks and bolt separated from their sockets, and the church-door swung open wide.

His heart thumping, Gavin watched this yawning opening into the blackness of the church interior.

Unhurriedly, and singing in a wild strain, the jettatore strolled out, free and unhurt.

From Pietro's mind, every order from Atanasio and every counsel of prudence fled. He drew his knife, and sprang upon the escaping man.

But Gavin had been watching. The spirit of the Red Cross bade him risk everything to prevent murder. Swiftly, he threw himself at Pietro's legs and jerked the would-be murderer off his feet. Giuseppe seized the stiletto which had spun from the carter's grasp, and hurled it behind him into the night.

It took Pietro but a moment to shake himself clear of the boy's grasp, yet that moment had been enough to change the current of his ideas.

The jettatore was not trying to escape. No! He was going closer to the lava, and singing strangely.

Quickly Pietro stepped up and peered into his enemy's face. Then, vengeful as he was, he shrank back, affrighted, and, with his hand, waved the boy back also.

"The Demons have him already!" said he, fearfully.

Hoarse and tuneless, the hideous song continued, as the figure of the jettatore, sharply silhouetted

against the lurid glow, went nearer and nearer to the rumbling and advancing furnace, which seemed to draw him like a magnet.

Once, indeed, the black-clad figure turned and looked sidewise at them, and, in the fiery light of the Red Wall of Doom, Gavin saw that madness lay in his eyes.

A new sense of duty stirred in the American lad, for he guessed what was in the madman's mind. Right and mercy had led him to save the jettatore from Pietro's knife; now he must save him from himself.

Recklessly, and without considering the possible consequences to himself, Gavin rushed forward and grasped the jettatore by the arm.

The insane man, crazed by fear through those long hours of tortured waiting in the church, turned furious at the boy's clutch. All the tormenting spirits of an unhinged mind rent at his shattered reason. With a harsh scream that was like nothing human, he swept his arm behind him in a terrific blow which stretched Gavin prostrate upon the ground.

Then, with a cry of insane delirium, the madman hurled himself forward toward a white-hot orifice in that Maw of Death.

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Giuseppe and Pietro leapt forward simultaneously, the young Italian lad crying:

“For the Red Cross!”

The hand of Pietro the Hairy fell on the jettatore's cloak, just at the instant that the crazed man was launching himself into that white-hot mouth of horror.

The struggle was terrible. His eyes bleared with the heat, his hair and eyebrows singed and crisped by the fury of that incandescence, Pietro wrestled despairingly against the superhuman strength that madness gives, himself dowered with the power of a sublimely heroic action.

A huge mass, overhead, toppled and fell, almost crushing them in living fire, and opened before them the inner heart of the volcanic fire, the dazzlement of ten thousand furnaces. Giuseppe, gasping, fell back.

Though bruised and bleeding, Gavin had staggered to his feet. Lifted to a delirious daring by the terrible majesty of that Dantesque struggle, he stumbled forward, himself, almost into the Mouth of the Pit, and seized the jettatore, likewise. Giuseppe, anew, took heart to help.

The strength of all three could not drag the jettatore backwards a single foot. They tugged in vain.

The writhing figure in black resisted every effort; indeed, he drew his would-be saviors nearer to his chosen doom.

But the intensity of the horror defeated its own effect. As the seconds passed, the white-heat of the riven lava cooled, dulled, yellowed, passed to a fiery glare, then to a cherry-red glow, and so to a dull black, only seamed and cracked, here and there, by lines of fire.

The appalling lure, the irresistible suicidal attraction, was gone. Back, step by step, the three dragged the jettatore, back to the road, across it, and some distance through the hazelnut trees, until the line of the Red Wall of Doom was hidden by the branches.

There, suddenly, the jettatore collapsed, unconscious.

Gavin was not much better. His brain was whirling, his legs trembling with body and nerve exhaustion.

Yet Pietro the Hairy, scorched, blistered, burned, intensely suffering, held a firm grip on himself.

“Lie down!” he ordered. “I will watch!”

Gavin raised a feeble hand in protest and distrustfulness.

Pietro eyed him steadily, then put his finger on

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the little button which the American boy wore, with its motto: "I serve."

"Fear nothing," he said, thickly. "It is in honor. I swear it by the Red Cross!"

CHAPTER XI

TRUE PREPAREDNESS

GAVIN had been far more shaken by his experiences during the eruption than he had realized. Sturdy as he was, the nervous strain had been terrible. By night, he dreamed of the Red Wall of Death, and, in nightmare, he struggled once more with the jettatore; by day, he seemed to hear constantly the harsh clanking rattle of the advancing lava.

In response to an urgent telegram from Martin, Mr. Oglethorpe hurried from Greece, and, after a short chat with Gavin, decided to sail for the United States without delay. The crisis had left its stamp on the lad, and the banker perceived that an immediate change of scene was necessary.

Martin remained behind for a week or so, to carry through some relief work which he had begun for the people of Cerro—for that village was no more, being buried under the lava. There was no great urgency for outside help, since the King of Italy, and the Premier, Mussolini, had arrived at Etna

within forty-eight hours of the catastrophe, together with some officials of the Italian Red Cross, and had taken the situation in hand. With patriotic pride, they had cabled to the United States and to other generous countries which had proffered assistance, that Italy was glad to be able to do all that was necessary for the sufferers of the Etna eruption.

Indeed, the relief work was most efficiently done. Every peasant who had lost house and land was given another farm of equal value, and a house was built for him. There were but three deaths: the baby killed close to Gavin by the falling of the stone, at the very instant of the outbreak of the eruption; a charcoal-burner who had delayed too long and found himself cut off by the lava; and a shepherd, whose fate was never known.

Fortunately, the lava had stopped within a hundred yards of the station of Linguaglossa. Had it passed the railroad line, at that point, there would have been a far more serious disaster, for the lava would have run rapidly down the long, smooth slope leading from Linguaglossa Station to the centre of the populous little town. The inhabitants believed firmly that the stoppage of the lava was due to the miracle-working powers of the statue of St. Jude, and it is a matter of definite observation that the

lava did not progress one inch beyond the point to which the statue had been carried.

Gavin and his father had just left Naples, on their way to America, when the first news came by wireless of the greatest disaster which has ever occurred in the history of the world: the Tokyo Earthquake. Its magnitude, at first, was beyond belief. Thus came the first news:

“Conflagration subsequent to severe earthquake at Yokohama at noon to-day. Practically whole city ablaze. Numerous casualties.”

Half an hour later came a second message: “Tokyo absolutely destroyed. Hundreds of thousands dead. Millions homeless.” Twenty minutes later came a third wireless: “American Red Cross sends a million dollars to stricken Japan.”

Messages, trickling in from time to time, instead of diminishing the first reports, intensified them. On the steamer's arrival at Gibraltar, newspapers were brought aboard which gave the first connected accounts of the catastrophe, and from there, in the name of the as yet unfounded Chapter in his home county, Mr. Oglethorpe sent a substantial check.

The steamer stayed over in Gibraltar Sunday and Monday, September 2 and 3, and Monday morning's papers had a full account of the terrible catastrophe,

which, just three minutes before noon, in the course of forty seconds, had destroyed Yokohama, Tokyo and twelve other cities. A very unusual opportunity to witness the earthquake was given to the passengers of the *Empress of Australia*, sailing from Yokohama that very day at noon. Their published diary of the ten days following this greatest of all disasters is a document of deep importance.

“On Saturday, Sept. 1st, at 11:45 A. M., all passengers were aboard, all visitors had left the ship and most of them stood on the pier,” begins this record of J. W. Doty and W. W. Johnston, written at Yokohama. “The gangplank was removed, the gangway entrances closed and the ship ready to sail. . . . At 11:57, when every one anticipated that we were leaving the pier, a tremendous vibration of the vessel was felt, and it was immediately apparent that a serious earthquake was taking place.

“Many people on the pier adjacent to the vessel fell to the deck of the pier, and the two-story warehouse shook violently and seemed to sway laterally and vertically twelve or fourteen inches throughout the first shock, which lasted from forty to sixty seconds. More than half of the pier from the bow of the ship to the shore collapsed and disappeared, leaving only the stringers on a few piles above the water level. . . . The collapse of the pier threw a great many people into the water. A portion of the breakwater encircling the harbor settled from eight to ten feet, some of it disappearing.

“Immediately our attention was called to the buildings which had collapsed along the water-front.

The Oriental Palace Hotel, the Grand Hotel, the Standard Oil Building and other buildings along the Bund had fallen, and it was quite apparent that most of the structures throughout the city had collapsed. A great cloud of dust arose from the wreckage and obscured a clear vision of the shore.

“As soon as our gangway openings could be unfastened, ladders were sent down the side of the ship to take on board the few persons remaining on the pier. This was about 12:05. During the interval, a number of other serious shocks occurred, and, the dust cloud having lifted, it could be seen that the city was on fire in many localities.

“The tug left the side of the ship and the wind rose to a hurricane, blowing from the shore a few points off our port bow at a velocity of from sixty to seventy miles an hour, making it impossible to turn the ship from the pier.

“In the meantime, the fires ashore united to make a complete chain of fire around the city, and, fanned by the gale, swept toward the water-front. At 12:30 the whole city was on fire, and the heat coming over the ship was so great that the fire hose, which had been manned, was played over the decks of the ship.

. . . A large quantity of burning materials and cinders fell on the decks, and many of the small boats, lighters, junks, etc., all over the harbor, were set afire, and, as their mooring lines burned, drifted among the ships. . . .

“By 1 o'clock the heat was so intense that the fire service was barely able to keep the ship wet down. The force of the gale, driving the heat and cinders and other débris into the faces of those operating the hose was blinding, and it required relays of men at short intervals. Before this time it was

quite evident that no one on shore could have survived the heat who had not escaped from the city prior to the joining together of the fires. The great oil tanks exploded, and burning oil covered the harbor for miles, adding greatly to the danger."

The passengers and crew of the *Empress of Australia* went out in small boats for rescue work, picking up refugees from the water or from rafts and the ship's boats worked unceasingly with relays of crews for seventy-two hours. By evening of the next day 1,500 refugees were on that ship, all of whom would have been drowned or burned alive but for this help. Two other vessels in the harbor also succeeded in escaping the flames, and 2,000 refugees were saved by them.

From these refugees comes another account, viewed from on shore:

"At noon, Tokyo time, the ground suddenly felt fluid under one's feet, difficulty was experienced in maintaining one's equilibrium, a deep drumming noise was heard, then the hoarse roar of collapsing buildings. Above all, the shrieks of frightened women and the shouts of terrified men.

"The streets were instantly crowded, as shaking buildings poured out their torrents of humanity. Falling timbers and steel girders crushed out lives wholesale. Whole families were smothered under falling roofs. Men and women, standing at the windows of office buildings, were hurled from them like

stones from a sling; some jumped in desperation and so died. Many were trapped in basements and starved to death before rescue parties could reach them, or were drowned when, soon after the earthquake, a small tidal wave overflowed the canals and rivers and filled up every cellar.

“The tremors continued; some bigger, some less. (Over 700 serious shocks were registered in the first four days.) These minor shocks—many of which caused serious fissures in the earth—overthrew the *hibachis* or braziers in homes, shops, factories and office buildings, smoke and flame rose instantly; candles and lanterns in shrines and temples were upset, igniting the edifices; oil-storage tanks were wrecked, exploded and set on fire; gas mains were broken and became gigantic blazing torches. Bridges were torn loose from their foundations and—for it was noon—precipitated the passing crowds into the rivers. Tram-cars, elevated trains, and surface trains were either hurled to wreckage, burned where they stopped, or dragged into the sea by the tidal wave. To add to all, a savage hurricane drove the flames, falling débris, and gas fumes along the streets.

“Increasing the panic, a report spread that the Koreans in Tokyo and Yokohama were going to start a massacre, and that the Bolshevik propagandists in both cities had organized a murder-and-loot campaign before the disaster was six hours old. The Korean scare was utterly unfounded, and volunteer police forces, armed with rifles, soon drove the ‘Reds’ to hiding. And yet, withal, the sturdy spirit of the Japanese is not daunted.”

Half-way across the Atlantic came, by wireless,

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the news that the President of the United States had issued an Appeal to the People "to contribute in aiding the unfortunate and in the giving of relief to the people of Japan," and recommending that all contributions be sent to the American Red Cross. Next day the wireless announced that the sum of \$5,000,000 was to be raised, and, thereafter, came stirring messages as town after town over-subscribed the sum assigned for its quota.

The day of their arrival in New York, the three returning Americans were thrilled to read that far more than the \$5,000,000 for the Japanese earthquake victims had been raised in the first week, that more than 10,000 tons of food had been shipped to Tokyo, that half a million suits of underwear and blankets were on their way, that five ship-loads of lumber and building materials were already crossing the Pacific, and that the whole world was a-thrill with the splendor of the work of the American Red Cross.

Gavin begged his father frantically that, instead of going home, they should take the first train for San Francisco and go on to Japan, but Mr. Oglethorpe had already visited Red Cross headquarters, and had learned that no American personnel was being sent. The Japanese Red Cross—a powerful

organization with a far larger membership in proportion to population than the American Red Cross—was fully competent to direct operations. Hence the money which must necessarily be spent in sending American relief-workers such a distance could more wisely be expended on rice, salt fish, underwear, thick stockings, bales of cotton cloth for kimonos, and building materials.

“You see, son,” the banker concluded, “it’s the same old story as in Greece. The Red Cross does its work, not in the fashion which will bring it most prominently into the limelight, but in the way which will bring the greatest good to the greatest number. To my mind, it’s the biggest thing in America, because it’s the most human thing in America.”

The familiar motor-car, which Gavin had driven so often and so fast during the Boniton tornado relief work, was waiting for them at the station, the substitute chauffeur in charge. A good deal to the banker’s surprise, his wife was not there to meet them.

“Mrs. Oglethorpe asked me to tell you, sir,” said the chauffeur, “that she was sorry not to be able to come, but that she was very much engaged this afternoon.”

And turning his head slightly, so that his employer

should not see, he winked at Martin. Gavin caught the wink and wondered.

“Another bridge party, I suppose!” said the banker to Gavin in a non-committal voice, but the boy, who had learned to know his father well during their trip abroad, caught a tone of regret, and even of irritation, in the words.

Arrived at the house, one of the maids opened the door with a little cry of pleasure at the sight of Mr. Oglethorpe and his son.

“Ah, Sarah; so we’re back, you see! Where is your mistress?”

“In the billiard-room, sir.”

He stared at the servant.

“The billiard-room? At this hour? You are sure?”

“Yes, sir; quite sure!”

The banker, who had noticed half a dozen automobiles parked in the drive as he entered, glanced aside at Gavin, uncomprehendingly. The boy shrugged his shoulders, but, at the same time, there came into his mind the chauffeur’s wink. The maid, too, while evidently very glad to see her master back, had a mischievous light in her eyes. There was some mystery here.

The billiard-room was an immense place in the



Courtesy of American Red Cross.

WHEN THE FIRE DEMON IS LOOSED.

Conflagrations and explosions in industrial plants require as quick action from Red Cross volunteers as from professional fire-fighters.



Courtesy of American Red Cross.

ON GUARD.



Courtesy of American Red Cross.

IN ACTION.

Volunteer Red Cross life-savers may now be found on almost every big bathing-beach.

basement, with four large billiard tables, for the banker was a passionate devotee of the game.

On the door leading downwards from the great hall being opened, the ears of the home-comers were suddenly smitten with a curious noise, as of machinery. The master of the house glanced at the maid.

“What’s all this, Sarah?”

“Mrs. Oglethorpe is down there, sir,” she answered, demurely, but the mischievous look had intensified.

The banker, catching the gleam this time, shook his head in bewilderment, went down the stairs and flung open the great double doors of the billiard-room.

On the threshold he stood, dumfounded.

All four billiard tables were gone. The whole floor was transformed.

Fifty or sixty machines were working at full blast. The clamor was like that of a factory.

Mrs. Oglethorpe ran forward, and, as she came, her husband noted that she wore a little Red Cross pin with a dark blue border, a sun for insignia and the letter P (for Production). At the same instant, the banker perceived that the machines which were humming and clattering on every side of him were

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sewing-machines and appliances for cutting out clothing, and the whole situation came on him with a bang!

This was help for the Tokyo sufferers!

Absolutely regardless of the stares of the fifty women who were working as volunteers there—many of them being his friends and neighbors—the banker took his wife in his arms so enthusiastically and so tenderly that she went red in embarrassment, and turned to Gavin to hide her blushes.

“What’s all this, Mother?” queried the boy, who had not grasped the meaning as quickly as had his father.

“Kimonos for the Japanese, dear,” she said. “Have you not heard about the earthquake?”

“The Tokyo one? Oh, rather! The wireless was buzzing about it all the way over.” Then, as he looked about, his eyes fairly hopped with excitement. “Say, Mother, but this is great stuff! You must be turning out thousands of kimonos!”

“And I thought it was a bridge party!” declared the banker, remorseful for his misconstruction of his wife’s non-appearance at the station. “What started you on all this, Laura?”

“I will tell you,” she said. “Let us go where there is less noise.”

They went up to the smaller drawing-room, and after some minutes of eager question and answer, of home news, of the gladness of family intimacy with the three together again, Gavin's mother began her explanation.

"After you had gone away, John," she said, "I began to wonder why this Red Cross work should so have seized upon you and Gavin that you were both ready to go off to Europe at a moment's notice. You are not generally so impulsive, you know!

"So, before I went to White Sulphur Springs, I sent to the American Red Cross Headquarters at Washington, took out a life membership—for I thought that would please you—and asked them to send me all the literature they had which would explain the work of the Red Cross. You see, John, I did not want you to think that I had no interest in things which meant so much to you."

He kissed her hand in the gallant fashion which he had picked up in Europe.

"Then," she added, smiling, "I found I was falling a victim to the spell of the Red Cross, just as you and Gavin had done. After a morning's reading of the terrible need for such help, I was forced to admit to myself that afternoon hotel dances and porch bridge parties were very thin and useless.

“In the *Red Cross Courier* I read a good deal about the need of Public Health Nursing in mountain communities, and, since White Sulphur Springs is surrounded on every side by mountain-folk settlements, I thought I would go out and see for myself if the accounts were not exaggerated. So, one afternoon, instead of going to a Mah-Jongg party, I took the car and started.”

Her husband smiled.

“You must have been finely bumped! I know those roads!” said he.

“I learned them very soon,” came her response, “and then I understood what people mean who say that America has no roads except a few recently constructed motor highways. We hadn’t gone two miles before I had to get out and walk.

“I have never done much walking, as you know, John, but I do not like being defeated or turned away from my purposes. So—though I only had on thin-soled, high-heeled shoes—I walked all the four miles to the little mountain village where I had intended to go. It was steep climbing, too!

“You can have no idea what I saw there, John! It was worse, far worse, than the places I had read about, or, perhaps, it seemed so to me, for I was finding it all out for myself. All the children were

poorly fed, several of them were half-witted, there was only six weeks' schooling in the year, the women were ignorant and shiftless and without any idea of the proper preparation of food, the men were mostly sick—with hookworm, I learned afterwards—sullen and lazy. I had no idea there were such places in America! ”

“ There are thousands of them! ” the banker interposed.

“ So I found. I visited a dozen, far and near, and discovered much the same conditions.

“ Then I read, in the *Courier*, that one of the Red Cross Delano nurses maintains a Public Health Nursing Service in a mountain community at Highlands, North Carolina, all by herself. I drove over there part of the way, some of it in the car and some in a buggy, and then rode the rest of the distance.”

“ Rode? ”

“ Yes, on a mule.”

“ But you'd never ridden before, had you? ”

“ That was the very first time. But I have been on mule-back and horse-back several times since, to reach some places I wanted to see.”

The banker looked at his wife in astonishment, for never before, to his knowledge, had she wanted to visit anything save a social function.

“ I was fairly worn out when I got to Highlands,” she continued, “ but the Red Cross nurse was a darling—and so kind! ” She smiled. “ My unexpected coming was a little awkward for her. There were only two beds in the small room which served as dispensary-hospital, both occupied by men, one of whom was very ill. The nurse had given up her bed to a sick woman. So we curled up in blankets on the floor.”

“ You, on the floor, Laura! ”

“ In a blanket! And I slept wonderfully well! Though,” she admitted, “ I must confess I was a little stiff, next morning. But when I made the rounds with the Delano nurse, in the afternoon, I forgot all my stiffness.”

“ John, you’ve no idea how much there is to do! Think! There are 8,000,000 people in the United States who live in a state of hopeless misery, just because they don’t know how to arrange their lives! There are 6,000,000 children in the United States suffering from malnutrition—that means one child out of every four in the American public schools! There are a quarter of a million babies dying every year from the neglect and ignorance of mothers! It’s awful! I know it sounds as if I were talking about a land of barbarians, but it’s right here! It’s true!

Red Cross statistics say so, and, from what I have seen, the figures are understated! ”

“It’s perfectly true,” agreed the banker. “I learned that before I left. There’s twice as much malnutrition in America as there is in any Western European country. It isn’t for lack of money, it’s mostly for lack of sense. A lot of these people with under-nourished children go regularly to the movies, a good many of them have cars. It’s because the mothers don’t know anything about food, to start with; because they are utterly ignorant of the principles of cooking, to go on with; and because they don’t want to take the trouble, to finish up with. In Europe, I find, a woman expects to look after her household; in America, as we all know, she does her utmost to dodge it. Probably you’ve found that out.”

“Indeed I have, John. It makes me feel so ashamed! But it is really much more difficult than a man would think! Only the results are so amazing! A month ago, I knew absolutely nothing about diet, except when some doctor told me to avoid this or that, because my nerves were breaking down. But I do know something about food now, and— isn’t there a difference? ”

“You certainly look a thousand times better,

Laura," declared the husband, admiringly, "and you've surely got ten times the vitality."

"I'm really ever so much stronger"—she did not add "and prettier," though such was her principal cause of delight—"I hardly know myself. I can walk—miles! I haven't seen a doctor in three weeks!"

"And he used to come every day. You'll ruin the local medical profession, Laura!" he added, with a laugh.

"But diet is really a difficult subject," she went on, gravely. "I had never thought of it before. There is Jed Batton, for example. He is a blacksmith's helper, and earns thirty-five dollars a week. It is very hard work, so I have been told. He has a wife, a boy in school, ten years old, a little girl of three, rickety and undersized, and a two-months-old baby. The old mother lives with them, but can do little to help.

"How can Liz Batton know enough about dietetics to prepare the kind of food which is suitable to her husband, which will give her strength to nurse the baby, which is the right food for a growing boy, for an ailing little girl, and for a toothless old woman? She couldn't prepare six different kinds of diet at each meal, and, if she tried to do it, she would

not have money enough. And yet—and yet they must all live on the man's earnings! ”

“ Well? ”

“ I sent and found out from one of the trained Nutrition Service workers exactly what to do.”

“ And then? ”

“ I paid a visit to Liz Batton, with our old cook, Mammy, two or three times, and showed her. She was quite quick to understand. That was only three weeks ago. Now, Jed Batton is better nourished and his wife says he doesn't need the ' moonshine ' liquor he used to take, she feels stronger, and the baby has gained nearly four pounds in the three weeks.”

“ I don't know much about the Nutrition Service work,” commented the banker, meditatively.

“ Oh, it is ever so varied! It means personal visits to homes—especially where there are babies or young children, it means teaching poor families how to feed many mouths at a very small expense, it means cutting out waste of food—always the greatest curse of the poor, it means establishing wholesome and nourishing dishes instead of canned food and stupid so-called delicacies, it means lectures in schools on what children ought and ought not to eat, it means the teaching of making preserves, it means giving the children vegetable seeds and show-

ing them how to have profitable gardens at home, it means coöperation with food inspectors to stop adulteration and the sale of unfit foods, as well as a hundred other things. I believe a good Red Cross Nutrition Service worker in a community could almost double the buying power of the income of every poor family by reducing household expenses to one-third."

"When we get the Chapter started," said the banker, "we'll have a Nutrition Worker permanently on the staff."

Mrs. Oglethorpe smiled contentedly, and crossed the room to her little writing desk. Opening a drawer, she took out a sheaf of papers and handed them to her husband. Gavin jumped up, and looked over his father's shoulder.

"What's all this, Laura?" exclaimed the banker. "'Suggestions for Chapter Organization!' A graph of it, and all! My word!" He turned over the pages. "And all these names?"

"Before you went away, John, dear," she said, "you told me that you intended to organize a Chapter here on your return. So I have been studying Chapter Organization a little; the Red Cross has special pamphlets on Administration.

"Then Mr. Bowers—Jack Bowers, you know—be-



Courtesy of American Red Cross.

WHAT GIVES STOMACH-ACHE--AND WHAT GIVES MUSCLE.

Red Cross Nutrition Service worker explaining to children the "why" and the "how" of foods which make snappy basket-ball and baseball players.



Courtesy of American Red Cross.

FIRST AID IN TIME OF URGENT NEED.

The American Red Cross Car staff shows how life may be saved by quick action immediately after a Railroad Accident.

came quite interested, and he helped me a great deal. In fact, he has become so keen over it that he has posted up an announcement in his works that he will dismiss every employee who has not passed the Red Cross First Aid test by next Christmas. He is keeping an Instructor at his plant, and is giving the men half an hour off, in shifts, to attend the classes."

"Just like Jack! He always did do everything in that masterful way. I remember talking to him about the reduction of Industrial Compensation expenses by means of Red Cross First Aid just before I went away," the banker said thoughtfully. "It is almost compulsory now, in coal-mines and on railroads. The telephone companies have taken it up, and all the wide-awake leaders of industry are following suit. He was fairly scandalized when I showed him that 100,000 men are killed every year and 2,000,000 hurt by preventable industrial accidents, while \$20,000,000 is expended every year on compensation claims."

"Just as five thousand people are drowned every year by accident," put in Gavin. "Mr. Howard told us that when he was teaching us life-saving in the water."

"Mr. Bowers said to me that you had spoken to

him," Mrs. Oglethorpe went on, "and he has enlisted the services of his brother-in-law."

"Who? Dr. Caughan? The famous Caughan?"

"Yes. I met him last week at a dinner-party given by the Bowers. He asked me to tell you, when you came back, that, as soon as you were ready to organize Health Preparedness work, he would use his influence with the County Medical Association to bring all the doctors of the county in line with Red Cross work."

"Mighty nice of him," declared the banker. "I doubt if it'll be necessary, though. From what I've seen, about every doctor is a Red Cross doctor in time of need, just as nearly every trained nurse is ready to be a Red Cross nurse when wanted."

"But he's right in emphasizing Health Preparedness. We wouldn't have lost, by influenza, 80,000 more lives than all our death-roll in the World War, just by one epidemic in 1918, if we'd been better prepared. And a thing like that is apt to strike at any minute!

"I was surprised, when I came to talk over things with the big doctors in the refugee camps in Greece, to learn for the first time how modern preventive medicine has put an end to the big epidemics which used to ravage the world. The Black Death, in the

fourteenth century, killed off two-thirds of the population of Europe; imagine a thing like that happening now!

“It almost did, though, not long ago, when the ‘pneumonic plague,’ an absolutely unknown pestilence, ten times more virulent than the bubonic plague, bringing death in less than six hours, broke out in Manchuria. It was through the International Red Cross and the Chinese Government, working with the help of the American Red Cross and the heroic personal efforts of Dr. Richard P. Strong, of Harvard, that this latest and most fearful of modern plagues was stopped. It was Dr. Strong, too, who controlled the great typhus epidemic in Serbia, which threatened all Europe. He checked the cholera outbreak in Montenegro, not many months later.

“To my way of thinking,” the banker went on, “the prevention of disease is even more important than its cure. Panama was one of the worst yellow fever and malaria spots in the whole world, before our doctors got there; all that danger is gone now. Malaria can be stamped out, clean out! If I hear one single mosquito buzzing in this county ten years from now, somebody’s going to get in trouble!

“Typhus is one of the most fearful of all scourges,

but baths, soap, and petroleum will keep it from ever showing its head; I'd put a man in prison at hard labor for having vermin, if I had my way!

“Typhoid fever is largely a question of cleanliness, good water and the destruction of flies. Hydrophobia keeps out of every town where the dogs are muzzled. Bubonic plague can't get a hold in any place where the rats and their fleas have been killed off. The ravages of tuberculosis can be cut in half by proper housing. And as for deaths in infancy—three out of every four are due to the ignorance of the mothers! A good half of the deaths from disease in the United States are from preventable disease.

“I sha'n't be satisfied until every man, woman and child, in this county, has got as much Red Cross information as their heads will hold, and until the living conditions of every family are built up to the highest point that the wage-earner's purse will allow.”

“There are a hundred thousand people in this county,” said Mrs. Oglethorpe, dubiously.

“That's a hundred thousand chances of doing something worth while then!” came the cheerful reply. “But I'm not figuring on doing it all myself. I'm going to stir up the intelligent and forceful peo-

ple in every community to look after the problems directly around them. To my mind, every intelligent American, man or woman, who isn't a member of the American Red Cross, should be compelled to state why! ”

“ It is the work of a lifetime! ” commented the woman, rather taken aback by the magnitude of the plan.

“ It is the work for a lifetime, ” he corrected, “ and the finest kind of work that any one can do! ”

CHAPTER XII

FOUR-FOOTED HEROISM

HELPING his father in a score of minor ways toward the organization of the Red Cross Chapter occupied most of Gavin's thoughts until the reopening of school. Then Junior Red Cross activities engulfed him. The rest of the boys were wild to hear of his adventures in Greece and on Etna, and were especially excited to learn that some of their funds had been dispensed under the eyes of a brigand chief.

Letters had been received regularly from Ivan, and it was clear that the Russian lad was winning his way steadily forward. He had been advanced in pay, and his letters showed a good grasp of English, for, like most of his countrymen, Ivan was a natural linguist.

During the summer, one group of the Red Cross Juniors had concentrated on the preparation of the little booklet, telling of playground games, with appropriate photographs, which was to be forwarded to Ivan's home town, Samara. The printer of the local newspaper had put it in type, for the sake of the Red Cross, without charge, and an engraver in

a neighboring city had made half-tones of the photographs. The plan was to send the booklet to a Russian paper, in New York, the editor of which had agreed to publish a chapter, in Russian, once a week; then, when the whole book had thus been translated, the clippings were to be sent to Russia bound up in a little album, with the explanatory half-tone photographs.

This was a piece of Junior Red Cross work of real value, and Red Cross Headquarters, which had received a copy of the booklet, had sent back a most appreciative letter. This letter had been framed by one of the boys and was ready to be hung in the Auxiliary Room at the first meeting of the school year.

The portfolio which was to be sent to Fiji had grown steadily during vacation time, but it had been decided not to forward it until all the autumn flowers had been picked and pressed as well. Four of the boys had become very expert in the handling of the chemicals needed for the preparation of the flowers, and the results were striking. Three or four others, more of the roving kind, had become very chummy with the old botanist, and it was rare that the Doctor went on a herborizing expedition without half a dozen enthusiasts at his heels.

During the summer, too, while Gavin had been away, the boys had developed an entirely new Red Cross game, the outcome of reading some French Red Cross literature which Mr. Howard had procured for the Auxiliary. This "smelling-out" game was one of the very first things of which Gavin heard on his return.

"You look, see!" said one of the boys to him, a week or so after school had opened. "The 'smelling-out' game is on for this afternoon!"

"But just what is it, Dan'l?"

"You come along, an' we'll show you!"

Some thirty or so of the boys of the school scampered along that afternoon, laughing and skylarking as usual, as far as the densely wooded copses behind Blake's Pond, woods covered with a thick undergrowth of shrubbery, as well as of trees of a fair size.

"Look, see," said Daniel, when they had arrived. "How many of us? Thirty? Fine! Here are the lots."

He turned to his comrade.

"See how it goes, Gavin? Eight o' these bits o' paper are marked 'Stretcher-Bearer.' Those who draw 'em stay here. The rest scatter!"

Gavin drew a "Stretcher-Bearer."

"That's the idea. You stay here."

The other boys dispersed in all directions.

“They’ve gone to hide,” Daniel explained.

“Hide-and-peek! That’s a girls’ game!” said Gavin scornfully.

“Is it? You look, see!”

A quarter of an hour over, the eight prepared to set off, Daniel explaining to Gavin what was expected of him.

“We’ve got to find the rest o’ the fellows,” he said. “They’re hidden, as close as they know how, camouflaged an’ all the rest of it, but they’re not allowed to climb trees or do anything o’ that sort. They’re supposed to be lyin’ down, like as if they’d been hit by a bullet or a shell-fragment or something o’ that sort. We’ve got an hour to find ’em in. Every stretcher-bearer has an eighth o’ the compass, so’s we cover the whole circle. You take from north to northeast, Gavin; that’s from the line o’ this stump to the line o’ that big beech-tree.

“Handle it like tracking. Watch for any sign of a trail, a footstep in the dust, a broken twig, a place where the grass has been pressed down or anything o’ that sort. Look alive under bushes an’ between rocks. Keep a sharp eye on anything like a pile of brush. If you find any one, send him back here, an’ that counts one to you. Be back yourself

in just an hour. Don't fool yourself it's easy, for it isn't, an' you don't want to have the bunch guyin' you on the way home."

The quest sounded more interesting, described thus. If it were hide-and-seek it was, at least, upon a more difficult plane. Gavin set out with the evident expectation of finding the hidden boys without any difficulty. Indeed, he had not been gone more than four or five minutes before he found one of them, sprawled out under a bush. But that was only one. Search as he would, he could find no other. Not until the hour was nearly over was his attention attracted to a jay, which persisted in screaming and calling from a tree. Even with this clue, it was only two minutes before the end of the appointed time that he discovered another of his comrades.

"I don't think so much of this game," he said, as he walked back to the central meeting-point with his "wounded man." "And where does the Red Cross come in?"

"It's coming now," was the reply.

At the central point were four of the older boys of the school, whose earlier absence, indeed, Gavin had noted with surprise. They had come later, and each had his dog with him. As Gavin came up,

these four boys were engaged in tying a piece of cloth, marked with a Red Cross, on the back of each dog. On this cloth, too, were inked a few black crosses. Some dogs had less, some more. A little Scotch terrier, belonging to Will Garfield, had twice as many as any of the others.

“What’s all this for?” queried Gavin.

“Count how many of us are here, now!” replied Daniel.

“Twenty-three,” said Gavin, after a moment’s counting.

“Then there are seven ‘wounded men’ still lying undiscovered in the woods.”

“Oh, I begin to get it!”

“Time, too!” declared Daniel, sardonically. “Are you ready, Will?”

The older boy nodded.

“Slip ’em, then!”

At a signal, each of the four boys released his dog, and set them off with cries of “Find!” “Find, Pinto!” “Find, Buddy!” or “Find, Rex!”

The dogs, evidently well trained, trotted off obediently into the bushes.

Three or four minutes later, a loud barking was heard in the northeast.

Daniel turned to him with a grin.

“That’s in your section, Gavin! One mark against you!”

Gavin hurried into the wood with one of the other boys, following the sound of the dog’s bark, and found a “wounded man” grinning at them from a group of saplings. In order to train the dog, the two boys carried the “patient” back. Twice, and even a third time, Gavin had the mortification of hearing the Red Cross dogs bark loudly in his section, where the faithful canines had discovered the “wounded men” whom he had missed. In twelve minutes, all save two of the missing lads had been found by the dogs, although the eight stretcher-bearers had searched for their comrades during an hour. The excitement became great between the owners of these two dogs. Finally a Belgian Police dog found the one, and the little Scotch terrier the other.

“Why, this is great stuff!” agreed Gavin, taking in good part the chaffing that was launched at him for “leaving his wounded comrades to die in the wood.” “Whoever thought of it?”

“It’s a regular game in the French and German armies,” Will replied. “Mr. Howard read us all about it, one day we went up to his house. One time, it was in Germany, I think, an especially dark night was selected for a test. Two hundred soldiers



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Finding a Wounded Man.



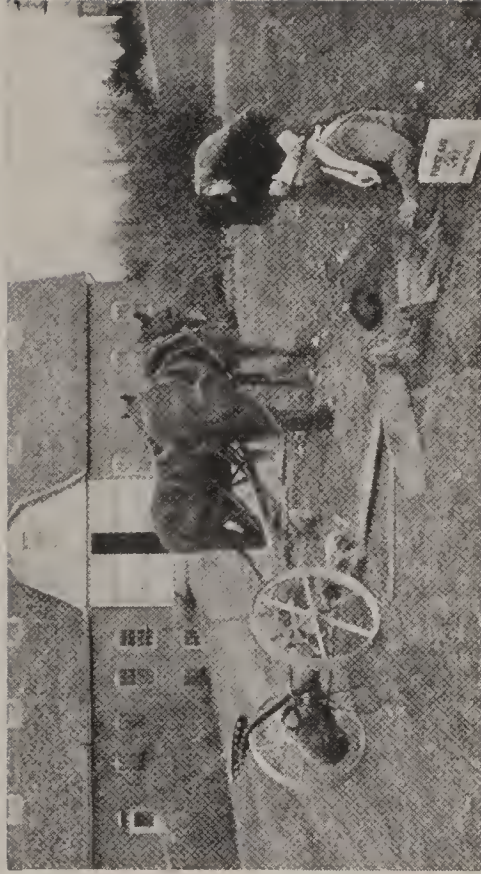
Courtesy of American Red Cross.

Bringing News to the Ambulance Corps.

TWO OF THE MANY USES OF TRAINED RED CROSS DOGS.



On Electric Power Line Work.



With Farm Machinery.



Upon the Railroads.



In a Stone Quarry.

FIRST AID IN INDUSTRIAL EMERGENCIES.

were carefully hidden, each one in a position that he might have taken during a night attack. Five hundred stretcher-bearers, belonging to the Ambulance Corps, were ordered out to find them. After two hours' search, forty of the two hundred men were still missing. That's a pretty big proportion! Two trained Red Cross dogs were then let loose, and they found every one of the missing forty in twenty-one minutes."

Gavin whistled.

"That might mean saving a lot of life, eh?"

"France has a national society of ambulance dogs," Will continued, "which trains them not only to find the wounded, but to act as dispatch-carriers and also to mount guard duty with sentries. A small fox terrier belonging to this ambulance service trotted out again and again from the trenches where she stayed, during the Battle of the Marne, and discovered a hundred and fifty men who might otherwise have been lost. And I don't need to remind you about the St. Bernard dogs, who go off in the blinding snow-storms on the high Alps to rescue lost travellers."

"I know. But you don't use St. Bernards!"

"Of course not."

"What breeds, then?"

“ Oh, all sorts can be used, according to pictures I’ve seen of Red Cross dogs in action. But, so they say, for Red Cross dogs a cross between the collie and the bloodhound is the best.”

“ I’ll get one, then, just to put it against your Scotch terrier.”

“ It isn’t the dog only; it’s the training, boy! ” scoffed Will.

“ If a dog can learn to be trained, I guess I can learn to train him,” declared Gavin. “ No, I’m serious. We ought to get a little Red Cross Dog Corps of our own. Look how useful they could be in a disaster like that Boniton tornado! They could smell where some one was buried in the ruins, and one wouldn’t lose time digging in the wrong places.”

“ I’m game, if you are,” put in Daniel.

Three other of the boys volunteered.

“ If Mr. Howard says it’s all right, we’ll go ahead,” asserted Gavin. “ I believe we’d be the only Junior Red Cross Auxiliary in America with a Dog Corps of our own! ”

With their interest thus keenly held upon the breeding and care of good dogs, the training of them, and their use in emergencies, it can be imagined into what frantic excitement the school was thrown when the news came of the outbreak of black

diphtheria in Alaska, with only one Red Cross nurse in the place, no serum, a blizzard raging, and the lives of a whole city hanging upon the endurance of the teams of dogs who were set to cover 655 miles of the hardest trail in the world in the dead of winter.

Mr. Oglethorpe had a radio receiving set of the most complicated type, and of marvellous delicacy. In the hands of an expert, it almost accomplished miracles, but neither the banker nor his son could handle it deftly enough. When the first news of the epidemic in Nome was cabled through, Mr. Oglethorpe sent for a radio expert and kept him in the house during those thrilling five days.

The plague had developed slowly. Shortly after the close of navigation, October, 1924, Dr. Curtis Welch, the only physician at Nome, noticed a suspicious case of diphtheria. The child died. In December, another suspicious case was seen, but the diagnosis was not positively made. On January 10 a white child was taken ill, appeared to recover, and died a week later. The next day, an Eskimo child presented a typical and undoubted case.

The direful plague had taken root in a city 655 miles from the nearest railroad station, and the only antitoxin in the place was six years old. A demand

“There is something in all of us,” commented the *New York World*, “which relishes the spectacle of a living thing in a struggle whose outcome means life or death. We watched the progress of Eskimo Pete, Musher Olson, Leonard Seppalla, Gunnar Kasson and the others, as they forged on under such conditions as most of us could imagine only with horror. We knew instinctively what those men were going through. It was no feat for us to picture that plodding through half-light and dark, snow, wind and cold, with death hovering near every second. We knew that it was the most primitive battle known—man against the elements, man the animal fighting to exist, with man the civilized long ago beaten and left behind.

“Gunnar Kasson, Charlie Olson, Musher Hammon, Leonard Seppalla, Titus Nicolai, Eskimo Pete, John Folger, Jim Kalland, Tom Green and Bill Shannon! So runs the roster of the dog-drivers who carried the torch of life from Nenana at the railhead to Nome by the Bering Sea. In their very names are echoes of all the gallant races who have won this country from the North. Beside them stand the names of the dogs who brought them through, Scotty, Togo, and the rest. Most of all stands out the name of big black Balto, ‘the best lead-dog of the Northwest.’

“The men who carried the precious little container of serum cut the record time over the 655 miles of trail by a full three and a half days. The distance had never been made in anything less than nine days, but the serum went through in five days and a half, under conditions anything but favorable for speed. Kasson and Seppalla, it seems, bore the brunt of the journey.

“It was Seppalla, champion musher, who chose the short, dangerous path across Norton Bay, where hurricanes were breaking up the ice. He might have gone round the shore of the Bay, but that would have cost precious time.

“In a race where there was glory enough for all, it was Gunnar Kasson, for twenty-one years a musher over Alaskan trails, who carried the relief package over the last sixty miles, in such a blizzard that warnings from Nome had advised him to delay until the wind abated. In the storm and darkness he missed the relief-musher sent out from Nome to meet him twenty miles from the goal, and so continued on.”

Kasson's own story of his great mush—outdistancing anything in history or fiction—is characteristic of the reserve and simplicity of the men who live in the Far North. His narrative—to be prized by every one who admires daring—runs as follows:

“Well, it was a pretty tough trip, all right. The fact is, it was the toughest I've ever had on the trails, and I've been mushing Alaska since 1904. But Balto, he's my lead-dog, brought us through.

“He sniffed the trail in the light snow when I couldn't tell where we were, on the trail or off. He kept the direction on the bare ice—the wind had swept it slick as glass—and the wind was coming in so I couldn't see the wheel dog nearest the sled. Balto is a good dog.”

And Balto is not young! He led Kasson's dogs ten years ago, when they won the Moose race. Two

years ago he led the dogs which carried Amundsen from Nome, when the great Antarctic explorer planned an aeroplane flight over the North Pole.

“I got into Bluff Sunday morning, sixteen hours before Charlie Olson did. I had thirteen dogs, long-haired malemutes. They're half wolf. Charlie got in at 8 o'clock at night. He was glad to see me. He had run his seven huskies twenty-five miles from Golofnin. His dogs have shorter hair. Every one was frozen in the groin. They came in stiff and sore. They couldn't have gone much further.

“Charlie told me he picked up the stuff from Seppalla at Golofnin. Seppalla had mushed from Shaktolik. That was about sixty miles. Charlie said Seppalla, with his twenty dogs, had a bad trip across Norton Bay. The storm was bad there, he said.”

Seppalla had been warned not to cut across Norton Sound, because the ice was reported to be breaking up and drifting to sea. A runner from Nome had told him to take the long way round, circling Norton Bay. But Seppalla, champion musher of the North, knows ice as well as any man in Alaska, and he mushed into the wildest of the storm.

Kasson's narrative goes on:

“Seppalla told Charlie his dogs were still game, though they'd mushed eighty miles. He said he'd used Togo and Scotty as his leaders (Scotty is a

famous champion). This Togo is a good dog. He's smart. He knows what you want before you do. I think he's the best of the string, and they're the fastest in Alaska, they say.

"I took the serum from Charlie. He lives at Bluff, an old-timer. He owns the quartz mine and stamp mill there. It was blowing so hard and was so cold we took the stuff into a cabin to get it warmed up, and to see if the wind would go down.

"But it kept getting colder. It went down to twenty-eight below zero. The wind was fierce. I don't know how fast, but I never felt it faster. There wasn't any use in waiting, so on I went. It was then ten o'clock Sunday night. We'd waited in the cabin two hours.

"The snow was coming down fast. I hitched the dogs. I wanted to get on to the road-house at Safety (thirty-four miles) before the trail got impassable. The first piece of trail was the best. I stuck to the coast, figuring it would make good going, if not too stormy. The wind was blowing hard. I don't know just how hard.

"I had seal mukluks on my feet. They go up over the hips. And I had sealskin pants over them. On my head I had reindeer parka and hood, and a drill parka over that. But the wind was so strong that it went right through the skins.

"Crossing Topkok River I ran into trouble. I ran Balto into an overflow, with quite a bit of water running over the ice. I couldn't see it ahead, it was snowing so. I had to turn Balto into a soft snow-drift to dry off his feet. That keeps them from freezing and getting torn on the glare ice.

"I stopped only a few minutes, then started up Topkok Hill (600 feet above sea-level and ex-

posed to the north). The wind was coming from the northwest. Topkok Hill is hell when it's storming. It was storming some when I got up there. My right cheek got frozen.

"Coming down from Topkok Hill you come to the flat for a stretch of six miles. Along a ways is Spruce Creek. It's always the worst spot for wind in any kind of weather. The wind was coming across the lagoons and sloughs there, picking up the snow like it was a comb. It was blowing snow so hard I could hardly see my hand in front of my face. I couldn't even see the wheel dog.

"That's where Balto came in. I didn't know where I was. I couldn't even guess. He scented the trail through the snow and kept going straight, on the glary ice of the frozen lagoons. I didn't even know when I passed right by Solomon, so I didn't get the message from Nome." (This message stated that the weather had become so fearful, with a dropping temperature and an eighty-mile gale, that no man could face it, and that Kasson had better wait at Solomon until the wind abated.)

"It's twelve miles and a half from Solomon to Safety. The wind across Bonanza was the worst I ever felt. The sled spilled every other minute in the soft snow, and I had to untangle the dog's harness, lift the stuff back on the sled and get going again. It was dark, too—black!

"The going was better after I got across Bonanza. The trail turned so the wind was with me. That boosted me along so I made the twelve and a half miles to Safety in eighty minutes.

"The wind had gone down when I got to Safety. I mushed by the road-house, but as everything was dark and Balto and the others were going good, I



“MUSH, YOU HUSKIES!”

An Alaskan dog-team, like those which were said to have added another epic to the tales of the Yukon country.



Courtesy of American Red Cross.

WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

Red Cross Public Health Nurse in Alaska, going down the Yukon River to visit isolated fishing villages without a doctor.

decided to continue instead of waking Ed Rohn (who was waiting there for the last relay).

“It’s twenty-one miles from Safety to Nome. The trail runs along the beach of the Bering Sea. The wind had drifted the snow between the hummocks and the upper beach. It made the trail heavy and slow, but with the wind gone down I could see the trail ahead sometimes, as it wasn’t so dark any more.

“Two of my dogs who were frozen on another trip began to stiffen up. I made a rabbit-skin covering for them, but the cold went right through it.

“I was good and glad to see Nome. I was good and hungry.”

Such was the story which, in scrappy messages, came over the wireless from Nome, from Anchorage, from Fairbanks and other points in icebound Alaska, all that day and night of February 1-2, and no one in the Oglethorpe household thought of sleep, Gavin least of all. Indeed, the big double drawing-room was packed with neighbors, straining their ears to catch every word which the static interference of a winter’s night permitted to come from the loud-speaker.

Between whiles, from Wichita, Kans., the home of Miss Morgan, the Red Cross nurse at Nome, came the story of her heroic life, as a nurse, as superintendent of a hospital, as a county nurse, for three years as a Red Cross nurse overseas during the

World War, then as a missionary nurse to the Eskimos and Aleuts of the Aleutian Islands at Unalaska, then as superintendent of a chain of small hospitals in Alaska, including those at Unaklaklik and at Nome, which was the blessed reason for her having been so near to Nome when the black diphtheria epidemic broke out in the dead of an Alaska winter.

News came, too, how the Nome Chapter of the American Red Cross had mobilized every member, how the women had volunteered to help the Red Cross nurse despite the terrible risk of infection for themselves, how the men had established a rigid quarantine in Nome and had held down the panic of terror which was beginning to spread among the Indians and the Eskimos, and how the rough and rude dog-drivers of the Far North had vied with each other for the honor of a share in that desperate journey to bring life to the dying and rescue to the imperilled.

One incident out of many, only; one heroic dash of virile adventure; one vivid gleam among the scores of brilliant deeds which illumine every year; but one which set the heart of America beating faster, and which brought every section of the country, every class, every racial stock, every individual.

into the only heart-link which is truly universal—the Brotherhood of relief to those in distress, the Sisterhood of mercy to those in pain. And its banner, in America, is that of the American Red Cross.

THE END

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