

JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS "I Serve"

November 1922



A.M. UPJOHN

"Jaroslao took down his violin, fell on his knees beside the cradle, and began to play softly the Hillside Song."—Great Amber Road, Page 44

IN THE SERVICE OF HUMANITY



“THE children of the world, given unity of thought through service, are now organizing through Junior Red Cross for the first steps toward peace,” declared Otto Paul Schwarz, a Swiss educator, during a visit to the Pacific Coast, according to the *Sierra Educational Review* (California). Mr. Schwarz was quoted as being greatly interested in introducing international school correspondence in schools of Basel, Switzerland.

At a county conference of public welfare, in Yonkers, New York, an outstanding feature was an exhibit of the work of the Junior Red Cross of Westchester County. Among the articles shown were scrapbooks of all kinds, toys and rag dolls for children in hospitals, layettes for babies in Porto Rico, and dresses and skirts for refugees in Greece. One boy assembled a radio set as a gift to a group of men in the county hospital, while the girls made a rag rug and a comfortable to bring cheer to some deserving person. At the close of the exhibit a large box of toys was packed and sent to children in a hospital.

Knoxville, Tennessee, Juniors are ever on the lookout to be of service. The following letter was received from the Executive Secretary of the Knoxville Juniors:


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American Red Cross



Chartered by Congress
To Relieve and Prevent Suffering
In Peace and In War
At Home & Abroad

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS

UNDER ONE FLAG 
FOR WORLD SERVICE



The American Red Cross Annual membership roll call is from November 11 (Armistice Day) to November 29 (Thanksgiving Day). Here are the roll call posters and the Junior Red Cross school poster for 1923-1924



“We are looking for a mountain boy and girl to pass through Knoxville next Friday. The Atlanta Juniors are sending them to school, and our Junior Red Cross committee is going to meet them at the train, take them to lunch, give them an automobile ride, and then put them on their train again in the afternoon. We’re so glad to co-operate with our Atlanta friends.” The boy and girl are being sent to college by the Atlanta Juniors, who raised the necessary money by divers lawn parties, fetes, and ice cream sales.

“When a fellow needs a friend” is when a jolly vacation in the country, with fresh air and good food, seems to be badly needed, in the opinion of Juniors of Great Falls, Montana. So these Juniors procured a cabin in the mountains, bought some tents and other equipment, and established a camp for needy youngsters of their vicinity. The project was so appealing that

the county commissioners helped to finance it.

A “grab” sale of lost articles held at the high school in Everett, Washington, during the last school year, brought in \$15 which was given to the Junior Red Cross dental clinic fund. One hundred and fifty sales were made at ten cents a “grab.” Hair-pins, earrings, beauty pins, orange sticks, fountain pen tops, snapshots, “strings of pearls,” and eversharp pencils were among the articles sold.

THE NOVEMBER NEWS IN THE SCHOOL

"OH, HOW I wish the children really wanted to write!" All of us who teach have wailed this at times. How would this work in your school? Put it up to your Juniors to show their Red Cross Chapter or Division Office that they, too, "are on the map," the same as are the Juniors of Westchester County, New York; Knoxville, Tennessee; Great Falls, Montana; Everett, Washington; or the Juniors in Rumania and Poland (pp. 34 and 35). Of course, they will want to

express their service activities in a most convincing and attractive manner. Perhaps some of these will be sent by the Chapter or the Division Office for publication in some local paper or JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS itself. The selection by the class of the best write-up of each activity not only gives splendid opportunity for discussion of clarity in expression and choice of words, but adds dignity to and furthers interest in the Service Project itself.

WHY not let the play spirit of "Alice in Grammarland" (p. 38) linger in your schoolroom and brighten a little some of the routine? What fun your children may have in making a list of offenses in English for which the King, Queen, and Jury in Grammarland would order "heads off!" Why not begin this

"Alice in Grammarland"

"heads off" list and let it grow as time goes on—did I say grow? Yes, grow and also die. As apparent errors are heard, tried in the Court of the English class and condemned, they are added to the list. As the entire class works together at the execution, certain errors are heard no more and stricken from the list—they have been beheaded.

"GEMS for Thanksgiving" (p. 41) suggests the making of similar collections of Thanksgiving poems by the children. Or, you may think it more valuable for your children to express their praise and thanksgiving in their own language. If so, they will meet the problem "What are we thankful for?" To get other suggestions than those which come immediately to their minds, they will read the Thanksgiving Gems in the NEWS and other thanksgiving poems.

"Gems for Thanksgiving"

Food will play a large part, as in "Thanksgiving Joy," while Poetry and Thanksgiving will add color to the Fit for Service work for the month.

No doubt there are people in your community who would enjoy an attractive booklet of original thanksgiving poems by the children, or other Thanksgiving Gems, perhaps much more than they would enjoy a Thanksgiving basket. Any of us would enjoy making and giving such a gift. Let us inspire the children to make and give such gifts so they may experience that joy. One Thanksgiving Gem printed and enclosed with an original art border would not only make a bright spot on the wall but give a happy thought to some invalid on Thanksgiving Day. In some cases such a piece of art may be more desirable than the booklet of thanksgiving poetry.

HOW charmed children are to have an imitation wigwam in the corner of the schoolroom, and occasionally some one in Indian costume sitting there in the door of the wigwam telling stories to the rest of the class! The miniature wigwam has helped portray Indian life on the sand-tables in schoolrooms our country over. Through correspondence with Indian children, through common enterprises and JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS, American children everywhere are making friends with Indian boys and girls—are learning to know more about the real life of the Indians in various parts of the United States.

"In a Pueblo Indian Home"

"In a Pueblo Indian Home" (p. 43) gives a picture of an entirely different Indian home—so unlike the wigwam, yet a true American Indian home, both old and fantastic. It is easy and pleasant to picture the Juniors in various schools throughout the country making Indian sand-tables on which grow the four-story adobe houses, each furnishing a home for many Indian families, with the strings of peppers and the painted doors adding color and the irrigation ditches bringing water from the mountain streams.

Older Juniors may be interested to learn how the Pueblo Indians are able to have a community in which land is held and tilled by all members when Captain John Smith failed to establish a successful colony on the same plan in Virginia.

"GREAT Amber Road" (pp. 44-46) lends itself unusually well to class dramatization. The Junior Red Cross Committee, which is looking for something to use for opening exercises, or the class who wants entertainment for all of its schoolmates at assembly, may be referred to this for consideration.

"Great Amber Road"

With very little practice and imaginary scenery, a charming little play full of feeling and atmosphere may be made of this story. As much appropriate conversation as desired may be added to that given in the text. Suggestions for costume effects are found in the accompanying illustrations and many other Czechoslovakian pictures in various issues of JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS.

Hospitalized ex-service men or other groups of convalescents would enjoy such an entertainment. The class that is sending a representative each week to read or tell stories to some shut-in will welcome this story. A number of other "Pot of Gold at the Foot of the Rainbow" stories may be told with this one.

All these service values are bound up in this story, but there are other values, aren't there? We wish to acquaint our children particularly with the new nations—with the peoples of these nations. The boys and girls who use this story for some such social purpose as those noted above will have a more or less complete picture, and certainly a vivid picture of peasant life in Slovakia—a part of Czechoslovakia. They will feel the warm love ties binding that broken Slovakian home together and the burning, proud desire of Jaroslav to help his widowed mother. If something of Czechoslovakia can be brought into the geography work and the history work at this time, the feeling aroused by the presenting of this story or play will be associated with and will enrich the Czechoslovakia which will dwell in the minds of your children.

Supplement to Junior Red Cross News

The Teacher's Page

BY ELIZABETH D. FISHER

SERVICE PROJECTS

THEODORE ROOSEVELT is reported as having said on his return from a trip in this country that he could count on the fingers of his two hands all the people he had met who thought nationally, and on the fingers of one hand all those who thought internationally. No doubt, we, as teachers, have

The Juniors and World Service a greater opportunity than any other group in this country to start children thinking nationally and internationally, but they cannot go far in such thinking unless they have some actual experience in doing things on a national and international scale. Does this seem impossible for your Mary Smith in an inland village, or your Johnny Jones on a Western ranch?

Every American boy or girl who is a member of the Junior Red Cross can have such experience through their interest in the National Children's Fund. Would not your children enjoy giving a pound of buckwheat seed to a Polish boy so his family could have some flour for the coming year; would they not regard it a real treat to be able to give a meal to a little Japanese earthquake sufferer; would not a sparkle light their eyes if they might hand a favorite story to a friend across the waters who had no book to enjoy? Your children are able to do just such things through the National Children's Fund. Get them to read and tell, or you relate to them, the great needs in Poland and how the American Juniors established playgrounds, sent buckwheat seeds, tools, books, etc. (*J. R. C. NEWS*, Jan., 1923, p. 69); how money was sent immediately to give comforts to little Japanese sufferers (*J. R. C. NEWS*, Oct., 1923, p. 20); how many French and Italian boys and girls, so long without books, may have them a-plenty, either to take home or enjoy in the attractive libraries established by the American Juniors (*J. R. C. NEWS*, Nov., 1923, p. 36). The more real and personal these opportunities to help needy children become, the greater will be the desire to have a share. As each boy or girl works with the group to earn money, or earns it by his individual labor or sacrifice, he in a measure lives through the needs of the children he hopes to help and the delight they feel when this gift reaches them—he feels for them and with them; sympathy, interest, understanding, grow. Every issue of the *NEWS* contains reports that will increase his satisfaction. He knows that it is only as all American Juniors work together that these big Service Projects in which he has a share are made possible. He has had a national and international experience—he is different because of this; bigger, broader, better, and he will be a more worthy adult citizen of America and of the world.

It is to give just such experiences as the one described to American Juniors that the National Children's Fund exists. Every school enrolled in the Junior Red Cross should have the benefit of sharing in this World Education movement. Plan now so that your children may have their share.

As president of the International Federation of Teachers' Associations, Dr. Augustus O. Thomas of Maine recently said that the schools of today must give the children experiences in world activities, world thought and world events.

AS YOUR children progress in the Fit for Service Club, discovering rules which they desire to make into habits, they will constantly be asking questions. This month these questions will pertain to foods, what foods they should eat and why. The observance of health rules will fall

Expert Advice on Foods is Available

short of the mark unless it is accompanied by instruction as to reasons for it. Much of this help will come directly from the courses in hygiene and from your instruction. The interest of your Juniors may be increased by getting information from other sources. Encourage them to write to the Division Director of Junior Red Cross for explicit information and help. These requests will be referred to the Nutrition Director in the Division; who is an expert in this field and will be glad to send suggestions and reference materials. She will also be glad to answer any questions which you may wish to ask from time to time, sending information, suggestions as to methods or bibliography. The American Red Cross has issued a fairly complete Nutrition Bibliography with helpful annotations, which may be purchased for twenty-five cents from your Division office or from National Headquarters.

AMERICAN Education Week is November 18th to 24th, not December 3rd to 9th as given in the calendar. See that the posters this month are on "Free Education" and that other activities suitable for Education Week noted on the December page of the calendar are considered this month. Better still—tell the children about the mistake and let them feel responsible for hunting up all such suggestions and making the necessary adjustments. (See "American Education Week" in this issue of the *NEWS*, p. 48.)

AMONG JUNIORS OF OTHER LANDS

How Shines the Red Cross Light

By Heda Porkertova

IN CZECHOSLOVAK JUNIOR RED CROSS MONTHLY

*You know how shines the Red Cross light,
A crimson glow o'er land and sea,
Its rays work miracles of love
And warm all hearts where'er they be.*

*One such bright ray of crimson light
Has come to our bleak hillsides now,
Has found its way into our school,
And kissed each little childish brow.*

From Several Countries

Items from Junior Supplement of League of Red Cross Societies.

ALBANIA. The Government has placed at the disposal of the J. R. C. Vocational School about 70 acres of farm land. This is worked by the boys, not only as agricultural training, but also as a means of relieving the economic situation. The value of such practical training is of course obvious, especially as such things as tools for the farm work can be made in the school machine shops. The Government and local interest is increasing and the school is becoming an integral part of the national life.

GREAT BRITAIN. The girls of Ardmore, a private school for girls at Tunbridge (Kent), are nearly all Guides and Brownies, who find in their membership in the Junior Red Cross a practical means of carrying out their ideals of service for others and fellowship.

SIAM. A Junior Red Cross section has just been organized in the Siamese Red Cross. The enrollment was very quick. . . . The first number of the Siamese *Red Cross Review* is entirely devoted to the interest and activities of the Junior Red Cross. It contains numerous illustrations reproduced from other magazines as well as photographs of the Siamese groups. Phya Haisal, the Director of the Junior Red Cross, is at the same time head of the Siamese Boy Scouts and Under Minister of Public Instruction.

RUMANIA. In the commune of Hetare, Department of Ilfov, the pupils in some of the latest schools to join our ranks are cultivating vegetables in order to have a sufficient stock to supply a canteen for the winter for the benefit of those who live at some distance and in the hills. Bookbinding is another activity undertaken by these Juniors. This teaches a vocation and helps the school.



Sketch of a Czechoslovakian girl, sent by a school in Czechoslovakia to a school in the United States, through Junior Red Cross international correspondence

Fine Work in Poland

From a report by Jane Howarth, Junior Field Representative

Following are some of the activities in which Juniors of Lublin, Poland, participated during the year:

They helped a day nursery by giving it food.

They gave flour, sugar, cereals, soap, and money to an orphanage.

They made clothes for children of repatriots.

They have started a J. R. C. fund by making paper bags and selling them to shops.

Many of the Juniors have learned bookbinding in order to be able to bind school books for themselves and their comrades.

November

By RICHARD HAVEY

Look without—Behold the beauty of
the day—the shout

Of color to glad color;—rocks and trees
And sun and sea, and wind and sky!

All these

Are God's expression, art work of His
hand,

Which men must love, ere they can
understand.

Banner for Australian Juniors

Lady Forster, President of the Australian Branch of the British Red Cross, has presented a banner to Juniors of New South Wales, to be given in charge of the two groups, one city and one rural, who most distinguish themselves in service each year.

LIBRARIES AS FRIENDMAKERS



Seven young readers in the Volzelsheim branch of the Neuf Brisach Library, in France, founded by the American Junior Red Cross

THE room was small as rooms go, with its low table and small chairs, but to the Jeans and Maries who came in to read their beloved books, its size was forgotten. This was the village library, small it is true, but precious not only because it was the only library they had ever had, but because it was given them by American Juniors. They reveled in the books to be found there; stories of geography, history, interesting accounts of life in other countries, the best literature of the day, reference books that helped them in their lessons, stories of adventure—Robinson Crusoe and the tales of their own Dumás. But when they could borrow their favorite book to take home and read, the pinnacle of joy had been reached.

"Just where in France is this little library?" you ask. "Most anywhere," might be the answer, for the American Juniors have known of the needs of their French cousins and have responded by helping to establish seventeen of these libraries in the devastated towns and villages.

Aside from the practical help the children themselves will get from the books, these libraries are instilling in the adults an appreciation of their full value as a center where all children may find encouragement in the readjustment of their lives to the new conditions brought about by the war.

"The Neuf-Brisach Library functions well," says a

By Harold B. Atkinson

Junior report from Europe. "The little room is in absolute order

and its color scheme of red furniture with light blue chintz curtains well planned to form a background for the children's explorations into the new world of literature. Over 300 readers are now enrolled for home circulation and on each Thursday the room is crowded.

"Five girls of the Biesheim school who took the examination for 'Certificat d'Études' (Grammar school diploma) have all passed successfully, with the special note 'very good,' and moreover have received two special rewards for their particularly good style." These children passed their tests because of the help they were able to get from the books in the library established by American Juniors, and they are now voicing their thanks to the 5,000,000 boys and girls who have made this possible.

"The books are judiciously chosen," continues the report. "All the children, from the youngest to the eldest, find matters of interest. The library comprises quite a number of books for the adults who come in large numbers to avail themselves of the opportunity.

"At Montmedy, the little readers are quite numerous, more numerous in the winter than in the summer. However, the average of the books going out each week is about 100. All these books interest the children greatly. It often happens that one child chooses one book for himself and one for his mother, but undoubt-

edly the book chosen for Mama is more often read by the child. It is their only library."

But while we are thinking of the hundreds of Jeans and Maries in France who are busy with their books, we must not forget the Elenas and Giovannis in Italy, for they, too, have been remembered by American Juniors, who have aided or started outright sixteen libraries in that country.

The first Junior library in Italy was established in Reggio Calabria, an old, old city which was built by the Greeks in the year 723 B. C. Here there was a library for adults with over 2,000 volumes. But on a tiny shelf there were only 30 children's books, that somehow had strayed into this grown-up world.

The Junior representative writes of her visit to Reggio Calabria, incidental to installing the American Juniors' library, and in speaking of this lack of children's books says, "While Signor Rossi was showing me the system in use, two little figures appeared from nowhere, each with a book in her hand. 'This isn't the day for books, but could we please have one?' they asked, eyeing that bit of shelf hungrily.

"But the crowning touch of the day, the incident that made me want to transport every Junior into Reggio to see what was being done, happened a little later when two small boys about nine years old came and stood silently by Signor Rossi's side.

"'Now what?' said he to the larger one. 'A book,' the boy answered timidly. 'Ma che! I told you to bring someone who would vouch for you; someone, your father, your mother; someone who will be responsible—where are they?' said Signor Rossi, a bit impatiently, looking toward the door. 'Him—I brought him—he'll be responsible,' said the would-be student, pointing to his little friend, ragged and barefoot, and as small as himself."

Now, however, with the help of American Juniors these little waifs will no longer have to beg for books to read, but will find for themselves in the Junior libraries the books they long for. They may read and look at pictures to their hearts' content.

A room has been set aside in the City Hall of Reggio



The top picture shows a scene in the main Junior Library of Neuf Brisach region. Some 300 readers are enrolled for "home circulation." The lower picture gives a glimpse into the Porta Metronia school library in Rome

Calabria for a permanent children's library. At a meeting in this room during the Junior representatives' visit to Reggio, the announcement was made that American Juniors would build low shelves and furnish small tables and chairs for the youthful readers. Following this announcement "the scene was really a very unusual one," says the Junior representative. "After our meeting the elderly grey-haired men, the dignified head of the school patrons and the directors of the

school were all so interested they were down on their knees measuring, calculating, deciding. 'Bookshelves should be so high; have so many shelves.' 'No, no, only so high, these are for children, remember.' And with tapemeasure and rule they entered heartily into the practical details.

"It was a memorable occasion and I wish all Juniors could have been there—a real demonstration of just how they felt about helping their own children.

"The picture of those libraries in Italy comes very sharply before me, the vivid, eager faces of those children eyeing that bit of shelf with the 30 books multiplied many times. I am glad for the American Juniors that they have such a great opportunity to minister to the hungry minds of these adorable children."

Grammar in Rhyme

(An anonymous classic reproduced in commemoration of Better Speech Week, November 5-8, and American Education Week, November 13-24.)

Three little words, you often see,
 Are articles A, An, and The.
 A Noun is the name of anything,
 As School, or Garden, Hoop, or Swing.
 Adjectives tell the kind of Noun,
 As Great, Small, Pretty, White, or Brown.
 Instead of Nouns the Pronouns stand,
 Her head, His face, Your arm, My hand.
 Verbs tell of something being done—
 To Read, Count, Laugh, Sing, Jump, or Run.
 How things are done the adverbs tell,
 As Slowly, Quickly, Ill, or Well.
 Conjunctions join the words together—
 As men And women, wind And weather.
 The Preposition stands before
 A noun, as In or Through a door.
 The Interjection shows surprise,
 As Oh! how pretty! Ah! how wise!
 The Whole are called nine parts of speech,
 Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

ALICE IN GRAMMARLAND

*A Play for Better Speech Week, November 5-8, and
American Education Week, November 18-24, based
on "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland."*

By Louise Franklin Bache

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY C. FITZ

CHARACTERS OF THE PLAY

ALICE.
DINAH, a real cat.
THE WHITE RABBIT, herald of the court.
THE QUEEN, author of the grammar book.
THE KING, the Queen's husband.
TWELVE JURORS, animals and birds. (This
number may be reduced if desired.)
THE HATTER.
THE DUCHESS.
TWEELDEDEE and TWEEDLEDUM.
TWO SOLDIERS.
THE LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER
THE CLERK OF THE COURT.

PROLOGUE

The Prologue may be given in front of stage curtain.

ALICE (enters with cat under one arm and a book of English composition under the other. Advances slowly talking to cat): Now, Dinah, there is no use in making a fuss. You are going to study your English lesson whether you wish to or no. Your purrs sound very rusty lately. Besides, I have noticed to my great distress that you have fallen into the way of punctuating your sentences with wags of your tail in quite the wrong places. Punctuation marks are precious things. You have to be awfully careful how you scatter them about. There, I do not mean *awfully* but very careful, Dinah. Observe the correction, please, and profit by it. (Advances to center of stage. Seats herself on ground; opens book; holds it before Dinah.) Dinah, stop looking around this minute. How can you expect to learn your lesson if you keep your head turning like a windmill? Concentrate, my dear Dinah, concentrate! Perhaps you do not know what concentration means. You don't? Well there is a nice little rule which goes like this,—“A new word learned each day will help you express your thoughts in the best and fullest way.” Just think, Dinah, of all the wonderful things you could tell me if only you had a larger vocabulary. Hm! You do not wish to learn a new word. Well, I'm truly sorry, Dinah, but one has to do a great many things one doesn't wish to, you know.

RABBIT (enters in haste without observing Alice): Oh! my ears and whiskers, how dark it is getting! I shall be late at Court.



Rabbit to Alice: I speak English. If you cannot apprehend the meaning of my words, whose fault is it?

ALICE: Curious! curiousest! curiousest! (Scrambling to feet.) No, that is all wrong, Dinah. I mean, curious, more curious, most curious. That is the most curious sight I have ever seen!

RABBIT (rushes back and forth across stage): The Queen, the Queen, Oh, my dear paws! Oh, my fur and whiskers! She'll have me executed as sure as cats are cats.

ALICE (intercepts Rabbit): I heard you mention a Queen. I'd give anything in the world to see a real Queen.

RABBIT (stops; looks Alice over; spies cat, shudders; hurries off; speaks over shoulder): Your language is wantonly extravagant. However, for your benefit I will say that no one who carries a carnivorous, domesticated quadruped is permitted to gaze at my Queen.

ALICE (rushes after Rabbit; grabs sleeve): You use such long words I am not sure that I know what you mean. If you are by any chance speaking of my cat, I can assure you she will not mind being left at home.

RABBIT (struggling to free himself): I speak English. If you cannot apprehend the meaning of my words, whose fault is it? (Exit Rabbit.)

ALICE (slowly): I guess he does mean you, Dinah, after all. (Exit from stage. Voice from off stage.) Run along! You are excused from your lesson today.

ACT I.

Scene: Court in Palace of King and Queen of Grammarland. A double throne on raised platform in center back of stage. King and Queen are seated on throne. The King is Judge. He wears crown over wig. Holds book written by Queen. The Queen wears spectacles and knits. Two soldiers stand on either side of King and Queen. The Lord High Executioner takes his place on the opposite side from that occupied by the jury. Jurors are writing on slates when scene opens. Their slate pencils squeak frequently. The clerk of the court sits at low table in front of them. Rabbit accompanied by Alice enters. Alice stands by jury box. Every time a pencil squeaks she covers her ears. Rabbit bows low before throne.

KING (in thundering tones): Come to order at once. Herald, read the accusation.

RABBIT (unrolls scroll; reads): "The Queen of Grammarland wrote a book, all on a summer day. The King of Grammarland took that book, and ordered all its rules to obey." (To King.) There are some, Your Majesty, who refuse to comply with the royal decree.

KING (sternly): Summon the offenders before me at once!

RABBIT (blows on trumpet. Two soldiers rush down throne steps and out. Return with prisoner. Soldiers take former places.): The Hatter, Your Majesty.

HATTER (enters with hat on head, a teacup in one hand and a piece of bread and butter in the other): I beg your pardon, Your Majesty, for bringin' these here things with me.

KING (sternly): Remove your hat. Can you not see there are ladies present?

HATTER: Say, listen! The hat ain't mine.

CLERK OF THE COURT: It must have been stolen then. (To Jurors.) Write that down. (Jurors repeat words in chorus. Pencils squeak.)

HATTER: The hat ain't stole. I'm a hatter, I keep 'em to sell, I ain't got none of my own. I'm an awfully poor man, Your Majesty.

CLERK OF COURT: I have evidence to prove that the prisoner has his pockets full of gold.

KING: I do not wish your evidence. I judge a man's wealth not by the gold he has in his pockets, but by the words he lets fall from his mouth. Therefore, I agree with the Hatter. He is a poor man,—a very poor man.

QUEEN (looking over spectacles): The Hatter has never studied my grammar or he would not use incorrect words nor drop letters from his words. I therefore recommend, my dear (turning to King), that he be given the prescribed punishment for such offences.

KING (nods approval. To Executioner): Off with his head! (Executioner grabs Hatter roughly. Turns him with face to wall. Resumes his place in court.)

ALICE (stamps foot): I never heard of anything so absurd in my life. Imagine losing your head because you make mistakes in your English!

QUEEN (calmly): It is not so absurd as it seems, my dear. What good is a head if one does not use it?

CLERK OF COURT (to Jurors): Write that down.

(Jurors write with great squeaking of pencils; repeating the words in chorus.)

ALICE (aloud to herself): I'm glad they do not feel that way about it at home. It would be rather sad for the mothers and fathers of some of the children I know.

KING (in thundering voice): On with the next case.

RABBIT (blows trumpet. Soldiers hurry out, returning with the Duchess carrying pepperbox. Sneezes are heard throughout courtroom while case is being tried.)

KING: What charge is brought against this prisoner?

RABBIT: It is said, Your Majesty, that she peppers her speech with slang.

ALICE: Whoever heard of such a silly statement? One may pepper one's food, but one cannot pepper one's speech.

QUEEN (calmly): One may, one can, one does pepper one's speech! The effect is quite the same as when there is too much pepper in the food except instead of irritating the mouth and nose it irritates the ears.

ALICE (in great distress): But you wouldn't execute a person for a little thing like that, would you? Why, in the United States there are ever so many boys and girls who use slang and no one thinks anything about it.

QUEEN (firmly): They

should think about it. It is a very important matter.

KING (reading from book): "Slang is an expression of weakness and ignorance. It shows that you are not willing to take the time or make the effort to find out the proper method of expressing yourself or else you are blind to the possibilities of your language." (Closes book with bang. To the Executioner.) Off with the Duchess' head! Bury the pepperbox! (Executioner places Duchess next to Hatter with face to wall. Hurries pepperbox out of Court amid much sneezing.) Silence! How can I give orders in such a racket? (To Rabbit.) Call the next case.

RABBIT (blows trumpet. Soldiers rush out. Return with two prisoners. Rabbit reads from scroll): Tweedledum and Tweedledee agreed to have a battle for Tweedledum said Tweedledee had spoiled his nice new rattle."

ALICE (eagerly rushing up to Tweedledum and Tweedledee): Really and truly did you fight over such a trifle?

TWEEDLEDUM (pulling forelock and bowing): No,



King of Grammarland (sternly): It is more important to watch one's speech than to watch one's step. If one forgets his feet he hurts only himself, but if he forgets his tongue he injures not only himself but others as well



miss, the rattle didn't have a thing to do with it. That was the reporter's way of writing it up.

ALICE: What was the trouble then?

TWEEDLEDEE (pulling forelock and bowing): I'll explain it. Tweedledum insisted upon

using singular subjects with plural verbs.

TWEEDLEDUM: And he (pointing to Tweedledee) insisted upon using plural subjects with singular verbs.

TWEEDLEDEE (jerking thumb in Tweedledum's direction): So nothing he said agreed—

TWEEDLEDUM: —with anything I said.

QUEEN: The sad part of it was, you both knew better.

TWEEDLEDUM and TWEEDLEDEE (bowing): Yes! Your Majesty, but our words got twisted.

KING: Your motto should be, "Watch your speech."

ALICE (to King): You mean "Watch your step," do you not?

KING (sternly): I mean what I say, or, in other words, I say what I mean. It is more important to watch one's speech than to watch one's step. If one forgets his feet he hurts only himself, but if he forgets his tongue he injures not only himself but others as well.

ALICE (to King): You have such a curious way of explaining things.

QUEEN (to Alice): The King's words may be described as wise, but never curious, my dear.

RABBIT (pointing to Alice): Your Majesty, this creature has repeatedly disturbed my dignity and the dignity of the Court with her irrelevant remarks. I therefore move that the Court issue an adjudication on this biped, under apprehension.

ALICE (angrily): And I move that the White Rabbit be punished for using such long words. I am sure I don't know what he is talking about. And what is more, I don't believe he does either.

QUEEN: Your point is well taken, Alice.

KING (looking at Alice): It is said that people who live in glass houses should not throw stones. Your English, Alice, is quite as faulty as the White Rabbit's.

QUEEN (to King): They are both apprentices, my dear. Every apprentice must learn to know his tools before he can use them well. Let us hope some day Alice and the White Rabbit will become masters. They will then take pride in the beauty and majesty of the Eng-

lish language and learn to choose their words as they choose flowers,—because of their affection for them. (Turning to King.) My dear, if I do not put a roast in the oven at once you will have no dinner. I therefore move that the Court be adjourned.



CLERK OF THE COURT: Jurors remember to put up your slates and powder your wigs! (Scraping of chairs; much confusion. The King arises, offers arm to Queen. The soldiers follow holding up trains of King and Queen. The Jurors walk two by two; the Clerk of Court and the Lord High Executioner bring up the rear of the procession. Alice curtsies to King, and Queen. Alice, the Rabbit, and the condemned subjects are left in Court.)

ALICE (claps hands in glee): The Executioner has gone! And the Hatter, the Duchess, Tweedledee, and Tweedledum still have their heads! (The prisoners turn in unison and face Alice at these words.)

RABBIT (shakes Alice roughly): Of course they have their heads. Who said they wouldn't have their heads? You must be dreaming.

EPILOGUE

The epilogue may be given in front of the stage curtain.

ALICE (enters with Dinah in her arms): Dinah, did you hear the impertinent White Rabbit say I had been dreaming? Dreaming, the very idea! (Pauses.) Anyway if it was a dream it was the most real dream I ever had. I shall never forget the King and Queen, the Hatter, the Duchess, Tweedledum and Tweedledee, and the White Rabbit of Grammarland. Dinah, you should have been with me. It would have been a real education for you. Even I learned a great deal. From now on, I am going to watch your speech and mine most carefully. Let me see! What was the new word you were to add to your vocabulary? You do not remember it? Well, all I have to say, Dinah, is that it is much safer for you to carry that stupid little head of yours around in the U. S. A. than it would be in Grammarland. (Exit from stage.)

Autumn in the Rocky Mountains



Courtesy Denver Tourist Bureau

Long's Peak Trail in November

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Miss Bache has consented to write three more playlets for JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS. One will be on "Fitness for Service," scheduled for January; one on the history of the Red Cross, which probably will appear in February, and one on "Independence Days the World Over," scheduled for April.

GEMS FOR THANKSGIVING

Thanks

By LILLIAN M. JONES

For home, for food,
For friends, for love,
We humbly thank
The God above;
And may our lives,
In all we do,
Prove loyal to
His love so true.

Thanksgiving Hymn

ANONYMOUS

To the Giver of all blessings
Let our voices rise in praise,
For the joys and countless mercies
He hath sent to crown our days;
For the homes of peace and plenty,
And a land so fair and wide,
For the labor of the noonday,
And the rest of eventide.

For the wealth of golden harvests,
For the sunlight and the rain,
For the grandeur of the ocean,
For the mountain and the plain;
For the ever-changing seasons
And the comforts which they bring,
For Thy love, so grand, eternal,
We would thank Thee, O Our King.

A Boy's Thanksgiving

By JULIA ZITELLA COCKE

Thanks, dear God, for all the fun
I have had throughout the year;
For the smiling sky and sun,
For the summer's glorious cheer;
Thanks for every jolly game
I have played in field and wood,
Thanks for lovely flowers that come
Blooming where the snowdrifts stood.

Thanks for all the luscious fruit,
Apples red and purple grapes;
Thanks for vine and tree and root,
Melons of all sorts and shapes.
Thank You for the noisy rain,
Making music down the eaves,
Knocking at the window-pane
Dancing with the happy leaves.

Thank You for the winter days
Beautiful with ice and snow,



Drawing from life in a mountain cabin, by Anna Milo Upjohn

*"Thanks for joyous Christmastide,
And the pretty stories told
By the bright and warm fireside"*

Merry rides in jingling sleighs,
Coasting, skating to and fro.
Thanks for joyous Christmastide,
And the pretty stories told
By the bright and warm fireside,
Safe from harm and wind and cold.

Thank You for the stars and moon,
For the great, wide ocean, too,
Thank You for the bird's sweet tune,
Laughing brooks and sparkling dew.
Oh, so many thanks we need
For Your kindness, and, I say,
Thank You very much, indeed,
For the gift—Thanksgiving Day.

Thanksgiving Joy

By LOUELLA C. POOLE

Stilled the crickets' shrilly cry,
See the wild geese southward fly,
Honking through the leaden sky,
"Now 'tis gray November!"
For the crops all garnered in,
For the overflowing bin,
For loved ties of kith and kin,
Grateful hearts remember—

Sitting round the bounteous board—
To give thanks unto the Lord
For the blessings on us poured,

And in equal measure
Let us not forget to share
With our brothers elsewhere
Of all good gifts sweet and fair—
Of our store and treasure;

Not forgetting e'en the least
Little bird and humble beast;
Let us spread for them a feast—
Make them glad of living!
How our gratitude express
Better than by thoughtfulness,
Others' lives to truly bless,
By the joy of giving!

Give Thanks

ANONYMOUS

Give thanks for night, give thanks for day,
Give thanks for work, give thanks for play,
Give thanks for sleep, give thanks for food,
Give thanks for all that does us good.

God's Gifts

By MYRA A. BUCK

The fragrant flowers,
The cooling breeze,
The bird's sweet song,
The leafy trees,
The blue, blue sky
The sunshine bright,
The twinkling stars,
The moon's soft light,
The changing clouds,
The rain, the snow,
The rosy dawn,
The sunset's glow,
The sloping hills,
The forest shade,
The valleys green,
The sunny glade,
The little rills,
The rivers wide,
The sandy shore,
The ocean tide,
Each pretty view,
Each golden day,
Each pleasing joy
Where'er you stay,
Are gifts of God to man.

JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

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The world needs education in order that there may be a better estimation of true values. . . . If world problems are to be solved, it will be through greater application, through more education, through a deeper faith, and a more complete reliance upon moral forces
—Calvin Coolidge

A Mail Box for Every School

Here is a project that should interest Juniors everywhere! Why not see to it that all schools enrolled in the American Junior Red Cross receive not only their copies of JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS but all information that will help them increase their usefulness as active Juniors?

Every farmer has his mailbox with his name boldly stenciled on its side. Sometimes at a crossroads there is a whole bevy of boxes, companionably perched upon their posts. But when the postman comes to a rural school without a mailbox he passes on, and as far as the Postoffice is concerned that school is unknown.

All Juniors can be of real service by making sure that each rural school in their district is supplied with a mailbox. This will enable these rural schools enrolled in the Junior Red Cross to receive regularly each month their copies of JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS, the Calendar, and other Junior literature. Certainly if they wish to engage in school correspondence with boys and girls in Europe they must have an address to which foreign children may send their replies. A country school that is without a mailbox is without an address.

In Idaho, Oregon, and Washington, Juniors have used part of their Service Fund to buy mailboxes for their schools. In some other states Juniors in a few schools have performed the same service. An effort is now to be made to make this a serious piece of Junior work throughout the country.

Before Juniors attempt to supply their schools with mailboxes, they should consult their local Postmaster who will be glad to advise them as to the kind of boxes

to set up and furnish them with the names of makers from whom approved boxes may be purchased. These Juniors then will be able to assure for their school a business address, a means of keeping in touch with the rest of the world.

Growth of American Junior Red Cross

Figures recently compiled at National Headquarters in Washington show that there was an increase in the enrollment of the American Junior Red Cross during the past fiscal year of 333,539 pupils over the number enrolled during the preceding year. The total enrollment was 4,827,261 pupils, representing 24,289 schools and 125,072 school rooms.

The subscriptions to JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS totaled 131,132, an increase over the former year of 7,614. As subscriptions to the NEWS are chiefly by classrooms rather than by individuals, this increase is significant of a much larger number of readers than circulation figures ordinarily indicate.

International school correspondence has taken a very important place in the international program of the American Junior Red Cross as shown by the fact that during the past year 2,009 schools were engaged in correspondence between the United States and European countries as against 1,311 schools which were participating in this friendly activity at the beginning of the year.

Don't Give Up

By PHEBE CAREY

If you've tried, and have not won,
Never stop for crying,
All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.

If by easy work you beat,
Who the more will prize you?
Gaining victory from defeat,
That's the test that tries you!

A. R. C. S. V. E. J. R. C.

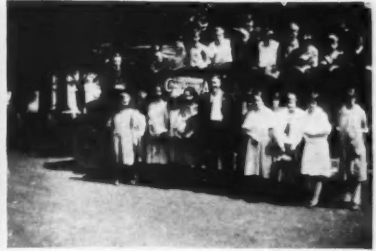
Recreational and Educational Motion Pictures

JUNIOR RED CROSS and AMERICAN RED CROSS motion pictures on subjects of service and hygiene, together with beautiful scenics of foreign lands, are available to schools, churches, clubs, and other non-theatrical organizations through the following libraries of the SOCIETY FOR VISUAL EDUCATION, INC., the exclusive national distributor for these productions.

Rental rates—\$2.00 per reel per day

Make your bookings through distributor nearest you.
Chicago, Ill.—Society for Visual Education, Inc., 806 West Washington Blvd.
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Oklahoma City, Okla.—H. O. Davis, 125 S. Hudson Street.
Berkeley, Calif.—Edward H. Mayer, Extension Division, University of California.
St. Paul, Minn.—Saint Paul Institute, 4th St. Front, Auditorium.
Seattle, Wash.—Cosmopolitan Film Exchange, 2022 Third Ave.
Detroit, Mich.—Michigan Film Library, 338 John R. Street.
Atlanta, Ga.—Enterprise Distributing Corp., 104 Walton Street.
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FATHER NEPTUNE'S PILGRIMAGE



OLD Father Neptune, King of the Sea, as impersonated by Mr. Wilbert E. Longfellow of the Life-Saving Staff of the American Red Cross, made a tour of fifty-six swimming holes where Red Cross Juniors swim, during the summer of 1923.

At Randolph, Vermont, where the playground is under the Red Cross Chapter, the sea king was escorted by all the children of the town, led by the athletic director. Neptune and his Court rode in a big touring car at the head of the procession. Later King Neptune accepted the Randolph brook as part of his domain and gave his blessing to the stream and swimmers before he left to return to the ocean. During his Vermont trip, where he visited twenty-two towns in fifteen days, it was necessary to carry the Juniors sometimes as far

as twenty miles to a lake or stream where the demonstration was given.

A big auto truck and several touring-car loads assembled on the village green at Brandon, Vermont, and were taken out to Lake Dunmore. The demonstration was given at one of the boys' camps of the Keewaydin group and the accompanying pictures show the children at the truck waiting for the beginners' class in the lake. At Barre, in the same State, three hundred people were driven eighteen miles each way in fifty autos to see Mr. Longfellow demonstrate how to use the ordinary swimming strokes for safety. The trip was part of the Red Cross plan to train 20,000 Juniors as life-savers during 1923.

Every Junior should be a swimmer!

IN A PUEBLO INDIAN HOME

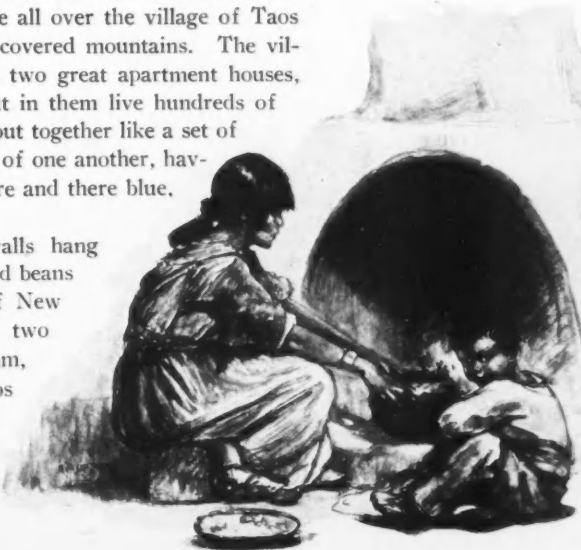
THE woman in the Junior Red Cross Calendar picture for November, painted by Anna Milo Upjohn, sat parching corn by slowly turning the pot containing it before the open fire. Near her sat "Wind on the Mountain" warming his toes. There was no window in the room but light came through a hole in the ceiling, and by climbing a ladder which led up through the hole you came out on to the flat roof of the house below. From there you could see all over the village of Taos and far beyond to snow-covered mountains. The village is hardly more than two great apartment houses, one four stories high, but in them live hundreds of people. The houses are put together like a set of packing boxes set on top of one another, having few windows, but here and there blue, green, or pink doors.

Against the adobe walls hang strings of red peppers and beans drying in the hot sun of New Mexico. Between the two houses runs a clear stream, coming down from Taos Peak, the blue mountain which over-shadows the village or Pueblo. There are cottonwood trees at its base and

piñon forests half way up, and deep canyons like hands of purple shadow carved by the melting snow. From these mountains the Taos Indians get their firewood and the water for their fields of corn and wheat. The fields belong to the village in common and each family takes its turn at tilling them. Early in the morning the governor of the Pueblo calls from the housetop the names of those who are to work that day. When the harvest is ripe it is divided among all.

Nearly 400 years ago (1541) the Spaniards came up from Mexico seeking the rich cities of which they had heard strange rumors. They did not find the expected treasures but they discovered Taos standing much as it is today. How much older the Pueblo is, nobody knows.

Junior Red Cross ideals and activities are being introduced in Indian schools.



GREAT AMBER ROAD

By Anna Milo Upjohn

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

THE village ended where the forest began. Two great pine trees stood out like gateposts and between them the road ran into the depths of the wood. Along this road on a summer morning came a herd of cows led by a small dog and followed by a boy in a white shirt embroidered in orange and black. He wore a round cap with a falcon's feather and under his arm he carried a violin. This was Jaroslav, the village cowherd. Presently dog, boy, and cows passed between the great pines and disappeared into the shadow beyond, as though into an enchanted forest. But if you had waited half an hour you would have seen them emerge high upon the mountainside into a clearing of smooth green fields.

It was vacation, otherwise Jaroslav would have been in school. He was glad to be able to earn something during the holidays and it was not hard work looking after the cows. Jaroslav spent a great deal of time with his violin playing over all the tunes he had heard and composing new ones. The one he liked best he called

a Hillside Song. It began with the sigh of the wind in the pines, then a bird's song broke across it and died away. Again the wind swept through the trees, bringing the cling-clang of cowbells and the slipping march of cattle winding their way down the wood path. All this Jaroslav had tried to put into music. He had worked hard for weeks and now he could play it smoothly.

Before the war his father had made a good living cutting and hauling timber. They had had a cow and a horse and cart too. But now they had only a goat. So there was far less milk than there used to be and no butter at all.

Sometimes Jaroslav took a book with him to the pasture. He loved to read about the heroes of his own land. But what filled his mind most was the story of "Great Amber Road," an ancient route which hundreds of years before ran from Pressburg straight up to the Baltic Sea. Over it passed many traders in search of amber, a strange, new treasure in those days found on the shores of the Baltic. Men risked their lives to get it, and when they had found it they sold it at a great price to Roman and Greek merchants who had it carved into ornaments; and amulets, and often into cups and bowls which were then studded with jewels and used in the houses of princes.



Lidka, Jaroslav's sister, loved his Hillside Song

Ages ago "Great Amber Road" had been forgotten and stretches of it lost entirely. But of course it must be there if only one could follow it up and at the end no doubt there were still beds of the precious amber. Jaroslav longed to rediscover it.

Today was Saturday and as he looked out over the sunny landscape he said to himself that it was no use dreaming only of "Great Amber Road." He must really start on his quest if he meant to succeed. "I'll go tomorrow," he said, "while Mother and Lidka are at church. I can take my week's wages with me and when it is gone I will play for my meals."

He had often noticed a faint streak of road between the hills, running north and south, which he felt would lead him in the direction in which he wished to go.

That night he received nine crowns, the most he had ever had for a week's work, and he went home elated, rattling the handful of coins in his pockets.

Early the next morning his sister Lidka and his mother went to church, leaving Jaroslav in charge of the baby. He took out his Sunday shirt of white linen and his vest of black cloth embroidered with silver and green. Then he brushed his hair carefully. Flick, his dog, sat thumping his tail, expectantly. But the baby, who should have slept, waved his arms in the air and crowed merrily. Jaroslav took down his violin, fell on his knees beside the cradle, and began softly to play the Hillside Song.

The room was very still. Only the voice of the violin trembled in and out of the shadowy corners, and presently the baby dropped quietly to sleep.

Jaroslav rose, went to the cupboard, got a large piece of bread and cheese and some cold potatoes. These he tied into a clean handkerchief. Then he took a long look about the room. There was the pendulum clock, the shelves crowded with gaily painted china, his mother's distaff in the corner, the carved chairs and green porcelain stove.

He touched the money in his pocket and was sure of success. Then it occurred to him that his mother would need the money more than ever if he were not there to earn something the next week. So he took it from his pocket and put it on the table. "I have my violin, I shall not need," he said proudly.

On a piece of paper he wrote: "Dear Mother: Do not worry if I don't come back for several

days. It's all right. You will be glad that I went."

He turned for his cap and Flick sprang to the door.

But when Jaroslav stopped for one last look at the baby, he realized that he ought not to leave him alone. Flick must stay on guard. This was harder than leaving the money, for Jaroslav had counted on Flick's company as much as though he had been another boy. "Here, Flick," he said softly, "on guard!" But Flick could not believe it. He waved his tail frantically, snorting and scratching the door. "No, no, Flick, come back!" said his master, and Flick, puzzled, and crestfallen, stretched himself beside the cradle. Then Jaroslav picked up his violin, and went out alone.

Meantime his mother and Lidka came home from church. The baby was safe in his cradle but there was only Flick to greet them, and not until she found Jaroslav's note, did his mother know what to make of it.

"He must have gone to Aunt Ancha for the festival at Buchlovy," she said to Lidka.

Near dusk Jaroslav came to a small town with a river flowing through it, and on one side a hill crowned with an old castle. Down by the river were factories and as the people who worked in them were free on Sunday the streets were full of movement.

Jaroslav had eaten his lunch long ago and was hungry again, but he was shy of playing to the crowd. It was quite different from the quiet of the woods and fields with only the cows as listeners. But at last he stood on a corner of the Square and lifted his bow bravely.

The strains of the Hillside Song rose faintly above the clatter of the street, for the pavement was of cobbles, and people hurried by noisily. Jaroslav changed to dance tunes and folk songs, but the crowd was going to the moving pictures where there was a band and no one paid any attention to the child fiddling on the corner. So at last he stole softly away unnoticed, with big unshed tears in his eyes. He did not so much mind being hungry, but no one had cared for his song and that made him feel very lonely.

It was twilight on the road when he passed out of the town. He thought sharply of his mother and Lidka, of Flick and the baby, and all the dear familiar objects in the room. "I'll walk all night so that I can get back sooner," he thought, and he quickened his pace. But his feet burned and his eyes were heavy with sleep. Besides he had begun to have misgivings about his quest. The further he got from home the less real it seemed. And those of whom he asked directions had shaken their heads and said they knew nothing of "Great Amber Road."

In the blue distance a rapidly moving light appeared. It must

be an automobile. He stepped aside into the bushes to watch it pass. But just before it reached him there was a loud report, the great machine gasped and sighed helplessly, and then slowed to a stop. Jaroslav saw a man get out of the car, open a box at the side and take out a lantern. After lighting it, with much grunting and some angry muttering he proceeded to jack up a wheel and put on a new tire.

Jaroslav had never seen a man quite like this one. He looked like a man who knew things and Jaroslav longed to go forward and ask him about "Great Amber Road" and what he thought of the whole plan. But he did not know how to speak to this stocky, grey-haired person in the linen duster.

When he saw him begin to put up his tools, however, he realized that in a few minutes he would be gone forever if he did not make the effort. Then an idea came to him. Putting his violin to his shoulder he began the Hillside Song. At the first notes the man started and stood up. He did not move or speak but stared in the direction from which the sound came until it floated away over the lonely road to the dark woods.

"Hello there!" cried the man in a strong voice, "Come out here!" He held the lantern at arm's length and Jaroslav emerged timidly from the darkness into the circle of light. "What do you want?" the man demanded shortly.

"Sir," faltered Jaroslav, "are we on 'Great Amber Road'?"

"Great Grandmother!" snorted the man, "We are on the road to Brno!"

"Then I am not going north after all," stammered Jaroslav, startled by the thought that he would have to begin his journey all over again.

"Where do you want to go?" asked the man.

"To the Baltic."

"To the Baltic! What's the matter, Son?" asked the man, looking more closely; and then, seeing that the hand which held the violin trembled, he added kindly, "Jump up and tell me all about it."

So Jaroslav, who had never been in an auto, climbed in, awestruck. Instead of starting the car the man lighted a cigar. "Run away from home, have you?" he asked.

Then Jaroslav began at the beginning and told of the necessity of his earning enough to really help his mother without waiting to grow up; how the amber treasure was the only thing he knew of as a resource, and of the doubts of his ever finding it which had come to him as he walked that night.

"I would be content to wait until I was grown up if only I could get a cow *now*," said



Jaroslav sat on the bench which was built around the porcelain stove and told them of his great adventure

Jaroslav sadly. The man puffed silently for some time. Then he startled Jaroslav by asking abruptly, "Any rabbits where you live?" "Oh, yes," cried Jaroslav, "millions of them. They get into the gardens and they—." "That's good," said the man cutting him short. "Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I have a hat factory in Brno and I need all the rabbit skins I can get. Now I'll buy the cow and you can catch rabbits for me until she's paid for. I'll take the skins on account. My agent goes through your part of the country twice a month and he will collect them. What do you think about that plan, son? Beats amber, doesn't it?" "Can I really catch enough rabbits to pay for a cow?" gasped Jaroslav. "But now I don't need to go to the Baltic," he cried shrilly as the opportunity burst upon him. "I can go home!" and seizing his cap he jumped wildly out of the car.

"Hold on," shouted the man. "Where are you going?" "I'm going to walk all night so that I can begin catching rabbits tomorrow." Then remembering that he had not thanked his friend he began stammering his happiness.

"Get in," said the man tersely, "where do you think this car is going?"

As they sped through the night on that wonderful ride, he told Jaroslav of a school in Brno where boys

learned all sorts of trades and not only to run cars like the one they were in but even to make them. By the time Jaroslav got out on the edge of the village his life had taken a definite turning.

But this story is not to tell how the cow actually arrived in two weeks' time, or how Jaroslav gradually paid for it in rabbit skins, or how he finally went to the technical school in Brno. It is only of his home coming. How his mother forgave him at sight of his radiant face; how Lidka brought him the first summer apples in her apron, and how, as he sat on the bench which was built around the porcelain stove, he told them of his great adventure.

(NOTE: The fact of an ancient road leading from Pressburg (now the capital of Slovakia) to the Baltic is true. It was also called "Great Amber Road" and was used chiefly by Wendish Traders. The swamp west of Pressburg marked the No Man's Land between Roman Pannonia and the realm of Slavs.)

A Japanese Verse

Now the sun's gone down,

All the shops show lantern lights

Like a firefly town. —*The Japan Magazine.*


FROM A FIT FOR SERVICE BOOK

NOVEMBER

Food Rules:

- ✗ I drink three glasses of milk every day.
- ✗ I eat breakfast every morning.
- ✓ I eat cereal every morning for breakfast.
- ✗ I eat at least one vegetable every day?
- ✗ I eat fruit every day when possible.
- ✓ I am trying to eat candy and other sweets only after meals.
- ✓ I am trying to chew my food thoroughly and slowly.

NOTE: I can put crosses after four of my Food Rules this month. Sometimes we do not have cereal for breakfast at my house, so I could not put a cross there. The sixth and seventh rules are the hardest for me to observe but I am making progress.



LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PAGE

The Trees' Party

By MARY E. STEED

ONCE upon a time all the Trees in the Forest wore uniforms. They were very happy for a long time. Beautiful Birds with gay plumage sang among their branches, Flowers bloomed at their feet. The air was fragrant with the perfume of Violet, Honeysuckle, and Jasmine. Later the Lily and the Rose added their fragrance and charm. Spring turned into Summer, and the Mocking Bird sang throughout the star-lit nights. Then came Autumn with prophetic stillness.

Many Birds flew southward. The Golden Rod and Black-Eyed Susans bowed their graceful heads, the Cat-o'-nine-tails turned brown in the Sun, and the Frogs lent a weird melody.

At last the Trees grew tired of their uniforms; and one beautiful moonlight night they met to discuss ways and means for getting new dresses and coats. The meeting was called to order by the Oak, who was elected President. The Hickory was elected Vice-President, the Maple, Secretary, the Poplar, Treasurer, and the Sweet Gum, Stenographer. The Cedar was appointed Doorkeeper, while it was decided that the Pine should be Sentinel. Southwind blew gently, the Willow wept, the Cedar sighed, and the Pine moaned.

"Even the modest Violet has a white dress sometimes," said the Sycamore, and sighed. "I am tired of wearing this old green dress."

"Flowers like the Lily and the Queen Rose often change their dresses," said the Elm Tree.

"I want a red dress for Thanksgiving," said the Maple, and shook her skirts so angrily that many of her leaves fell to the ground.

The Palm peeped from behind her fan and said, "My dress is soiled, and I mean to ask Jack Frost how to get another one." She blushed and hid her face again.

The Beech tree said, "I am getting cold, and I intend to consult the Seasons about an overcoat!" He drew his thin coat tightly around him.

The Holly said, "I am really doing very well. I attend so



Drawing by Anna Milo Upjohn

Watching the Trees' Party

many parties at Christmas times and see so many happy people. I listen to the music and watch the merry dancers. The children like my green dress and pretty red berries."

"Why am I compelled to wear the same suit all the year round?" thundered the Oak, the King of the Forest. He shook himself from head to foot, and made so much noise that Northwind came to see what it was about.

They talked and complained and fussed so long that it was too late to go home, so they all went to sleep and slept for days and nights. One morning, while the Sun was shining brightly, King Oak awoke and rubbed his eyes and found that his coat was a beautiful brown. The Beech and Hickory had brown coats too, and Miss Maple's dress was red and she could go happily to her Thanksgiving dinner. The Sweet Gum, Palm, and Willow wore yellow dresses. All the trees in the Forest had new coats and dresses.

Northwind whistled a merry tune. The King bowed low to Miss Maple, they joined hands, and began to dance. The Tulip tree, the Magnolia, the Sweet Bay, and even the Cypress joined in the dance. The Walnut tried to dance but found his garments were too heavy. The Brook gurgled and rippled and sang. The Willow stopped weeping, the Cedar its sighing, and the Pine tree its moaning. All the Trees in the Forest were happy once more.

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Have Sunshine

By ALEXA STANTICH

In Jugo-Slav Junior Red Cross Magazine

Have sunshine in your heart, then when the storm comes and the sky is dark and life seems like an icy blast—in spite of all this and through your darkest day the blessed light from within will comfort you.

Have a song on your lips that happiness rings around you—then though misfortune persecutes you daily—even in your deepest distress, the blessed light from within will comfort you.

Have a gentle word for those who address you in anger. . . . Have sunshine in your heart and radiate life and love.

AMERICAN EDUCATION WEEK

NOVEMBER 18-24 is American Education Week. Through an

error it is indicated in the Junior Red Cross Calendar as falling in the week December 3-9, which was its date last year. However, the suggestions made for its observance on the December page of the Calendar are equally good for November, and all that is necessary is to use these suggestions *this* month instead of next. Do not forget that the correct date is November 18-24.

The United States Bureau of Education has issued a pamphlet containing "Suggestions for the Observance of American Education Week." This has been distributed widely and doubtless a copy of it is already in your school for your use. Sunday, November 18, is "For God and Country Day"; Monday, November 19, is "American Constitution Day"; Tuesday, November 20, is "Patriotism Day." During these days emphasis will be given to education for our country's service. At the Annual Convention of the American Red Cross held in September, one of the speakers, who is the principal of a school in New York City in which there are 3,000 children of foreign parentage, many of them born in foreign countries, said, "I believe that the Junior Red Cross is the agency by which the finest lessons in democracy and true Americanism can be taught, and that the children in our school are teaching these lessons when they are enrolled under the banner of the Red Cross and fulfilling its pledge." The American Junior Red Cross includes 5,000,000 children in 125,000 school rooms distributed in every State and territory, in rural and city schools, and including native Americans and foreign-born, all working together for national ideals and purposes.

November 21 is "School and Teacher Day." "Service for the School" is one of the main purposes of the Junior Red Cross, as is indicated on every page of the Junior Red Cross Calendar. In the suggestions in the pamphlet issued by the U. S. Bureau of Education emphasis is placed upon the needs of rural schools. At the Annual Convention of the American Red Cross, another of the speakers referred to these needs as one of the "emergencies" in helping to meet which the

By Arthur William Dunn
NATIONAL DIRECTOR, AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS

Junior Red Cross can render great service.

Thursday, November 22, is "Illiteracy Day," on which attention will be given to the problems presented by the large number of people in our country who can neither read nor write and those who cannot use the English language; while Friday, November 23, is "Community Day." Reference to the Junior Red Cross Calendar will show that "Community Service" is one of the main objectives of Junior Red Cross throughout the entire year, as is also "Fitness for Service," which should give all Juniors an interest in "Physical Education Day," which is Saturday, November 24.

In every country of the world where there is a Junior Red Cross it is recognized as one of the strongest educational influences for national unity and patriotism. This is as true in Czechoslovakia, or Poland, or Austria, as it is of the United States. The patriotism which the Junior Red Cross fosters in each country is one which says, not "my country *against* the world," but "my country *for* the world." It is an instrument by which the schools of all nations are educating their children in love for country, while at the same time break-

ing down prejudice and hatred between countries. The Junior Red Cross had an important place in the World Education Conference at San Francisco last July because of the great contribution that it is making toward the fostering of understanding and friendship among all the nations of the world.

From these facts it will be seen that there is special reason why the Junior Red Cross should take a deep interest in American Education Week and why the exercises for this week should be especially good in schools enrolled in this organization. One of the foremost school superintendents has said that there can be no doubt of the great contribution to public education of the Junior Red Cross and that nothing which has happened in the schools within the last half century has done so much to enable school teachers and superintendents to think of their work in its relation to real life as the work of service which school children themselves have done during and since the war.



Cartoon in San Francisco Chronicle

A tribute to the work of the National Education Association

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