

# JUNIOR RED CROSS

# NEWS

November 1922. "I Serve"



*A boy of Toledo, Spain*



*If taught Junior ideals, Turks would show good will to all*



*Two Serbian shepherd boys in a mountain gorge*



*This real little girl lives in Zeeland, Holland. She is of Spanish descent*



*Two girls of Bethlehem, Palestine, in native costume*



*These dear children might be in any Western country. They are French*



*Rumanian women making yarn. Sleeves are much embroidered*

# QUAINT STORIES ABOUT COSTUMES OF MANY RACES

By Louise Franklin Bache  
Drawings by Anna Milo Upjohn

IN AMERICA you can tell by a person's dress the year it came into fashion and something of the taste of the wearer. But there are countries in this world of ours where dress tells many other interesting things. Up in the Eskimo country, they pay more attention to comfort than to style. As a matter of fact styles change little in this region of long winters and short summers. We find the Eskimo women wearing trousers like the men except they tuck theirs into their boots, while the men wear them on the outside. An outer suit is worn with the fur on the outside and an inner suit is worn with the fur on the inside. Mackintoshes are made from the intestines of fish; stockings from the skins of young reindeer, and boots from sealskin.

Did you ever hear the old-fashioned saying "rain makes children grow?" Well, in Japan this appears to be literally true, for there they have rain shoes with soles of wood set upon thick blocks about three inches high. When you put them on you appear to be walking on stilts and to have grown a magical three inches or more. You need have no worry about the kind of a hat you shall wear in this "Land of the Chrysanthemums," for you will find most of the boys and girls going bareheaded. The girls carry paper parasols to protect them from the sun. Boys and girls wear kimonos on the street. The everyday shoe in Japan is a wooden block bound to the foot by two cords and foot-mittens take the place of stockings.

The children in China look much like the Japanese boys and girls but their clothes are quite different. The Chinese boys wear long dresses and the girls wear the coats and pantalets. Short hair has just come into fashion for boys of China. Many of the boys wear little round silk caps with red buttons on top, but most of the girls go bareheaded. The men wear the finest embroidery, and not the women. It is the men,



*The open door of the World! A scene from the heights of Salonica, Greece, on the Aegean Sea. Mt. Olympus is seen in the distance*

too, who wear the long stockings and the women who wear the socks.

In Korea the kind of hat worn tells what a person is. Now if you are a married man you will wear a horsehair hat. The shape of this will indicate your exact social position. The bright-colored straw hat which you see coming down the street as big as a parasol indicates that the wearer is in deep mourning. The man you see with bare head, hair parted in the middle, braided in a long pig-tail, and tied with a ribbon bow, is a bachelor. In Korea unmarried men are not permitted to wear hats.

We have a saying in America that some people put all their wealth on their backs, meaning that they are foolishly extravagant in their dress. Now over in India a man's thrift is judged by the jewelry which he gives his wife and daughters. So you see women folks busy about their household work with fine

## THE WONDERFUL WORLD

BY WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,  
With the wonderful water 'round you curled,  
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,  
World, you are beautifully dressed.

The wonderful air is over me,  
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree—  
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,  
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You friendly Earth, how far do you go,  
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers that flow,  
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,  
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah! you are so great, and I am so small,  
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;  
And yet, when I said my prayers today,  
A whisper inside me seemed to say,  
"You are more than the Earth, though you are such a dot:  
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!"

silver bangles adorning their wrists. This to the Hindu is the same thing as having a savings account in a bank. Caste is breaking up in India but still is recognized. For instance, you pass a shoemaker at work. He has a thread across his shoulders which shows that he belongs to one of the five orders of workmen—carpenter, hatter, shoemaker, weaver, blacksmith. There are different marks for each caste, for those that work and for those that do not.

Rumanian peasants make their own cloth and design the beautiful embroidery patterns for which their national costume is noted the world around. Each province has its own peculiar variation of the costume. The Queen of Rumania is very fond of the national dress and wears it whenever she can.

The national Greek costume is borrowed from Albania. It consists of a full white kilt which hangs from the waist, bright red garters, and red shoes which curl up at the toes, ending in big black woolen pompoms. A white shirt with a tucked front, full sleeves, and a leather girdle completes the costume.

A peasant girl in Bulgaria wears a long string of gold coins around her neck, which represents the dowry she will some day bring her husband.

The boys and girls of Palestine wear very gay colors but always there is a touch of white somewhere. To be very stylish, if you are a girl, you must wear lemon-colored shoes.

In Brittany the more petticoats a girl wears, the more dressed-up she is. The Breton girl's hair is always brushed tightly back and coiled underneath her cap. Only a slovenly girl would show a single strand.

Every girl in Hungary is supposed to make her own bridal veil. She who does not do so is a slattern, indeed. The favorite color in Hungary is white, and skirts of the national costume are made wide and short. Shawls are very popular. The more shawls you wear, the more elegant you are thought to be.

In Spain most of the people dress just about the way you do, except that the men wear cloaks and the women go about in mantillas or veils instead of hats. Black is generally worn on the streets.

If you go way back in the highlands of Scotland you will be especially interested in discovering that the famous Scotch kilts are still being worn. A kilt, as you know, is a short heavy skirt made of a long piece of plaid pleated or kilted into a band which gives its name of "kilt" to the whole dress. By the kind of plaid you can tell the family or clan to which the wearer belongs.

If you are invited to a party in Poland and it is a very fine party, a girl will wear all the petticoats she can get, for the more petticoats she may choose to wear, the more grand she is supposed to be.

A peep into the wardrobes of Czecho-Slovakia will show you that the people of most of the cities and larger towns wear the same sort of clothes that you do, except on fete days and then out comes the beautiful national costume for which old Bohemia and Slovakia are world-famed—the pleated skirt and numerous petticoats reaching to the knee, a prettily embroidered snowy apron with starched stiff strings tied in back, a white chemisette with big puff sleeves, a bright-colored kerchief crossed in front and another knotted one for the head. What a lot a costume in this country tells us! Each little village has a special way of knotting the kerchief which serves as a cap, so if you know all the tricks of the trade, you will be able to tell at a glance the exact corner of the country and even the



*Going to bed in Brittany (North France)  
means getting between feather mattresses*

name of the town that a stranger hails from.

And now we have come to the United States. "Oh," you say, "we do not dress in a queer way in the United States." Don't we? How about the high heels and the tight skirts, the thin clothes in winter and furs in summer and the frantic attempts we make to keep up with the fashions which change every few months? You see there are really a lot of things about us which appear just as strange to the people of other lands as some of their ways appear to us. One of the fine things about the Junior Red Cross is that we are getting acquainted with children of other lands and learning that in spite of many of their ways which seem queer, these boys and girls are very much like us.

# STARS VERSUS

# CARROT TOPS

**W**HATEVER does he see from that dirty slag heap?" questioned the mother of Franz.

"Bien sur, there's nothing to see!" muttered the father of Franz, a good-natured miner, just off the day shift.

"But something he sees," she asserted, "something which makes his little face shine, dirty though it be with mine soot and mill smoke."

"Le pauvre petit," murmured he, half-submerged in the wash basin; "but what can you expect?" The mother sighed. Speech hushed to thought. Indeed what could you expect? Like thousands of boys and girls in the great coal districts of Belgium, Franz had been born during years of great privation. Fear, hunger, and sorrow, if allowed to have their way, make a frail shadow, not a real boy. "His little legs are stiff as pick handles." Boriaux's voice now issued from folds of a towel.

"All the more reason why you wouldn't believe he'd climb that steep hill," said she, "and yet each day after school he comes and looks up at me with his sweet eyes and says, 'Couldn't I just run up there, Little Mother, before I feed the pigeons and fix the wood?' For the life of me I can't say 'No,' so I bob my head, and away he goes . . . he's there now."

"Let's go up and see," said father Boriaux, by this time cleaned up. So, tucking his neat little wife under his arm, he led the way down long stairs, past other workmen's tenements, through a weed-grown dump, and up the black pyramid, taking care to ascend at an angle invisible to a particular little figure on top. "Quick, get behind the cable house," whispered Boriaux, although whispering was a farce because two feet away his speaking voice was lost in the roar and clangor arising from Charleroi, the unkingly city of "Charles-the-King."

"Fantastique!" she cried. "It is so hideous! See . . . nothing but buildings stand-



*The "plucky little squab" of the Carrot Tops*

**By Elsie Graves Benedict**

clouds pressing it down again! Ugh! What can he see? Yet look at him! My frail little Puss-puss." On the edge of the dump sat a little figure, knees hunched to chin, curly hair tossed back, so far like any other young Belgian from the coal regions. But it was the wrapt expression on his grimy face that caught and held their eyes. "Poor little puss-puss!" breathed the mother again, dreaming of her own happy childhood in the Red Lands of Flanders. "'Tis no place for a child, this Black Country," said she, but her husband did not hear. "Tien-tien," he was saying, "Voyons, Voyons"—pointing, "See . . . Pigeons! He's watching the pigeons!"

Beyond the Iron Foundry, against a streak of open sky birds circled and veered in joyous flight, silhouetted their full size on the near-swing, thin as two bent lines at the turns, and every motion was followed by the eyes of Franz. "I came up here once before," admitted the mother. "It was the same, but I thought it chance. Hours he sat there. Why? What interests him in those pigeons?" As she spoke, with a last sportive sweep the birds tipped sidewise, turned, and raced straight for home in one magnificent rush of speed, passing so close to Franz that his curls stirred, and landing with twitters of satisfaction on the roof of the Boriaux dove-cote. Franz clapped his hands, he shouted for joy, he got to his feet, and holding out his

arms essayed a few stiff and futile jumps. An expression of understanding lighted the father's face. "It's the way one feels in the prison camp," he said excitedly. "You long to move yet you can't . . . your body's too heavy, it won't lift . . . too heavy." "But, Francois," said the mother,



*Charleroi, Belgium, had a slag heap, but no playground, until the Juniors stepped in*



*Charleroi's playground was the beginning of twenty-five others*

to his office. With the doctor was a stranger who evinced interest in the anecdote about Franz and the pigeons. "It's play he needs," said this gentleman, who represented the Junior Red Cross. "Antics for his little body, games that quicken his mind, a chance for his imagination to soar . . . I know, I was just such a boy once." Father Boriaux's face glowed . . . he had been such a boy once, too. It was the doctor who broke the spell. Said he, "That may be very well, but in all this grey and blistered town there's no place big enough for a fly to kick up his heels!" "Except the street," said Madame Boriaux, "and look at the cobblès . . . he'd break his neck." "Or get run over," added the gentleman. Then he walked away a few steps . . . came back. "Madam Boriaux, said he, "Will you do me a favor?"—and Madame Boriaux knew that she would without waiting for him to go on—"Will you lend me your Franz for half an hour? I want to take a look at those pigeons." "Mais oui, oui, Monsieur!" cried she, looking inquiringly at Franz, who had already moved over and grabbed the gentleman's hand and was looking up into his face with what Madame Boriaux declared to be his "pigeon expression."

So off they went together, up the black pyramid, to the edge overlooking the refuse dump and the iron mill. It was getting dark. Distant hills of slag were blueblack, a line of light glowed in the west against which arose dark columns of chimneys spitting forth fire. "Alas, Monsieur," said Franz, as if breaking most sorrowful news, "they fear those red tongues of the chimneys, but (radiantly) tomorrow they will come, and they are so beautiful, Monsieur, so beautiful when they run and leap in the air."

"what can we do? He gets his food now. He walks back and forth to school. He seems well." "I don't know," said the father disturbed. "We might ask the doctor . . . ."

Therefore, the next Sunday as all three of the Boriaux took their afternoon stroll, chancing to see Dr. Wansort, they stopped and asked him what one could do with a certain small lad under such and such conditions. The doctor looked Franz over and said they should come

"Run and leap," repeated the gentleman, suddenly becoming intent in an examination of every block and street that he could see. "Hopeless," he said to himself, "not an inch that isn't covered with . . . Hello! What's this? What is this open space below, there, right there with the trees? . . . See?" Franz, feeling as if something mysterious were in the air, peered down. "Oh, *that*, Monsieur? But this is nothing! A dumping place, Monsieur, for broken bottles, and tins with rust."

## II

What happens now, even if you have guessed, you must pretend not to know. As a beloved little girl in California used to say, "It's a seek-wert." If you hear sounds of digging and hauling from the dump in Charleroi . . . ssh! Magic . . . And also a great deal of exceedingly hard work. Changes, well, I should say, changes! But Franz knew nothing of all this, because Franz was not in Charleroi . . . He was in a hospital in Brussels. There had been an explosion. Hot slag from a mine was being dumped into marshlands just outside the town when, one day, somehow it created a subterranean pressure that blew off the crust, taking it high in the air, and landing a chunk of it on our Franz as he sat watching his flying squadron of pigeons. Poor Franz nearly joined the flying squadrons of angels . . . not quite.

However, in a year "seekwerts" will out. Franz came home, all well again, if a trifle weak. And the first thing he did was to scramble up to his precious, dirty old slag heap, and to . . . but 'w-what was this? . . . where was the gug-garbage dump, 'n' the broken-bottles-and-tins? His eyes open wide with amazement, he stared and stared. Pigeons flew right over his head and he never saw a whisk of a feather. There, down below, sheltered by the trees, was a flat piece of ground where before had been refuse, and this ground was patterned with white lines, and walking around on it (Franz gave a squeak of gladness) was *the* gentleman with a strong young man dressed in . . . "Oh! La-la," gasped Franz at his first sight of a track suit.

Timidly then, he went down and into the enclosure and stood about in a lonely lost-puppy fashion, watch-

ing boys and girls who seemed extraordinarily at home in this surprising place. At last the young American in the "lil-bits-uv-pants" and the sleeveless jersey saw the new arrival, and strode over to Franz. But before he got there *the* gentleman got ahead of him with the cry, "Why here's Pigeons." It was a joyful time. "There have been twelve thousand like him on the grounds this month, Murgatroyd," said the athlete, whose name sounded like "Meester



*Waiting to get in before the Junior playground opens*

Veelan," but was spelt, Wieland. "Good," said the other, "We'll limber up little Franz as you have the others."

Love swelled within him for "Meester Murgie" and "Meester Veelan" and this happiness made a great difference in the rapidity with which he got strong. Above all, he loved to run and learned so well that in time they chose him for the All-Weight demonstration team which rejoiced in the name of "Poil de Carrot" (Carrot Tops) after their red uniform caps. So, gradually, body and soul took on a different tinge, for what "Meester Veelan" didn't know about making a boy manfully joyous could have been squeezed into a bee's ear.

For a month all the Carrot Tops had their eyes set ahead to the first big demonstration of games which Mr. Wieland was giving before the Belgian school teachers. He had been training other teams in other towns where the play-leader idea was being copied after Charleroi, and the Carrot Tops yearned to hold their prestige as his first and best accomplishment. "Listen well," urged their captain confidentially, the morning of the event, "these boys from Morlanwelz Athenee: Mr. Murgatroyd says they're good. They may be bigger than we are in size, but Meester Veelan says it's courage and spirit that count, and Meester Veelan knows. Bon," he added. "Now please go home and clean up. Put on the sportiest duds you can find, and Marcel, you'll have to find something besides those wooden shoes, and Leon, be sure to wipe your nose." With these professional instructions the team scampered off to prepare, and, of course, the littlest Carrot scampered likewise.

But his problem was a stiff one. The Boriaux purse had been stripped badly to pay hospital bills and Franz could find nothing in his two changes of garments that in the least savored of his ideal, which was the track-suit of Mr. Wieland. He dumped himself on the floor in despair. "Where's the Little Mother, she'll fix something?" But alas, she was out. At first with misgivings, then with joy of invention, he took one of mother's blue cotton blouses, turned it upside down, thrust his legs through the short sleeves, pulled the rest up around his waist, and gave a snort of pride. Splendid! He found a string and tied the blouse about his waist. Now for the upper part. Ah! Voila! Mother's winter shirt. Pulling this down over the blue pants and rolling it at the bottom produced a dashing imitation of a track jersey. . . well you never know how sporty you can look till you try! He rushed off to the grounds, only to find to his horror that while he had been dressing two events had already taken place, and the Morlanwelz team, Les Etoiles (the Stars) had won both. Fortunately, he was

not slated for anything until the fifty yard dash . . . but Tien! Those Stars were certainly glittering.

The baseball game was on. How different from an American game!—no yells from spectators, only smothered exclamations. However, there was excitement under the silence—oh yes. Especially, as the Carrot Tops pulled up and by winning also

at basket ball tied the score. Yes, excitement got into everybody from the audience of teachers and officials down to Franz—the latter almost crushed with the load of responsibility suddenly put upon him, for his race ended the meet. "We've got 'em!" said the Captain of the Stars and he said it right at little Franz, who, in his undershirtly glory, was trotting toward the starting line.

"Oh," thought Franz, "I can't run! I feel as slow as a caterpillar." He stood on the starting line and his heart weighed like iron ore. Just then there was a whirr-rr above him. He looked up. Ah! Pigeons! Again he felt the longing that used to fill him at their freedom of motion. Suddenly a glorious thought struck him, "Why, why, I'm as free as they now!" and just as the starting whistle blew, much to the amazement of his opponent, Franz shouted "Pigeons," and was off. It was like a cry of victory. He ran as if wings were on his heels, radiant with the joy of motion. "Look at him, look at him!" whispered the gentleman to himself, slapping his knees. Indeed Franz was leading well, and felt the race his, when why. . . what was this? "Oooo la-la!" He breathed hard, trying not to slacken his pace yet seeing the Star forge slowly ahead. Slipping? Yes, yes they were. . . his beautiful blue running-trunks. Oh! why hadn't he tied them more carefully! He grabbed them frantically on both sides. Howls of encouragement arose. Belgian silence broke. Gasping, he thought to himself, "Pigeons-pigeons-pigeons" and with one last effort, clutching wildly at those treacherous blue sleeves that encased his flying legs, he scurried across the line a twinkle ahead of the little Star. "You plucky little squab," remarked the Junior Red Cross gentleman, opening wide his arms. As for the officials. . . ! Soon after that a national law was passed stating that as soon as possible play grounds must be opened in every Commune of Belgium.



Dogs are faithful servants in Belgium. Milkcart near playground



Remarkable progress has been made in education in Hawaii. A native fisherman



Surf-riding, Hawaii's popular sport, develops confidence and grace



Scenic beauty has impressed the speech of Hawaiians, which is naturally poetic



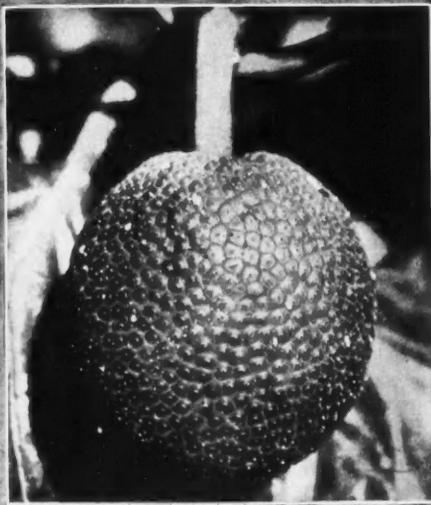
Peculiar to Hawaii is the night-blooming cereus which closes in the day. Blooms in July and August



Hawaiian palms, limned against sky and reflected in water



Junior American Red Cross life-savers lined up with surf boards on the beach at Waikiki. Note the signs on their suits



Breadfruit grows in Hawaii and is baked. Hawaii is rich in tropical fruits



# HAWAII: PARADISE of the PACIFIC

By Harold B. Atkinson

*Some of Hawaii's  
500 kinds of ferns*

*Papaia, a fruit, are  
yellow when ripe*



**A**LOHA! What a wealth of meaning is found in this word which sums up all that is best in Hawaii! It is a poetical expression of welcome, love, respect, good-wishes, farewell. What magic scenery it brings to mind, of palm-lined beaches washed by opal seas, glorious sunsets, cooling breezes, and a sturdy, intelligent people who reflect the beauty and poetry of the land in which they live!

Captain James Cook, a famous English navigator, has the honor of discovering these isles of enchantment (1778), where storms are rare and hurricanes unknown. The island chain—eight inhabited and several small uninhabited islands—was ruled from the time of its discovery by successive kings, until the death of King Kalakaua in 1892, when his sister, Liliuokalani, became Queen. But because of political differences she was deposed and Hawaii remained a republic until, at its own request, it was annexed by the United States August 12, 1898.

The Hawaiians are lovers of flowers, and thousands of people, old and young, are found on the streets of Honolulu when hedges of night-blooming cereus are permeating the air with the fragrance of their giant, creamy, lily-like blossoms, a foot or more in diameter.

Hawaiians today live in modern homes, with all conveniences, and are a progressive, educated people. Honolulu, the capital city, has a population of over 100,000. But it was only a few decades ago that the native people lived in grass huts near the beaches where they fished and swam. Picturesque old Hawaiians wore clothes made of tapa bark. This bark, after being soaked in water, was pounded, smoothed out, allowed to dry, and made into garments. At meal time, they gathered together on the floor. A mat was spread out, covered with ferns, and calabashes filled with poi and fish or pork were placed in the center.

Poi, the popular food of the Hawaiians, is made from the taro root. After boiling until soft, this root is pounded by hand in a calabash bowl, and mixed with water. Poi looks something like corn starch.

In Hawaii are magnificent fern forests and groves of

tall, slender cocoanut palms, with crowns of leaves and nuts swinging back and forth in the wind. Fields are golden with pineapples. There is a tree called the jacaranda, a gorgeous flowering tree which adds its regal splendor to the colorful landscape. On the island of Hawaii, from which the group gets its name, is found the largest active volcano in the world, Kilauaea.

Queer fishes are to be seen in neighboring waters, aquatic creatures whose hues are marvelously brilliant and strange. Such tropical fruits as the papaia, mango, alligator pear, breadfruit, guava, tamarind, and papaw, are grown. The production of sugar is probably the greatest industry and fields of sugar-cane are found everywhere. (The Hawaiian Islands export about 500,000 tons of sugar and produce over 10,000,000 pounds of rice each year.) Bananas, too, are plentiful, a much-sought variety being the "ice-cream" banana, which is big and mealy, and when cold has the taste of real ice-cream.

In this land, where "the elements are always at peace with mankind," live many girls and boys who are members of the Junior American Red Cross. As part of their School Correspondence program, these Juniors have prepared and sent to the "States," portfolios, letters, and bits of handiwork, so that the "States" Juniors will have a better understanding of Hawaii and its people.

"We are happy children in our land of sunshine because we have many beautiful things to look at," say Hawaiian Juniors in their letters. "Here in Kauai we own a silver ribbon which you might call the waterfall. And we own a big lamp that comes right out of the ocean at night, which you might call the moon."

One of the first schools to organize for Junior Red Cross work was the Waipahu Plantation School. These Juniors have taken great interest in beautifying the school grounds, and have seen to it that all children were provided with proper lunches whether or not they were able to pay for them.

Hawaiian Juniors, numbering about 14,000, are beginning to take an active part in the broad program of the Junior Red Cross in helping to foster a spirit of friendliness among the children of all nations.

# JUNIOR RED CROSS

## NEWS

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*Now hands all 'round our troth we plight,  
 To rid the world of lies;  
 To fill all hearts with truth and trust,  
 And willing sacrifice;  
 To free all lands from hate and spite  
 And fear, from strand to strand;  
 To make all nations neighbors,  
 And the world one Fatherland!*  
 —Washington Gladden

**An Early Opportunity** for Juniors to serve their country and humanity most acceptably will come during the period from Armistice Day, November 11, to Thanksgiving Day, November 30, inclusive, when the annual membership roll call of the American Red Cross will be held. Local Junior organizations, which by this time should be active with their own program of helpfulness for children at home and abroad, and have a Service Fund started, can aid the senior or parent organization, the American Red Cross, in a variety of ways. The roll call committees of local Red Cross Chapters will welcome the assistance of Juniors in clerical work at Chapter headquarters, distributing roll call supplies, acting as messengers, serving as ushers at public meetings, making posters, taking part in Red Cross plays and pageants, and in numerous other ways. However, Juniors should not be asked or expected to solicit funds. Red Cross Sunday will be observed in churches and in Sunday schools November 12.

**What Education Includes** Do you know that the word "education" comes from a Latin word, *educare*, which means "to lead out"? "To lead out" of what? Almost anyone will answer, "Out of ignorance." Then, if it is asked, "Ignorance of what?" the answers may vary greatly. Some will confuse "ignorance" with mere illiteracy—that is, with the lack of a common education. But while the Three Rs, and a

few other essentials of a common education lead out of illiteracy, they do not necessarily lead out of ignorance of right living—of man's relation to man; in other words, lead out of undesirable citizenship into desirable citizenship. Along with these gifts, true education should give an understanding of the principles of orderly, democratic government, and inspire both the native-born and the naturalized citizen with a desire to live a clean, unselfish, law-abiding life, and ever seek to grow in usefulness to his fellowmen.

"The new type of patriot no longer cries, 'My country against the world,' but 'My country for the world,'" declares Stuart P. Sherman.

And this is all a foreword to announcing that "American Education Week," fostered by the United States Bureau of Education, in cooperation with the American Legion and the National Education Association, will be observed throughout the United States and insular territories during the week of December 3 to 9, inclusive, with daily programs in which schools, clubs, and various patriotic organizations are invited to participate. The President of the United States and the Governors of States will issue proclamations about it. Its purpose is all summed up in Horace Mann's ringing statement, "In a republic, ignorance is a crime."

## The News a Christmas Gift!

Are there any little inmates of children's hospitals or orphanages, or children in other institutions, to whom you would like to send JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS? A subscription to nine issues of the NEWS (fifty cents) will be appreciated as a Christmas gift by many boys and girls. THE NEWS is published monthly, September to May, inclusive. Individual subscriptions, sent in early in November, should start with the December number. One school in Pennsylvania voluntarily obtained 700 individual subscriptions to the NEWS. Junior organizations can help spread Junior ideals and habits of unselfish service in this way.

Of course, all schools enrolled in the Junior Red Cross are expected to take at least one subscription to the NEWS for each room, and some schools need more.

JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS, besides being the organ of the Junior Red Cross, is looked upon as an instrument of the humanitarian service of the American Red Cross as a whole.

### ANNOUNCEMENT

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 Boston, Mass.—Major Film Corporation, 54 Broadway.  
 New York City—Society for Visual Education, 220 W. 42nd St.  
 Chicago, Ill.—Society for Visual Education, 806 W. Washington Blvd.  
 San Francisco, Calif.—Edw. H. Kemp, 833 Market St.  
 Washington, D. C.—Southern Moving Picture Corp., 315 McGill Bldg.  
 Detroit, Mich.—Michigan Film Library, 338 John R. St.  
 Oklahoma City, Okla.—H. O. Davis, 125 So. Hudson St.

# HOW I CAN MAKE HIGHWAYS MORE SAFE

By Stanley Newcomb

Eighth Grade, Lincoln School, San Diego, California

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This essay brought its author the first prize in a national safety essay contest which was conducted during the last school year throughout the United States by the Highway Education Board, of which Hon. John J. Tigert, the United States Commissioner of Education, is Chairman. It was considered the best of 400,000 essays, and has not been published before. The prize was a gold watch and a trip to Washington. The second award was won by Miss Merlene Beck, of Draper, Utah, and was a gold loving cup. The third prize, a silver loving cup, was awarded to James Edward Gillenwaters, of Knoxville, Tennessee. This year a second safety essay contest is being conducted by the Highway Education Board, the subject being "My Share in Making the Highways Safe." The same national prizes are available. State prizes are also awarded, being valuable medals.]

MARS, the mythical God of War, has until recently been regarded as the foremost aid to the grim reaper, Death. It is generally conceded that the results of his activities are now surpassed by the increasing and alarming toll of life taken in automobile accidents.

People throughout the land are awaking to the fact that we are facing a great national problem. "What I can do to make the highways more safe," is a subject which should receive serious consideration by everyone. Applied personally, I am such a small speck of humanity in this great world of people that at first it seems presumptuous to imagine that I can be of any assistance; but on further consideration it occurred to me that if all the little specks, children from coast to coast, will earnestly discuss the matter with their parents, their teachers, and their companions, and will take the precautionary measures to prevent accidents, it will aid greatly in decreasing the number of automobile injuries and fatalities.

Each year statistics are compiled, comparing the number of deaths from automobile accidents in ratio with the population of each city and town. Every death occurring in our city as a result of an automobile accident brings us that much higher on the "horror list." We do not want our city or "home town" pointed out as a place where there is no respect for law or traffic rules, where the people do not use their common sense to safeguard themselves and others from untimely and terrible deaths.

To do my bit I therefore resolve to offer my assistance whenever I see a small child, or an aged, blind or feeble person hesitatingly attempt to cross a street or highway.

I will also take necessary precautions at all



Stanley Newcomb

times for my own safety, and will caution my companions, whenever the opportunity presents itself, as follows:

Do not cross the street in the middle of the block, nor cut obliquely across a thoroughfare. Cross only at the corners and then at right angles.

At the intersection of any two streets, look not only to the right and left of the street you are crossing, but watch for approaching vehicles coming around the corner

from the intersecting street.

Never step out from behind a street car or a vehicle that has passed until you have glanced in each direction to see that the path you are about to cross is clear. Also, in alighting from street cars look to the right and left before proceeding to the curb.

When about to cross a thoroughfare do not mentally estimate your rate of speed in comparison with that of an oncoming vehicle, and take a chance on crossing before it reaches you.

Do not play baseball, football, marbles, or use roller skates or coasters on the streets or highways.

When riding bicycles give necessary hand signals to advise autoists behind you of your intention to turn corners or slow down, and do not hang on to street cars or motor vehicles.

When hiking on country highways keep on the left side of the road. Keep your ears trained to hear any warning "honks."

When nearing street car or railroad crossings in automobiles, on bicycles, or on foot, do not laugh or engage in loud conversation, making the approach of an oncoming car or train inaudible.

In short, "Never take a chance; be sure you're safe, then go ahead."



*A Junior gardener*

*Wee Willie Winkle*

*Jack and Jill*

*The clean-up maid*

## SHADOW RHYMES FOR JUNIORS

**D**IRECTIONS: A shadowgraph is produced by shadows thrown upon a sheet. The audience sits in front of the sheet and the actors perform behind it with the light so placed that their shadows are cast in the right position and proportion on the screen. Two rehearsals are necessary for a successful shadow-play. While the shadows are being cast, someone who has a good speaking voice reads the verses. In some of the verses below it will prove very effective to have the actors themselves read the lines and add a little variety to the whole. Costume making for a shadow-play is much fun. Newspapers and old materials of various kinds may be used, for it is only the shadow that counts. Stage properties may be made from card-board. You can make a shadow as big or as little as you please by the distance you hold the object from the light. The verses given below are Junior Red Cross renderings of old nursery rhymes. Select some well-known edition of Mother Goose such as the one illustrated by Kate Greenaway, Arthur Rackham, Jessie Willcox Smith, or K. G. Buffum, and use it as a guide for silhouette costuming.

A one and a two and a three  
All is as fine as silk.  
Johnny loves coffee,  
And Billy loves tea,  
But Tommy drinks nothing but milk.

A one and a two and a three  
Things are bad we see.  
Johnny is cranky,  
Billy is lanky,  
But Tommy's as fine as can be.

**STAGE DIRECTIONS:** Table with coffeepot, teapot, and pitcher of milk, two cups and a glass. Johnny, Billy, and Tommy sitting at table. Johnny pours cup of coffee, Billy pours cup of tea, Tommy takes a glass of milk. All drink. Second verse: All leave table,

Johnny departs in a rage, Billy is bent over, goes rather feebly, but Tommy walks with pep and dash.

Wee Willie Winkle  
Runs through the town  
Up street and down street  
In his nightgown.  
Rapping at the windows,  
Crying at the lock:  
"All wise boys and girls to bed—  
It's nine o'clock!"

**STAGE DIRECTIONS:** Willie Winkle in a nightgown and cap with a candle (unlighted) runs about knocking on a window frame that is set up near screen, pretending to peep through the key-hole, etc. As a finale: A procession of children in nightgowns, holding candles (unlighted) march in. They stretch wearily, yawn. A clock strikes nine and the children scamper away.

Jack and Jill went up the hill  
To fetch a pail of water.  
Jack fell down, and broke his crown,  
And Jill came tumbling after.

Up Jill got and took her kit  
And bandaged up his head.  
She had learned about first aid,  
And had some sense, she said.

She patched him up so very well,  
That Jack was full of capers:  
Put on his cap, and started off  
To sell his evening papers.  
(Jack cries this behind scene)  
"Extra! Extra!"

All About the Red Cross First Aid and Home Nursing Course which saves you from disaster!"

**STAGE DIRECTIONS:** There are any number of ways of suggesting a hill. A large box covered cleverly or a clothes basket, a pile of boards, may all be arranged to

produce the desired "hill effect." Follow the actions of the verse using the properties it suggests.

Mary had a little lamb  
 Its fleece was white as snow  
 And everywhere that Mary went  
 That lamb was sure to go.  
 It followed her to school one day,  
 That was against the rule;  
 It made the children laugh and play  
 To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned it out,  
 And still it lingered near,  
 And waited patiently about  
 Till Mary did appear.

"Why does the lamb love Mary so?"  
 The eager children cried.  
 "Why Mary loves the lamb, you know,"  
 The teacher then replied.

STAGE DIRECTIONS: Mary's lamb may be represented in a number of ways. He may be a little toy lamb that she hauls around with a string, or it may be a small child on all fours with a rug or some covering that will suggest a lamb. The school in the second verse may be represented by a little toy house, or by a group of children and a teacher.

A passerby: "Junior gardeners, fine and merry,  
 What makes your good things grow?"  
 The Juniors: "Much work, good will and fellowship,  
 And Juniors in a row."

STAGE DIRECTIONS: Girls in sunbonnets and aprons, and boys in large straw hats and overalls, with rakes and hoes, all gardening in a row. Along comes an interested person and asks the question.

There was a young maid with a broom  
 Who hurried along through the street.  
 "We are cleaning the town, make room,"  
 She cried; "Juniors, keep things neat."

STAGE DIRECTIONS: Follow actions in poem. Use properties suggested.

Cross Patch, greedy Patch,  
 Sits by the fire and spins;  
 Takes a cup and drinks it up,  
 Then calls the neighbors in.  
 Generous Sue, happy Sue,  
 Sits by the fire and spins.  
 Invites to sup, all her friends  
 up,  
 Happiness reigns again.

STAGE DIRECTIONS: Cross Patch sits spinning. She has



"Cross Patch, greedy Patch, sits by the fire and spins"

had a party to herself, then goes to door and beckons the neighbors to come in and they enter. See Cross Patch has eaten up all the food and plainly show their disgust, turn their backs and leave. Generous Sue makes a party for all; calls in the neighbors. In the end all are seated happily feasting.

The Would-be Builders:

"The bridge across the ocean  
 is broken down  
 O, Smithy, what shall we do  
 to build it up again?"

The Smith:

"Build it up with silver and gold,  
 Then it will surely, surely hold."

The Would-be Builders:

"The silver and gold have been stolen away,  
 O, Iron Worker, how can we cross the bridge today?"

Iron Worker:

"Build it up with iron and steel,  
 Then you can cross for woe or weal."

The Would-be Builders:

"Iron and steel they bend and bow  
 O, Carpenter, what shall we do now?"

Carpenter:

"Build it up with wood and clay  
 Then it will surely, surely stay."

The Would-be Builders:

"The wood and clay have washed away  
 O, Juniors, what have you to say?"

Juniors:

"Build it up with friendship true,  
 Then it will last the ages through."

All—Chorus: "Hurrah! Hurrah! This bridge is strong  
 Now it will last the ages long!"

Question: The Juniors are building a bridge of friendship across the sea! Are you helping them?

STAGE DIRECTIONS: Have a group of children on one side of the bridge, a group of children on the other side representing the Smith, the Iron Worker, the Carpenter, and the Juniors. This scene may be made very effective by having the children recite or sing the words.

For instance, the children call upon the Smithy to help them build up the bridge. He comes forward and tells them to build it up with silver and gold. They go through the actions of building it up. The same thing happens in each verse. In the end the children solve the problem, meeting on the bridge and portraying the idea of love and friendship by holding out their arms towards each other.\*

## NOVEMBER

By ETHEL BLAIR JORDAN

November is the good old nurse  
 Who puts the woodland world to sleep.  
 She folds away the bright tree-gowns;  
 Across the floor her wind-brooms sweep.  
 The drowsy woods-folk cuddle down;  
 She dims the fires of gold and red,  
 Then tucks a gray-brown patchwork quilt  
 Around the wintry forest-bed.

\* See double panel of Ujioha pictures in JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS of November, 1921, or the March, 1923, page of the Junior Red Cross Calendar.

# ACTS OF HELPFULNESS AT HOME



Thompson Bros. Photo.

*A convention of enthusiastic members of the Junior American Red Cross, in session in Knoxville, Tennessee*

**I**N THE Philippine Islands schools have their vacations during the hot, dry months of April and May and the children return to school early in June, just about the time that boys and girls in the United States have their commencements. Philippine Juniors planned and carried out a vacation camp for poor school children of Manila during the vacation month of May. One hundred and four boys and girls were given an outing of two weeks each.

A mountain of tin was piled high by Juniors of St. George, South Carolina, in a clean-up campaign. They picked up 22,000 tin cans in alleys, streets, and vacant lots.

At two recent fairs, Trumbull County, Ohio, Juniors managed a free checking booth and gave away 7,000 sanitary drinking cups which they themselves made of paper.

Filling up bad mudholes in the school grounds by Hot Springs, Arkansas, Juniors has added to their pride in the school.

Juniors of the Altgeld School, Chicago, Illinois, have been cor-

responding with Fannie Yellow Wolf, Herman Dusty Bull, and Julia Wades-in-the-Water, Indian students at Blackfeet Boarding School, Browning, Montana.

"Why, it's the Junior Red Cross! God bless the kiddies!" was the greeting given a group of school children, who had just taken part in a Junior play, by Governor Stephens of California at Los Angeles, recently. He shook hands with everyone of them.



*An outing in the hills for Manila children, described on this page, was under the charge of the two Filipino school teachers in this picture. The docile animal is a carabao, or water buffalo*

By cleaning windows and piling wood in a shed, Juniors of Vergennes, Vermont, earned money which they contributed to the National Children's Fund.

A Service Fund of \$179.27 was realized by Juniors of Fulton, Missouri, by salvaging a carload of waste paper.

Sterling, Illinois, Juniors have produced 756 washcloths for hospital service.

At a relief tent maintained by Juniors during a celebration in Tacoma, Washington, 97 persons received first-aid and 20 lost children were returned to parents.

# LITTLE FOLKS'

## How Lucie Won a Prize

By Ethel Blair Jordan

IN the Junior American Red Cross workroom in Epehy, France, there was merry laughter and chattering as the girls compared the progress made in sewing, for the grand exhibition of the year's work. Only one figure drooped with idle hands; the Directress bent tenderly over her. "Courage, little Lucie! You will learn," she said, as she held the awkward fingers and showed Lucie how to use the needle.

"But, Mademoiselle," exclaimed Lucie's neighbor, "every day for six weeks you have showed her the same thing! What a waste of time! Since the War the poor Lucie does not seem to be bright. She cannot learn."

The Directress patted Lucie's shoulder. "She can learn, and she shall," said she. "I will be glad to show her many times more!" A gleam of hope shone in Lucie's eyes and she bent resolutely over her sewing.

The work went on, and as the months flew by the pile of garments grew until there were two hundred of them ready for the exhibition.

On exhibition day the work of each girl was laid on a long table. At last came the distribution of prizes. There was a prize to twelve-year old Suzanne, who had done her entire year's work with the same needle.

Then came the prize for the girl who had made the most remarkable progress and the village gasped when Lucie marched up to receive this prize and to exhibit the charming little garment she had made, hemstitched, and trimmed with hand-made lace. The village re-



©Underwood & Underwood

*Pure water and milk are the best drinks for all Juniors at all times*

# OWN PAGE

joined with her, but Lucie's shining face was turned to the Directress, whose loving care had illumined her thought with the truth that any good thing can be done, if only you think it can!

## A Bean Bag Box

For schoolroom or schoolground. A small box measuring not less than six inches square should be fastened inside of one about twice the size and that in a third, leaving at least six inches margin between the boxes. This is set up on a slight incline with a stone or other object under its further end, or tipped up against the wall, or supported by a wooden brace which may be nailed onto the

bottom. From ten to twenty feet away from this a throwing line is drawn. Each player is provided with five bean bags and takes his place in turn on the throwing line, throwing all five bags at each turn. A bag thrown into the smallest box scores fifteen points, one into the middle box ten points, and into the outside box five points. The player who first scores one hundred wins.

## You Are Old, Little Book!

By ANNIE T. EATON

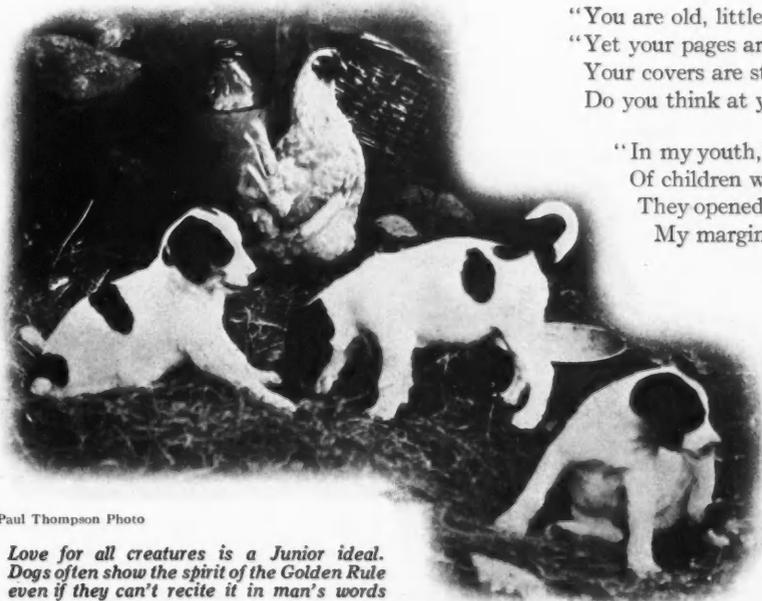
"You are old, little book," the small boy said,  
"Yet your pages are still clean and white;  
Your covers are stiff and your corners are straight,  
Do you think at your age it is right?"

"In my youth," said the book, "I came into hands  
Of children who 'handled with care.'

They opened me gently, their fingers were clean,  
My margins they kept clean and fair."

"They never used pencils as book-  
marks, nor tried  
To pull me apart in their strife;  
With such kindly treatment my  
strength and my looks  
Will last me the rest of my life."

(Special thought to the care of books is urged jointly by the American Library Association and the National Education Association in the week of November 12 to 18, inclusive.)



Paul Thompson Photo

*Love for all creatures is a Junior ideal.  
Dogs often show the spirit of the Golden Rule  
even if they can't recite it in man's words*

# The Editor's Letter to You!

DEAR JUNIORS:

How would you like to read a scrap-book letter—a letter made up of precious scraps of news about Junior Red Cross work, taken from letters and reports to National Headquarters, in Washington, from a few of the countries in which Junior help is being given through your National Children's Fund?

Note this from the Junior American Red Cross Field Director for Austria:

"We told Professor Cizek (of the Cizek art class, Vienna) of the Junior American Red Cross gift of a fund to his class, this fund to be paid monthly to enable poor boys and girls to come to the class, to supply materials, workshop, teacher, and assistants, and, when necessary, to pay the carfare and buy shoes for specially talented poor children who otherwise could not attend the class. . . Professor Cizek found it difficult at first to understand that the American children were going to do all this for his class. In trying to thank me, his chief delight seemed to lie in the thought that now he could take children according to their talent and would not have to consider always whether they could afford to pay."

The Burgomaster (or Mayor) of Vienna writes:

"According to information received, you were so kind as to make another large donation to needy children of Vienna in the form of valuable materials and writing requisites. The Gemeinderat (Council) of Vienna. . . has given expression to its heartfelt thanks to the American Junior Red Cross. Kindly take note of this manifestation and be assured of my heartiest personal thanks."

Here is one little item in a report from the Junior American Red Cross Field Director for Belgium:

"Twelve thousand children used the playground (a model playground at Charleroi) during the month. . . Prince Leopold of Belgium visited the playground and expressed his thanks and congratulations to American Juniors. . . As a result of the demonstrations given by a group from Charleroi, requests were received from a number of schools for playground equipment. Twenty-five schools have been supplied with equipment for games. . . As the schools are in many cases the headquarters for athletic clubs, we have for a small

outlay been enabled to spread the playground idea through a large section, besides arousing interest in future Junior Red Cross work."

The Junior American Red Cross Field Director for France quotes a Junior worker, who has established seventeen school libraries in as many war-swept villages, as follows:

"When one considers that from one end of the Meuse to the other Mayors have given us library space when so often their own offices have been overcrowded, when the school teachers contribute their one free afternoon to the care of the library, without pay, I feel that this in itself shows an enormous interest. None of the libraries has diminished, but every one has a growing list. . . They are all in full swing and I doubt if ever they will close or weaken. The books are taken care of admirably by the children."

Recently a Junior American Red Cross Field Director for Hungary was appointed, as a result of a visit to that country by the European Director of the Junior American Red Cross. Speaking of this visit, he says:

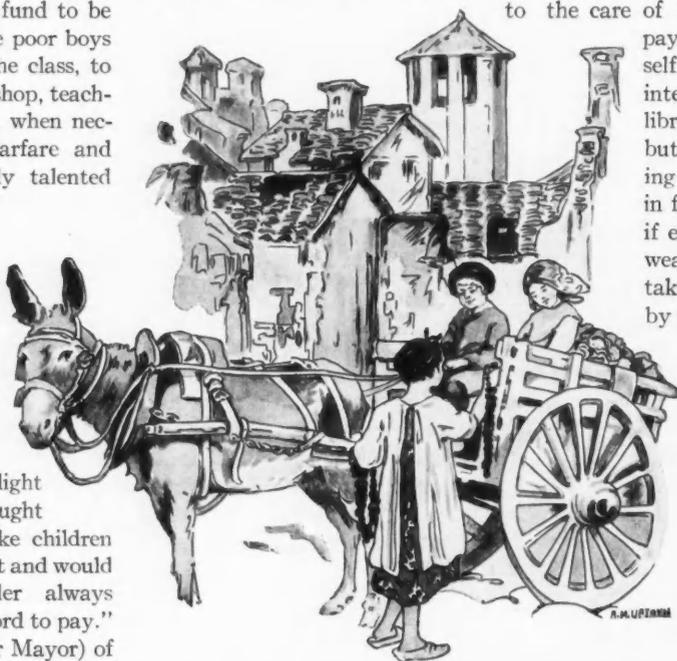
"The officers of the Hungarian Junior Red Cross are very grateful for the aid

they have received in the past and made a request for continued financial aid and for the help of a special representative (of the Junior American Red Cross). . . They are anxious to develop school correspondence on a large scale with American Juniors."

These are but fragments of the month's news, for many other splendid things are being done with the National Children's Fund in other countries. One of the Junior Red Cross magazines published in Italy, called Child for Child, says, "The children of the Junior Red Cross form a long chain of love that almost encircles the earth. Now they are massed in march formation to the rolling of the American drum." Is that not a fine compliment—one that calls for redoubled effort to be worthy of it?

This is a sort of Thanksgiving letter, after all, isn't it? And there is reason for humble gratitude on your part, for "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

AUSTIN CUNNINGHAM.



*In Udine, Italy. A brother and sister, bringing vegetables to market in a donkey cart, meet a girl selling strings of chestnuts*

