

JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

September 1920

"I Serve"



Letitia of North Italy



P.M. UPTON

"Because she was a Sicilian, she turned first to Mt. Etna, whose snow-topped peak glowed like a rose in the glory of the morning sun."

OLD AGNESE OF TAORMINA

By Una Fairweather

Illustrations

By Anna Milo Upjohn



I a lambina returned

OLD AGNESE lived in the hills near Taormina. At the feast of St. Agnes she always brought a little white lamb to the church as a gift on her name day. For the lamb is loved by St. Agnes, and the old woman tending her flocks loved them too. They looked so tiny browsing in the daisy-starred fields.

It looked like pictures of Paradise, especially when the soft evening sun, balmy and warm even in the winter, formed golden patches like halos on the rocks behind the little creatures.

When her daughter's child was born so close to her own name day she took two little lambs to church, and prayed that the child might grow up strong. That it might have feet "like a hind's feet" and clamber deftly over the rocks after the sheep. But because she was a Sicilian and full of the superstition of older days, she turned first to Mt. Etna, whose snow-topped peak glowed like a rose in the glory of the morning sun. As it rose triumphantly over the rim of the blue sea, she spoke her prayer to the great mountain, and asked the sun for a miracle of protection for the new-born child.

When it was a tiny baby she carried it out to the fields and it played with the sheep. They would crop the shoots of grass and daintily nibble near the child's toes. With shouts of glee the little one would clap her hands or clutch at the violets, thickly blooming in the hollow where she lay, and the sheeps'

soft noses bumped against her. The day came when she was to be taught to stand. But the tiny baby could not do this. Over she fell. And over she fell. The old neighbor women gossiping at the fountain shook their heads sadly. The mother had died, and this child, it was plain, was not destined to follow the sheep. Poor old Agnese!

As the child grew its little legs remained thin and

warped, until finally a doctor of the poor said she should be sent down the hills away to Messina. There was a great doctor who could help her.

Down the hills the child was taken. A gaily decorated donkey cart, drawn by a little donkey gay and smart with beads and tassels, was brought. The child was put in the fresh straw. Down the winding road past the great villas of the forestieri the solemn little cavalcade went its way to the station.

A scarlet hybiscus, dropped a startled petal on the child as the donkey clattered over the rough stone. A bird started from the orange boughs. "Child of January," said one

(Concluded on page 12.)

"Enceladus the giant is trying to escape from his prison," the old Greeks used to say when Mt. Etna, the big black Sicilian volcano, began to pour out lava. Twenty-five centuries have gone by and Enceladus is still trying; at intervals of from ten to fifty years he breathes forth hot lava that falls on the vineyards and villages around the foot of the mountain, or else he strains at his bonds and an earthquake shakes down the cabins of his unfortunate neighbors. At the foot of Mt. Etna, yet high above the dark blue water of the Ionian Sea, is the little town of Taormina. Tauromenium it used to be in the days of the Romans, but names were very likely to become twisted in the dark ages when common people were not allowed to learn to read. Tauromenium was all that was left of the town of Naxos, which was the first Greek settlement in Sicily and was founded only about twenty years after Romulus and Remus settled down beside the Tiber. Carthaginians and Romans followed the Greeks; since then little Taormina has been ruled by Saracens, Romans, Germans, Spaniards, and Frenchmen, and it was only in the nineteenth century that Sicily finally became part of the united kingdom of Italy.



One of the most astonishing discoveries made by Americans in Poland is the number of boy soldiers in the Polish Army; and by boy soldiers is meant not youths of sixteen or eighteen, but mere youngsters. How many of these there are in Poland's fighting ranks today it is impossible to learn. The records do not tell, because the true age of these childish fighters is not given. But the truth remains that these children are in the army by the hundreds.

"First I work for Poland," stammered Stas, and then—

"I GO SHOW AMERYKA"

THERE was a train coming in. Stas looked out of the rag-patched window of his aunt's dilapidated cottage, then closed his book and picked up the station lantern and went out to see what was going on.

Stas was used to trains, for he had been living with his aunt since his father and mother died, and his aunt was flag-waver at a railroad crossing just outside the city of D—. But this was not an ordinary Polish train. It was loaded with food and clothes and hospital supplies that the Americans had sent for unhappy people in D—, and on the same train with all the boxes were some of the Americans themselves. Americans—and Stas was looking at them with his own eyes!

By Capt. Charles Phillips

When the Americans came into D— and began to unload their boxes, Stas was right on hand. To his delight, there was work for him. Then followed some very happy weeks. Stas had been reading about America and had been longing to go there, and to be working with Americans every day seemed

almost too good to be true. He was so quick and helpful that everyone liked him. They taught him English, and before the Americans had been there a week they were giving their orders to the little Polish boy in their own language. Stas learned to be considerate of the Polish people who came asking for help, for his friends told him that whenever he was working for the American Red Cross he was representing America.

Polish boys and girls do not all know about George Washington, but there is one of our Revolutionary heroes that every Polish child can tell you all about. Thaddeus Kosciuszko came here from Poland to help in our Revolution and he gave our leaders some very valuable assistance. Then he went home and led his own people in a great revolt against the Russian Czar. The Polish nobles were fighting for a "free Poland," and Kosciuszko tried to make them see that Poland could never be really free while the nobles oppressed the peasants. Kosciuszko did not succeed in this, and he did not succeed in defeating the armies of the Czar, but the people of Poland have never ceased to honor his memory. Near the ancient city of Cracow, once the capital of Poland, they have made him a monument with their own hands. From every battlefield where Kosciuszko fought against the Czar they brought some earth; they dug it up themselves and brought it in their own carts, with flowers scattered on top, and outside the city of Cracow there still stands a huge 65-foot mound of earth which is Poland's memorial to Kosciuszko.



The Junior Red Cross has sent a huge cargo of rakes, spades, hoes, and potato grubbers to Poland, so that thousands of Polish orphans may have the opportunity to raise food for themselves and at the same time acquire some valuable information. In Warsaw a dozen or more city schools started gardens for which the Polish Red Cross provided land and American Juniors furnished seeds and tools. Juniors have given 500 children in an orphanage at Bialystok not only garden tools and seeds, but also kindergarten materials, sewing materials, raffia and straw, building blocks, readers, pencils, paints, maps, and a gramophone with records.

"I don't must do nothing not Americanski," said Stas.

They had some strange new ideas, these Americans. The captain who was Stas's particular friend told Stas that America wanted to give Poland something more than clothes and medicines and food.

"We want to bring the American idea, too," he said, "the idea of democracy and freedom and service."

Stas shrugged his shoulders.

"What do you mean by that?" asked the the captain.

"Poland no good any more. I go show Ameryka." (Stas always said "show" when he meant "see.")

There were many busy days, and many long talks with the friendly captain. But one dreadful morning the bottom fell out of everything. The Americans were going away again.

For awhile after they

told him Stas didn't say a word. Then he looked up and said, "But I go show Ameryka, too!"

"Stas," said the captain. "I do want you to go to America. Some day you will go. But Poland needs you now. You know more about the American

idea than any other boy in Poland. Aren't you going to help make Poland like another America?"

Next day when the Americans gathered at the railroad station, a white-faced lad ran up to the American captain. It was Stas.

"I no go show Ameryka now," he stammered. "First I work for Poland. . . . You think I no don't love my country, too, please?"

As the train began to move, Stas waved his hand to the captain and tried his best to smile.

"Goodbye! Please to think sometimes for Stas!" he cried.

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter
"Little Prig;"
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year,
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.

I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ;
All is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.



(Teachers and Juniors: Three hundred years ago—in 1620—the Pilgrim Fathers settle at Plymouth, Massachusetts. The ter-centenary is being celebrated all over the United States in many ways. Miss Bache wrote "Mayflower Town" especially for Junior Red Cross Auxiliaries and it is copyrighted simply to prevent its misuse commercially. Teachers are urged to read page 14 for helpful suggestions.—Editor.)

INDIVIDUAL CHARACTERS: Master Edward Winslow; Mistress Susanna White Winslow, his wife; her two sons, Resolved White, a lad of eight years, and Peregrine White, a baby of eleven months; Ellen More, a bound girl of about 14 years; Squanto, a friendly Indian.

GROUP CHARACTERS: Pilgrims going to Church (See painting by Boughton); Old Bellman who rang the "Independence Bell" at Philadelphia (See painting "Ring! Ring for Liberty" by Mosler); Three Junior Red Cross Girls; Three Junior Red Cross Boys; Two children, a boy and a girl preferred, from each of the following countries: Belgium, France, Italy, Greece, Albania, Montenegro, Serbia, Roumania, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Russia, China, and the Virgin Islands.

SCENE: A kitchen in Plymouth Colony in the year 1621. Master Winslow is seated on the settle at one side of fireplace, polishing his rapier; Mistress Winslow is seated on other side of fireplace alternately spinning and rocking the cradle; Resolved is seated on a cricket, doing penance for bad behavior; Ellen More is husking corn.

MISTRESS WINSLOW. Aye, say what thou wilt, husband, my own heart doth tell me "trust no red-skin."

MASTER WINSLOW. Nay, nay, wife! 'Tis thy silly prejudice, not thy kind heart that doth so bespeak thee. There be good men and bad amongst all. As for me, I dare not think what we should have done but for our good friend Squanto. The paths of the forest are to him an open book. A few moons back when food was scarce, 'twas he who came and taught us the art of treading on banks of babbling streams, and forcing out the eels that there lie hidden from cold weather. But lately he did teach us with much patience the grinding of corn. I doubt me if a man of the Mayflower would this day breathe the air of freedom, lacked we Squanto to interpret our cause amongst his savage brethren. (A loud knock on door.)

MISTRESS WINSLOW. Get thee from thy cricket, Resolved, and look forth from the peephole. See if 'tis thy father's honored guest that doth seek pretext so boldly, to try the strength of our stout door. (Resolved hastens to the door while his mother is talking; climbs on cricket, looks through peephole. Opens door, admitting Squanto carrying a large pumpkin.)

MASTER WINSLOW. (Arises from seat.) Give you good day, my friend!

SQUANTO. (Returns greeting with a stately inclination of the head; presents pumpkin. Mistress Winslow, Ellen, and Resolved crowd curiously about.) The pumpkin fruit I tell you of has ripened.

MISTRESS WINSLOW. 'Tis not a fruit we have in England, Edward, so beware! Like as not 'tis poisonous!

SQUANTO. Squanto no bring poison to his good teacher and friend! Squanto only bring good.

MASTER WINSLOW. (Soothingly.) Come! We must at our tasks, Squanto, afore the candle burneth low. Thou hast need to know our language better; I, thy tongue. All are brothers in the New World,—red men, white men! Each must understand the other. (Fetches Bible. Seats himself on settle. Squanto squats at Master Winslow's feet.)

SQUANTO. Squanto ready for speaking paper. Squanto wants to learn make paper talk.

MASTER WINSLOW. Aye, aye, friend! We'll commence here, 'tis as good a place as any in the good book. (Reading.) "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth"—(Voice trails into an indistinct murmur.)

MISTRESS WINSLOW. (Spies Resolved curiously examining the pumpkin.) Good lack, I did forget! Back on thy cricket, young man, and mind thou leave it not, till bidden! Repeat thou this rule till I cry a halt on thee. "When moderately satisfied, leave the table." 'Twill help atone for thy gross gluttony this eve. Thy mind to the rule now my son. (Seats herself sedately at spinning.)

RESOLVED. "When mod-er-ate-ly sat-is-fied, leave

the table. When mod-er-ate-ly sat-is-fied, leave the table." (In a stage whisper to Ellen More, who sits near husking corn.) Faith, and 'tis I that would still be eating did I follow that good rule. (Ellen shakes head demurely.)

MISTRESS WINSLOW. (To Resolved.) Run thou to bed, saucebox! Thy mother follows anon! (Resolved starts to leave room, still sitting on the cricket, using his hands and feet to navigate with, and repeating the rule at the top of his voice. (To Ellen.) Look ye at that child! He hath a mind as full of mischief as the good calendar is of days!

RESOLVED. But thou didst tell me, mother, with thine own lips, not to leave the cricket or cease the saying of my punishment rule, till bidden. I am a child full of obedience!

MISTRESS WINSLOW. Thou art a child with an over glib tongue, thou art! Tomorrow morn I'll see to it that thou hast a goodly portion and e'en more of the toughest corn to husk! There's nothing like hard labor to iron the sauciness from one's tongue. (Resolved arises from cricket; leaves room in a humble manner. Mistress Winslow stops spinning; turns to Ellen.) 'Tis time I sought my slumbers. Tomorrow morn the candles must be dipped. 'Twould not be good housewifery to lack at the time of our first thanksgiving. Wilt thou with me, Ellen?

ELLEN. An't please thee, Mistress Winslow, I'll spin awhile in thy place afore I seek my bed.

MISTRESS WINSLOW. Do not tire thyself unseemly, child. (Whispers.) Keep an eye on thy master's guest! N'er a redskin have I seen that I would trust a saucepan's distance! (Takes Peregrine from cradle.) Come to thy mother, thou first little baby of Plymouth town! Screw not thy face into so sour a look! 'Tis an honor second to none, I tell thee, to be a real American! (Humming old hymn, goes slowly to door of inner room. Pauses.) Verily I did forget to give thee a memory text this eve! These words will keep thy thoughts as busy as thy fingers,—“Be not weary in well doing.” (Leaves room. Ellen repeats the rule several times; head nods over spinning.)

MASTER WINSLOW. Go your ways out, Squanto, we have both labored long enow this day. (Opens door.) The night clouds blacken. Methinks 'twill storm afore the dawn. Haste ye to shelter, friend!

SQUANTO. Squanto know it snow. Tell by feeling in bones. No afraid! Squanto no afraid of anything the Great Father sends. (Takes his departure in stately manner.)

MASTER WINSLOW. (Stands at door watching him. Repeats reverently.) Not afraid of anything the Great Father sends! (Takes a candle and slowly leaves room.)

ELLEN. (Drowsily.) “Be not weary in well doing.” Be not! Be not! I trow all the world be filled with “be nots.” If not “be nots,” 'tis “do nots.” “Speak not, sing not, hum not, wriggle not!” Ugh! The sound of them doth sicken my stomach. (Falls sound asleep. A little Pilgrim maid opens door.

Stands hesitatingly on sill. Through the doorway is seen a group of Pilgrims passing by outside. They are singing the twenty-third Psalm or some appropriate hymn; Pilgrim maid enters.)

PILGRIM MAIDEN. Fie on thee, Ellen More! Thy silly words did enter my ears. 'Tis a tremendous sin to talk thus. Knowest thou not the reason for the “nots” that do surround us! This be Mayflower town! In it our elders have set to bloom the precious seeds of freedom and unselfishness. They guard these seeds by a firm stockade of “nots!” When we seek to take a “not” from out its fastness, we lay bare the treasure of the colony to pillage and destruction. But I must be off afore my mother misses me! (Hurries demurely out. Singing dies away in distance. Ellen stirs in her sleep, then is quiet. Enter white-haired old man and a young lad dressed in colonial costumes.)

BOY. They have signed it, grandfather! Our Declaration of Independence! Franklin, Hancock, Adams and a score or two of others! Our country is free! “Ring, grandfather, ring! Ring, oh ring for liberty! (Old man hastily leaves room. Ringing of bell is heard, and a great shouting and beating of drums without.) “He hath rung it! Our Independence which, please God, shall never die!” (Pauses on doorstep. Reverently.) Surely the seeds of freedom that our ancestors planted have sprung giant tall today! (Exit boy. A sound of gay laughter is heard. Three girls enter with workbags on arms. Draw out sewing. Seat themselves near fire.)

FIRST JUNIOR RED CROSS GIRL. Wouldn't it be jolly to know the little girl who will wear this dress in some faraway country across the sea?

SECOND JUNIOR RED CROSS GIRL. Oh, dearie me, yes! And how I'd like to know the little boy who will wear this blouse.

THIRD JUNIOR RED CROSS GIRL. “Knit two, purl two, Knit two, purl two.” (Holds up half finished stocking.) Here's a stocking for some little boy guaranteed to be holeproof. (Three Junior Red Cross boys enter room carrying a large hamper of toys.)

JUNIOR RED CROSS BOYS. Morning, girls!

JUNIOR RED CROSS GIRLS. Morning back!

FIRST JUNIOR RED CROSS BOY. Whew! If these toys are worth their weight in happiness, they're going to make a lot of boys and girls glad somewhere.

SECOND JUNIOR RED CROSS BOY. (Examining a map hung on wall.) By the whiskers of my chin-a-chin-chin! Will you look at this map? (Children hasten to map.)

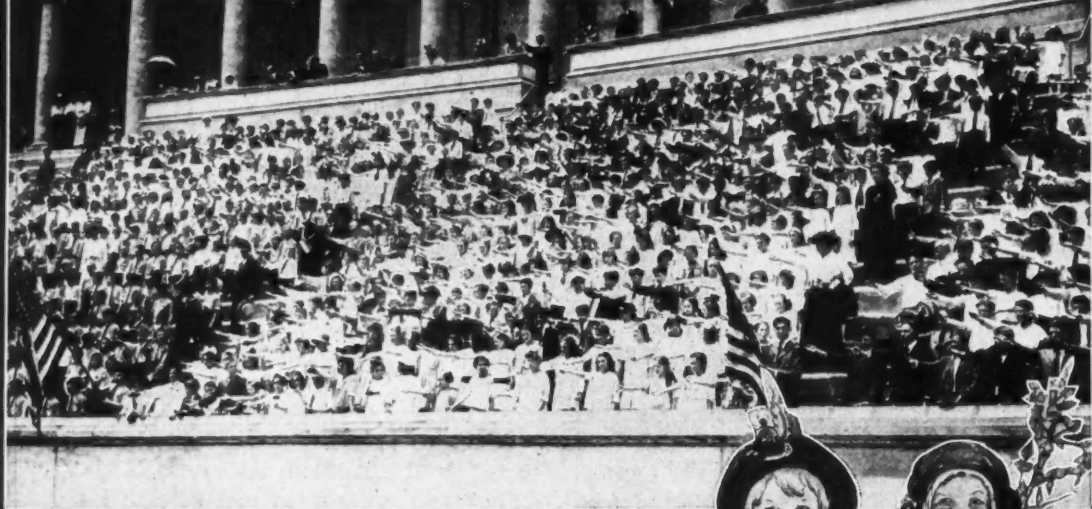
THIRD JUNIOR RED CROSS BOY. See the date! 1618! Two years before the Pilgrims came to America! More than—

ALL. Three hundred years ago!

ELLEN. (Drowsily.) Three hundred years ago! Humph! Mistress Winslow had best brew them a drink of bitter herbs full speedily. Their wits are monstrous flighty.

SECOND JUNIOR RED CROSS GIRL. Think of how
(Concluded on page 12)

WHEN SCHOOL BELLS RING AROUND THE WORLD



Flag salute, New York Juniors.

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Samaritan boys, Palestine



Young "Blue Devil," France.

*In Czecho-Slovakia
(Old Bohemia)*



Aboard School Ship, Italy.



Genuine Greek Grins.



Juniors Help this Flemish School



Junior enrollment is growing in China



Chinese Juniors in America



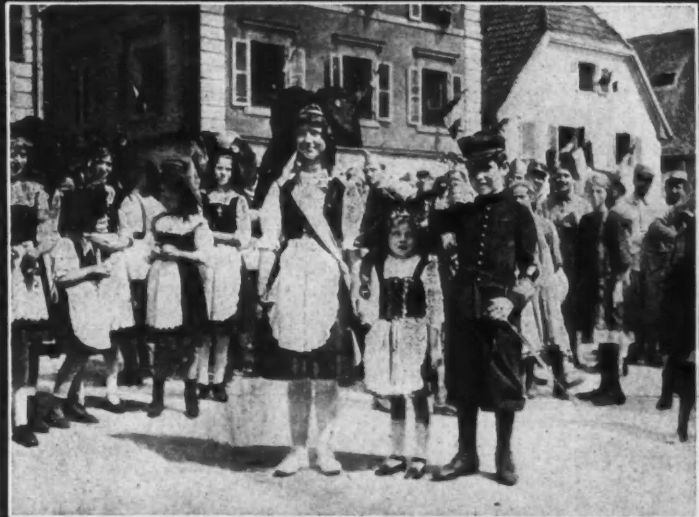
Not prisoners but Junior guests, Belgium



*Anywhere in
U.S.A.*



All dressed up in Norway



In France's reclaimed Alsace-Lorraine

JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

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No. 1

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JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS will be sent without charge to all schools organized as Junior Red Cross Auxiliaries until January 1, 1921, when it will be put on a paid subscription basis at the rate of 45 cents for the nine school months of a calendar year. Schools not enrolled as auxiliaries but making application before close of the mailing list for the December, 1920 issue, will receive the NEWS without charge up to January 1, 1921, at which time their paid subscriptions will start. Subscriptions received after January 1, 1921, will be entered for the equivalent of a school year of nine months beginning the month following receipt of subscription. All subscriptions from schools should be sent through the Chairman of the Local Chapter School Committee. Subscriptions from individuals, who want the NEWS sent to their homes, should be addressed to JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS, Washington, D. C., these subscriptions to start with the issue for the month following receipt of subscription.

We Believe In Serving. The Junior Red Cross is organized strictly on a service basis, as a relentless foe of dirt, disease, and selfishness. In this way it is building a cleaner, healthier, happier citizenship for the community, the town, the state, the nation, and the world.

Organized through the schools of America—public, parochial, and private—and fitting its service into the regular curriculum without encumbering exactions, it stands today, on the threshold of the fourth year of its history, with approximately 12,000,000 boys and girls in its membership, and with 313,000 teachers—the Junior Auxiliary leaders—and 83,000 schools represented. This membership, scattered over every state, territory, and possession of the United States, is about half of the school-age childhood of the nation, and has steadily grown numerically and in usefulness since the fall of 1917, when the organization sprang into being with 10,000,000 members.

There is no individual membership fee, although one subscription to the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS for each schoolroom is required (it is 45 cents the calendar year, beginning with January, 1921, and is barely cost and postage) to preserve organization and to procure monthly inspiration, educational material, and news of the work of the Juniors the world over.

Building Citizens Today by inculcating ideals and habits of service is the work of the children themselves in the Junior Red Cross. They are not planning to be good citizens in the future, they are *being good citizens now*. Hence they need give little thought to their future citizenship.

"I Serve," the Motto, is on the Junior membership badge. One of these badges, or buttons, is pinned on the breast of each boy and girl of an enrolling schoolroom, by the teacher, who is in every sense the group or Auxiliary leader, when such boy and girl willingly signs the Junior Service Roll. In signing this roll—a pleasant little ceremony which should take place at the beginning of each school year in every enrolling or re-enrolling schoolroom in the land—the Junior assumes the following Service Obligation, which appears at the top of the Service Roll:

"We will seek in all ways to live up to the ideals of the Junior Red Cross and devote ourselves to its service.

"We will strive never to bring discredit to this, our country, by any unworthy act.

"We will revere and obey our country's laws and do our best to inspire a like reverence and obedience in those about us.

"We will endeavor in all these ways, as good citizens, to transmit America greater, better, and more beautiful than she was transmitted to us."

Initiative and Enterprise should be exercised after enrollment to make a record in promoting happy childhood, wherever opportunities may appear. It should be decidedly a group activity, for cooperative effort in behalf of less fortunate children is one of the best citizen-building phases of the work. Money is raised by group entertainments or industries, and garments, furniture, toys, scrapbooks, and other beneficial gifts are made, to be distributed among destitute and unhappy children at home and abroad. Many Auxiliaries send sixty per cent. of the money raised to National Headquarters in Washington to be used in the fifty or more interesting child-welfare and educational projects now being conducted in behalf of war-punished orphans and starvelings in Albania, Montenegro, Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, France, Greece, Italy, Palestine, Poland, Roumania, Serbia, and China, and for very needy children in our own Virgin Islands.

This money, which goes into the National Children's Fund, is administered without overhead expenses, under the direction of the American Red Cross. The local activities of the children for children are managed jointly by the Auxiliary leader and the Red Cross Chapter School Committee.

Every Rural School should, as its first activity on becoming a Junior Red Cross Auxiliary, see that it is supplied with a mail box, located on the rural route. The Red Cross Chapter School Committee will advise where official mail boxes may be bought, and will sanction this expenditure from the Junior Red Cross Fund.

OUR OWN EXPANSIVE HOMELAND

A Junior Red Cross Auxiliary has been organized in the Virginia State School for deaf and blind children. When a bazaar was given by them, the boys contributed basketry, manual training classes gave toys, and the girls served chocolate. These deaf and blind Juniors sent one of their number to a hospital for surgical attention, paying all the expenses from their Auxiliary fund.

* * * *

Juniors of Mooresville, North Carolina, recently completed two pieces of work, one consisting of wash cloths for a soldiers' hospital and the other of dolls for children in Europe. By mistake both shipments went to the hospital—big, strapping "doughboys" received dolls. Request that the dolls be returned brought a letter saying, "If the little makers of those dolls could have seen the merriment they created, they would not regret the error in shipment. Strange as it may seem, these dolls were more in demand than anything that has been distributed for a long time."

* * * *

After making most attractive and original scrap-books for the children of Roumania, the Juniors of Dayton, Ohio, have continued their work so that they can supply such books to children's wards in all the hospitals of that city. Juniors in the Dayton Manual Training School have recently shipped 400 chairs and tables to war-wrecked sections of Europe.

* * * *

The Junior campaign for a mail box for every rural school in America, in order that school mail may be delivered promptly, is growing steadily. Twelve rural schools near Boise, Idaho, have been supplied with mail boxes by the Juniors of that city.

* * * *

In Oakland, California, the pupils of one school have organized a "Junior United States" in which the members represent each state in the Union. All the "citizens" of this happy Red Cross "country" are striving to become better Americans through generous acts of service for others.



In Tompkins Corners, New York, Juniors have made and put up many bird houses, because the birds eat insects that prey upon the gardens.

The Juniors of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, are doing much welfare work in the congested districts of that city. They recently contributed from their Service Fund \$1,466 to aid a Child Welfare Bureau, a Health Center, and a Mothers' Assistance Fund.

* * * *

In Albion, New York, the Junior Red Cross defrayed the expense of supplying milk to poor children found by the Red Cross Community Nurse in the public and parochial schools. Milk in half-pint bottles was sent to the schools and served twice daily to about sixty children.

* * * *

The Juniors of Richland Center, Wisconsin, have been making very unique quilts for less fortunate children. Queer, square little animals were traced on unbleached muslin and done in a chain stitch. The quilt menagerie thus created was a source of unending delight in a children's hospital. These Juniors also made a quilt with sunbonnet babies and overall boys on it. The babies were made of pink gingham. The straw hats on the overall boys were made of yellow and the rest of blue.

One would not ordinarily think of Luther Burbank, "The Plant Wizard," as a leader of the Junior Red Cross, not because he does not love children but because he is known to be so busy with his plants and trees. However, Mr. Burbank was unconsciously preaching the doctrine of the school boys and girls of America when he said, "The greatest happiness in the world is to make others happy. The next greatest is to make them think."

That is the creed of the Juniors.

MAYFLOWER TOWN

(Concluded from page 7)

things have changed since the band of exiles moored their bark on the wild New England shore!" Why there wasn't a Junior Red Cross then, nor even a United States!

FIRST JUNIOR RED CROSS BOY. The very map of the world has changed so they'd hardly know it.

THIRD JUNIOR RED CROSS GIRL. (Kneeling before fire.) Burn fire, burn bright, grant us the wish we wish tonight. Please let us see the foreign children the Juniors are serving on the world map of today! (Tableau of foreign children. Soft music is heard during tableau. Through the door or from out fire-place, come trooping the children two by two, attired in costumes of Belgium, France, Greece, Italy, Albania, Montenegro, Serbia, Roumania, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Russia, China, and the Virgin Islands. Snatches of folk song and dance may be used here and there if desired. The time allowed for the passing of each group should not extend over a few minutes at most. As each group enters the room, one of the Juniors calls out the country which it represents. Each group leaves, before the next enters.)

JUNIORS. (After appearance of the last foreign child.) Well, I never! (Arm in arm with workbags and toys, the boys in one group and the girls in

another, the Juniors leave the house, chattering excitedly. Ellen nods sleepily.)

MISTRESS WINSLOW. (Enters.) Do mine eyes deceive me? Hath the good man so far forgot himself as to leave my little goose here mooning in the fire-light? (Shakes Ellen gently.) Thou hast been asleep, my sweetling! But I'll not chide thee! Thou hast worked more than thy due this day. Haste thee to thy well-earned rest. Tomorrow does but bring fresh tasks for willing hands.

ELLEN. Tomorrow be a better day than today, my mistress! Old things change themselves to new as seeds grow into blossoms! 'Tis seed time now in this new land, and I would sow more carefully.

MISTRESS WINSLOW. (Feels of Ellen's forehead and hands.) What ails thee child? Thou chatterest like a feather-pate. To bed with thee, this instant! The fire log hath cooked thy wits.

ELLEN. But a minute, I prithee, Mistress! I would a look at the fire first. (Mistress Winslow shakes head wonderingly; leaves room. Ellen stands thoughtfully gazing at fire.) Oh, fire flames! Carry straightway this wish for me up the long chimney to the friendly skies above. I wish that in the days to come the seeds of liberty and unselfishness may bloom in this new land, e'en as mine eyes have seen them this day. *Curtain.*

OLD AGNESE OF TAORMINA

(Concluded from page 3)

of the old crones, "like Taormina thou wilt have no winter," and they all burst into tears.

Into Messina the child was brought by a Red Cross nurse. She was taken out to a great building which was airy and sunny, and near the sea. All day long she played in warm sand until the little legs began to grow plump and she was able to stand. After months she could take a faltering step. Finally she was strong enough to go back to her mountain home, near Taormina.

Old Agnese still lived on with her sheep. Daily she carried her water jar up the crooked hill streets, balancing it on her head. She could not give the message she had heard of the child's improvement at the fountain, for she did not believe it would be true. Did she not remember, "Child of January, like Taormina, thou wilt never know a winter." Yet in her heart of hearts she still turned with love to the thought of St. Agnes, holding so lovingly in her arms a little lamb. And she prayed that if the child passed away it would wander in the starry-carpeted fields of Paradise with the little lambs that old Agnese had given as offerings. Then, because she was born in Sicily and near to ancient days, she turned to Mt. Etna when the first shafts of the brilliant sun pierced

across the sea, lighting the snows of the mountain, and asked the sun to keep her little one warm in heaven. She always answered the gossips with a shake of her head and said, "She will only walk in Paradise with the lambs."

But the whole fountain was agog. Agnese's grandchild was coming home. It was better. It could walk and be like the other children. "Oh Agnese of little faith, la bambina is coming back!" they said.

And back it came. With great joy in her heart, old Agnese caught the little one away from the crowd of excited villagers. "See Agnese, of little faith!" they were twitting her in the teasing way of the Italian peasant. "No, not of little faith for I said she would walk in Paradise with the lambs. And St. Agnese has answered that *this* shall be Paradise," she answered back. She set the wondering child down on the grass and it laughed to feel the tickling daisies at its toes. "She walks on the star-decked fields." Agnese's proud old eyes filled with tears at the miracle. She heard the old gossips talking among themselves. "They say it was the sun that cured her. The nurse said it was entirely the sun. Ma cosa ce questa." It was beyond their understanding.

But Agnese started at the one word "sun." "And whence came the sun?"

WHERE ST. FRANCIS TALKED WITH THE BIRDS

By Oliver Travis Rae

"O brother birds," St. Francis said,
"Ye come to me and ask for bread,
But not with bread alone to-day
Shall ye be fed and sent away.

"Oh, doubly are ye bound to praise
The great Creator in your lays;
He giveth you your plumes of down,
Your crimson hoods, your cloaks of brown.

"He giveth you your wings to fly
And breathe a purer air on high,
And careth for you everywhere,
Who for yourselves so little care!"

—Longfellow

A young man, richly clad and handsomely mounted, rode gaily out through the arched gate in the wall that guarded the city of Assisi, Italy. The young man's name was Francis Bernardone. He was the son of Messer Piero Bernardone, the wealthiest merchant of Assisi. Riding with him were a group of nobles, the very flower of young manhood of the period. White and dusty in the sunlight lay the road in front of the riders. Down the hillside it wound through groves of olive trees, losing itself in a dense forest at the base of the hill only to emerge further on in the valley straight and white, bordered with fields of wheat and waving corn, rich vineyards and mulberry trees until completely lost in the distance.

From the turrets of the highest castle in Assisi; from the top of her city walls, and grouped about her gates, hundreds of interested spectators cheered the little army on its way. Peddlers with great trays of ripe grapes, plums and figs ceased crying their wares; beggars forgot to plead for alms, and donkeys with heavy loads of charcoal and faggots were left to rest unmolested by tongue or lash.

It was small wonder that the watchers on the hillside dropped their tasks and pleasures to speed the little army on its journey. Were not these gallant young men riding forth to battle against the old enemy of Assisi, the city of Perugia? Fifteen miles in the blue distance lay Perugia, a much larger place than Assisi.



Up and down the peninsula of Italy there are more than a dozen schools and homes for war orphans where the Junior Red Cross is paying the expenses of groups of stranded young Italians. About five hundred pupils are aided by American Juniors.

home city. The world now knows him as Saint Francis of Assisi, the sympathetic, loving friend of man, beast, and bird. No longer do Assisi and Perugia glare at each other with hostile eyes across the valley. Their quarrels have long been forgotten; they are today the best of friends!

Some things, however, have not changed. One of these is the hospital in Collestrada, a little town near Perugia. Here, in the days of old, Saint Francis visited and ministered to the sick and needy with his own hands. Recently the hospital has been converted into a farm school for Italian orphan boys, but the same spirit of unselfishness and generosity which characterized Saint Francis still pervades the place. The boy farmers turned two good crops out of it last year, and bought some rabbits. Rabbit-raising since then has enabled them to adopt a war orphan.



Alas, for the hopes of the little army of Assisi! Many of the young men who left the protection of her city walls so blithely, never returned; many were taken prisoners. Among the latter was Francis Bernardone.

Seven hundred years have rolled by since this battle. In the course of time there have been various changes. Francis Bernardone entered as gallantly into the service of "Lady Poverty" as he did in defense of his

JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS is as full of "a number of things"

as a teacher's day. It has been decided to classify the material under certain school subjects in the hope that this will render the contents convenient for ready reference and so help in solving the problems of the day's work.

THE DAY'S WORK

are represented in "When School Bells Ring Around The

World," pages 8 and 9, and the Junior book selections, page 15. UNITED STATES. "Our Own Expansive Homeland," page 11.

BULLETIN BOARD

Interesting material for the school bulletin board will be found in:—"When School Bells Ring Around The World," the picture pages, 8 and 9; the book selections, page 15; "Our Own Expansive Homeland," page 11, the two-colored cover-picture, and "The Editor's Letter to You!" page 16.

HISTORY

"Mayflower Town; A Play of Old Plymouth," page 6, gives several historical pictures connecting the past and the present; "Where St. Francis Talked With the Birds," page 13, is a story of medieval days in Italy; see also "Mt. Etna and Taorminum," page 3, and the story of the Revolutionary hero, Kosciusko, page 4.

ART

The sweet-faced Italian girl whose portrait appears on the cover of this number of JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS is a very real little girl named Letitia Salvani. She is one of a number of interesting children in the ancient village of Sezze whose pictures have been painted or drawn for the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS by Miss Anno Milo Upjohn, a New York portrait painter of much ability and charm. The white handkerchief on her head is worn only in church. Letitia has the pure oval face and arched eyebrows of the best Latin type. Scenes from such stories as "Old Agnese of Taormina," "Where St. Francis Talked With the Birds," and the play, "Mayflower Town," lend themselves especially well to lessons in drawing, painting, modeling, and paper-cutting.

READING

Material for kindling interest will be found in "The Editor's Letter to You!" page 16, and the other articles and stories contained in each monthly issue of the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS. The magazine contains a book page each month which is compiled so as to contain only the worthwhile titles in the field of children's literature.

GOOD CITIZENSHIP AND PATRIOTISM

See:—"Junior Red Cross Service Obligation," page 10; "Our Own Expansive Homeland," page 11; "Mayflower Town," page 6; "I Go Show Ameryka," page 4; "The Editor's Letter to You!" page 16, and the editorials, page 10.

STORIES TO TELL

"The telling of stories refreshes the mind as a bath refreshes the body."—*Froebel*. "Old Agnese of Taormina," page 3, is a story of Sicily replete with local color and legendary interest. "Where St. Francis Talked With the Birds," page 13, is a tale that pictures medieval history times in Italy and shows the influence of a good man through all the ages, and "I Go Show Ameryka," page 4, tells how Stas, a lad of Poland, proved his patriotism.

MEMORY SELECTIONS

See: The fable by Ralph Waldo Emerson (poetry), page 5; "St. Francis of Assisi" (poetry), by Henry W. Longfellow, page 13; "Junior Red Cross Service Obligation" (prose), page 10, and "Our Own Expansive Homeland" (prose), page 11.

DRAMATICS

"Mayflower Town; A Play of Old Plymouth," page 6, commemorates the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims (1620-1920). "It is expected that all the large cities of the United States will celebrate, and all the smaller towns and villages as well; for the Pilgrims represent not only the freedom to which this nation is dedicated—religious, political, and personal; but they also represent the Pioneer Spirit, and for this reason their ter-centenary is of interest to any part of this country that had its pioneers. And what part of this country has not had them?" The characters in "Mayflower Town" are true to history. Edward Winslow was an Englishman of scholarly attainments who joined the Mayflower at Southampton with his wife and brother. His wife died during the first winter at Plymouth, and shortly afterwards he married Mrs. Susanna White, a widow with two children, Resolved and Peregrine. Peregrine was the first white child born in New England.

GEOGRAPHY

JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS keeps children in vivid personal touch through their own acts of service, with all parts of the world. ITALY. "Old Agnese of Taormina," page 3; "Mt. Etna," page 3; "Where St. Francis Talked With the Birds," page 13; POLAND. "I Go Show Ameryka," page 4. ALBANIA, CZECHOSLOVAKIA, MONTENEGRO, BELGIUM, ROUMANIA, FRANCE, together with the countries already named,

WE GO TO EXPLORE—EVERYWHERE

LAND aho, Belgium! A Junior couldn't possibly lose his way in Belgium. Examine the foot-prints the Junior Red Cross has made in this plucky little country and you will find forty "soupes scolaires," or lunch rooms, in ruined villages and thousands of children who have been fed and clothed by American schoolchildren. We will now set out to see the country in true tourist fashion—a book held straight under our very noses. In "A Boy of Bruges," by Emile and Tita Cammaerts (E. P. Dutton & Co., N. Y., 1918, \$1.65), you will meet Pieter who will gladly introduce you to his native land. "Peeps at Many Lands; Belgium," by George W. T. Omond (The Macmillan Co., N. Y., 1909, \$1), is a book which will acquaint you with the many customs and traditions of an interesting people. Juniors will enjoy a visit, also, with the twins, Jan and Marie, two Belgian refugees. They may be found at home in "The Belgian Twins," by Mrs. Lucy Fitch Perkins (Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston and N. Y., 1917, \$1.25; new edition, 60c.).

We have crossed the borderland into France. Not even a blind man could mistake the trail of Juniors in this country! Apprenticeships and scholarships for war orphans, farm schools, orphans' homes, winter colonies, playgrounds, comfortable clothing, good food, hundreds of children gaining back health and happiness—these are some of the signposts which show that Juniors have passed this way before. "Genevieve," by Laura S. Portor (E. P. Dutton & Co., N. Y., 1914, \$1.65), takes you into a French schoolroom where you are treated with much consideration as a countryman of "His Excellency, Monsieur George Washington." "Peeps at Many Lands; France," by John Finnemore (The Macmillan Co., N. Y., 1912, \$1), will give you a generous glimpse of "La Belle France." Small Juniors will be delighted to practice their "bonjours" with the French twins and hear their story in the book named after them, "The French Twins," by Mrs. Lucy Fitch Perkins (Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston and N. Y., 1917, \$1.50, school edition, 60c.).

The trail of the Juniors has now led us under the sunny skies of Italy. Pull the rope at the iron gate, and presto! you are inside the wall staring up at a pale green stucco house. Down the path comes Nello, the hero of "The Cart of Many Colors," a story by Mrs. Nannine Meiklejohn (E. P. Dutton & Co., N. Y., 1919, \$1.65). "Peeps at Many Lands; Italy," by John Finnemore (The Macmillan Co., N. Y., 1911, \$1), gives you, among other things, an interesting account of the Italian peasants!

Our journey takes us now into Greece. Juniors will not find themselves strangers here either, for the classic paths are kept well open by two Junior Red Cross field workers. "Under Greek Skies," by Julia D. Dragoumis (E. F. Dutton & Co., N. Y., 1913, \$1.65), acquaints you with Mattina, a sponge-diver's daughter, and Paveo Zanana and Alexander, two Greek boys. "Our little Grecian Cousin," by Mrs. Mary F. Nixon-Roulet (L. C. Page & Co., Poston, 1918, 60c.), will prove a charming companion for small Juniors.

Honk, Honk! We are off now for the countries of the Balkans—Albania, Montenegro, Serbia, and Roumania. "My Balkan Tour," by Roy Trevor (John Lane Co., N. Y., 1911, \$4.50), takes us on a splendid trip without a single breakdown. Dr. J. S. Van Teslaar tells us a true story of his boyhood days in Roumania in the book entitled "When I was a Boy in Roumania" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepherd Co., Boston, 1917, \$1). We learn from him that schools in Roumania generally close about sunset each day. We may take an especially conducted trip through "Montenegro, A Land of Warriors," with Roy Trevor as our guide (The Macmillan Co., N. Y., 1913, \$1). In "Tales of Serbian Life," by Ellen Chivers Davies, (Dodd, Mead & Co., N. Y., 1920, \$2.50), we become acquainted with the little house at Nova Selu; the Villa Golub, and Stefan, the cowherd.

Back into central Europe we follow the long trail of the Juniors as it winds itself into the new country of Czecho-Slovakia. "Barbora; Our Little Bohemian Cousin," by Clare Vostrovsky Winlow (L. C. Page & Co., Boston, 1911, 60c.), will tell you proudly in her book that to be a Bohemian is the same as being a Czech.

At the Red Cross refugee camps scattered about in Poland, you will receive further directions about your trip. Polish boys and girls have a gift for languages, sometimes knowing as many as twelve, so you need have no fear of not being understood in their country, as you will know for yourself when you have finished reading "Peeps at Many Lands; Poland," by Monica M. Gardner (The Macmillan Co., N. Y., 1917, \$1).

All aboard for the seeing-China-through-books tour. Books are more entertaining than the megaphone man, you will find when you have read "The Chinese Boy and Girl," by Isaac Taylor Headland (Fleming H. Revell Co., N. Y., 1901, \$1.25); "Peeps at Many Lands: China," by Lena E. Johnston (The Macmillan Co., N. Y., 1910, \$1); and "My Lady of the Chinese Courtyard," by Mrs. Elizabeth Cooper (Frederick A. Stokes, N. Y., 1914, \$2).

[Editor's Note: Book prices change so constantly that inaccuracies in stating them cannot be avoided.]

The Editor's Letter to You!

Dear Juniors:

You have one enemy, and, I believe I can prove, *just one*. That should be good news, should it not?—to understand that you have *just one* enemy. But on top of that, there is more good news. You can destroy him, when you know him for what he is—when you are forearmed by being forewarned—and can make visible headway in doing it, if all will work together. Big and ugly though he may seem, let me try to show you this enemy as my bit of Junior Red Cross service for September.

Imagine that you are playing the part of young David in this fight, for there is a fight ahead; collect a few smooth round stones of information and understanding from the brook at your very feet, and with your ready sling-shot, fare forth to meet Mr. Goliath. There he stands, huge and hideous at first sight, the composite enemy of all mankind. Look at him without being afraid for you are learning his weak points. He sways in his heavy armor. His small beady eyes reveal his shallow nature and glare angrily. Now he roars threats at you and displays a pile of sharp weapons at his side. The names of these weapons are written on them and can easily be read. They are, Dirt, Poverty, Worry, Hatred, Envy, Selfishness, Indifference, Sorrow, Suffering, Disease, Pestilence, and Death. The monster himself suddenly discloses his proper name, and by doing so, greatly encourages you. He strikes his breastplate with a clumsy fist and there you see his name clearly. It is in bold letters. . . . Could you have guessed it? . . . It is—

"IGNORANCE!"

Now you know him—know that the filth and misery abounding in the world came from him and his implements of warfare. To know this is half the battle; but not all. You must get rid of his terrible weapons, for they are dangerous things to have lying about. *Here the Junior Red Cross work begins in earnest.*

Happily and humbly serving through the schools of your country, you are preparing, in the role of David, the intelligent, to overthrow the giant Philistine. Mr. Bronson Alcott has said, "To be ignorant of one's ignorance is the malady of the ignorant." Not to know that unclean living conditions are

unclean, largely describes this enemy. But when you *know*, you partially disarm him. You deprive him of the weapon marked Dirt.

How about those other dangerous-looking weapons? You have already scattered some of them in wresting the one called Dirt. You knocked Indifference far, and have broken or damaged Disease, Suffering, Pestilence, Sorrow, and even Death. Healthier thinking and healthier living conditions make the weapons Worry and Poverty shrink in size, and you cease to fear them, and—why there you have kicked another enemy weapon farther off! Fear was one of them was it not?

Old Ignorance is losing his weapons fast! You are getting him entirely at your mercy. But it is a "no quarter" fight. What about the jagged-looking weapons labeled Selfishness, Hatred, and Envy? What must you learn about them in order that they may not be used against you? Well, you know that each is peculiarly a weapon of Ignorance, even though it appear in the hands of an apparently cultured or scholarly person or nation: is just as much a weapon of Ignorance as Dirt is. You demolish Selfishness by growing into the habit of unselfishly serving others, and discover in this that you are best serving yourselves, although *self* should be forgotten entirely. In serving others you grow to know your neighbors better, and it is hard to hate anyone you *really* know.

"Bang!" What was that? Well, well, well! That horrible, vicious-looking weapon Hatred *exploded—blew all to pieces*, seemingly by itself. It must have been loaded with many inflammable and combustible kinds of animus.

"Poof!" Was that another? It certainly was! Miserable little Envy was touched off when Hatred blew up. Just a little cloud of green smoke, and not much noise!

Everything is going fine, is it not? Now you will proceed with great joy to make Mr. Goliath himself hard to catch. But—

Why, where is he?

ABSOLUTELY GONE!

AUSTIN CUNNINGHAM.



School opens in the Stone Age, with the language of symbols.

