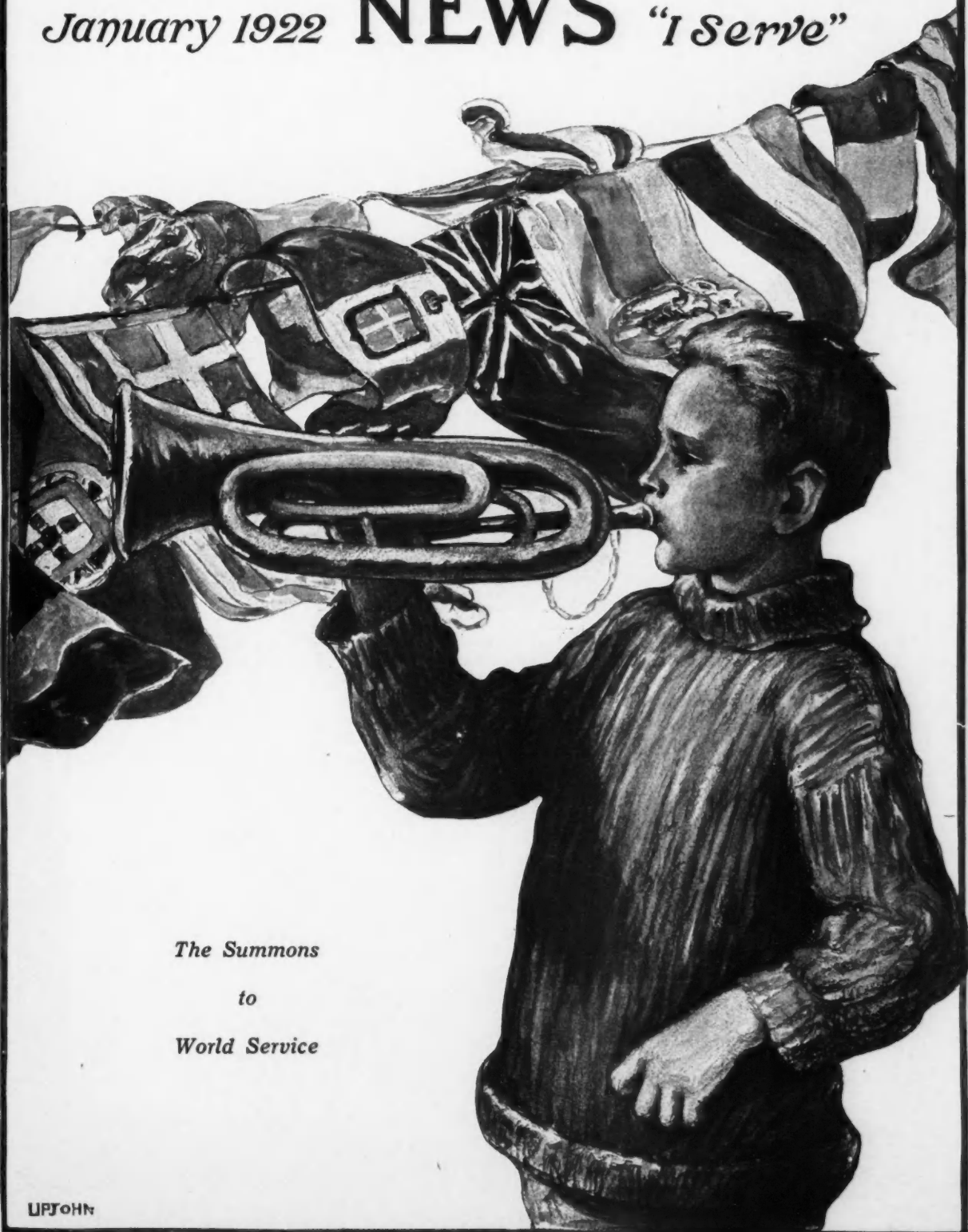


JUNIOR RED CROSS

NEWS "I Serve"

January 1922



The Summons

to

World Service

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE"

By Arthur William Dunn

National Director, Junior Red Cross

ONE of the finest phrases in the world is the old French one, "noblesse oblige." If you are not already familiar with it and will consult your dictionary, you will find that it is pronounced no-bless o-bleezh, that its English equivalent is "nobility obliges," and that it signifies that nobility of birth carries with it an obligation to be noble in deed.

Although we in America do not have a "nobility" of birth in the European sense, we have adopted for our own use the French phrase "noblesse oblige" because we believe that whoever enjoys peculiar advantages is under obligation to use them for the benefit of others less fortunate.

Boys and girls of other lands are as proud of their nationality as we are of ours. But, being Americans, we are inclined to believe that this fact endows us with a kind of "nobility." Certain it is, at least at present, that Americans enjoy

advantages superior in many respects to those enjoyed by other nations. The Great War left many other peoples in a deplorable state of poverty and wretchedness. America, on the other hand, suffered little in comparison, and today not only is it incomparably the richest nation in the world, but it also has abounding strength and vigor, and hopefulness for the future, while other nations are worn out and dispirited by the war. The possession of such advantages is not in itself a thing to be proud of, but it carries with it an obligation in the fulfillment of which we may take pride. America is known the world over as a "land of opportunity." But the greatest opportunity that Americans possess is the opportunity to serve. "Noblesse oblige!"

During the dark days following the Great War America has been serving the world. Through the American Red Cross and other agencies she has been pouring into Europe

food and clothing, and other forms of wealth to take the place of that destroyed by the war, and to relieve immediate distress. But the suffering nations of the world need also, perhaps even more than food and clothing and medical treatment, faith and courage and leadership for the future. And here is where the Junior Red Cross may find its principal opportunity for service.

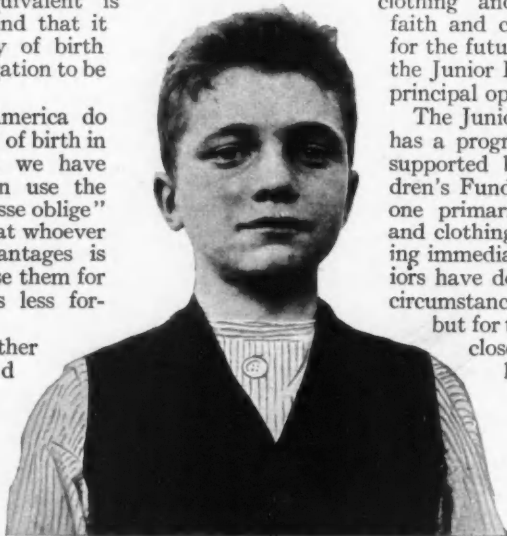
The Junior American Red Cross has a program of foreign service, supported by the National Children's Fund. This program is not one primarily of providing food and clothing and otherwise relieving immediate distress. The Juniors have done some of this when circumstances made it necessary,

but for the most part, since the close of the war, they have left this task to older

people. The enterprises that the Juniors are carrying on in Europe are all designed primarily to put "heart" into the dispirited children of Europe, to give them courage, to build up their faith in the future, to extend to

them the opportunity for the joy that belongs to childhood and for physical and mental vigor as they grow older. As you read the accounts of Junior activities in the following pages you will understand more clearly how this is done — by carrying to the impoverished and spiritless childhood of Europe the opportunity for health, for play, for education, for happiness that they have not known before. The message of friendship the children of America are sending to the children of Europe through the Junior Red Cross acts like an electric current, carrying life and courage and hope to thousands of hopeless children. The Junior American Red Cross has provided leadership for the children of Europe, by showing them how to organize Junior Red Cross societies of their own.

Surely, every Junior Red Cross Auxiliary in America will want to have some share, no matter how small, in this service for the world community. "Noblesse oblige."



A Belgian boy, whose nation during the War so well illustrated the spirit of the phrase "noblesse oblige," and inspired other nations with the same spirit



A relic of Roman days is this centuries-old road across picturesque Albania, a continuation of the Appian Way, built by the Romans first for a military highway to Constantinople, and later used as a pathway for their civilization. The fourth Crusade used it. Now Junior Red Cross workers follow its sandstone ruts in carrying hope and enlightenment to the children of Albania

THE BOY AND THE WEAPON

I SMAEL was a Shkypetar, a son of the mountain eagle, or

in plain words just a manly, likeable boy who lived in the little-known Balkan country of Albania. Ismael was a name that any Mussulman might have, but the family name that went with it was such a great one that the very mention of it made the hearts of old women and gray haired men beat more quickly and the blood of beardless youths go racing riotously through their veins as if at the sound of a magic battle-cry. It was a name that conjured up one of the greatest of all Albanian heroes—a name that had spelled deliverance for Albania at a most critical time in a history of crises. Time changes many things. The great castle that was built in the high tide of the family's fortune today lay a mass of ruins along a centuries-old Roman road in the Balkans, and the mighty family that once inhabited it had dwindled down to one poor wandering lad.

By Louise Franklin Bache

But time cannot change every-thing. The courage of the first

defenders of the castle had come marching down through all the ages and lay imbedded firmly under the tattered jacket of our hero.

One day, exhausted from miles of travel and privations, Ismael entered Tirana, the capital of his country. A procession of men and women, boys and girls,

looking for all the world like a moving army of bright colored rags, was scuffling along in leather "opangi" or limping on feet that were bare or encased in rags.

"Where go you?" sang out Ismael as he caught up with the procession. "Where do your ears grow?" mimicked a saucy one. "Have you not heard that today the Americans open a Vocational School, the first of its kind in all our country? Bah! but you are a stupid one!"

"It will make of us a new people," said an old man with a long beard.



Group of the first pupils enrolled in the Junior Red Cross Vocational Training School in Tirana, Albania

The line surged forward eagerly and Ismael found himself pushed and pulled into an open square where a low two-story building stood decorated with three flags—the Albanian flag, the Stars and Stripes of America, and the flag with the Red Cross that belongs to everyone.

A man with red crosses on his uniform began to speak and a stillness of the mountains fell upon the great throng. The story he told was as wonderful as any magician's tale to the hungry ears of Ismael. It was the story of the boys and girls in the great country of America and their interest in the children of the Balkans. These American friends, he said, were sending three Albanian boys and three Albanian girls to schools in Constantinople. When they had finished their courses in these schools they would return to Albania like caravans from a rich country, weighed down with gifts of knowledge to distribute among their countrymen. Just a stone's throw away, with its roof gleaming through the trees, stood the Junior American Red Cross Elementary School for boys and girls, the first coeducational school in Albania. Ismael's father, grandfather, no—not even his great-grandfather had ever heard of a school like this. For five hundred years Albania had been under Turkish rule and had had no schools of her own. And now like a clever magician's trick there stood this wonderful new kind of school, in which 300 boys and girls were happily studying subjects never before heard of in that Balkan country—a school where they learned lessons from books, and other lessons that do not come from books—lessons of health, play, and happiness. And now that very day the boys and girls of America were opening a new school—a Vocational School where the trades that have helped to make America great were

to be taught. The school had been planned to accommodate fifty students, but sixty-two had been admitted. The Red Cross man went on to tell of America—of the great locomotives that went steaming throughout the breadth and length of the land carrying cars laden with people and produce; of the ships that plowed the waters of the oceans; of the cities that grew up in the desert almost over night; of the fine roads that ran like wool from a woman's distaff, on and on, without a break, connecting the tiny hamlets (hans, as the Albanians call them) and the great cities; of the buildings so high that they were called skyscrapers; of the machinery that performed miracles at the bidding of man; and of the wireless telegraph that surpassed all magic.

Ismael crept into a niche just outside the school

wall, the better to think of what he had heard. How wonderful it would be when the land of his fathers should have all these things too; steaming railroads instead of slow, heavy-laden mule teams; boats that went without sails; easy traveled roads instead of difficult trails; plows instead of crooked sticks, and words that rushed through the air without wires. Albania was a country rich in natural resources. It was because she had not had a chance that she was so many years behind other nations. All in a flash it came to Ismael, that this new school was the "chance"

which would make his country the great land his fathers had hoped for. So intent was Ismael with his own thoughts that he neither heard nor saw the great crowd disperse.

It was not until he felt a friendly hand laid on his shoulder that he came back to the realization of the scene about him.

"What do you want, sonny?"

It was the Red Cross man who spoke.

"Nothing now," gasped Ismael, saluting the American in true eastern fashion. "That for which I hunted for many weeks, is found."

"What do you mean?" asked the American curiously.

Ismael answered in the poetical language of the Balkans. "My father's last command was, 'Search unceasingly until you find the weapon that will rescue Albania.' Can you not see, sir? I have found it." He pointed to the Vocational School.

"The weapon?" said the American, still not understanding.

"Yes, sir! The weapon is the knowledge that comes from books." Squaring his shoulders, Ismael looked straight into the eyes of the Red Cross man. "How long, sir, will I have to remain outside the gates until you think me worthy to enter the new school?"

The Red Cross man turned from the eager face of the boy and looked upon the scene about him—the opal-tinted mountains behind which the sun was just setting and the city with its low, sun-dried brick houses stretching out long begging arms into the valleys. There were many boys in Albania asking the same question as eagerly and hungrily as Ismael. The face of the Red Cross man was very grave. He turned and faced the west. Somewhere way off there lay his country, America, filled with schoolhouses for everyone. He thought of the thousands of fortunate boys and girls who entered the doors every morning with their slogan, "Happy Childhood the World Over," held very high. His face brightened. Turning to Ismael he said, "I am sure it will not be long, my boy, before you too, may enter the school gate and find your weapon."



A sturdy Albanian mountain girl wearing a goatskin cape. The Albanians are descended from the ancient Illyrians whose civilization is older than that of Greece

IN THE LAND OF BLACK ROCKS

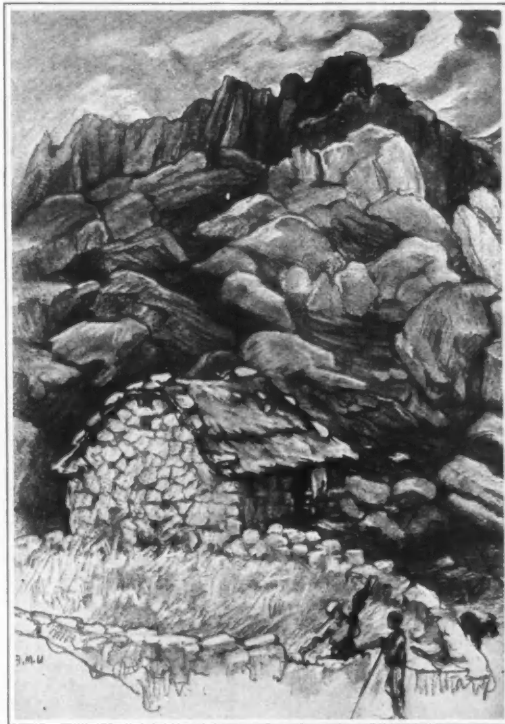
MONTENEGRO is poor—at first you find it desolate, for it is all bare rock. But it has a wild, pure beauty up there against the sky. There is nothing petty or weak throughout it. The whole country expresses one lofty idea—Freedom.

And the little nation which has lived for a thousand years and more in the silence and mystery of the mountains has grown strong and brave; with a power of self sacrifice, an instinct of protection for the weak and a living sympathy for others in trouble.

Five hundred years ago when their brother Serbs were defeated at the battle of Kossovo and subjugated by the Turk, the Montenegrins adopted the cap which they still wear in memory of that fateful day. It is a flat skull cap, the black rim symbolizing mourning for the Serbs, the red crown the field of blood, and the five thin semi-circles of gold (added one by one as the centuries passed), the term of servitude during which the spirit of the Serbs has remained unconquered and undimmed.

During the first Balkan war the Montenegrins had to take the mountain called Tarabosh. The approach was so guarded by barbed wire entanglements that the army could not advance. It was necessary to send a small detachment ahead with bombs to destroy the defences. This was so dangerous a task that those who went could not expect to come back alive. Volunteers were called for. Two hundred and fifty young men sprang to the front. But before they could start a band of old soldiers overpowered them. "Not our boys," they cried, "Let them live for their country. We whose lives are so nearly finished will go!" And seizing the bombs they rushed forward. Only three out of the two hundred and fifty came back. These heroes died to save all the children of their land. They left them a heritage of lofty aim and a power of self-sacrifice, but in a world of poverty, sickness, and death.

After the war up and down the length of Montenegro orphaned children were living with sheep and goats in caves or in stone huts without windows or chimneys. They fended for themselves like little beasts. But they were eager to learn and just as eager for life as you boys and girls are.



Montenegro "expresses one lofty idea—Freedom"

There were only two high schools in all Montenegro. One in Cetinje, high in the mountains and off from the usual roads; the other in Podgoritza so small, so poor in books that month after month the waiting list was turned away.

I knew a group of shepherd boys who banded together and bought one blank book between them. On Saturdays they walked many miles to the Podgoritza school, borrowed textbooks and copied the lessons for the following week. Then out on the high, rocky pastures they studied and recited to each other and tried to keep up with the class. But there were other children too small to help themselves. They wandered about half starved, ill from exposure and malnutrition, wild for lack of love and care.

Such were the children gathered into the orphanage at Podgoritza and the training school at Danilovgrad; the children whom the Juniors have taken by the hand and to whom they have said, "Come, we will all work together for a better and a happier world." Now let us see in what way the Juniors have been able to help and what there is still for them to do in Montenegro.

First there is the Manual Training School in Danilovgrad, built and equipped by the Juniors. This is something to be rightly proud of. It gives a chance to 200 boys to become mechanics, carpenters, shoemakers, and tailors. Soon they will be building houses with windows and chimneys, and running motors and electric plants. A great change from the caves along the river! Then in the Podgoritza Home School one hundred young orphans are taught and cared for. As the big boys pass out from Danilovgrad, the younger ones from Podgoritza take their places, each to learn a trade. And the girls are taught housework, laundry, the care of children, sewing and embroidery. Lastly there is to be a fine high school in Podgoritza. The Juniors are contributing to its building fund and in their manual training classes making chairs and tables for it. Jugo-Slavia, of which Montenegro is a part, is poor and has a mass of reconstruction work to do after the war, but by degrees the government plans to take over all these schools. If the Juniors help for a few years more until the first hard stretch is passed those brave old men on the mountain will not have died in vain.

A JUNIOR'S RUMANIAN DIARY

INTRODUCTION: My name is Arabella Smith and I am traveling with an aunt who writes for magazines, and who believes that children should be seen and heard, and taken along wherever you go just as you carry an umbrella and a raincoat, not exactly for the pleasure you get in toting them around but because if you don't take them, you are bound to worry all the time because you haven't. I haven't much of importance to tell you about myself except that I am a member of the Junior American Red Cross and have promised my school to keep a diary of my travels and to make special note of everything of interest to Juniors.

November 25—Thanksgiving Day: We arrived at Constanza, the chief port of Rumania on the Black Sea. My aunt and I dine on black coffee and black bread without butter.

We both of us try hard not to think of the turkey and good things that the folks at home are enjoying today. Then we take a dilapidated motor car to the town of Tekir-Ghiol, near which there is a hospital for undernourished children that we Juniors are helping. The road is very dreadful; as full of holes as a mince pie is of raisins. The hospital is located on Lake Tekir. The water of the lake has great medicinal value and its mud is equally famous. The hospital has 350 boys and girls as patients. The beds in the great long wards are gay with bright colored afghans, knitted by the Juniors at home. Two teachers, supported by the Junior Red Cross, go from bed to bed, instructing the children in lessons and teaching them all kinds of handicraft so that the long hours of sickness are made more bearable. Toys, games, books and gymnastic equipment, and materials for basket-making and embroidery have been sent these children from America. When we got back to Constanza tonight, I had the "realest Thanksgiving feeling" I have ever had. I am so thankful that I am a Junior and so have a share in giving other people Thanksgiving Days all the year around.

November 30: We have been in Bucharest, the capital of Rumania, for several days. Mrs. Moran, who has charge of the Junior Red Cross work for Rumania, took us today to visit the Arts and Crafts School in Bucharest.

I wonder if you all know that our Junior American Red Cross has given scholarships to a number of normal schools located throughout Rumania in order that students may be given help at this very critical time.

December 5: After a long, bumpy drive in an old Ford we arrive at the Girls' Industrial School in Breaza. Of course you know that the school is another one of the partially adopted children of our own Junior Red Cross. It was started by a Rumanian colonel and is the first community center project in Rumania. The girls come from all parts of Rumania—little places and big places. They are here to learn the beautiful old peasant handicrafts. I wish you could all see the wonderful things they make. They weave their own linen and embroider it with the designs they originate. Besides the handicraft they have regular lessons too. Two American Red Cross nurses whom we Juniors have sent here have started a children's clinic close by, which is having a wonderful effect on the health of the whole community.

The home of the nurses is a small peasant house. The girls from the Industrial School come here in groups and stay for two weeks to learn simple housekeeping and sanitation. When they graduate from the Industrial School they return to their native towns and start similar schools and social centers for other girls. What a lot this is going to mean to Rumania some day!

December 6: Today was a red letter day. I have been to the Palace like the Pussy Cat in the nursery rhyme and seen the Queen. She sent her love to the Juniors in America, and the Princess Ileana, the Queen's youngest daughter, told me that she had written a letter which she hopes you will all like.



Princess Ileana of Rumania and a neat letter she has written to American Juniors

"THE DAYS OF REAL SPORT"

AT FIRST thought the difference between wood and stone doesn't seem to have much to do with playgrounds, yet it really has a lot to do with the need for them in France.

In the Middle Ages the houses in French towns and villages, for there were no big cities, were built close together inside a big stone wall. That wall protected them from enemies and brigands just as the stockades our great grand-fathers built protected them from the Indians. But where in America we used wood for our early houses, in France they used stone. When the Indians were pacified we could easily afford to tear down the stockades and build new houses with gardens and broad streets. In France those solid old stone houses are still too substantial to be torn

down without very great financial loss. In every French city there is an old part where the streets are so narrow that the houses seem to have huddled together for comfort and protection. The houses and the streets are dark and damp and unhealthy. They are bad places to live in, and no place at all in which to play.

French children study more than American children do, and because of an old law that makes the teacher responsible if any child is hurt while at school they are never encouraged to play in the school yards; that is, to play any games that might be called rough. In recent years the French people began to worry about this state of affairs. They knew their children were delicate and worked too hard in proportion to the exercise they got and they were wondering what to do about it. Then the war came and made everything infinitely worse. To the bad effects of too much work and too little play were added those of not enough to eat.

Then, too, during the war the French people found out how badly they needed to learn team work, the sort of cooperation that every boy who has ever played baseball understands. In the old days when they had kings in France who were absolute monarchs, no one counted for much except the king. The French Revolution changed all that, but for a long time there

By John I. Scull

was a tendency to go too far in the opposite direction. Everyone wanted to have his own way without regard to the right of others. The war pulled all those discordant elements together and showed what wonderful things a democracy can do when all work with harmony.

So many French people told the Junior American Red Cross that they wanted to see a real American playground* and find out what they could learn from it, that a small one was started in Paris in 1919. In 1920 the present big one on the old fortification, called the Bagnolet Playground, was opened. Although the Bagnolet Playground is giving health

and joy to thousands of Paris children, its biggest importance is due to the fact that it is a training school as well as a playground. There young Frenchmen and Frenchwomen are trained so that they can take charge of the playgrounds the Junior Red Cross has established in Amiens, Rethel, and Rheims. Many French

organizations are starting playgrounds of their own, and the Junior Red Cross is aiding them by training teachers for them at Bagnolet.

So the Junior Red Cross is doing for France what a group of public-spirited citizens did for us in this country only a few years ago—showing the way playgrounds are organized and run, demonstrating their importance to children and hence to the country. One by one American cities realized that playgrounds were just as necessary as parks and assumed their support. The same thing is happening in France, where the playgrounds at Amiens, Rethel and Rheims are being taken over by the cities. The training school at Bagnolet has already turned out a few directors for Belgium and Italy. Two girls sent by the Polish Junior Red Cross are in the present class, together with the champion woman athlete and the champion high jumper of France. How better can the old slogan of "Happy Childhood the World Over" be made to come true than by introducing Belgium, France, and Italy to the American playground?



Five playgrounds have been established in France by the Junior Red Cross and French organizations have been assisted in establishing others. These wonderful playgrounds are bringing much happiness to little French war sufferers



A field-day winner rewarded at Bagnolet Playground, Paris

*"The Play Movement and Its Significance," by Henry S. Curtis, published by The Macmillan Company, gives a clear historical picture of the growth of the playground idea in the United States and other countries in addition to a thorough discussion of its significance. "The Playground," published monthly by the Playground and Recreation Association of America, 1 Madison Avenue, New York, at 25c a copy, is a mine of information about playgrounds and recreational activities.



United States Italy Great Britain France Czecho-Slovakia China Jugo-Slavia Spain

IF THE American Juniors are marching ahead with the drum the others are falling into step rapidly with us, eager, resolute, expectant of a brighter, larger life.

All these children have passed through suffering and loneliness unknown to us, but when the Junior cry "I Serve!" came ringing across the sea to them and they saw an army of children like themselves, with tears of sympathy in their eyes, lips pressed with purpose, and busy hands working for their comfort, they took heart and responded with a beautiful trust and affection. So out of the darkness of war has come to us the priceless gift of the friendship of the children of the world!

And how much that is lovely they are bringing into our lives! I do not mean only the drawings, the embroideries, the albums and letters and toys which they send but the riches of their background. Their thrilling histories, their legends and festivals, their grim castles and stately palaces, their paintings and music and cathedrals, their quaint customs and picturesque garments. Does it sometimes seem that they have treasure chests in which we have no share? That is because we forget from where we came. The contents of those chests belong also to us. For in a remote past most of the people of Europe were one great family, the Aryan, with a common language and common belief. No one knows from what country they first came or when they parted and went their several ways. They became separated and estranged. Their languages became so changed that they could not understand each other. Often they fought as enemies. But always when they came together peaceably they found that they had something in common.

"Oh yes!" you will say, "we can see that we get our language and laws and our big spirit of adventure from the British, and commerce and shipping and good housekeeping from the early Dutch. From France

The Junior March

By Anna Milo Upjohn

came Lafayette and Rochambeau and the idea of 'noblesse oblige.' Spain sent us Columbus and much besides, and who can measure the warm and lovely things which Italy has given us even aside from the most musical part of our language? Then there are the poetry and sculpture and architecture of Greece which have passed into our everyday lives—and oh, the wonderful music of the Poles and Germans! Life would be dreary and commonplace without all these peoples behind us. But where do the others come in?" First there are the Albanians, the oldest and least known of the Aryan family. Before that family broke up we and the Albanians had the same word for "God" and so little has it changed through the ages that today they say "Zot" where we say "God." So we can put a finger on Tirana with a feeling of real comradeship, for although we know but one word of the Albanian language it is the greatest of all. The country has always been on the map where we find it today. Ages ago some of our pet heroes passed that way. Ulysses, after the Trojan war, beat his way homeward through the stormy waters just south of Albania, and not far north Richard the Lionhearted was shipwrecked on his way back from the Holy Land.

The Cyclops too, those fascinating one-eyed giants who lived in caves, came from Albania and naughty children are threatened with them even now. The Slovaks used to treasure little household gods called the "Dedky" or "ancestors." Their word for grandfather is "Ded" and the Serbian child uses the same, for he is closely related. The Breton child calls its father "Dad," and we say "Daddy." Each comes from the same root far back in the lost past when we all spoke the same language and were brothers.



Belgium

Poland

Holland

Albania

Rumania

Greece

Montenegro

Around the World

Illustrated by the Author

A little Rumanian asks for bread and milk in almost the same words which an Italian child would use, and this because centuries ago the Romans went from Italy to colonize what is now Rumania and they left their language there. Moreover, they transplanted many settlers from subject states along the Dalmatian coast. They were of the same stock as the Albanians. So from two directions the Rumanians came into the "family." Why does a Rumanian girl, when she sees you coming down the road run to the well, draw a pail of water and come forward carrying it on her head? She is saying in her picture language, "Welcome! may your life be full of happiness." But she does not know why a full pail of water expresses that. The memory of those far days when the "family" wandered through hot, dry lands, searching for water for their flocks has faded away. Then a spring was so precious a thing as to be sacred and the feeling of a blessing connected with water still remains.

One summer night I saw bonfires suddenly leap from every mountain top above a Carpathian valley in Czecho-Slovakia. On the summit of the highest, men, women, and children danced and sang all night around a great fire. "What is it all about?" I asked. "It is the feast of St. John," they said. But really the bonfire had nothing to do with St. John. It went back to a long forgotten time when the ancestors of those very people were sun-worshippers and had celebrated a great feast to the sun every year at the time of the summer solstice. The mountain is still called "Radost" which in Czech means "Joy."

In the south of England, in the French province of Brittany and in parts of Spain our own ancestors in those countries lighted bonfires on that same date for

thousands of years before our time because when they took the rest of the "family" and moved westward they took their sun-worship with them. And they still light bonfires on June 24, to mark a holiday.

We, too, have our festivals, Thanksgiving, Fourth of July, Lincoln's birthday. Each stands for a thrilling episode in our national life. Their stories will never be lost or forgotten because they came into being long after men had learned to write history. But in the far past when they had not even an alphabet, when the most they could do was to draw a picture or scratch a sign on a rock, the knowledge of events died with the people who took part in them or were passed on by word of mouth. But so exceedingly well did they tell their stories that many have come down to us practically unchanged. Whether in Rumania, Russia, Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, Albania, or England, we find the tales of Cinderella, of Beauty and the Beast, the Sleeping Beauty and many another, clear and familiar. They all come from the old, old fairy book which we read together in childhood in the undivided Aryan family.

There are other races than the European. While we were still running wild in the woods the Chinese were fashioning beautiful thoughts as well as things of art, and used silks and printing, porcelain and tea! And then there is the great Semitic race with its science and arithmetic and early navigation and above all the old Egyptians, the teachers of all the peoples of Europe. So wherever we turn we find some mysterious thread drawing us fascinatingly and surely together. You Juniors are gathering up these threads and weaving them into a strong cord of friendship. Through School Correspondence you will discover many loose ends for yourselves. Uncovering the lives of nations is like digging down to buried cities and finding cups of gold and coins, marble steps and streets and little homes.

So you see we have our share in the treasure chests after all, for they belong to the "Family."

JUNIOR RED CROSS

NEWS

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I would rather have the American flag implanted in the hearts of the children of Europe than flying over any citadel of victory.

Herbert Hoover.

Admiral T'Sai of China a delegate to the Conference on the Limitation of Armament, and President of the Chinese Red Cross, declared at a meeting in Washington which was presided over by the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, that if the delegations to the arms conference would show the same spirit of brotherhood and good will that appears in the work and relations of Red Cross societies, the question of world peace would be greatly simplified. This spirit of self-sacrificing service to mankind has been introduced to children all over the earth through the organization of children's branches of national Red Cross associations, called the Junior Red Cross, and American educators and school children have had the special privilege of being pioneers in the movement.

Splendid Headway in linking children the world over in a bond of mutual service and understanding is being made, for there are no less than a dozen countries which are now actively concerned with the formation of Junior Red Cross bodies. In this connection, and while the arms limitation conference is still a current event, it is interesting to note that the International Committee of the Red Cross and the League of Red Cross Societies have jointly adopted a resolution committing all Red Cross societies to the task of working for world peace. Before the holding of the tenth international conference of Red Cross societies at Geneva, Switzerland, in 1921, there was no positive expression of policy on this point, and in many coun-

tries Red Cross societies were largely war-time associations. Here is the new policy:

"The mere continuation of Red Cross activity in time of peace will no longer suffice. It is the wish of the Red Cross to work *in the interest of peace*. . . . Therefore, the Red Cross calls upon all whole-hearted citizens, irrespective of nationality, religious belief, profession, or social rank, to join, as far as lies in their power, in a systematic campaign against the spirit of war, which is a constant menace to the world's peace."

"As For You" said Professor Drtina, directing head of the Czecho-Slovakian Junior Red Cross, in an address before a great body of Juniors in Prague, the capital of Czecho-Slovakia, "there arises a magnificent international institution of culture. The Junior Red Cross stands for cleanliness and health of body and soul. It is a school of citizenship and noble tolerance, the seed-ground of peace and good will among nations. Its purpose is unselfish aid wherever it is needed—service to others; and in this service it finds its highest blessing, the spirit of humanity and love. Its two mottoes are: To love your nation, and To love mankind."

TURN ON THE LIGHT

Turn on the Light and let men see
What things have been and are to be.
Turn on the Light whose radiance clear
Will quell the shades of doubt and fear.
Bid men discern beneath its glow
Each purpose high, each motive low,
Each selfish and ambitious dream,
Each splendid hope, each sordid scheme.
Let us behold and understand
The hearts of men from every land;
And cease to tread with stumbling feet
The labyrinths of dull deceit.
Let Wisdom guide our steps aright
And, through the world, Turn on the Light.

—PHILANDER JOHNSON

BETWEEN MIDNIGHT AND MORNING

Lines Written for "King Albert's Book"

BY OWEN SEAMAN

You that have faith to look with fearless eyes
Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,
And trust that out of night and death shall rise
The dawn of ampler life;
Rejoice, whatever anguish rend your heart,
That God has given you, for a priceless dower,
To live in these great times and have your part
In Freedom's crowning hour.
That you may tell your sons who see the light
High in the heaven, their heritage to take:
"I saw the powers of darkness put to flight!
I saw the morning break!"



Words by Ethel Blair Jordan.

Music by Jaroslav Kricka

Tempo di marcia, moderato; with energy.

We proud-ly bear our coun-try's flag, And

(ms. f. ad) *mf* *piu f.* *(ms. ad)* *mf* *(9)*

brave-ly serve our na- tion. We faith-ful-ly de- fend the right, By deed and dec-la- ra- tion.

dim. p. cresc. *dim. p. cresc.* *(9)*

A- lone or with our com-rades true, We work for truth and beau- ty. And wave the Red Cross flag on high A-

cresc. *molto*

bove the path of du- ty. For u- ni- ver- sal peace we strive, With Love our way is ligh- ted;

(Tamb piccolo ad lib)

For ser-vice to hu- man- i- ty The Jun-iors stand u- ni- ted.

sub. *Tamburo*

Repeat from beginning (from flourish)

Story of the Song

A member of the Czecho-Slovakian Junior Red Cross, which has 165,000 members, writes to members of the American Junior Red Cross:

"Sometimes we go out for a walk and we sing with all our strength the Juniors' Song. We like the idea that all Juniors all over the world are singing the same."

The music of the song referred to is a Czecho-Slovakian march by Jaroslav Kricka. It is here introduced to American Juniors. The sentiment is from an American Junior song.



Bread and cheese are a feast for the very small children in the Udine day school in Italy. Two hundred promising youngsters at Udine are aided by Juniors of America

MAKING FRIENDS IN ITALY

IN ITALY the Junior American Red Cross is forging a chain to bind together the children of the two nations. Each link of the chain is a friendly deed and it grows stronger every day.

There are the trade schools, for instance, where homeless war-waifs are turned into busy, useful little citizens, well equipped to make their way in the world. There are the school ships, where youngsters live and study and work and play on shipboard, and are taught to be good fishermen and seamen. There are the farm schools where boys are trained to be farmers and have already added to Italy's food supply. There are orphanages where children are given a home and loving care. There are sunny, well-equipped hospitals and open-air colonies where they are cured of their ills under the supervision of skillful doctors and nurses.

All these various projects aided by the Junior American Red Cross have aroused great interest and curiosity among the Italian children concerning America and they have sent hundreds of picture postcards thanking the American school children, whose prompt replies were received with intense interest. The correspondence that followed awakened in both Amer-

By Ethel Blair Jordan

ican and Italian children an appreciation of the beautiful things and customs existing in countries unknown to them.

Juniors are now planning to add to their chain of friendly deeds playgrounds and libraries which mean so much to the children whose minds have been starving longer than their bodies. The playgrounds will mean physical care and attention from trained supervisors, healthy give-and-take play and exercise to develop weak little bodies and dulled minds, and games and sports for children who have forgotten how to play. The libraries will open enchanted vistas to the beauty-loving minds that have known little but grim and

ugly surroundings. Minds and bodies alike must be fed before the children are restored to normal child-life.

Correspondence and exchange of gifts have created a strong bond between the children of the two countries. The people of Italy were quick to appreciate an influence which might do much for the future welfare of the world. The sight of fat, happy babies in Junior orphanages, of war-waifs transformed by trade and vocational schools into healthy, useful little citizens, has brought home the conception of the Junior Red Cross ideals.



"Going up" in the rigging of a school ship at Venice where thirty boys are supported by Juniors

How Young Serbia Is Being Helped

NI MAJKA, ni otats" (neither father nor mother) was the pathetic plea of a Serbian child who was taken into the orphanage which the American Red Cross helped maintain in Vranje.

This phrase sums up Serbia's greatest tragedy. The World War has left it a country of orphans. In some towns of only 10,000 population there are from 2,000 to 3,000 children whose mothers and fathers were deported or killed. Perhaps no other land could feel this more bitterly, for from the earliest dawn of their history the Serbs have been a nation of families. The life of the country centered around the home and it was solely to maintain the freedom of these homes that the Serbs became a nation of fighting men.

Naturally quick-witted, artistic, and eager to learn, the Serbs used their recovered freedom for advancement and education. Then, like the storm that destroys a hard-won harvest, the World War fell upon them, blighting their new-born hope.

But Serbian courage and optimism are apparently inextinguishable. The surviving Serbs have eagerly grasped the helping hands of the various relief organizations and are struggling to their feet.



Whether attending flocks or going to market, Serbian girls are always knitting. They card the wool from which they make garments. Serbia is a land of orphans

The most important task, now that the actual bodily necessities are provided, is to restore the schools. Hardly a school building was left in good condition by the war, roofs were gone, great holes torn in walls, benches and desks taken for firewood, whole buildings burned to the ground. The Juniors are helping rebuild the schools, installing new furniture, and furnishing school supplies and equipment.

Play-Day Again in Belgium

THE CHILDREN are playing again in Belgium. They began at Charleroi where the Junior American Red Cross has established the first of its chain of playgrounds like those which have so benefited the health and morale of French children.

Charleroi is a town hemmed in by slag heaps and black with dust and smoke. Before the playground was opened there the only game the children knew was to slide down a slag heap on a piece of wood. It was here in this dreary place that before the children's very eyes a magic city was built, with baseball, tennis, and volley ball courts; with chair swings and a huge sand box.

At the opening of the Charleroi playground the Burgomaster pointed out the moral and educational value of organized play and generally revealed his thorough grasp of the ideals of the Junior Red Cross. He closed his discourse by saying: "We shall never forget the help of the American nation and its children." Belgian societies are to be aided with playground equipment and playground directors are to be trained by the Junior American Red Cross at Paris. There is still much to be done, but gradually the Belgian children are being drawn into the ever-widening circle of love and intelligent care.



Juniors of America are introducing modern playgrounds to scenes like this in Belgium with happy results

HINTS FOR THE DAY'S WORK

THIS NUMBER of JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS is a voyage around the world with interesting stops at Junior projects where many friends receive us. The material is here classified for schoolroom use.

History and Geography

In "The Junior March Around the World," there are enchanting glimpses of the mythology, ancient rites, and quaint customs that lead through the portals of folk-lore into the great Hall of World's History. All the fascinating "foreignness" of other nations is delightfully touched upon only to lead back to the great truth that the world was one great family once and should be so today. The picture of the old Roman road, page 57, coordinates with both history and geography. As the caption points out it is rich in historical associations. Other stories and articles that link up with history and geography are an interesting Albanian story, "The Boy and the Weapon," appearing on pages 67



The Balkan region of Europe, which lies between the two heavy lines on this map, is an exceptionally attractive field for Junior Red Cross activities. Stories and articles in this magazine about Albania, Montenegro, Serbia, and Rumania, mention points which are shown on this map

and 68; "A Junior's Rumanian Diary," page 70, a charming story of travels in Rumania; "In the Land of Black Rocks," page 69, a picture of Montenegro, and "The Days of Real Sport," page 71, a "close-up" of France.

Stories to Read

In this issue the long list of stories to read includes: "The Boy and the Weapon," pages 67 and 68, "In the Land of Black Rocks," page 69, "A Junior's Rumanian Diary," page 70, "The Days of Real Sport," page 71, "The Junior March Around the World," pages 72 and 73, "Making Friends in Italy," page 76, "How Young Serbia is Being Helped," page 77, and "Play-Day Again in Belgium," page 77.

Ideals of Service
"Noblesse Oblige," page 66, "The Junior March Around the World," pages 72 and 73, the editorials on page 74, the poem "Turn On the Light," page 74, and "The Editor's Letter to You," page 80, are the Junior ideals of service clearly and inspirationally set forth.

January Red Letter Days

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| Jan. 1, 1907—America's Pure Food Law effective. | Jan. 17, 1706—Benjamin Franklin was born. |
| Jan. 1, 1913—America's Parcel Post established. | Jan. 18, 1782—Daniel Webster was born. |
| Jan. 1, 1863—Lincoln Proclaimed Emancipation. | Jan. 18, 1919—Peace Conference opened in Paris. |
| Jan. 1, 1800—Union of Great Britain and Ireland. | Jan. 19, 1807—General Robert E. Lee was born. |
| Jan. 2, 1911—America opened Postal Savings Banks. | Jan. 19, 1809—Edgar Allan Poe was born. |
| Jan. 8, 1815—Battle of New Orleans was fought. | Jan. 19, 1840—Wilkes discovered Antarctic Continent. |
| Jan. 10, 1840—Great Britain established penny postage. | Jan. 24, 1848—Gold first discovered in California. |
| Jan. 11, 1757—Alexander Hamilton was born. | Jan. 25, 1759—Robert Burns was born. |
| Jan. 16, 1920—First Meeting of League of Nations. | Jan. 25, 1900—Simplon Tunnel opened through Alps. |
| Jan. 16, 1920—Prohibition effective in America. | Jan. 27, 1880—Edison patented incandescent lamp. |
| Jan. 16, 1880—Spain abolished slavery in Cuba. | Jan. 30, 1901—Hague World-Arbitration Court created. |

PRONOUNCING DEPARTMENT

Amiens	Ah-miang'	Ismael	Ees'-mah-el	Rochambeau	Raw-shahm-bo'
Aryan	Ar'-yan	Kosovo	Kaw'-saw-vaw	Semitic	Se-mit'-ik
Bagnolet	Bah-nyaw-leh'	La Louviere	La Loo-viair'	Shkypetar	Shkee'-pay-tah
Breaza	Bray-ah'-zah	"Noblesse Oblige"	No-bleess' O-bleezh'	Tarabosh	Tah'-rah-bawsh
Cettinje	Tset-een'-yay	Podgoritzta	Pud'-go-ree-tsa	Tekir-Ghiol	Tay'-keer-Gheewl
Charleroi	Shar-l'-rwah'	Rethel	Ray'-tl	Tirana	Tee-rah'-nah
Constanza	Kone-stahn'-tsa	Rheims	Rangss	Udine	Oo-dee'-nay
Danilovgrad	Dah-nee'-lo-grahd			Vranje	Vrah'-nyay
Drtina	Der'-tee-nah				

BALKAN TRAILS IN BOOKS

MY BALKAN TRIP. By Roy Trevor. (Published by John Lane Co., N. Y., 1911. \$4.50.) An account of journeyings and adventures in Albania, Montenegro, Dalmatia, and the Near East.

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN. By Henry W. Longfellow. (Published by Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston and N. Y. \$1.)

As interesting as any Arabian Nights story is the tale of Scanderbeg, the Albanian hero, who as a boy was captured by the Turks and brought up in Constantinople. He became a great soldier and, escaping from the country of his captivity, returned to Albania and helped her to shake off the Turkish fetters that bound her. Scanderbeg is the second story told by the Spanish Jew in Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn*.

HERO TALES AND LEGENDS OF THE SERBIANS. By W. M. Petrovitch. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Co., N. Y., 1914. \$4.00.)

"The whole daily life of the Southern Slav is interwoven with all kinds of superstition. He is superstitious about the manner in which he rises in the morning and as to what he sees first * * * when he builds a house, a 'lucky spot' must be found for its foundation. He listens to hear if the cocks crow in time, and if the dogs bark much, and how they are barking!" The tale in this book explains many of the superstitions of this interesting people and recounts the national customs and richness of their folk lore.

WHEN I WAS A BOY IN RUMANIA. By T. S. Van Tessaar. (Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston, 1917. \$1.25.)

The real story of a Rumanian boy written by the boy himself.

OUR LITTLE SERBIAN COUSIN. By Clara Vostrovsky Winlow. (Published by L. C. Page Co., Boston, 1913. \$1.)

"Our little Serbian cousin lives in one of the Balkan countries in the southeastern part of Europe—Serbian people are to be found not only in the Kingdom of Serbia but also in the brave little neighboring kingdoms of Montenegro, which, tiny as it is, has nevertheless always maintained its independence of Turkey."*

MONTENEGRO, A LAND OF WARRIORS. By Roy Trevor. (Published by The Macmillan Co., N. Y., 1913. \$1. Peeps at Many Lands Series.)

The story of the land of black rocks and a people as brave as King Arthur and the Champion Knights of the Round Table.

TALES OF SERBIAN LIFE. By Ellen Chivers Davies. (Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., N. Y., 1920. \$2.50.)

"Marko" (the hero of the first tale in the book), "like all Serbian children and grown-ups too, loved beautiful colors and sounds, although he didn't talk much about them to anyone. So he lay on his back and thought how quiet it was, and wondered how the tree felling on the opposite mountains was going along, and listened for the sound of the axe. And he thought of the apple crop in their little orchard over at Novo Selo, and wondered when they would begin to cut the maize, and if the pumpkins were really ripe, and what prices the pigs would fetch if he took them to Banja." You will find the heroes and heroines of other stories in the book quite as likeable and interesting as Marko.



Juniors of America have a reward in this smile of an Albanian boy who was brought to the door of knowledge in a Junior Red Cross school

A BOY IN SERBIA. By Ellen Chivers Davies. (Published by Thomas Y. Crowell Co., N. Y., 1920. \$1.50.)

"Children must go to school for four years, but when they reach their twelfth year they need not go any longer unless their parents wish it. In that case they attend what they call a 'higher primary school' and agriculture is the chief thing taught there." Milosav, the Serbian boy of the story, will tell you many interesting things about his country if you'll meet him in this book.

OUR LITTLE RUMANIAN COUSIN. By Clara Vostrovsky Winlow. (Published by L. C. Page Co., Boston, 1917. \$1.)

"The Rumanian men and women are strong and sturdy, and the men are noted for their bravery and hardiness. So, among the Rumanian children, we find hardy, manly little boys and cheerful, if serious minded, little girls. However, they like to play, just as do all of our little foreign cousins. This little book tells about their everyday games and pastimes, how they live, and how they dress."

* Since its publication Serbia and Montenegro have united with Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia to form the Kingdom of Jugo-Slavia.

The Editor's Letter to You!

DEAR JUNIORS:

If you will read the stories and articles about living girls and boys in this number of JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS you will find more than one summons to world service—will know what the upright, manly young bugler on the cover is calling to you, as he stands beneath the tossing banners of many nations. It is a clarion call to reconsecrate yourselves to the ideals and purposes of the Junior Red Cross.

In the briefest descriptions possible, listen to what your National Children's Fund is doing at the outset of a new year in a world that greatly needs your intelligent service!

To the little mountain country of Albania, in Southeast Europe, you have given its first coeducational school—a grade school for 300 girls and boys; and an industrial school for boys where, at the request of the Albanian Government, instruction is in English. Three Albanian girls and three Albanian boys are attending American colleges in Constantinople. You are taking Light and Life to these people who have been oppressed by the Turks for 500 years. Near by, in Montenegro, is an industrial school for 200 orphans, a home school for 100 more, a high school, and a sewing school. A stirring true story of the Montenegrens is elsewhere in this NEWS. In that part of Jugo-Slavia known as Serbia a money gift is helping the Serbians to rebuild and equip twenty school houses. A map of this region is on page 78.

In Rumania the children are grateful for a school of domestic science and welfare work in connection with a Rumanian industrial school for girls, for games and simple manual work supervised in a children's hospital on the shores of the Black Sea, for little lifts given students who need blankets, clothes, and books to continue courses in normal schools, and for assistance given a summer camp for 300 children. Princess Ileana of Rumania has written you an affectionate note about all this, and it is reproduced elsewhere in her own handwriting.

Scattered over North Italy and in Sicily are a score of schools and homes for children, including two school ships, which are helped with money monthly. You have established children's libraries in certain of these schools, and a playground in Florence, Italy, where the great Englishwoman, Florence Nightingale, was born. For Hungarian children's hospitals you are

giving clothing and bedding, and a contribution of material for manual training classes in public schools.

The new republic of Czecho-Slovakia is the scene of intensive Junior Red Cross work, with an organization of its own for which you are partly responsible. A representative of your organization is there to assist Junior activities and to supervise the completion of a club or home for neglected children—a gift for which your Junior Red Cross was the channel. You have also been the means of the gift of a substantial home for crippled children in Czecho-Slovakia.

Five modern playgrounds in as many cities in France ring with the joyous shouts of war-waifs because of the National Children's Fund; there is a social center, with branches in four surrounding villages in the devastated area; assistance has been given to numerous French organizations in establishing more playgrounds; four children's libraries have been started and six more planned, and support is given to a hospital-home on the edge of the Argonne Forest and to a child welfare center in the same section.

And brave little Belgium is still on the Jun-

ior Red Cross map, with playgrounds and playground extension work chiefly engaging the attention of your representative. In Poland you have started school gardens, and have lately helped in the purchase of books for orphan schools. Your representatives are in Austria and Jugo-Slavia planning programs which will aid in organizing the Junior Red Cross there.

In the opposite quarter of the world—in China, whose dragon of superstition has disappeared from its flag, you are helping to promote cleaner and healthier living through campaigns of education which are conducted by a number of agencies in cooperation.

Could there be a better subject for a New Year's letter than the simple recital of what you are doing to promote "happy childhood the world over"? The more you help others the less meaning there will be to the passing of solar years, for you will grow to know that time is really measured by the good it unfolds.

AUSTIN CUNNINGHAM.



Young Albania is ready for more than food, is willing—and anxious—to LEARN!

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