

JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

November 1920

"I Serve"



A. M. UPJOHN

A Useful Citizen
of Montenegro

HAPPY CHILDHOOD THE WORLD OVER

A Rooster, a Dog, a Cat, and
BASIL, THE MONK

By Rose Wilder Lane

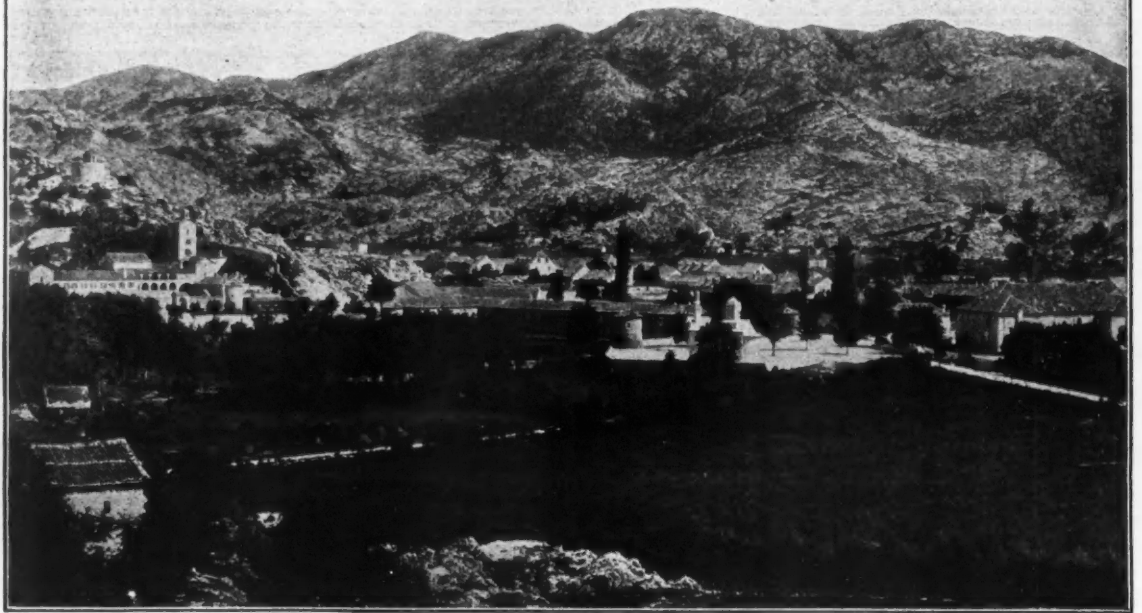


PHOTO BY G. LA FOREST

Cetinje, the ancient Capital of Montenegro

FOUR hundred years ago, long before the United States was thought of, there lived in the mountains of Montenegro a good man of great learning who was called Basil the Monk. He was the Bishop of Niksic. He ruled over a monastery in a fertile valley, and far and wide everybody loved him.

But in those days there was war between the Turks and the native people of the Balkans, and one day the Turkish soldiers won a great battle and came through the valley, killing and burning. The people fled before them, carrying the little children, and seizing what they could from the homes they were leaving. The good Bishop Basil went with them. From the high, bare mountain-tops they looked down and saw the soldiers destroying their village and driving away their cattle and sheep.

They were hungry and cold in the mountains. There was nothing but rock beneath their feet; nothing but boulders and cliffs of stone all around them. But the good Bishop counselled and comforted them, and since his monastery was destroyed he set to work to make another where he was. He began to cut into the solid granite of a cliff high among the clouds, and after many months he had made two small rooms with a door and a window.

By this time the Turks had gone, and the people went back to their valley. But Basil the Monk

remained in these rooms, thousands of feet above the village. A dog, a cat, and a rooster lived with him. Often he went down to see his people and to give them lessons in religion, history, and industry. The cat, the dog, and the rooster always went with him. The rooster walked in front of him, stepping proudly on the narrow trail and sometimes stopping to stand on a boulder and flap his wings and crow. The dog followed him sedately, and the cat rode on his shoulder. When the people heard the rooster's crow echoing among the cliffs above their heads, they smiled and said, "Basil the Monk is coming." Then mothers put another stick on the fire in the center of their huts and added another handful of beans to the pot, while all the children went to meet the good Bishop.

"Learn to till the soil," he told them, "and always be kind to animals. Each family should have a dog to give alarms, a cat to keep the house free from rats and mice, and a rooster to awaken the household so that work may begin at dawn. Thus from the animals we learn prudence, cleanliness, and industry."

Those who heard him thought that these were wise words. They repeated them to each other, and so it came about that all Montenegro knew them. When Basil grew old and died, the people told their children about him, and when the children grew up, they told



Early morning in the Balkans, near Podgoritza

their children. So, although there were no books and no one could read or write, the story of Basil the Monk was kept alive through the centuries.

The two rooms he cut from the granite cliff have grown into the large and beautiful Monastery of Ostrog, in the mountains between Niksic and Podgoritza. In the whole country every bit of fertile earth is cultivated, even those too small to hold more than one plant. And to this very day, in all Montenegro, every family keeps a dog, a cat, and a rooster.

THE LAND OF BLACK ROCKS

Amid the almost inaccessible crags of the mountains between Serbia and Albania live the few thousand people composing Montenegro.

The Montenegrin's feast day is somewhat like our Thanksgiving, except that each family celebrates a different day. It is at reunion time, when all branches gather under one roof. They are a long-lived race, and at one reunion a traveler counted seven generations of one family, the youngest a child of two, the eldest a hale old man of one hundred and seventeen. The day begins with religious ceremonies, fol-

lowed by a feast of which the principal dish is a sheep roasted whole, and closes with games and fun.

In this smallest of the nations, existence is a struggle. It is a land where water must be carried by hand over mountain paths; where in some villages the only crops are those grown in earth brought painfully from the lowlands to fill a hollow in the rocks. In a country which has preserved its national identity through centuries of fighting against a powerful foe which completely surrounded it, the children were of necessity untaught and exposed to hardships. What a wonder-world it must seem to the hundred children in the home provided by the Juniors at Podgoritza. They are warmly housed and clothed, well-fed, well-taught; they have an infirmary, a playground, and, best of all, a five-acre "farm" with plenty of real earth to grow things in.

At Niksic and Danilovgrad the Juniors have provided other homes and at Cetinje and Podgoritza equipment for public schools.

The good ship Education is afloat in Montenegro; it must weather storms of ignorance and superstition, but the Montenegrins have hoisted bright colors of courage and patriotism.

A QUESTION

I thought that foreign children
Lived far across the sea
Until I got a letter
From a boy in Italy.
"Dear little foreign friend," it said,
As plainly as could be!
Now I wonder which is "foreign,"
That other boy, or me?


—Ethel Blair.

JUNIORS OF AMERICA

By H. OXLEY STENGEL

(Song or recitation on the Junior Red Cross)

Tune: *Auld Lang Syne*

UR line of duty is to serve,
United or alone,
Our Country, State, Community,
Humanity, and Home.

Our country's laws we will obey
And raise her standards high
And gather patriots to our ranks
As we go marching by.

A "Happy Childhood" is our aim
Throughout the big, wide world;
Small citizens, but trusty ones,
Whose banner is unfurled.
And, marching ever on and on
With eyes turned toward the Light,
Our labors will not be in vain
In working for the right.

We Juniors of America
Will glorify our land,
Till, brighter for our loyalty,
It shall forever stand.
With "Service" and "Humanity"
The emblems that we bear,
A greater country we'll transmit
To happy children's care.

A POET IN A WAREHOUSE



One tiny flock of Poland's 500,000 orphans

A POET once said that even were he never to go beyond the counter of his father's little corner grocery, he still could write a world epic, drawing his inspiration from the stock on his shelves. Were not the spices from the far Indies there, the herbs from Ceylon, the herring from the seas, the rich fruits from the Californias, the tobaccos from fields of the South—were not these inspiration enough?

An hour spent in one of the great warehouses of the American Red Cross relief commission in Poland would furnish a theme to baffle even a major poet. Here he would find, written in figures too eloquent to be translated into words, such a story of human endeavor and human compassion as has not yet been penned.

Here is a great tier of huge linen bags, each bearing a number. On the warehouse invoices those numbers are keys to a thousand wonders. "No. 51," we read, "Five Hundred Women's Outfits." In that one brief legend is the story of two thousand pieces of wearing apparel sent overseas by America for the war-stricken women of Poland. What a whirl of far-off American sewing machines, what a flashing of needles and thread, what a hum of friendly voices, the ear of the imagination can hear issuing from even that single sack! And there are dozens of them, scores of them, besides hundreds of other bales and cases of women's wear, containing everything from handkerchiefs to warm woolen dresses, piled to the ceiling, waiting their turn to go out to clothe the needy of the devastated regions. Here is a high wall of big packing cases bearing quite a different label. "Layettees," this legend reads. An army of mothers of the American Red Cross and girls of the Junior Red Cross seems to stand behind that tier of wooden boxes, the far-off ones who put the happy stitches into these tiny magic garments, and now, across the sea, wonder what wee creatures are wearing them. One day a requisition came in to the warehouse for some of these layettes. It called for "Babies' New Outfits." But it had to be changed. "New Babies' Outfits" were what were wanted. "And not cross,

red babies either," commented one smiling six-foot Pole, who evidently knew a thing or two himself about new babies; "not cross, red babies either, but Red Cross babies—that's what they'll be now, I think, *tak*, yes?"

But it is not only the new babies that are remembered here. Along one whole wall stand tall rows of cases marked for their elder brothers and sisters. There are "Boys' Blouse Suits" and "Boys' Underwear, 2 to 12 years"; "Girls' pinafores" and "Girls' Sweaters"; shoes and underwear and dresses and petticoats, and every other imaginable garment to help keep little Polish bodies warm through this long winter, and make little Polish hearts happy under the cheery egis of the bright Red Cross. Then there are the men's supplies—flannel shirts, heavy winter underwear, stout sweaters, boots and overshoes, knitted mittens, gloves and wristlets, and last but not least, the socks—the grey socks and the white socks that your mother and my mother have been busy knitting for the past five years. You can hear the click of their needles now, away over here in Poland, across the seas, only here, if you play that you are a poet for a minute, that soft clicking rises to a vast rhythm of happy homelike music of heartbeats and generous thoughts.

There is a story, too, in every shipping tag on bale or box. Here is the warmth of far-off California reaching out across the world in a big consignment marked "San Francisco." And what a sweep of white sails and tumbling seas speaks in the words "Baltic Terminal, from Portland, Oregon!" Here is Boston's name, and New York's. Again, "Central Division, American Red Cross, Chicago."

In the basement are kept the stocks of supplies for the refugee and military hospitals and for all the sick of Poland whose need can be found. It is a stock that is constantly being renewed and shipped out.

It is thus, in a big, brick, barn-like warehouse, that one may read the epic of the Red Cross in Poland. It is printed in vast figures, in the terms of freight cars and packing cases, bales and boxes, and it is daily and hourly translated into action.

THE BEAR-TRAINER'S WIFE

By Louise Franklin Bache

NITZOI was the acknowledged leader of a Roumanian Gipsy camp. He was of medium height, slender, swarthy, with dark flashing eyes, a brilliant smile and the strength of a lion. He earned a living, poor as it was, by the performance of his tame bear. "Coconas!" said Nitsoi with his best smile, as he chucked his money-making companion under the chin, "to watch you work, old fellow, is a far easier way of collecting coins than to work myself."

Nitsoi had just returned from a week's travel with a few "ban" clinking in the depths of his ragged pockets, a wealth of new stories on the tip of his tongue, and a feeling that all was right with the world! What welcome had he received? The whole camp was in an uproar. Maria, his wife, had that day listened to the smooth words of the white-faced foreigners and had actually given away their three children. It sounded impossible! But alas, woe to the ears and eyes of Nitsoi, it was true.

"You need not put a curse on me, Nitsoi," shrieked an old wrinkled hag with matted hair, who was stirring a mess of corn and water in a large iron kettle swung over the fire. "It is not my fault. I did all I could to keep the Evil One from casting his bad eye upon us. While the white foreigners were here, I brewed the herbs and said all the charms I knew from the beginning to the end and back again. It availed nothing! They cast a spell over Maria from the first."

The old hag came forward pointing her long ladle dripping with meal at Nitsoi.

"Listen!" she hissed. "One of the foreigners had red hair and blue eyes! Now you know the worst."

Nitsoi beat his breast and spat upon the ground. Too well he believed the harm that this unhappy combination wrought.

"And you gave my children to strange people, you Maria, a Romany, wife of Nitsoi, the chief of the camp!"

Maria suddenly sprang to her feet. "It is not so," she said, her eyes flashing. "I can talk! I will tell you the story, just as it happened. But let me tell you this, first. If the foreigners do not bring back my children as they promised, I will leave the camp and my people forever.

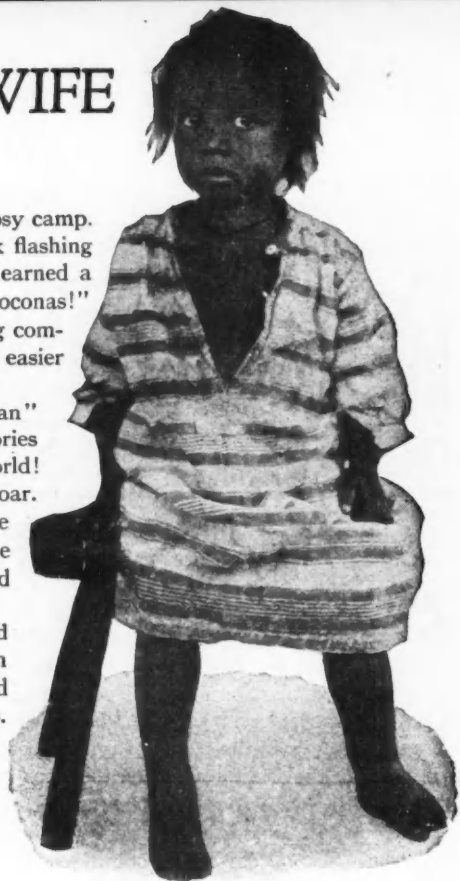
"Bear with me now, I beg of you while I unwrap the tale. Today a mother in the camp down the road lost her baby, and beat herself, as is the custom, in order that the bad spirits might not abide with her."

"She did rightly," said the old hag, aiming a blow with the porridge ladle at a troublesome puppy.

"But the white foreigners said it was wrong," argued Maria, "and their faces and words were kind. They said there are no evil spirits anywhere and our fears and superstitions are foolish."

"What were you doing away from the camp?" Nitsoi interrupted her to yell.

"The girls and I heard the buzz of a car that goes without oxen. The girls went to dance that they might get money. I went to beg for dainties for my sick children, who would not touch the food we had on hand. The foreigners were good to the children



A wee Gipsy maid of Roumania

in the other camp. They gave them food and clothing and cared for those who were ill. I told them of our little ones and they came with me here. They said they would care for them, too, until well. I gave in only after they had promised to bring back the children safely to me. Tomorrow I shall go to the city and see for myself."

"If you do not bring good news of the children," said Nitsoi, "neither my bear nor I will eat a mouthful of food until we are avenged!"

A few days afterward at a Junior Red Cross school-home a Gipsy woman was seen stealthily creeping along in the shadow.

"What brings you here, good woman?" asked a Red Cross woman.

"My children," said the Gipsy simply, falling on her knees. "My people say you have made way with my little ones."

"Come with me," said the American gently.

In the wide door, through cool white wards she led the terrified, trembling Gipsy mother to the place where her three brown-faced, black-haired children lay in clean white beds.

"It is well to believe only half of what one hears," said the Gipsy mother, some minutes later, as on bended knee she kissed the American's hand. "I shall believe the white foreigners and shall make known their miracles around every camp fire."

SHEEP OF MONTENEGRO

By Elsie Graves Benedict



THROUGH the dark and twisted streets
Of Podgoritza town,
From rock-rimmed fields where the locusts fly,
Slowly the long-wooled sheep go by
And the herder pipes them down.

The herder flutes his simple tune
In the breathless dark reed-sweet.
They pass me by with a rustling sound
Like falling leaves; 'tis the ancient ground
That whispers against their feet.

The tonk-a-tonk of the leader's bell
Resounds from the high-walled way,
Like the beat of the heart of sleeping night
That stirs a bit in cool delight
After the rush of day.

Soft and clear the shepherd's flute
Whistles and trills . . . and fails . . .
Without beginning . . . without end . . .
As if the breeze itself should send
A memory of nightingales.

They pass to the end of the curving street
To an archway in the wall,
All black inside. The slanting light
Of the summer moon strikes into white
The moving flock. O'er all—

Sheep, sky, and town, a drowsy peace
Slow settles down. No more
The lilting tune. The bell grows dim.
By twos and threes they enter in
And the herder shuts the door.

JUNIOR PROJECTS IN MANY LANDS

JUNIOR Red Cross activities are largely of an educational nature and are paid for out of the National Children's Fund. Projects for children only are being conducted in the following places:

Albania—School and welfare stations at Berat, Durazzo, Elbasan, Scutari, Tirana; Children's Home and welfare station, Scutari; Vocational Training School, Tirana.

Balkan Scholarships.

Belgium—Two barracks built for infirmary colony of children, La Panne.

China—General campaign of education to prevent blindness and cholera; traveling exhibits being used.

Czecho-Slovakia—Assistance given Bakulé's School for Crippled Children; health education promoted in the public schools; orphanage and care of children in peasant homes in Ruthenia.

France—Apprenticeships; Scholarships; Orphan's Home near Rheims; Children's winter colony work; assistance to Argonne Association; caring for children's colony at Perigny; playground demonstration centers at Toulis, Paris, Amiens, Rheims, Rethel, Guize;

Marseilles Farm School; cooperation with L'Ecole pour L'Ecole.

Italy—Amatrice, housekeeping school; Citta di Castello, farm school; Florence, orphanage; Messina, open air school; Montalbano, orphan school; Naples, school ship; Piperno, housekeeping school; Sezze, farm school and orphanage; San Dona di Piave, orphan school; Trento, hospital school; Udine, day school and food; Valdoltra, hospital school; Venice, school ship; Vincenza, orphanage.

Montenegro—Danilovgrad, assistance to orphanage and industrial and agricultural school; Podgoritza, assistance towards erecting modern high school building, assistance to orphanage, assistance to trade school.

Poland—Agricultural supplies and other assistance to refugee children.

Roumania—Constanza, hospital for under-nourished children; Bucharest, girls industrial school; Province of Bessarabia, industrial school.

Serbia—Orphanage and trade school contemplated.

Virgin Islands—Introducing music into schools; continue and extend plan for establishing libraries.

IN THE MOUNTAINS OF MONTENEGRO

With Anna Milo Upjohn



Women do practically all the heavy work



A wandering chronicler of the deeds of heroes, who accompanies his chants on the "Goosla"



Sacking tied beneath the arms often serves as baby's principal garment



Schools of Montenegro are so overcrowded that hundreds of pupils study in the hills



National dress of Montenegro on a bright and trustworthy boy in the Junior Red Cross orphanage at Niksic



A fair type of young girl at Podgoritza

Goats, sheep, and even pigs are usually carried to market on the shoulder of the seller



Basilika Cerovic, grand duchess of Montenegro



Red Cross soup at Kolashin, high up in the mountains

A. M. UPJOHN

Montenegro joined the Kingdom of Jugo-Slavia, November 26, 1918

JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

Published Monthly, September to May, inclusive, by DEPARTMENT OF JUNIOR RED CROSS, AMERICAN RED CROSS, Washington, D. C. Copyright, 1920, by American Red Cross.

VOL. 2. November, 1920 No. 3

National Officers of the American Red Cross

WOODROW WILSON, *President* JOHN SKEITON WILLIAMS, *Treasurer*
WILLIAM H. TAFT, *Vice-Pres.* ALEXANDER C. KING, *Counselor*
ROBERT W. DE FOREST, *Vice-Pres.* MABEL T. BOARDMAN, *Secretary*

LIVINGSTON FARRAND, *Chairman Central Committee*
WILLOUGHBY G. WALLING, *FREDERICK P. KEPPEL, Vice-Chairman*
FREDERICK C. MUNROE, *General Manager*
JAMES N. RULE, *National Director, Junior Red Cross*

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.

If You Knew that just outside your door there were crowds of the jolliest kind of people ready to go on exciting adventures, or help you play or work, or take you to far-away lands and long-ago times, of course you would invite them in.

Children's Book Week, from November 15 to 22, instituted by the Boy Scouts of America, is to remind young people that books are the best companions in the world, just waiting to be admitted to their homes. In this delightful company the dull every-day world stretches out until it holds all the earth and sea and sky, the distant star-worlds, and the fascinating company of bygone days.

But the American Library Association warns that there is one thing to remember. If you admit the bad and second-best books, it is certain that the best will be crowded out.

When you don't know many books it is hard to tell which ones are worth while, but in many places there are libraries and librarians who will help you to choose good ones. Don't clutter up your bookshelves with poorly written stories of impossible adventure and unreal, "prissy" boys and girls, when fine, real book-people are living their colorful, interesting lives in every part of the world.

The Children's Crusade is the title of a fine article on the foreign activities of the Junior Red Cross which appears in the November number of *Good Housekeeping Magazine*. It is by Rose Wilder Lane, and to read it is to share with the author the many joys of a journey

through half a dozen European countries and visits to interesting spots where the Junior Red Cross is spreading health and happiness and sowing the seeds of American goodwill.

In the December number of the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS Mrs. Lane will have a charming little story called "Stanyka's Christmas Eve." Watch for it!

By the Way JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS will go on a subscription basis, beginning with the January, 1921, number. The NEWS will be 45 cents for the nine school months within a calendar year (omitting June, July, and August) and there should be one subscription for each classroom.

Will not this fee be little enough for keeping an entire classroom in touch with the childhood of the world? So rapidly is the Junior Red Cross movement spreading that ere long it will be literally true that children are "bound together the world round for mutual service."

Fillout and send to the School Committee Chairman of your local Red Cross Chapter, or, not knowing where that is, to the Division Headquarters of the Red Cross for your state, the red-lettered subscription slip that is in this number of the NEWS. That slip names the Division Headquarters for the states. Please do this at once if you want to insure receipt of the January NEWS.

The Teacher's Page, which is the third from the last page in the NEWS, is a monthly help in weaving colorful and timely information—the stories and articles in the NEWS—into the regular curriculum.

WHAT PENSIVE BEAUTY AUTUMN SHOWS

When earth repays with golden sheaves
The labors of the plough,
And ripening fruits and forest leaves
All brighten on the bough;

What pensive beauty autumn shows,
Before she hears the sound
Of winter rushing in, to close
The emblematic round!

—William Wordsworth

The mind and the body work together. The mind has a strong effect on the health of the body. A fit of anger, or a spell of worry, or envy, or hate, or jealousy may make one more tired than a hard day's work. It should be every one's effort to replace the thoughts that make unhappy by thoughts that make happy. Forget your worries. The secret of life and of happiness seems to be in taking one's life and work cheerfully. Almost any one can assume this attitude, if the proper desire is present.—Prof. Irving Fisher.

A BRAVE MINNESOTA JUNIOR

ONE cold day last winter Verna Grussing's father and mother were obliged to drive to town, leaving thirteen-year-old Verna and her two-year-old brother alone in the little Minnesota farmhouse. Verna was to take care of Little Brother and attend to the feeding of the calves and chickens.

As soon as her father and mother had tucked themselves in and started off on their five-mile drive, Verna wrapped herself up and went out to the barn. Little Brother was playing happily on the floor, and the matches that his baby fingers loved to scratch were carefully hidden away on the top shelf of the pantry.

It took some time to set out all the feed. When Verna finally came back to the house, there was no Little Brother playing on the floor, and through the open pantry door she saw his high chair pushed close against the shelves. And the matches were gone!

Verna flew upstairs, following the smell of burning wool. There was Little Brother lying unconscious in the big bed where he had snuggled down to enjoy his matches in peace. The

By C. C. Chapin



Verna Grussing and her little brother whom she rescued from a fire and then put out the fire

bedclothes were blazing. Verna did some quick thinking. She picked up her little brother and dashed downstairs, closing the bedroom door behind her. On her way through the house she seized a waterpail and a heavy coat, and wrapped the coat around the little fellow. She rushed outdoors, laid Little Brother in the snow, ran to the watertank, filled her pail, ran back upstairs to the bedroom, and put out the blaze. When she returned to Little Brother he had recovered consciousness. Thanks to his Junior sister's bravery and presence of mind, he was not badly hurt, and father and mother came home that night to a safe warm house instead of a heap of blackened timbers.

* * *

AND THANKSGIVING IS NEAR

"Is that your little boy, Aunt Liza?"

"Yas'm, dat's Prescription."

"Goodness, what a funny name, Auntie! How in the world did you happen to call him that?"

"Ah calls him dat 'case Ah has sech hard wuk gettin' him filled."

—The American Boy.

HOW BOWERBANK OVERFLOWED

BELOW the point where Kern River empties into Buena Vista Lake—in golden California—there is a strip of rich soil which was once tule swamps. Man has drained this land and it is now a very productive spot. Where this rich black land ends, nature has made a sharp line dividing it from the desert. The black land with its crop of alfalfa is bright green, while the desert is the soft dull green of the sage-brush. The contrast is decidedly startling and artistic.

Situated in the midst of the sage-brush, but overlooking this bright green strip of land, stands Bowerbank School. It is a beautiful new modern schoolhouse of plaster-cement with tiled roof. It is built in the Mission style of the Spanish period.

Over in the fertile region live two children who attend this school. Bessie Gates is twelve years old and her brother, Alfred, is eight.

One spring, these children, having previously cultivated a "war garden," planted a substantial garden at their home. All summer long, regardless of heat and discomfort, they faithfully watered, weeded, and tended this garden.

Among the things they planted were tomatoes, and "thereby hangs a tale." So carefully did they manage

By Marjorie Ashe

that when nearly all the tomatoes of Kern County were a failure and prices soared, their little garden was a wonder of productivity. They supplied two families with fresh tomatoes and many quarts were canned.

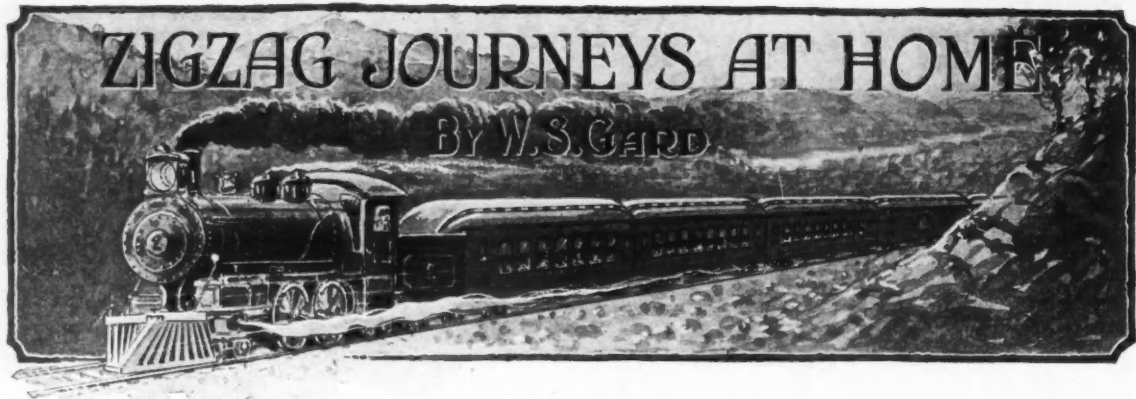
Just before the frost came, Bowerbank School was casting about for some means of aiding Junior Red Cross work. But how? The previous year the pupils held a bazaar but since then the larger girls had gone.

One day, in jest, Bessie said, "Why not sell tomatoes? I can give you all that ripen until frost."

"Just the thing as they are!" said the teacher. We can make green tomato pickles and sell them.

The best pick'e-maker of the district was called in to help; boys ran errands, an empty pickle keg was solicited of the grocer, sugar and vinegar were brought—"spices and all things nice," and every body went to work with a will.

Long before the pickles were made they were sold. All this was due to the faithfulness of two Juniors who picked and brought to school the fruits of their summer's labor. Who will deny that tomatoes are *fruit* under such circumstances?



ALL ABOARD! The Junior Red Cross magic train, chartered for a lightning tour of the country, had steamed into North Castine, Maine. We clamber on board delighted to have visited the pupils of Emerson school, the first school in the United States to enroll in the Junior Red Cross for the year 1920-21 and get notice of that fact to National Headquarters at Washington. Now, we are off on our zig-zag journey across the continent.

A whistle, a puff, and we are at Buffalo, New York, for a call upon nearly 50,000 Juniors who last year gave \$473 to the aid of suffering children in Europe, used \$2,000 in the service of children at home, and made 16,402 articles designed to bring happiness to others. We have scarcely waved a last farewell to these boys and girls before our wonderful train is dashing into a tunnel like a fire-breathing mole, and speeding into Greater New York. Introduction follows immediately to the youngsters who contributed \$19,259 to Junior Red Cross work and made thousands of articles—scrapbooks, toys, garments, and furniture—for European refugees in performing their duty as young citizens.

Not losing a minute, we next visit eleven cottages at Perryville, Maryland, which constitute Public Health Service Hospital No. 42, where the Juniors have supplied bedside rugs for the sick soldiers. In a twinkling we are then whisked to Aiken, South Carolina, for the inspection of a former carriage house which the Juniors converted into a workshop. They painted and decorated tin and wooden boxes which were sold for use as flower boxes on porches and in windows, the money going to the purchase of playground equipment.

The conductor stops the train at Milledgeville in Georgia long enough for us to meet the boys of the Georgia Training School, whose Junior Auxiliary voted to give happiness to the children of the State Sanatorium by making toys, dolls, and scrapbooks for them. On we rush to New Orleans and are taken to Tulane University, where we are shown thirty-two bedside tables sent to the hospital for disabled soldiers by the Juniors. Next, we pass through Tennessee and hear of the children of Jackson who gave a splendid concert to raise money to pay for the

education of an orphan, and of the Juniors of Sevierville who collected food and clothing for a poor family in this state. We are stirred also by the story of the Juniors of Giles County who gave books and clothing to needy children and sent a little crippled girl to a hospital.

Steaming into Columbus, Ohio, we get a report on a delightful school where nothing was "taught to the tune of a hickory stick" but where there was playing, singing, story-telling, pageants, sewing, and a chance to learn by doing something for somebody else—just a real Junior school. Crossing into Missouri, the train is halted at Poplar Bluff, where 2,000 Juniors have not only helped their little European neighbors who are in want but have learned their lesson of service at home by supplying shoes and stockings to poor children.

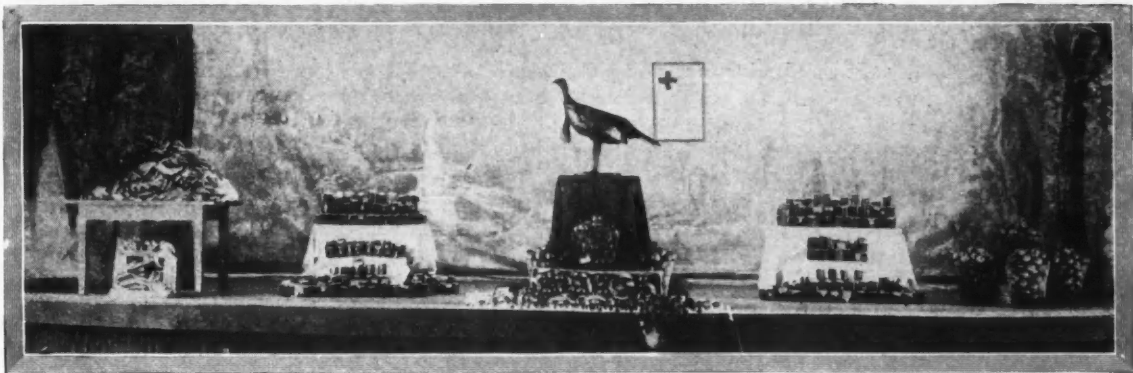
At Okmulgee, Oklahoma, we find Juniors who gave groceries, clothing, and other supplies to more than fifty families. Clicking over the rails to Canyon City, Colorado, a descent to the depot platform permits us to shake hands with Juniors who furnished first aid kits to all the schools in that vicinity, established a dental clinic, gave toothbrushes to the school children, and supplied health primers to all the primary grades.

Crossing the mountains and gliding into beautiful California, we halt at Berkeley, across the bay from San Francisco, for a chat with a boy of 14 years who lost his legs in an accident, but who is happy every day because the Juniors have provided a teacher who is training him to become a skilled artisan and is at the same time giving him his academic education. He directs us to the big Junior Red Cross Shop where salvaged articles rescued by busy Juniors for many more days of usefulness find ready sale. Our arms filled with purchases, we hop aboard as our train speeds northward on the final stage of this journey.

Spokane is scheduled as the last point to be visited. We lose no time in going out to the children's hospital where the Juniors not only have made every arrangement for the care, comfort, and cure of the patients but are meeting the financial needs of their hospital. It is all so restful, clean and quiet.

And here our journey ends!

THE STORY OF THANKSGIVING DAY



District of Columbia Juniors presented this Thanksgiving gift to shell-shocked soldiers

IT was the end of a snowy, blowy, real Thanksgiving Day—with piles of snow outside and a jolly crowd inside, which had collected at last in some semblance of quiet around the freshly-built fire.

"I guess America is mighty proud of having the only Thanksgiving Day," observed Bruce, as they watched the slow flames creeping over the logs. The one who loved history laughed.

"Do you see those smoke wisps swaying far back in the chimney? Long, long ago in a past as dim as those smoke wreaths, the people of the Land of Canaan celebrated the first recorded Thanksgiving Day. Watch how they move in stately procession across the blackness. Now a spurt of fire leaps up—the burnt offering which closed the yearly Feast of the Tabernacle, the ancient Jewish Harvest celebration."

"Go on," urged the others.

"The blaze is brighter now as we come to the Greeks. Those pale, slender flames are the white-clad matrons who prepared the sacred feast; behind them the fire flickers and sways as the rhythmic Grecian dancers give homage to Demeter, the Goddess of the Crops.

"The back-logs are thoroughly ablaze as the vivid Romans flash upon us. See how the bright sparks leap about, like the little dancing garland-crowned children, praising Ceres, the Earth Mother. Faster and faster the colored flames whirl and leap and sparkle—a flare, a crash—a few flying sparks, then darkness settles down. Rome has fallen and the fire burns low.

"No, don't poke it, Bruce, for in that hollow nearer us you see a steady light. Holland celebrates in sober fashion her release from Spanish rule. But strangely enough, her favorite dish on this day is a Spanish 'hodge-podge' of fish and vinegar and onions, called a 'Salmagundi.'

"Now you may poke the fire and let it blaze and crackle, for we come to the roystering Harvest Home

By **Ethel Blair** festival of the English North Country.

At the end of the reaping the last shock is made into a 'Kern-baby' or Harvest Queen, wheat-crowned and clothed in white with colored ribbons. Look how the red and blue and yellow streamers wave around it as they hoist it on a pole and escort the last wagon-load to the barn. Master and men and maids crowd round the broad oak table and feast on beef and ale. Listen! In the roar of the fire you can catch the refrain of the rollicking Harvest songs.

"The blaze is more subdued now, for we are looking at that little company of men and women who took part in the first American Thanksgiving. Surrounded by dangers but unafraid, see how steadily they stand amid the dark unknown wilderness. Perhaps there never was a more heartfelt Thanksgiving than that of Governor Bradford and his little band, as their prayers ascended like an altar-fire to the God who saved them from peril by sea and land.

"From now on, Thanksgiving Day began to be observed with more or less regularity throughout New England, to which part of the country it seemed to belong at first. It was said of the first American celebration of the day: 'The Pilgrim fell in love with New England. Clad in cloth of gold, with many-colored jewels, she welcomed him, and they had a wedding-feast.'

"Do you see that gnarled and sturdy twig with the clear flame glowing through it?' It is like the strong and shining spirit of Lincoln, who, after Washington, was the first President to proclaim the last Thursday of November as a day of thanksgiving and prayer. Other twigs have caught fire from it, for since then all the presidents have appointed the last Thursday of this month as a national thanksgiving day and most of the governors make special proclamations for their own states.

"All the logs are burning, for it has become a national day; higher and higher the flames leap and flash, filling the room with the light of that greatest of Thanksgivings, at the end of the World War."

Teachers, Here are Suggestions on Fitting Junior News Into

W H I L E T H E D A Y ' S W O R K

CROSS NEWS stresses what the Juniors are doing in Montenegro, with certain sidelights on that interesting little country, there will be found a variety of domestic and foreign stories and articles which may be woven into the regular curriculum. The material is classified here for the convenience of the teacher.

FOR THE BULLETIN BOARD

Concrete information about what the Juniors are doing at home and abroad is given in "The Land of the Black Rocks," page 35; "Junior Projects in Many Lands," page 39, and "Zigzag Journeys at Home," page 44. "Juniors of America" (poetry), page 36; Miss Upjohn's charming cover, "A Useful Citizen of Montenegro," and "The Editor's Letter to you," page 48, are all good bulletin material.

THANKSGIVING AND BOOK WEEK

November usually has just one "special occasion," but this year there are two. The first, of course, need not be named and is set forth in "The Story of Thanksgiving Day," page 45, in the list of Thanksgiving and Pilgrim Stories on the Book Page, page 47, and in "The Editor's Letter to You," page 48. There is also a touch of it in "The Land of the Black Rocks," page 35. The second November "occasion" is the Children's Book Week, and there is an editorial about this on page 42.

CITIZENSHIP

In "The Editor's Letter to You," page 48, and "Junior Projects in Many Lands," page 39, we see how the Juniors are spreading their activities far and wide. "A Brave Minnesota Junior," page 43, shows the value of courage and presence of mind. "How Bowerbank Overflowed," page 43, is a good example of thrift and perseverance, while the "Juniors of America" (poetry), page 36, sums up the Junior ideal of service and citizenship. The cartoon on this page will serve as a subject for a talk on better citizenship.

MEMORY SELECTIONS; POETRY

Four poems are presented:—the stirring song, "Juniors of America," page 36; "A Question," page 35; "What Pensive Beauty Autumn Shows," page 42; and that hauntingly beautiful glimpse of Montenegrin

life, "Sheep of Montenegro," page 39. All are good memory selections.

Another memory selection is the prose quotation from Prof. Irving Fisher, page 42.

GEOGRAPHY

Puck said: "I put a girdle 'round the earth in forty minutes." It has taken the Juniors a little longer, but that they are doing it is brought out in "Junior Projects in Many Lands," page 39. "A Rooster, a Dog, a Cat, and Basil the Monk," page 34; "The Land of the Black Rocks," page 35, and "Sheep of Montenegro" (poetry), page 39, describe the picturesque land of Montenegro, while Miss Upjohn's delightful color sketches "In the Mountains of Montenegro," pages 40-41, picture its people for us. "The Poet in a Warehouse," page 37; "How Bowerbank Overflowed," page 43, and "Zigzag Journeys at Home," page 44, give vivid glimpses of many parts of our own big country.

HISTORY

"A Rooster, a Dog, a Cat, and Basil the Monk," page 34, gives in a quaint narrative the origin of Montenegro, while "The Story of Thanksgiving Day," page 45, traces Thanksgiving celebrations from "the high and far-off days," through various centuries and nations to our land and times.

READING

"The Story of Thanksgiving Day," page 45, is good to read aloud at this time of the year, and in The Junior Book Corner, page 47, will be found a list of books, most of them stories of Thanksgiving or the Pilgrims. "A Rooster, a Dog, a Cat, and Basil the Monk," page 34; "The Bear-Trainer's Wife," page 38; "The Editor's Letter to You," page 48; "The Poet in a Warehouse," page 37; "A Brave Minnesota Junior," page 43; "How Bowerbank Overflowed," page 43, and "Zigzag Journeys at Home," page 44, are stories and articles interesting to read aloud. "Sheep of Montenegro" (poetry), page 39, is a particularly valuable example of suiting the sound to the sense.

STORIES TO TELL

There are stories to tell in "A Rooster, a Dog, a Cat, and Basil the Monk," page 34; "The Bear-Trainer's Wife," page 38; "A Brave Minnesota Junior," page 43; "How Bowerbank Overflowed," page 43, and "The Story of Thanksgiving Day," page 45.



Postcard distributed by State Normal School, Cortland, N.Y.

THE JUNIOR BOOK CORNER

I RECOMMEND that the day (December 21, 1920, the day set aside for the celebration of the Pilgrim Tercentenary) be fittingly observed in the universities, colleges and schools of our country to the end that salutary and patriotic lessons may be drawn from the fortitude and perseverance and the ideals of this little band of sturdy men and women who established on this continent the first self-termed government based on the great principle of just law and its equal application to all, and thus planted the seed from which has sprung a mighty nation.—Woodrow Wilson.

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS

The First Thanksgiving Dinner. By M. B. Cook. (Dramatic Publishing Co., 542 S. Dearborn St., Chicago. 15c.)

Scene in Elder Brewster's kitchen where the dinner is being prepared. A play in one act for 7 boys and 3 girls of 12 to 14 years. Plays twenty-five minutes.

A Little Pilgrim's Progress. By C. D. Mackay. (Samuel French, 23 West 38th St., N. Y. 25c.)

A morality play after the manner of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. One-act play for 8 boys and 4 girls ranging in age from 8 to 13 years.

Finding the Mayflowers. By B. P. Fisher. (Walter H. Baker & Co., 5 Hamilton Place, Boston. 15c.)

Scene, interior of a Pilgrim home. A one-act play, especially adapted to a cast of girls. Seven girls, or if prologue is given 8 girls and 1 boy. Ages 8 to 15 years. Plays twenty-five minutes.

Mayflower Town; A Play of Old Plymouth. By L. F. Bache. (JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS, September, 1920.)

A play which shows how the seeds of liberty and unselfishness sown by the Pilgrim Fathers have grown to blossom today, and what the Juniors are doing in helping with their care. A play in one act. Thirteen speaking parts, and three tableaux in which from 13 to 50 or more children may take part. To use the smallest number of children possible have only one child represent a foreign country, and have the same children act in each tableau.

Standish of Standish. By A. R. Marble. (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. \$1.)

A play centering about the romance of Priscilla, John Alden, and Miles Standish, in three acts and six scenes. One interior used throughout. Five female and 5 male characters. Good for high school performances.

The Life of the Corn. In Indian Games and Dances with Native Songs. By A. C. Fletcher. (C. C. Birchard & Co., Boston. \$1.)

"This particular dance drama is that of the Omaha

tribe; but as the corn dance and ceremonial was used by all North American Indians, it is adaptable for purposes of the Tercentenary celebration. At least 50 young people can take part in it from 12 to 20 years of age. As many more as desired can participate. There must be seven special 'dance leaders' who are skilled in dancing and pantomime. There should be an accompanying chorus of at least 25 voices. Words, music and full description of each dance are given."—Constance D'Arcy Mackay *A Rose o' Plymouth Town.* By B. M. Dix and E. G. Sutherland. (Samuel French, 28 West 38th St., N. Y. 50c.)

A play in four acts; 4 male and 4 female characters. Plays two hours. The love story of Rose de La Noye, a Pilgrim of French descent, who finds romance and even humor in the Plymouth Colony. There is a royalty of ten dollars for performances by amateurs. Full directions for costuming and staging. A delightful play for high school boys and girls.

STORIES TO TELL OR READ

Pilgrim Stories. By Margaret Pumphrey. (Rand McNally & Co., Chicago, N. Y. \$1.)

Stories of the Pilgrims' "life in England, their sojourn in Holland, and their experiences in America." Excellent material for story telling, or reading aloud to the smaller children.

Soldier Rigdale. By B. M. Dix. (The Macmillan Co., N. Y. \$1.50.)

Soldier Rigdale sails in the *Mayflower* and serves with Captain Miles Standish.

MUSIC

The musical selections given here were made by Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

America the Beautiful, by Katherine Lee Bates, is excellent for community singing and suitable for Pilgrims.

America.

A Mighty Fortress is Our God.

Gone is Now the Sullen Winter. Pilgrim chant to be found on page 27 of Patriotic Plays and Pageants by C. D. Mackay. This can be sung to the tune of *Oxford*.

Indian songs will be found in *Indian Games and Dances with Native Songs*, by Alice C. Fletcher, published by C. C. Birchard & Co., Boston, Mass., for \$1.

For instrumental music see *New England Idylls* by Edward MacDowell, price \$1.25, and *Woodland Sketches from an Indian Lodge*, by Edward MacDowell, price \$1.25, both published by G. Schirmer, 3 East 43d Street, New York.

NOTE: Book prices change so constantly that inaccuracies in stating them cannot be avoided.

The Editor's Letter to You!

Dear Juniors:

Two young American men, representing the Junior Red Cross, were riding on a train in Central Europe. The particular section in which they were traveling has been extremely bitter towards the United States because of the Great War, and for that reason the young Americans were keeping to themselves and quiet. Their errand was to investigate conditions among the children. On the train was a white-haired old man who began talking to the two young men from America. They said very little and let the old man do most of the speaking. At times he seemed to be indulging in a sort of reverie.

"I am glad to see young men from America here," said the old man. "Young men! *Young men!*" He nodded his head approvingly. "I wish more young Americans could come here; also it would be good for young people of this part of Europe to visit America and other countries. I would like young Englishmen to visit here and our young people to visit young Englishmen. The same thing should be in all the countries—the young people should meet, get acquainted."

"And, oh!" he exclaimed, "wouldn't it be a great thing if the *school children* all over the world could in some way get acquainted?"

The aged traveler's voice quavered and tears started trickling down his wrinkled cheeks. "My boys," he continued, leaning towards the Americans, "children should grow up to be friends. If all the children all over the world could be taught friendship for other children everywhere, they would be saved from much unhappiness in future years."

Was not that white-haired unnamed veteran, who knew nothing of the Junior Red Cross, unconsciously stating its fundamental idea, which is to promote "happy childhood the world over" through the schools of the different countries? His shaky voice and tears will be understood better when I remind you that there are eleven and a half million orphans in war-swept lands beyond the seas today. There are nearly as many fatherless-motherless girls and boys in the Old World as there are men, women, and children in the states of California, Alabama, Indiana, and Massachusetts combined. It has been estimated that five and a half million of these orphans are in great need this minute of food and clothing—as many millions of children starving and in rags as there are people in greater New York City.

Such facts as these, and others that you should not

be troubled about, have come out of man-made conditions: have grown out of a selfish kind of thinking, or *thoughtlessness*, which has left the welfare and happiness of others out of mind entirely. To think rightly is to know that you cannot live unto yourself alone and that the greatest happiness is found in making others happy.

There are distributed through some ten countries of Europe forty or more Junior Red Cross educational-relief projects for war-orphans. The National Children's Fund, which is devoted to this work, is made up of voluntary contributions by Junior Red Cross Auxiliaries from money raised by group cooperation of classrooms. No administrative expenses are paid for out of the National Children's Fund. The American Red Cross meets the cost of administration, so that every dollar that comes from a Junior Auxiliary for overseas help for orphans goes to that purpose 100 per cent.

In Poland, recently, an American Red Cross official visited an orphanage which has been aided by you Juniors. He arrived unexpectedly about 10 o'clock at night. The children had gone to bed, but the teacher insisted on getting them up to greet the American. They stood in two long rows in their nightclothes—little boys and girls who had lost their parents and had been rescued from terrible suffering. The teacher introduced the American as a representative of the school children of the United States. The children shouted their welcome, and without any instruction, one little boy of eleven, wearing American pajamas, stepped forward, saluted the American, and, as spokesman for all, said, "May God reward the Americans."

That is something for you to think about Thanksgiving Day, and you can know at the same time that in many other spots in war-punished lands there are little orphans who say, "May God reward the Americans." Educational relief projects are being conducted in the name of you Juniors in Albania, Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, France, Italy, Montenegro, Poland, Roumania, Serbia, and China. Your thinking in terms of others is resulting in many demonstrations of practical helpfulness. You may be thankful for this not only on Thanksgiving Day, but *every day*. And your thankfulness can best be expressed through ceaseless effort, in cooperation with your teacher, to alleviate the sufferings of children, both at home and abroad. Then you will be making friends *everywhere*, as the old white-haired traveler urged.



BROWN BROS. PHOTO

