

American

JUNIOR RED CROSS

December 1925 **NEWS** "I Serve"

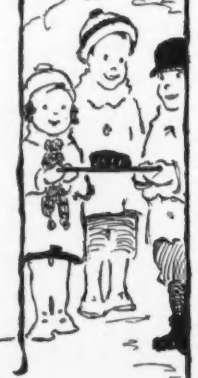
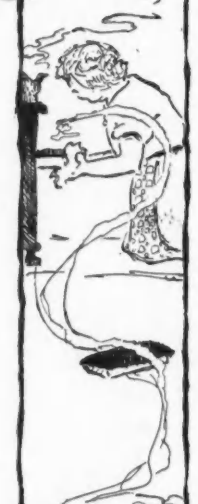
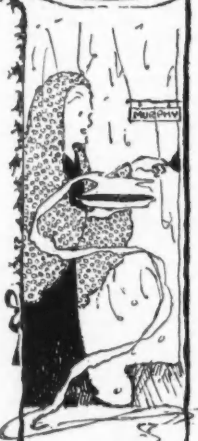




If You Want To Be Happy Give Something Away

Said Grandfather Gay, just before Christmas Day,
"If you want to be happy, give something away."
So he sent a fat turkey to shoemaker Price
And the shoemaker said, "What a big bird; how nice!"
"Now, with such a good dinner I'm sure that I ought
To give Widow Lee that chicken I bought."
"A chicken, oh see!" said the pleased Mrs. Lee,
"And the kindness that sent it is welcome to me.
I should like to make some one as happy as I,
So I'll give Mrs. Murphy my big pumpkin pie!"
Mrs. Murphy said, "Sure, 'tis the queen of all pies,
Just to look at its yellow face gladdens the eyes;
Now it's my turn, I think, so a sweet ginger cake
For the motherless Finigan children I'll bake!"
Said the Finigan children, Rose, Danny and Hugh,
"It smells sweet of spice, and we'll carry a slice
To little lame Jack, for he has nothing nice."
"Oh! thank you, and thank you," said little lame Jack,
"What a beautiful, beautiful cake!
And such a big slice, I'll save all the crumbs
And give them to each little sparrow that comes."
And the sparrows they twittered as though they would say,
Like Grandfather Gay, "When comes Christmas Day,
If you want to be happy, give something away."

Reprinted from the Red Cross Record, New South Wales, January 23, 1925.



The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The December News in the School

Christmas Lore

COMPLETE Christmas programs might be prepared from this number of the NEWS, so rich is it in seasonal material.

For a short program, or one section of a longer one, a group of pupils may tell about holiday legends and customs of other lands, using the stories given here. Special groups may be made responsible for the material about various countries. Costumes will add interest.

If there are children of immigrants among the pupils, these may bring stories of Christmas in other lands, which their parents remember.

THE story from the Lithuanian magazine is a less familiar and very lovely fable of the Christmas Tree. For supplementary reading in connection with this,

The Fir Tree, p. 63

younger children will enjoy again Hans Christian Andersen's "Fir Tree," while older boys and girls will like to hear Henry Van Dyke's "First Christmas Tree." Percy Mackaye's masque, "The Evergreen Tree" (Appleton, New York), will be interesting to read to higher classes, and in some schools will not be too elaborate for presentation.

THERE are topics for two entertaining reports in Miss Upjohn's story—(1) the myth of the Gate Gods, (2) Chinese holiday celebrations.

The Chinese Gate Gods, p. 65

Are there a few of the more advanced pupils who, after reading this story of the Chinese legend, will enjoy reading (or hearing read) Dunsany's fairy tale plays, "The Gods of the Mountain" and "A Night at an Inn?"

AMONG many collections of favorite Christmas legends, poems, stories, and descriptions of customs, several of the most complete are: *The Book of Christmas*,

New Year in Japan, p. 77
Christmas in Sweden, p. 68

with an introduction by Hamilton Wright Mabie (illustrated with masterpieces), Macmillan Co., New York; *Christmas, Its Origin, Celebration, and Significance, as related in prose and verse*, compiled by Robert H. Schauffler, Moffat, Yard and Co.; *Christmas in Many Lands* (illustrated in color), the Page Co., Boston; *The Pearl Story Book, stories and legends of Winter, Christmas, and New Year's Day*, compiled by Ada M. and Eleanor L. Skinner (frontispiece by Maxfield Parrish),

Duffield and Co., New York; *Christmas in Legend and Story*, compiled by Elva S. Smith and Alice I. Hazeltine (illustrated from famous paintings), Lothrop, Lee and Shepard, Boston.

Christmas Plays and Pageants

IT may be possible to work out an original pageant of "The Three Kings" based on the Bethlehem story of the New Testament. Two very appealing, simple arrangements are:

The Three Kings, p. 73

"The Adoration of the Kings and Shepherds," by Mildred Emily Cook, the Pilgrim Press, Boston, and "The Holy Night, a Christmas Masque to be performed by young children," by Florence Converse, Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston.

THE play by Miss Bache is splendid assembly material. It is especially useful in interesting a class or a school in Christmas service projects. In case additional material for dramatics is desired, entertaining plays of a less serious nature are:

The Lost Merry Christmas Wish, p. 74

The Puppet Princess, or the Heart That Squeaked, by Augusta Stevenson, Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, and *Christmas Candles, twelve plays for boys and girls*, by Elsie Hobart Carter, Henry Holt and Co., New York.

"Give Something Away"

WE can picture nine little actors cantering through a jolly pantomime while some one reads, "If you want to be happy, give something away."

If You Want to Be Happy, p. 62

Of course, it would not pay to make seven shifts of elaborate scenery, but imagination will supply the setting, if the game is played with spirit.

OPPORTUNITIES for "making Christmas come true" and for expressing the "lost Merry Christmas Wish" are numerous. On the second and fourth pages of this month's Supplement some of the practical ways afforded through Red Cross organization are outlined. The need for service of this type will be more vivid to little folks after they have read or heard Mrs. Jordan's story. On the third page of the Supplement are suggested opportunities to express the Christmas spirit through all the year.

Making Christmas Come True, p. 66
Don't Disappoint a Soldier, p. 70
Letter from Oteen, p. 72

Junior Red Cross Production: Christmas Cheer

Men in Government Hospitals or Barracks

THERE are in the United States approximately 80 government hospitals and 30,000 men who are either absent from their families and homes or without friends. One of the outstanding phases of the Junior Red Cross service program has been that of providing Christmas cheer for these men.

The aim set is that every man should receive a Christmas stocking and a New Year's greeting calendar with the Junior Red Cross tag attached. Because of the numbers of men to be served, the aim may appear ambitious. Considering the number of Juniors who can lend a hand in this, accomplishment seems realizable.

Attractive stockings may be made of red cambric. The feet should be about 9 inches by 12 and the legs about 15 inches, to allow for substantial seams. It is necessary in deciding upon the contents to know the type of institution which is to be served. For general or tuberculosis hospitals, a suggestive list includes:

Playing cards	Books of stamps
Writing pads	Palmolive soap
Pencils	Soap bars
Pencil sharpeners	Housewives with needle and thread
Erasers	Hard candies in jars
Gillette shaving blades	Plastercine for modeling
Picture puzzles	Shaving mirrors
Chocolate bars	Shaving soap and cream
Any cunning or amusing toys	Dates and figs
	Christmas favors

The housewives, practical and popular gifts, are described on page 62 of the *Garment Manual, ARC 400*.

The list for patients in mental hospitals is more limited, including:

Handkerchiefs	Seeded raisins
Playing cards	Chocolate bars
Socks	Nuts
Towels	Sets of checkers
	Oranges

Matches, or puzzles made from wire, should not be sent to these hospitals.

The greeting cards are sometimes made from cards which have been used, but which are unsoiled and not written on. Small calendars, which can be bought inexpensively, are attached to these. On each one a Red Cross emblem is painted and a goodwill greeting from the Junior Red Cross is written.

Suggested Steps

Teachers may wish to follow the procedure outlined below:

1. Interest the children through stories of these hospitals, and reminders of what we owe to the men who are paying the hardest price for the World War. When adults are so prone to lapse into indifference, it is natural enough that the children, to whom the war is a rather remote and hazy event, should not of themselves understand the great need for this token of reassurance and appreciation.

2. Determine the approximate number of stockings which your class or your school can make and fill. It may be one stocking for each pupil, or it may be a smaller

number which will be filled by dividing the class into groups, each of which will provide contents for one stocking.

3. Ask the local Junior Red Cross Chairman to make the necessary contact, or, if there is no local Chairman, write to the nearest Branch or National Office, stating how many stockings the class can provide, and asking for a definite assignment and any specific instructions necessary.

4. The gifts for these stockings may be bought and donated by individual children or may be purchased from part of the Service Fund; or the expense may be pooled by the class and a small tax levied on each member. (This should be, however, a voluntary donation.)

Local Institutions in Need of Christmas Cheer

CHILDREN'S hospitals, free kindergartens, day nurseries for children of working mothers, county farms, and old people's homes are frequently in need of Christmas remembrances.

The local Junior Chairman will make necessary contacts for the schools. Local charity and church associations usually have lists of such institutions and also of individual families where gifts will be particularly welcomed. Families of ex-service men, particularly of hospitalized veterans, should be remembered. Where the charity work is well organized, there should be close cooperation in order to avoid duplication.

In one chapter the Juniors salvage broken or scuffed toys, and these are collected and delivered to the city firemen, who repair and repaint them during leisure moments. This, of course, must be planned some time in advance of the need for them. In many schools both the repairing, remodeling, and making of toys is done in handwork and woodwork classes.

Juniors in Home Economics classes may make jars of jam and jelly and distribute these to children's hospitals and other institutions.

Choosing the Gifts

The pupils themselves may help to decide on the type of gift most suitable for special institutions. Things which will not only please at the moment, but will occupy the child or the elderly person later, are especially good. Besides completed scrapbooks, books that are blank except for one or two model pages, with envelopes of pictures and carefully selected clippings, may be sent. Work baskets, "comfort boxes," sewing cases, pin balls of bright bits of silk, with pins in them, games, writing boards, and writing materials may be sent.

With the gifts should go greetings or letters, preferably written by the pupils themselves, because of the additional appeal and pleasure which their messages always bring.

If the institution is close at hand, a committee of the Juniors themselves should make the presentation, and should bring back a report to their mates. This is perhaps especially true of institutions for aged people to whom the touch with childhood may be the happiest part of the gift. If teachers cannot accompany the group of children, perhaps high school boys and girls can be enlisted, the Junior Chairman can secure volunteer Red Cross workers from the Chapter, or mothers from the Parent Teachers' Association, to help as chaperones.

Junior Red Cross Production: A Permanent Program

IN a permanent production program the work can be planned in advance to fit naturally into the regular program and the routine of school procedure, furnishing a social motivation for some of the work which is to be done anyway. In the beginning, at least, the goal might be set by each class in art, domestic science, sewing, manual training, metal work, woodwork, or other hand work to do one such piece of work in the term, and by every member to produce or help with one gift as their Junior Red Cross service.

For Government Hospitals

BESIDES the articles suggested for Christmas, some of which are suitable at any time, the following gifts will usually be acceptable. The choice should be made, of course, with direct reference to the needs of the institution to be served.

Comforts for Rooms

Ash trays	Wall pockets for magazines
Smoke stands	Sofa cushions of gay cretonne filled with snipped pieces of cloth
Book ends	Bedside tables
Taborets	
Nonbreakable vases	
Footstools	
Library carts	

Personal Gifts

Canes	Stump socks
Crocheted neckties	Laundry bags
Handkerchiefs	Sweaters

For Idle Hours

Cribbage and carom boards	Envelopes of jokes and riddles
Memorandum books	Clipping books of stories and poems
Stamp books	Picture puzzles and other games
Sewing kits	
Writing pads and boards	
Reading boards	

For Holidays

Hand-decorated blotters	Individual jars of jam, jelly, and marmalade
Place cards	Boxes of home made candy
Tray favors	
Napkins	
Greeting cards	

Providing Entertainers

Another opportunity which should not be missed is that of providing concerts, plays, or miscellaneous programs for accessible institutions. Music classes, classes in drama, and extracurricular clubs will enjoy these projects. An entertainment course might be worked out among the various classes and clubs, each furnishing one program. Especially good auditorium programs might be reproduced for the adult hospital audience.

Hospital and Refugee Garments

THERE has been a particular need for garments in the Canal Zone, Porto Rico, Haiti, Virgin Islands, Santo Domingo, and the Philippines. The following garments and articles have been requested by nurses:

Layettes	Rompers, size 6
Baby dresses	Pajamas
Baby shirts	Sheets
Boys' suits, size 6	Pillow cases

Layettes are still needed for babies overseas as well as for babies at home. Making these layettes has always been a popular project with girls and is one which teachers can often use to advantage.

A teacher planning to use this project may apply for the *Garment Manual, ARC 400*, for specific directions. Instructions in brief are as follows: For layettes, use the McCall pattern, No. 3676 (address 232-250 West 37th St., New York). Materials should be thin. There should be one lightweight blanket. Boys' suits and girls' dresses should be of thin, inexpensive gingham or wash material and are to be made according to any standard pattern. Pajamas, which are for patients in hospitals, should be of fairly strong cotton material.

Garments for Local Emergency Closets

In times of disaster the Red Cross issues a call for materials in the local emergency closets to be sent to the scene of need. These materials are *NOT old cast off garments*, worn out party dresses, Victorian hats, and unmated dance slippers. They do include garments remade from partially worn clothing which has been cleaned, pressed, recut, and resealed.

In many cases sewing classes deal with the problem of making children's clothing from partially worn adult clothing, or of remaking girls' dresses. Where this is done for a local emergency or loan closet an ideal purpose for the work is provided. Needless to say, it must be definitely planned for in the term's work, since it is usually too late to provide suitable things after the disaster or emergency occurs. The garments are turned over to the local Chapter, which keeps them for local or national needs. Instructions for this work will be found in the *Garment Manual, ARC 400*.

How to Make Arrangements

SELECT in the course of study, one point at which it will be possible to carry out a special project for the good of others instead of for the individual gratification of members of the class.

Inform the local Junior Chairman or, if there is none, write to the Branch or National Headquarters Office, stating what you can do, as definitely as you are able to judge, or asking that a definite assignment be given you to carry out during the period designated.

After receiving the definite assignment or word to "go ahead," instructions, and the address for mailing or other directions as to disposition, put the project before the class, making clear to them the service value and the practical value as well.

Proceed at once with the work, at the time assigned in your program.

Paying the Bills

Sometimes the local Red Cross Chapters furnish the materials for projects of this sort. Sometimes Junior Chairmen are able to obtain donations of remnants from local merchants or manufacturers. Sometimes the Service Fund is drawn upon. Sometimes the material provided for in the school budget is used. The policy for each school must be determined by local conditions and needs through conference with the Junior Chairman.

Developing Calendar Activities for December

Sharing the Fun of Giving

NOT only are Juniors generous with gifts, but they are unselfish in sharing the pleasure that comes from giving. Let them hunt on the December Calendar page for such suggestions as the following:

They may furnish materials with which adopted relatives, hospital patients, or members of old people's homes can make gifts for others. Would not some of these people enjoy dressing dolls as gifts for children? Would not some of them enjoy making toy boats or doll furniture or whistles? Could not some of them teach Juniors how to make gifts of this sort? Not to have Christmas presents to give and not to have anybody to give them to is infinitely worse than not receiving presents.

They may plan a Christmas party, at which the members of a veterans' hospital, of some old people's home, or of some other suitable institution shall be hosts and hostesses and a group of needy children shall be guests. Let each member of both groups take a simple, suitable gift for exchange. Juniors may prepare and serve the refreshments, furnish the program for entertainment, and supervise games. We should like to receive some nice stories of this project.

In similar manner, parties for immigrant children and their parents may be planned so that guests may participate by helping with costumes, stories, songs, and folk dances or games.

Getting Ready for Christmas at Home

SUGGESTIONS under "Service in the Homes" will help the teacher to develop in children the ideal that school can help them to contribute to family life. In the drawing class they may decorate place cards for the Christmas dinner and in the English class they may write poetic or prose gift cards for each of the presents they shall give to families and friends. These are old ideas, but ones which none of us use as fully as we might.

Among recent accounts of creative work by pupils, with examples of what can be accomplished, the following are full of inspiration: "Creative Writing," an article by Jane Souba, of the Ethical Culture School, New York, and "News Writing," by Evaline Harrington, of Columbus, Ohio, both in the October number of the *English Journal* (506 West Sixty-ninth Street, Chicago, 35c. a number, \$3.00 a year); *Dawn*, a national high school anthology, compiled by Paul S. Nickerson (address, High School, Middleboro, Mass., price, \$1.00); *Creative Youth*, an anthology of the work of pupils of the Lincoln School, New York, compiled by Hughes Mearns (Doubleday Page, Garden City, N. Y., \$2.50).

The writing of original gift cards may seem a far cry from some of the work included in these collections, but it will give a concrete opportunity and purpose for sincere expression.

Auditorium Hints

IN line with the suggestion just given are the ideas in *Projects for All the Holidays*, by Rich and Burchill (A. Flanagan Co., Chicago). Teachers can share this book with even young members of Red Letter Day com-

mittees, to stimulate them to initiative in assembly and Junior programs.

Folk Songs in School Correspondence

AN amusing quotation from an article in the Italian Junior Red Cross magazine illustrates a point about which children are sometimes forgetful, or of the importance of which they are often unaware. A young pupil in an American school sent to an Italian school a copy of the words of "The Old Oaken Bucket." Because the song was so familiar a part of her own life she neglected to include any explanation to the effect that it is an American "home song," or to name the author. The Italian Juniors mistook it for the child's own composition and gave the following translation and comment:

"N—, a sixth grade pupil, writes of her remembrances[!] 'How dear to my heart are the places where I passed my childhood, when memory sweetly recalls them! The fruit garden, the meadow, the wood, and every nook I knew as a child: the great pond, with the mill close by, the bridge and the rock with the waterfall, my father's cottage, the dairy, and even the rough bucket, the old oak bucket girdled with its iron ring, the bucket covered with moss hanging by the well!'"

The familiar poem, "Let me live in my house by the side of the road," is rightly accredited to Sam Walter Foss, but Mr. Foss is also placed in the sixth grade as one of the Junior authors of the portfolio. "The letter is an unusual one," comments the Italian magazine, in quoting the translation of the poem. "It is more like American children to be practical and to give their schoolfellows useful advice"—and then quotes a pupil composition on "How to Beautify Our School Rooms."

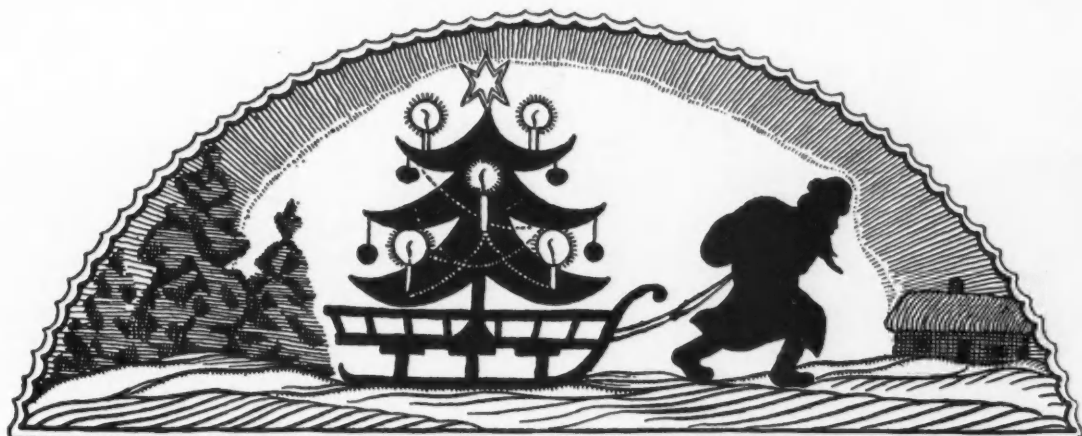
Perhaps the story of this amusing but most natural misunderstanding will be helpful in showing pupils the necessity for forming a professional habit of using quotation marks and appending the author's name with a brief explanatory sentence or paragraph to even the most familiar of our folk songs, our poetry, and excerpts from what others have written. Even the "Star Spangled Banner"! How many of the national anthems of other countries would be recognized were we given no explanation of them? Such quotations are among the most valuable of our exchanges. Care in making the acknowledgment due and including a helpful explanation gives such an exchange its full educational value.

A Correction

THE *Food Selection Textbook*, cited in the November Supplement at 25c. per copy, should have been listed at 50c. per copy.

An Invitation

WE should be glad to receive from all teachers using Junior Red Cross constructive comments and suggestions on the Junior Red Cross Calendar. A brief questionnaire on which to base suggestions will be sent upon receipt of a postcard request.



Courtesy Estonian Junior Red Cross Magazine

Why the Fir Tree Is the Christmas Tree*

TREES in the wood have always a great deal to tell each other. When the wind blows through the tops of the trees, all the little leaves are set in motion and begin rustling to each other all the news. So it happened one late summer evening. Many people had come into the wood that day, but in the afternoon they all returned home and silence again reigned in the forest.

"It must be very fine in town," said a tall, slender birch to a fir tree. "People wear such beautiful clothes and adorn themselves in gold and pearls."

"I should like to go to town some day," rejoined a handsome ash; "it seems one can drive in electric cars there."

"How do you know all this?" asked a maple, who was listening attentively.

"But have you been asleep all the afternoon?" asked the oak. "Have you not heard what people told each other when they sat down under our branches to rest?"

Each tree in turn narrated what he had heard; they were all unanimous in saying that every one of them would like to go to town. But how to get there?

It happened one night that a bright, white angel flew down to the spirit of the wood.

"Lord of the wood!" he said, "I am sorry for the people who live in town and have no pretty trees around them. I would like to give them a tree for Christmas, but it must be the prettiest one of the wood. Could you give me one?"

"Certainly," answered the spirit of the wood, "but I do not know which to choose. All the trees are beautiful and dear to me."

"Let me explain to the trees myself, then we shall see which one they judge the prettiest."

But the trees would not let one another go. The messenger grew sad and said:

"Very well, I will have to come here a second time and choose the tree myself. In a few weeks I am going to town, and I shall take it with me."

And he flew away.

As soon as the angel had gone, the trees began to argue. Then they tried to surpass each other in beauty. The maple clad himself in bright yellow, the ash tree in brown, the oak in red; others made for themselves garments of various colors, so that when the messenger returned the whole wood was bright and gaudy. The fir tree alone stood in its old, every-day, green garments.

The angel flew over the wood and passed in review all the trees.

"Your raiment is truly beautiful," decided he, "but you will have to travel a long way. Will these lovely clothes endure?"

"Why should they not?" murmured all the trees.

Just then a strong wind arose and stripped all the trees of their adornment. "Brr . . .," went the wind, and blew away the beauty of the trees.

Only the fir tree, ashamed to exchange for bright-colored rags the every-day garment given it by God, stood as it had stood before, clad in its own green coat of needles. So the angel messenger chose the fir tree.

"Fir tree," said he, "you are the most beautiful tree of the wood. You will be given to man. You will be the Christmas tree."

* From *Ziburelis*, Lithuanian J. R. C. magazine, December, 1924. Translated from German by Pr. Masiotas.

IN BETHLEHEM

SUSIE M. BEST

Beautiful bells of Christmas,
Ring in the belfry, ring!
In Bethlehem's lowly manger
Slumbers a little King.

Beautiful bells of Christmas,
Chime on the air again.
This is your blessed message,
Peace and good will to men.

Beautiful bells of Christmas,
Scatter the news afar.
The Light of the World is promised
In Bethlehem's blazing star.

The Story of the

A Folk Tale Told



One was black and angry looking, with a bristling beard, protruding teeth and large ears. His name was Black Dragon

ON New Year's Day in China every house has brightly painted pictures pasted on the gates or outer doors.

These represent the gate gods who are to protect the family through the coming year. Before the Sung dynasty, 960-1289 A. D., there were no gate gods, and this is the story of how they came to be:

It was the business of White Dragon, the rain god, to see that each place had the proper amount of water at the proper time. But one day he made a mistake. The Yellow River got far more than it could hold. It overflowed its banks, flooding the rice fields and sweeping away the little homes on its shores, while the tea bushes and bamboo groves on the hillsides were left so dry that they crinkled in the heat.

Wei Cheng, the Emperor's chief counselor, was very angry. During the day he helped the Emperor govern his kingdom, but at night he became a god and had charge of the weather. He had under him such little gods as the White Dragon, whose silly mistake seemed to put the weather bureau in the wrong.

In great wrath, Wei Cheng called the little rain god to him and told him that at midnight he was to be beheaded. Now, White Dragon was a gentle, timid, little thing, very much afraid of Wei Cheng, who he knew would do as he said. So he decided to go to the Emperor and beg for his life. He fell on his face and prayed humbly, promising never again to be so careless. The Emperor, who was kindly, felt sorry for the poor little White Dragon and told him not to worry, for he would surely save him.

The ruler thought craftily:

"I will invite Wei Cheng to play chess with me and keep him playing all night. In that way the time set for the execution will pass, and I shall thus save Wei Cheng's face and White Dragon's head."

So the two great men sat down to chess that evening.

But about midnight Wei Cheng began playing less skillfully and presently nodded and then dropped off to sleep. Usually such shockingly bad manners would have enraged the Emperor, but now he was pleased.

"Wei Cheng will sleep and forget about poor little White Dragon," he thought.

In a short time Wei Cheng wakened and the game continued until morning. Then the Emperor, tired out, went to bed. But no sooner had he fallen asleep than the White Dragon appeared before him holding his head in his claws and weeping bitterly.

"Alas!" he cried, "you promised to save me, and you failed! Didn't you know that Wei Cheng could change his shape? While he slept he slipped out of his body and cut off my head!"

The Emperor was full of grief, but could do nothing, and begged the White Dragon to cease lamenting and leave him in peace.

But that the White Dragon refused to do, and every time the Emperor tried to rest the little rain god burst into wild weeping.

At last, worn out, the Emperor called for Wei Cheng and said to him angrily, "Now, then, since you have these supernatural powers, find a way to rid me of the White Dragon."

Wei Cheng was worried at that, for he knew the rain god was beyond his grasp. However, remembering that the White Dragon had been a timid creature, he brought the Emperor's fiercest warriors and stationed them before the palace gates. One was black and angry looking, with a bristling beard, protruding teeth and large ears. His name was Black Dragon. The other was mild and fair of face, but was just as fierce a fighter. His name was White Beard. Both had long, curved swords and belts stuck full of knives. When they stood before the palace gates the sight of

Chinese Gate Gods

by Anna Milo Upjohn

them was so terrible that the quaking little rain god was afraid to enter.

But since the soldiers had to fight all day, they soon grew so weary that they often fell asleep at their posts at night, and then the White Dragon at once slipped by and there was no more rest for the poor Emperor.

At last Wei Cheng called the most famous artists of the realm and ordered them to paint exact portraits of the guardians of the gates. These were such horrible likenesses that they completely deceived White Dragon, who thought the soldiers were still standing before the doors.

Finally he gave up trying to enter the palace and began tormenting the Emperor's friends.

When people heard of the power of the pictured warriors to keep off troublesome spirits, every one who was so bothered wanted copies to put on their own gates. So now at New Year's time all over China you may see bright pictures of Black Dragon and White Beard, who are known as the gate gods, pasted on outer doors. And it is quite certain that in no house so protected can the White Dragon enter.

This leaves every one free to make merry, and the fun and feasting go on blithely for three or four days.

The Chinese New Year has no fixed date as ours has. It may come as early as January 21 or as late as February 19. Since the founding of the Chinese Republic our calendar has been adopted, but as the old one has been dropped by only a few there are now two festivals to celebrate.

And it is done thoroughly. As with us, the New Year is a time for wishing prosperity and good cheer. The New Year greeting is, "I respectfully wish you may get rich," and on the house doors are pasted such mottoes as, "May the five happinesses descend upon this home," "May Heaven bestow peace and happiness," "May clouds of trade gather about the business carried on here." To quarrel or swear during the New Year's feast would assuredly bring bad luck. Neither would it do to eat soup, for that might cause wet weather.

Every one dressed in his best clothes, new if possible, sets out to call upon his friends, carrying gifts of sweets and receiving them in turn.

And the ancestors are not forgotten. In every Chinese home there are the family tablets which tell the virtues and the wisdom of the forefathers. These tablets are placed on a table against the wall, and before them are ranged lighted candles and bowls of rice and fruits, fish and roast birds, in the richest dishes which the household possesses.

Good cooking is of such importance to the Chinese that they have a special Kitchen God to preside over



White Beard was mild and fair of face, but he was just as fierce a fighter. The little rain god was afraid to enter the palace

it. His name is "Tsouchen" and seven days before the New Year he goes to visit the Ruler of Heaven, makes a report, and returns. Has there been thrift or waste in his particular kitchen during the year? Generosity or meanness? Cleanliness or slackness? According to Tsouchen's report the rice bowl will be filled and the wood box replenished during the coming year.

In every kitchen there is an image or a colored print of Tsouchen. He wears gay, apricot robes and rides a black horse. When he is about to start on his heavenly journey his mouth is smeared with sticky candy so that he will speak only honeyed words or else so that his lips may be stuck together so that he can make no report at all. Then his likeness is burned, together with a wisp of hay for the horse, for whom also a drink of water is poured on the floor. Then in a clatter of firecrackers and gongs they go up in flame and smoke.

On the real New Year's Day a fresh picture of Tsouchen replaces the old and every one puts his best foot forward for a fine year.

Making Christmas Come True

Ethel Blair Jordan

Illustrations by Catherine Lewis

MRS. JORDAN'S story is based on facts reported to us by Miss Mary Concannon, secretary of the Junior Red Cross in the Philippines. An American soldier, who had married a Filipino girl when he was serving in the Islands, was ill in the government hospital for tuberculous patients at Palo Alto, California. He was not getting well as fast as he should and the doctors found out that he was worrying because his wife and four children would not have any Christmas. The case was reported to the Junior Red Cross and before long the Juniors in the school at Kingman, Arizona, were busy making gifts for the little family so many hundreds of miles away. In writing about the reception of the Christmas box, Miss Concannon said: "Mrs. S— came in today and was overcome almost to the point of tears at the box of gifts. She seemed especially surprised and pleased that the names of her children were on the packages. She speaks but little English and one of the office staff translated the little Christmas card into Tagalog so that she could understand it. Had the children of Kingman seen the joy of the mother they would rejoice greatly."

"FLIPS," said Felicia, "come over here to the window, I want to talk to you."

"Flips"—short for Philippa—left her game of rolling sweet potatoes with her little brothers and joined her sister. Their window looked out upon a narrow street in the old Walled City of Manila, and it was rather a dreary sight, this October afternoon, for the wet season was well under way and the rain dripped ceaselessly from leaden skies.

"Mother had a letter from Daddy today," said Felicia, "and he won't be well enough to come home for months."

"Won't he be here Christmas?" cried Flips.

Felicia shook her head.

"But he planned for us to have a real Christmas like he used to have in America!" gasped Flips.

"Well—you know how things are now," her sister reminded her. Flips knew. Their father was in a hospital in San Francisco, twenty-eight days away, slowly recovering from tuberculosis.

"Mother is very much upset," said Felicia in her precise English, "especially because of our disappointment."

"Gee whilikins!" exclaimed Flips, whose English was far from precise, "then we won't have any Christmas at all, because of course Mother is too poor to do anything—Oh, well, we don't care so much. But it's tough on the twins."

"They don't care so long as they have something to roll," replied Felicia.

Indeed the fat youngsters seemed to center their entire energies on roll-able things—beads, potatoes, round stones, pieces of bamboo, anything that would roll.

"But they expect Santa Claus to bring them a ball," said Flips gloomily. "What can we do?"

"Aw, laugh it off!" croaked a harsh voice in her ear. Flips jumped.

"Oh! I forgot His Excellency was there!" she laughed, turning to the big green and scarlet parrot strutting back and forth on a chair arm.

His Excellency was a haughty bird, who loved Mrs. Doyle, but scorned the rest of the world. With the

twins, Pab and Tad, he waged open warfare; and even now, as he hopped down to the floor and strolled care-

lessly up and down, he kept one beady eye on the smallest sweet potato.

"Well," said Flips, reverting to their conversation, "we'll just have to stand it, that's all."

A sudden hubbub broke out, compounded of triumphant squawks and angry roars. His Excellency had captured the small sweet potato and retired under a chair, which stronghold he vigorously defended with wicked beak and claw, shrieking meanwhile: "Ha-ha! Laugh it off!"

The twins were not a talkative two, but their teamwork was excellent. While Pab besieged the front, Tad proceeded to the rear. Inserting a cautious hand he caught the gorgeous green and scarlet tail and yanked forth His Excellency, spluttering and screaming.

"Children, children!" said their mother, entering quietly, as always. "What is the matter?"

Pab set the bird down and he ran and rubbed his head against Mrs. Doyle's wide sleeve and crooned softly.

"Listen to him talk," Mrs. Doyle said. "He knows as many dialects as the seven mountain men."

"Oh, tell us that story," they begged.

"But you know it so well. How the seven mountain brothers, journeying to seek their fortunes, found a rope leading to Heaven and tried to climb it and it broke and scattered them all over the mountains. Each learned a different language and that is why there are seven dialects in the mountain districts of the Philippines."

"Oh, mother, that's not fair," laughed Flips, "tell it the long way, the once-upon-a-time way!"

The mother laughed, too, and began again. They made a charming group: the native dress of bright striped skirts and white camisas worn by the little girls



There came a loud knocking at the door and there stood a man with a large box

and their mother, vivid splashes of color against the background of gray rain; the eager little faces upturned to the pretty mother.

It was a group that Dennis Doyle pictured always in his mind and worry about their Christmas was retarding his recovery in the San Francisco hospital.

"See here," the Ward Surgeon said to him one day, "you're doing fine and will go out of here cured. So what's on your mind?"

Doyle told him and the surgeon sat thinking it over. Suddenly he struck his open palm with his first.

"I have it!" he cried. "Just you dig up a smile, young feller-me-lad, while I get some wires to work!"

So well did his wires work that only a week later a group of school children in a western state listened eagerly while the teacher told them about the four young Doyles. Unanimously it was agreed to "adopt" this family for Christmas.

In the Walled City the rainy season dragged to a close and December came in clear and very cold. In spite of their utmost efforts Flips and Felicia could not help a sinking of the heart as Christmas Eve drew nearer.

"Felicia, we've just got to do something or bust!" Flips declared vehemently as Christmas Eve actually arrived.

"Burst," corrected Felicia.

"Burst. Let's bring the Japanese fir tree in the house and decorate it with colored paper and pretend it's a Christmas tree."

"All right. But wouldn't you like to see some of those bright balls Daddy told about?"

In the afternoon, with the help of a neighbor, the Japanese dwarf fir tree in its dark green tub was placed in a corner of the living-room.

"Pab and Tad, run out in the yard and get a lot of that clean, white sand we brought from the beach," commanded Flips.

They spread the sand around the roots of the tree until the soil was completely covered.

"Doesn't it look like the pictures of snow?" cried Felicia. "Only it doesn't glitter. Now let's decorate it."

But before they could begin there came a loud knocking at the door. There stood a man with a large box.

"It's from America!" cried Flips, glimpsing a label.

"From Santa Claus," supplemented the man. "Lend me a hammer and I'll open it for you." Which he did, while the children danced around him with excitement.

On the paper covering inside the box lay a Christmas card gay with holly and on it the words:

"Merry Christmas to Mrs. Doyle, Felicia, Flips, Pab, Tad, and His Excellency, from the school at Kingman, Arizona."

"Why, mother! How wonderful! They know all about us!" cried Flips.

"Daddy told them," replied her mother. "I didn't tell you the box was coming, because I was afraid something might happen and you'd be disappointed again."

Then began such a rattling of paper and untying of bundles and squeals of delight as that small house had never before known.

"Oh, here's an album for my seaweed collection with some American specimens in it!" exclaimed Flips. "And the workbasket Felicia wanted. And two darling dolls and oh, do look at Pab and Tad!"

The twins had been handed a queer package bearing their names, and, having unwrapped it, were sitting speechless with joy before a very large red ball of solid rubber.

"That will never wear out," said Felicia. "And it's too big for His Excellency to steal! Look at him."

Indeed, that personage just then made a grab at the alluring red ball, which promptly rolled over his toes. He squawked with fear and disgust and the children shouted.

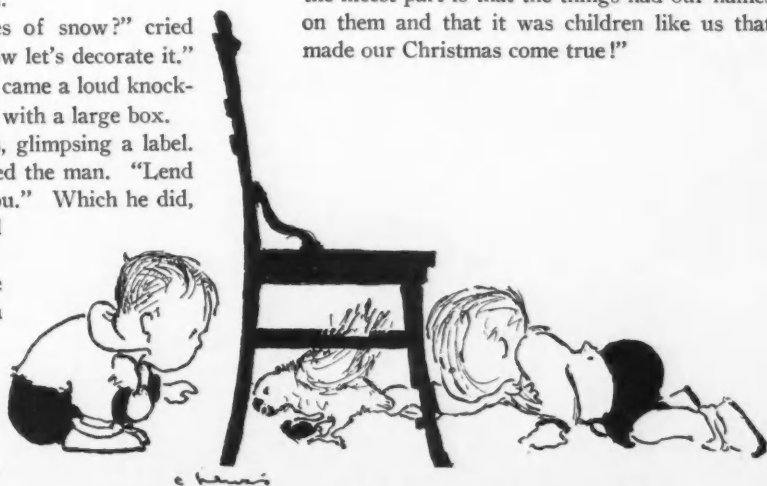
"Aw, laugh it off!" he croaked, walking backward up a chair to sulk.

They forgot him in their next discovery, a box of Christmas tree ornaments and a package of artificial snow. In a trice the little fir tree rose resplendent with color from its glittering white base. Then they found marbles and hair ribbons, games and puzzles; and down in the bottom of the box was a warm, rose-colored sweater and a box of pretty handkerchiefs for their mother. Last of all they took out a box of sweet crackers marked: "His Excellency."

With great difficulty the latter was induced to accept his present; he held a cracker in his claw and regarded it with dark suspicion. Then he took a bite and flapped his wings joyfully.

"Oh my, oh my! Ha-ha!" he cried, and "Ha-ha!" cried all the little family.

"And oh, mother," said Flips earnestly, "I do think the nicest part is that the things had our names on them and that it was children like us that made our Christmas come true!"



The twins were not a talkative two but their teamwork was excellent and they yanked forth His Excellency, spluttering and screeching

A Very Merry Christmas in Sweden

IN SWEDEN the Christmas feast begins on the 13th of December, with the day of Santa Lucia, and lasts until the day of St. Knut, the 13th of January. Early in the morning of December 13th Lucia awakens all Swedish children. She wears a white dress and on her head is a green crown with burning candles. She carries a bowl of milk or a tray with coffee and several sorts of cakes. Then the children know that there is only one week before the Christmas holiday from school.

In the country the preparations for Christmas are a serious matter. First, the household is busy baking all the different kinds of bread and cakes that Swedish children have at Christmas. Raised bread of wheat or rye is rolled out thin and cut into big, round cakes twelve inches across, with a hole in the center of each. After they are baked they are strung on sticks and hung in the beams of the baking room to dry and harden. They will last for weeks. Other breads are soft and sweetened. There are special yellow and brown cakes and cakes filled with custard. The Christmas cheeses are made of sweet milk boiled for hours and molded into pretty shapes.

Then comes the preparation of the other Christmas food, especially ham and sausages, and the making of tallow-candles. Tallow-candles are rarer now, but once in every cottage and on every farm enough were molded



Early in the morning of December 13th Santa Lucia, wearing a white dress and a green crown, awakens all the children

to last throughout the long, dark winter. But first of all the three-branched candles are made to beam, to sparkle and give cheer on Christmas Eve. When all these preparations have been made, the Christmas cleaning begins. Every corner of the house is cleaned and brightened. The silver handed down from the great-great-grandparents, the tall firedogs, the big, old kettles of brass and copper are polished until they wink in the light. All the linen is washed and snowy. Dirt is no more to be allowed at Christmas than quarreling or unkindness.

All this time decorations and presents are being made in the greatest secrecy. All over Sweden children are busy working eagerly into the night on gifts for their parents and brothers and sisters. The time flies and soon the Christmas holidays begin, generally about the 20th of December. There is no need to describe how it feels when the holidays come. American children know as well as Swedish ones. Boys and girls who live miles away from the railway station are fetched when they come home from boarding schools by the old family servant, who puts them into the sleigh waiting at the station, tucks the warm blankets about them and drives them home, while the sleighbells ring between the high, snow-laden firs and spruces along the silent roads.

Children who have the advantage of living in the country have lots to do on Christmas Eve. After breakfast they go out into the wood and choose the most beautiful Christmas tree and cut it down and drag it home. Meanwhile their mothers have packed big baskets of food and gifts for less fortunate neighbors, and the children drive round and distribute them. In Sweden nobody need want at Christmas time. Even the poorest people have plenty of food and fuel and bright candles in their cottages.

When the boys and girls return from these errands, the whole family, including the servants, sits down around a table loaded with ham and sausage and all sorts of good things. This meal is eaten in the kitchen, and on the table burn the three-branched candles. After dinner everybody wraps up his parcels and adds to each present a little verse written by the giver him-



The three-branched candles are decorated to sparkle and give cheer on Christmas Eve

self. Every parcel has big, red seals on it, the bigger the better.

Now the family and servants gather for a common service, and the father or mother reads from the Bible the story of the birth of the Christ Child, and then it is time to bring in the Christmas tree. While it is being decorated with candles, tinsel and sweets no children may be present. They sit eagerly waiting in a dark room so that the lights may look even more sparkling and overwhelmingly bright when at last they are called in to dance around the tree. In the middle of the dance they hear three hollow knockings on the door. Father cries: "Come in," and Father Christmas with his long, gray beard enters, wearing a fur coat and cap and boots of wolfskin. He drags along with him a big basket full of Christmas parcels, but before giving them, he always asks if the children have been good. Of course Father says "Yes" and he gives the basket to Father and returns to his sleigh to drive on to the next house.

Now Father takes a parcel from the basket and reads the name of the person to whom it is addressed, as well as the little verse accompanying it. Then the seals are broken and it is true of Christmas presents in Sweden as well as in America, that the parcels contain what the children have wished for. Fathers and mothers everywhere have such a marvelous way of guessing one's longings!

On Christmas Eve Swedish children may not stay up late. Matins begin very early on the following morning, and if one lives ten miles from the church and the service commences at seven, one must get up in the dark.

But before Mother wakes the children on Christmas Day, she rolls up the blinds and puts burning candles in all the windows so that everybody who passes will see that the family is awake and ready to drive to matins. The sleigh waits before the door and the driver holds in his hand a flaming torch which will burn all during the drive to church. On the way other sleighs join them, all with burning torches. As the sleighs approach the church, which stands among the spruces in the snow, its windows glittering with many candles, it is as if a most beautiful procession of flames were passing. On the arrival at church, the torches are thrown together to form a beacon outside the church-wall where the flames leap high into the air. In the church the priest reads the gospel of the Christ Child and then all sing together



All over Sweden decorations and toys are being made in the greatest secrecy

those hymns that each has heard his mother hum at Christmas every year. When the sleighs turn back home the sky looks faintly pink and clear, as it can look only on the dawn of Christmas Day.

In the towns the different members of the family are generally invited to take Christmas dinner at the home of one of the relatives. In the country the big family dinners are held later on during the holidays.

On the 6th of January troops of boys pass through the country. They carry with them a star of glittering paper and go from house to house singing an old, old song and a hymn. They are entertained in every house and sometimes they receive money which is taken care of by a member of the troop disguised in an ugly fashion as Judas with the purse. At each house they sing the song that begins in this way:

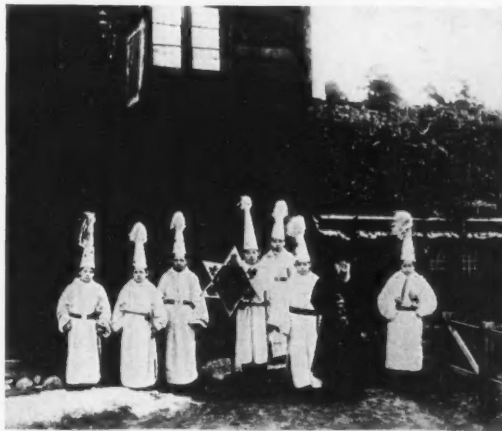
Good evening, good evening, both master and mistress,
We wish you all a very merry Christmas.

The money they receive is spent to help others.

So Christmas passes. It is in Sweden, as everywhere, the fête of the children and towards the end of the holidays every family invites comrades and friends to a party. The children call it "dancing out the Christmas."

All the old Christmas dances are then given and amidst laughter and music the children strip the tree, which shows itself for the last time in all its glory of decorations, apples, sweets and many, many lighted candles.

When the last tree has been stripped on the 13th of January, the fête is ended. School begins, and Swedish children take out their books and begin to read and work as before.



Thirteen days after Christmas boys go singing from house to house, carrying a lighted star

NOTE.—The material and photographs for this article were furnished by the Swedish Red Cross to the League of Red Cross Societies.

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*Be merry all, be merry all,
With holly dress the festive hall;
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,
To welcome Merry Christmas.*

—W. R. Spencer

DON'T DISAPPOINT A SOLDIER

“CHRISTMAS day was a busy one,” wrote Miss Gaither, Red Cross recreational director at the United States Veterans’ Hospital at Perry Point, Maryland. “A truck load of boxes and stockings were piled up on the stage of the recreation hut and at 1 o’clock the men came over and the distribution began. At the very last minute we found that, on account of illness in some of the schools, not enough stockings had been filled to go around. Our despair can better be pictured than described! But, fortunately, at that moment two big cases of Christmas boxes came in from National Headquarters. They were rushed over to the hut and so every one of the men had his presents. After it was all over the room looked like a huge children’s party; the whole floor was strewn with colored paper and ribbons.”

If you are planning Christmas stockings for the veterans be sure you make your full allotment. Think how awful it would have been if some one had been left out of that party!

ACKNOWLEDGE RECEIPT OF PORTFOLIOS

SCHOOL correspondence started in the United States. It is one of the original activities of American Juniors. Naturally we are proud of it and want it to go forward just as it should. This time of year there are so many things crowding to be done that sometimes answers to portfolios may have to be put aside for awhile. In that case, wouldn’t it be the polite thing

just to send the schools to which you owe portfolios little notes, saying their portfolios have been received and enjoyed and that you are getting yours ready in reply? For that matter, it would be nice if all did what some schools always do in every instance; that is, send an acknowledgment of a portfolio as soon as it comes and then get your own together promptly as possible.

A DECEMBER REVERIE

A WHITE-HAIRED, portly old gentleman sat in the big armchair reading a newspaper. “Four hundred million Christmas seals sold in the United States,” he read. Then laying the paper aside, he looked out at the winter landscape. Once or twice he nodded thoughtfully and a gentle smile deepened the grooves in the corner of his mouth and spread all over his countenance.

His thoughts sped back to a December twenty-one years ago, when a lonely little batch of Christmas seals lay practically unnoticed on a postoffice counter in Denmark. He, Einar Holboell, then clerk in the little postoffice, had thought of the idea of printing a stamp for Christmas mail, as a means of raising a few thousand dollars for a hospital for tuberculous children. Soon news of the little stickers spread. Jacob Riis, one of the foremost of America’s social service workers, wrote a story about it for the *Outlook* and Miss Emily Bissell, of Wilmington, Delaware, read the article. She decided that if seals could raise money for tuberculosis work in Denmark, they could perhaps do the same in America. She was able to sell 200,000 seals and from the proceeds there was bought the site for the first tuberculosis sanatorium in her state.

From 1908 to 1919 the American Red Cross sponsored the sale of the seals which bore the familiar square-armed emblem. In 1919 the National Tuberculosis Association and its affiliated organizations conducted the sales. Since then the seals have carried the internationally known double-barred cross of the anti-tuberculosis campaign. Last year something like \$4,500,000 was raised from the sale of these little carriers of good health. With the money tuberculosis sanatoria, hospitals, clinics, dispensaries, public health nurses, open-air schools and preventoria have been financed, millions of copies of printed matter dealing with tuberculosis and general disease prevention have been circulated and more than 8,000,000 boys and girls have been given a chance to learn daily habits of cleanliness, diet, rest and exercise that will develop them into robust men and women.

In the little town in far-away Denmark, Einar Holboell settled himself more comfortably in his big arm chair and sighed happily. “After all,” he reflected, “it is not given to many of us poor mortals to have their simple ideas result in so much good to humanity.”

HELENA LORENZ WILLIAMS,
National Tuberculosis Association.

Junior Doings

THE other day there came through the office of the American Junior Red Cross several boxes of Christmas presents from the primary school at Liege, Belgium. They were directed to the schools in North Dakota and Massachusetts from which the Belgian school had received Christmas boxes last year. There were no end of attractive small articles in those boxes—dolls, boxes of pretty beads, a bright orange pin cushion in the shape of a carrot, a doll's bath, a comb for bobbed hair, a pocket mirror, a tape measure all in centimeters instead of inches, of course, and many other things.



Courtesy Japanese Red Cross

Japanese Juniors, pupils of the Elementary School of Tomita, busily cleaning the steps of the Temple

ROLL CALL was an important event for the Juniors in the province of Neuva Ecija, Philippine Islands, this year. In every school there was an enrollment ceremony for the presentation of Junior Red Cross buttons, and during the entire week of Roll Call the schools reviewed the work of the Junior Red Cross.

A NOVEL feature of the fair of Miami County, Ohio, was the "Fish Pond" for the Red Cross Juniors. The "pond" was HEALTH and the "fish" were sample tubes of toothpaste and soap, tooth brushes, health slogans, and health booklets secured from insurance companies. The fishermen were Juniors who had been weighed and tagged to show that they were up to standard. In her account of the event, Miss Sylvia Brown, Home Service Secretary of the Miami County Chapter, says:

"We had eight hundred fish. We took two-thirds of them for Thursday, which is always the biggest day of the fair, and before we were ready for them, the children were inquiring about the "Fish Pond." We soon learned that if we wanted to please the boys of from eleven to thirteen or fourteen years, we should give them tooth paste. We had only enough "fish" to last until about the middle of each afternoon and so many Juniors were disappointed."

ONE third of the pupils of the primary grades and half those of the seventh and eighth grades at Fitchburg, Massachusetts, are now able to swim. The Junior Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the school and park departments and the street

railway of the town all joined to make it possible to give the children free instruction in swimming every day last summer.

LAST summer Miss Jean E. Browne, of the Canadian Junior Red Cross, visited Junior groups in England, Belgium, Czechoslovakia and Austria. At a special meeting at Junior headquarters in London she had a pleasant surprise. During the proceedings the doors were thrown wide open and two Juniors, attended by a Junior Guard of Honor, brought in a beautiful white banner. On it were embroidered the words, "From British to Canadian Juniors, 1925." Miss Browne accepted the banner in the name of the Junior Red Cross of Canada. It is to be taken to

Junior groups all over the Dominion.

In her report to her own Junior Red Cross, Miss Browne wrote: "A scheme that I have not heard of elsewhere is being worked out by the Juniors in Czechoslovakia. It is called 'school protection.' A prosperous school adopts a poorer school. At the beginning of the school year it pays the membership fee for the adopted school and provides it with the Junior magazine. During the school year it may remember its protégé in many little gracious ways. In summer these schools invite each other for a visit and at other times they exchange letters."



The Carden's Bluff School, Carter County, Tennessee, gathered holly from the woods to send to the sick soldiers in the Johnson City Hospital

THE Belgian Juniors now have a special calendar somewhat like our own. One of the sug-



An Indian Junior and the bread board which he made to be used in his home

gestions is: "If there are foreign children in your school ask them to make you acquainted with their country. Respect foreigners and, above all, respect their patriotic love of their own country."

ONE of the schools in Salt Lake City has started a museum composed principally of the portfolios received through

foreign correspondence. The girls of the John Burroughs School in New York have a special closet for dolls of the different nations. Among the latest comers are two dolls dressed by Juniors of Czechoslovakia. "The blouse, the jacket and even the little handkerchief of the boy are embroidered with very fine stitches," say the New York girls in a note of thanks. "The girl doll looks exquisite in her bridal attire. Her long, braided hair is so natural. Her bridal gown of pink has very fine pleatings of white material inserted in the back and sleeves, and it is all edged with lace. Just think, she wears four petticoats! We counted them, and decided that it must be a Czechoslovakian custom. Her jacket is made of many bright colors and her bandanna makes her look so gay."

THE Siamese Junior magazine is published monthly during the school year, which begins in July and ends in March. The Siamese year begins in April, instead of January.

THE Junior organization of the school at Lady Lake, Florida, has helped to develop a sense of responsibility among the pupils. It has a corps of student officers who carried on through the summer after the principal had left. Last spring, while the Juniors were practicing swimming, one of the teachers, who could not swim, but thought "it looked easy," jumped in and was close

to drowning when James Adams, a fourteen-year-old boy, dived in and brought her to shore unconscious. There was no other grown person present and the children themselves quickly handled the situation.

"PHILADELPHIA Juniors Have Carried Their Red Cross Service to the Ends of the Earth." This is the title of a new circular telling about what has been accomplished in Philadelphia in the last year. To begin with, the enrollment was 283,281, or 70,000 more than it was the year before. Contributions, too, exceeded all sums raised by Philadelphia Juniors before. They came to \$17,722.39. How was this money spent?

"The answer comes from Point Alaska, where today Eskimo children are playing with toys you made and sent—the first they ever owned; from the Philippines, where brown babies are wearing clothes made in Junior sewing classes; from Belgium, where youngsters know playground joys for the first time; from Albania, where a school is filled with waifs who call you 'our friends,' and from an Italian school ship in Venice." And these are only a few of the activities of the Juniors of the Quaker City.

SOME years ago the chairman of the Junior Red Cross in Atlanta gave a number of tooth brushes and tubes of dental cream to the children of the John Meadow Goldsmith school, and the principal and teachers all helped in getting the pupils to take an interest in using them regularly at home. Recently in a campaign for better teeth all the school children of Atlanta had their mouths examined. The pupils of John Meadow Goldsmith proved a hundred per cent perfect as to teeth! As the principal puts it, the little seed of "tooth protection" sowed so long ago has blossomed into "tooth perfection."

"SEVERAL days ago," writes the director of Red Cross service in the Veterans' Hospital at Oteen, North Carolina, "the box sent to our hospital by the Pittsburgh Juniors arrived and we are delighted to

have the hundred ash trays, the five tabourets, and the 15 large painted flower cans. We are sending some of them to the sun parlors of the infirmary wards where the patients are too sick to come to the Red Cross. The five lamps with parchment shades are lovely, too, and we have them on the tables where we keep the daily papers sent us by Juniors of eastern cities. The two rugs are beautifully made, and most useful."



Courtesy the Latvian Red Cross

Boy Scouts in Latvia arranging American Junior Red Cross Christmas boxes for distribution to needy children

The Tale of the Three Kings

IN Holland and Belgium and parts of Germany, Christmas gift time is the feast of St. Nicholas, the jolly old bishop who rides on his white mule over the housetops and drops presents down the chimney into the shoes or aprons of good children on December 6th. In some other countries of Europe it is on January 6th, the day of the Three Kings.

The story that has grown up about the three kings is quite different from the Bible account of the Three Wise Men who followed the star to Bethlehem, though they are supposed to be the same men. According to the legend they were all very rich and powerful. Caspar was King of Tarsus, the land of myrrh; Melchior ruled over Arabia, the land of glistening gold, and Balthasar was monarch of Spain, where the precious frankincense flowed from the trees. But after they came back from the journey that had taken them to the Christ Child in the manger, they laid aside their royal robes, gave up all their wealth and went about the earth announcing the birth of Jesus.

They were buried outside the walls of Jerusalem. Three hundred years later, Helena, the mother of Constantine, Emperor of the Roman Empire, found their tomb and had their bodies taken to the imperial city of Constantinople, where they were laid in the Church of Saint Sophia. Later still, the story goes, their remains

were transferred to Milan, and at last they came to rest in a golden shrine in the beautiful cathedral of Cologne.

In some countries there is a story that one day as the Three Kings were journeying along they came across an old woman cleaning her house.

"Where are you going?" said she.

"We are going to worship the Christ Child," they replied.

"Wait until I finish my cleaning and I will go with you," said the old woman.

"No, we cannot wait. The birth of this child is the greatest thing that has happened since the world began and we must hasten on," answered the Three Kings. "But stop your housecleaning and come with us."

"No, no," said the old woman, sweeping and dusting harder than ever. "I couldn't go away and leave a dirty house.

I'll just finish my cleaning and catch up with you."

So the three went on without her and she worked like lightning to get through. But when she started to catch up with them they were out of sight. And never, never did she join them, though she tried for years and years. In fact, she is still looking for them. In Russia she is called Babouschka, or the Little Old Woman, and in Italy she is known as La Befana, and it is she who acts as Santa Claus to the children.



The Three Kings return to their homes from the East. They sing about their journey, stopping to bless each house

THE THREE KINGS OF COLOGNE

EUGENE FIELD

From out Cologne there came three kings
To worship Jesus Christ, their King.
To Him they sought fine herbs they brought,
And many a beauteous golden thing;
They brought their gifts to Bethlehem town,
And in the manger set them down.

Then spoke the first king and he said:
"O, Child, most heavenly bright and fair!
I bring this crown to Bethlehem town
For Thee and only Thee to wear;
So give a heavenly crown to me,
When I shall come at last to Thee!"

The second then, "I bring Thee here
This royal robe, O, Child!" he cried;
"Of silk 'tis spun, and such an one
There is not in the world beside.
So in the day of doom requite
Me with a heavenly robe of white!"

The third king gave his gift and quoth:
"Spikenard and myrrh to Thee I bring,
And with these twain would I most fain
Anoint the body of my King;
So may their incense sometime rise
To plead for me in yonder skies!"

Thus spoke the three kings of Cologne,
That gave their gifts and went their way;
And now kneel I in prayer hard by
The cradle of the Child today.
Nor crown, nor robe, nor spice I bring,
As offering unto Christ, my King.

Yet have I brought a gift the Child
May not despise, however small;
For here I lay my heart today,
And it is full of love to all.
Take Thou the poor but loyal thing,
My only tribute, Christ, my King!



The Lost Merry Christmas Wish

ACT I

Louise Franklin Bache

Illustrations by Henry Pitz

CHARACTERS

MARY and MARTHA, two every-day girls.
SHINY and TWINKLE, two elfmen.
Group of boys and girls carrying a Yule log.
Group of children singing carols. The children in the Yule log group and the carol group may be the same if cast is limited.

Note: Kate Greenaway costumes worn by the children in the Yule log and carol groups will add much to the play.

It is all tommy-rot! I'm not going to spend much more time on it, I can tell you that. (*Twinkle comes to a halt. Shiny draws close to him.*)

TWINKLE: You wouldn't be calling names, Shiny, if you knew the story of the Merry Christmas Wish. Hundreds of years ago, long before the day of any one living now, there was once a Christmas Eve when the whole world was filled with the real true Merry Christmas Wish.

The scene is in a wood. The time is the night before Christmas. Soft Christmas music is heard. From each side of the stage comes a little elfman carrying a lighted lantern. They step very cautiously. It is as if they were holding their breath lest they disturb some one. The names of the elfmen are Shiny and Twinkle. Shiny is the first to speak.

SHINY (*Stops in his search and sets down his lantern. Impatiently*): Twinkle, I am ready to give up! I have looked everywhere and not a solitary thing can I find.

TWINKLE (*Puts his lantern down and speaks in a patient tone*): Have you tried the rose petals?

SHINY: Yes.

TWINKLE: Have you looked in the acorn cups?

SHINY: Yes.

TWINKLE: What of the pebbles by the babbling brook? Are you sure, Shiny, you have looked carefully under each one?

SHINY: Yes, of course, I'm sure. I have looked every place you have mentioned and then a hundred more. (*In a tired voice*): And it's no use, I tell you; it's no use!

TWINKLE (*Patiently*): Well, there must be some place that has escaped you. Try just once more and see what you can see.

The elfmen's lanterns are seen flashing about on the stage as their bearers carry on the search, SHINY in a half-hearted way and TWINKLE in a vigorous and determined manner. Christmas music, played very softly throughout the scene, will add much to its effectiveness.

SHINY (*Crossly*): This is what I call a wild goose chase. The longer I hunt the more sure I am that there isn't a thing going to come of it. We could be at home having a wonderful Christmas Eve if you weren't so stubborn, Twinkle!

TWINKLE: Cross people never find anything but their own bad tempers, Shiny.

SHINY (*Grumbling*): Well, a bad temper is better than nothing.

TWINKLE: But it's not to be compared with the wonderful Merry Christmas Wish we are looking for, Shiny.

SHINY: You make me tired, Twinkle! Who ever heard of any one finding a Merry Christmas Wish?

Men came from the East and the West to give rich presents to those who had none. On that Christmas Eve no one thought of themselves. Centuries passed. Little by little Christmas began to change. Instead of a season of "giving," it became a season of "receiving." Boys and girls thought only of themselves and what they wanted to find in their stockings on Christmas morning. After awhile people were quarreling and saying all sorts of ugly things about each other. Every one wondered what the trouble was, but no one knew. You see, so many hundred years had gone by that they had all forgotten the time when the real Merry Christmas Wish was everywhere, and every one was happy and at peace. That's the reason you and I must find the Wish this Christmas Eve. It is a magic wish, Shiny. If just one child will wish it truly from his heart, it will grow and grow until it spreads happiness all around the world.

Shouts and laughter are heard off stage. SHINY and TWINKLE rush to the front of stage. With lanterns held high, they look first to the left and then to the right as if to determine where the noise comes from. SHINY draws close to TWINKLE.

SHINY (*In a stage whisper*): Humpty-Dumpty has fallen from the wall again and all the king's horses and all the king's men are trying to put him together again.

TWINKLE: Nonsense, Shiny; it is only a group of villagers bringing home the Yule log for the fireplace. It is a way they have in England of celebrating Christmas Eve.

The laughter grows nearer. There is a sound of music.

SHINY: If my two ears hear correctly, Twinkle, they are coming this way. Let's run while there is time.

Hand in hand they run to the extreme right of stage, where they huddle together.

A group of boys and girls carrying the Yule log enter singing a Yule log song. They place the log in the center of the stage and then dance merrily about it. A jester in proper costume will add to the merriment of the scene.

For suggestions as to dance and song, see "Christ-masse in Merrie England," by Mari Ruef Hofer.

At the end of the dance the children take up the Yule log and to the accompaniment of music and with shouts of "Merry Christmas," leave stage.

SHINY and TWINKLE now advance to front of stage.

SHINY: Oh, my poor head! Oh, my poor head, Twinkle! It has changed into a Christmas top and is spinning around and around.

TWINKLE (*Laying a comforting hand on Shiny's shoulder*): You will soon be all right, Shiny. Put your feet together, throw your chest out and take a long breath!

As TWINKLE gives these directions, he carries them out himself in a brisk manner; SHINY follows in a half-hearted way.

SHINY (*Tearfully*): I can't; I can't. I have forgotten how to do everything. I have even forgotten what we are looking for.

TWINKLE (*Softly*): Oh, no, you haven't, Shiny. You couldn't possibly forget the most wonderful thing in the world—the lost Merry Christmas Wish.

SHINY (*Sobbing*): I couldn't, but I did. Christmas Eve is no time to look for things, Twinkle. Let's give it up and go home.

TWINKLE: It is Christmas Eve or never, Shiny. If we don't find the lost Christmas Wish tonight it will be a whole year before we can search again. Just think, Shiny, what it will mean to hundreds of boys and girls to have the Merry Christmas Wish in the world again.

SHINY (*Wearily*): I'll try just once more, Twinkle, and then I'm through.

Both elfmen start in their search again. The sound of singing is heard off-stage. SHINY and TWINKLE pause to listen. Run to the back of stage. There enters from one side of stage a group of boys and girls. They march two by two, a song book between each couple. They are the Christmas Eve carolers out on their rounds.

Suggested carols: Christmas Comes But Once a Year, Three Ships A-Sailing.

The carolers walk slowly, lining up in a straight row in front of the stage to sing one verse. At the last

verse they turn and march off-stage in the manner in which they entered.

SHINY (*As the group leaves stage, SHINY stoops, picks up an object lying on the ground, holds his lantern high above it*): I thought I had found the Wish, Twinkle, but look, it is only a Robin Red Breast chilled by the December's cold.

TWINKLE (*Coaxingly*): Let me hold him just one minute, Shiny.

SHINY generously hands the bird to TWINKLE. TWINKLE covers him with his hands and lays him against his face. There is silence for a second, then TWINKLE calls forth excitedly.

TWINKLE: The bird is talking, Shiny. He says if we will go in the house where Mary and Martha live, we will find the Wish. Do you suppose it is so, Shiny?

SHINY: I don't know, Twinkle, but at least I can soon find out. My feet will take me anywhere before the tiniest star can blink. Watch them, Twinkle!

SHINY runs to one side of stage, and peers through his hands as if looking through a window and returns.

TWINKLE (*Calling*): I don't care a thing about your feet, Shiny, but I do want to hear about your eyes. What do they see? Tell me quickly!

SHINY (*Calling back*): A room, Twinkle!

TWINKLE (*Excitedly*): What's in the room?

SHINY: Mary and Martha. Mary is sitting on a velvet cushion at one side of the fireplace and Martha is sitting on a velvet

cushion on the other side of the fireplace. TWINKLE (*So excited he is dancing about*): I knew it! I knew it! They are both thinking of what they are going to ask the Christmas fairies to bring them! I'm sure if we do as the Robin Red Breast says, one of them will make a Merry Christmas Wish which will be the very one we are seeking.

SHINY (*Joining TWINKLE*): What a wonderful head you have, Twinkle. Mine, alas, is only ornamental.

TWINKLE (*Kindly*): Never mind, Shiny, you have wonderful legs anyway! Let's see how fast they will carry you to the house of Mary and Martha.

SHINY (*Counting on his fingers*): One, two, three, ready,—let's go!

At the word go, the two start running off the stage, gaily swinging their lanterns.

TWINKLE (*Shouting over his shoulder to SHINY*): You take the left road and I'll take the right and let's see who will be there first.



Shiny and Twinkle were two little Elfmen

ACT II

The living room of MARY and MARTHA's house. There is an open fireplace in the center of the stage with a glowing fire. From the mantel's edge hang two stockings. MARY sits just as TWINKLE has said, on a velvet cushion on one side of the fireplace and MARTHA on a velvet cushion on the other side. Christmas carols or songs are heard outside.

MARY (In a dreamy voice as she gazes into the fire): On Christmas Eve they say if one wishes a thing that is lovely and good and wishes it hard enough, it will come true.

MARTHA: How wonderful that would be! I know a lot of things I should like to have—a silk party dress with low neck and short sleeves, a string of pink pearls, a character doll to sit on my dresser all the year round, a watch with shining jewels set about it, a ring with my birthstone, a silk parasol—

MARY (Interrupting): But, Martha, all the things you are wishing are for yourself.

MARTHA: Of course they are! Christmas is the time when one thinks of the presents they want to get, not the things they want other people to have.

MARY (Sadly): Oh, Martha, you know that is not so! You and I have both been told hundreds of times that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." Listen to the Christmas music; doesn't it tell you a different story than that?

From without comes the sound of Christmas chimes or music. Suggested song: "Holy Night." Both girls stop to listen until end of song. Then they go on with their conversation.

MARTHA: What a sad Christmas it would be if every one in the world received presents except you and me!

MARY: But what a wonderful Christmas for hundreds of boys and girls who have never known what Christmas was before. It seems to me I should be the happiest sort of a person if I knew that every orphan had all the things he wished for most, and every little boy and girl had the playthings for which they longed, and all the poor children were sharing in the good times and presents of the Christmas season, and you and I had had a share in making their wishes come true. Some way I have a feeling that our hearts would be more filled with happiness on a day like this than if we had been the ones to receive the gifts. Of course it may not be so, Martha, but that is the way I like to think of it on Christmas Eve with the soft music playing everywhere, the trees shining with thousands of Christmas lights and all our dear friends about us.

While MARY has been talking, SHINY and TWINKLE have quietly entered the room. As MARY is describing her idea of Christmas, TWINKLE and SHINY draw near to the fireplace until at the end of her speech TWINKLE stands behind MARY and SHINY behind MARTHA, but the girls do not see them. At the conclusion of MARY's speech, TWINKLE stoops and picks up something from the floor. He closes his hand tightly about it, holds it close to his heart, and, accompanied by SHINY, runs quickly to the front of stage. SHINY holds his lantern high as TWINKLE unclasps his hand and holds its contents up for SHINY'S inspection.

TWINKLE (All enthusiasm): I have found it at last—the Merry Christmas Wish! Just think, Shiny, if every one on Christmas Eve wished such wishes as Mary and then worked to see them come true, there would be little sadness in all this great round world of ours.

SHINY: There would be one person who would be

(Continued on page 80)

Pee Tee Sings Christmas Carols



Drawn by Catherine Lewis

New Year in Japan

Illustration by Anna Milo Upjohn

IN JAPAN the greatest of all holidays comes at the beginning of January. On New Year's Eve all debts are paid and one sees boys hastening through the streets with heavy money bags, collecting cash or meeting bills for their masters. The pawnshops do an enormous business, for it is far better to part with one's goods than to rise on New Year's Day with bills unpaid and without any presents to give to one's friends.

The streets are thronged with shoppers buying their New Year decorations and gifts. Even the poorest family will manage to buy at least a branch of pine, a bit of bamboo, a strip of seaweed or a bunch of silver fern and an orange to tack over the doorway. Some gateways will have on each side bunches of pine trees with bamboo in the center and on a straw rope across the entrance will be hung a lobster, an orange, a long strip of seaweed and some fern. The "pine of the doorway" and the orange stand for long life. So does the lobster, which, with its curved back and long claws, is typical of a life so prolonged that the back is bent and the beard grows to the waist. The straight bamboo means uprightness, the fern, prosperity, and the laurel leaves, hardness. The rope of rice straw is like the ropes stretched across the entrance to the cave of the Sun Goddess and is a symbol of spring freshness.

People make calls, carrying with them as New Year gifts, or "year jewels," baskets of oranges, salted salmon, dried seaweed such as the Japanese find delicious to eat, towels, cakes, eggs or boxes of sweet bean candy. The packages are tied with red and gold cords, with a certain sort of seaweed stuck under the knot in token of the lastingness of affection.

In the streets boys are flying kites and girls are playing at battledore and shuttlecock. There is a constant clicking sound as the bright, weighted feathers are batted back and forth with the gayly painted wooden paddles. Often the loser gets a smear of white on his face, so that by the end of an hour or so he is as speckled as a guinea.

Goods are delivered by the wholesale dealers in wagons decorated with evergreens and flags, drawn by horses strung with brilliant cloth streamers and jingling with bells. In Tokyo there is a grand reception at the Imperial Palace which the Japanese nobility and the foreign diplomats and their wives attend in their finest attire. The court ladies wear kimonos of scarlet and purple girdled with magnificent sashes. On the

sixth day of the festival the city fire company gives a big entertainment in one of the parks. Marvelous feats are performed at dizzy heights on tall ladders of bamboo. At the end of the holiday the evergreens are taken from the doors and burned and everybody settles down into everyday living.

"This is the happy New Year's Day," writes Natsu Ota, a girl of Katazato, Japan. "Along the roadside there are pine trees set up at each door, and the flags of the Rising Sun are waving gloriously. The grown-up people and the children all greet one another with 'A Happy New Year!' smiling happily like Ebisu, the God of Wealth. The boys run around briskly, flying their kites; the girls play gently at shuttlecock and *sugoroku*, a Japanese game of checkers, all happily playing whatever game they choose." And a boy says: "When I opened my eyes, the sound of the knell from the temple came floating. Though I have been known as a 'sleepy head,' I got up quite early and very happy this morning. I immediately went to the well to wash myself. After offering our prayer at the altar, the family sat at the table to enjoy the formal New Year breakfast. But it was still dark outside. After awhile, the temple bell began to sound. Soon it was time to start for school. So I hurried off. While singing the song of 'Happy New Year,' the usually sober and dignified face of my teacher somehow seemed beaming with smiles. After the ceremony was over, every child was presented with some souvenir and we hurried home. On my way I was happy, thinking of the good times I would have with my friend, Take San, playing the New Year's games."



Some gateways will have on each side bunches of pine trees with bamboo in the center. The "pine of the doorway" stands for long life



Photo by Dr. Shufeldt

My Texan horned lizard did not seem particularly intelligent, but it had a quaint way of looking at me when feeding time came around

Our Horned Lizards

R. W. Shufeldt

THE natural history of our lizards is a most interesting chapter of American biology, yet how few there are who give it any attention. Take our so-called "horned toads," for example. Those who have taken any interest in them know by this time that they are not "toads" at all, but true lizards of a very remarkable sort. At one time I had a very fine specimen of the Texas horned lizard, which became quite tame and did well on flies and mealworms. While it did not seem particularly intelligent, still it had a quaint way of looking at me and taking in what I was about when feeding time came round.

It gave me very little trouble to photograph this lizard, and one of my best results is shown in the illustration. As a rule, its general color matches the shade of the ground where it lives, and over all parts of its body, head and tail, are scattered irregular, dark-brown blotches of various sizes and outlines.

This lizard is very gentle by nature, and never offers to bite; it makes little objection to being handled, and is quite content to rest pretty much where it is placed, rarely struggling when seized between thumb and forefinger. Sometimes it will play dead, even to shutting

its eyes and becoming perfectly limp; but there are times when one will show considerable fight and make fruitless attempts to scratch your fingers with its "horns." Then, too, unless you already know the trick, you will be astonished to see that it squirts a small jet of blood from the corner of one or the other of its eyes.

This lizard will sometimes flatten itself out to a degree you would never have believed possible. After remaining like this for a moment or two, it will suddenly inhale a lot of air, and puff itself up to apparently double its normal size. Evidently it is trying to give you a scare, so you will let go your hold and drop it to the ground, where it will snatch at the chance to make off as quick as lightning into the nearest brush or over the sand of the desert.

At one time a fellow scientist received an unusually large and fat horned lizard from Mexico. It was a rich, reddish hue, almost a crimson. After it was photographed, the lizard was measured—a process which seemed to excite it very much. It finally threw up its head a little, its neck became rigid, its eyes bulged from the sockets, and it made a sound like that

made if one presses the tongue against the roof of the mouth and forces a small quantity of air forward. Then for a second or so a jet of blood as fine as a horse-hair issued from one eyelid with such force that it struck the wall four feet away. The eyelid was for the moment much swollen. For some time after the performance the creature's eyes were tightly closed, and nothing could induce the lizard to open them. Within two minutes after it was placed on the ground, the eyeballs ceased to protrude and the swelling of the eyelids had disappeared. Most surprising was the amount of blood expended. The wall and floor showed a course of thickly sprinkled spots about one-eighth of an inch in diameter. There were 103 of these spots.

When living in New Mexico years ago, I captured a big female horned lizard. In a few days she had young ones and, to the best of my recollection, these cunning little fellows numbered about sixteen. They have long been in spirits in my private collection, along with other interesting and rare reptiles.

Another of these reptiles is known as the painted horned lizard, and the markings on its back blend so well with the color of the ground of its desert home that it is hard to see it. These lizards are well worth keeping as pets, and thrive on a diet of insects and mealworms, of the kind the bird-store man keeps on hand for cage birds. In this way much may yet be learned about them, especially about their mating.

Games of Palestine

ALL over the world, in ancient sun-soaked villages and new and bustling cities, the children are playing games. And all over the world the games, in spite of different dress and speech and customs, are pretty much the same. Here are a few from Palestine:

"London Bridge Is Falling Down" is called "Open the Gate" in Palestine. You make your line by holding hands, and chant: "Open the door for me and my carriage to enter," or "Open the door to let the judge enter." And when the girls who make the gate drop their upraised arms for you to enter, they ask you: "What do you want, the grapes or the figs?" or "The gold or the diamonds?" But when it comes to the pull at the end, the game does not seem foreign at all, though you hold hands instead of waists.

"My Cousins" is a cold-weather game. The girl who is "It" stands in the center of the circle, and while the others dance about to keep warm she begins:

"My cousins, where are you going?"

"Going for a walk," or, as they say it, "Going to smell the air."

"Take care not to tear your shoes."

"You will mend them for us."

"Give me my wages."

"Take one of us."

So the girl in the center tags one of those in the circle and changes places with her, and the game goes on. This game is very like our "There Came Three Knights A-riding."

A sheep's knuckle bone

is one of the most popular playthings in the world. Children of Rome and Greece play with it, and all across Central Asia girls are saving it for games like the one they play in Bethlehem:

Out of her treasures Tameeli brings a sheep's knuckle bone. It is about an inch and a half long and half as thick. She and the other girls sit in a circle on the floor and Kerimi rolls the little knuckle bone into the middle. It stops rolling with the flattest side up, so Kerimi is commander. Miriam rolls next, gets the flat deep side, opposite the one Kerimi rolled. That means she is whipman. Lydia rolls. The knuckle bone stops on the side between the two that the other girls got. She is the sheep. Sabha, alas, is thief. "How many times shall I beat her," asks Whipman Miriam of Commander Kerimi. "Three times," says the commander. Three times the commander brings down her whip on the thief's hand.

The whip is a little stick some eighteen inches long, with a string tied at one end. Sometimes it is a knotted handkerchief. The girls roll again. Na'mi is whipman; Kerimi rolls a sheep. The "sheep" does nothing. Lydia rolls commander. So it goes. Lydia carelessly touches the knuckle bone out of turn. Quick as a flash Na'mi, the chief just then, kisses her hand. Now she is commander and Lydia is thief. And so for a good piece of an hour the girls play. One time Miriam, who was whipman just then, touched the bone out of order, but she kissed her own hand first and so kept her lucky place.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

December, 1925

IF YOU WANT TO BE HAPPY, GIVE SOMETHING AWAY.....	Frontispiece
WHY THE FIR TREE IS THE CHRISTMAS TREE	63
IN BETHLEHEM.....	63
	<i>Susie M. Best</i>
THE STORY OF THE CHINESE GATE GODS....	64
	<i>Anna Milo Upjohn</i>
MAKING CHRISTMAS COME TRUE.....	66
	<i>Ethel Blair Jordan</i>
A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS IN SWEDEN....	68
EDITORIAL	70
JUNIOR DOINGS	71
THE TALE OF THE THREE KINGS.....	73
THE LOST MERRY CHRISTMAS WISH.....	74
	<i>Louise Franklin Bache</i>
PEE TEE SINGS CHRISTMAS CAROLS.....	76
	<i>Catherine Lewis</i>
NEW YEAR IN JAPAN.....	77
OUR HORNED LIZARDS.....	78
	<i>R. W. Shufeldt</i>
GAMES OF PALESTINE.....	79
GIFT BOXES FOR JAPAN.....	80

Boxes of Gifts for Japan

Drawing by Anna Milo Upjohn

THE picture on this page is a sort of companion piece to the one on the calendar for this month. It shows how eagerly the gifts sent by the Juniors of Honolulu were received by the children of Japan. This is Miss Upjohn's story of two scenes—one in Hawaii and one in Tokyo:

The distant crash of surf on the coral reef and the fragrance of ripening fruit blew in on the lazy air, but in the rooms of the Red Cross in Honolulu a feverish activity prevailed.

The last of the boxes of New Year's gifts for Japan were being packed and marked for the Orient-bound steamer, which had promised to take them free of charge if they were ready.

After school hours groups of Junior Red Cross members came daily to sort, pack and label the toys and useful articles which had been sent in thousands from schools of the different islands.

Japanese boys wrote greetings in their own language on each sending. There were quaint, original toys, many of them made by pupils in the industrial classes: sewing bags, dolls, marbles, books, pencils, writing pads, soap, stockings, knitted sweaters, caps and stockings. When the last lid had been nailed down a consignment of one hundred and twenty warm little kimonos came in from the Castle Kindergarten—not made by the kindergarten babies, of course, but by their mothers—representing the one hundred and twenty tiny pupils. Before the coming of the kimonos the number of gifts had already exceeded 10,000. Every type of school had taken part in the sending, and this in spite of the fact that so shortly before the Hawaiian Juniors had contributed nearly \$5,000 in money to the Japanese fund for the relief of sufferers from the great earthquake. The Hawaiian Juniors had worked and sacrificed for months to make this generous sending possible. A Japanese boy, a high-school pupil of Honolulu, wielding a deft brush, marked every box with a New Year's greeting in his mother tongue.

A few weeks later and the scene had changed. I stood among the gaunt ruins of Tokyo, now a city of makeshift buildings, with a rough dust-laden wind sweeping over its desolation. In the children's ward of one of the temporary hospitals the bright toys on the beds attracted my attention.

"Where did these come from?" I asked, sensing something familiar.

"I don't know," said the doctor.

But I did. I had recognized a horseman carved and



The presents sent by the Juniors in Honolulu were eagerly received by those in Japan

painted by a boy living among those sun-lit islands of the Pacific from which I had just come. And as the sick child tucked the gay rider under his chin, he laughed happily.

The Lost Merry Christmas Wish

(Continued from page 76)

sad and that would be Martha. Poor Martha, she would not have any Christmas at all.

TWINKLE (*Laying one arm fondly about SHINY'S shoulders*): Oh, your poor head, Shiny! Of course she would! Don't you see if every one wished every one else a right Merry Christmas and all the good things that go with it, that no one, Shiny, do you hear me, no one in all the world would be left out of their share of the Christmas happiness?

SHINY: I hear you perfectly, Twinkle, but I don't understand it.

TWINKLE: Never mind, Shiny, you have wonderful feet and you can use them now. We are going to run all the way back to Fairyland to tell the good tidings that at last we have found the Merry Christmas Wish that will make the whole round world glad.

SHINY (*Joyfully*): I'm ready, Twinkle!

TWINKLE: We are off, then! Merry Christmas to all and to all a Happy New Year!

Both elfmen wave their lanterns to the audience as they run gaily off stage. A sound of soft music is heard off stage. Enter the Christmas carolers, two by two, a song book held between each couple. They sing as they march. Suggested song, "God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen." As they pass off stage, the music becomes softer and softer until it dies away.

