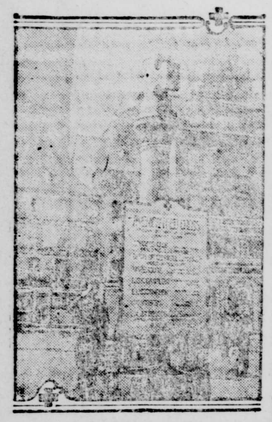
AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE AMERICAN RED CROSS.
On German Soil.



In the City Square of Treves, Germany, headquarters of the allied military forces, an ancient cross surmounted monument marks the city's center of traffic. For this reason American Red Cross officials converted it, as shown by this picture, into a directory of all Red Cross activities in the city.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE AMERICAN RED CROSS.
In Roumania.



Soon after the entrance of the United States in the war the successes of the Central Powers in Roumania had reduced that country to a most tragic condition and in the summer of 1917, the American Red Cross despatched its first Roumanian relief contingent. Two hospitals were at once taken over and operated by the Red Cross, a canteen for the starving refugees established and food and clothing distributed over a large area.

Transportation was one of the toughest problems with which the Red Cross workers in Roumania had to deal. Here is seen an oxcart used by the Red Cross to carry its relief supplies up into the mountains.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE AMERICAN RED CROSS.
At Saloniki.



The veritable mountains of relief supplies turned out by the millions of chapter workers during the war made the American Red Cross one of the biggest "manufacturing concerns" in the world, with great warehouse space at scores of strategic points all around the globe.

One of the biggest distribution centers was at Saloniki, Greece, and in this picture Bulgarian prisoners of war are seen there unloading a Red Cross cargo of 2,300 boxes from a French transport. At the right is seen one of the American Red Cross camions, fleets of which were used in rushing relief to points where the suffering was greatest.

Will You Be One Of A Million Workers To Secure Members for The American Red Cross

Volunteer Now At Your Chapter Headquarters Third Red Cross Roll Call November 2-11

Her Offering.

The elder sister had married a grocer and was well pleased with her choice. But not so her eighteen-year-old sister. She was taking great pains to impress the family with her ambitions for a husband. "He'll have to be a college graduate, a successful man in some big business and very handsome," she ended.

The elder sister smiled placidly. "And what charms," she asked blandly, "have you to offer for all these demands?"—Indianapolis News.

ADMIRATION NOT CALLED FOR

Aviator Would Very Willingly Have Foregone Gushing Tribute Paid Him by Fair Admirer.

The hardest part of flying is landing, and it is in landing that most would-be aviators come to grief. An experienced pilot who makes a bad landing and goes bouncing across a field is disgraced and usually feels the humiliation to the utmost.

Early in the war a "ladies' day" was held at an airdrome in England. Among the guests who thronged the field were many ladies in gala attire. Late in the afternoon a pilot who was a captain gave an exhibition performance. He left the ground in perfect style, did a succession of vertical turns and a few "acrobatics," then shut off his motor to land and receive the applause that he knew was awaiting him from the fair sex.

As the machine neared the ground the captain misjudged his distance, with the result that he hit the ground hard, made a series of high jumps all the way across the field, and came at last to rest just in time to avoid crashing into a fence. He turned his machine, "taxied" to the hangar and somewhat sheepishly rejoined the guests. His fellow pilots were having a hard time to restrain themselves from laughter, and just as it appeared that they had succeeded a very fat, gushing sort of woman approached the captain and said in accents loud and clear:

"My dear captain, on behalf of the ladies present I wish to thank you for the wonderful exhibition of flying you have given us. It was truly marvelous. It was positively a beautiful thing to see; and that landing of yours—it was superb! Just like a dear little bird—hop, hop, hop, hop!"—Youth's Companion.

PLACE CHILDREN ABOVE ALL

Little Ones Have Been Aptly Described as Monarchs in Homes of Serbian Parents.

The tragedy of the little children of Serbia reduced to starvation, disease and raggedness is really understood only when one comprehends the intense love of home and children that fills all Serbian hearts.

"The Serbian home is the sanctum of Serbian life," writes Miss Wagoner, "the shrine before which the Serbian heart worships, the altar upon which the products of hand and heart are placed in simple tribute. And the guiding spirit of the home is, of course, the woman, the wife and mother. We must go farther, though, and say that while the mother may be the guiding spirit, the monarch of the home is the child. What we are preaching with renewed intensity today regarding the importance of the child, the education of the child, Serbia has long preached and endeavored to practice. Almost Spartan in its creed is the valuation placed upon a child life. The child is more than a companion to his mother, more than an heir to his father's business, lands or wealth; he is the property of the state. He is part of Serbia! Everything is sacrificed to the welfare and advancement of the child."

A Hoosier Haircut.

Demas Coe, a Richmond business man and former auditor of Wayne county, has been trying to figure the difference of an Indiana and a Chicago haircut. He told the story after a business trip to Chicago and says he no longer enjoys going to a barber shop in Chicago.

Previously to making the trip, Coe went into a Richmond shop and had a shave and haircut by a barber regarded as expert as any in Richmond. After arriving in Chicago he went to a barber for his shave the next day.

"Don't you want a haircut, too?" asked the barber.

"I just got one the other day," Coe replied.

"In Indiana?" politely asked the barber.

"Yes, why?" was Coe's answer.

"Well, it looks like an Indiana haircut," was the barber's comment.

According to Coe's own story he was "considerably wrought up" by the incident as he is a loyal resident of Indiana. When he told the story to his barber in Richmond, the barber was considerably more indignant than Coe. —Indianapolis News.

Educating Greek Farmers.

American scientific agriculturists are now completing a survey of the soil possibilities of Crete in the same thorough fashion in which they surveyed the Greek mainland. American farming machinery and up-to-date methods are needed, and arrangements have been made to educate the farmers of Greece and Crete so that they can increase their yield of crops. Major C. G. Hopkins of the Illinois agricultural department, and Lieut. G. J. Bouyoucos, a native Greek educated in America, and a former instructor at Michigan agricultural college, are in charge of the American Red Cross agricultural survey of Greece and Crete.

"It Oozes Oot."

Even in statistics, as dry as a Gradgrind would have them, there is humor. "It oozes oot," as Tammas Haggart would say. Austen Chamberlain, in his official capacity as chancellor of the exchequer, recently presented to the members of the British parliament a budget packed with enough figures to baffle an accountant of the first water. Giving £1,412,000,000 as the amount to which it had risen, he declared that the "floating debt" was having his "grave attention." How, it may be asked, is he regarding the "sinking fund?"

Pineapple Fiber for Cloth.

The pineapple, curious as it may appear to people in the occident who know it only as an article of food, is used in China for making cloth. At least, its leaves are so used. The leaf fiber, after being extracted by a simple process, is first made into thread. The thread is then spooled and run on bobbins. Old-fashioned native looms next handle the thread, converting it into a serviceable cloth.

'CAP'N' EZRA RILED

Ancient Mariner Has Trying Day in Boston Town.

And He Will Find Many to Agree With Him In His Positive Assertion That "Umbrellies Is Dangerous Weapons."

I heard a sigh behind me as I unfolded my favorite evening sheet. Someone settled into the seat and rested wearily against me. I exhumed myself from my sheet and stole a sidelong glance. In the little leathery man with the nervous bit of chin whiskers I recognized Cap'n Ezra Godskins of our town.

His mild blue eye caught mine and I wished him good evening. He replied with another sigh and the cryptic remark, "Umbrellies is dangerous weapons." Then, like another and better known Ancient Mariner, he seemed unable to contain himself and launched forth into the subject that was torturing his soul.

This is the captain's plaint:

"I come into town this mornin' bearin' no man any malice. It looked like rain, but I didn't calc'late to let that spoil my good nature. Most everyone but me was totin' a umbrelly.

"I was bumpin' along in the crowd leavin' the station an' just at the entrance I was surrounded by five fat old ladies who was so interested in decidin' where they was goin' to meet for lunch that they didn't notice that I was standin' in the middle of the conference an' gettin' the benefit of all the emphasis of the pointin' they did with their umbrellies.

"A lady pointin' one direction with a parasol wants to look where's she's a-pointin'.

"I squoze out of there just in time to get gouged in the nigh leg by a young feller that carried his umbrelly strapped to the side of his valise. He gave me a nasty look for bein' there.

I started up the street and see a feller ahead of me carryin' his umbrelly over his shoulder like a musket. He turned to look into a store winder and bumped a old man into the side of the head with the muzzle of his weapon. They had some words.

"A young girl that looked bright enough to know better was carryin' her umbrelly in the middle and talkin' so fast at the same time I guess she didn't know she was proddin' folks both ahead and behind as though she might be sayin' 'Get up, Jessie; go 'long, Bill!'

"A tall feller with a black ribbon on his eye glasses was whirlin' his slim umbrelly around by the handle, thereby gettin' most of the sidewalk and a lot of unfavorable opinion for himself. He varied this a little by usin' it as a cane, swingin' it well out in front and behind. Every once in a while it swang into some one's shanks or stabbed 'em in the instep. He sure had the comfort an' safety of other folks in mind.

"People used 'em as wedges to get into the crowd and as a pry to get out. One young feller I see was standin' on the edge of the sidewalk, leanin' back on his umbrelly and talkin' to a friend of his'n. Some feller goin' along mindin' his own business caught his toe in it and brought the lad down at neat as a ninepin.

"Now if he had a had his umbrelly hangin' down straight from his hand the way it should ha' been an' been goin' about his business instead of blockin' up the sidewalk he wouldn't a had to go home and changed his breeches.

"The trouble is that folks who carry a umbrelly so it didn't interfere with anybody else is generally the ones that gets jabbed.

"I ain't got the heart to speak of umbrellies when folks carries 'em raised. They is worse than dangerous then; they is positively deadly. I been dodgin' careless and thoughtless handlers of umbrellies all day and in the hands of them class of people that is a dangerous weapon. Yes, sir, umbrellies is a dangerous weapon."—Boston Globe.

Notes Issued by Austrians.

A correspondent writes that Austrian notes were not the only "duds" that caused trouble and loss to the allies. Every British soldier who served on the western front must have had experience (he says) of those pretty Belgian notes which were not worth the paper they were printed on, for the reason that the enemy were in control of the Belgian national banks. "It was never safe," (he adds) "to accept change for a hundred franc note or other note of high denomination without examining each small bill given in lieu. One was almost sure to come across one or two nice clean Belgian five-franc notes hidden away among the genuine French stuff."

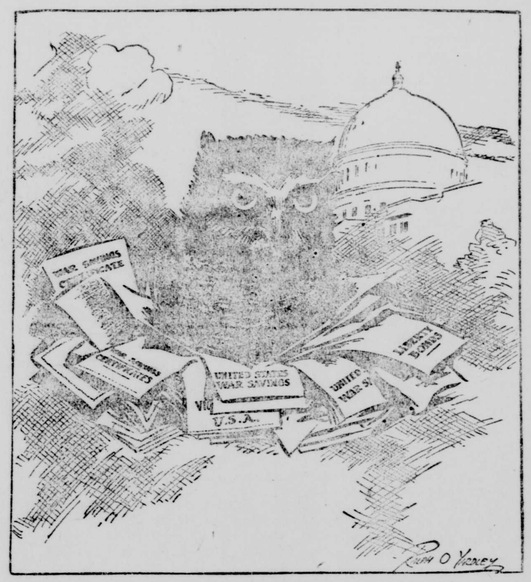
For Sale.

He had determined to "mop up"—not in the sense, however, that one thinks of these days. He had seen a mop such as he desired advertised for 98 cents (original price $1.50), and made haste to get one, for he had also determined to buy nothing unless it was "on sale." The mop cost 98 cents, a handle 10 cents extra, a bottle of polish was added for good measure. He proceeded to drop the bottle, and as the mop without the polish was useless, it was necessary to buy another bottle, which set him back 50 cents. The bargain cost him $1.60 instead of 98 cents, as he had pictured. However, he is still determined to beat the H. C. L.

Walrus a Big Beast.

The average sized Alaskan walrus is as big as an ox and often weighs more than a ton. A walrus was recently killed by some whalers near Point Barrow whose head weighed 80 pounds and skin, including flippers, 500 pounds. The animal had a girth of 14 feet.

WISELY FEATHERED NESTS



SOLVING WAR PROBLEMS TAUGHT PEOPLE THRIFT

Country Urged to Keep Benefits Gained Through Lesson of Saving Learned Last Year.

Fellowship in the fastest growing society in the United States is open to everybody. In every state in the union it is gaining members daily, since it is a society in which the good of the country is served as well as that of the individual.

From all walks of life its millions of ever increasing members come. No one can be a member and keep the pledge he takes without receiving lasting benefits and aiding the United States of America to maintain the proud place it has already attained—the peer of any nation that has ever existed.

When the treasury department of the United States began the attempt to solve the financial problems that beset the country as it was entering the war, the United States was a debtor nation. Only on understanding that it is the greatest creditor nation in the world today can one realize what an achievement has been won. Without a direct tax on the people money has been raised to pay for the successful termination of the war, and this cost more than $20,000,000,000. Beside this enormous amount of money there is now more money in the banks than before.

This, of course, was done through the Liberty Loans, principally. But these loans have ceased, and those at the head of the nation's finances are seeking to clinch the lesson already learned, and are urging the permanent establishment of War Savings Societies.

The Treasury Department is doing a service for the small investor in accepting so small an amount as twenty-five cents and giving the same security that the holder of a $10,000 Liberty Bond enjoys—the entire resources of the United States of America. Could anything be more safe?

CAN CHOP OVERHEAD

We joined with glee to celebrate the birthday anniversary of Washington, who, when a boy, chopped down his father's cherry tree, and later, though but still a youth, surveyed the trackless forest waste, and always practiced simple truth in every project he embraced. Then when the Revolution broke out George stepped bravely to the fore and threw aside our foreign yoke, and saw us safely through the war. No adjectival flourish here could tell in full his epic life, but this we know and hold it dear, he won our nation's primal strife; he fought, he built, he sagely taught, he loved this land of liberty, and what his sacrifice then bought is handed on to you and me. To him we owe undying debt, to keep our nation's honor bright, and emulate him so that yet we travel holding Freedom's light; we cannot all chop cherry bark, but we can chop the "overhead," and, cutting out some costly lark, buy W. S. S. instead.

A thrifty man is safe from worry. Buy wisely, save intelligently, and invest in Thrift and War Savings Stamps.

Spend wisely, avoid waste, save intelligently, invest in Thrift and War Savings Stamps—and success is already yours.

War Savings Stamps—a loan to Uncle Sam, who returns your money at the end of five years plus four per cent interest, compounded quarterly.

Fowls Plucked With Vacuum.

A machine of the vacuum type for plucking fowls is described and illustrated in Popular Mechanics magazine. With it, it is said, a person can remove all the feathers, dry, from an average-sized bird in about five minutes. A motor-driven fan creates suction in a large flexible tube, at the free end of which is a special plucking apparatus. Once loosed, the feathers pass through the tube into a large receptacle overhead.

SAID EVERY SOLDIER KEPT TRENCH SHOVEL

Engineer After Viewing Battlefield Makes Interesting Commentary —Could Find Everything But One Trophy He Wanted.

An eminent engineer recently returned to Washington after traversing on government business much of the western front. He went over the battle area before the army salvage corps had removed the signs of conflict.

"I saw pretty nearly everything there," he said. "Lots of rifles, bayonets, machine guns, helmets, soldiers' packs, water bottles, and even handkerchiefs and socks all over the ground.

"I didn't want any of them. Because I'm an engineer, I'd set my heart on a trench shovel. I'd seen thousands of them back of the lines, but I wanted one from the battlefield. I looked and looked, without finding one lying around loose. Wherever there was a shovel, the man who'd used it was lying beside it.

"Then I understood. The soldier, dislodged from a position, might loose his pack, his extra clothing, even his rifle, in his escape, but he never let go his shovel.

"He knew he had to have it, to dig himself in again."

War Savings Stamps are trench shovels for digging in against adversity.

CARRY ON!

Uncle Sam is releasing from his service the men who went "over there" to free the world from autocracy. Thousands of soldiers are daily receiving their honorable discharge; they pocket their pay, bid farewell to their comrades and sally forth—civilians.

There is one army, however, which must not be demobilized. That is the army of War Savings Stamps buyers. More recruits are needed to carry on the campaign of readjustment which follows the signing of the armistice.

The army of fighters has achieved its purpose.

The army of savers must remain in "action."

"Carry on" to a lasting peace under the banner of W. S. S.

WORLD'S GREATEST POWER.

I am the World's Greatest Power.
I am the difference between success and failure.
I am little in size.
I am little in cost.
But—
I am mighty big when the time comes to use me.
I am always ready for use.
I am the best friend in need you can have.
I am always worth all that you pay for me.
And—
I increase in value every month you keep me.
I am the safest investment you can make.
I am for sale everywhere.
I am wisdom, thrift and safety combined.
I am worth money at any time.
Because—
I am issued by the United States Government.
I am cashable upon ten days' notice at any postoffice.
I AM A WAR SAVINGS STAMP.

Weeds and thriftless habits take the same treatment. Thrift Stamps are the tools which will mow down the latter.

Chinatown Hides Joss.

The transforming of Chinatown that has been in progress for a decade has finally thrust its Americanizing influences into the Chinese temple in Mott street with the result that the joss and lesser idols have been relegated to a dusty closet. For years the joss was one of the attractions of Chinatown and every well-conducted party was led before the idol that occupied a prominent position in the council hall of the temple.—New York Times.

FILMS IN SCHOOLS

Writer Sees Vast Possibilities for Moving Pictures.

Visualized Geography and History Among Subjects Which Would Claim the Eager Attention of Pupils of All Grades.

Visualized geography, it is believed, will beat the maps a good deal further than a live bird beats a stuffed one.

Likewise, visualized history, it is expected, will beat the narratives of the books, which we sometimes say, when they are written by a graphic writer, make the dead past live again. But it's visualized history that will indeed resurrect the past, so far as a moving picture can make a scene that is past and gone real again. For these terms, visualized geography and visualized history, are used with reference to the possibilities and the development of the moving picture.

The president of one of the big movie picture companies has been talking very eloquently about the use of the film in the schools and surely he brings before our imagination a thousand school rooms full, not of languid or of eager pupils. Educators are thinking about the same thing, and we may be thankful that they are, for more of fact, information and instruction in the film service to this age, and less of hysteria, emotionalism, cheap farce and thrill is a desideratum, asserts Omaha World-Herald.

The classes in geography will see the mountains, the plains, the rivers, animated by such life as is peculiar to them. They will see the natural products of various countries being cultivated or gathered. Before them will appear companies of the inhabitants of each. In front of the eyes will troop the wild animals of which they see only the flat prints in the books. They will see exports moving out and imports moving in, the work at the harbors, the carrying to the seaboard, the laden ships plowing the ocean. It will be like taking them traveling over the earth to learn what it looks like, and they will get the vivid impression that is made on the eye, and their memory will be associated as by a personal recollection.

As for history, millions have been able to see on the screen the momentous history that has been in the making during the last few years—the camps and cantonments, the marching drums, the moving ocean transports, the busy shipyards, the construction and factory work of the war, the battles in action, the destroyed cities, the flight of refugees, the commanding figures whether on the field or in the government cabinet—all the scenes of war, of war-swept countries, the scenes of wretchedness and the ministrations of comfort and mercy. Hereafter a film record of the more notable historical events will be kept for that will be both the entertainment and the instruction of after generations.

It is going to be a big work to get the moving picture installed as a common equipment for educational work in the schools. Schools will have to have the films and the machines, and they will require men, teachers or not, to operate them. This signifies that a great development of moving picture facility will have to be made in all the appliances and technique connected with the exhibition of the pictures. The moving picture will overflow from the theater into the schools, for it would be impossible for the theaters alone to do the work. It will also be necessary to improve the production of the pictures on the screen so that there will be no problem of vision and no over-straining of the eyes of children—a difficulty not yet overcome save when equipment and operation are the very best.

REFUSED TO BE CHILDISH

Chief Reason Why Elderly Lady Was Pronounced by All to Be Grand Success.

She is the dearest little old lady of seventy-three any one ever saw. She is very happy and always immensely busy. She knitted a great many sweaters and pairs of socks for the soldier boys. And now, when we're no longer needing socks for our boys she is embroidering an exquisite dress for the tiny baby of the girl who used to be her maid.

"Why are you so very happy?" she was asked one day.

"I'm happy because I'm not childish," she said very emphatically. "Now, I'm not, am I? Did you ever hear any one say that I was childish?

"And I am seventy-three years old," she boasted. "Now, the woman next door is only sixty and she is very, very childish. Why, I have to comfort and pet her often when I'm longing to laugh at her. She isn't wise enough to keep from being childish.

"When I was young I used to watch the people in my family get childish," she continued. "It amused me at first, and then when I saw how people outside of our family regarded them as nuisances I determined then that I never would be childish and a—nuisance. I watched and watched and then I discovered the secret. If you don't want to get the least bit childish you don't ever dare pity yourself. You have to think, think, think of other people and ways in which you can help them. The worst thing people can do is to think of themselves."

Outside the visitor met the grocer boy. "Do you hear her?" he asked. "Isn't she a dear and not a bit childish, either."

"She's a grand success," she returned.

"You bet!" he agreed.—Indianapolis News.

Cork Inventor's Name.

The so-called cork legs do not owe their name to their composition, but to the fact that their inventor was a Dr. Cork.

WERE CHRISTIANS AT NIGHT

Tribe of Stavrili In Trebizond Long Practiced Deception on Their Turk Overlords.

Not far from Trebizond (on the Black Sea in Asia Minor) live the clan of Stavrili, descendants of the Greeks who kept a Greek kingdom in being until after Constantinople had fallen, writes George E. White in the American Review of Reviews.

The Stavrili knew that they were of Christian ancestry, but in some hour of persecution their fathers had yielded assent to Islam. The same buildings were said to serve as mosques above ground and churches below; the same men as imams by days and priests by night; the same boys were said to be circumcized and baptized; and named both Osman and Constantine.

A few years ago these Stavrili determined to throw off the mask and return to their Christian allegiance, and they did so, though at the cost of much government pressure lasting for years. With some of them I became personally acquainted when they were exiled from home. One day a Stavrili met a Turkish friend, and the latter remarked, "I hear you've turned Christian." The Greek answered that they had always known that their ancestors were Christian Orthodox and they had decided to avow their original heritage. "But," said the Moslem, "you've been to mosque all these years, and we've said our prayers side by side; how did you think you could deceive God all the time?"

"I never tried to deceive God," was the answer. "He always knew just what I was. I tried to deceive you, and in that I succeeded."

He Didn't Have to Learn.

Ernest Hutcheson, the noted pianist, tells a story related to him by the head of a European conservatory which will entertain many teachers. A new pupil arrived at the conservatory for examination. The teacher struck a note on the piano and asked:

"What note is that?"

"Major," answered the smiling pupil.

"What note is that?" asked the teacher, striking another.

"Minor," came the prompt answer.

"What note is this?" then asked the amazed teacher.

"Diminished," blandly retorted the pupil.

"Where did you learn all that?" inquired the teacher scratching his head.

"I didn't learn it," responded the delighted pupil, "I always knew it."—Music and Musicians.

Try This on Your Parrot.

As the automobile party passed one corner they saw a soldier on guard, a big white dog beside him, and then a beautiful American flag. Of course this combination attracted the attention of everyone in the car. The flag was silk, the dog majestic and the soldier proud of his trust.

"Oh, look at that dog on guard!" exclaimed the woman.

The little boy snickered audibly. All were impressed with the solemnity of the scene, and this outbreak seemed to the father uncalled for.

"What do you mean, laughing, Johnny?" he demanded.

"Oh," cried little Johnny, "mamma said, 'Look at the dog-gone guard!'"—Indianapolis News.

Latin Words in Use.

Many Latin words crept into our language through Rome's military conquests. For instance, castra was the Latin word for camp, becoming chester in English. So Colchester, Dorchester, Winchester, and similar names indicate English cities which were once Roman camps. When the Pilgrims came to America, they gave to many new settlements the names of English towns which they still loved. You will find other equally interesting words which have come into English directly from Latin. And even now you may like to know that there is a real, though long-drawn-out connection between our mother tongue and the Latin language of the old Romans.—Christian Science Monitor.

Explained.

She was weeping bitter tears into her afternoon tea. "Oh, my dear!" she said to her only friend, "I don't know what I shall do. Ted and I have only been married six months, yet he spends every evening at his club."

"Well, don't worry, darling," said the other. "Percy's just the same. But I shall never scold him again for spending so much time at his club."

"Why not?"

"Well, last night a burglar got into the house and my husband knocked him senseless with a poker. I've heard several men speak of him as a poker expert. He has evidently been practicing at the club for just such an emergency."—Exchange.

Child's Allowance.

Should boys and girls have their own allowance, in proportion to the means of the parents, as soon as they are old enough to know the value of money? This is what many a parent has said in substance:

"Certainly. An allowance is the best safeguard against the habit of extravagance if the child is taught to spend the money judiciously and to keep a strict account of all expenditures. It is absurd to think that a boy is not capable of buying his own neckties or a girl her handkerchiefs. What if they do make mistakes? They can be taught to profit by them and they must learn to rely upon themselves sooner or later. Children like to be trusted and will seldom betray confidence."—Exchange.

Luckily, He Felt Blue.

If Robert Burns could have foreseen that the original manuscript of his poem, "Foriorn, My Love, No Comfort Near," all in his handwriting, would sell at auction in New York this year of grace for $60, perhaps he would have felt better—and in that case would not have written the poem.—Boston Globe.

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