On November 22nd, Jew and Gentile will join forces to relieve the misery of six million helpless sufferers from the world war.

The Jewish War Relief Committee will begin its campaign for funds to carry on the work of feeding the hungry and housing the homeless in Poland, Galicia, Lithuania, Czechoslovakia and Palestine.

There are 800,000 starving, ragged children in these stricken lands. Children to whom a whole pair of shoes is a curiosity. Children to whom three meals a day is only a wild dream. Children who—oh, the pity of it!—are untended, unclothed, unloved—living sacrifices to that grim monster, War!

For us, the war is over. For them, its horrors still remain. Can we look at our own children—happy, well clothed, well nourished—surrounded with all that our love can give them—and be deaf to the appeal of these pitiful little sufferers across the sea?

The campaign will begin November 22nd, and last one week. Shoulder to shoulder, men and women of every creed will work to the common end of relieving human misery.

JEWISH WAR RELIEF CAMPAIGN,
Headquarters, 313 N. Charles Street, Baltimore.

## JEWISH WARSAW MISERY RULES THE LAND

**Every Human Ill Exists There In Its Worst Form.**

BY JACOB BILLIKOPF,
Special Representative of the American Jewish Relief Committee.

Breadlines that stretch for blocks, children crippled by rickets, hollow-chested women carrying in their arms wan babies that look to be undernourished infants of six months, but in reality are children four years old—these are some of the scenes of indescribable poverty and dire want that my stay in Warsaw disclosed.

Krochmalna is the most ghastly street in Jewish Warsaw. Here suffering reaches a degree of intensity that is unbelievable. The terrible thing about the children here is that merciful death from starvation does not come to them quickly. The children wither. In Krochmalna children are only born to wither before they can even feebly blossom.

The choice, if you are looking for poverty at the worst on Krochmalna street, is hard to make.

We selected an entrance to a tenement at random. It led into an unspeakably dirty courtyard bounded on four sides by ramshackle hovels with broken windows and crumbling walls. We picked by chance one of the entrances opening on this courtyard.

We scrambled up a ladder, through a sort of scuttled and into a garret so low that the tall American Army captain with us had almost to bend double. One of the volunteer guides triumphantly threw open a door, already half off its hinges. Inside was a room, bare of all furniture save one bed, which was covered by a ragged quilt, and a stove with a crazy, twisted stove-pipe.

A woman who looked to be over seventy, but whom we learned later was not yet forty, was standing by a tiny slit of a window. She turned slowly and spoke to us in a whisper, her hands pressed to her breast to keep down the fits of coughing.

She had five children. The oldest was at a neighbor's, the remaining four were there with her. As our eyes became accustomed to the semi-darkness we saw them. Just as I have often seen, in the poorer tenaments of our American cities, a pot of hyacinths trying to blossom in the smoky city air, so were these little human blossoms trying to be real babies despite foul air, stryation and disease.

But they were not succeeding very well. Two of them looked to be youngsters of about one year. The mother, gasping between coughing fits, told us they were seven and eight respectively.

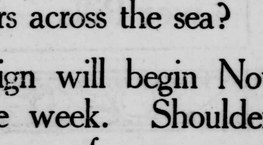
The youngest child was about three years old. One wondered how it managed to keep alive. Its body was angular and bony through its ragged dress. It put its head on one side, looked up at us with a heartrending attempt at coquetry and tried to smile. That smile was more terrible than any reproach.

Yes, this case is a trifle worse than the average in Warsaw, but the condition of the best situated is so bad that it would be considered a civic disgrace in any community in America. There is a bright side to this picture, the Polish capital in the post-war days. You find it when you pass on down Krochmalna street and turn into a broader thoroughfare.

Quite suddenly you come face to face with a large shop, painted white on the outside, clean as wax. Flowing into its wide doors from two sides are two streams of tiny youngsters with here and there a mother carrying a baby. No noise, no hours of delay as at the city bread lines which you see strung out pitifully on all the streets all day long. A young boy stands at the door helping and lifting the youngsters, batches of a dozen at a time. Look up at the entrance, and you see over the door a large sign, in English: "Milk Station No. 7, American Joint Distribution Committee."

Go inside and you find yourself in a large, white room, as sweet, and clean as a nursery. At long white tables sit some hundred children contentedly drinking milk out of large enamel mugs and eating pieces of bread. On a long bench, against the further wall, sit the mothers with their babies. Women in white move in and out giving each child that comes in a mug of milk. For this a charge of ten pfennigs—at present values about one-half a cent—is made. A cup of milk like this is worth in a regular store at least 1 mark (100 pfennings). The half cent saves the community's self-respect.

In the best judgment of our own experts, which has been confirmed by the accredited agents of the American Relief Administration, it will be necessary to call on American relief for this work for many months to come. Maryland will be asked to make up her quota of the national fund Thanksgiving Week, and the other States in their turn.




## WINTER BRINGS WOE TO JEWISH CHILDREN

**Tattered Jews In Central Europe Must Have Warm Clothes.**

More than a million Jewish children throughout Eastern Europe are looking forward with dread to the coming of winter, according to reports received by the American Jewish Relief Committee from relief workers abroad.

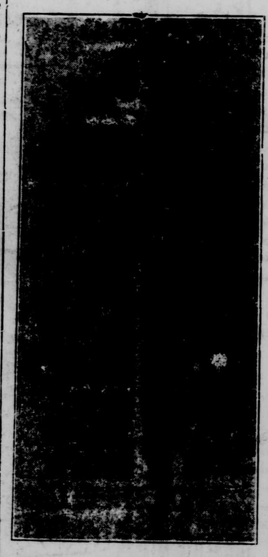
Children do not ordinarily look forward even a few weeks, but hardships have taught these little ones a sad maturity, the investigators say. At eight or ten years old, their wizened faces are those of premature age. Their conversation, when they talk at all, which is not often, is like that of grown-ups, having to do solely with their chances of getting food, and their fear of the suffering entailed by severe weather. They almost never cry, for they have learned already that it does no good.

While youngsters in other lands are getting ready for the joys of sledding skating and snow-balling, these Jewish children shiver at the very thought of winter, with a dread that is based upon their vivid memory of the suffering of last year. Wrapped in rags that are often worn to a kind of pulp after four or five years constant wear, with strips of cloth around their feet, or pieces of bark tied to their soles, to serve as shoes, they are almost without any protection whatever against the cold. Yet thousands of them, who are without any other home, are sleeping on the streets, in Poland, and Palestine, and Turkey.

"I was told that it was no uncommon thing to come upon a dead child in the streets in Jerusalem," Miss Rose Klombers, a nurse sent to Palestine by the Zionist organization of America, said upon her return.

These people must be relieved. Only from America can such relief come and come in sufficient quantity to make the slightest impression on conditions in Central Europe. And America must give. Maryland will be given her opportunity during the campaign of the American Jewish War Relief Committee the week of November 23.

## THOUSANDS OF JEWISH CHILDREN GO BAREFOOT



With shoes all but an unknown luxury, thousands of children in Poland are forced to go barefooted the year round, according to reports of American Jewish relief workers. This picture was taken in the late winter with the thermometer not far above freezing.

## JEWISH HOSPITALS HELPLESS.

**Those In War Areas Lack Equipment And Supplies.**

Hospitals without doctors, medicines or linen; major operations performed without anesthetics, patients lying at the point of death without fuel to keep them warm, and a great lack of food and bandages, were the outstanding horrors in Dr. Haim I. Davis' description of the medical situation among the Jews of Poland when he spoke before a meeting of prominent men called together by Felix M. Warburg to discuss Jewish relief abroad. Dr. Davis, a well-known psychiatrist of Chicago was a major in the American Red Cross during the war and is thoroughly familiar with Polish conditions.

"In Poland there are no hospitals or medical facilities according to our understanding of the terms," said Dr. Davis. "There is a great lack of cloth ing, fuel, medicines, disinfectants and even doctors in Poland. A large per-centage of the doctors have been ki-d in the war and the medical schools have been virtually closed for several years. As a result medical attention is extremely scarce. The Jewish hospitals, once progressive and up-to-date are in a terrible state of demoraliza-tion.

"I have seen major operations performed without anesthetics. In addition to the suffering that it entails this has a bad effect on the work of the surgeon. Modern surgical training does not teach speed as an essential or the patient is supposed to be under an anesthetic."

## TOWNS NOT FATED TO LIVE

**Communities East and West, Founded in High Hopes, Are Now Practically Things Forgotten.**

Western papers tell their readers that the town of Emerson, Okla., is shortly to be a thing forgotten, remarks the Hartford Courant. It was mapped out as a town site shortly after the territory was opened for settlement, and the promoters had dreams of a metropolis. In 1907 the plan was abandoned, and now the district court has been asked to vacate the land for town site purposes, when what might have been a town will become farm land.

The story of Emerson suggests what came near happening to a Connecticut town in the beginnings of the colony. Those interested in it showed rare sense in their choice of a site, and in their dreams planned not for a town but for a city. Hampden and Cromwell were to be among its citizens; the cream of England, so its promoters hoped, were to become its citizens. Fate ordered otherwise, and the early days of this dream town are remembered now largely through Lion Gardiner's account of his struggle to hold the site against the attacks of the Indians.

Other states, notably the mining commonwealths of the West can duplicate the story from Oklahoma, but few can equal the romance of the Connecticut settlement.

**Village Proud of War Record.**

The little Norfolk village of Old Buckingham is proud of its war record. Its total male population between the ages of eighteen and fifty in 1914 was 264. Of that number no fewer than 170 served with the forces and 39 have given their lives for their country.

In their honor a memorial cross has been erected on the village green, an exact reproduction of the "cross of sacrifice" designed by Sir Reginald Bloomfield, R. A., for all British military cemeteries abroad. The total height from the ground line to the top of the cross is 24 feet 6 inches. It is built of stone and the names of those men of the village who fell in the war are incised in gilt on the drum below the base of the cross.

The sacrifice of Old Buckingham is typical of every British village.

## MAPLES FOR VIMY RIDGE

**Canadians Begin Planting of What Is to Be Memorial Forest on Battlefield.**

An overseas dispatch says 200 young maples have been planted on the desert of what was Vimy Ridge. This is the beginning of the proposed Canadian memorial forest—the maple is Canada's emblematic tree—and the saplings just placed are declared to be the only living trees in the war zone today.

How the landscape has been changed and how the reconstructed one will differ from that before the war! Most Americans think of Holland, Belgium, Flanders as painted by Van Goyen, Ruysdael, Rembrandt and others. Instinctively the mental picture follows Hobbema's "Avenue of Middleharnis," with spindling, thin-shanked, wisp-topped and scant-on-shade trees either side the road. What a different aspect maples would give the scene, or oaks, or elms or other wide-spreading varieties. The European, like the oriental, seems to have chosen his favorite trees on some other basis than expansive foliage—the cedar, the cypress, the palm, the stonepine, the poplar of Lombardy; yet the inspiration for Gothic cathedrals came from the solemn groves of archlike trunks and limbs and foliage, and wherever two elms meet there is the suggestion right at hand.

Many years must elapse before the war-torn regions are again venerable with trees, and by that time a new school of landscape painting may have come, glad to paint full, rounded trees like the American, Inness; or, reversing the Inness method, of leaving a circular opening through his trees to reveal the scene beyond, this future school may feature the transplanted maple's rounded "area" in the foreground while displaying the European background on either side.

## STILL USE ST. BERNARDS

**Tunnels, However, Have Greatly Decreased His Importance in the Alps.**

Although the tunnels which now connect Switzerland with Italy have greatly decreased the importance of the St. Bernard and other passes, especially during the eight months of snow, it is still deemed advisable to employ St. Bernard dogs. It is no longer customary, however, to send out the dogs alone with baskets of food and drink; a man always accompanies them. These dogs are not really of the famous old St. Bernard breed. That originated in the fourteenth century, through a cross between a shepherd dog from Wales and a Scandinavian dog whose parents were a Great Dane and a Pyrenean mastiff. The last pure descendant of this tribe was buried under an avalanche in 1816. Fortunately, there were found subsequently at Martigny and on the Simplon pass a few dogs which, by crossing with mates from Wales, yielded the modern St. Bernard dog, which is physically even stronger than his medieval namesake, and shares most of his traits.

## BUY RED CROSS CHRISTMAS SEALS---THEY SAVE LIVES



Maryland is called upon to buy $125,000 worth of the Red Cross Christmas Seals for 1919. This is the State's quota in the budget of the National Tuberculosis Association, which carries on a nation-wide fight against the disease. Every seal is a penny's worth of cure and prevention. This is a picture of the booth from which Red Cross Christmas Seals for 1919 will be sold.


Invest in permanent roofing

Get Genasco, made of Nature's everlasting waterproofer—Trinidad Lake asphalt.

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Ready Roofing

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L. B. TOWERS & BRO.
DENTON,


## Her Rowdy

By WILL T. AMES

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The strike was called by the motormen and conductors themselves, at the end of a turbulent meeting, during which the men, yielding to the magnetic influence of Kolb, the oratorical agitator, had booed their own officials and jeered at a letter from the head of their national union declaring the proposed walkout to be ill advised, if not wholly unjustifiable. "You are being sold out!" Kolb had shouted. And somehow he made the men believe it. Setting tradition and discretion alike at defiance, the trolleymen streamed out of their hall alight with the excitement of a fight in which they felt, under the spell of Kolb, that they were championing the cause of all oppressed workers as well as their own. An hour after midnight the last car had been returned to the barn, and next morning not a wheel turned on any of the city lines.

At 5:30 that afternoon a girl with old-brown eyes and red hair plodded wearily along on the last half mile of a two-mile walk between office and home. All the town was walking, save a handful of adventurous souls who took chances on the one occasional car the traction people had been operating since noon, defying the jeers of the mob and the risk of pebbles flung by hoodlums.

But company in misery very slightly alliated the discomfort of the unaccustomed tramp that Glory Blair had been compelled to take with scarcely an idle minute in it. She would do very well without any pedestrian exercise immediately before or after it, she thought. "It's an outrage, that's what it is!" she protested.

The worst of it was, Glory was worried about the job, too. She had begun to suspect that McKnight, the proprietor by whom she was employed might be a bit of a wildcatter. Glory was merely his stenographer and had nothing to do with his accounts; but little things recently had given her the impression that it would not be surprising if McKnight were to close the office of his suddenly, some of these days, and fade away. So, altogether, Miss Blair was in a rather depressed state at the moment when a group of uniformed trolleymen, standing on the corner and scoffing loudly at the efforts of a couple of traction company office men to run a car, caught her eye.

It wasn't exactly the group that caught her eye. It was Ford Burgoyne. Ford was one of the strikers. He hadn't been a trolleyman very long. He had been a "tech," school man, and then he had gone across and got gassed and came back with a bronchitis that forbade his staying indoors. The doctors said, for at least two years; and meantime his father had died broke, and Ford had found himself obliged to quit college and earn a living, and do it at "outside work."

All of a sudden Ford, who was scoffing loudly as any of the crowd at the unfortunate amateurs on the car, realized that Glory Blair was standing stock still, six feet away, staring at him with an expression he had never seen on her face before. He left the group instantly.

Glory didn't give him so much as time to say "How do you do?"

"I'm rather glad that I chanced to see you, Mr. Burgoyne," she said, and a chill of disillusionment was in her voice. "If some one else had told me that I heard you hooting and blackguarding decent people on the public streets, I should have refused to believe it."

"But, Glory," protested Ford, "those fellows are just plain strike-breakers. You surely—"

"Surely," blazed Glory, interrupting him, "to be a strike-breaker in this crowd of a strike is infinitely more creditable, Ford Burgoyne, than to set a car full of tired, wornout people afoot in horrid weather like this. But I see now that I have given my friendship to a mere rowdy, who could never, by any possibility, look at things as I do. I just wanted to say that you needn't come to see me this evening—nor ever again, good-by." And Glory Blair, stepping around Burgoyne, who would have detained her if he could, marched off with the air of a duchess—and a lump in her throat and an ache in her heart—for she had come to be more than fond of this tall young fellow, who had faced his altered future with so much unfunny a laugh and so willingly followed the admonition: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do."

The strike had been on a week. The company was operating. The public was riding when it could. The strikers, feeling themselves losing ground and failing to secure the indorsement of their own national organization or of other labor unions, had fallen into an ugly mood. They stood moodily about in groups. There was no more of the amused railing at incompetent strike-breakers. Some of them, completely dominated by the ubiquitous Kolb, were working themselves up to the point of violence. Sheer stubborn pride kept most of the men in line. One of these was Ford Burgoyne, who had been hardest hit by the disaffection of Glory Blair than by the loss of his job, and who was in a somber, pessimistic frame of mind. He felt like smashing things.

Ford was standing one of a group of twenty trolley men, at the very corner where had occurred his disastrous encounter with Glory. Half an hour before a West side car had been held up, stoned and the motorman and conductor taken off and beaten. Now every passing trolley was a target for verbal abuse for passengers and crew alike. Several of Kolb's best adherents were in the crowd of riff-raff that fringed the group of strikers. One of these, a red-faced rough, suddenly called out:

"Get onto what's on the tail end of this car—a skirt! Whatcha know about that! Hey, you people, you gotta stop that when it's startin' or they'll have 'em in all your jobs. Come on an' get her!" The red-faced man started toward the car as it stopped for the crossing. Three or four gangster type youths yelled, "Get the skirt!" As with one impulse, half a hundred men and boys surged about the platform. The red-faced man, leaping up the steps, seized the small figure of the conductor and dragged it to the street. Some one struck at the strike-breaker over the red-faced man's shoulder—and then Ford Burgoyne came smashing and boring into the crowd with all the grim relentlessness of those football days before the gas had got to him.

"You dirty yellow dogs!" he panted, ripping the collar clear off one gangster's coat as he hauled him out of his path and landing a rangy right under the red-faced man's ear at the same instant. "Turn around here and fight a man—you woman beaters!" and an ejector went down for the count.

The little conductor, freed from her assailant's grip, was reeling, her hands to her head, when Ford seized her arms, lifted her to the platform and, kicking a last ambitious rough off the step, rang the starting bell. As the car pulled away from the corner and out of the incipient mob, he looked down at the little conductor. "Good God! Glory Blair!" he breathed.

"You see, Ford," said Glory, as they sat on the tiny side porch of Glory's little home, "if it had been just for me it might not have made quite so much difference. Any man will fight for the woman he wants. But I knew you didn't get a good look at me—and how could you ever guess I'd lose my place and just had to have work, with that interest coming due on the houses? And a man who'll do that sort of thing just for woman—any woman—well, he isn't a rowdy, anyhow, Ford. Seeing that you're not—and now that crazy strike is all over—maybe, as you say, I'd better give up conductoring and take the job you offered me."

## GOT GOOD IDEA FROM HUNS

**French Scientist Has Adapted Idea Which Made "Big Bertha" Formidable to Aerial Travel.**

When the Germans accidentally discovered that a projectile fired from a big Bertha normally designed for a range of from 25 to 30 miles would achieve a range of about three times the normal by simply elevating the muzzle so that the projectile would travel through the rarefied air in the high altitude they unwittingly contributed an idea which may revolutionize aerial travel. The resistance to progress of an object in the upper reaches of the air is very much less than in the denser atmosphere of the lower altitudes, but the rarity of oxygen in the higher altitudes reduces the efficiency of the gasoline engine by as much as 50 per cent.

To overcome this, remarks the Vancouver Sun, a French inventor has attached an automatic air condenser to the exhaust, and air with a normal content of oxygen is thus supplied to the engines, which, retaining their normal power, drive the plane through the rarefied air at a greatly accelerated speed.

It is now said to be possible, with this improvement, to cross the Atlantic in one day.

**Spiders Hard to Tame.**

A spider is one of the hardest creatures in the world to tame, according to scientists who have made the attempt. They say the insect hasn't any idea of time, and to seek its confidence one must have unlimited patience. One scientist, after gaining the confidence of a spider by feeding it flies, sought to test its senses by fooling it with a piece of meat, the size of a fly, rigged up with a fly's head and wings. The spider stopped in its web, about an inch from the camouflage, and later couldn't be gotten from its nest to even look at the thing. Other spiders evinced the same wariness, although it is not known whether it was their sense of sight or smell that was keenest. One scientist destroyed a spider's web and stayed up all night to watch it make another, believing it worked at night. At 6 a. m. it ran out of a window without attempting to work before his gaze.

**Only One Explanation.**

It was at an evening party. A young man with a tall collar and pale hair was reciting a poem. He had ground out 47 stanzas—and the end was not yet.

"What's going on?" whispered the guest who had just come in.

"Rhymer is letting out his latest poem," answered the pessimistic person.

"What's the subject—the motive?" queried the late comer.

"I have forgotten the subject," replied the pessimistic person, "but I suspect the motive must be revenge. At least I can't see any other reason for it."

**New Photo Dark "Room."**

The dark room, necessary evil, has always been the one rigid obstacle to the perfect flexibility of the photographic art. Now, however, the operator can carry a complete dark chamber along with him, and develop his exposures when and where he pleases. The "room" described and illustrated in Popular Mechanics magazine packs in a case less than two feet long, about a foot wide, and four inches thick. It opens to a height, in the larger size, of 18 inches in front and 13 inches in back, with walls of light-proof fabric. Elastic cuffs at the side admit the operator's hands, while he looks through a hood in front, equipped with two shutters that are opened by pressure on the hood, and instantly closes on release. Trays and plates are inserted through a ruby-glassed door in the top.

**Laborer Builds Organ.**

That workingmen who are earning big wages possess a grand piano or even two pianos is evidence that a love of music is one of the first pleasures indulged in when a man begins to have more money than he wants for necessities.

I could tell you of a workingman in a Midland town, who, being of a musical and mechanical bent, has built himself a small organ in his living room. The instrument possesses a reed stop and several pedal notes, and is a marvelous piece of ingenuity.

As the family is a large one and the room about 12 feet square, it can be imagined what inconvenience the family is willing to undergo in order to indulge its love of music. The organ fills about one-third of their only living room.—London Chronicle.

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