

crusade in Norway and Sweden in 1904. To Jacob Riis, the well-known social worker of New York, and to Miss Emily P. Bissell, the energetic secretary of the Delaware Red Cross, jointly belong the honor of originating our American Red Cross Christmas Seal. In 1909, Mr. Riis' interest was aroused by the receipt of a Christmas tuberculosis stamp on a letter from Norway. He published an article about this queer-looking stamp in the "Outlook," and suggested some possible uses for it in this country. Miss Bissell at once saw an opportunity here and prepared a stamp, from the sale of which her society realized \$3,000 for tuberculosis work. So impressed was she with this success that she induced the American Red Cross to take up the sale in 1908 on a national basis. With very little organization and with hardly any attempt at careful advertising the sale that year brought in nevertheless, over \$135,000 for anti-tuberculosis work in various parts of the United States. In 1909, with more thorough organization, the sale was increased to nearly \$310,000; in 1911 to over \$300,000, and in 1912 to over \$400,000. Last year the sale was increased to nearly 45,000,000 seals netting \$450,000 for the anti-tuberculosis campaign.

It is fitting to note that war, inhuman and cruel, was the mother of the Red Cross Seal, and that now war for humanity against disease brings it back to its fullest usefulness.

NEBRASKA GIRL'S CHRISTMAS RIDDLE

The following Christmas riddle was prepared by Camilla Edholm, a twelve-year-old Omaha girl and the daughter of Mrs. K. R. J. Edholm, the secretary of the Nebraska Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. Guess if you can.

First of all, I am a small piece of paper nearly one inch square, and I carry on my back something which will make me stick closer to you than a sand burr,

My face is red and green and white, as all things should be at Christmas time, and I remind you of snow and sleighs and Christmas-trees and Santa Claus. I am very neat and trim, for I am scalloped all the way round my edge like Christmas cookies.

I have had my picture taken, and there are now over 100,000,000 of me in almost every State; in fact, all over this country there are people who know me and send for me to come and help them make their friends happy.

You may burn, tear, cut me up, or throw me away, but although I may be destroyed my meaning never can be lost. It is something that