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Do you know what real riches are? Some people never know, but others do. Real riches consist not in having, but in giving. Some of the people who are envied as wealthy, are in reality poor starved souls to whom the joy of sacrifice is an unknown luxury. Not until you master the art of giving up for others are you really rich.—Exchange.

The Cinque Ports.

"The cinque ports" of England are the "five ports," Dover, Sandwich, Hythe, Romney and Hastings. In Saxon and succeeding times they were bound to furnish ships for the purpose of repelling invasion, and in return were granted special privileges. Rye and Winchelsea were afterward added to them. To be appointed viceroy of the cinque ports is still considered a very high honor.

MRS. MORRISON WRITES HOME

(Continued From Page Seven.)

rived here and I'm not one bit ashamed to say that I cried with him as he told me all about it. He said I was the first American woman he had had a chance to talk to. Said, 'You bet every letter I write home I tell them to give to the Red Cross.' When he went on to say that every time he saw an American Red Cross woman he seemed to see a halo around her head, I tell you that one remark was enough to pay you for leaving one's home to come over here. Of course one is seeing wonderful sights and all that, but sometimes you feel quite alone—so far away, for after all, 'East or West, Home is Best.'

"That night, after we had walked so far, I was tired so I retired early. But about one o'clock, I woke from hearing the whistles blow. I was dreaming and before I fully regained my senses I thought it was a fire at home. But in a minute I knew it was the sirens announcing an air raid.

"The sirens are the most weird things you ever heard. As soon as the enemy plane is sighted crossing the line the warning is sent to Paris and these sirens tell every one to go to shelter and put out every vestige of light. I huddled up in an Indian blanket and watched the proceedings from my window which, I have since learned was a very foolish to do. But anyway I'm still here and have seen one air raid and hope never to see another.

"I know it will be useless to try to describe it because you cannot draw on your imagination enough to realize how terrible they are. Two powerful search lights were playing the sky. The very stars themselves seemed extra bright. It was a glorious moon light night. In about twenty minutes after the warning, I never heard such a noise in my life. It sounded like all the Fourth of July celebrations in the world combined into one. The barrage had started. I could see the flash from the shrapnel and it almost seemed as though everything would be torn to pieces. Evidently we were not far away for in the court yard I could plainly see the shadow of the plane at various times. Our guns kept up a continual barrage. At one time it sounded like a bomb hit very close by, but I never knew. They would be so close then seem to be in the distance and you would think that that was the last of them but in a few seconds they would be back again.

"Finally, a little church bell began to peal forth the joyful sound that all was well. That a trumpet sounded up and down the street. Shortly after three I was sound asleep for strange as it may seem, I wasn't frightened. My only thoughts were of the brave boys who are fighting in this Hell to make it safe for us to live in our own beautiful homeland.

"Well, the Germans didn't seem to want us to sleep that night for at about four o'clock, I was again awakened by the sirens. I got up again and prepared to watch, but my French friend of the steamer came running up to my room, knocked on my door and said, 'You foolish girl, come right down to theabri (shelter)!' One of the R. C. girls from up stairs came down during the first raid and hadn't gone to bed yet she was so nervous. So she was down again at the first sound of the warning. I put my long coat on and tied my passport around my waist—for believe me I want to go home and down the stairs we went.

It was really funny, had it not been for time of such danger, to see the people. Everyone had dressed in such a hurry and in the dark so they really didn't look quite like they did when we met at dinner. An officer had his shoes and puttees and his cap, the rest of his costume was pajamas. Another one came in pajamas, bedroom slippers, cap and overcoat. The women were just as funny. My friend had on an Indian bathrobe and trailed her steamer rug after her. The room we were in was on the first floor of a large building next door and is the only room I have been in in France that didn't have mirrors, so I'm not going to try to describe my costume. But I know that my hair wasn't combed. I kept thinking of the little mouse. Oh, was from fax, the gift to see us. To see ourselves as others see us."

"After awhile we again heard the joyful sound that the enemy had retreated so for the third time that night, I went to sleep. My little maid was a darling and let me sleep the extra half hour in the morning. My, but it was a terrible night, but one thing to be thankful for, was we got one of the enemy's planes and three men.

"Four France has paid and is still paying her price for this awful conflict. And yet they are a brave people. You hear very little war talk but oh, you see it everywhere. When you go down street you see the women all in black with something in their faces gone. It is joy—and nothing can put it back. Oh, how I grieve for them and with them as I know how

empty and lonely their life is with the one they loved gone. Almost everyone you meet has a black band on their arm. Little children wearing them always makes me hurt as you know they have lost a father. Still never a complaint—but just one big object in this world—and that is to win the war.

"On my way home I pass by two large hospitals—one French and one English. You see the men out in front who have sacrificed their physical being. One dear old Frenchman on our boat gave us a talk one afternoon and in it he said 'You may kill the body but never the soul.' When I meet one of our boys I want to congratulate them, and I know if I met one very crippled I would feel very sad. Next Sunday I am going to visit a hospital. One of my friends here adopted a ward of five men and every Sunday takes them smokes and candy. She told me how brave they always are but they love to talk of home and it is, 'What state do you come from?'

"I met a young boy in the metro (subway) last Sunday, who had been with the 42nd Division. He didn't know any of our boys but knew Rev. Clarke and said he was a fine man and doing wonderful work.

"The French girl in our office has lost two brothers, six cousins, and has twenty-five of her relatives' families at the front. Oh, this is war and while I am having a wonderful time, it isn't all pleasure, for you see too many sad sights.

"Last Saturday I visited the church of the Madeline. My, but it is a wonderful work of art! The entire building is of stone. Inside are beautiful statues and the altar is marvelous to behold. It is white marble and over the High Altar is a group representing Mary Magdalene borne to Paradise by two angels. I had some errands to do so didn't spend very much time sight-seeing.

"On Sunday morning I went to Christian Science church with Madame Daudet then in the afternoon we visited the Bastille, this being the square over which the old prison stood. The Bastille was destroyed July 14, 1789 and there is now a monument erected on the site. It is 155 feet high, adorned with names of combatants who fell in the 1830 Revolution and their remains are deposited in the vaults. At the top of the monument is Liberty standing on a globe and in her one hand a torch signifying enlightenment, and in the other a broken chain. This is the event the French celebrate every year as we do our Fourth of July. From the Bastille we went to the Zoo—no use describing that because a French monkey is just like an American monkey and speaks the same language. After about an hour in the Zoo we visited the Garden of Luxembourg. I thought I was surely in Heaven when I entered the garden. The most wonderful fountains, statues and flowers I ever expect to see. The flowers here remind me of the ones grown in and around Portland. From the Garden we visited the Palais, where the Senate sits. Sat down on a bench just dream, when up came a hasty thunder shower so we sought an omnibus and hurried home. In the evening I went to St. George's English church but it was such high church I really didn't enjoy it. Have located an American Episcopal one so will go there next Sunday.

"Nothing exciting has happened except that my position has been assigned me and I am to stay in the bureau of requisition which means I shall get my wish and remain in Paris. My Red Cross friend was sent to Tours yesterday and Madame Daudet goes to Limoges in the morning, so I suppose I will move to a down town hotel as I do not enjoy the idea of being the only American here in the pension where they all speak only French.

"Now, my dear friends, please everyone write me a letter because that is the joy of one's life over here. I have been over a month now without a letter, except from Ethel Gullitt. She is now located at Chaumont and is expecting to come to Paris to pay me a visit real soon.

"Now I suppose this is a long, tiresome letter and I am not going to read it through because it would bore me so much and would find so many mistakes I'm sure I wouldn't have the heart to mail it. But I hope you will all read it in the spirit in which it was written and that was one of love for every one of you. I hope there will be some facts that will interest you but you know I told you when I left that I would tell you all the little details of life over here. Next Saturday I am going shopping so may have some news to tell you of the styles. But as I am wearing a uniform for the next year, the question of clothes won't mean much to me.

"Will now close and say good night and love to you and your families, from

EDNA M. MORRISON,
4 Avenue Gabriel A. R. C.
Paris, France.

Recognized the Symptoms.

Little May had been sick and had her temperature taken with the thermometer several times. Shortly after, when out walking with her mother, she saw a man testing his tires with a little pressure gauge. Turning to her mother, she exclaimed: 'Oh, look, mother; that poor tire must be sick, because the man's taking its temperature.'

In Versailles Today

The supreme war council is in session; throughout the old world "Autocracy" is hourly vanishing; "Crowned Heads" and trunks bearing the HOHENZOLLERN Monograms are departing by night—Thousands of unfortunates are trending their way homeward—Prisoners in vast numbers are being released and given freedom.

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