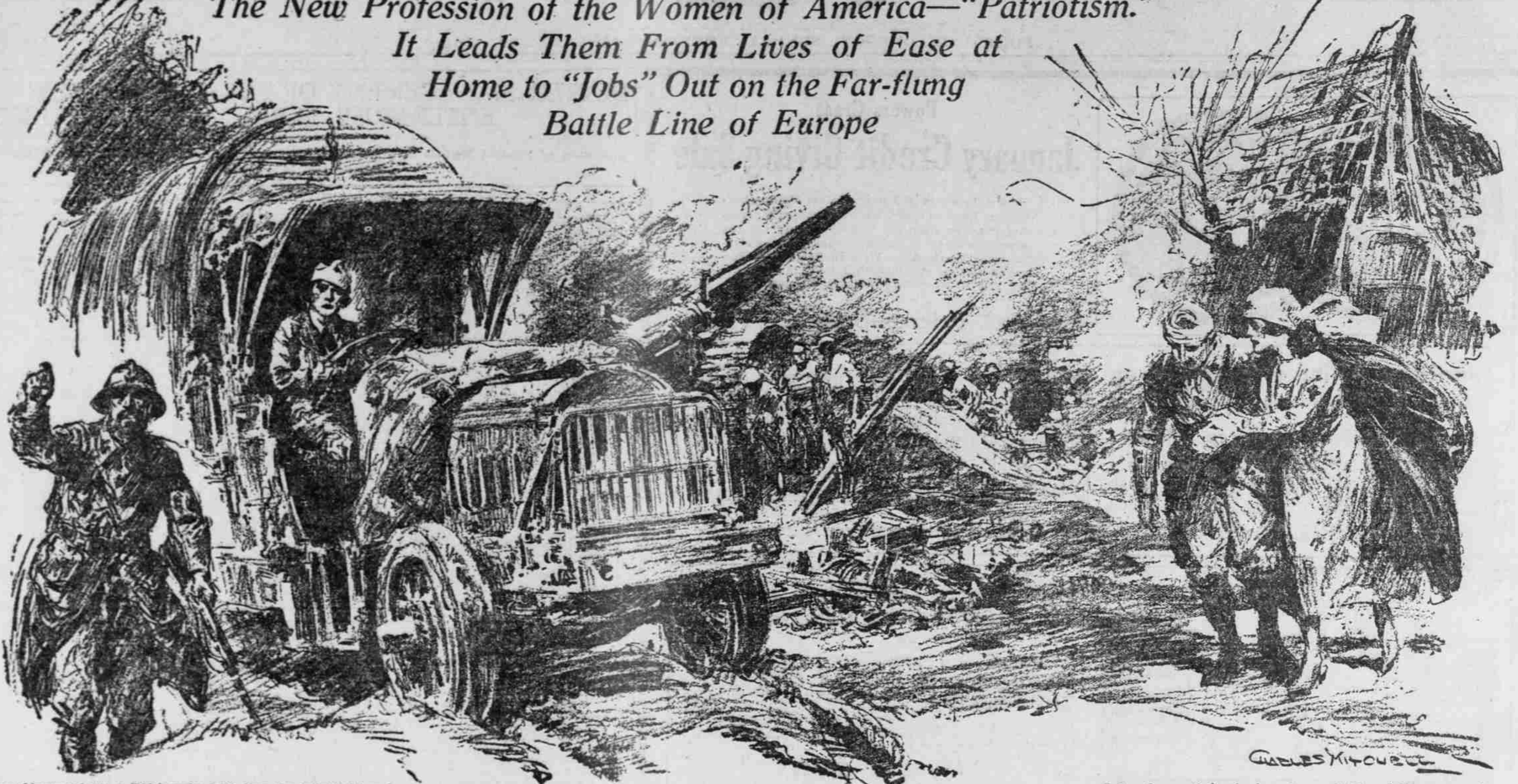


FROM THE BLUE BOOK TO THE RED CROSS: A TRANSLATION

The New Profession of the Women of America—"Patriotism."
It Leads Them From Lives of Ease at Home to "Jobs" Out on the Far-flung Battle Line of Europe



CHARLES MITCHELL

From a home of luxury and ease on Fifth avenue, New York, or Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia, to the shell-torn roads back of the trenches in France? From the drawing-room or conservatory of the "exclusive" American home to the bare hospital beds of the trenches "over there"? From Newport, R. I., to Neuport, Belgium; from the Blue Book to the Red Cross!

powder puff, from the delightful hoyden to the demure debutante. It is a shell-ribbed road in France—for the second picture is now on the screen. Splintered bits of what were trees; shattered stones of what were villages; the black smoke of artillery, far off; the sullen, muffled boom of distant guns—desolation made manifest in this little corner of France. Down the road, bumping over piles of brick and upturn cobbles, jouncing into shell-holes, swaying dizzily like a ship at sea, but ever going onward—down that tragic road there comes a motortruck. The trip is dangerous. The road is full of bad places. The air is full of horror. A Zeppelin hovering overhead like a hungry raven is not outside the possibilities.

HERE are two motion pictures at which you will please gaze for the space of half a reel or so. The first is a fashionable summer resort on the New England coast. Half the wealth and distinction of the United States is on tiptoe upon the beach, shouting encouragement to a flashing line of swimmers just beyond the foam. The race is close, but at its finish there comes panting as victor to the sand a young woman, rosy from the cold water, brilliant of eye and smile—the type of vigorous American girlhood.

The crowd that watched her win the race watches also until she scampers to the bathroom and the ministrations of her maid. For this is the sort of modern young woman who is accustomed not only to arduous exercise, but to luxury. Pretty soon she is going to emerge from the bathroom clad in the daintiest and smartest of white afternoon frocks, with picture hat, afternoon tea manners and the detailed air of a moneyed young person who didn't know the word "exertion" had ever crept into the English language.

While it awaits her reappearance the crowd strolls over to the tennis court and for an hour watches another slim girl, hair wind-blown and face alight with the joy of combat, send smashing drives against her opponent's sturdy defense. The fight is hard. It calls for swift thinking, for an alert foot and hand. The slim girl with the wind-blown hair snatches victory to her own side of the net at the very moment, when victory seems about to perch on her opponent's racket. Then—no less versatile than agile—she dashes to the clubhouse for a quick change into evening gown and a swift transformation, thanks to hairpin and

Out from the ruins run children, like famished rabbits. At their heels stumble older people, slowly, half incredulous. Is it possible that food and clothes, that relief and comfort, have actually come?

Look down the road, at the turn, where the shell-holes are ghastliest. That building—the new one—is a hospital. In and out among the wards move people whose eyes must gaze on things that God surely never intended human beings to endure; people whose hands must be ready to press down the lids of the dead, to staunch a wound, to scrub a floor, to hold a shattered limb so that the pain will be less acute.

It is a far cry from the luxurious activities of Newport, aglitter with pleasure, stikken with ease, to that tiny, nameless, sickened and ruined heap of stones through which the shelled road twists behind the allied lines. By



PHYLLIS WALSH

measuring the length of that very far cry—a cry, by the way, which holds within its range the gayest note of pleasure and the saddest note of world agony—you may measure the depth of the sacrifice which Margaret Piersol and Phyllis Walsh have made.

They sailed only recently for France, these two Philadelphia society girls. And when the vessels which carried them melted into the fog off the edge of the submarine zone there should have melted also and forever that old, envious disparagement of the rich as a soulless crowd and of society as a thing productive of nothing more heroic than the butterfly.

Philadelphia knew Phyllis Walsh as an all-round amateur athlete, clever at ice skating and at hockey and excellent at tennis. She is the daughter of Mrs. Florence Huhn Walsh, whose home is at 812 Drexel road, Overbrook, and she ought to be good in athletics, because her father—the late Philip J. Walsh—was a widely known sportsman. Her uncles, too, are William H. T. Huhn, one of the greatest polo and court tennis players in America, many times a champion, and Samuel F. Huhn, member of the Racquet Club and a tennis star of the first magnitude.

With such people as relatives and with the addition of George A. Huhn, the banker, as a grandfather, the young lady was well qualified to become not only a leader in society sportsman circles, but also in the younger set which has its name in the Blue Book and is entitled to the adjective "exclusive." The right to be exclusive, however, did not blind Miss Walsh to the somewhat

It is a far cry from the luxurious activities of Newport to the shelled-road twists behind the Allied lines. By measuring the length of that far cry you may measure the depth of sacrifice of those two American girls

finer right to be democratic. Though only 20 years old, she has won a whole sheaf of cups and medals for prowess in sports, and she has won also a reputation for clean and thorough-going sportsmanship.

Before she started overseas she gave a proof that her journey would be made in all earnestness, for she sent ahead of her a motortruck selected and purchased by herself. One of the most skillful motorists in the city, she nevertheless acquired a first-hand acquaintance with the mechanism of the truck she is going to drive before she had it shipped abroad.

Miss Walsh sailed about the first of this month, only a few days earlier than that other Philadelphian, Miss Piersol. In the party that went with Miss Walsh were Helen Frick, daughter of Henry Clay Frick, the steel magnate; Constance Robson, of New York, and Katherine Force, sister of John Jacob Astor's widow.

It is the Duryea War Relief Service which Miss Walsh has entered, and women drivers in this service have at times gone with their bundles of food and clothing even as far as shelter directly behind the front-line trenches. Although in all probability Miss Walsh's work will be done at some distance behind the lines, yet in cases of great emergency she may be one of those sent even to the danger points. In any event, the work is one that makes every day both long and hard.

Miss Piersol is the daughter of Dr. George A. Piersol, of Philadelphia. Since her father is professor of anatomy at the University of Pennsylvania, it is not remarkable that Miss Piersol decided to enter the Red Cross branch of war relief. She is a graduate of Vassar and a post-graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. Her brother, Major George Piersol, is commander of the Medical Division of the University Base Hospital No. 26, which recently mobilized.

WEST ONE BIG OPEN HOUSE

Clubs and Private Homes Welcome Men in Service.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 12.—The latch string of the West is out to the enlisted men and all others in the fighting forces of the United States. The territory from the Canadian line to Mexico and from the Pacific Ocean to an undefined line a thousand or so miles inland, is one big "open house" for the entertainment of the uniformed forces. At the head of the welcoming hosts is the War Camp Community Service.

The "open house" consists in the equipping of clubs and other recreation places and the throwing open of countless private homes to the soldiers. Clubs are situated in San Francisco, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, San Jose, Vallejo, Los Angeles and San Diego, Calif.; Salt Lake City, Tacoma and Seattle. Other clubs are under construction in Portland and Astoria, Or.; Vancouver, Wash., and Benicia, Oakland and San Pedro, Cal.

The clubs are but one feature of the War Camp Community Service. The service has set out to supply recreation in place of the commercialized amusements which do not always add to the moral and physical fitness of the fighting man. Toward this end it has recruited the homes of the West, where the men may attend dinner parties, dances, week ends and other innocent amusements. These pleasures are supplemented by automobile rides, football, baseball and other games, entertainments in the camps and like events. Each householder is asked to become a unit in the service.

The service does the work outside the camps that the Y. M. C. A. and the Knights of Columbus are doing within them. In this way the very best influences are guiding the recreation of the fighting man, and showing him at the same that the country is grateful for his sacrifice.

Son of First Engineer Dead.

BLAIRSTOWN, Iowa, Jan. 1.—Mat Temple, 76 years old, a railroad engineer and son of the first man in the world to run a locomotive, died at his home here, and railroad men from many parts of the country attended his funeral. His father piloted the first railroad engine that ran in England. His five brothers are railroad engineers.



MARGARET PIERSOL

