

RELEASE GRADUATED NURSES FOR FOREIGN SERVICE, IS PLEA

Camera Man Shows Uniforms Worn by Mercy Workers in Various Branches of War Service.



O you know these uniforms? Every French officer salutes them.

They mark the Army, Navy and Red Cross nurses mustered in for active nursing in field, camp, cantonment and hospital.

When first French soldiers appeared in Washington it was noticed that invariably, officers and men alike, recognized the Red Cross nurse's uniform and saluted it.

They had seen the Red Cross nurse in France. They had seen her fighting wounds and disease in hospitals, assisting the surgeons in casualty clearing stations, receiving the long processions of stretchers. And they know the insignia of the Red Cross nurse and her uniforms, as well as the markings and uniforms of other soldiers.

War Nurse Is Soldier.

And this is but right. The war nurse is a soldier, fighting pain, disease and death with weapons of science and skill. She belongs to the only group of women permitted to go with the army, and she goes prepared to share the risks and fortunes of war, ready to make any sacrifice.

With the realization that an adequate nursing force is as essential to victory as any other military factor, the war nurse has become the most dramatic figure in the public mind. She has the honor to be the "most needed woman"; and to American mothers, wives and sisters, whose representative she is, she is the most beloved. And that is why the urgent call is now out for more of her.

Release Every Nurse Plea.

Release every graduate nurse, cries the Red Cross. Help her to enroll under the Red Cross banner. The Red Cross will make it easy for the Army to get her.

The Red Cross says further:

"The United States Army must have a service 25,000 nurses by January 1. The United States Navy also needs many additional nurses."

"Every registered nurse is called on to volunteer for service in field, camp and hospital in Europe, in cantonments, convalescent homes and hospitals in the United States."

"Married nurses who cannot leave their homes are called upon to give some time to nursing civilian sick, so that more nurses can be sent on military and Red Cross duty."

"Civilians are urged not to employ registered nurses except in cases of necessity. Every nurse needlessly retained by an individual lessens the number available for wholesale saving of life in the hospitals."

"Graduates of high schools and colleges are urged to enter training schools for nurses to prepare themselves to take the places in their communities of nurses at the front."

"The nurse who volunteers for service in the war zone, like the soldier who volunteers or is called to the colors—she does not require it, but the military nurse merits both the service star and the public recognition of her community. She may be the only woman from your own town who works under fire."

Any graduate nurse who wants to answer this call should enroll with Miss Elizabeth Stevens, Red Cross headquarters, 204 Corbett building, Portland, either by mail or in person. "Send me an enrollment blank," is all she has to write.

Graduates of high schools or colleges are being asked to go into training. If they will call at the Red Cross headquarters, Miss Stevens will advise them, or their parents.

"Mothers have given their boys, and wives their husbands," says Miss Stevens. "And if we do not have the nurses for which the Army is crying today, irreparable damage and harm may be done our loved ones."

Every day there pours into the Portland chapter of the Red Cross an avalanche of questions concerning the Red Cross nurse. The Eastern public and the public around the great cantonments—miserably understaffed with nurses, though most of them are—learning now, but Portland has yet to learn, for but few nurses in uniform have yet been seen here.

Uniform of Simple Design.

Soon, however, the uniform of the nurse will be "read" as easily as those of the Army and Navy.

Such questions as these are daily asked at the Portland Red Cross: "Are the Red Cross nurse and the Army and Navy nurse the same?"

"Do military nurses and Red Cross nurses wear the same uniforms?"

"Are war nurses under the Government, or under the Red Cross?"

Here are answers to those questions, here and in the pictures with this article:

The department of nursing of the Red Cross was established with the object purpose of creating a reserve for the regular military service, known as the United States Army and Navy Nurse Corps; and a nursing service for public health, hospital, or emergency work as nurses were required.

drinks and shows it (and any officer who drinks much certainly will show it) is sure to be regarded as an offender and to be tried and punished at once.

If the officers who drink are punished severely you may be sure that the men under them will be treated with a similar firmness. Drastic action invariably follows alcoholic excess and will continue so to do, not as a punishment, but as a deterrent, as a part of the great scheme of man power which must be kept in operation if we are to win the war. From the military point of view we cannot tolerate alcohol among our soldiers.

War is merciless; men must be competent; the drinking man makes a bad soldier, according to the efficient American idea, no matter how much German may believe in feeding up her men on alcohol in order to screw to the striking point their fighting courage.

The anti-alcoholic effort which is effective in the world has not been that of moralists, after all, dear mother; it has been that of efficient men who have wished to conserve man power. The Army won't stand alcohol because it must conserve its man power. That gives your son a safety here in the Army which membership of the city or village church in an alcoholic town never gave him when at home.

So the women back home need not worry about that.

Now let us frankly talk of sexual morality and in this connection read in another part of this same paper what General Pershing (your own boy's commander) tells me of the sexual, that is, the moral cleanliness of your son and the other American boys in France.

In one group of American soldiers with which I have become pretty familiar there are almost 30,000 men. Of these less than half a dozen were at all under the influence of liquor last week. Among these men cases of venereal disease are decreasing, not increasing in number. There are but four women of bad repute for miles around and they are closely watched.

I have an idea that some of the tales about moral conditions among our soldier boys in France were circulated in America by people who should be taken out, stood up against a wall and treated as traitors ever have been since the world began that.

These tales very well may have been and may be a subtle sort of German propaganda, designed to frighten American womanhood and decrease sol-

dierly morale, and any man or woman who repeats them automatically thereby should place himself or herself under suspicion of being a worker for the enemy, having to prove afterwards the untruth of this suspicion or suffer severe consequences. The effort to worry womanhood about the morals of the fighting men was made by enemy propagandists in Britain. Don't let it have its dire effect in the United States.

The thing for you to do is to stop worrying about the morals of your boy and to stop writing to him about them. You keep them in his mind too much by too many words about them. Send him along good, clean, absorbing reading matter that will keep him tensely interested and pretty thoroughly informed with regard to men, events and trends at home. Especially try to avoid letting the boys get out of touch with home things. When the war is over and they go back home, the American troops will be a great and probably the great political power. If your boy and his comrades are kept thoroughly informed they will be cleaner boys while here and more intelligent voting citizens when they go back home.

Your Boy's Physical Health.

Now let us consider your boy's physical health and that sort of sickness carrying with it pain and sometimes death, but nothing worse. The splendid woman who has written to me tells me that in your hearts there is the fear that here in France your boys will be exposed to illnesses of many sorts which would not threaten them at home and that you fear that, suffering from them, they will have little care and will be unduly likely to die of them.

Wrong, dear American mothers. Your boys here are and will be safer from such illnesses—the illnesses of every day—than they would be at home. You may set your mind at rest regarding these things. Among American troops in this war there will be no repetition of such ignorance, neglect and sheer mismanagement as swept our boys away in Cuba, or of such as swept the British boys away in grim South Africa and more recently in the Gallipoli campaign.

Yesterday and other yesterdays and today I have seen the many of your sons who live in the war zone as fighting men and are quite well, and especially today I have seen those—the few—who happen to be ill. The many are exceptionally comfortable, the few are cared for quite as well as they

could be in the best hospitals of your home cities. If you are a dweller in a village or the country they are cared for better than they could be (I hope you will forgive me for the saying of it) at home. In other words they are magnificently cared for.

One big and splendid hospital which has been taken over by our Army and which I have seen, is old, I will admit, and lacks some of the enamel and the tiling which would show about an institution of a similar size and like importance in America, but the French are splendid sanitarians and this hospital is among their best. Furthermore the surgeons who in it have the care of your dear ones are not of their best, but of ours, from the University of Pennsylvania, from Harvard, from Chicago University, from Johns Hopkins. It may be that these magnificent experts still regret some of the fitness of facilities which they had in their home institutions, but they lack not one essential, and daily are perfecting their equipment.

So there you are, dear mother. Your ailing boy in France has at his disposal a force of surgical and medical talent which the millions of the richest man in the United States scarcely could gather at the bedside of an ailing son, though he were heir to all his millions and his hopes.

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Peach Fritters.

Make a thick, rich batter of flour, sour milk and soda, with a little baking powder, add two cups of chopped peaches without their juice. Sweeten with a half a cup of sugar and drop from a spoon into a hot pan and fry until brown on both sides. Serve hot with brown sugar syrup or the heated juice slightly sweetened and thickened.

Another way to make fritters is to make a thin batter the same way and dip each half of peach into it and fry in deep fat.

Apricot Marshmallows.

Drain the syrup from a can of apricots and arrange the halves on a serving dish. Place on top of each half a marshmallow which has been partly melted and top with another apricot half; decorate the plate with leaves or ferns and serve with small cakes.

The sirup from the apricots should be heated, and when they are served it should be poured over them. This makes a delicious and simple dessert.

American Housewives Borrow English Idea for Covers.

Chintz Coverings for Midsummer Drawing-Room Attractive.

AN English drawing-room in mid-summer is a delightful place with its fresh chintz covering and its many bowls and vases of flowers. American housewives are borrowing the English idea of chintz covers for Summer-time, but the custom is not as prevalent as it ought to be in this country, where Summers are long and torrid and crotonas are plentiful and modestly priced.

Prints and chintzes; that is one's happy recollection of a certain cheery living-room in England; a long, low room with windows opening to the floor upon a terrace. The carpet was worn, the wall paper was by no means modern; but that room was full of homeliness, freshness and charm. It was partly the good-looking, good-quality crotonas (always called chintzes in England), which showed a pattern of mulberry, maroon and faint pink chrysanthemums on a background of blurred green leaves; partly the well-chosen prints, simply framed in black that had been substituted for heavier oil paintings during the Summer months, and partly the fresh flowers which were always to be found in profusion in this room.

It always pays to put a Summer dress on the winter living-room; and one of the changes that many housewives do not think of is—the pictures. Much better to take down and put away the oil and water color paintings and replace them with cool looking prints, framed photographs or etchings, than to swathe the paintings in forlorn-looking fly-netting. And fresh chintzes over davenport and upholstered chairs will give just as attractive and summery a suggestion as the expensive wicker furnishings that many women long for but cannot afford.

Cretonnes are finding their way into even the library, where linen crash used to be the only acceptable material for Summer covers. One woman who has a genius for discovering inexpensive ways to do things, has put covers of striped green and tan gingham over

her library furniture and the effect is very good indeed.

A Man-Made Proposition.

A man who is the editor of a woman's magazine—and several men are—has the temerity to print a protest against Spring house-cleaning in the editorial pages of Good Housekeeping. He does not go so far as to suggest its abolition, but urges its simplification—as a war measure. But beneath this patriotic disguise it is to be feared that women readers may detect inherent male dislike of the good old custom of cleaning house. The editor says:

"The custom of cleaning house in the Spring is observed in the habitations of men not to respond in like manner. And so soap and water and fair arms make the attack and houses shine though bodies ache for it and several days are cut right out of the heart of the sweetest springtime. Doubtless houses will be cleaned again this year, though with more effort than ever before, for numberless hours must be spent in labor for the boys who are 'cleaning house' in Europe, which is far more important than window-washing or rug-shaking. We would not suggest that these be dispensed with entirely, for that would be nothing short of heresy; we would only hint that perhaps the world and the social order will survive if all the housecleaning is not done at once and with such an expenditure of feminine energy. For this suggestion we shall doubtless be charged with contempt of a strictly woman's institution; besides, does not everyone know that when housecleaning comes houses must be cleaned? What is home without mother taking down the curtains and mopping up the floors? We don't know."

"But we don't like housecleaning as housecleaning; it is messy and has too much of an implication of poor housekeeping. We'd like to test and approve some device to do away with it."

Feed the birds in your neighborhood in winter. They will more than pay for their keep in the insect destruction they return in Summer.—The Mother's Magazine.

Large Itching Pimples Healed by Cuticura Cost Only \$1.25

"My trouble began by pimples coming on my face and chest. The pimples scaled over, and were hard and large, and were in blotches. They began itching and made sore eruptions and when any of the places got well it left an ugly scar. The eruption burned causing loss of sleep, and my face was disfigured."

"The trouble lasted six years, and everything failed to help them. I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and I only used one box of Cuticura Ointment, and three cakes of Cuticura Soap when I was healed." (Signed) Mrs. S. L. Buck, Lower Pensacola, New Mexico, August 16, 1917.

No beauty doctor can do more for your complexion than Cuticura Soap, assisted when necessary by touches of Cuticura Ointment. Unlike strongly medicated soaps, Cuticura Soap is ideal for the complexion because so mild, so delicate and so creamy.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. H., Boston." Everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c.

Just One Application and the Hairs Vanish

(Toilet Talks)

Any woman can keep her skin free from unsightly hair or fuzz if she will follow these simple instructions. When hairy growths appear, apply a simple paste, made by mixing some water with powdered delatone. Apply this to hairy surface and after 2 or 3 minutes, rub off, wash the skin and the hairs are gone. This is a harmless treatment, but be sure you get the real delatone—Adv.

EDWARD MARSHALL WRITES LETTER TO AMERICAN MOTHERS

Reassurance Given to Anxious, Loving Hearts at Home About Health and Morals of Soldier Sons.

BY EDWARD MARSHALL.

WITH THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE, Somewhere in France.—Dear Mother: Don't be worrying about the morals or the health of your soldier son in France. When I write those words, "Dear Mother," I do not address them to my own dear mother, who suffered the pain of having a young husband wounded several times in our Civil War and that of having a son, myself, badly wounded in our Spanish War. She mercifully has been spared the horror of the greatest war of all, and so she does not need my letters now. But I am writing to the great collective motherhood in my beloved Nation—the tens of thousands of dear mothers whose sons have or presently will come across the sea, to fight here, where I am writing—Somehow in France—who have or will have sons among them or who have or will have daughters loving them, encouraging them, hoping for them—waiting to receive them as victors, they return, or to mourn them should they gloriously fall.

It is a letter of reassurance that I find myself so situated as to write. Please read it and believe it. If it conflicts with some of the sad stuff which you have heard or read elsewhere, believe it and not that, for it is written from the heart and back of it, I am sure, a far stronger sense of responsibility of conscience than that which could have animated those who have misled some of you. I am not watching any "clock" chime spectacularly to show the growth of funds as I select my words. Therefore I shall try to tell not just the best or just the worst about your sons and their surroundings, but to tell the truth about them.

They are quite all right, those sons of yours, and their surroundings are as good as humanly possible. Your boys have taken up their real