

RED CROSS CHEER IN SOLDIERS' HOSPITALS

Cretone Curtains, Pianos and Phonographs Remarkable By Writer.

By J. F. LANDER

"As dreary as a hospital."

It's an often-heard statement, originating probably with someone whose father or mother or baby had lain in a hospital for days—someone whose experience had stamped on his mind forever a picture of white, plain bed; white, plain room; white, silent corridors deserted by all but white-clad, silent nurses. There are many such. Hospitals now are being established by the score, institutions of the United States public health service which are to care for the former service men who need medical or surgical attention. Some of the patients will make short stays. Some will be there years. Many are tuberculosis wrecked, with none too much joy in life ahead at best.

The public health service has a full-sized task on its hands in actual medical and surgical work. There must be something more if these institutions—some of them here in the Northwest, at Tacoma, Boise, Port Townsend—are different from the hospitals too many of us have known.

The Red Cross is that something more. I learned that when I went out to the old Cushman Indian school, now a new public health service hospital. The buildings were old and alteration work had progressed just far enough to permit of the reception of forty-odd patients who couldn't be crowded into the older institutions; paint was lacking everywhere. It looked dreary enough to be a hospital.

Then I found the Red Cross building, headquarters for the social service workers assigned to the institution. I found the recreation hall—cretone curtained, equipped with piano, phonographs, books, and furniture which

wasn't white and square. I found it filled with "walking cases" listening to Ted Williams' Jazz Band and Al Johnson.

I went with the Red Cross workers to boys who two years ago were fighting men but who now spend day and night in bed. They were not nurses' visits; they were the talks of friends. I saw the auditorium; the motion picture machine from the national Red Cross; books, music, nice things to eat, magazines, tobacco, from the local chapter of the organization. I saw a strange thing—hospital patients who all were happy.

After all, they really don't need to be "as dreary as a hospital."



Boys and girls who learn early to take proper care of their teeth, throats, eyes, ears and stomachs, have made a long step toward healthy manhood and womanhood. Through its public health and nursing services, the American Red Cross aims eventually to reach all school children with teachings regarding disease prevention and health promotion. Here's a school nurse treating a little girl for sore mouth, at the same time implanting a valuable lesson in tooth-brushing and proper diet.



Measuring the Baby

Red Cross Aids Mothers in Directing Proper Care and Attention for Children.

RED CROSS RUSHES AID IN EXPLOSION ON WALL STREET

According to the superintendents of the Broad Street and Volunteer hospitals of New York, the work of the Red Cross after the recent Wall street explosion proved almost invaluable. The explosion happened at noon on September 16. Red Cross ambulance units with those of downtown hospitals and the police department, were on the scene in time for first aid work. But the principal activity of the Red Cross was to assist the hospitals to which the injured were taken. Before the afternoon had passed 92 nurses had gone to aid the regular forces at the Broad street and Volunteer hospitals. Eighteen Red Cross field directors assisted in hospitals and in compiling and furnishing information concerning dead and injured. Large quantities of hospital supplies and apparatus were furnished, as well as food. Three ambulances and two trucks were on duty, and through the Red Cross social service the matter of getting in touch with the families of victims was competently handled.

The Red Cross Remembers.

Ever since demobilization the Red

Cross has kept in constant touch with the families of 800,000 soldiers and sailors and marines. This service has embraced almost everything from supplying first aid to seeing a man through to a better job than he ever had before.

When Disaster Comes.

Last year in the United States, the Red Cross aided more than 20,000 victims of flood, fire, tornado or other unavoidable disaster in 150 stricken communities.



Every person mentally and physically able to do so should take the American Red Cross instruction in First Aid Treatment. It's a life-saver and a pain-saver on the farm, in the factory, on the street, at the office, in the home, wherever accidents may occur. Here's a young wife who ineptly wielded a can-opener and received an ugly gash across her wrist from the jagged can lid. Mother was there.

Protection for Future Years.

Last year 92,000 women and girls, under Red Cross instructions, completed courses in home care of the sick.

With the Help of His Friends

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

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Jack Heaton emerged from the tent and threw himself down on the pine needles beside Tom. "Where's Court?" he asked.

"Chasing a skirt!" Tom's voice held utter disgust. "It's the limit. Here we fellows, come up here on a camping trip and the first thing Court does is to fall for a pretty face staying over at the hotel. It's playing the deuce with our plans."

"Righto," returned Jack, chucking a pine cone into the lake. "Per schedule, we should now be catching black bass on Lost Loon pond."

"The funny part of it is," mused Tom, "the lady in question turns an iceberg shoulder on Court. I happened over on the steamer dock and, take it from me, she has no use for him."

Jack sat up quickly. "All the more reason that we should nip it in the bud before he's smitten beyond hope."

"Listen here, boy. What's the first thing a man objects to in a pretty woman?"

"Her belonging to somebody else!" replied Tom promptly.

"Prezactly, old top. Same with a woman. She wants to think she's the first and only. Now hark to my little scheme. You put Court wise—don't tell him how you get the information, that isn't necessary—to the fact that the beautiful girl is engaged. Get it? Engaged. Only it would spoil her good times up here if the men got wise. For my end of it, I'll hint to Miss Willis that Court is not what he seems, that he has never got over a youthful love affair. Still loves the fair hand that gave him the mitten. Get me?"

"I get you," said Tom, "but why do you draw the pleasant end of it? And how," he continued suspiciously, "do you know her name, and how can you manage a conversation with her?"

"Well," said Jack, slightly embarrassed, "I happen to have met the girl she's staying with, Sally Dalton. Our canoes bumped and—oh, I'll manage all right. Only, for the love of Pete, let's be speedy about it or we'll be too late with our assistance!"

Few schemers find their opportunities lying so neatly in wait as did Tom and Jack when they paddled over to the hotel that evening, apparently lured by the seductive strains of the three-piece orchestra playing for the weekly hop. First they spied Court leaning against a veranda pillar, gazing morosely at a thin young moon.

Then on the lawn they descried Miriam Willis in the midst of a little group of men.

"Beat it, Tom," cried Jack, "over to Court, and, so long as you're in it at all, go in strong. I'll wait my chance with Miss Willis."

Twenty minutes later, Tom had succeeded in reaching the point he desired in his conversation with Court. "She's some looker!" he was saying diplomatically. Then he set off his bomb. "Her fiancé is a lucky man!"

Even in the darkness Tom could feel Court's piercing glance. "Miss Willis—engaged?"

"Oh, years and years—three years!" Tom threw it off casually. Then, goaded by Court's silence, he elaborated. "She's keeping it dark up here for various reasons—but she's really absolutely infatuated with him."

"Look here, old chap"—Court's voice sounded strangely broken—"did she—she didn't get you to tell me all this?"

"No—oh, no." Tom retreated in alarm. "Only—it seemed as if you ought to know."

Tom felt Court's hand gripping his shoulder. "Thanks, Tom," he said. "You've been a genuine friend." Then Tom found himself alone.

Tom gazed after him doubtfully. Interfering with love's young dream—by George, he didn't know about it. Then his spirits rose. Tomorrow at this time their tents would be pitched on Lost Loon pond.

Meanwhile Jack, after a series of successful maneuvers which afterward he recalled with pride, succeeded in rounding up Sally Dalton, having a dance with her, getting an introduction to Miriam Willis, suggesting to the latter that they sit out a dance on the veranda.

Then, after a few remarks on the beauty of the night and the numerous stars, Jack adroitly introduced the subject of Court. "Poor Court!" he said, "he tries so hard to enjoy himself. That affair a few years ago. He's never got over it!"

"Indeed! How interesting!" and Miriam's cool voice was more than merely polite. "Do tell me about it."

"Well, it—er—seems the girl liked him. But he never stopped loving her. Says he never will. Unusual, isn't it?"

"Very!" returned Miriam dryly, as one who wishes to imply that her experience with men has been far otherwise. "Does he know you are telling me this?"

"Oh, no!" and Jack's voice was shocked. "He's very sensitive about it—never has mentioned her name. He simply goes to pieces whenever he speaks of it."

Miss Willis seemed to have lost interest and was drawing her scarf about her shoulders. "These August nights," she murmured, "are so chilly. I believe I will go in."

Some time later Jack and Tom met in high feather. The orchestra was through with "Good Night, Ladies,"

and the veranda and walks were slowly emptying.

"All over, boy," chuckled Tom. "And no more skirts in ours! Heigho, a start at dawn for Lost Loon pond. Can't you feel that three-pounder on your—Hst, Jack, what's that?"

What was it indeed? Silhouetted against the whiteness of the boat-house by the landing stood a familiar figure—and in his arms a girl.

Tom and Jack stepped short in their tracks and before they recovered from their astonishment snatches of conversation not intended for anyone's over-hearing came to their ears.

"My darling girl, to think we let a silly quarrel spoil our happiness! And you have considered yourself engaged to me just the same ever since!"

"But how did you know, Court?"

"Tom told me. Very decent of him. I never let on that I chose this lake because I had heard you were to be here! And until tonight you wouldn't even speak to me!"

"But I couldn't believe you were in earnest. Why, we owe everything to these two dear boys. When I heard how faithful you had been—oh, Court, if it hadn't been for them I should have gone away in the morning and never have known! But now—"

At this point Tom and Jack succeeded in backstepping to the veranda step, where they sat down weakly.

"She was here on purpose!"

"If it hadn't been for us!"

"Next time Court starts on a camping trip and suggests the place—"

"Next time Court starts on a trip, old boy," interrupted Jack, "we won't be going along. You'll be throwing old shoes and rice, while I—I—" Jack paused and gazed thoughtfully at the stars.

"Yes, you, go on. What will you be doing?" egged on Tom, gloomily.

"I'll be consoling the maid of honor," finished Jack cheerfully.

HAVE BRAINS AND USE THEM

Rats Exhibit Intelligence in Many Ways—How They Sometimes Obtain Food Supplies.

Rats are well known to be highly intelligent animals, although to the one unfamiliar with their customs this may seem due to their wariness in regard to traps and their boldness and courage in combat. Besides these traits, many others have been noted. Stories are told of ship rats that, while gnawing through the woodwork of a ship, always stop before they completely perforate the side.

The manner in which they transport eggs to their burrows is most surprising, says the New York Times. But well, in his book, "The Rat," describes in which a number of eggs were carried from the top of a house to the bottom by two rats devoting themselves to each egg, and alternately passing it down to each other at every step of the staircase. Rats will not only convey eggs from the top of the house to the bottom, but also from bottom to top. The male rat places himself on his forepaws, with his head downward, and raising up his hind legs and catching the egg between them pushes it up to the female, who stands on the step above, and secures it with her forepaws till he jumps up to her, and this process is repeated from step to step till the top is reached.

A writer in the Quarterly Review describes an instance aboard ship where in eggs were continually being stolen from the storeroom. Having laid in a fresh stock of eggs, the captain sat down in a position that commanded a view of the eggs and waited. Before long, to his great astonishment, he saw a number of rats approach, form a line from his egg baskets to their hole and hand the eggs from one to another in their fore paws.

Their long, narrow tails may seem of no use to many people, but they have proved very valuable in procuring food. Rats have been known to help themselves to oil by holding on to some convenient support by the side of the bottle and then dipping their tails into the oil and pass it to others.

Treasures for Aquarium.

There was added not long ago to the aquarium at Calcutta a gigantic crab, about two feet in diameter across its shell and having legs three feet long, which had been captured in a drag net in the Indian ocean about a mile from the shore and at a depth of 45 fathoms. After being placed in a large tank it devoured the fish and smaller crustaceans that were its fellow prisoners, and later in the evening surprised its keepers and visitors by emitting a white phosphorescent light, strangely illuminating the gloomy corner where it had concealed itself between two rocks.

Pacific Gulf Stream.

The Pacific has its own "gulf stream," which is called the Japan current, and it is formed in the same way. The trade winds, blowing from the tropics, bank up the warmed ocean waters in the Yellow sea (corresponding to our Gulf of Mexico), and thence they pour out between Japan and Formosa, the stream thus formed passing south of the Aleutian chain, along the southern coast of Alaska, and down the west coast of North America. Hence it comes about that the whole southern coast of Alaska has a temperate climate. It is warmed by the Japan current.

After Something New.

When his mother told Jimmie that it was time to get ready for Sunday school, the four-year-old youngster said:

"I am not going to Sunday school any more. I know all about it and I am going out to the garage with father and learn to be a garage man."



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