

The Spending of Your Hundred Million Dollars

Busiest Budget in All the World Is a Red Cross War Fund—Every Dollar Spent Alleviates Misery.

By WILL PAYNE

Last summer the public subscribed a hundred million dollars to the Red Cross. At the latest statement over eighty-five millions of it had been appropriated.

Where has it gone? you ask. For many months the world has been spending over a hundred million dollars a day for the destruction of life, limb and means of subsistence. Call up what you have read about the war's devastation. The American Red Cross' enormous job is to do whatever it can to alleviate that—not after the war, not after governments have deliberated and resolved; but right now, at the minute, on the spot. It's amazing that it has done so much with so little money.

Last autumn the Italian army fell back precipitately. On your war map that meant rubbing out one line and drawing another half an inch further south. Over there in Italy it meant thousands of poor families fleeing from their homes. Major Murphy, Red Cross Commissioner in Europe, rushed to the scene and wired: "Indescribably pathetic conditions exist, involving separation of mothers and children, cold, hunger, disease, death." In November and December the American Red Cross appropriated three million dollars for relief there—a large sum, yet small in comparison with the need.

Condensed Milk for Children.

Soldiers are only a part of the Red Cross' work—probably the smaller part. Every instant, somewhere in the vast flood of destruction, a hand reaches up in appeal. It is pretty apt to be a child's hand or a woman's. When the Red Cross commission reached Petrograd it asked the government. "What is the most urgent

thing?" The government replied: "We must get condensed milk for the little children here." The commission got the milk. At one spot in France farm work was stopped by lack of horses. That meant more hunger. The Red Cross got in a big tractor and set it to plowing for the community.

There are a million needs. Cold, wet and the deadly physical strain of the trenches undermine men's constitutions. A frightful scourge of tuberculosis has developed in France. The Red Cross has built sanatoria, provided over a thousand beds and nurses.

Thirty Millions for France.

I have here a big sheaf of sheets filled with figures. One item is thirteen million and odd dollars—the amount which, up to that time, had gone to the local chapters of the Red Cross in the United States for local relief. Twenty-five per cent of the money subscribed through the chapters eventually goes that way.

Over thirty millions have been appropriated for work in France. Here is a million and a quarter—in round numbers—for military hospitals and dispensaries; over a million and a half for canteen service, where French and American soldiers, relieved from the trenches, can get good food, a cot, a bath, and have their clothes disinfected—and so go on for their brief holiday clean, rested, nourished. There are over three millions for hospital supply service; half a million for rest stations for American troops.

Aid of refugees—eleven thousand families—accounts for nearly three million dollars; care and prevention of tuberculosis takes over two millions; care of helpless children over a million; relief work in six devastated dis-

tricts, including care of five thousand families and sufficient reconstruction to make houses habitable, required over two millions.

Misery on an Unparalleled Scale.

These are all large items; but the Red Cross is grappling with human misery on an unparalleled scale—a world of it. The item for relief of the blind amounts to four hundred thousand dollars. The dispensary service sends supplies to more than thirty-four hundred hospitals. The Red Cross receives and distributes more than two hundred tons of supplies daily at Paris. For this distribution and its other work it requires a big transportation service of motors and trucks. This transportation service has cost a million and a half, and its operating expenses run to a million dollars.

Every dollar it spends means misery alleviated. Its work is building abroad for the United States the best good will in this world. It is building the best good will among ourselves. Whatever else the war may produce, we shall be proud of our Red Cross.

 * I want to say to you that *
 * no other organization since *
 * the world began has ever *
 * done such great constructive *
 * work with the efficiency, dis- *
 * patch and understanding, *
 * often under adverse circum- *
 * stances, that has been done *
 * by the American Red Cross *
 * in France. *
 * —General Pershing. *

NOTES FROM ST. MARY'S INSTITUTE

Mary Hermans '20.

The annual picnic for the girls was held at the City Park, Portland, last week. All report an enjoyable time.

A special program was given last Sunday afternoon by the young ladies, and all presented their parts with great credit to themselves.

Esther Young's mother was a visitor at the Institute on Sunday.

The Misses Ruth Lee, Alta Martin and the Allen girls spent the week end at their homes in Portland.

The Annual Musical Recital was the feature of the week. The following program was presented:

Opening song—Chorus.
 Adonis Galop, duet (Streabog)—Theresa Wells, Gladys Sidwell.
 Azalia Polka (Streabog)—Holly Lang.
 Gayety (M. Milbro)—Dorothy and Violet Blanton.
 If I Knew, vocal, (H. Bowers)—Howard Liebrich.
 The Pixies, duet, N. Rossi, C. Diebele.
 Common Time, dialogue, Minims.
 Humoresque (D'vork)—Cleo Thompson.
 Perfect Day, (vocal)—E. Young, I. Crawford.
 Mocking Bird, solo—Bernice Barron.
 Mountain Belle Schottische—Ruth Lee.

Lamentation, dialogue. Characters:
 Old Ricketv Stool—L. Chipman
 Music Cabinet—A. Martin
 Dear Darling Piano—Ruth Lee
 Old Music Book—Dorris Allen
 Mischievous Fairy—L. Sherman
 March of the Soldiers, duet—B. Kaufman and H. Jacobson.
 Excuses, recitation—Violet Blanton.

The Rosary (E. Nevin)—Orchestra.
 Les Dames De Leville (Schubert)—L. Severson and B. Ber-covich.

Kawakie (A. Awai)—Dorris Allen.
 Recitation—T. Kluppenegger.
 Valse in E. Flat (Durand)—M. Allen.

The Swallows, vocal—Ethel Britch.

Narcissus (E. Nevin) A. Fitzpatrick.

Love's Voyage (H. Odell)—Orchestra.

Lead Kindly Light, pantomime—L. Chipman.

Il Trovatore (Dorn)—Leota Ryan.

Up-To-Date—Orchestra.

Mrs. Charles W. Smith and Miss Betty Magness of Anaconda, Montana, are here on a visit with their sister, Mrs. Otto Bertsch of Route 3.

FOR SALE—Gray mare, 8-years-old, weighs about 1,200 lbs., or will trade for good young cow. W. B. Emmons, Route 3, Box 6, Beaverton. 20tf.

A Letter from The Far North

Frank Ferguson Sends Greetings From the Land of the Midnight Sun.

Editor Beaverton Times,

Dear Sir: I have a letter if you would care to print it and when you get through with it, give it to Doy Grey to put with my papers there in the bank as I want to keep it. Every one knows Archie there and it will amuse them to know what he is up against here in a business way. When we came up here in this country we stayed in Kotzebue, a native village, about three weeks. There is a Mission there and for some reason the missionaries gave the natives there names some years ago.

This man that wrote this letter has a brother named George Washington, you will see that this is Abraham Lincoln. Each family no matter how many boys there are they all have different names. The natives do not know the value of money.

F. F.

Kotzebue, Alaska,
 January 31, 1918.

Mr. A. Ferguson,

Dear Friends: I received your letter by mail, I think you do remember us in long winter. You ask me how much will I charge to make fifteen feet long sled, but hardly tell how much will I charge you on this giant's sled. It seem to me some job on it, it takes long time to make finish up. I going to tell you what I knew before. I see a man work any kind sled he charge them one dollar an hour, and he sold the sled for \$75 or \$100 them sled only 10 or 11 feet long. I was thinking on

this sled that you want me make for you, it will be cost you everything for \$100 or \$125 or more, I never saw sled like that before. I can't tell how much will I charge you on this giant's sled to making it. I had sled made for John Savak I think you seen it, and I made other for sale and I sold them to the Point Hope man for \$60 the sled made of birch, and I work on deer sled for fair. I think I will go to see the reindeer fair. I will try to pick up good hard wood for you from Tom Berryman. I going to say to your father I will not forget that I own him \$5 for my wife nice dress. She like very much. We are all well here Kotzebue. We have family native school teacher here, our children like to school very much. I am very glad that I am able to do some things that I can much. I can run as fast as I could. I remain your friend.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.