

provided hospitals the bedside lockers are made out of soap and sugar boxes, fixed on legs, painted and varnished.

Many men leave the hospitals with shattered nerves, and for these the convalescent homes, provided by the Red Cross Society, are a priceless blessing. One of these homes is especially for the blinded soldiers, where they "will be taught the best ways of making use of their lives in a dark world."

I have only given you a glimpse at the energies of the Red Cross—as described in the book—and the book itself only gives a peep at the work being done. This war is horrible enough, but how many devoted men and women are trying to mitigate the horrors! We should all do something, and the work is so organized that we all may do something—for Red Cross branches are everywhere. The novelty may wear off but the opportunity remains.

"The hands that do God's work are patient hands,
And quick for toil, though folded
oft in prayer:
They do the unseen work they understand
And find—no matter where."
DORA FARNCOMB.

For the Needy.

A "reader of the Advocate" sent a dollar for the needy, and "a country girl" donated two dollars. Part of this money has been spent in clothing (material for dresses) for two little babies—twins. The remainder is tucked into the "Advocate purse," waiting until some special case of need presents itself. Thank you! my unknown friends.
HOPE

The Windrow.

From the beginning of the war until June 11th more than 450,000,000 letters and 40,000,000 parcels had been sent to the British troops in France and Flanders, in addition to about 800,000 books and magazines.

The Kiel Canal was completed in 1895. Later it was enlarged to admit Dreadnoughts, and the enlarged canal was opened on June 24th, 1914. Five days later the Austrian Crown Prince was shot at Sarajevo, and the war had begun.

Over 4,000,000 women in the 12 states of the American Union where women now vote, will be eligible to cast their ballots for President in November, 1916. This number will be greatly increased if Iowa decides to grant woman suffrage.

John Barleycorn and the Captain of the Men of Death are an extraordinarily fit team. French physicians have the saying: Consumption is contracted *sur le zinc*—that is, across the bar. Also that alcoholism *fait le lit*, that, is makes the bed of consumption. The physician Lancereaux computes that more than half the cases of tuberculosis among men have been chronic alcoholics.—The Independent.

The Germans are using sphagnum moss, abundant on the moors of Germany, for absorbent bandages. It will absorb tenfold its weight, and dries in 24 to 36 hours.

While most of the larger birds have been driven far from the fighting fields of Europe a number of the song-birds—the lark, thrush and finch included—continue to sing in their haunts. The crows and sparrow-hawks also have refused to leave.

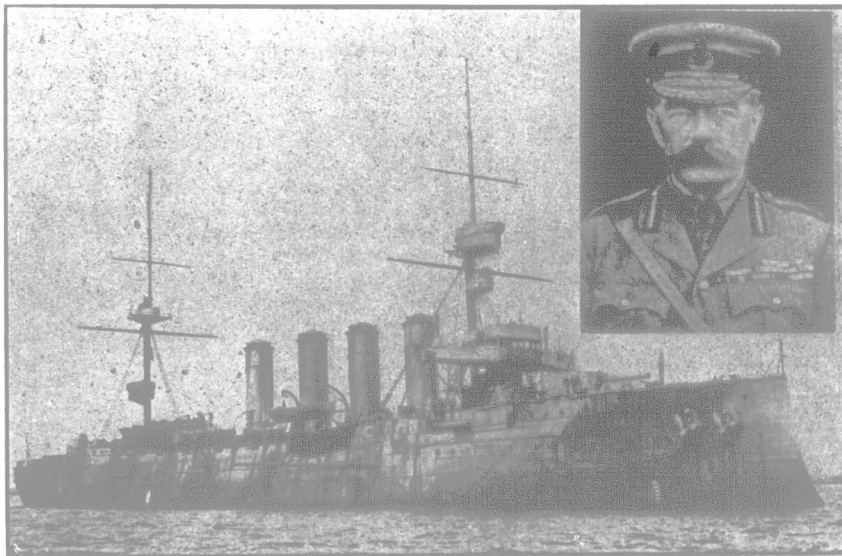
It is an odd fact that before the war notwithstanding the abundance of dandelions in America, most of the dandelion roots used for medicinal purposes were imported from Europe. Of late years, however, a few dandelion farms have been established in the United States, one at New Haven, Conn., others near New York and Boston. It is likely that increased profits will accrue to the American

farms now that the supply from Germany and Austria has been cut off.

Great Britain has relaxed her blockade to the extent of passing the food-ships that are carrying relief to 3,000,000 starving Poles. Germany has undertaken to supply those in the sections of country governed by her military staff. The suffering in Poland has been frightful, especially among the children.

A Mr. Banholzer of Philadelphia has invented a telegraph transmitter which can be attached to any telephone-standard.

ventures in Friendship," and "The Friendly Road," will be glad to know that the man himself measures up to all that would be expected of him from his writings. "Ray Baker is naturally good," says one who knows him well. "It seems easy for him. He has camped, hunted and tramped and worked in many parts of the West and North. He has foregathered with all kinds of men, rough and cultivated alike. He has been among the brigands of the rough Balkans, with the university groups of Germany and Great Britain, with people of Cuba, Central America, Hawaii, and most States of



The Hampshire.

The cruiser on which Earl Kitchener lost his life.

Some scores of Y. M. C. A. buildings have been established from Dixmude to Frise behind the British lines, and are doing much to make life happier for the men, helping to provide shelter and baths as well as encouragement and amusement. The work deserves every encouragement.

Butter, as established by recent investigation, is one of the most valuable foods we have. It is poor economy, so far as the health of the body is concerned, to reduce its use to a minimum.

the Union. He has been on intimate and friendly terms with all sorts, often where good fellowship expresses itself in purely masculine modes and manners and habits of speech. Yet in Ray Baker it seems normal and natural that he does not drink or smoke or swear. It is not an exclusion, it is not a deprivation, apparently these things never interested him. He is just as much a good fellow and companion. His sense of life is so buoyant and joyous that he has not seen the need of anything to stimulate it.—All of



A Wounded Red Cross Dog Being Treated by a Member of the French Army Red Cross.

According to Mr. S. McClure of the New York Evening Mail, who has just returned from Central Europe the milk supply from the 10,000 cows owned by the city of Berlin has been reduced from 1,000,000 liters a day in pre-war-time, when fodder was abundant, to 600,000 liters. A system has been established by which the babies are ensured their share of the milk.

Lovers of "David Grayson," (Ray Stannard Baker) through his books "Adventures in Contentment," "Ad-

which is just what one would expect of "David Grayson."

Richard Harding Davis, author and war correspondent, who died recently at the age of fifty-two, had a remarkable history. "One of his months," says The Bookman, "was equal to at least a full year in the career of the average man." He went out and sought adventure, then wove his adventures into his books, nearly all of which are, to a great extent, autobiographical. In 1886 Davis, "a tall stripling wearing

a long yellow ulster with light green stripes," applied for a position as reporter on the Philadelphia Inquirer, stating his ambition to be a newspaper man. He was accepted, and his first commission was to find out some information in regard to a gang of burglars that was troubling the city. Davis at once demonstrated his ability to make good. He donned a sweater, cap and overalls, copying the make up from one of the characters of Romany Rye, adopted the name of "Buck Meiley," and became one of the gang. At the first daring burglary he notified the police to be on hand and was arrested with the burglars. From that his career was a succession of events, including experiences as a war correspondent in Greece at the time of the Greco-Turkish war of 1897, in Cuba in 1893, in South Africa in 1899 and 1900, in Japan and Manchuria in 1904, and in Belgium and Northern France in 1914. Finally he went with the French to Salonika and it was undoubtedly the hardships which he encountered there which led to his death. Mr. Davis' account of the march of the Germans through Brussels is one of the most graphic bits of war-writing that have ever been penned.

The BeaverCircle

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

Dear Beavers.—This morning the lines given above popped into my head. I forget who wrote them. It was either Robert Louis Stevenson or Eugene Field—Stevenson, I think. At all events I began to think of what a "number of things" boys and girls in the country can find to be interested in during the summer, so I just thought I would write you a letter. I wonder how many of you will answer it.

How many thousands and thousands of things there are for you to see. Perhaps you paddle out on a pond sometimes in an old boat or on a raft, to gather white water lilies. If you do be sure you put them in a large pan filled with water, so that the flowers will lie on the surface, as in that way they will open out beautifully. And on the way have you ever found pitcher plants? What odd things they are! Tear one of the queer little pitchers open and examine it, and you will find bristles pointing towards the bottom where there is likely to be some water and drowned insects. The insects go in at the top, the sharp points keep them from coming back again, and so they fall into the water and are drowned. In this way the pitcher plant secures "meat dinners." It is a very pretty plant, but I think it is a bit cruel, don't you?

There are so many, many other plants and flowers that are interesting. Perhaps, when you answer this letter some of you will tell me about some of those that grow near your homes.

I'd like to talk about birds to-day, but that will have to stand over for another day because I want to talk about dogs. I have always loved dogs, and as berry-picking time draws near I always think of a dear old collie that used to come with me on all my berry-picking trips. How he used to love it! And how he used to run miles and miles through the woods, "looking up" every squirrel haunt and groundhog hole within reach. When tired he would come back to me and lie down, panting and happy. Sometimes, too, he would get up on a log beside me and snatch the berries just as I was about to pick them. I always thought that this was one of his jokes; his eyes would fairly twinkle as he did it, and he would open his big mouth with such a funny grin.

I do hope you, too, love dogs. If you don't you are missing some very good comrades. Did you ever hear of Caesar, the Airedale terrier that walked alone at King Edward's funeral? The King was very fond of him, and took him even to formal dinners where he sat at his feet and was given a bit of every course served. He always slept at the foot of the King's