

WHAT CAN WE DO?



"Speed up!" is the call from Surgeon General Gorgas to the American Red Cross in its campaign to recruit graduate nurses.

With the American army overseas entering more and more into the fighting, he said, the need for additional nurses becomes imperative.

The call is for 1,000 graduate nurses a week for the next eight weeks, or 8,000 by October 1, for the whole country.

The states in Central division—Illinois, Iowa, Michigan, Nebraska and Wisconsin—have been enrolling graduate nurses steadily for military and naval service, but will redouble their efforts to meet this urgent request.

The public can help by urging every graduate nurse to enroll with the Red Cross, and also by reducing calls upon graduate nurses in case of illness, using practical nurses wherever practicable and learning how to handle simple ailments in the home without outside help.

"Waste not, want not" will be a new Red Cross slogan.

Upon request of the war industries board the American Red Cross will undertake a new line of work, the conservation of materials now going to waste.

This salvage campaign will be directed by a new bureau of conservation at National Red Cross headquarters in Washington and will call for co-operation by chapters throughout the country acting upon instructions given through division headquarters.

While the Red Cross will get the benefit of the material saved or collected, the primary purpose is not to raise funds for the Red Cross but to save materials needed in the winning of the war.

A number of Red Cross chapters at

ready have salvage or junk campaigns under way. These probably will be modified by the new policy to a certain extent and chapters not now collecting waste materials will wait until explicit directions are received before starting into the new work.

England was saved half a billion dollars' worth of materials wasted before the war and this country, using the great Red Cross membership of more than twenty million persons, should make a greater showing.

The war industries board will specify from time to time the materials specially desired and the chapters that will collect them.

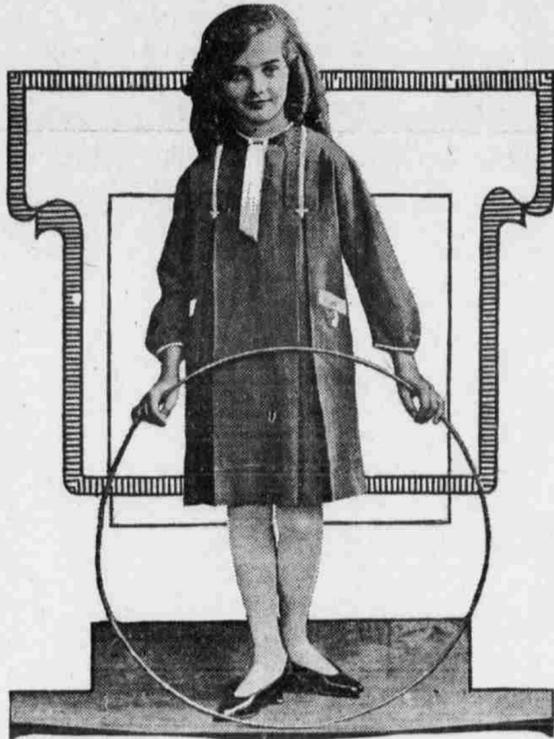
To Mention Furs!

To mention furs in hot weather is an offense, but—short furs are to trim cloth suits and coats next season, and long-haired furs will be seen on plush coats. Among next winter's model costumes Hudson seal is of great importance, particularly on cloth coats. One smart model in buff-tan velours is an example of this; it has a Hudson seal collar and cuffs and the combination is pleasing. Then beaver and nutria are also good. These shorter furs are liked on cloth coats but for the rich plushes which are shown extensively raccoon, opossum and skunk are important in the order named. Fur fabric trimmings will be in good style among the fashionably dressed again also.

How Hats Are Worn.

Hats, be they large or small, are worn far down over the forehead, so that the coiffure is almost completely hidden. In front they are pushed down nearly to the eyebrows, on the side to the ears, and in the back to the edge of the hair.

New Dresses for School Wear



New dresses for school wear, made to fit the requirements of the little miss from about seven to twelve years, seem to emphasize the simplicity that governs the designs in children's clothes. Simplicity grows more and more popular as the tastes of the public advance. The demand is for strong fabrics, the simplest lines, reliable workmanship and good finishing.

In materials, heavy cotton rep, canton crepe, strong, coarse linen weaves and the tried and proved wool clothes provide about all the dresses for general wear. Washable goods are woven in colors that are dark and permanent, strong blues and browns taking the lead for school wear. In the new frocks for fall sleeves are lengthened so that they reach to the wrist, and there is more variety in their design, but otherwise styles do not differ much from those familiar to us in the summer dresses. Little folks, in these days of steam and furnace heated schools and homes, look to coats and warm head and footwear to fortify them against the cold of winter.

The frock of brown cotton rep with bands and bindings in white rep, shown in the picture, is as good an example of a serviceable everyday and school dress as any one could ask. The material is laid in four box plaits, which are pressed in. They are stitched down at the front and back to the depth of a long yoke; their edges overlay a band of the white goods. White arrow bands are worked at the ends of these bands. The neck and sleeves

are finished with a white binding and white band and arrow head ornament the pockets. At the front a short, flat band of white simulates a tie with two small pearl buttons at the top and three at the bottom.

Attractive Parasols.

A pretty parasol, carried at one of the smart seaside places recently, was of plum taffeta, quite plain except for the bit of figured chiffon shirred over the inward workings of the sticks and steels that regulate the going up and the coming down of the parasol, and a big black wooden band, sewed to each rounded point of a scalloped section, that hung down, awning like, around the edge of the parasol. Another smart parasol, very effective with a colored muslin frock, is made of white taffeta, with white enameled sticks and handle and ferrule. The only decoration is a wide border of eyelet embroidery done with white silk threads.

Costumes of Lace.

Eccentric lace frocks are particularly fashionable this summer. The lace is dropped over plain net, also in the ecru shade, and cream tinted taffeta is used for the soft, pleated-edged sash shawl collar and cuffs. Buttons of the taffeta running up the long sleeve give a piquant tailored effect to some of these dainty lace costumes.

Julia Bottomley

IN THE LIMELIGHT

ITALY'S MAN OF THE HOUR

Though the world was ringing recently with the name of Gen. Armando Diaz, creator of the greatest victory his people have celebrated since they were knit together in a modern nation, he is one of the least-known men in Italy. Too short a time in supreme command of the army to have gathered about him the tradition of anecdote woven around most successful generals, his own reticence and modesty have kept him somewhat out of the public eye.

General Diaz comes of a noble family. As the name suggests, it is of Spanish origin and the Italian branch doubtless dates from one of the frequent Spanish invasions of centuries ago when Italy was the battlefield for the world.

Like Generals Foch and Petain, General Diaz began his career as an artillery officer. He was educated at the famous Military Academy of Turin and was graduated as a second lieutenant of artillery, in which branch of the service he remained until he was made a captain. But there is in Italy a still higher education for army officers, known as the school of war, for which 60 pupils are selected every year from the entire army. General Diaz was one of these 60, and year after year was among the few chosen to serve on the general staff.

During the Libyan campaign he served in the field as colonel of the Ninety-third regiment of infantry. It was at the first battle of Zanzur, June 8, 1912, that he proved his quality as a commander of sharp decision. The main Italian positions had been assailed by the fanatical Arabs in six successive waves and the troops were in imminent danger of giving way. It was then that Colonel Diaz, posted on the left with his regiment, delivered an impetuous bayonet charge upon the right flank of the enemy, throwing him into confusion and carrying the day for the Italians. Colonel Diaz was also present at the second battle of Zanzur. It was these two great actions, the most important of the Libyan war, that decided the issue, and after the second victory peace was signed by Turkey within a month.



NO UNION HOURS FOR HER



Canteen workers in the American Red Cross abroad do not observe union hours. Their work-day lasts as long as the opportunity holds to serve. Mrs. Belmont Tiffany of New York, now in France with the Red Cross, and her co-workers have been working 12 and 14 hours a day to make things more cheery and comfortable for our boys "over there."

"We feel," Mrs. Tiffany writes, "that the least we should give our men are warmth and cleanliness and color whenever we can. War is such a dirty, ugly, sordid thing. Picture to yourself 50 dirty, tired men falling out of a cattle train where they have been cooped up two or three days with a detachment of mules, eating and sleeping with them. They have a few hours' wait, so they take a hot shower at the Red Cross canteen, and then have a good meal, waited upon by cheerful, kindly American girls. Perhaps they

play the piano a bit, or write letters home, before they depart. The first night we opened at D—we had 680 men come in at one o'clock. They ate us out of house and home. They carried off every magazine and paper we had. Their officers were fed, also, and when they came to leave the major took my hand over and over again and said they were all happier and less homesick than at any time since they had left America."

WIZARD WITH FIGURES

Joseph S. McCoy, statistical expert connected with the treasury department, is by education and training an expert mathematician. But much of the most valuable work he accomplishes for the government is less due to his mathematical knowledge than to his rare ability in utilizing the simple, elemental, commonplace facts that everybody knows.

One of his most important duties is to tell the revenue committees of congress how much money may be derived from any proposed taxation. In this work of forecasting McCoy has done wonderful things. For example, he estimated in 1913 that the income tax from corporations for the year ended June 30, 1915, would be about \$30,000,000. He came within about \$44,000 of absolute accuracy. Every year he makes an estimate of what the total census of the country will be several years ahead. In 1901 he figured the population of 1913. Nine years later the census bureau made an actual count. Allowing for the inevitable element of error in making such a count, the result showed that McCoy's figures were probably as nearly correct as those of the bureau.



HIS ABLE WORK REWARDED



Noble, who was a major at the time the war was declared, was the honor graduate of the army medical school in 1904; the medical school of the Polytechnic institute in Alabama in 1901, and of Columbia university in 1909.

The senate has confirmed the nomination of Col. Robert E. Noble of the United States army medical department to be a brigadier general, and in so doing has recognized the accomplishment of an efficient officer in a position that has required courage and judgment.

As chief of the personnel division of the department he has had to pass upon the qualifications and to assign to duty all the medical officers—more than 16,000 of them—who are now in the service, either in this country or abroad.

Later, in addition to his other duties, he has been called upon to assume the office of director of hospitals on the side of the Atlantic, and has completed arrangements for the care of more than 100,000 sick and wounded who may be returned from Europe or who may need hospital care in the United States. Brigadier General

MISS 'LIZA'S LILIES

By EVELYN LOYD.

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Sylvia Stuart's eyes, accustomed to the hard, gray city streets, roved with delight over the bright garden beds in her aunt's yard. Miss Eliza Stuart, familiarly known through Fairview as Miss 'Liza, white-haired and frail, was displaying her spring beauties to her niece, after six years' separation. Miss 'Liza was famous for her horticultural achievements.

Sylvia's glances noted the presence, one after another, of the blossoms which she had rejoiced in when, as a growing girl, she had wandered through her aunt's garden during her holidays.

"But, Aunt 'Liza!" Sylvia's face was rigid with amazement as she looked at an empty brown bed in a corner by the low white fence that separated the yard from Mrs. Patterson's, next door. "Where are your beautiful lilies of the valley?"

"Over across," replied her aunt abruptly, and nodded to a bed of exquisite white blooms against a background of fresh green stalks that filled a corner of Mrs. Patterson's yard. There was a quiver of the muscles about her face which betokened the approach of tears. She turned abruptly and walked in the opposite direction from the snowy flower beds.

"Dear Aunt 'Liza," Sylvia begged as she stepped swiftly to her aunt's side and slipped her arm through hers, "tell me what the matter is?"

Miss 'Liza motioned her to keep silence till they turned the corner of the garden path, when the little white cottage next door was out of sight. Then she stopped and dried her eyes with a corner of her spotless white apron, sniffed a little to assure herself that she was not crying, and replied:

"You remember how angry Jennie Patterson was because you wouldn't marry her Dick?" Sylvia nodded in silent reminiscence and her eyes remained fixed high on some unseen point far beyond. "Well, it was the next spring that some pest killed every one of my beautiful lilies—my beautiful posies," she interposed mournfully as if dreaming of the Beauty of a lost child.

Sylvia exclaimed indignantly, "I call it pretty selfish and unfair of her not to give some of them back after you had been such good friends for a lifetime!"

"All the Pattersons are proud, Sylvia, and so are the Stuarts. Of course Jennie couldn't offer them, and of course I couldn't accept them if she did; but it does seem hard," she added wistfully as they mounted the porch steps.

The peaceful silence of the sweet spring night drew Sylvia out into the garden again later, where she leaned on the white fence, pondering the complicated problem. Years before a gate had been cut to facilitate passage between the two yards—an opening used only by the two old friends and the boy and girl lovers. Sylvia saw how the grass had grown up close around it and that the hinges were rusty. Plainly it had not been opened since the memorable quarrel. And there, just on the other side, gleamed the lily bed, beautiful and ghostly, like the spirit of the friendship that had vanished.

Sylvia drew a sharp breath. Those lilies didn't belong there. She turned swiftly and ran to the garden tool chest, where she procured a trowel. The damp turf beneath the gate yielded ungraciously before her vigorous push, and a harsh creak arose from the unwilling hinges. She paused, but only the rustle of leafy branches stirred the stiffness of the brooding night. Silently she slipped over to the lily bed, scooped up half a dozen plants, and with a few hasty pats covered up the holes left by the extracted roots. She rose, triumphant from her impulsive venture, and found herself face to face with the tall figure of Dick Patterson.

"What—who—how—," she exclaimed in utter confusion, then stopped.

"I've come to claim my own," he replied steadily. "Sylvia—his voice was low and appealing—"I'm a man now—not the country boy you refused—and I love you more than ever before. Is it too late?"

She shook her head and looked up out of misty eyes. "I love you," she whispered, and stopped, for his arms embraced her. "But your mother, Dick!" she exclaimed a moment later. "My aunt!"

"Mother telegraphed you were here, and that I must come—" he began, but a voice overhead interrupted.

"You made a man of my Dick, Sylvia—I haven't any quarrel with you now. And you take all those lilies to 'Liza, won't you?"

"Oh, Jennie," a voice whispered across from the opposite window, "how'd you happen to be here? Isn't it beautiful?"

"I heard the gate creak and I jumped out of bed quick as a flash." "So did I," Miss 'Liza replied excitedly. "I've been listening for it six years."

"And I have, too. Sh—b—they're going back to your yard." A gray head issued from Mrs. Stuart's window. "Oh, Sylvia; you've forgotten the lilies, you silly girl!"

Sylvia's happy laugh rose as she gathered up the neglected blooms.

"And Dick!" Miss 'Liza's head emerged and her gentle voice called, "Don't close the gate!" "Leave it to me, Aunt 'Liza!" his hearty reply came.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

GAY GARDEN FLOWERS.

"I am called the gay feather and the blazing star," said the liatris flower, "and all my blossom cousins are called the same."

"That may be perfectly true," commenced the phlox which was very beautiful and pink, and before it had finished the liatris flower had interrupted.

"What do you mean by saying that what I have just said may be perfectly true? You know quite well it is perfectly true, don't you? You should know that. If you don't know it, you are very stupid."

"I'm sorry," said the pink phlox, "I really hadn't finished talking. If you had given me a chance to finish I am sure you would have heard me say something quite truthful."

"That is all very well for you to say now, because, of course, I have warned you."

"Now it would appear that you don't believe me," said the pink phlox.

"I didn't exactly mean that."

"There! Don't accuse others too hastily," said the pink phlox. "You may find that you often say things that you don't mean at all the way creatures take them to mean. You are just ready to have a quarrel and I won't quarrel with you. But I will tell you a thing or two."

"All right," said the liatris flower, "I am sorry I was so impatient."

Now the pink phlox was a very happy, cheerful flower and this is what it said to the liatris:

"There are many creatures," said the phlox, "who don't care at all how unhappy they may make others. They may say things because they are angry and because they think they are the only ones who are right, and they may enjoy saying unkind things."

"They neither think, nor do they care that what they say may hurt others for a long, long time. Now I know, liatris, that while you are full of spikes you're not really as dreadful as you started in to be today."

"You are very beautiful and you make no fuss about growing. Your beautiful purple blossoms are lovely and they add a great deal to the beauty of a garden."

"To be sure it's a pity that your spikes are just where the blossoms are, for that is unlike the way most flowers grow that have spikes or bristles. But your lovely star-like blossoms are very pretty and gay and you make many people happy to look at you."

"But dear liatris flower, don't start quarreling. It's a very bad habit. I understand you and so I won't quarrel with you. But still it makes me feel



"What Wonderful Luck You Have With Your Flowers."

unhappy when you won't let me finish a speech I am making and interrupt to tell me I'm not speaking the truth."

"I'm sorry, pretty pink phlox," said the liatris flower, "and I'm sure I'm thankful to you for your good advice. It's a bad habit for a flower to get into to try to quarrel with its neighbors."

"It's a bad habit for anyone or anything to get into," said the phlox. "I don't really think there is anything quite so mean as a creature or a person who will say things to make others unhappy and won't care in the least little bit whether they are made unhappy or not."

"Yes," said the liatris flower, "you are right. And as I must have my spikes because I am born and bred with spikes for generations back, at least I can be gay and happy and cheerful, can't I?"

"We all can," said the pink phlox.

"Yes, that's so," said the white phlox.

"It's quite, quite true," agreed the purple phlox.

"There's nothing like being cheerful," said the marigold, and the red geraniums from their bed, said,

"It's fine to be gay and bright and cheerful."

"We think so too," said the poppies. "And so do we," said the beautiful blue maid of the mist flowers.

"We try our best," said the striped grass.

"And we will try even harder than ever, from this day on," said the candy-tuft flowers.

So all the flowers did their best to look as gay and bright as possible and everyone who saw this garden said,

"What wonderful luck you have with your flowers."

And the lady who loved the garden and who cared for it said, "I believe my flowers want to make everyone happy."

And the flowers nodded their heads, whispering, "She's right."