

Machines Help Red Cross In Big Task



An electric cutting machine is shown in the lower photograph cutting through 216 layers of cloth. The pattern has been stenciled on the top layer by means of a perforating and chalking machine.

The upper photograph shows the assembling room of the Red Cross Cutting Department, where garments are packed and shipped to chapters.

STRINGENT STEPS TO PREVENT GAS WASTAGE ABROAD

American Red Cross Gets Every Ounce of Driving Power-Out of Every Gallon Used.

Gas consumption in France, at present, on American Red Cross ambulances in Europe, is measured by blocks to the liter rather than miles to the gallon. Gas or "essence" is a precious article in the war zone and not at all easy to get—in fact, almost impossible to buy for cash.

Fortunately, the gas stations maintained by the French and American armies cooperate with the American Red Cross Motor Service and allow ambulances and trucks to obtain limited quantities of gas on "earned" or tripartite orders supplied to Red Cross drivers.

Any gas obtained from a French Station, however, is merely borrowed, and the Red Cross must return it liter for liter from stocks reaching it at the various ports. The official orders filled from American Army stores are redeemed in cash. The French, however, will not part with their gasoline for money.

With gasoline, as well as motor equipment, so precious, the Red Cross has instituted unusual gas-saving measures governing its entire fleet of ambulances, trucks and other gas vehicles. Carburetor adjustments, no idling, no excessive revving, no excessive use of valves or any other defect which will lower its "blockage" per quart or waste oil. No chauffeur who is not an expert in getting maximum "blockage" remains long at the wheel. Every chance of "joy riding" is eliminated by a system which will be adopted by owners of pleasure cars and trucks of the United States.

No car leaves the garage even for a trip of four blocks until the odometer reading is taken carefully and gas in the tank or in reserve cans measured accurately. The driver starts out with a trip card registering all these facts, and new readings are taken on his return to the garage or on his arrival at the next Red Cross Motor Transportation station.

If his odometer shows that he has deviated from the shortest path between the garage and his objective, or if his time indicates that he has been delayed, he is called upon for an explanation. A doubtful excuse brings a sharp warning. A second offense puts him on the "wash rack," washing dirty cars for several days. As all Red Cross drivers are militarized, he has to take his medicine. A third offense may send him to the Provost Marshal of the American Army in Paris as a military offender. Various punishments are meted out, but the most feared of all, they say, is a letter that the man be separated from the Red Cross and sent back to America in disgrace!

MODERN DEVICES PLAY BIG PART IN RED CROSS WORK

Electrical Machines Enable Atlantic Division to Turn Out 100,000 Hospital Garments Each Week.

One hundred thousand garments are being turned out each week by the Atlantic Division of the Red Cross as its share in the nation-wide allotment of the hospital and refugee garments asked for by the government. This statement, authorized by Ethel Allen, Manager of the Division, was based upon figures compiled at the Division Cutting Department which supplies cut garments to seventy per cent of the chapters in the States of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut.

Using the most up-to-date electrical equipment, the Cutting Department is able to cut the materials for hospital shirts, pajamas, nurses' undershirts, boys' and girls' clothing, gowns and children's pinfrees at the rate of 70,000 yards every five and a half days. This means not only the cutting but the assembling of the parts, the packing and the shipping of the garments to the chapters, where they are sewed and made ready for wear. It is estimated that chapters save from three to seven cents on each of the garments supplied through the Cutting Department.

The garments are cut on requisition from chapters. Orders are often filled in one day and rarely later than two days. Bath robes, bed jackets, pajamas, bandaged-foot socks—these and all other garments on the Red Cross list are cut according to official patterns.

Machine Marks Patterns. Ninety-foot tables and sixty-foot tables are used in the operation of cutting the garments. The material is spread out by "laying-up" machines, which unroll it from the bolt in layers extending the whole lengths of the tables. The design is marked on the top layer, either by hand or by the stenciling process of spreading black powder over dots in a perforated pattern. Sometimes an electrical machine is used, which marks out the pattern on the goods by burning tiny holes in it. After the marking process cutting machines with ten-inch blades are operated around the pattern. The most efficient of these machines will cut 216 layers of heavy fabric in one operation.

When the garments are cut they go to the assembling-room, where they are sorted into bundles. One girl collects all the small pieces that go to make the sleeves, collars, cuffs and pockets of pajamas. These are then passed on to another girl, who adds the front and back pieces. A third girl adds the other part, and completes the garment, which is then wrapped in a bundle with two others. A similar procedure is followed in assembling other garments.

No Material Wasted.

Each bolt of goods is measured before cutting and an estimate made of just exactly how many garments it contains. For example, 216 layers of bolt contain 144 dozen hospital shirts. If the material lays 23 1/2 high, 137 dozen may be secured from one cutting. A narrow strip of material, eight hospital bed shirts may be cut. To add a piece of waste material larger than a three-quarter inch triangle is unusual. In these scraps are no wasted, for they are sold to rag dealers.

RED CROSS SOLARIUM OPENED AT CAMP DIX.

A Red Cross Solarium, or convalescent home, at Camp Dix, Wrightstown, N. J., was opened recently in the presence of officials of the army and the Red Cross and an unusually large gathering of chapter workers from the nearby counties and towns. The solarium is similar in design to the thirty-eight other model solariums soon to be put into service by the Red Cross.

At the conclusion of a short speech, Albert W. Staub, Assistant Manager of the Atlantic Division, said: "This building represents the spirit of the American people and their interest in the health and comfort of the American soldiers. It is now ready for use, and the Red Cross is prepared to conduct its activities under the supervision and subject to the wishes of the commanding officer."

ITALIAN SOLDIERS PLAYING BASEBALL WITH AMERICANS.

American baseball is supplying a new bond of fellowship between men of the Italian army and American Red Cross workers along the Italian front. It made an instant hit with the Italians. One of the ambulance men wrote recently: "Most of them, as yet catch the ball with their stomachs, but they are making rapid progress. They borrow our ball whenever it is not in use."

The Scrap Book

TAKE GOOD CARE OF MEN

Everything Possible Done to Safeguard the Health of American Soldiers in France.

It is the business of every general to see that his soldiers are housed and sheltered as well as circumstances will permit. A correspondent of the New York Sun, with the American army in France, describes the life of our boys in a way that ought to bring comfort to many parents who have hung out a service flag.

The soldiers' hut, he says, is a long, narrow building that holds from 30 to 50 beds. It is spick span, new, hygienic, well lighted and well aired. In the center is a stove with a rambling chimney. There is just enough heat to take the chill off the air, for the soldiers, with their warm blankets and flannel shirts, do not need more. The soldiers who sleep in barns are well domiciled, too, for great piles have been taken to make these big, high-roofed places sanitary and comfortable.

The American soldier is taking care of his health. There is no danger of his getting into trouble by drinking and water. We have seen many pumps and hydrants, but only one was marked "Water not good." That was near a deserted road, where the well had not been used for ages. When the American soldier is near hydrants are kept busy. He does not seem to take to the wine of the country. The Polit uses the pump for spritzing up, the American soldier for drinking purposes.

The boys spend the hour just after work stops and just before supper at the Y. M. C. A. canteen. In every canteen there is a piano, and the boys all sing. The piano may be as much out of tune and out of pitch as any some of the voices, but that does not seem to bother the crowd in the least. Each sings in his own way and key.

MADE HER ONE OF THEM

Rebuke Administered to Female Intruder in Smoking Car Neat and Well Deserved.

Mrs. Orler, a large, powerful woman, entered an overcrowded train, and, as she was too tired to stand, she went into the smoking car and took a seat near the door. She attracted no particular attention, as each man seemed to be absorbed in his tobacco and newspaper. The man seated next to her was perhaps unconscious of the vast quantities of smoke he was emitting, so intent was he in reading. "Hi!" she said, glowering at him, "I was foolish enough to suppose that some of the men in here at least were gentlemen."

The offender, straightened from his lounging posture. "Pardon me, madam," he answered, politely offering her a cigar.—Harper's Magazine.

Ferguson's Indefinite Sign

"While on one of my frequent surveying expeditions recently," related Professor Pate, "I observed a sign on a business house in a neighboring city which led me to musing. It read: 'Marry the Girl and See Ferguson.' I did not know him, and so I wondered if that was not a somewhat high price to pay for the privilege of beholding Ferguson. And then association of ideas brought back to me a recollection of the old-fashioned doll rack at the county fair, at which we used to throw three baseballs for a nickel and every time we knocked down a doll we got a good cigar. But the train for Kansas City was destined to depart in a few minutes and so I did not learn whether Ferguson's slogan was to be regarded as a promise or a threat."—Kansas City Star.

Worth of Butter Substitutes.

The Journal of the American Medical Association, on the authority of Dr. Hammond and Halliburton, points out that olefin margarins, which have as a basal fat, an olefin prepared from beef fat, can fully replace butter in the diet. Vegetable oil margarins, on the other hand, prepared from cotton-seeds, peanuts, etc., are by no means equal to butter and the oleo margarins in nutritive value.

It Wouldn't Work.

"Yes," said the exceedingly conscientious citizen, "I try to do my duty at all times, and I never hesitate to remind others of their duty." "Go ahead," returned his neighbor. "You may prove to be a useful member of society. But when you get through you'll have about as many sincere friends and admirers as an alarm clock."

Wasted Coal Recovered.

An interesting instance of man's tendency to waste valuable materials is emphasized by the recent coal situation. Pea coal used to be considered worthless and was disposed of by being dumped into the rivers. Of late the state of Maryland has seen fit to dredge out thousands of tons of this once-despised pea coal.

Used Flying Machine as Taxi.

To alight from an airplane "somewhere in Westminster" in order to attend an important parliamentary debate after a tempestuous channel flight, is a feat recently accomplished by Sir John Simon, who flew from the flying corps headquarters "somewhere in France" direct to the British house of commons.

SONG OF THE LIBERTY PLANE.

The Liberty battle plane over the sea Is hunting the Boche in the air, Where the sun cannot shine for the gray rolling smoke. Or the moon for the red, leaping glare She carries the hopes of the world on her wings. And she speeds in the wake of her prey.

For the flag has caressed her, and Freedom has blessed her, And Glory has pointed the way.

The Liberty flyer is roaring aloft To victory up in the sky. She is teaching the Hun with her lithe That her motto is conquer or die.

She is singing a song as she whizzes along With a brave U. S. soldier to man her. For the planes as they surge in the teeth of the gale Are humming "The Star-Spangled Banner."

—Minna Irving, in New York Herald.

ELECTRIFY SEEDS AND CROPS

Process That is Rapidly Gaining Popularity in England Gives Increased Yield.

The English press is manifesting considerable interest at present in the question of the application of electricity to agriculture as a means of increasing the supply of home-grown foodstuffs, says the Scientific American. Experiments which have been going on for some years in England have clearly demonstrated that the use of an electric discharge has a marked effect on crop production.

The subject has lately been brought to the fore by Charles Mereler, who, writing in the London Times, states that "great and startling improvements in agriculture are on the point of being introduced," and says that a method has been devised to overcome the difficulty of expense of electrification as applied to both the growing crops and the seed before it is sown.

Installations at which farmers can have their seed treated by experts have been erected at several centers and are capable of treating some 30,000 sacks per month. The increase of yield from seed so treated, though not so great as the increase from electrification of the growing crops, is stated to be considerable, ranging from 25 per cent to as much as 80 per cent.

STINGLESS



Dolls—I sowed some lawn seed at 125 cents a month ago, and what do you suppose came up?
Gals—Grass.
Dolls—Ah! somebody told you.

Uniform Comes First.

There was a long line of people at the box office of a theater in Chattanooga, Tenn., near Fort Oglethorpe, waiting to buy tickets. Among the crowd was a young man dressed in the uniform of a camp librarian in the service of the American Library association. He was near the end of the waiting line.

I presently a fat, jolly looking old fellow, who was standing just before him, turned and said: "Here, you're a soldier, take my place," whereupon the supposed soldier explained that he was not a soldier but a civilian in the employ of the library association.

"Don't make a bit of difference," said the old man, somewhat gruffly, "any fellow with a uniform is better than I am—step up," and he did.

Night Caps Returning.

Night caps of the "military" kind seem to be coming into vogue again. The boys in camp have proved their value and given them a good start in popularity. Colds in the head have almost ceased to trouble the M. O. since the night caps have been in use in the army. A medical man was uphauled the other day in declaring that their general use would prevent the majority of influenza colds. During these abnormal times, when so many heads are popped out of windows and doors in the night hours, night caps should prove popular "for the duration" if not longer.—London Chronicle.

Calking Ships Mechanically.

One of the important inventions which has been brought out by the present revival in shipbuilding is a pneumatic calking machine that eliminates hand work in filling the cracks and seams of a wooden vessel's hull and decks with tarred oakum. The new machine is provided with a metal finger that feeds the packing into the crack at the proper speed, while a hammer, driven by compressed air, pounds it in much faster than could be done by the old method.

Patriotic Californians.

At noon every day all the patrons and employees in a big San Francisco store stand at attention for three minutes while the flag is unfurled from a balcony. The store's band of 30 pieces and a chorus of 60 voices lead in the "Star-Spangled Banner."

ON THE FUNNY SIDE



At a Disadvantage.

"My friend," said the philosopher, "my motto is 'Stay on the sunny side of the street.'"
"I've tried that," replied the pessimist, "but it won't work."
"Why not?"
"The minute I brighten up people who know me as a 'man under a cloud' think that's an opportune time to strike me for a loan."

A Departed Treasurer.

"Was your boy Jess much of a help to you around the farm?"
"Yes," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "I didn't realize how much of a help he was. He didn't do much work. But he could play the lowdown and tell riddles and keep the farmhands entertained so that sometimes they'd stay for days at a time."

Too Busy Knitting.

"I proposed to Miss Feacher last night."
"Did she accept you?"
"She said, 'Yes,' in an absent-minded way, but I'm afraid that isn't final."
"Why not?"
"She was knitting at the time. I don't believe she understood what I asked her."

Less Trouble.

"My wife hates to answer the doorbell Sunday afternoon when she's comfortable in a kimono."
"Mine, too. But she says she'd rather take the trouble to dress than to wear herself out guessing around the circle of her friends trying to figure out who rang."

The Work Hater.

"This idea of an age limit is all right," said Pleading Pete. "But it stops too quick."
"What do you mean?"
"There's nothin' to look forward to. A man soon gets too old to fight, but he's never too old to work."

LATER THE BETTER.



Hubby—Hurry, dear, or we shall be too late for church.
Wife—We can't be too late when I'm wearing this new dress and hat.

Word Wasting.

The idleness where danger lies; Perhaps here is another chance For people to economize.

Its Class.

"What is that list hanging up there?"
"It is a catalogue of articles not subject to tariff duty."
"Then it ought to be the free list suspended."

A Good Reason.

"Why don't you accept him if he has offered to have his life insured in your favor?"
"Because if he was a good risk for the insurance company, he'd be a bad one for me."

Just Reward.

Weary Willie—Dat's the worst pie I ever tasted.
Mrs. Jones—Wait just a minute and I'll give you a dollar. That pie was baked by my husband's mother.

Crowded Out.

Mrs. Flathunter—Are there any rats or mice in this apartment?
Mr. Cubicle, the Agent—Only mice. We can't supply space for rats at less than \$150 a month.

The Proper Time.

"About what time was it when the witness was giving his evidence that the prisoner lost countenance?"
"I suppose it was when his face fell."

Wrong Again.

McGonigle—I think she's a brassy dame, Louis!
Hanson—You're wrong, Ed; she won't even rise to a stripped waistline.