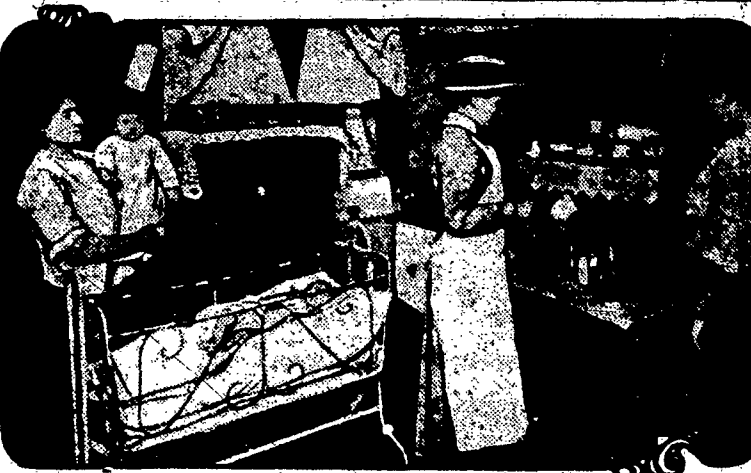


**AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE AMERICAN RED CROSS.**  
Public Health Nursing.



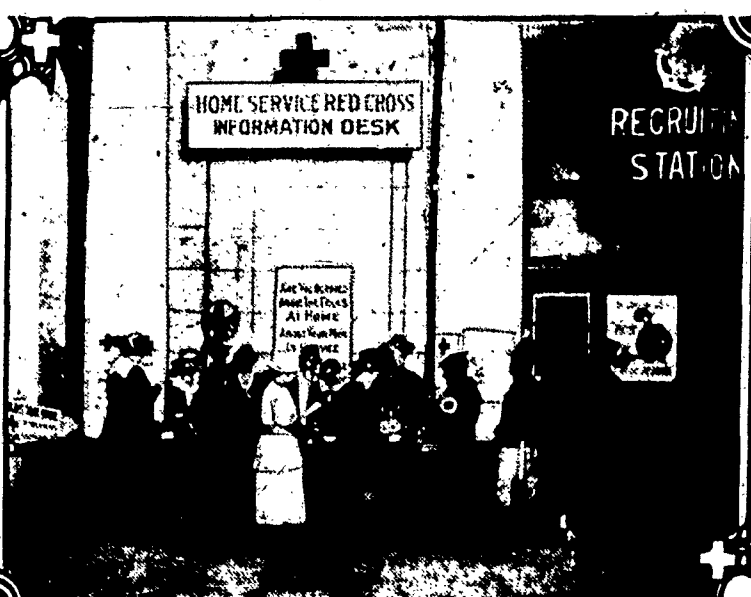
In the midst of its multifarious war duties the American Red Cross did not neglect its obligations to the civilian population at home. Throughout the conflict it maintained its Bureau of Public Health Nursing, instruction in first aid, home nursing and sanitation, and disaster relief. Particularly in their work for the babies was effort by public health nurses important. The accompanying photograph shows a Red Cross public health nurse instructing a mother in the proper preparation of the baby's diet.

**AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE AMERICAN RED CROSS.**  
In the Arctic Circle.



Wherever American soldiers went during the war and after, there also went the American Red Cross. This policy carried Red Cross workers to far corners of the globe and here they are seen near the rim of everlasting ice and snow in North Russia. Automobiles were used whenever possible but on many journeys the reindeer pictured here proved most effective.

**AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE AMERICAN RED CROSS.**  
Home Service.



One of the finest constructive activities of the American Red Cross in the war was Home Service in the United States, the friendly connecting link between the soldier far from home and his loved ones. This branch of the work which under the peace program of the Red Cross will be expanded to benefit all who need the assistance it can provide, is directed by scientifically trained social workers. Since instituted Home Service has assisted 800,000 soldiers' and sailors' families. This photograph shows one of the innumerable Home Service information bureaus where service men and their families could bring their problems for solution.

**AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE AMERICAN RED CROSS.**  
Repatriating Prisoners.



When hostilities ceased there were in the hands of their Teuton captors millions of prisoners of war of all Allied countries, the terrible plight of whom is well known to all the world. Red Cross workers, carrying relief supplies of clothing, medicines and supplementary foodstuffs, penetrated the Central Powers as soon after the armistice as the military authorities would permit, and the work of getting the prisoners started back to their own countries was soon begun. In this photograph a group of these men are seen packed up and restored to something like normal health, awaiting the train that will carry them out of bondage.

**ATLANTIS NOT MERELY NAME**

Geologists Firmly Convinced That "Lost Continent" Did Actually Exist and Was Destroyed.

The story of "Lost Atlantis," appealing as it does so strongly to the imagination, will always have a fascinating interest. To most people, however, it is but a name. They cannot tell you where the vanished continent is supposed to have been or what is the origin of the tradition in regard to it. Much less do they realize that geologists today are of the opinion that there actually was an Atlantis and that the tale is no myth. The Greeks Phoenicians wrote about it as of a continent that had disappeared not very long before the earliest of those writers were born. There is even good reason for believing that the trading ships of the Phoenicians maintained a traffic with the seaports of Atlantis in centuries antedating the dawn of history.

One should realize that history—meaning by that term the written story of peoples—does not go back very far. The earliest history of the Mediterranean regions does not go back further than 3,000 years before the birth of Christ. Hence it is conceivable that Atlantis, concerning which we have only tradition, which is mouth-to-mouth history, may have existed no longer ago than 6000 or 7000 B. C.

Geologists say that there was such a continent as that described and that Phoenician and Greek voyagers might easily have reached it, inasmuch as it occupied a large part of the present oceanic area between northern Africa and the Caribbean.

Nobody can even guess how broad it was, but it was about 1,000 miles long from north to south. It was very mountainous and on its western slopes were many large rivers.

When Atlantis sank beneath the sea it did not wholly disappear. Small patches of it still remain above the surface of the ocean, two of these being the island of Jamaica and the Barbados. As continents go, Atlantis was never very old. It rose out of the ocean not more than 3,000,000 or possibly 4,000,000 years ago. Phoenician tradition ascribed to the people of Atlantis a high civilization.

**A Matter of Address.**

Considerably out of patience, he was endeavoring to play golf at the Muncie Country club and in his first attempt at a drive sliced the ball miserably. The words he used, although spoken in an undertone, were sufficient to make the caddy look up appreciatively, accounted as the boy was to the use of eloquence by players under such circumstances.

A short distance away was the player's wife who inquired ever so gently: "Did you say anything to me, Fred?" "No, I was just addressing the ball," he replied.

**Anticlimax.**

She clung to him. He could feel the subtle warmth of her burning into his soul. Something within him stirred. He touched her bare shoulders with the tips of his fingers, her hot breath in his face.

"My gosh!" he said, trembling. "What would you have me do?"

She lifted her eyes to his—eyes in which burned an inscrutable fire.

"Pick up your feet, you poor fish, and don't step on my gown again until this dance is over," she murmured. —California Pelican.

**Where He Caught Him.**

A man was brought up before a magistrate for stealing a cheese from a grocer's doorway. The principal witness, a carter, told how he had seen the man take the cheese, and had run up and held him.

"Then you caught him in the nefarious act?" said the magistrate.

"The what, sir?" said the witness. "You caught him in the nefarious act, I say," repeated the magistrate.

"Not me," was the reply: "I caught him by the scruff of the neck."

**A Practical Man.**

"Forty thousand dollars is cheap for that picture," said the disgusted dealer. "Art, sir? You don't know the meaning of art."

"Maybe I don't," replied the self-made millionaire, "but I know the value of money. There are cheaper ways to cover four square feet of wall space than by paying \$10,000 a foot for a piece of canvas painted by some old duffer who lived in a garret 200 years before I was born." —Birmingham Age-Herald.

**Doing His Bit.**

A big ducky was being registered. "Ah can't go to war," he answered, in plea for exemption. "for they ain't nobody to look after mah wife."

A dapper little undersized colored brother stepped briskly up and inquired: "What kind of a lookin' lady is yo' wife?" —Carry On.

**Teddy Came First.**

Bernice was fond of Teddy, our faithful old watch dog. One evening when her mother had informed her that after dinner they were to visit a friend, she calmly exclaimed: "Oh, I can't go; I have an appointment with Teddy." —Exchange.

**Kept Her Heart.**

Black—You say her heart is still her own?  
White—Oh, yes; she simply married an old millionaire?—Judge.

**THRILL IN PARACHUTE FALL**

Sport Declared Well Worth the Small Amount of Danger Inseparably From the Act.

Like most of the other alleged dangers of ballooning, writes T. A. McDonald in the Wide World Magazine, parachuting may be called the danger of the imagination. Terrible results may happen, and the contemplation of their possible arrival is apt to rack the nerves; but accidents, thanks to the ingenuity of Spencers and other parachute manufacturers, are very rare. Here is an account of my first experience. Shutting my eyes, I took a header over the edge of the basket and 'dropped.' A breathless plunge of about a hundred and fifty feet, a feeling much the same as one has in doing a steep dive on a scenic railway, and then a tug on my legs from my harness, and the parachute had opened. For a few moments I felt as though I was remaining absolutely still in the air, the first dead drop being so rapid that I did not notice the 12 miles or so at which my opened parachute was carrying me toward the ground. Then I glanced downward and saw the ground rising toward me, and I also noticed that I was moving fairly rapidly in a lateral direction with the wind. Eighty seconds or so later I landed with a slight thud on my back, cut my parachute rope to avoid being dragged, and then got on my feet, firmly convinced that parachuting was splendid sport and well worth whatever danger it involved.

**PRIZED RELICS OF THE MAGI**

Cologne Cathedral Said to Contain the Skulls of the Three "Wise Men of the East."

A British army chaplain celebrated mass recently in the great Cologne cathedral at the altar of the relics of the Magi, the skulls of the three wise men who came from the East to visit the newly born Savior at Bethlehem.

Tradition says that the Empress Helene procured the bones and took them to Constantinople, whence they were removed to Milan. In 1164 they were presented by Frederick Barbarossa to Archbishop Reinold von Dassel, who brought them to Cologne. At first they were kept in the chapel of the Magi, the central chapel of the seven flanking the choir, but since the war they have been put away in the cathedral treasury, near the organ.

The bones are kept in a golden reliquary. A costly specimen of Romanesque craftsmanship in the form of a basilica, said to have been made about 1200 A. D. In the Cologne coat-of-arms three crowns are represented, the ownership of the Magi relics having suggested the design.

**Wasn't it a Pity?**

Little Anne was very fond of ripe olives, and her mother had to watch her to see that she did not indulge too freely. One day there was company, and Anne managed to have the olive dish stopped near her plate.

After the dinner her mother pointed to the pile of pits on Anne's plate and asked:

"How could you make such a pile of yourself? I should think you would be ashamed to see so many pits, and ashamed to have others see them."

Anne hung her head and replied: "I was. That's the reason I threw all the rest of them on the floor."

**She Really Bought!**

She is a new bride who is trying to imitate the customs of the women in her neighborhood. So to clubs and shopping she often trips. Since she is a new bride she relates her experiences to her husband. The other night he came home and noticed that she wore a very anxious look.

"Where did you go today?" he asked. Her eyes grew even brighter as she made answer: "Oh, I went shopping and, Tom, I bought a tea strainer." —Indianapolis News.

**Got It Bad.**

The young man about town had just been accepted by "the one girl in the world," who, nevertheless, was a member of a forty-strong beauty chorus.

"So you think you love her?" smiled her father. "I know I love her," swore the infatuated youth.

"Are you sure you love her as much as you think you do?"

"I'm sure of more than that. I love her as much as she thinks I do."

**Looked That Way.**

One doesn't often look for humor in a church, but the other Sunday a considerable portion of a congregation nearly burst into laughter. The mirth was occasioned by a little boy, who was being brought to service for the first time. When the choir entered in its surplices he whispered decidedly audibly:

"Daddy, are they all going to have their hair cut?"

**Just a Reminder.**

"I could sit here forever and gaze into your eyes," said the impassioned suitor.

"Henrietta," called the young lady's father from his easy chair, in the adjoining room.

"Yes, father?"

"Tell the young man our lease on this house expires in 1920."

**Tact.**

Total Stranger—How like a Chinese that woman is over there.

Absolute Ditto—Indeed? She is my wife.

T. S.—Y-e-e-s. Her—oh—feet are so delightfully small, y'know.

**LIVES OF THE SAINTS**

With Reflections for Every Day in the Year

Compiled by  
REV. ALBAN BUTLER

This volume offers in compendious form the lives of many eminent servants of God.

The life of each Saint and the history of each great festival are given in succinct, but clear style, and each day closes with a practical reflection.

There is no better book for fostering a spirit of piety than the "Lives of the Saints" and this edition with its low price, clear and legible type, ought to be in every Catholic family.

406 pages, net, 75 cents

Will be sent postage paid on receipt of 85 cents

A living, breathing, loving personality

**OUR OWN ST. RITA**

A LIFE OF THE SAINT OF THE IMPOSSIBLE

By REV. M. J. CORCORAN, O.S.A.

St. Rita gives us the feeling that she is very near to us—a Saint that we can understand. She was so human, and bore the weight of so many woes with patience and kindness of heart. Reading of her beautiful life gives us a new incentive each day, new courage to lift again our cross and struggle bravely on.

The Saint stands before us in her girlhood, and her womanhood, as mother, wife, widow, nun; a living, breathing, loving personality, thoroughly sweet and thoroughly good, yet thoroughly human.

12mo, cloth, illus., net, \$1.00

Will be sent postage paid on receipt of \$1.15

A Cheerful, Helpful Book

**YOUR SOUL'S SALVATION**

INSTRUCTIONS ON PERSONAL HOLINESS

By REV. EDWARD F. GARESCHE, S.J.

16mo, cloth, net, 90 cents

Will be sent postage paid on receipt of \$1.05

For Religious there are many manuals of holy living; for the Catholic man or woman in the world there are comparatively few; fewer still that deal with life as it is lived at the present time. Father Garesche's book supplies this need.

It is full of practical suggestions. It is interesting, cheery, full of edification and inspiration.

OTHER BOOKS BY FATHER GARESCHE  
The Most Beloved Woman Your Neighbor and You  
Your Interests Eternal  
Each, net, 90 cents. Sent postpaid for \$1.00

A New Boy's Story

**Held in the Everglades**

By REV. H. S. SPALDING, S.J.

12mo, cloth, frontispiece, \$1.25 postpaid

The story of an American lad, who, unconsciously, in his own little way, contributes his "bit" towards helping Uncle Sam win the war.

The tale deals with a red-headed, freckled face orphan, who leaving his guardians for what he thinks is an easier life, soon experiences unimaginable adventures with an "Indian" who afterwards turns out to be a rich man's son attempting to dodge the draft.

OTHER BOOKS BY FATHER SPALDING  
The Cave by the Beech Fork The Camp by Copper River  
The Sheriff of the Beech Fork The Race for Copper Island  
The Marks of the Bear Claws The Sugar Camp and Allies  
The Old Mill on the Withrose  
Each book with frontispiece, \$1.25 postpaid

Send all orders to Catholic Journal, Rochester, N. Y.