

## UNWELCOME GUEST

By JACK LAWTON.

The married life of Beatrice and Billy had been ideally happy. But when he entered the little flat one day and gave to Beatrice a letter, Billie's manner was constrained.

"It's from aunt," he explained tersely, "wants to come and visit us."

"Not," Beatrice said, "your Aunt Drusilla, Billy?"

"Being that Aunt Drusilla is the only aunt I possess, it is naturally herself." His tone was pettish.

Beatrice's soft eyes filled with tears. "But Billy," she protested, "we just can't have her. We've been so blissful alone. Your father has always held up this sister of his as a paragon housekeeper. You know how very particular your mother says she was about—everything. She's unmarried, of course, and will criticize me, and my lack of system, and oh! you needn't tell me—" as Billy ventured a remonstrance—"I know that exemplary kind of woman. She will be the snake in our Eden."

"Beatrice caught herself up. 'How long is she going to stay, Billy?'"

The young husband avoided his wife's aggrieved eyes.

"About a month, she says," he replied.

Beatrice stiffened defiantly.

"Well, she won't stay a month here," she said.

"Aunt Drusilla writes," Billy suggested, "that she is longing to meet her new niece. She hasn't seen me since I was almost a kid. She was going to be married then, I remember, but something broke it off."

"Her own exacting disposition probably," Beatrice spitefully remarked.

"That's not quite fair of you," Billy defended. His wife smiled.

"You see," she said, "she's beginning to make trouble between us already."

Trouble indeed seemed to fall to Billy's lot. Mentally he blamed the aunt who insisted upon thrusting her presence where the presence of two, was all sufficient. And upon the day of Aunt Drusilla's arrival Beatrice fell ill.

In vain Billy telephoned various women helpers. The helpers were busy. As a last resort, and though his pocketbook could ill afford it, Billy sought a nurse's agency. No nurse could be promised within three days at least. And though the malady from which Beatrice suffered was not necessarily serious, the doctor assured him that she must have immediate care.

Billy himself prepared his wife's breakfast coffee before he went to meet the inevitable Aunt Drusilla, and Beatrice made a face over the coffee.

"It's horrid," she said, ungraciously, "and you must insist upon taking your aunt to a hotel. She can't stay here now. You see that?" The voice ended in an invalid's wail. Billy hurriedly beat a retreat.

Billy considered his problems as he hurried his little car toward the station, and when he saw his waiting and half-forgotten aunt, his perplexity grew.

Here was not a quiet old body to be lightly disposed of, but a smiling and assured person in pleasing attire, her shrewd eyes twinkling at his from beneath waving hair.

"My dear boy!" she cried, putting forth her gloved hand in greeting. Then, after his very brief response, an awful thing happened to Billy. Stooping in hurried embarrassment to start the car's engine, the handle wrenched itself suddenly free from his grasp to deal him a terrible blow.

Billy, white with pain, knew what afterward proved to be true—that his arm was broken.

It was Aunt Drusilla who gently forced him into the car, and her competent self at the wheel, took him where prompt aid could be found. When the doctor had bandaged Billy into relief, Aunt Drusilla continued to drive the car home.

White lipped and weak, Billy managed to tell his aunt of his young wife's illness and of their now helpless plight. Apologetically he suggested a hotel as her own temporary refuge.

Aunt Drusilla good humoredly waved his suggestion aside.

"I wondered," she said laughingly, "why it was borne forcibly upon me that I must spend a month with you; now I know!"

Beatrice's first intimation of her unwelcome guest was when a sweet-faced woman bent sympathetically over her bed, proffering, as she introduced herself, an invitingly arranged luncheon tray.

"Billy has had an injury to his arm," the new aunt informed her, "and I have made him comfortable upon the couch."

"Now, sit up dearie, and let us get acquainted while you sample my cooking. I am so glad that I happened to come where I'm needed." The blue eyes twinkled through their glasses. "I'm going to have such a lovely time," Aunt Drusilla said, "fixing you and Billy up."

"Oh! we must not impose—" began Beatrice. But the little aunt silenced her with a smile.

"My dear!" she exclaimed, "this little service will be my pleasure. I am so glad that I came."

Impulsively Beatrice held out her arms.

"I am glad, too," she said, her eyes met the older woman's honestly.

(Copyright, 1919, Western Newspaper Union)

## SPROUL FULLY ENDORSES SEALS

### Governor Says Christmas Sale is Potent Force Back of State Health Program.

Harrisburg, Pa.—Governor William C. Sproul sees in the Christmas Red Cross Seal Sale one of the most potent agencies now being used to enlist the public back of the state's public health campaign.

"Only the co-operation of the public," says Governor Sproul, who is honorary chairman of the state seal committee, "will make it possible for the state adequately to deal with the various disease problems that face us."

"We cannot hope to prevent all disease. But we can properly hope to go far in the direction of preventing preventable disease. We can reduce the dangers of contagion. But in every health movement it is necessary that the public and the state work along the same lines."

"The Christmas Red Cross Seal has back of it the force of Christmas sentiment. But it also stands for practical endeavor. The funds raised by the seal sale are used to bring home to all of our people a realization of the fact that the white plague can be conquered and a knowledge of how to conquer it. The Christmas seal is intimately associated with the child victim of the white plague. If we can so order society that the children are safe from the white plague, we are on a fair way to solving our problem."

"The private agencies that are financed by means of the seal sale co-operate, I understand, with the state department of health, and particularly with the bureau of tuberculosis and the local tuberculosis dispensaries."

"In short the seal sale helps make it possible to align the public back of the state's health program. And for that reason it has my cordial endorsement, as well as the approval of the state department of health."

### TUBERCULOSIS CROSS A SYMBOL OF CHARITY AND HELP TO HUMANITY

The double red cross as a symbol or emblem of the organizations fighting the white plague has been in use for seventeen years. It was first adopted for this purpose by the International Anti-Tuberculosis Association in Berlin in October, 1902. It was proposed by Dr. G. Sersiron, of Paris. Dr. Sersiron took the shape of this cross from the common Croix de Lorraine and the cross of the Greek Catholic church. Today this emblem is used by anti-tuberculosis workers all over the world.

The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis in 1903 adopted the double barred cross for use in the United States. Neither the form nor the proportions were specified and the result was a variety of shapes and proportions. Because of this condition the National Association in 1919 appointed a special committee to consider the design and the dimensions of the double barred cross as the emblem for all anti-tuberculosis organizations in the United States. The committee reported in favor of a double cross with equal cross arms, the upper standard being shorter and the lower standard longer than the cross arms; the ends of both arms and standards being pointed instead of square.

This design was fixed upon for these reasons:

Because the design selected is furthest removed from any design having a religious significance.

Because it is furthest removed from the well-known emblem used by the American Red Cross.

Because its wide-spread use in this country by many anti-tuberculosis associations over a long period of years has associated it in the public mind with the tuberculosis movement.

The two crosses, the Croix de Lorraine and the cross of the Greek Catholic church, united in forming the tuberculosis cross, are symbols of charity and help to humanity.

### YOUR CHANCE TO BECOME BOND HOLDER OF HEALTH

A new feature of the Christmas Red Cross Seal Campaign this fall is the Health Bond. Health Bonds are used as substitutes for seals in cases where persons do not care to accept seals, at one cent each, for the amount of their subscription. The seals come in denominations of five, ten, twenty-five, fifty and one hundred dollars.

The Health Bonds can be bought by a person who wishes to devote any one of the sums mentioned to the fight on tuberculosis and the improving of the public health and does not want seals.

Liberty Bonds return interest in money. Health Bonds return interest in good health, for Health Bonds will help to improve the health of your community and your neighbors, and your health depends partly upon the health of your neighbors.

### YOUR SYMBOL OF HOPE



This is the emblem of the tuberculosis organizations which sponsor the sale of Red Cross Seals at the Christmas season. In this state the organization is the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, which has affiliated societies in many communities.

## RED CROSS SEAL FUNDS MANY USES

### State and Local Tuberculosis Societies Carry on Much Constructive and Definite Work.

Proceeds from the sale of Red Cross Seals finance the fight on Tuberculosis. This work in Pennsylvania is carried on under the direction of the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis. This association has local organizations in many localities which conducted the community work.

The largest proportion of the money coming from the sale of seals stays in the community in which the seals are sold. A small portion goes to the State Society.

The State Society and its associated branches carry on a definite and constructive work for eradicating the white plague and the improving of the public health.

Following are the uses to which Red Cross Seal funds are applied:

Aiding in the work of the Pennsylvania Society, which has a constructive program for the prevention of tuberculosis, and organizes, co-ordinates and unifies measures for the fulfillment of the program.

Co-operating with the state department of health, particularly in the bureau of Tuberculosis Sanatoria, the local tuberculosis dispensaries, and the state health exhibit; and with local departments of health, for the promotion of all forms of anti-tuberculosis work.

Carrying on direct educational work as to the nature, treatment and prevention of tuberculosis, such educational work being addressed to securing the adoption of definite community activities in the anti-tuberculosis campaign.

Propaganda efforts for the establishment and operation by public authorities of survey, nursing, clinic, hospital, sanatorium, day or night camp, open-air school or class, or other kindred agencies.

Educational and other work for safeguarding infants, school children, industrial employees, and others from tuberculosis infection, and for increasing their powers of resistance to such infection.

Looking after men rejected in the draft because they had tuberculosis and also soldiers leaving the army with impaired health. Names have been secured from the surgeon general's office and tuberculosis workers are hunting out these men.

Employment of nurses for tuberculosis surveys or for assisting and nursing the sick, securing admission to hospitals and sanatoria, giving instruction in the home for safeguarding other members of the family and the public.

Aiding in the work and development of the state dispensaries for the diagnosis and treatment of tuberculosis, demonstrating the need of, and, if necessary, temporarily operating open-air schools or fresh-air classes for children.

Establishment and, if need be, temporary operation of preventoria for pre-tuberculous cases, or children's divisions of sanatoria or hospitals.

In an emergency, payment in whole or in part for maintenance of patients in hospitals or sanatoria.

After-care, that is, advice, employment, and relief of patients leaving sanatoria as arrested and cured.

Relief of whatever medical or material form may be needed for families in which there is a case of tuberculosis which cannot be placed in a hospital.

Relief which may be needed to enable a patient who is a breadwinner or caretaker of a family to accept hospital care.

## CAPITAL BLUNDERS

By BERNICE CONE.

Maida Lane, teacher at Primary No. 5, shrugged into her yellow sweater and went out, locking the door of the empty school house after her. She had always loved yellow. It was, she said, the color of spring sunshine and daffodils. Unfortunately it was also the color of a slip of paper that rustled hatefully in the sweater pocket as she walked—a telegram from Phil Drew.

"Due in New York Monday, 10 a. m. Bride with me," it announced cheerfully.

"Bride with me" had resolved itself into a maddening refrain. Everything that she did kept time to it.

The road from the schoolhouse to her home was an unfrequented one. A little way down it stood a great red oak tree. Bob was waiting there as usual. Quite suddenly Maida threw her arms around his neck and surprised herself by sobbing her heart out against his tan coat. "Woof!" said the collie huskily; "Woof!"

"The worst of it is, Bob," said the girl, sitting up at length. "I haven't the right to feel this way, even. Just because you've gone with a fellow all through high school doesn't make you engaged to him. And if he enlists and goes across the water, and you knit for him, and pray for him, and write to him, and he writes to you, and you send him candy and cigarettes and things, and he sends you souvenirs, and—and—why, you haven't any call to resent it if he gets married, have you? And there's no reason at all why you should get bitter over it."

"And, Bob," continued the dog's mistress earnestly, "if you've so far forgotten your human nature as to be too frankly happy when the letters come, and too openly puffed up over the souvenirs, why, then, you must expect Brookville to smile a little, and pry a little, and pity you some when you receive a telegram like this."

"So we'll be awfully nice to Mr. and Mrs. Philip Drew, but not too nice, or Brookville will know how we feel—and that's one thing, Bob; Brookville may guess that we feel badly, but it's never going to know absolutely certain, sure. Come on, boy; let's be happy! Race you!"

With a brave little attempt at laughter from Maida and a joyous bark from Bob they were off.

On Monday afternoon, as the teacher of No. 5 again reached for her yellow sweater, a shadow fell across the schoolhouse floor. She looked up quickly. Phil Drew's six feet filled the door frame. The sunlight back of him gave to his figure the illusion of a statue done in bronze. Maida's heart began to beat a glad welcome that was as quickly drowned in the refrain, "Bride with me."

She held out her hand formally. "Phil Drew!" she exclaimed, with a smile and what she considered the proper amount of polite interest. "I'm so glad to see you back again!"

The bronze statue blinked in amazed chagrin. "Didn't you get my telegram?" it demanded.

"Of course. It was so thoughtful of you to let me know just when you were coming. I want to congratulate you," she continued sweetly. "It will give me a great deal of pleasure to meet Mrs. Drew."

"Huh?" inquired the bronze one, too dazed for elegance of speech.

"I'm looking forward to meeting Mrs. Drew," Maida repeated, slightly puzzled in her turn. "Your—your telegram said—"

"That we were due at ten," interrupted Phil. "I hoped you'd meet me."

"Why—" she faltered. "I—I didn't think you would want me to."

Phil frowned. "Look here, Maida," he protested, "I don't know what you're driving at, but you don't seem overjoyed to see me, that's sure. If there's someone else, why don't you say so, and not—"

"No," said Maida with the tragic finality of eighteen, "there will never be anyone else for me."

Lieutenant Philip Drew seized hungrily upon this assurance, and would have seized hungrily upon Maida, but that lady indignantly pushed him away. Her eyes blazed angrily, but there was a hint of tears in her voice. "I think you're the f-funny one," she said, thrusting the telegram into his hands, "to send me this, and then come here and pretend—"

"Ha, ha!" vociferated Lieutenant Phil, when he read the message. "That's right—Bride with—! Say, girlie, did you honestly think—why that's Tom Pride—you know. I wrote you about him, my buddy—he's over at the house now; came home with me—best fellow that ever lived. Just a little mistake in capital, that's all. 'Bride with—! no, sweetheart, I had to come home to get one of those.'"

(Copyright, 1919, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

### Sad Is Sad.

A mother, who was rather fond of the cheaper 10, 20, 30-cent melodramas, one afternoon took her young daughter, who had grown to consider herself above that sort of thing.

The daughter was bored, but the mother was greatly interested, and finally, when the heroine had got into a seemingly inextricable position, broke down and sobbed heartily.

"Mother, I wouldn't cry here," whispered the daughter significantly, accentuating the latter word.

"Let me alone," replied the other, hysterically. "If a thing is sad, it's sad; I can't cry according to price."—Life.

## WILSON'S WORDS CLEAR UP DOUBT

### CALIFORNIA THROWS OVER ITS LEADER, JOHNSON, AND RALLIES TO LEAGUE.

### WEST GIVES HIM OVATION

### All Doubtful Features of Pact Are Explained Away By President, and Former Doubters Hasten to Give Him Their Support.

(By Independent News Bureau, formerly Mt. Clemens News Bureau.)

Aboard President Wilson's Special Train—a continuous ovation along the Pacific coast and then on his eastward way back toward the capital was given to President Wilson as he came toward the end of his month daylong speaking tour in behalf of the League of Nations, California, particularly the delightful city of Los Angeles, went wild in its enthusiasm for him and his advocacy of the League, and it was in that state, perhaps, that he did his most successful missionary work. Hiram Johnson, California's former governor, now her United States senator, and considered by her as the most likely Republican candidate for the presidency in 1920, had before the arrival of President Wilson, convinced a great number of citizens that the League as at present formulated was not a good thing. He had told them that the United States, because of it, would be drawn into every petty European quarrel; he argued that we would lose our sovereignty by joining with the European nations. He had blamed the president for assenting to the possession by Japan of the Peninsula of Shan Tung in China.

### BUREAU CHANGES NAME

The Mount Clemens News Bureau, which has been furnishing reports on President Wilson's tour in behalf of the League of Nations to 5,500 papers, has adopted a new name and will hereafter be known as The Independent News Bureau.

But Mr. Wilson, with clear logic and with compelling eloquence, answered the entire satisfaction of California's people every objection which Senator Johnson had made to the League. And thousands of the state's citizens deserted the Johnson stand and immediately rallied to the support of the president. More than that they came forward and said, "We were against you, Mr. President, but now we are with you heart and soul." Still more than that, they let Senator Johnson know that they were no longer with him and that they disapproved of the speaking tour which he himself was making in opposition to the League and so powerful was the volume of public opinion which reached him, that the senator almost immediately abandoned his tour.

The Shan Tung question, because of the anti-Japanese feeling which undoubtedly exists along the Pacific coast was the most serious which the president had to answer. He explained to the people that he had been powerless to prevent the rich peninsula from being given to Japan, England and France, through a secret treaty, had promised it to Japan for entering the war and remaining in it. That treaty had to be carried out. Anyway it was not China that was losing Shan Tung, but Germany, which had seized the territory from China in 1918 and held it ever since. Japan had promised, the president explained, to return Shan Tung as soon as the peace treaty was ratified and it was only through the ratification of the treaty with the League of Nations inclusion, that China could ever expect to get her former property back. And she surely would get it back, he declared, through the ratification of the League. Therefore, through the same instrumentality no other nation could again prey upon the "Great, patient, diligent, but helpless kingdom." As to our being drawn into any European conflict. The president pointed out that no direct action such as the sending of troops to any part of the world to maintain or restore order could be taken by the Council of the League without a unanimous vote of the council members, therefore our vote could at once negative any such proposition as sending our soldiers where we did not want them sent. Besides, Mr. Wilson argued, "If you have to quench a fire in California you don't send for the fire department of Utah." But, he argued, there probably never will be another war, if the League is established, for the members promise either to arbitrate their difference and accept the decision of the arbitrator, lay the differences for discussion and publication before the Council of the League for a period of six months, and then, if possible, accept the council's advice. That failing, they agree to refrain from war for a further period of three months and nine months of "cooling off," the president contended, would prevent any armed conflict. These clear explanations satisfied every reasonable hearer and destroyed the "Bugaboos" which Senator Johnson and others had raised against the League. Through rugged Nevada into Utah, the land of Mormons, the president swept to find that those fine people were heartily with him for the League and a permanency of peace.

## THE MAY BASKET

By GENEVA A. ELDRIDGE.

Scent of apple blossoms filled Cynthia Smith's living room, a clumsy bee tumbled up and down the outside of the screen door, and now and then a swallow darted across the sunshine, his blue wings glistening. Away down the street sounded the rat-tat of a drum, and Cynthia heard the patter of children's feet running toward the town square. Still she sat tense and upright in the old-fashioned rocking chair, her mouth drawn in a straight hard line, her eyes fixed upon the work in her hands.

The screen door squeaked on its spring and a round-faced, brown-eyed little boy squeezed in, his eyes filled with surprise when he saw her sitting there so stiff, her work in her hands, and he stammered a little as he said: "Wh-why, Aunt Cynthia, ain't you going to meet the train and see the p-parade?"

Soft and quick came her answer: "No, dear, not today."

"But Aunt Cynthia, they ain't goin' to be no more p-parade days, an' I got on my white suit, an' mother thought maybe you'd like to have a little boy what was all spic and span to go wiv you."

And his little face grew wistful and troubled. He had never seen an Aunt Cynthia like this before, so straight and strange.

He meant to know before he left just why she was staying home the day everyone else in town was going down to welcome the boys from France. So he crept up close and whispered: "Is it 'cause Joe ain't comin' home, auntie?" Tears sprang to her eyes as she gathered the little spic and span boy close.

"Yes, Teddie boy, that's just why auntie ain't going. She can't bear it."

Now that Teddie was sure he felt that he ought to say something to help make auntie happier, so he said as he stroked her face with his fat little hand: "Never mind, auntie; I've got a secret and maybe tonight 'bout dark you'll know it. Maybe right 'fore supper, maybe right after, anyway, don't you come out doors right that time, will you?"

And auntie promised to stay in the house. Then hearing his mother calling he scampered away leaving Aunt Cynthia alone with her thoughts. Slowly she closed her eyes and in imagination saw the town square filled with people, the train pulling in filled with returning soldiers, the happy greetings, and far and faint she heard the band and the cheering.

The hot tears trickled slowly down her face as she whispered, "And mine reported missing; my boy, who was the pride of my heart!" And then Teddie's happy little face seemed to shine out, and she remembered what a comfort he had been all the weary months, "and now he is coming to hang me a May basket, bless his dear little heart, and I must cheer up for his sake. I think I will plan a little surprise myself."

So she went into her dining room and set the pretty table, bringing in great bunches of apple blossoms to decorate it with until the room looked like fairyland in the pink and white dress. She frosted little round cakes and made an iced drink for the crystal glasses, and almost before she knew it, twilight came drifting down. The drums had ceased their rat-tat and happy voices called to one another in the street. "It's almost time for Teddie and his secret," she thought as she patted her hair into place. Then she heard steps tiptoeing up the board walk and a child's quick panting breath, and she smiled the old-time glad smile that she used to greet the boy with who was missing tonight when he came to hang May baskets at the very same door.

When two fat fists pounded hard on the screen door she waited only long enough for a small boy to hide before she opened the door, to find a dainty little basket, all fringed and festooned and fairly bursting with candy kisses, setting on the step.

"Why, how surprised I am," she said. "Who could have left this beautiful little basket here? Surely it's a mistake; some little boy must have thought Susie Grimes lived here."

Just then a small boy in white wriggled out from behind the snowball bush and called breathlessly, "No, no, Aunt Cynthia, 'tain't no 'stake, it's my secret and some more of it is 'hind the catalpa tree. You come see." But just then a khaki-clad figure sprang out with wide-open arms, and then Ted's secret was out.

"Oh, Joe," cried Aunt Cynthia as she wept in his arms, "how you must have felt not to find me at the train to meet you."

"That's all right, mother; I don't blame you under the circumstances. When Ted told me his secret I thought I'd wait and surprise you."

"Some May basket all around, hey? Say, Ted, it looks like frosted cakes and lemonade in the dining room; let's hurry for mess."

And as mother and son wiped the tears of gladness from their eyes, a little voice shrilled out: "You won't never cry no more on p-parade day, will you, Aunt Cynthia?"

(Copyright, 1919, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

### No Housework for Them.

"Well, the soldiers learned to sweep, wash and cook."

"Yep, the present crop of brides is going to have a perpetual cinch."