

I could faintly hear the band and the laughter. 'But for me,' I continued, 'why, but for me and other coins people couldn't do anything at all. It is we who give them their power. Just see what I have done this very day since I got up—I have bought tickets and food and drink and cab-rides for many people; I have been put into the plate at church and I have won ten shillings at the races; I have given pleasure and profit; I have fed the hungry; and I have just sent two worthy persons into the gallery of this circus. Not a bad day's work!'

"So saying, I composed myself to sleep, but just at that moment one of the managers came round to ask for some change, and once again I was sent out into the world. The manager put on his hat and overcoat and started for home, giving me for his ticket at the station, where I passed out again as change to a gentleman who was going

to Notting Hill Gate, who put me in his pocket, and did not take me out until he went to bed. And, would you believe it? when I looked round I found I was on the very same dressing-table on which I had awakened in the morning, with my friend the silver-backed brush beside me.

"Then he didn't spend you to-day?" said the hair-brush, as soon as the man had gone to bed and we could get a little time to ourselves.

"Oh, didn't he?" I exclaimed. 'Why, I've been all over London, in all kinds of pockets, to-day. I'll tell you all about it.'

"Which I did; so that you and the hair-brush are now equally wise."

And there the shilling's story ended.

But did it ever occur to you before what a traveler a coin can be, and that it is quite possible to get again at night the same coin you parted with in the morning?

## THE CHRISTMAS STAMP IN AMERICA

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD

**L**AST year, on July 6, *The Outlook* contained an article on "The Christmas Stamp" by Jacob Riis. Mr. Riis had been struck by the possibilities of the government stamp in Denmark, put on sale each year in the holidays, to aid the anti-tuberculosis fight in the little kingdom. He desired to transplant it to America, and had suggested that the National Anti-Tuberculosis Society should take it up with the Government. But the United States postal authorities did not view the scheme with favor, and the workers in the Anti-Tuberculosis Society were overwhelmed by more pressing duties. So Jacob Riis, being a wise man, cast the seed into the furrow by publishing the story in *The Outlook*, and then left it to grow in its own way.

It took root, of all places, in the most conservative little State in the Union, not usually given to new ideas—the

State of Delaware. Delaware, as a State, was doing nothing whatever to fight tuberculosis. A small Anti-Tuberculosis Society was struggling along, with no money, with a dispensary without a nurse, and able to give its destitute patients advice and nothing else, and a sanitarium consisting of a few open shacks in an upland meadow. Necessity is the mother of invention, traditionally; and the anti-tuberculosis cause in Delaware was in dire necessity. Jacob Riis's article came home with force to some of those interested who were also enlisted in the membership of the Delaware Branch of the Red Cross.

Now, the American National Red Cross is a tremendous power for meeting the unexpected. That is what it is organized for—to help the cause of humanity anywhere, in any crisis of war, famine, pestilence, or public disaster. With its keen public spirit, it had already ranged itself

against tuberculosis, and given instruction to each State branch to take what part it could in the fight, all over the Nation, against the White Plague. So the Delaware Branch had the central power of the Red Cross behind it in its new experiment; and as the Red Cross stands in extremely close relations with the Government, it had a peculiarly good chance to issue its stamp without interference from the postal authorities.

The seed, therefore, germinated under favorable conditions. What grew from it, in the three weeks before Christmas last year, was like Jack and his Beanstalk, a sort of holiday fairy story. To begin with, the design of the Christmas Stamp was made for love, the printers issued it at cost, and the advertising department of a great company prepared its advertising campaign as a free gift. The street-cars carried its muslin banners on their fenders for a fortnight, and the dry-goods stores gave the muslin. The stamps, at a penny apiece, were sold from the sheet, and also in envelopes of tens, twenty-fives, and fifties marked like this:

10 CHRISTMAS STAMPS  
ONE PENNY APIECE

Issued by the Delaware Red Cross, to stamp out the White Plague.

Put this stamp, with message bright,  
On all the mail you send.  
Every penny helps the fight  
The dread White Plague to end.

These stamps do not carry any kind of mail, but any kind of mail will carry them.

Such an envelope system looks as easy as it is attractive. But to put one hundred thousand stamps into ten-stamp envelopes is no joke; and some one had to do it. That is where the New Century Club of Wilmington came in. Its five hundred members held stamp "bees." They took the sheets of stamps in the morning, counted and divided them, and had them ready in the afternoon for the stores and the table in the post-office corridor, where two girls in the uniform of Red Cross nurses sold all day to the senders of Christmas mail. Up and down the State the women's clubs sold the stamps and helped the work. So did the school children. The

first stamps were out on December 7—eighteen days only before Christmas. That was the Denmark rule—but it was a mistake in hustling America. It was too late, for America begins to buy Christmas "stickers" in November. The Christmas Stamp found footing in spite of this, but soon suffered from the lack of time to print and distribute it so as to meet the sudden demand. It reached Philadelphia on the 13th of December, and so had only twelve days to run there. Backed by the Pennsylvania Red Cross and supported mightily by the North American, its sales in the department stores and elsewhere mounted day after day, the presses running day and night now to supply it. A reproduction in miniature of a big poster used to tell the story is appended:

GOOD WILL TO MEN	
<b>THE CHRISTMAS STAMPS</b>	
issued by the Delaware Red Cross to stamp out the White Plague	
<b>ONE PENNY APIECE</b>	
They will not carry any kind of mail but any kind of mail will carry them	
PUT THEM ON	<b>CHRISTMAS</b>
	LETTERS PACKAGES CARDS
EVERY STAMP MEANS A BULLET IN THE FIGHT AGAINST TUBERCULOSIS	

When the eighteen days of the campaign were over, there were nearly four hundred thousand stamps sold, and nearly three thousand dollars cleared for the anti-tuberculosis fight.

But that was not the greatest result of the campaign. What Jacob Riis had insisted on in his article proved true—that the Christmas Stamp is inspiring and educational, quite apart from its money-raising side. The vast majority of Delawareans, before the stamp came out and the newspapers wrote up its mission, believed consumption to be incurable, non-contagious, and hereditary. They had never thought about either curing or preventing it. It was a scourge of God, to be deplored—and let alone. The Christmas Stamp waked up every town, every post-office, every club, every school. "What does it mean?" was the universal question; and Delaware, when

it found out, did not forget. The first thing the Delaware Red Cross did—before relieving suffering even—was to bring the big Pennsylvania Anti-Tuberculosis Educational Exhibit to Wilmington, and send invitations broadcast through the State to the granges, the schools, the women's clubs, the doctors, the politicians, the labor unions, to come and hear lectures on tuberculosis, examine models for sanatoria, and learn the truth about consumption, its causes and cure. The Board of Education in Wilmington closed the schools on one day set apart for the purpose, and had every boy and girl marched in line, with their teachers at their head, to attend the exhibit and hear a ten-minute talk on tuberculosis. Thousands of leaflets were given away, with brief directions how to avoid tuberculosis or cure it in its first stages. From one end to the other the State was waked up, and can never be as ignorant again. The next Legislature, in 1909, there is no reasonable doubt, will authorize State tuberculosis work.

One thousand dollars was set aside by the Red Cross as a nucleus for a fund toward building a new, up-to-date tuberculosis hospital. The rest has been used for the dispensary, in providing a first-rate trained nurse and supplying drugs and milk and eggs to destitute consumptives. All cases are visited by the nurse, and supplied with what they need, from bedding and linen to sputum cups. Consumptives are taught how not to infect their families or neighborhoods. The sanitarium has been helped by sending a capable nurse there to take charge, although only part of her salary is now paid by the Stamp fund. All these details are given to show exactly what has been accomplished in one very small corner of the United States by the application of the Outlook article of last July. It is now time to take a broader range.

The National Red Cross, in its central organization, has considered the Christmas Stamp, and decided to adopt it all over the country this year. Instead of the stamp being issued by private presses, the American Bank Note Company and the Bureau of Engraving and Printing will issue a much handsomer one; and Howard Pyle has furnished

the design for it. The old and new stamp are printed herewith, but of course not in color :



THE DELAWARE  
STAMP, 1907



THE NATIONAL RED  
CROSS STAMP, 1908

Announced at the Anti-Tuberculosis Congress, the new stamp will be on sale in the fall. The thirty-three State branches of the Red Cross will have it on sale, and every reader of *The Outlook* buying it in his or her own State will thus be contributing to anti-tuberculosis work in that State. New York, for example, whose Red Cross headquarters are at 500 Fifth Avenue, will apply all moneys raised from the sale of the Christmas Stamp in New York to the day camps and other tuberculosis work in New York State. The central National Red Cross will print the stamp and supply it to the State branches, but claims no part of the revenue beyond enough to pay for the printing. Each State is thus enabled to apply the money to the special work that needs it most; and each State that needs educational work—and what State does not?—will find the little penny stamp a messenger of inspiration. As Jacob Riis says, "Every one who sees this stamp on a letter or a post-card wants to know what it means. And when people want to know, the fight is won. It is because they do not know a few amazingly simple things that people die of tuberculosis."

The Delaware Red Cross has a sheaf, a highly prized one, of letters and telegrams that came last year from well-known men who saw the possibilities of the Christmas Stamp in America. Governor Stuart, of Pennsylvania, was one, Secretary Root another, William H. Taft a third, to wish it God-speed. Jacob Riis's letter, the Red Cross hopes, is a prophecy for this year's greater campaign. Here it is:

"Good luck to you in your work. Tell the people of Delaware that they

never put hand to a greater, and that they shall live to see it bear such fruit as now they do not dream of. For in another year or two, please God, the

whole country shall follow suit, and then it is a question of the briefest span before consumption will be as rare as smallpox is now."

## LETTERS FROM AN INDIAN BUNGALOW

BY AGATHA DANE

### THE FOURTH LETTER

**I**N my last letter I tried to describe my servants. Now let me tell you about my own work in regard to household tasks, which keeps me often till one o'clock without a chance to sit down for a minute's rest. The day in India begins with the tea and toast, which we call *chota hazri*. This is brought in to my room, or, when I am ayahless, set on a tray outside my door in the winter; but now the warm weather has begun, we have it on the veranda, and *mango fool* is added to be drunk out of small glasses. Then I usually go for a drive with the Sahib. As I gallop over the maidan, it is more like the sea than ever, rolling out all purple and pink and gold. Big breakfast comes later, when two courses of meat are followed by one of eggs, with jam and marmalade at the end. Then the work of the day begins. First I must see that the khitmagar has followed out my orders and made every person living in my compound put his bed outdoors to air. The native furniture is very simple, consisting only of a low string bed, a charcoal stove, and a collection of brass and silver pots and bowls for cooking his food, which of course he has to buy himself. If we had to feed our "horde," as you call them, we should be quite bankrupt. It is the Sahib's business, not mine, to pay a visit of inspection once a month or more inside their houses. From purely selfish motives—since if they get ill they are such nuisances—we give them warm clothes and thick blankets in the cold weather, and look after them, as they have to be looked after, like children. They are always coming to me for

medicine. You know how little I am posted in illnesses and doctoring; but I stick to the simple remedies of quinine for fever and castor oil for everything else, and give them what I consider suitable doses of each in the little bowls they bring up to me. Then, though I refuse to listen to one servant's stories about another, there are always "hard cases" to be settled, like the fight, for instance, that I told you about last week. The beastie said that he had been called the "son of a pig;" and the messalchi, with tears in his eyes, told a story of how he had given his seven-year-old sister three pice—all he had saved from his pay for two weeks—to go to the bazaar and buy sugar candy. As she was coming back the beastie's little dog ran out and barked at her and gobbled the piece of candy she let drop in her fright. I settled that battle by giving little "Dorjeelms," the messalchi's sister, more pice for a fresh supply of candy, and the threat that *both* he and the beastie should be out one rupee of their pay if I heard any noise from them again. After breakfast is the time I hold a sort of court of justice for all such tales to be brought to me.

Next on the programme comes the duster business. All the work inside and out is done with what they call here "dusters"—to you they would be *dish-cloths*. The butler uses his in the ordinary way for the glass and silver, the bearer needs his own kind for the lamps and rooms, the sweeper his for the dogs, and the syces for the harness. Besides every other conceivable use they