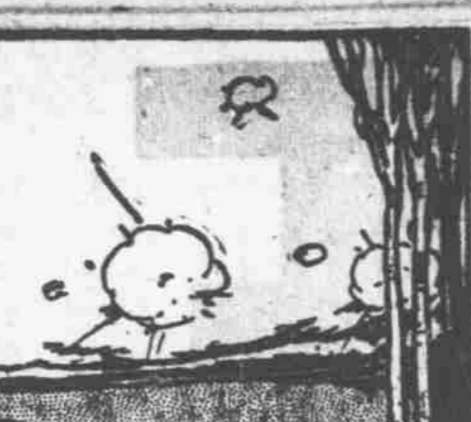


A Great Net of Mercy Dropped Through
an Ocean of Unbearable Pain

The American Red Cross



"Unto the Least of These"



Contributed by Arthur William Brown.

THE WAY THE RED CROSS HAS TAKEN TO DEFEAT THE KAISER'S GAME

1,000 Ragged, Sick and Homeless People Are Daily Dumped at Evian.

At the first onslaught of the Huns, the French were able to withstand their invasion, the Kaiser seized a goodly section of France, the captured cities and villages required many thousands of French-

shipments. He simply dumps them in Evian, on the French-Swiss border.

If it were not for the American Red Cross the task of caring for these starved, ragged, sick, homeless, terrorized men, women and children would be more than the French government could handle. But our American Red Cross is making heroic efforts to defeat the Kaiser's aim to fill France with consumptives. Trained Red Cross workers are at the receiving station at Evian. They first separate those showing signs of tuberculosis from those who are only starving or have some other disease.

It is just like the tender care of our Red Cross to give particular attention to the babies and children to whom the kindly Kaiser has fed con-

sumptive germs. We have a hospital of 30 beds for children in Evian. These are reserved for the children who are too ill to take farther. Then our Red Cross has a convalescent hospital outside the town and yet another in a nearby village. It also keeps six ambulances busy transporting sick women and children. Yet even then the strain upon our workers is so great that for eight long months one American nurse has had to look after 120 beds.

We, through our American Red Cross, are doing great things toward defeating the Kaiser in his efforts to turn France into a graveyard, but we have just started, and our duty demands that we work fast and without ceasing.

ROMANCE GONE

Efficiency Kills Sentiment as Machine Makes Socks in 25 Minutes.

By RUTH DUNBAR.
The "snowy white your fingers look like the scarlet wool" was the speech of grandfather when he was paying suit to grandmother. History is correct, never a little thing like love and courtship to distract her mind one minute from her knitting.

The modern young man is robbed of opportunity to make these pretty socks, for the wool is no longer soft but khaki. Worse yet, the machine sits before a cold, steel machine grinds off socks in as many minutes as it takes hours to knit them. What efficiency does to romance.

The various Red Cross workrooms in New York County Chapter there are seventy-five sock machines. These are in the model work- at 20 East Thirty-eighth street and that have been ordered are held in traffic conditions. Here instructions on the use of the machine to complete pair of socks can be on the machine in 25 minutes. Machine looks like a cross between a tackle and a pile driver. The threads it through the arm and on to the treader. The body machine is a circle of needles at the ends like crochet hooks. Strips also are made on the sock machine, the strips sewed together and joined at top and bottom knitted hand.

These machines in the Red Cross workrooms there are many by private individuals or groups work at home and donate the re- to the Red Cross. In a family for instance, four or five women buy together and buy a machine.

"WHAT HOME SERVICE HAS DONE FOR ME?"

My husband enlisted over a year ago. Shortly after he went away our twelve-year-old boy had the measles. After his recovery his school teacher complained about his conduct. At home he was nervous and irritable. When I called at the Red Cross to find out how I could secure an increase in allowance because of my newly born babe I told them of my trouble with Harry. On their advice I took him to an oculist, who said glasses were needed immediately because of the weak- ened condition of the eyes following measles. He no longer causes trouble at home or at school.

T. R. TO GET SHELL THAT HIT HIS SON

Captain Roosevelt, Who Was in Hos- pital, Lauds Red Cross.

Capt. Archibald Roosevelt, who recently was injured and nursed back to health in a Red Cross hospital, in speaking of the Red Cross work, is reported as having said:

"The Red Cross is doing everything possible for us. I cannot say too much in appreciation of their efforts, which make us feel as if we were back home. It is a great comfort to us fellows in hospitals, and if our folks could see the way we are being taken care of they would stop worrying."

The Red Cross chaplain in this particular hospital happens to be Doctor Billings of Groton, Mass., who taught Captain Roosevelt at the Groton school. The Red Cross shopping service in the hospital has been commis- sioned by Captain Roosevelt to obtain a new uniform for him to replace the one which was torn to pieces when he was wounded by fragments of a Ger- man shell.

The piece of shrapnel which wound- ed Captain Roosevelt will be present- ed to Captain Roosevelt's father, Col. Theodore Roosevelt.

NURSES PRETTY

Red Cross Hospital Uniform Most Becoming in His- tory of World.

In a recent news letter from the front the war correspondent of the Philadelphia North American helps to explain the song, "I'm in Love With a Beautiful Nurse."

"There are 62 Red Cross nurses at this place," says the dispatch. "They are cheerful, obedient, brave and com- petent. And those who weren't pretty to begin with became so the moment they donned the uniform that is the most becoming in all the long history of costumes devised for the mystifica- tion and beguiling of men.

"In the officers' ward was a colonel with bronchitis. I've seen them in the Philippines, and I've seen them in Chi- na," he told me. "I suppose I've seen about all the existing types, but I never yet saw one that wasn't pretty in- side of 24 hours."

"He reminded me of an Irish Tom- my, who, so his major told me, woke up in a hospital in 1916 and, seeing the nurses in the ward, exclaimed, 'May the howly Virgin bless us, but the an- gels have come down to the Somme!'"

Hundreds of Red Cross nurses, how- ever, are doing work abroad in which their looks are less eagerly considered. Finding and caring for war orphaned babies, fighting tuberculosis, re-es- tablishing homes in shell wrecked vil- lages—these are some of the big tasks of mercy which, thanks to American con- tributions, the Red Cross sets for its nurses.

There are 13 divisions of the Red Cross in the United States. There is a complete organization at each divi- sion, with a great warehouse for the collection and shipment of all kinds of Red Cross supplies.

ONE HUNDRED MERCIFUL MILLIONS

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

ONE Hundred Millions for the Red Cross and not one penny of it for red tape.

The mightiest charity, the noblest and broadest volunteer movement of history.

The Red Cross shares no enmities, serves no flag but its own. It is God's agent, His healing, merciful will—the answer of twenty ever-gentler centuries to red barbarism.

Twelve million orphan children are wandering about Europe—twelve million frightened little boys and terrorized little girls, sent adrift to sob alone and perish in the wastes—to live like swine and die like curs, unless magnificent America ransoms them from death—and worse.

How many of your pitying dollars will search the deso- lations and save them for Tomorrow's works?

The Red Cross needs another Hundred Million, to glean the battle areas for this precious seed before it rots in mind and body—before grief and horror and disease and unre- straint irrevocably blight them.

One Hundred Millions to prevent famine and stifle pesti- lence, to stamp out hideous fevers, to check an earth-wide wave of tuberculosis, to destroy shuddering filths where verminous plagues feed and breed and threaten all the uni- verse.

One Hundred Millions to found hospitals and build rest stations, to send nurses to the Front and refugees back, to forward surgical units and furnish artificial limbs, to buy medicines and operating instruments, to re-educate the mui- lated and show the blind where Hope still shines.

One Hundred Millions to maintain communication with detention camps, to provide war prisoners with food and decencies, to take messages out and bring letters in, to negotiate comforts and privileges for the captured, to buy blankets for them and clothes and books and tobacco.

One Hundred Millions for No Man's Land—for stretchers and ambulances, for anesthesia and bandages and anti- septics; to train nurses and orderlies, to outfit and transport skilled specialists, to make sure that a dear one shall have a clean, sweet cot and a sweet, clean girl from home beside it.

One Hundred Millions to keep the world sound and wholesome, while the armies of Justice hold it safe.

I Am the Red Cross

HENRY PAYSON DOWSE
(With acknowledgments to Robert H. Davis,
author of "I Am the Printing Press.")

- I am the Symbol of the pity of God.
- I burgeon upon the flaunting banner of victory and the drooping guidon of defeat.
- I am the token of peace in the midst of battle, of gentle- ness shining through the sombre mists of hate.
- I am a chevron on the sleeve of mercy, an honor mark set high upon the brow of compassion.
- I am the color of blood spilled for democracy, the form of Christ's tree of agony, and my followers, at need, crucify themselves to make men live.
- I carry the hope of life into the red pits of death, and a dying soldier salutes me and smiles as he goes to touch the hand of God Almighty.
- I stand for the organized love of mankind, the co-ordinat- ed impulses of young and old to do good, the sacred efficiency of human service.
- I mark the flag under which are mobilized the forces of industry and finance, of church and school, of capital, of labor, of genius and of sinew.
- I am Civilization's Godspeed to those who defend her; I am the message from home.
- I am the Symbol of the pity of God.
- I AM THE RED CROSS.

750 Children Herded In Dirty Dilapidated Building Typical Red Cross Case

An official of a French city that was being filled with gas bombs by the Germans found himself confronted with the problem of looking after 750 children. He telegraphed the Ameri- can Red Cross in Paris for help. Fif- teen trained workers were rushed to the relief of these children.

Here is what the Red Cross workers found: Twenty-one tiny babies under one year old and 729 children under eight years. They were herded in an old, dirty, unfurnished building, with- out a suggestion of sanitary conveni- ence. It was the best and safest the French official could find at such a moment, but you would not think it fit for a dog.

And here is what the American Red

Cross workers did in two days: They thoroughly cleaned and transferred to new buildings outside the city the en- tire 750 children. Red Cross doctors attended the sick; nurses were secured for the babies. Suitable food was provided for all, and they were so classi- fied as to provide against the separa- tion of families; also an organization for the permanent care of these chil- dren, including their education, was started and has since been put into operation.

So much for the 750. But how about the thousands upon thousands of oth- ers. Right now the little children of France are at your doors crying for food, shelter, protection against Ger- man brutality and dying as they cry.

WHAT IS WORSE THAN WAR?

Consumption Four Times More Deadly Than Bombs and Machine Guns.

Pierre Hamp, a French medical au- thority, estimates that of the 88,000,000 people of all ages still living in France 4,000,000 must die of tubercu- losis. The war will have killed about 1,000,000. This means that man with all of his inventiveness is far less effi- cient than Nature as a man killer. There have been over 400,000 new cases of consumption in France since the war began. This is why, despite the number of new hospitals, there is still not sufficient space available for tuberculosis cases.

The Question of Pensions.
Of course first consideration is ac- corded to the ever popular wounded men. Therein lies the tragedy of the consumptive soldier. With the new cases coming in daily from the trenches the consumptives are not as helpless as the wounded men. When discharged from the army the severely wounded are allowed a pen- sion by the government. The con- sumptives, however, receive no allow- ance unless they can prove that their illness is entirely due to their service in the army. This is not an easy thing to do, and consequently comparatively few consumptives receive govern- mental assistance.

Until the American Red Cross began to extend its aid the plight of most of these men was often pitiful. When discharged from the hospital they are given certain instructions which would eventually bring them back to health. But conditions are hard. They are usually unable to earn much and so do not get proper or even sufficient nourishment. Very often they are in no condition to look after themselves, still less to safeguard the health of oth- ers. To meet this difficulty local com- mittees have been formed to look after the discharged patients and see that they do not pass on their disease to members of their families. The task is well nigh hopeless. Even if proper living quarters are to be had sanitation and hygiene cannot be taught overnight. They sleep in air tight rooms, kiss their babies, drink out of the same cups and use the same towels as the rest of their families.

In spite of these appalling difficul- ties, however, the rapid spread of the disease must—simply must—be check- ed. Even to attempt this would be an impossibility without the tremendous facilities and aid of the American Red Cross. No other agency could conceivably face, much less hope to ac- complish, such a task.

HOT DRINKS FOR TIRED FIGHTERS

The Red Cross Rolling Canteen.

In six months the American Red Cross supplied a million French poilus with hot coffee, tea, chocolate, bouillon, at the time they needed it most—just as they were entering the communica- tion trenches for a tour of duty under boche fire or coming out, tired and worn, after their grueling vigil. If you were dragging the tireddest pair of feet in France through the mud, and if you were greeted by a cheery, voice and a steaming pint of beef tea, wouldn't it be "a grand and glorious feelin'?" Oh, boy!

Now, this is the work of the "roll- ing canteen," and some day a Kipling will sing "the story of the tanks"— tanks of broth and bouillon that the Red Cross "Special Front Line Service" trundles up to the lines. The Military Sanitary Service supplies the wagons and utensils. The Red Cross unit does the work. It supplies these hot drinks at a cost of 50 francs (\$10) per thousand men, a cent apiece!

Think of that—the penny your little girl sends the Red Cross can buy a big hot cheering drink, a good natured greeting, for a fighting man who desper- ately needs just that! One penny!

Red Cross Rolling Canteens to the number of 15 are now behind the lines in continuous service. Their crews are exposed to shell fire and often have to put on gas masks.

Eugene Hale, brother of United States Senator Hale, served six months with a rolling canteen in France, and he says:

"While the men are glad to have the hot drinks, their chief satisfaction con- sists in the sense this service gives them of a friend being there with a helping hand in a critical hour."

And now the American army has asked the Red Cross to maintain this front line service directly in touch with the medical relief stations near- est the Yankee front and this the Red Cross is eager to do.