

MAKE IT A RED CROSS CHRISTMAS

Translating the Christmas Spirit into Service

FIFTEEN MILLION MEMBERS BY CHRISTMAS EVE

On every side, from now until Christmas, we are going to see and hear the slogan, "Make it a Red Cross Christmas!" On every side we are going to be asked to enlist in the Christmas campaign drive for 10,000,000 new members of the American Red Cross. And every member is asked to place a lighted candle in a window of his home on Christmas Eve, shining through a Red Cross Service Flag on the window-pane. This will be of paper, with one large Red Cross (five inches square), and one small one for each member of the household who is also a member of the Red Cross.

By MARIAN BONSALE DAVIS.

THE war lays its hand upon us this Christmas.

The chiming carols may seem almost lost amid the blasting of the guns. The candles in the windows of our homes will shed their little beams into a world brilliant with liquid flame. We will celebrate Christ's birthday singing "... and on earth peace, good-will toward men," while we urge our sons to train their minds and their bodies for the killing of their brothers. But the Red Cross has taught those of us who have suffered, to see double: and it will be a Red Cross Christmas this year, wherever Americans are grouped together.

This is what I mean by seeing double: there are over 5,000,000 members of the American Red Cross and the campaign drive now opening should result in over 15,000,000. That doesn't seem big, for we have become used to larger figures. But the woman off in some lonely place, far from the inspiration of her Chapter, making with her work-worn hands things to keep our soldiers and sailors warm, the dressings that will help the healing of some wounds—that one woman seems great. She is the spirit of the Red Cross.

The War Fund of \$100,000,000, generous as it was, has a way of turning round and seeming small. Twice that sum was spent in this



country last year for candy. We have learned to talk and think in billions. But one cent can buy enough iodine to disinfect a wound—and the disinfection of that wound may save a human life.

And, after experience with the wounded, there comes the time when one sees in the horror of the shattered flesh, the beauty of the spirit.

It is a strange holiday for us Americans, with our new excitements and our new emotions; our new soldiers in cantonments or foreign trenches, and our new sailors on mined seas; reports of our first dead, and our letters from the front; our fears and our elations; and the occasional flash of vision of hundreds of thousands of boys and men in khaki in miles upon miles of army barracks.

Many of them, too, are aching with new tenderness.

It is the time of times, in our new puzzlement and need, to sing the Christmas carols of glad prophecy. The city chimes and village organs, singers going from door to door, will chime and peal and carol as they never have before, the Christmas message of good things and great joy which shall be to all people.

We owe it to our men to sing it with full hearts, so that the spirit of it will reach their battleships and their camps. They must never forget the happiness of this Christmas, the last, doubtless, before they go across to offer—all they have.

The Red Cross is trying, and expects to send every man in training a Christmas parcel of Christmassy things as a symbol to show him how much we care, and the things we cannot say in words. The boys in their barracks will be celebrating, swapping presents, joking and singing, adding a Christmas song to the familiar round of swinging choruses. But before another Christmas perhaps a million more young soldiers will have followed them overseas.

SOME of them, until the day they put on the uniform, knew only school fun and home love. Their stockings were darned, their favorite things to eat were cooked, every minute of their holidays planned, their young hopes regarded with yearning eagerness by their families. Some of them were born seemingly to be knocked around, and have the hard and lonely end of things. Both are going abroad together now, serving the colors, defending our lives with the offer of their own.

There will be a day when one of these boys will be hurt. Suddenly his strong young body will be quite helpless. He will be far away in a dif-



blind. Some will die. All are grievously hurt.

Perhaps it is the presence of God there where so many men are close to death that makes the old scales drop from our eyes. For among these mutilated that is what happens to us—the old values, the old conventions drop away forever. Each crushed or broken body becomes so infinitely precious, as we see it dominated by spirit. This black man, this blind boy have lifted us up. With a new sense we know that the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.

And lifting up our eyes from the stretchers, we see the Red Cross. We see it on the arm of the surgeon, giving his skill. On the arm of the nurse, giving her youth. On the insignia of the ambulance men, giving their careers. We know that it was painted on the cases carrying these surgical supplies and these healing drugs. We know that it will wave above the hospital to which these men are going to have their chance of life.

From this minute the Red Cross becomes a part of us, and we become part of the Red Cross.

WHILE we do our Christmas shopping this year, while we live these days, of new exhilaration—these thrilling days that are like draughts of the richest wine of life—now, before we suffer, Red Crosses will seem to be every where. In the stores among the gleaming fabrics and the gifts for soldiers, among the pretty toys on the Christmas trees, in railroad stations, in factories, in theatres, in markets, in churches, in settlements, in homes, in schools, in the streets there will be hundreds and hundreds of Red Crosses. Everywhere there will be picturesque booths, with someone in uniform, smiling and happy, asking for new members. And it will all seem like some wonderful, beautiful game.

Let us take all the strength and inspiration that it gives us. Truly it is beautiful and it is wonderful—so much of these things that it will make many men and women see double; see with the eyes of the spirit the Red Cross on the battlefield, on a brassard that is stained with precious blood.

The campaign drive for 10,000,000 members will be on! But it won't seem large. Yet one new member has potentialities of service beyond any computation.

THEATRES will be crowded, and the gaiety, when it is not cruel, will help to make the world go round; so many men in uniform and beautifully dressed women, the orchestra playing "The Star Spangled Banner," patriotism beating high!

But we know it is a changed world. There is something sinister in the war-tax at the box-office. Underneath the laughing there is choking. In France, boys are going over the top; and through the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" there seem to echo the words of the French officer spoken over the graves of the soldiers killed in the first American engagement in France, in November of this year:

We will, therefore, ask that the mortal remains of these young men be left here, left with us forever. We will inscribe on their tombs: "Here lie the first soldiers of the Republic of the United States to fall on the soil of France in the cause of Liberty and Justice." The passer-by will stop and uncover his head; travelers and men of heart will go out of their way to come here, and pay their respective tributes.

Private Enright!
Private Gresham!
Private Hay!

IN THE NAME OF FRANCE
I THANK YOU.
God receive your Souls!
Farewell!

There is a mother who works in her home and her church for the Red Cross who said that the highest points of her life, and her deepest happiness were the times her son, a new young second lieutenant home on a furlough, talked with her as they washed the dishes together at the kitchen sink.

How it is these humble things, and not the dramatic ones, that bind us together and thrill us now! How to those whom the war has touched, people are not so much Generals or Colonels, or Presidents or servants or ice-men or tailors or scrubwomen or Kings, as fellow-human-beings; and how the hope of radiant youths have died and are to die for, centers upon the little children.

THIS is thinking in Red Cross ways. For the ideal of the Red Cross Treaty signed in Geneva by the delegates of nations, is merely this: that every suffering human being in war, whether belonging to friend or enemy, shall be sacred to the Red Cross. Yet the symbol of the treaty is so great, that it is the meeting-ground of the most conflicting creeds; of men and women and children; of black and white and yellow and red; of rich and poor; of Jew and Gentile; of Catholic and Protestant; of Buddhist and Confucian; of artist and artisan; of materialist and idealist; of soldier and civilian; of general and private; of Foe and Adversary—the Red Cross!

So we put candles in our windows this Christmas Eve, that the flickering point of light shining through the Red Cross on the window-pane may say to the wayfarer and the soldier and the sailor, things too great for words. They will understand. For in this overwhelming trouble we have begun to be simple of heart together. The poor and the rich have begun to understand the other's sacrifices.

And so we can sing Christmas carols and not be hypocrites; for the guns that are killing men so anguishingly dear to us are blasting out old wrongs and old hypocrites.

The Red Cross is our home way to help. The need is too great for us to compass even in our minds. The organization of the American Red Cross can do the things we cannot do ourselves—it can arrange the shipping, and carry our gifts, it can get them to our men, it can, if we let it, look after our men's little children left at home.

If you are not a member of the Red Cross you are needed beyond your imagining.

Please help—because you are so needed.

To get the Red Cross to our boys and our men—

This is a Red Cross Christmas!

President Wilson's Red Cross Christmas Proclamation

THE WHITE HOUSE, Washington.

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES:

TEN MILLION Americans are invited to join the American Red Cross during the week ending with Christmas Eve. The times require that every branch of our great national effort shall be loyally upheld and it is peculiarly fitting that at the Christmas Season the Red Cross should be the branch through which your willingness to help is expressed.

You should join the American Red Cross because it alone can carry the pledges of Christmas good-will to those who are bearing for us the real burdens of the world war both in our own Army and Navy and in the nations upon whose territory the issues of the world are being fought out. Your evidence of faith in this work is necessary for their heartening and cheer.

You should join the Red Cross because this arm of the National Service is steadily and efficiently maintaining its overseas relief in every suffering land, administering our millions wisely and well, and awakening the gratitude of every people.

Our consciences will not let us enjoy the Christmas Season if this pledge of support to our cause and the world's weal is left unfulfilled. Red Cross membership is the Christmas spirit in terms of action.

(Signed) WOODROW WILSON,
President of the American Red Cross.

ferent country, where they do not speak his language, and no one of home will be around him. But if we will have done our duty—his eyes will see a Red Cross. It may be on the arm of a surgeon and a nurse. It may be on the flag waving over the hospital that can save his life.

To put it there—to send the Red Cross to Europe—that is making it a Red Cross Christmas.

Our hearts will tremble when we place our Red Cross candle in the window on Christmas Eve. And as we start the flame glowing

through the cross, it will come to us anew that the Red Cross message and the Christmas message are the same.

WHILE they flicker, while the carolers sing and the chiming peal, somewhere in Europe they will be bringing in the wounded.

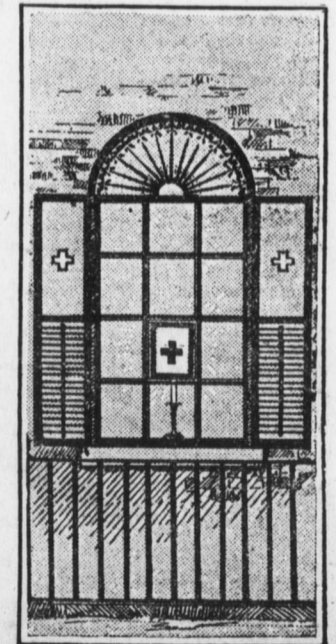
A train, with the Red Cross painted on the coaches, will be pulling into some railroad station. Motor ambulances in long lines with the sign of the Red Cross will be waiting for their human burdens. Men and women with skillful hands and the right to wear the Red Cross brassard will be ready for the stretchers.

As we stand here the stretchers are carried past us in a slow procession. It is just a sprinkling, just a thimbleful of the day's harvest of wounded—only two or three hundred. Yet the procession seems so long—it seems so unendingly long. The faces are like the faces of our men at home—here like our father—here like the man who lives across the street—and here a slender boy whose eyes we think we cannot stand to see.

It is all so quiet as the stretchers file by. The French officer of high rank with many medals, the peasant, the man who used to collect the garbage, the black man from Africa who does not know why he is called from home to give his life, pass by without a moan. Some are



BOOTHS LIKE THIS ALL OVER THE UNITED STATES, WILL MAKE IT EASY AND CONVENIENT TO JOIN THE RED CROSS BEFORE CHRISTMAS EVE. THERE WILL BE ONE WAITING FOR YOU.



MILLIONS OF WINDOWS, ON CHRISTMAS EVE, WILL DISPLAY THIS SYMBOL OF LOYALTY TO THE RED CROSS IDEA. EVERY MEMBER IS ASKED TO SHOW IT, WITH A LIGHTED CANDLE SHINING THROUGH.