



THE HEROISM OF MERCY

By OPIE READ



There is no greater heroism than the heroism of mercy. There is no truer bravery than the bravery of tenderness. Out of the crash of nation against nation arises a Christ-like sympathy, and the insignia of its tenderness is the cross of red. It is the only remaining glow of a Christian hope. It is religion under shell fire. It is a sigh set to the music of sympathetic action. If a man who speaks truth should say to you, "With the use of five dollars you can save a useful life, alleviate a hundred nights of pain," you would grant him the money. You would not feel that you had lost, but gained.

This is what the Red Cross says to you: "Give of your safe and secure substance and I will sooth pain. I will gather up men, heroes who have been shot to the earth, and housing them I will nurse them back to life. For myself I ask no recompense. My reward is my conscience. My applause is restoring man to his family."

Hearing these words and feeling that they are true, would you hesitate to open your purse, whose contents were gathered in times of peace?

The Red Cross appeals to you personally. To you it opens its merciful heart and begs you for assistance. The cutting down of one luxury a day would mean a soothing tenderness on the red fields of France.

George Washington Was Not Mentioned

Youthful French Orator Seemed to Think Lafayette Was Really the Father of This Country.

By DR. ESTHER LOVEJOY.

What is the attitude of the French people toward the Americans? The French are a very polite people, and, no matter what their inmost thoughts may be, they are not likely to express an opinion to an American other than complimentary. But the children of all the world are gullest. They can be depended upon to express in public the private opinions of their parents. The children of France are crazy about Americans in uniform, so we guess what their parents feel for us.

On one occasion I was passing a public school with another Red Cross woman physician in uniform and a French visiting nurse. The school had just been dismissed, and a group of young boys came trooping out. Instantly we were surrounded, and after a second's parley a young Mirabeau of about twelve years, the spokesman of the group, stepped forward, bowed formally and delivered an address on Lafayette and America, which was punctuated by the applause of his admiring compatriots. The American Eaglet could not possibly have screamed louder in the United States on the Fourth of July than it did on that back street of a munition town in France.

Washington Not Mentioned. There seems to be some difference of opinion on the relative importance of certain historic characters connected with the American Revolution.

SAVIOURS

By ANGELA MORGAN

Yours is the daring skill to tread
The waters of a world at war;
Yours is the miracle to shed
Where rocking seas of hatred are,
Courage and comfort, like a star.
You cry unto an earth dismayed,
And God is thrilling in your tone:
"Brothers, the ship is not alone;
Be not afraid!"

Ye are the Christs of this black hour,
The Great Physician come again,
Within your sacred hands the power
To heal the race of men.
Ye hold the hurt world to your breast;
Ye bind her bruised and broken soul;
The sick, the maimed and the oppressed—
Yours is the gift to make them whole.
And where the stricken miles unroll
Ye sound the resurrection morn;
Above the bier where Justice lies,
With visions of an age new born,
Ye bid the dead arise!

O World, that walkest now in tears
Where Truth again is crucified
After the thousand, thousand years—
See yet that Christ is not denied!

When a Feller Needs a Friend



Contributed by Briggs.

Caleb Rogers Does A Bit of Figgerin'

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN
Of the Vigilantes.

Caleb Rogers was seated at the little Red Cross women with hot coffee and sandwiches, a-makin' him comfortable, doin' the little kind things you and his mother are just longin' to do this minute.

"When Christmas come who saw that the bundles from home got to him? Who gave him things—candy and smokes and such—on its own account? The Red Cross, that's who! And when he had the bad cold and fever who supplied the nurse that did more than anybody else to fight the pneumonia off? The Red Cross, Dan; nobody else."

"And when he's on the ship goun' across, when he's marchin' through France on his way to them trenches we read so much about, when at last he's in those trenches—who's lookin' out for him every minute of the time? Who's motherin' and fatherin' him, same as you and your wife would give all this wide world to be able to do? Why, the Red Cross, just the Red Cross."

"And when he goes over the top to get his first real punch at the Kaiser's gang of pirates, suppose he gets a bullet through him somewhere. It can just as likely be him or my Sam as anybody else's boy, remember that. He's lyin' out there in No Man's Land, and it's night and cold and wet, and he's in pain, awful pain, and—"

"Mr. Griggs interrupted. "For mercy sakes, don't, Caleb!" he pleaded, "I can't bear to think of it."

"Then you ought to. 'Twill do you good to think just a little. For pretty soon who comes crawlin' along through the hell fire to him and gives him water—and morphine, if he needs it—and binds up his wounds and carries him back to the place where the doctors are? And whose doctors are they that gives him the very best treatment that's possible, and whose hospitals does he go to afterwards, and whose doctors and nurses take such good care of him there? Puttin' it all together, who makes Jim Griggs a well-man again and makes it possible for his father and mother and sisters to lay eyes on him once more? Nobody on this earth but the Red Cross. And God bless it, I say!"

"What is Your Son Worth to You?" "And now you wonder why a man no richer than I am is givin' a hundred dollars to a society that's doin' all that and a million times more for my boy. Look here, Dan Griggs. How much is your son worth to you? If you could save his life by doin' it wouldn't you sell the farm and the stock and your house and the last shirt on your back? Wouldn't you give him the last cent you had if he needed it to save himself from torture and death? Well, the Red Cross is doin' everything humans can do to save him from those things, and it's warmin' him and comfortin' him and keepin' him well and happy besides. And what it's doin' for him it's doin' for every one of the soldiers in the fields or the trainin' camps, the hospitals—even in the German prisons. And it needs money—and you grudge givin' it."

"Mr. Griggs shook his head. "No, I don't," he said. "I guess I can spare a hundred, too—for the boy's sake."

YOUR HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

WAR FUND COMMITTEE TELLS HOW IT WAS SPENT.

No Part of It, Says John D. Ryan, Went for Any Expenses of the Organization.

John D. Ryan, vice chairman of the War Council, recently discussed the disbursements of the first \$100,000,000 American Red Cross fund and spoke of the necessity for further funds. He announced that the week set apart for the drive is May 20 to 27.

"We have collected \$105,000,000," said Mr. Ryan. "We have allowed refunds to chapters—as you know, chapters are entitled to retain 25 per cent. of the collections covered by the chapter. They have not in all cases availed themselves of the 25 per cent., but we have allowed \$17,000,121 on this account. We have appropriated to date \$77,721,918 and we have available for appropriation on March 1 \$10,371,217, with the addition of \$3,500,000 we know to be perfectly good when called upon."

"The appropriations have been made to the different countries as follows: France, \$30,936,103; Belgium, \$2,086,131; Italy, \$3,588,826; Russia, \$1,243,845; Rumania, \$2,676,368; Serbia, \$875,180; Great Britain, \$1,885,750, including \$1,000,000 that was appropriated by the War Council to the British War Relief, and for other foreign relief work, \$3,576,800.

"For relief work for prisoners we have expended \$343,304, and this work is only beginning. These appropriations have been made to care for the prisoners that we feared might be taken. We also spent for equipment and expenses of Red Cross personnel sent abroad \$113,800; for army base hospitals in the United States, \$54,000; for navy base hospitals in the United States, \$32,000; for medical and hospital work in the United States, \$531,000; for sanitary service in camps in this country, \$403,000; for camp service in the United States, \$6,451,150, and miscellaneous in the United States, \$1,113,748. We have funds restricted as to use by the donors amounting to \$2,520,409, and we have as a working capital for the purchase of supplies for resale to chapters or for shipment to France of \$15,000,000. We have working cash advances for France and the United States of \$4,286,000.

"People say we use 60 cents to spend a dollar. The expenses of the Red Cross today are well within the amount of money provided by membership fees. No part of the \$105,000,000 that we got is spent for carrying on the work."

"Hired Knitters? No! The government could, of course, hire knitters; it could, of course, issue pensions for soldiers' families in America. It could buy ether and bandages and hire nurses. But these things are so small a part of the Red Cross work that with them alone our cause would fail. Every man or woman who out of his own heart here at home gives to support the Red Cross in helping our cause from an angle of attack that is new in modern war. It is the angle of brotherhood. It stiffens the courage of civilians. It puts heart into our soldier allies by the comforting knowledge that their home affairs are going well. And every dollar put into the Red Cross makes not only for victory in this war, but for everlasting peace between the great nations now fighting together in this war. England and France have been our beneficiaries, not merely with the blood of our soldiers. But England and France and Italy have seen how freely and how well we spend our love of humanity upon their people at home, how truly and effectively we are friends in need, brothers in democracy. That is the Red Cross job—to make enduring the peace gained by our guns.

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RED CROSS CANTEENS; JUST WHAT THEY ARE

American Woman Tells Vividly of Her Canteen—The Gayest, Brightest Little Room One Ever Saw.

NEVER SO PROUD OF ANYTHING IN HER LIFE

Just what a Red Cross canteen is, how it is outfitted, and the hundred problems the American women have to meet in feeding the French, English and American soldiers is well shown in this letter from an American Red Cross worker:

We have really a wonderful place. It was given to us so rough and plain and ugly. I had a coat of plaster put on the walls, painted a bright blue wainscot three feet high with a stencil of flowers of red, white and blue above, white walls and ceiling, doors and windows outlined with light green, and stencils of bright colors between the windows of trumpets, and over the five doors delicious little paintings by Miss Kirkpatrick and Miss Beckett of soldiers and canteeners in the most clever and attractive way.

Brightest Little Room. At the end of the room we have two girls, one American and one French, holding French and American flags. We have red and white oilcloth on the tables, red glass carafes and red turkey window curtains, and always flowers on the counters. It is the gayest, brightest little room you ever saw. However, it only holds about 120 men seated at the tables and it is to be used as a recreation room and even movies. Our big room is to have a huge kitchen and seats for 1,000 men or over, and will open right on to the platform. It is to be decorated by an artist from the Beaux Arts, as Miss Beckett has gone and Miss Kirkpatrick is too busy.

It will really be a splendid big place and we can work in comfort instead of being put in straits as we are now in to feed so many men with only six gas burners in a long row. We make the coffee, soup, cocoa, and ragout or sometimes regular Irish stew on our stoves and the roasts are cooked for us gratuitously at the bakers'. All food except coffee, meat, cocoa and sugar is cheap down here. It is the garden district of France. All the men are so pleased and grateful and we get such post cards and thanks. We have stewed apples, stewed dates and figs for deserts and I tell you it keeps us hopping to keep things going. Sometimes we run out of meat and then we fry eggs for them and they love them. The dormitories are wonderful. I never was so proud of anything before. Two Hundred canvas stretchers for beds. We never used them before, but we can keep them clean and put them outside if there is any vermin.

Model of Cleanliness. We have a splendid fumigating plant and an incinerator, and the place is a model of cleanliness. All the men take off their wet and dirty boots. We have good felt slippers for them, two woolen blankets for each bed, two big stoves and an orderly that wakes them for their trains, good shower baths and wash rooms and altogether, when the big room is finished, it will be a model of everything it should be, particularly as our last touch is a barber. Last year the men slept in the road. We have adopted the Auberger sabots as the only sensible footwear as the roads and our floors are always wet.

TOO YOUNG TO KEEP GAS MASKS ON

The Myriad Things the Red Cross Does, That Government Can Not Do.

Many people say: "Why doesn't the government do the work of the Red Cross?" There is no better reply to this question than to cite some of the activities of the American Red Cross.

Last August the American Red Cross issued an order for an automobile to be given to a French hospital for children of Toul, near Nancy. A lot of chintzes for the bedrooms were sent down to brighten them up, a lot of toys for the children—French children brought in from the war zone, too young to keep on their gas masks. Today ten Red Cross automobiles are hauling to Red Cross hospitals in France French children whose parents, held in slavery in Germany, are now being dumped every day at Evian, on the Franco-Swiss border.

Fancy our government doing that for French children. Yet it must be done if the French morale behind the lines is to be kept up. These deeds of the American Red Cross are just as much a part of our military policy in France and Italy as though they were done under articles of war.

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SOME STRINGS ON RED CROSS GIFTS

Eighteen Dollars Given for Relief of the Chinese in France.

One of the least known phases of the Red Cross is the accounting. In a talk recently given at a Red Cross luncheon by the Deputy Comptroller, a most interesting phase of this branch of Red Cross work was brought out in the story of the restricted gifts.

The fact that a person makes a restricted gift to the great Red Cross indicates that that person is particularly anxious to know that his or her money reaches a definite place of work in this war relief.

Every penny that comes into the Red Cross has to be balanced on an edge to see into just which of the more than five hundred accounts it shall drop. When that penny comes in it must be spent in just the way the donor wishes.

On the very day the Comptroller spoke, there had come in a restricted gift from a little Sunday school in a small California town—\$18 to be spent for relief of Chinese in France—not \$18 to be spent for relief of Chinese, which could have been easily arranged with the general work now being carried on in the flooded districts in China. Not that, but \$18, given possibly in little penny and five-cent contributions by Sunday school children who had learned somewhere that there were Chinese in France who needed help. That money will be spent for the relief of Chinese in France. The restriction of the donors will be observed.

The same morning came \$15 for relief of Belgian soldiers in Paris—not Belgian soldiers who might be in Ostend or Belgian prisoners in Brussels or Germany, but \$15 to go toward the relief of Belgian soldiers in the city of Paris—and this restriction will be observed and the \$15 will find its right place.

You may get an idea of the amount of business conducted with the Red Cross funds in this unofficial work of mercy when you learn that the clearance of the Red Cross for the month of February was greater than the clearance of the largest Washington bank.

Can any one doubt the care in the expenditures of the American people's millions when he learns that each penny is carefully considered to see where it must be charged, and that every item of receipt and expense is carefully scanned, not only by competent officials of high business standing, but also by our own Government's War Department?