



DYNAMIC RED CROSS MONEY

By FRANKLIN K. LANE,
Secretary of the Interior.

OUT of the \$100,000,000 given last June by the American people to the Red Cross, nearly one-half (\$45,000,000) has gone to help the refugees, the orphaned children, the repatriates and wounded of the French, Belgian, Italian, Serbian, Roumanian and other peoples.

The Red Cross has spent more than \$30,000,000 in France alone in the establishment of canteens for the poilus, the reconstruction of devastated districts, the care of homeless children, the housing of refugees, the sending of food, clothes and supplies to the sorely burdened civilian population. More than \$2,000,000 has been spent in fighting tuberculosis, one of the worst of war's by-products; \$1,149,000 has been expended for the shelter of war orphans. \$2,709,736 has been appropriated for the reconstruction of villages and general relief work in the devastated areas.

In Italy a great work of relief was organized after the Austro-German drive of last fall, and the thousands of refugees that came pouring over the Po and the Piave were aided by a business-like and far-reaching supply and canteen service, improvised out of the existing organization. More than \$3,000,000 was thus spent for Italy.

American funds will soon make the plain of Monastir fertile once more through the importation of seeds and agricultural implements. In this section of Serbia more than fifty thousand refugees have been on the verge of starvation for nearly two years.

It should be a source of daily pride to every American that our own Red Cross is adding new glories to the American Name in the Mother Continent. Our full support is essential if its present mighty work of succor and human brotherhood is to be continued on an ever increasing scale.

Smith Serves the Red Cross

By T. J. EDMONDS,
Director of Civilian Relief of the Potomac Division.

I. "Well," said Smith as he walked into my office, "I've wound up all my business interests."

"What for?" I said as I rose to greet the man I had known in my home city years before.

"So I could offer myself if I'm worth having. I've got to get into the game. Anything useful and human. I'm ready for marching orders."

"Worth having?" I echoed. "You've dropped like a God-send. We've got the biggest man-sized job you ever tions. You're going straight with the Home Service. Something useful and human? Why, in a week this thing will be gripping you so that you'll eat and sleep it!"

II. The Home Service Section of a big Red Cross chapter was in session. As Smith and I arrived they were discussing the problem of a soldier's wife and six children found living in two tenement rooms in a building that had been condemned because of a leaky roof, mouldy floor and lack of fire protection. They had sold most of their furniture piece by piece for current living expenses. The children had no chance of clothing. There was no income and, because of the mother's condition, no possibility of one, except the expected allotment and allowance, which even when it came would not entirely meet the cost of living in the city. The Home Service worker had given a generous sum of money to meet the urgent needs, and now the committee was planning to rent better quarters, move the family, secure medical and nursing attention for the woman, outfit them all with clothing and furniture and keep regularly in touch with the family.

III. In Smith's next case the Home Service Section and the tuberculosis society had arranged hospital care for a man discharged because of tuberculosis contracted "in the line of duty." Some attorney had told him he would get compensation for him on a fifty-fifty basis, but the lawyer-member of the Home Service Section helped him fill out the proper form which the Red Cross office supplied and assured him that no discharged soldier or soldier's beneficiary should ever pay for col-

lecting either compensation or insurance.

IV. A member of the women's uniformed corps drove us in her machine out to a camp where there are 30,000 men.

Here we met the Red Cross Home Service man. We didn't take his time—we just watched him. One moment he was helping a man to fill out duplicate allotment blanks; the next he was arguing the merits of insuring to the limit; the next he was wiring a Home Service Section to visit a man's family; next he was going with a boy who had received a tragic telegram from home to see the commanding officer about a leave of absence; then he was speeding on his way a poor fellow discharged because of permanent injury; then we saw him talking to a soldier and a girl wife at the hostess' house; and as the shadows fell he was closeted with a worried chap, who was telling him about an impending mortgage foreclosure and an expected baby.

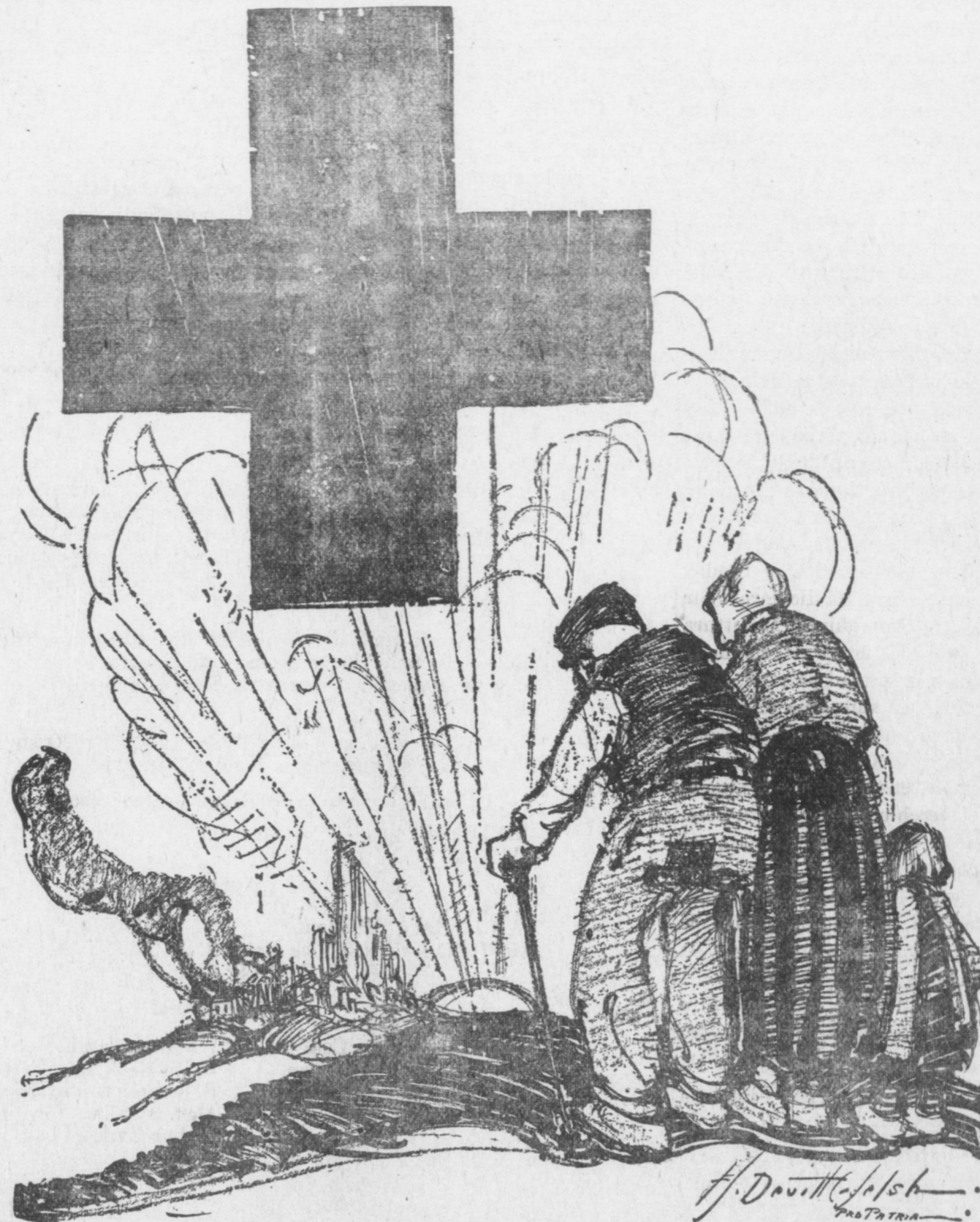
V. Later the same evening we saw him stand up in the Liberty theater and, his eyes glowing with the service picture in his own mind and his voice ringing with the conviction of his own enthusiasm, tell a thousand young fellows what Home Service is. He painted homes made happier by Home Service—told of friends for fighters' families found by the Red Cross—pictured devoted Home Service workers fighting the country's battles this side the trenches. When he ended some fellow struck up "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

We were silent for a long while on the way home, Smith and I. Finally Smith broke out:

"Can I do it? The sort of thing—camp service, you call it? Why, that's where I want to be—at the point of first contact with those living problems. Pershing was right when he said, 'The thing most needful to the American fighting forces overseas is anything and everything that will contribute to the morale of the men in service.'"

"Home Service—I see it now—means morale. When can I go to work?"

THE SUN THAT NEVER SETS



Contributed by H. Davitt Welsh.

INVEST IN HUMANITY

By JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE
Associate Editor, National Geographic Magazine.

"SUFFER Little Children to come unto me," declared the compassionate Christ.

But never since He dwelt in flesh upon the earth have there been so many "Little Children" in need of compassion as now.

There are the "Little Children" who have gone to France for you and me and for Christendom and by going have given their all. Can you do less? Shall you keep from your boy or your neighbor's boy that which is symbolic of the Compassionate One by neglecting the call of the Red Cross Mother?

Then there are the uncounted "Little Children" of our allies who have fallen wounded and ill in defense of their home fires. Who but the Red Cross Mother can know the suffering, the anguish, of the shell-torn, thirst-stricken soldier who lies upon the ghostly bed of No Man's Land? Will you deny him the life-giving cup?

Think also of the "Little Children" of devastated lands. Some are "Little Children" in size and tender years. Others, alas, are mature in stature and age, but none the less "Little Children" in their helplessness—their abject need. Can we in our plenty withhold from them the bare bread of existence? Can we still our inner voice with the thought that others will bear our burden, when in our heart we must know that there are no others?

The Red Cross helps no one who does not need help a hundred times more than we need the money. Therefore, let us give, give until we feel it, give until it pinches. Then and only then we shall know that we have indeed offered the "Little Children" of the war the tender compassion of a nation.

What the Italian Premier Thinks of the American Red Cross

When the Austrians last October routed the Italian Army by trickery and drove before them half a million refugees, the part which the American Red Cross played in this stupendous tragedy will go down in the history of Italy and the world as one of the most magnificent dashes of relief work that has ever come to light.

Listen to what the Italian Premier said of this work in his address at the opening of Parliament early last December:

"Our soul is stirred again with ap-

preciation and with admiration for the magnificent dash with which the American Red Cross has brought us powerful aid in our recent misfortune. We attribute great value to the co-operation which will be given us against the common enemy by the prodigious activity and by the exuberant and consistent force which are peculiar to the American people."

And this, mind you, was only a little over a month after the American Red Cross made its triumphant dash into Italy!

LIKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE

Khaki Clad Boy With a Lump in Throat Welcomes Home Cooking.

Imagine your boy on a troop train bound for some United States seaport where a transport lies ready to take him and his regiment "over there." He never felt healthier in his life—in body, in mind? If he finds moments when his thoughts begin to race back toward you, wondering what you are doing, can you blame him if occasionally something lumps in his throat about as comfortable as a billiard ball?

And then the train grinds to a standstill. Some one yells, "Big eats; oh, boy!" as several Red Cross uniforms flash out in the crowd on the station platform. For here is a Red Cross emergency canteen. Here he can get coffee—good, hot coffee—sandwiches, candy, tobacco, fruit, postal cards and almost anything that he may have forgotten.

Does it help his spirits? Does it? Does it cheer him to get these snacks of good home tasting food served by women like those in his own family? Probably the most valuable part of the Red Cross canteen service work is the effect of the smile and cheer from the women who are in charge. Soldiers write frequently such messages as the following, indicating their appreciation of this branch of Red Cross work:

"The Red Cross of Chicago met us with coffee, sandwiches and post cards. I hope the Montana women are all doing the same. Chicago sure is a big city and plenty of pep. Join the Red Cross and help the boys who have volunteered their lives."

There are now more than 500 of these Red Cross canteens or refreshment units located at the important railroad centers in the United States. Every commander of a troop train has a list of these canteens, so that he can call upon the Red Cross for this service at these stations en route.

Women Give \$36,000,000.

Thousands of patriotic women in all parts of the United States are freely giving their time to make surgical dressings, knit goods, hospital garments, comfort kits, socks and sweaters. The value of this labor given by American women is estimated at \$36,000,000 a year.

The Red Cross operates in France a motor truck transportation service with 250 motor trucks.

ARMY BARRACKS FOR NURSERIES

One of Them Houses More Than 800 Children Under Ten.

Within sound of the deep throated guns of the French firing line, guns that are ceaselessly telling the Germans "thou shalt not pass," live hundreds of happy, healthy children.

At the beginning of the war the buildings in which these kiddies now live and play and study were barracks for French boys training to be soldiers. Today these boys—those who are left of them—are veterans. These barracks are good modern buildings, and they are set amid beautiful scenery. There are several of these groups of barracks scattered throughout France, and all of them have been turned into homes for the nation's homeless children.

At one of the barrack-nurseries there are more than 800 children. Some are babies of a few days old, and the oldest is not over ten years. Most of these children are orphans. Some few of them have mothers who are working in fields and factories to help France win the war.

And these little folks are receiving the first intelligent care of their lives. Skilled American doctors are in charge of the kitchens, and experienced teachers are instructing those old enough to attend the barrack-school. The older girls and boys are being taught useful trades as well as the usual classroom lessons, and with it all these children are learning the joy in healthy play.

France laid upon us a sacred service in this care of its children. And how noble has been the response of our American Red Cross!

Out of No Man's Land

By HARRY IRVING GREENE

Father: This wonderful letter that I am writing you—a miracle letter. I was hurt, badly, but I am going to get well. It happened like this—you know I am not allowed to name place or date.

No Man's Land! We were raiding it by night, three of us—scouting, prowling. It was as dark as the dungeons of inferno, but often they sent up signal shells—roseate, bursting things that bathed all that evil land in a blood-red light. When their glare flared over us we had to stand as we were caught, hand or foot upraised—moveless objects in the red glow until the light snuffed out and all was dark once more.

We reached the German entanglements and began cutting them with our oiled clippers. We were careful, very careful, but we were not careful enough. They heard us. Over came two bombs.

The three of us went down in a row. Jack and Tom never knew what hit them. I was hurt too badly to be able to get up.

I lay there—all night—groaning—calling for help. Twenty feet away I could hear the boches in their trench laughing at me, cursing me.

Morning! My last. I could endure it no more. I was dying—bleeding. I said my last prayer.

And then! Since the dawn of time I do not believe the world has seen a more glorious thing. From the hill tops our artillery laid down a box barrage 600 and under it, heads raised like emperors and shoulders squared, came six men, stretcher bearers. As though they had been on parade they came forth in broad daylight into the very teeth of the enemy and picked up what was left of Jack, Tom and me.

As though we had been their own brothers they bore us back, swiftly, gently. Then do you know what those Huns did?

Opened fire on us—the dead, the bearers of the dead and a man who lay quivering at the threshold of death.

Two of the six bearers went down. The other four brought them back along with what was left of Jack, Tom and me.

And when I awoke in the hospital after the operation, deathly sick but back from the nightmare-land and with the sunlight upon me, whom do you think I saw bending over me, the red cross upon her sleeve, babbling, laughing, crying, kissing me? JANE!

And I had never known that she had come over! Had never got her letter. And we are here together and I am going to get well. An hour ago she held out her hand, and upon one finger was still the little ring I gave her before I left. I am going to have a stone set in it—you know what that means. Though somewhat disfigured I am still in the ring.

And so is Jane. JIM.