



ANY MAN TO ANY MAN

By GERALD STANLEY LEE

I DO not know how other men feel about it, but I find it hard, with all that is happening to the world today, to look a small boy in the face.

When a small boy looks trustingly up to me and I see his world—the world he thinks he is going to have, in his eyes, I am afraid.

The look in his eyes of the world he thinks he is going to have cuts me to the quick.

I have always felt I had an understanding with a small boy before.

But the last four years when he looks at me in that old way and I think of his world—the one I see in his eyes—the one I had myself—the one every small boy has a right to, I see suddenly instead the one that is being left over for him by me, by all of us, the one he will have to try to put up with, have to live in, have to be a man in, when you and I have stopped trying.

Then when I face the small boy I want to go off in a wide high place alone and think and ask God—I want to go down into the city and fight—fight with my money and with my hope, go over the top with my religion and then come back and face the small boy.

There are days during this struggle when my soul is spent and all the world seems made of iron and glass and all these crowds of people flocking through the streets who do not seem to care.

It seems as if I would not turn over my head to save a world to live in myself. It does not matter about me—and some days the people I see go by almost make me think it does not matter about them.

Then suddenly I go by troops of school children at four o'clock pouring out into the streets, pouring like fire, pouring like sunshine out into the streets!

It is as the roll of drums for the Liberty Loan!

I want to ring great church bells to call people to the Red Cross!

My rule for a man's finding out just how much he should subscribe to the Red Cross is this:

Put down your name and address, on the blank and leave the amount open to think. Then try going past a schoolhouse about four o'clock when the children are pouring out.

Or in the evening when the house is quiet, put down your name and the best figure you dare on the white paper.

Then go upstairs a minute and look in the crib.

Then look at your blank when you come down once more.

"Unto the Least of These"



Contributed by Arthur William Brown.

ONE 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 Hun... The Kaiser never announces these... We have a hospital of 30 beds for children in Evian... It is just like the tender care of our Red Cross... The Kaiser never announces these...

Billy Jones

By WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

Billy Jones—maybe your son or the son of a neighbor—was in the front line trenches in France when the German bombing party was driven back... A comrade—maybe your boy—crawled out into No Man's Land and brought Billy Jones back to the American trenches.

Other comrades carried him back through the maze of trenches to a dressing station, where his wound was cared for... A medical department ambulance carried him on to the field hospital.

From there Billy Jones was taken to the base hospital, and there a Red Cross nurse—your Red Cross nurse—is tenderly, carefully, smilingly nursing him back to health again so that he may not have to pay the extreme sacrifice that we—that you and I and our neighbors—may enjoy the blessings of freedom.

There are half a million of these boys of ours in France today and more going "over there" every week. They are there to wage the supreme conflict of the world with the brutal forces of autocracy that democracy, our heritage, may not perish.

We want these boys of ours to come back to us, and it is the Red Cross men and women—our Red Cross men and women—who will bring thousands of them back who would not otherwise come if our dollars will but keep them there to minister to these boys of ours. They are but doing for us what we cannot do for ourselves.

The Rainbow In Antoine's Sky

He stands looking down, this Antoine, a peasant, the "man with the hoe"—looking down into the brown soil from which he and his ancestors have lived. They have made this soil and the sun and the rain give them something each year—not much, a livelihood—do you see, and perhaps a little besides.

But the hoe is broken. The ground about him is torn, trampled, scarred, the fields full of great pits, as if some terrible, blighting disease has passed and left a land unaimed and dead. Tangles of coarse barbed wire, posts driven deep and now shattered, ugly, distorted, like the wrecked piling of a rotting wharf.

Trees Blasted by Shell Fire. In the orchard are trees blasted by shell fire, backed with axes, branchless, and Antoine's vines have been hopelessly uprooted and destroyed.

Nearby are a few blackened uprights pointing to the sky like burnt fingers, a pile of loose stones from the fallen chimney, a forlorn heap of everything, now become nothing, a confusion of eloquent and silent decay. Here stood the house of Antoine.

And Antoine is a peasant, strong with the dried and toughened strength of old age, stooped, leaning upon that broken hoe, a grotesque silhouette against the pale sky of dawn, a silhouette of despair in the hope of a new day. Above him, close by the ruins of that home, stands a single slender cherry tree somehow untouched by the storm that has passed, a tree with fresh green leaves and blossoms.

From its some petals of pink float down upon the blackened stones. It is slow work this digging with a broken hoe. But what can we do? Antoine begins the toll of the day. The red of the sunrise pales to blue. The two sons of Antoine, they would be a great help, but they are gone; the horse too.

"Hello, Bill!" Strange words, but plainly some form of greeting. Antoine looks up. A round red face surmounting a smutted canvas coat is beaming upon the peasant from a considerable height. This is the man's name.

A Horse of Iron. "Time for spring plowin', be," says the stranger. Then painfully and patiently in the French of Columbus, G., he explains that this is a tractor—horse of iron—which will draw a plow of five shares, turning five furrows at a time, and here is the plow and here, coupled on behind, is a great set of wheels trundling lumber enough for—well, a small house at least, Antoine is sure.

Antoine's hoe is broken. About him lies the chaos of his ruined dwelling. His sons are somewhere off there on the firing line. But if they shall one day come back to him and find, after all, the fields in cultivation, a house—Antoine looks up—first at the cherry tree, dropping petals upon the blackened stones; then at the smiling face of the man who drives the horse of iron.

"And who, m'sieu, sends this great plow of many furrows and the lumber for a house? Is it the good God?" "Oh, no, mon sieur," replied the man from Columbus. "See Ang com shah! nothin' like that, old top. It's just the American Red Cross. Which one of them fields do you want to turn over first, hey?"

HER MOTHER

She was just a tiny bit of a French child, not more than three or four years old. She was wandering about the Casino at Evian quite independently and found herself in the line of repatriated children waiting to be examined by the American Red Cross doctor.

She may have been lost, but she seemed very happy, humming a vague and wandering scrap of tune. What she had been through, back where the German army grows, no one knew. Some of the grownups were weeping with joy to be among friends again. It came her turn to be examined. "What is your name?" the Red Cross nurse asked.

"Marcelle," piped the four-year-old. "And your other name?" "Je ne sais pas," the child answered, with the utter unconcern one reserves for trifles. ("I do not know.") The nurse was bothered. She had a card to fill out, and here was a child come back to France that did not know its own name.

"Don't you see her there?" asked the nurse. "Which is your mother?" And she pointed to a whole crowd of them. "Which one?" Marcelle echoed a little plaintively, and then she found her brave answer by climbing up into the nurse's lap, did this Frenchwoman of four years.

"Tel, tout le monde est ma mere, tu sais." ("Everybody is mother to my baby.")

THE WAR'S RECOMPENSE

The original of this verse was found on an American soldier who bravely fought and as nobly died. The man is yet unknown.

Ye who have faith to look with fearless eyes Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife, And know that out of death and night shall rise The dawn of ampler life.

Rejoice, whatever anguish rend the heart, That God has given you a priceless dower, To live in these great times and have your part In freedom's crowning hour.

That ye may tell your sons who see the light High in the heavens—their heritage to take—"I saw the powers of darkness put to flight, I saw the morning break."

A MESSAGE FROM EDWARD N. HURLEY

Chairman of the United States Shipping Board.

EVERY dollar that has been appropriated by the American Red Cross in this war has welded closer that relationship between the United States and the nations of the Entente, a relationship that will have a marked effect upon the peace council that is coming.

If this work of spreading the gospel of mercy is to continue, every man, woman and child in this republic must give the American Red Cross his fullest support in its second campaign for \$100,000,000.

Our boys in Europe are looking to us to back them up and I know of no better means of supporting them than through the instrumentality of the American Red Cross.

The good it has already accomplished and the comforts and welfare it will provide later when the stress of war becomes greater for the United States forces, make it imperative that the second fund of \$100,000,000 be a maintenance of the part of the American people.

ROMANCE GONE

Efficiency Kills Sentiment as Machine Makes Socks in 25 Minutes.

By RUTH DUNBAR.

"How snowy white your fingers look against the scarlet wool" was the favorite speech of grandfather when he was paying suit to grandmother, who, if history is correct, never allowed little things like love and courtship to distract her mind one minute from her knitting.

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

In the various Red Cross workrooms of the New York County Chapter there are nearly seventy-five sock machines. Eight of these are in the model workroom at 20 East Thirty-eighth street and others that have been ordered are held up by traffic conditions. Here instructions teach the use of the machine to Red Cross workers.

A complete pair of socks can be made on the machine in 25 minutes. The machine looks like a cross between fishing tackle and a pile driver. The worker threads it through the arm and carrier on to the treader. The body of the machine is a circle of needles bent at the ends like crochet hooks.

Sweaters also are made on the sock machine, the strips sewed together and the ribbing at top and bottom knitted on by hand.

Besides the machines in the Red Cross workrooms there are many owned by private individuals or groups who work at home and donate the results to the Red Cross. In a family hotel, for instance, four or five women can club together and buy a machine.

WHAT HOME SERVICE HAS DONE FOR ME

My personal entree into a year ago shortly after he went away our two-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 our 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 weakened 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 Hospital, 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 commissioned 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 German shell.

The piece of shrapnel which wounded Captain Roosevelt will be presented to Captain Roosevelt's father, Col. Theodore Roosevelt.

NURSES PRETTY

Red Cross Hospital Uniform Most Becoming in History 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 competent. 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 mystification and beguiling of men."

"In the officers' ward was a colonel with bronchitis. I've seen them in China," he told me. "I suppose I've seen about all the existing types, but I never yet saw one that wasn't pretty in spite of 21 hours."

"He reminded me of an Irish Tommy, 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 angels have come down to the Somme!'"

Hundreds of Red Cross nurses, however, are doing work abroad in which their looks are less eagerly considered. Finding and caring for war orphaned babies, fighting tuberculosis, re-establishing homes in shell wrecked villages—these are some of the big tasks of mercy which, thanks to American contributions, 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 division, with a great warehouse for the collection and shipment of all kinds of Red Cross supplies.

A SCORE OF REASONS FOR THE RED CROSS

It is Playing a Big Part in the War for Democracy.

What does it mean to you to know that your America Red Cross is supporting 50,000 French children. Sends supplies to 3,423 French military hospitals. Provides 2,000 French hospitals with surgical dressings.

Is operating 30 canteens at the front line. Is operating six other canteens at French railway junctions, serving 30,000 French soldiers a day. Operates a movable hospital in four units accommodating 1,000 men.

Is operating a children's refuge in one part of the war zone, and in another a medical center and traveling dispensary, both capable of accommodating more than 2,000 children. Has opened a long chain of warehouses stocked with hospital supplies, food, soldiers' comforts, tobacco, blankets, etc., all the way from the seaboard to the Swiss frontier.

Has warehouse capacity for 100,000 tons. Has 400 motor cars and operates seven garages, making all repairs. Has shipped 46 freight car loads of assorted supplies to Italy from France within two weeks after it began operating in the former country.

Had a battery of motor ambulances at the Pieve front four days after the United States declared war on Austria. Started a hundred different activities in Italy at the time that nation was in its most critical condition. Has established five hospitals in England and operates a workshop for hospital supplies employing 2,000 women.

And that 120,000 cases of supplies have been received at the Paris headquarters of the American Red Cross from your various chapters scattered throughout the United States.

What does all this mean to you? And I have told you but a fraction of the work your Red Cross has done and is doing. It means that without this ceaseless, heroic work of the American Red Cross, we could never win this war.

Without your Red Cross thousands in Rumania would have starved to death. Without your Red Cross Italy would never have realized that powerful support of the United States in the hour of need.

Without your Red Cross thousands of French soldiers now gallantly fighting for you at the front would have died of wounds, exposure and lack of food. But now we must all redouble our efforts and sacrifices for our Red Cross because a million mothers' sons are going to carry the stars and stripes to the greatest victory God has ever given to men fighting for honor and liberty. With the help of your Red Cross your boy will win.