

PEOPLE WHO ARE LEFT OUT OF THE ROLL CALL

Population of the United States Asked to Stand Up and Be Counted.

By GERALD STANLEY LEE.

I had a friend once named Old Bill Spear, who was the curator and founder of the John Quincy Adams Memorial in Quincy, Mass. He conceived the idea of making the house into a memorial and, with his genius as a collector of old furniture, filled it with things to see.

People came from everywhere, and at twenty-five cents apiece they went about to see the things Bill had collected and hear Bill talk.

Bill felt very superior to most collectors. "Just collectors," Bill said, "collect anything."

Bill usually could size people up when they came in the door, but when he wasn't quite sure about people, and suspected he didn't want to bother with them very long, he used to take them up to the attic to size them up quick. He would show them a bushel basketful of something they couldn't quite see, and then he would wave his hand with a flourish and say in an impressive tone as they stooped to look closer "This is the Largest Collection of Burnt Matches in the World!"

Hundreds of collectors didn't break a smile, Bill said, and just looked awed. Then Bill knew, of course, that he needn't bother to show them his best things.

Some of the people who are proposing to go out into the streets Red Cross Christmas Roll Call Week and gather up everybody to join the Red Cross, seem to think that the main thing there is to tell people about the Red Cross. It is that if they pay a dollar to help the world and die on our crosses for us."

I felt a little superior to this at first and began thinking how I would do it. But when I began thinking what the biggest Collection of People in the World could do by just being the biggest and by all wanting the same thing with a different one dollar, it became impressive.

It would even be impressive if forty million people in America all wanted the same thing with the same dollar!

All wanting the same thing would be a nation praying—all the grown-up people of a nation with their little half-conscious children round them—praying! The dollar a man joined with, would not be a mere one dollar. The dollar would be a receipt to every man in America that \$9,999,999 other men or women belonged to him, and that he belonged to them in getting what he wanted for three million soldier boys and for their children at home.

Forty million people—all the grown-up people in this country pick out three million men and say to the three million men they have picked out, "You go and die for us, you go and be saviors of the world and die on our crosses for us!"

Then what do the forty million do? It would be something if we would all line up—the whole forty million of us to a man, with our little palid insipid speechless dollar bills in our hands from Maine to California Christmas Week and use our two dollar bills a year as ballots, stand up in line and be counted and cable to the men across the sea that we vote one carfare once in two weeks to stand by them, stand by the souls and lodges of the children of the men who have made a standing offer to die on our crosses for us!

Who wants to be left out of this line by Christmas Eve? What man would want to be stood up in a row of those who are left out while all of the children of the world file by and look at him, while the little children of nine hundred thousand dead men in England file by and look at him, or the children of the soldiers of France giving their lives to protect the skyscrapers of New York?

For that matter it need not take so many children. What man who let himself be left out would feel safe in his own house with his own children climbing up into his lap believing in him—safe with his own baby pulling on his face, jabbing his small trustful fists in his eyes—if he let himself be left out?

Of course, it seems a little like a mockery to cable over to France Christmas Eve that we give one carfare once in two weeks to the children of the men we picked out to die for us, but it would be a start.

Nobody needs to think it would be a big thing just to belong to the Red Cross, but it is going to be a big thing to be left out.

AID GAS HEROES.

On the roof of the Pavilion Bellevue, near St. Cloud, is a most interesting hospital for soldiers who have been "gassed." The Pavilion Bellevue is the former home of Isadora Duncan and is in charge of the American Red Cross.

Lieut. Wilfred H. Day of Niagara Falls, N. Y., is in charge of this hospital, which treats only those who have been gassed, and is the first hospital of its kind to be established. Lieutenant Day has visited every country that was in the war, except Bulgaria and Turkey, and has worked in each one. During a recent visit to Worcester, England, he was received by the Lord Mayor and honored because of his work, and the Queen of Roumania conferred honor upon him, commending him for his work among the wounded and destitute of her country.

MONEY NOT THE OBJECT.

Our obligation to our own soldiers and sailors and the privilege of ministering to the sick and wounded, of feeding the hungry, housing the homeless and rebuilding the waste places of our associates in the war, call the entire American people to the support of the Red Cross spirit now as never before. The money to be raised in membership dues is secondary. It is the spiritual phase that is important, for it will show the suffering people of the world that the American people will see them through their experience to the very end.

DO YOU KNOW?

Red Cross Christmas Roll Call

December 16th to 23rd

Do you know the Red Cross Christmas Roll Call? Do you know when it's going to be? Do you know it's the call of our brothers, who are far away, over the sea? Do you know that if you answer "present" you'll be helping some boy over there, and you'll show that you're backing our soldiers and willing to do your full share? Do you know that to millions of children this sign of a haven, indeed, for they know it means food, clothing, shelter and love to supply every need? Do you know what the millions of members all over our well-beloved land have been able to do through the Red Cross in offering a kind, helping hand? Will you answer "I'm here" to the roll call? Will you be a member this year? If you will you'll receive the "love button"—a token of Christmas good cheer.

MAKE ROLL CALL UNANIMOUS.

The official designation, and the only proper characterization of the demonstration that will occupy the attention of the American people, under the auspices of the American Red Cross, immediately preceding the coming holiday season, is "The Red Cross Christmas Roll Call."

The object of the Christmas Roll Call is to register in terms of active participation the spirit of a nation. The spirit in question is personified in Red Cross membership. It is not to be a "campaign" to raise a war fund nor a "drive" to strengthen the material resources of the Red Cross organization. Its main objective is the extension of Red Cross membership to the uttermost limit.

See to it that no false conception of the purpose of the Roll Call finds lodgment anywhere, and, while emphasizing the grandeur of the movement under its only logical name, keep everlastingly in mind the idea to—"Make it unanimous."

NEW FACES FOR OLD.

The American Red Cross has undertaken varied tasks. These range from darning the socks of the soldiers to making new faces for those disfigured by war. Mrs. Ladd, the wife of Dr. Ladd, now doing service in Red Cross hospitals abroad, is working in her Paris studio making masks to cover disfigured faces. A photograph of the soldier showing how he looked before being wounded is obtained and then a mask of copper or silver is made to resemble it and replace the part that is gone. This is made as lifelike as possible and held on, as a rule, with bows behind the ears like spectacles. The soldier cannot eat or sleep in these masks, but he can see and breathe through them. Sometimes a nose is put on so lifelike that it cannot be detected, and sometimes it is a chin or in rare instances almost the entire face. This great humanitarian work enables the victim to mingle with people without being made conspicuous or conspicuous that he is being avoided.

WHAT HOME SERVICE MEANS.

So many questions are constantly coming to the Home Service Section of the Red Cross that a few words as to its objects may not come amiss. The Home Service Section aims to serve the folks at home, to bring them nearer to the man in the field, and to bring him nearer to the ones at home. Sometimes it means helping to straighten out a financial tangle, sometimes help in the training of the children, sometimes being a big brother to a young lad who needs a bit of friendly counsel, or advising a young wife who may be worried about the coming due of the mortgage and what her rights under the law may be.

Then, too, there are sometimes delays in the mails or lost letters, and sometimes delays in the allotment, or errors in the amount which should be forthcoming. These problems and many others are being straightened out by the Home Service Section, without charge to the families, and with an efficiency which is daily growing more valuable. More than 300,000 calls have been answered.

For those who are worried because of the non-arrival of letters a cable is sent inquiring about the man's web feet.

In fact the Home Service Section is living up to its name—it is really the service of those at home—it is trying to be the father, brother or husband to those left behind.

FRENCH AUTHORITIES ACCLAIM WORK OF AMERICAN RED CROSS.

Dr. Chassagnon of the French Military Sanitary Service and M. Goyon in recent addresses paid warm tribute to the work of the American Red Cross in the war, and M. Autrand, prefect of the Department of the Seine, praised the personal efforts of Red Cross workers.

"Your task is not ended," said M. Autrand. "Our friends and our benefactors now are more than ever indispensable to us. Our task is immense. Help us. We have known how to vanquish; we will know how to organize ourselves in victory."

AMERICA'S WOMEN JOINED IN ANTHEM OF SERVICE

Millions of Red Cross Workers Do Multitude of Little Things at Home Which Enable Our Boys to Do Great Things in France.

Under the banner of the Red Cross American women are working in homes, churches, clubs, schools, shops, theaters, factories, hospitals and in thousands of Red Cross work-rooms. The hum of sewing machines, the whizz of mullin torn to accurate strips, the rat-tat-tat of volunteer typewriters, the purr of holling kettles in canteens, the rumbling of automobiles of the Motor Corps, the soft click of knitting needles in lonely cabins and farm-houses, all blend into a great anthem of service.

About 8,000,000 women working through Red Cross Chapters and branches are making with their hands relief supplies—surgical dressings, knitted articles, hospital and refugee garments—or working as volunteers, subject to any call day or night, at 500 railroad stations throughout the country and at the ports of embarkation, or serving in volunteer Motor Corps. Truly here is an army with banners—banners of a red cross on a white field.

For the period up to the first of July, 1918, American Red Cross Chapters, through their work-rooms, had produced 192,748,107 surgical dressings, 19,134,501 knitted articles, 10,780,489 hospital garments and other hospital supplies and refugee garments, making a total of 221,282,838 articles of an estimated aggregate value of at least \$44,000,000.

Last spring during the Red Cross war fund drive, when thousands of women workers in cities in every state formed their great symbolic processions, those who looked on saw them as the representatives of all our American women working in this war, and heard in "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," to which they marched, the

varied sounds of all their eager labor.

The things they made, which carried a message of love from the women of this country, quite apart from their great money value, went from their work-rooms on great adventures. They have gone into front line trenches, to emergency hospitals in foreign villages and into the most modern operating rooms. They have wrapped lost and frightened children in warmth and sheltered aged refugees from the cold. They have gone overseas into strange and sad places, into Russia and Serbia and Palestine and Italy and France. They have gone into our own huge cantonments for our own young soldiers.

The Department of Nursing of the American Red Cross is the great recruiting agency of the United States Army and Navy Nurse Corps. By the first of October it had assigned over 18,000 graduate nurses to active military service at home and abroad. It has provided over 700 nurses for the Federal Public Health Service and the Red Cross Town and Country Nursing Service, which co-operates with the local health boards in the communities which it serves.

The statement of the Home Service of the American Red Cross to all of our fighting men that it is prepared to help in any emergency that may arise in their homes—help in legal ways, medical ways, business ways, friendship ways—would not be possible without the vision and the active co-operation of thousands of American women. In every division of the Red Cross, from coast to coast and from Canada to Mexico, they have seen this service as the elemental right due from the American people to their defenders.

COMFORTS, SMILES AND CAKE LIKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE

Thus Every Red Cross Canteen Becomes a Bit of Home for Our Soldiers in France.

What could possibly be more gladdening than the sight of real American doughnuts, hunks of luscious pie—real hunks? Nothing—unless it might be the sight of an honest-to-goodness American girl. And the combination of the three, and maybe a couple of mugs of good hot coffee thrown in for good measure—nobody but a really tired, hardworked Yank can really appreciate this food for the gods and comfort for the heart of man.

"It ain't the coffee nor the pie nor the doughnuts, not even the pretty girls," said one young soldier; "it is the sight of a woman who looks like your mother—with her little cap a trifle askew sometimes, and maybe a lock of hair straightened out of curl, just like mother used to have hers come when she was hurrying too hard—that's the thing that makes a fellow glad he happened to be with this particular bunch. And when that woman says, 'Here, son, have another piece of pie!' it goes right through your heart and makes you feel that if you ever do get back to the old U. S. A. again you'll not forget mother's birthday and you'll remember to say the kind things every single day of your life."

The Red Cross serves the lads of all the nations, of course, but it is particularly partial to the khaki clad youths with a bit of slang and the call for the matches and the cigarettes. They are the ones who appreciate the American crackers and jam.

There are the canteens close to the trenches, of course, and the huts where the men may go and bathe and have their clothes freshened up, and the

railroad station canteen service, and the big canteens with the writing rooms and showers and libraries, and lounges where a fellow can rest a while, but the boys who have been there insist that they love the little rolling canteens that just naturally spring up where you least expect them, most of all.

Many well known names are on the lists of canteen workers, for American women were quick to seize the opportunity for service. The poorest soldier on his leave may be served by an American woman whose hospitality was formerly dealt out by her maids and butlers—and whose guest lists included only the most fashionable names in the social register. Now it is she who hands over the pie with her own hands and then gathers up the dishes—yes, and oftentimes washes them when help is scarce, for they have to be washed and made ready for the next lot of soldiers—and one cannot disappoint the boys who are never too tired to respond to the call of duty.

Another part of the canteen service is the "store," where the soldiers are supplied with their needs, where things they have lost in the heat of battle are replaced, tooth paste handed out, razor blades, towels, toothbrushes, all sorts of things, not forgetting the post cards to send home and the ever wanted packages of cigarettes.

Taking it all in all, the canteen does far more than fill the stomachs of the men—it puts something worth while into their hearts.

TOBACCO FOR THE BOYS



AN AMERICAN RED CROSS TRUCK BRINGING CASES OF TOBACCO FOR OUR SOLDIERS AT THE FRONT.

BEST CHRISTMAS GIFT.

What finer Christmas gift could the American people give to a stricken world than the announcement on Christmas Eve that the entire nation has answered the Red Cross Christmas Roll Call. It would signify to the

starving, sick and homeless that our humanity does not depend upon the excitement of war, but that neighborliness is just as strong in us in times of peace. A unanimous response will hearten the whole world.

THE RED CROSS IS REAL SERVICE

By FRANK MORRISON, Secretary /merican Federation of Labor.

The work of the Red Cross is not confined to our boys on battlefield or in hospital nor amidst the ruins of Belgium and other portions of devastated Europe. One of its great activities is any necessary aid to the dependents of members of America's military forces.

On the battlefield the Red Cross presents an heroic figure. In America, removed from destruction and death, the Red Cross steps silently to the side of the father and mother whose boy is "over there" and who need counsel and aid.

No service is too small for the Red Cross. If allotments from the government or from their son are delayed, or information on the government's war risk insurance is wanted, the Red Cross is both counsellor and friend. It enters into the home in the true spirit of charity—secracy.

But first and foremost our soldiers in field and hospital must be given the most attentive care possible. Nothing we can do will equal their share in this movement for world democracy, and the Red Cross presents an opportunity for us to play our part in this great drama by contributing to the extent of our ability.

The Red Cross appeals to organized workers because of its one quality—service.

Behind Red Cross service is an ennobling charity that is not defaced by cost marks, a democracy that personifies Jefferson's great principle of equality and a religion that is beyond sectarianism.

MAKE SOLDIER FEEL HE IS AS GOOD AS EVER

Men disabled in the service who are returning from the front and who find it hard at first to see their way toward earning a livelihood are a special problem for the Red Cross. Under the Smith-Sears law a fund is appropriated to re-educate every disabled man who will take the opportunity to make a living. It is felt that such men are likely to be weakened in their resolution to keep their self respect and find real work by the mistaken charity of hero worshippers, who will forget them once the first flush of war enthusiasm is over. Here the support of the disabled man's family must be enlisted, for in the last analysis it is the man's family who will be the determining influence in his rehabilitation. The relatives must be braced to meet the situation—to make of themselves for the man a bulwark against discouragement and weakness.

SMILES AND TEARS GET MIXED.

Two little stories came to the Red Cross headquarters from over the seas a short time ago. One was a story of bravery that brought the tears, and one a tale of tears that brought smiles.

The first story was of a soldier who asked for a light. He was in bed, and a cigarette was between his lips, placed there by the nurse after she had finished spreading his blanket up smoothly. At his question, she turned and gave him a box of matches and hurried on, then remembered that the arms beneath the blankets were without hands.

Nurses have to be without tears, but there were tears in her eyes as she turned to strike the match and light the cigarette for him.

"Quit that," he said, "they were good mits, and they helped get three or four Germans before I lost them, but they ain't worth crying about, so there!"

And the tears story that brought smiles? Well, that was the story of a big, husky, colored man, who sat reading, and the Red Cross worker at the canteen saw that he had tears running down his cheeks. She was curious to know what he might be reading and was astonished when she looked over his shoulder to see that it was the canteen cook book.

He smiled through his tears as he saw that she was watching, and said, sheepishly, "You sure must excuse me, ma'am, but this here book done make me blamed homesick. I'm 'shamed to make a baby outen maise', but this makes me think o' home."

RED CROSS WOMEN CITED FOR BRAVERY

American women at Epernay, south of Rheims, have been cited in an order of the day for remaining at their posts in an American Red Cross canteen under bombardment for six days. Throughout this battle they continued to feed and care for wounded.

RED CROSS SANTA TO FILL SOLDIERS' SOCKS

An Old Fashioned Celebration of Yuletide for American Soldiers in France.

A Christmas tree in every ward of every American hospital and in every hospital recreation hut in France!

Every wounded or sick American fighting man to receive two socks filled to the brim with fruits, nuts, candy and smokes!

These are the most interesting features of a tentative Christmas celebration program for the American hospitals arranged by the American Red Cross in France in co-operation with the commanding officers of our fighting forces in that country. Details of the plan to make Christmas as merry as possible for the soldiers in these institutions have just been received at Red Cross headquarters. Nurses and enlisted men on duty at these places will also share in the distribution of Christmas cheer. Because of the limited amount of available shipping space the Red Cross was compelled to abandon its original plan to send special Christmas parcels from here to soldier patients in France. All the articles distributed will be obtained over there.

This is to be an old fashioned celebration in every sense of the word. Every soldier will hang his socks on the tree. The socks will be tied with red ribbon and in addition to the goodies mentioned above will contain a handkerchief and a card, on which will be outlined the services the American Red Cross is prepared to render our soldiers. Each soldier will receive a sufficient number of Christmas postcards—now being designed by artists in the Red Cross service—to enable him to write to members of his family and his friends back home.

The Christmas dinner, of course, will be one of the features of the celebration. After dinner there will be musical entertainment, motion pictures and general singing.

RED CROSS FIGHTS DEADLY EPIDEMIC

Besides the special work conducted by hundreds of Red Cross Chapters throughout the country in checking the recent epidemic of Spanish influenza, the organization through its headquarters at Washington is preparing to fight a repetition of the experience that was so disastrous this fall, educating the public thoroughly regarding the symptoms and the proper care at the beginning of an attack. In addition to this, the American Red Cross is fighting tuberculosis. The recent appropriation to the National Tuberculosis Association will be used for educational as well as relief work throughout the country.

So much has been said about the aftermath of the epidemic that special attention is being given to the work along this line. The weakness which follows influenza leaves the patient in a condition which makes him a good field for the germs of tuberculosis. A thorough physical examination, proper food and clothing, the use of mild preventives, will check the progress of the disease at once.

Tuberculosis, or consumption, as it is frequently called, is both preventable and curable, provided the treatment of the disease is begun before it is too far advanced. Medicine plays a comparatively small part. The frequently advertised "consumption cures" should be looked upon as poison. The only medicine which should be taken is a good tonic which will stimulate the appetite and build up the system generally. The main cure lies in proper food, sufficient rest, fresh air and sunlight and living, if possible, according to the plan prescribed by a good physician. This renews the patient's vitality and soon kills the disease entirely.

For several years the National Tuberculosis Association has been financing its work by the sale of Red Cross seals at Christmas time. The seals sold for a penny each and by making a concerted effort enough money was usually raised to carry the work through the year. This year there will be no seals sold because the American Red Cross has made an appropriation for the anti-tuberculosis work, and those who formerly spent their time selling seals will join in the work for the Red Cross Christmas Roll Call during the week of December 16 to 23.

SONG OF LITTLE THINGS.

By Jeanne Judson.

This is the song of little things,
A clean, white bed in a quiet place,
A cigarette and the saving grace
Of smiles that illumine the nurse's face—
These are the joys the Red Cross brings.

This is the song of little things,
An old man brought to his home again,
And children who play, forgetting pain,
A hut that shelters from mud and rain—
This is the rest the Red Cross brings.

WHAT RED CROSS MEANS.

Your membership in the great American Red Cross means the mothering of those little children made desolate by the invasion of the Hun. Mrs. Lars Anderson in her recent book on conditions over there says: "It is the poor, homeless, motherless kiddies that somehow make all the other horrors of war fade away into distance. These frightened, crying, dying, innocent children, who do not know what it is all about—they wring your heart dry."