

HAVE A HEART HELP!

For a small sum you can buy that most precious and priceless thing—the life of a little child! Will you buy ONE MEAL A DAY for a starving innocent kid? Will you buy him a little overcoat, or a pair of stockings, or a pair of small boots to keep him from freezing to death?

When Jesus Christ came upon the earth, nearly two thousand years ago, to save all mankind, his mere coming seemed to interfere with the material interests of a few people of that period, notably King Herod, who promptly decided to dispose of this "interloper," and sent forth his soldiers with orders to slay all the children of two years old and under. Thus was consummated the most atrocious crime against innocent childhood ever committed up to that time.

Today passing in review, as we look out through the windows of our comfortable homes in this great and happy land, are three and a half millions of helpless children, the innocent victims of the greatest war that has ever afflicted humanity. It matters not, as we gaze in the direction of these children, that our eyes must stretch across three thousand miles of ocean, we still can see them and we still can hear them, if we wish to do so. We cannot help hearing the tragic appeal in their voices and seeing their tiny arms stretched out to us and their searching eyes looking into our souls, as they say, "Help us, or we perish." And if we fail to listen to this great call of three and a half millions of God's helpless children; if we close our eyes and ears to this great demand of duty we will be just as guilty of the "slaughter of the innocents" as was Herod nearly two thousand years ago.

In these lands, swept by death and filled with tragedies too deep for tears, a sum of human suffering is being written greater perhaps than for all ages gone by. The mind grows numb and the heart sick from a constant recital of tales of such tragedy as it is difficult to believe the 20th century could hold.

And so, when we receive this call from Mr. Hoover telling us that America must not allow hunger and cold to return to this mass of 3,500,000 helpless children, our souls are stirred and hot blood surges up in our hearts. We feel it as our imperative duty to use all the power God has given us to aid this noble-hearted American in continuing at great personal sacrifice, his tremendous energy and administrative genius during the past six years in which time he and his American colleagues have administered two billions of dollars of relief funds from all parts of the world with a total overhead expense of only 3-8s of 1 per cent and without any remuneration to the American directors. Now he asks us all to help save the children who are in imminent danger of starvation this coming winter.

There they are, in the midst of wrecked homes and farms and factories in cities crowded with masses of refugees without sustaining food for children, through the des-

truction of live stock, seeds for planting, raw materials, tools and machinery gone; great areas with everything burned or looted or smashed; vast unemployment for workers; no means of subsistence; a land of economic ruin of mutilated life and lingering death; and in the midst of it all—the little starving innocents.

In long lines they are waiting at the American food-kitchens. Will the food be there for them? Will they be turned away? There are no happy, healthy faces in those long lines—not one. You have seen rags and barefooted children, but never so many little boys and girls literally dressed in tatters. Soon it will be very cold and for those little feet and legs and arms there is nothing to put on.

Hollow faces and shrunken bodies are so common that their real condition does not become evident until we inquire more closely and then we find that most of them are from one to five years back in their growth. Children of eight years old have not reached the normal size of two and a half. They are just learning to stand alone. Others almost as old can not yet stand on their feet. The flesh and skin are shriveled on their bones. It is surprising that life can still exist there. If they can have food they will gradually regain their health and strength but with most of them it is a question of now or never.

3,500,000 Children Actually Starving

In Poland alone a million five hundred thousand such children must be cared for. The people are living mostly on a diet made from potato-flour, oat-flour and sawdust. In Czecho-Slovakia, in Hungary, in Austria, and in other countries of central and southeastern Europe, two millions more are in dire need of food; and who stops to ask regarding creed, or race, or nationality when a little child is starving. Children are just children the world over and the great American heart is big enough to care for them all.

But the appeal is not for them all. The three and a half millions of children are in immediate danger of starvation. Those who must have food at once are only a fraction of the total number. The hungry children of those destitute countries have been examined by competent physicians and only those whose wasted little bodies are reduced to the minimum weight, and whose endurance of hunger has reached the end which merges into actual starvation are admitted to the American kitchens and given one meal a day. It is hard to turn away thousands of hungry boys and girls—to hear them ask, pleadingly, "Do I weigh too much?", "Am I not thin enough?", "Can't I come any more?". But this restricting of food to the extreme cases is compulsory, because there isn't enough for all.

And these neediest ones can not reach the kitchens through the cold winds and snow barefooted and in the pitiful rags which form only a partial covering for their

bodies. They must have clothes. Each outfit consists of one pair of warm woolen stockings, one pair of boots and a little overcoat. This one meal a day and these boots, stockings and little overcoats can be supplied only if we give them. If we do not, the slaughter of the innocents by cold and starvation will be appalling.

There is surely not a father or mother, sister or brother in the whole of Josephine County but whose heart will respond gladly and eagerly to the challenge of this great need. You are asked, you with us, to cooperate with Mr. Hoover in raising twenty-three million dollars to feed and clothe these children and save them from death this winter. It can be done! And Josephine county is called upon to do her share—a paltry seventeen hundred dollars. This county can show its big-heartedness and generosity as it always has when any real human need calls to it. We have never been called upon in vain.

We are not a hermit nation, isolated from the world, when suffering and want cry out to us from anywhere under the sun. A great, a beautiful and heart-sustaining hope supports these stricken people—America will come to their relief. For in the far places of the earth, where famine stalks, one name and one alone is synonymous with rescue and hope—and that name is America. Josephine County is asked to do her duty along with the rest of the "land of plenty" and save these suffering children.

These children which Mr. Hoover is endeavoring to

keep from starving are the hope of the Old World; they are the new generation. These children are our children too; their future helps to mold the destinies of America. If they grow to maturity sickly, underfed, and of criminal tendencies, the whole history of the world is affected. It is of no concern what their forebears did to bring the world to this wretched condition and their own homes to ruin. The American people fight men, not children; malice, not innocence.

The small individual unit of ten dollars will provide the coat and boots and stockings and one meal a day for one child the balance of this winter. A hundred dollars will save the lives of ten children. Everyone is urged to buy for themselves that precious and priceless thing—the life of a little child. It was the Divine Lover of little children, who came to earth as a little child and who reigns now as the King of Glory, who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." He does not forget, nor fail to reward.

What a beautiful Christmas thought as you watch your own little ones happy, healthy and romping and playing with their many toys and playthings, to think that you, too, have saved the life of one little tot who will not have such an enjoyable time unless you have a good, big, charitable HEART.

If you are not solicited by any of the canvassers for your subscription, or can not wait, just fill out one of the blanks below and mail same to the address given.

European Relief Fund

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the following firms

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SUBSCRIPTION CARD EUROPEAN RELIEF COUNCIL

Oregon
December _____, 1920.

TO J. L. PITTENGER,
Chairman, Josephine County,
Grants Pass, Oregon.

Here's my \$_____ to help save the life of
starving children. Please send me a receipt for same.

"Feed My Lambs"

(Name)
(Address)

(Make all checks payable to J. L. Pittenger, County
Chairman. Write name and address plainly)

PLEDGE CARD EUROPEAN RELIEF COUNCIL

Oregon
December _____, 1920.

TO J. L. PITTENGER,
Chairman, Josephine County,
Grants Pass, Oregon.

For the purpose of providing for the relief work of the European Relief Council to be administered under its direction and in consideration of the subscriptions of others, I promise to pay to the European Relief Council, Robert E. Strong, Chairman, \$_____, payable 1/4 on or before February 1, 1921; the balance on or before March 1, 1921.

Make Checks payable (Name)
to European Relief
Council. (Address)