

# THE SCARLET CROSS

By  
Margaret Widdemer  
Of the Vigilantes.

What is it that you do today, who lift the Scarlet Cross?  
For all the withered world is down in pain and in loss.

As all the world hears clashing sword, and hears no sound less plain—  
What can you do who lift the Cross, but heal to fight again?

We guard the women left alone, heartbroken for their dead,  
We ease the children wandering where all save Fear has fled.

We raise again the broken towns swept down by shot and shell,  
We heal again the broken souls hopeless from learning Hell—

Oh, they who saw but Grief and Hate see now our red sign plain—  
We save the sad world's soul alive that War had nearly slain!

## Bombardments Cannot Drive This Woman Back

She Thinks Coffee for Soldiers More Important Than Safety.

The following extracts are taken from a letter written by a Red Cross Canteen worker, Helen McElhone, an American woman and college graduate now located in a district almost constantly under bombardment:

"Foyer des Allies,  
"Bar-le-Duc.

"Things look very black to me. I am discouraged at the big outlook of affairs and also at my small doings, but it may be the blackness that comes before dawn. Let us hope so. Our men certainly need help now as much as the pollux. I am beginning to see those who have been at the front. In fact, I am beginning to see some of the results of this life. They are sick and homesick, and worse things have happened to them. Several have said: 'All we ask is to get to the front and do what we have to do. Anything is better than this life. . . . This morning we had more Americans than I have seen before at one time. One came up to me here as I was

drawing coffee from a big marmite as fast as I could fill cups and, pointing to his pipe, said, 'Tobac, tobac.' I said, 'Do you want some tobacco?' He seemed stunned for a moment and then said: 'Do you know it nearly gave me a fit to hear you speak English. I haven't heard a woman speak English in five months.' He said he had been walking about in the cold since four o'clock last night. He couldn't find a hotel or a bright light because, of course, everything is closed and darkened on account of the bombardments. . . . The Americans are very fond of ham sandwiches. They eat much more than the French soldiers, and when they first came in and ordered six eggs apiece it caused consternation throughout the land. The funniest thing of all is to hear the Sammies grandly urging these wealthy English girls to 'keep the change—oh, keep the change! . . . We start the day at five and work continuously until nine, when three fresh cantinieres relieve us. At five we go on for the evening shift from five to eight, and it is the most exciting and exhausting of the shifts. There is a certain time when they come down on us like a flood, eight or ten deep around the counter and three or four hundred altogether in this little room, as eager and tired as schoolboys."

The foregoing letter indicates that our soldiers look to the Red Cross Canteen as an oasis in a desert. They would not have it if it were not for your Red Cross.



## Compare Your Baby's First Four Years With This

In 1913 little Marie was born in a village not far from Mezières, in the Ardennes.

In 1914 Marie's father, called to the colors, fell at the Marne. And Marie and her mother stayed in the village, which was now in the Germans' hands.

In 1915 a poster was pasted up on the door of the village church, and that night Marie's mother vanished, along with a score or more of other women.

In 1916 Marie was still living in that village—existing through the charity of the few elderly folk the Germans permitted to stay.

In 1917 Marie, with all the children under fourteen years and all the old people left alive in the village, was bundled into a crowded car and shipped into Germany, round through Switzerland and thence into France, arriving at Evian. She was underfed, of course, emaciated, sickly, dirty, too lightly dressed for the time of year. And she came into Evian with not a relative, not a friend left in all France to take care of her.

Who took her? Your Red Cross! Over there in Evian your Red Cross took charge of her, cared for her in the Red Cross Children's Hospital, clothed her, fed her, built up her strength, taught her to play—and then helped the French authorities find her a HOME.

Multiple Marie by 500 and you will have some idea of just one day's work your Red Cross does at Evian. It is only one of the Red Cross activities in France, to be sure—but for just that one alone can you help being proud of it? Can you help being glad you are a member of it, supporting its great work of humanity? Can you help wanting it to go on helping the Maries and the "grand-daddies" that come in at Evian?

## THE TRAIN THAT SAVED A NATION

How the Red Cross Helped Roumania.

Have you heard of what happened in Roumania when that stricken nation stood in rags and starving before the shocked eyes of the world? We had thought ourselves grown used to tragedies until this greater horror struck a blow that roused still untouched sympathies.

And yet we felt so helpless, you and I, so terribly weak in our ability to offer aid. But were we? After all, were we not the very ones who carried new life and hope to the heart of Roumania? You shall be your own judge.

Fighting with the desperation of despair, the shattered Roumanian army still struggled to beat off the Kaiser's bloody Huns, who were mercilessly trampling the life out of the little kingdom. And the Kaiser smiled brutally as he saw his wolves at work and knew that from behind the lines, attacking the fighting men of Roumania from the rear, entering the homes where mothers clung to the frail, distorted forms of their babies—was starvation.

No country around Roumania could help her—and America was too far away. Thousands would die before supplies held in our own country could be sent her.

Hope was gone. Death by hunger and by the dripping sword of the Kaiser was closing in. A brave little nation was being torn to pieces.

Then came the miracle. One morning the streets of Jassy, the war capital of Roumania, swelled with sounds of rejoicing. A city where the day before there was heard nothing but the wails of the starving and the lamentations of those mourning their dead now was awakened by shouts of joy.

You, my friend; you who have helped in the heroic work of the American Red Cross, had gone to the rescue of Roumania. A train of 31 big freight cars packed to their utmost capacity with food, clothing and medicine, tons upon tons of it, had arrived in Jassy after making a record breaking trip from the great store houses of the American Red Cross in Russia. Other trains followed it; thousands were fed and clothed and nursed back to health. For weeks and even to this day the brave people of Roumania are being cared for in countless numbers by our own Red Cross.

So was Roumania helped, and when history records how this last fragment of a sturdy nation was kept out of the hands of the terrible Huns it will give the victory to your American Red Cross.

## WHEN CHICKENS ARE BEST

Chickens in any general scheme of poultry production, of course, must take first place. They are best adapted to general conditions, take a wider range of feeds and convert them, perhaps, with the greatest margin of profit. Chickens, better than any other class of poultry, utilize table scraps and the general run of waste from the kitchen door, all the way from apple and potato parings to sour milk. Chickens far surpass all other kinds of poultry in salvaging waste grain from the stables, from shed or lot where the cattle are fed, and from hog pens. During the winter months, on farms where any considerable number of live stock are kept the hens would take their living from these sources with only slight additional feeding from time to time. Chickens are great destroyers of insects, including many injurious forms, in yard, pasture, and orchard. They utilize, also, many grasses and weeds, and seeds from the same, that would otherwise be of no use. Except in isolated instances, the part of wisdom would be, undoubtedly to keep more chickens than all other kinds of poultry combined, but there should be, in a majority of cases, some of all the other common kinds of poultry.

It is claimed that Lithonian, Georgia, has the largest jackass in the state. Now hunt up the list of Georgia's representatives in Congress and start a guessing contest.

Last year's Cornell football team is going into tank service. They will use the ordinary tank armament and weapons. But these may not be necessary, for the football yell is likely to scare the enemy to death.

It is said that when Lenin finishes his work in Russia he will come over here. And shortly after his landing we predict a scarcity of feather pillows in his immediate neighborhood.

## THE GREAT WAR HAS MADE CIGARETTES A NECESSITY.

"Our boys must have their smokes. Send them cigarettes!" This is a familiar appeal now to all of us.

Among those most in demand is the new famous "toasted" cigarette—LUCKY STRIKE. Thousands of this favorite brand have been shipped to France. There is something homelike and friendly to the boys in the sight of the familiar green packages with the red circle.

This homelike, appetizing quality of the LUCKY STRIKE cigarette is largely due to the fact that the Burley tobacco used in making it has been toasted. "It's toasted" was the "slogan" that made a great success of LUCKY STRIKE in less than a year. Now the American Tobacco Co. is making 15 million LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes a day.

A good part of this immense production is making its way across the water to cheer our boys. The Red Cross has distributed thousands of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes.

## BUCKHECHT ARMY SHOE

The moment you put it on you say "Hello" to comfort and "Good-bye" to cramped toes, crowded feet and the other foot troubles that mar your comfort and your peace of mind. Here it is—take a good look at it:



\$6.50

Sturdy and serviceable and substantial—isn't it? And every bit as good as it looks. Made on the famous Munson last—specified by the U. S. Army—worn by all our soldiers and thousands of men in civil life.

Our registered trade mark—BUCKHECHT—is stamped on every pair for your protection.

Buckingham & Hecht  
Manufacturers San Francisco

You can get the Buckhecht Army Shoe in your town. If your dealer does not carry it, write us direct.

# Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

It is most important when your Ford Car requires mechanical attention that you place it in charge of the authorized Ford dealer, because then you are sure of having repairs and replacements made with genuine Ford-made materials by men who know all about Ford cars. So bring your Ford to us where satisfaction is guaranteed. Prompt, efficient service at all times and Ford cars if you wish to buy; Runabout \$435; Touring Car \$450; Coupelet \$505; Town Car \$595; Sedan \$645; One-Ton Truck Chassis \$600—all f. o. b. Detroit.

## BURNS GARAGE

BURNS AND CRANE



Cut This Out - - It Is Worth Money

DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose with five cents to Foley & Co., 2835 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for coughs, colds and croup, Foley Kidney Pills and Foley Cathartic Tablets. Sold by Reed Bros.

Wants To Help Other Men

M. W. Taylor, Calvert, Ala. writes: "To Whom It May Concern: I recommended Foley Kidney Pills, best I have ever used. I tried other remedies, but none gave me relief like Foley's. They restore normal action of kidneys and bladder, relieve backache, rheumatic stiff joints, sore muscles. Sold by Reed Bros."

## A Business Should be as Big as Its Job

If bigness is of benefit to the public it should be commended.

The size of a business depends upon the needs which that business is called upon to serve. A business should be as big as its job. You do not drive tacks with a pile-driver—or piles with a tack-hammer.

Swift & Company's growth has been the natural and inevitable result of national and international needs.

Large-scale production and distribution are necessary to convert the live stock of the West into meat and by-products, and to distribute them over long distances to the consuming centers of the East and abroad.

Only an organization like that of Swift & Company, with its many packing plants, hundreds of distributing houses, and thousands of refrigerator cars, would have been able to handle the varying seasonal supplies of live stock and meet the present war emergency by supplying, without interruption:

First—The U. S. soldiers and the Allies in Europe by shipping as much as 800 carloads of meat products in a single week!

Second—The cantonments in the United States.

Third—The retailers upon whom the American public depends for its daily supply of meat.

But many people ask—Do producers and consumers pay too much for the complex service rendered?

Everyone, we believe, concedes the efficiency of the Swift & Company organization—in performing a big job in a big way at a minimum of expense.

Swift & Company's total profit in 1917 was less than 4 cents on each dollar of sales of meat and by-products. Elimination of this profit would have had practically no effect on live stock and meat prices.

Do you believe that this service can be rendered for less by any other conceivable method of organization or operation?

These questions and others are answered fully and frankly in the Swift & Company 1918 Year Book sent free on request.

Address Swift & Company, U. S. Yards, Chicago

Swift & Company, U. S. A.