

May 17 1918

GILLIAM COUNTY'S RED CROSS QUOTA IS \$10,000.00. IT WILL BE RAISED THE FIRST DAY IF EACH ONE MEETS HIS OR HER OBLIGATION



FORD CAR BRINGS A SHOWER BATH EVERY AFTERNOON

Babies Grow Whiter as Doctor and Nurse Serve Daily Baths From Door to Door.

"Good morning. We have come to give the children their bath," this, of course, said in good French. Then from off the motor car slides a portable shower bath, carried into the house by doctor and nurse.

For the next half hour that little cottage boasts of a bathroom in active service, for when the water is heated the blessing of a warm, clean shower pumped by the doctor falls on the head of Young France, while the nurse scrobs religiously and the darkening water bears witness of a whiter, cleaner child.

And as you might well imagine, the kiddies like it, except the last cold dash that the doctor slyly engineers by quickly transferring the supply pipe into a bucket of cold water—for hygienic effect.

And what a blessing it is to these meek, tortured people, who for months have been without all of life's comforts and most of life's necessities, to be ministered to in this fashion.

It is perhaps understandable to them that "les Americans" out of sheer pity might offer them that meager thing that civilization calls "charity." But to be clothed, fed, sheltered and cheered as they have been by our Red Cross is more than they can understand.

For they have seen a great miracle grow out of the darkest pit of human experience. They have seen a bright light out of which has stepped the ministering angel who has taught them to smile again. They are no longer sick. They are no longer cold nor hungry, and now, wonder of wonders, this same good friend has contrived in some magic way—within the sound of the guns—to give them—baths.

BED, BATH AND BOARD IN JUNCTION CANTEN

Brings Heaven a Little Nearer to an American Sammie.

A mother who is a Red Cross worker in her home town gave to her chapter the following letter she had received from her son in France:

"If you could have seen me yesterday, when I left trenches which the rains have turned into open sewers, even you would never have known me. I was mud from head to foot, so covered with crawling things that the poorest tramp in the world would have run from me, and I fairly ached for rest.

"You see, my first furlough had begun, and I caught a train for Paris. We were packed into a freight car. Travel is so congested we spent most of our time stopping. At last, when night came, we were dumped out at a railway junction with the information that the train for Paris would be along the next day.

Canteen Like New York Hotel.

"I tell you I was discouraged. Then suddenly across the tracks from our station I saw an American Red Cross canteen, and all my troubles were at an end.

"Lots of people must have the same idea of these canteens that I used to have—just little shacks where you were handed out a cup of sloppy coffee. We are all wrong. These Red Cross places beat a New York hotel for variety of service, even if they don't have the gilt furniture and tip takers. Here is what happened to me:

"First I had a bath, a real one, with plenty of soap and water. While I was getting clean my clothes, every stitch, were cleaned and sterilized. Then I had a meal of real American cooking, actually sitting down at a table to eat it. After that I went into the canteen barber shop and had a shave and haircut. Then, being a gentleman of leisure, I strolled into the canteen movie theater and saw some good American films. However, I soon turned in for the night into a clean, dry bed that felt like heaven—*home*.

"And now this morning, after a fine breakfast, I am sitting in the canteen writing this letter to you and waiting comfortably for my train. You just can't possibly imagine what these Red Cross women are doing for us soldiers and for the French and English, too. Each canteen takes care of thousands every day.

"They make us feel like human beings once again and give us the nerve to go on with this game of licking the Kaiser. And when we win you can give a good share of the victory to the American Red Cross."



The Maker of Bandages

Red Cross Workers Solve in One Minute the Mystery of the Stony Hearted Mrs. Britt.

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER
Of the Vigilantes.

A diamond is not the hardest thing in the world. A diamond will cut glass and bore through case hardened, tempered chrome steel, but glass and steel—the diamond itself too—are soft compared to some things. The hardest thing in the world is a hard woman.

Mrs. Britt was such a woman. I have seen hard women in my time, but never one who was harder. She smiled seldom, and when she smiled it was like the glitter of ice. She spoke infrequently, and when she spoke her speech was the tinkle of hail on slate roofing. She did not look as if she had ever wept in her life.

Every morning Mrs. Britt appeared at the Red Cross auxiliary in upper Broadway. She was the first to arrive in the morning, the last to leave at night. No one knew much about her, though. She was not the sort that make confidences. But that she was a worker—a hard worker—no one would dispute. Efficiency, as you'd suppose, was a trait of Mrs. Britt's.

Are Efficient Women Hard?

Efficiency—dreadful word that! How often hard women are efficient! How often efficient woman are hard! She was both, Mrs. Britt. The moment she came in at the door she had her hat and jacket off. The next instant she was at her place, her mouth set, grim, austere and hard—hard at work. Probably she did her work only from a sense of duty. Hard women always profess that trait. Duty, duty! But, then, few women are as hard as Mrs. Britt.

In contrast to her was Mrs. Farlow. She was soft and womanly and gentle—the exact opposite. She was not very efficient, of course, though she tried. Day after day Mrs. Farlow sat at the work table, her mouth quivering, smiling wistfully, the tears starting in her eyes. The bandages that came from her were often soiled and rumpled, poorly sewn, too, by her poor little trembling fingers. It was a wonder she could even see to sew at all. Again and again what she turned in had to be thrown away.

But no one reproached her. No one even let fall a hint that she was more of a burden than a help. The hearts of all those women ached with womanly pity for the poor, stricken mother. Once in awhile, though, in her corner at the back of the room Mrs. Britt would turn around and throw a glance at her. The glance was as hard as rocks—harder, in fact.

Mrs. Farlow had a son in the Rainbow division. The son was the oldest of her four children, and until he went away the little mother had been the happiest woman in the world. Now any day he might be ordered off to France.

His picture was in the locket she wore. Every half hour she would stop her work to look at it. Sometimes, her face wistful, she would show it to the other workers, voicing the anguish that with every waking breath she drew twanged hollowly in her mother's heart. One afternoon Mrs. Farlow's oldest daughter came hurrying in. Her face was white. She had just learned that the Rainbow division had been ordered overseas.

Mrs. Farlow rose, her face tragic. One glance she gave about her, then she collapsed, sinking to the floor. In her fall she overturned a huge pile of antiseptic gauze just torn into squares for Triangulars No. 13.

The room instantly was in confusion. Instantly every one sprang to the mother's aid—that is, every one but Mrs. Britt. She rose and rescued the bandages under foot. Then, her face hard as nails, grimly Mrs. Britt went back to her work. When Mrs. Farlow, still stricken, was led away to her car outside the drab figure in the corner was plugging away as mechanically and methodically as ever. The one glance she threw over her shoulder at the weeping woman was almost contemptuous.

A hard woman, Mrs. Britt; a heartless one, too, it was agreed. For days nothing was seen at the auxiliary of Mrs. Farlow. It was understood that in her grief and apprehension she was ill in bed. Then one afternoon, pallid and quivering, she came in at the door. She smiled wistfully when the others gathered about her. "Let me work," she appealed plaintively. "Work may help me not to think."

Her Bandages Worthless. She took a bandage and tried to sew. She made poor work of it, however. Then her head sank on her breast and the bandage slipped from her hands. "I can't—oh, I can't!" she wept.

Once more she was led away. The same thing happened three or four days later. A week later the mother wandered in again. By now the first of the troops were in the trenches, and her pale, transparent face was like a wraith's. She took a bandage; she tried to sew, and for a third time Mrs. Farlow gave in.

"Oh, my boy, my boy!" she wailed. The next instant a face was thrust into hers. The face was Mrs. Britt's, and the hard, bony visage was quivering with ill concealed anger and contempt.

"Sit down! Stop it!" said Mrs. Britt. With one hand she thrust Mrs.

Farlow back on her chair; with the other she thrust at her the half finished bandage. Her tone as grim as her face, she spoke, and again the sound of it was like hail pattering on slate. "You're not thinking of your son," she said. "You're just thinking of yourself!"

There was a murmur of remonstrance. Mrs. Britt heard it, and she flashed a look about her. But when she spoke again it was to Mrs. Farlow she spoke.

Think of Your Son. "You're not the only mother in this war," she said. "If you thought a little more about them and a little less about yourself you'd be doing something. You'd be helping your son, for one thing!"

"Why, what do you mean?" gasped Mrs. Farlow.

Mrs. Britt smiled another adamant, icy smile. "Your son wouldn't die for want of care. Any one of those bandages I've seen you ruin might save his life. Any one of them might save the life of some other mother's son!"

Mrs. Farlow shrank as if she had been struck. She'd never thought of it that way before.

The silence, the grim reserve, which had cloaked Mrs. Britt seemed for a moment to quit her. "I have no son," she said, her flinty voice biting out the words. "I had one, but he died at Guantanamo. It was in the Spanish war, so no bandages—nothing. That's why he died. That's why I'm here now. It's to keep other women—mothers—from becoming the sort of woman I am." A harsh, brittle laugh escaped her. "Oh, I know what you think of me. I've heard what you said. Well," said Mrs. Britt, "my son wouldn't have died like that maybe if I hadn't sat around sniffling and snuffling, never doing a thing."

Then, her lips drawn into a bony smile, she glanced about her once more and stalked back to her place in the corner.

That night Mrs. Farlow rose from her place at the bandage table and sought the table at the back. For the first time that day Mrs. Farlow had managed to create half a dozen bandages, none of which had to be thrown away. Timidly she held out a hand to the drab, dingy figure in the corner.

"I—I've done better today," she said timidly.

Mrs. Britt looked up at her. Out of the corner of one glassy eye something welled, then fell, running slowly down her cheek.

"He was only twenty. He was all I had," said Mrs. Britt.



The Great Neighbor

By JOSEPHUS DANIELS
Secretary of the Navy.

The Red Cross recognizes neither party, nor race, nor creed. It is world-wide in scope and humane in purpose. It has no political nor economic ends to serve. It only asks where it can be helpful to men and women in distress—afflicted by disease, overtaken by some sudden disaster or caught in the ordeal of war. There it finds its place and opportunity. There it springs to serve mankind.

The Red Cross is the Great Neighbor, it treats every man as a brother, and asks no return. If the world of toiling people is made a little more comfortable, a little happier, a little stronger for the struggle of life through its effort, the Red Cross is content. And while it is not affiliated exclusively with any religious body, it is essentially a Lay Brotherhood and Sisterhood of all denominations, putting in practice the teachings of all religions,—unselfish service and good deeds. The works of mercy which it is banded together to accomplish are the result and evidence of its noble sincerity and inspiring faith.

In the great emergency of the present war the Red Cross is doubly enlisted. In all it does to help us to win, it is helping to save and maintain those ideals of faithfulness and honor, kindness and loyalty on which its own existence rests.

And every man, woman and child who realizes this—realizes the peril we are in—and who can help the Great Cause in no other way, can at least support the generous efforts of the Red Cross. It is the best equipped agency in the world to bring succor in the day when only organized and well directed help can avail.

Josephus Daniels

Knitting Women

By KATHLEEN NORRIS.

"Of one million sweaters furnished by the Red Cross to American soldiers, half were made by the hands of the knitting women of America."—January Report.)

We are the knitting women; weaving swift
Our webs of olive drab and navy gray;
We are the women, keeping thought away
By this new work of love, this eager gift
Through which our men, facing the bitter fight
Under the stars of far and foreign lands,
Shall know that still a million women's hands
Uphold them in the darkness and the night.

We are the knitting women, knitting fast
A web of love; our million hearts are sent
As one, with ev'ry marching regiment,
Love's own democracy is come at last.
High over stricken France the black smoke towers;
Beneath it, in the hurry and the noise
Are eastern, western, northern, southern, boys,
No longer yours or mine,—forever ours!

We are the knitting women; weaving strong
A web of prayer; our eyes with tears are dim,
But, wife or mother, we shall search for him
Across the seas, morning and even-song.
Lord God,—we pray—look down on what we do!
Bless this our work, help us to play our part.
The God of Battles—Father, still Thou art
The God of waiting—waiting women, too!

25 TONS OF ETHER— THAT'S ONE ITEM

Only the quickest action imaginable, which included the shipment of tremendous quantities of hospital supplies from Red Cross stores in France, as well as large purchases in Italy, made the emergency work of the American Red Cross possible during the recent distress in Italy brought about by the rout of the Italian army.

No such mission for human help has ever seen the like of this heroic work by the American Red Cross in Italy. For the winter's needs it was found that 750 tons of hospital supplies were required, and these were ordered in America for immediate delivery to Italy.

Some of the things ordered were anaesthetics, surgical instruments, rubber goods, enamel ware, gauze, absorbent cotton and drugs. Just what such a shipment means is difficult for a layman to grasp.

If you'd like to see your druggist lose all his senses at once just tell him about some of these quantities that were ordered for use in Italy.

Tell him that 250 pounds of quinine were ordered. Since the war quinine has been difficult to get at any price.

It has jumped from \$2.50 a pound in France to \$80 a pound. Quinine is very badly needed in Italy, and this Red Cross shipment has been nothing short of a boon.

Other items which give a better idea in terms of the things which mean most to the wounded are 15 tons of chloroform and 25 tons of ether. These items are beyond the power of the layman to visualize, but he can come nearer to picturing 2,000 bales of absorbent cotton, the quantity asked for.

Orders for all these goods for Italy were placed last winter in America, and the American Red Cross has seen to it that shipments of each item are in process of delivery right along to relieve the terrible misfortune of the people in Italy.

Over 1,000 Repatriated French Arrive at Evian Daily.

The number of "repatriees" arriving at Evian daily varies from 1,000 to 1,500. Two trains a day come into this little town loaded with these unfortunates, most of them children under fourteen years of age. The task that the American Red Cross has undertaken is the care of these little children.