



HUSBAND GONE—SONS GONE—HOME AND RELATIVES GONE

A Fact Story Telling Just What the Red Cross Did for Mme. Pellier.

By an Eye Witness
MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

This is the picture I saw last January in France, and you have mercifully changed it! Color enough there was—above, the eternal blue; in the background, fields of living green, which the German shells could not prevent from creeping back; in the middle foreground, a long village street so battered and burned that it was merely a canyon of cream-colored ruins. In front of one little broken house were four figures in black—an old woman, poking among the fallen stones in a vain search for something that could be used; a younger woman, seated on what had once been a doorstep, with her face hidden in her arms; and a little boy and girl, who stared, half frightened, half curious, at the desolation about them. The little boy held in his thin hand a Red Cross flag. All four were pale and gaunt; the faces and bodies of the children showed none of the round curves that make the beauty of a child.

This is their history: When the war broke out, Mme. Pellier, her mother and her four younger children were visiting her husband's mother in the north of France. Her husband and two elder sons were at home in Lorraine taking care of the summer crops. Then the war! The mother-in-law of Mme. Pellier was ill and could not be left. Her old mother was afraid to travel to Lorraine with the full care of the four children. Before they could all start together the Germans invaded. Bad news is allowed to come into northern France, and so as the months passed Mme. Pellier learned that her village home had been bombed and that her husband and two sons had been killed. Except for the Belgian Relief Commission, which operates in northern France also, she and her little ones would have starved outright. At the best they were un-nourished. Then the great push began, and hopes for France grew high. But as the French soldiers advanced they had to bombard the northern towns. Mme. Pellier begged the Germans to let her go away with her children—even into Germany. This was refused. She tried to seek safety in some cellar whenever there was a bombardment. Nevertheless a shell killed two of her children.

Found Her Home Gone.

Home gone; husband gone; brave soldier sons gone; little, tender boys torn into shreds! That woman's face would have shown you what she had suffered—her face against the battered ruins the Germans had made. At last she and her mother and her two remaining children were repatriated. They knew the infinite relief of cross-

ing into Switzerland and then into Haute-Savoie. From there they went to Lorraine. Mme. Pellier hoped that, even though her village had been bombarded, her home might have escaped. She found nothing except her bare fields.

You changed that picture, you Americans, who can never be bombarded, who can never lose through war five out of the seven dearest to you. It was not your husband and children who died; not your wife who was widowed; not your little ones who came back, bony and tubercular, to a home that had vanished. Not yours, but only the grace of accident saved you; not yours, but it might have been and so you changed the picture. You could not build up with your own hands that heap of stones into a home, nor till the fields, nor bring Mme. Pellier back to hope and the children back to health. But through the Red Cross you saved the remnants of that family that had suffered as you might have suffered.

Things the Red Cross Did.

You took the mother of Mme. Pellier to a Red Cross hospital to be treated for anaemia. You took the little girl, who was in the first stages of tuberculosis, to a Red Cross sanitarium. You found a place which could be made habitable for Mme. Pellier near her fields which she was anxious to till. You gave her clothes and furniture; you got her seeds; you lent her implements. You sent a visiting doctor to watch over her health and that of her little boy. You sent nurses, who achieved the mighty victory of making her and the child take baths. Later you persuaded her to let him go to a refuge not far away where he might attend school and where she could often visit him. Through the help of your Red Cross hope and courage and ambition have come back to that woman, and she is rebuilding her family life. The biggest thing one human being can do for another you, if you are a helper of the Red Cross, have done for that mother.

Red Cross! I saw its work everywhere in France—in fields and in blasted villages; in hospitals and schools and clinics; in refuges and vestiaires for widows and orphans and for the sick children of soldiers fighting to keep you safe from the enemy.

This symbol of help has a double meaning now for Americans, who have always taken for granted the blessing of safety. It stands for your willingness to pay the price of exemption, of pity, of sympathy. A bitter, black road this road of war, but across it, like a beacon of hope, you have flung the Red Cross.

HE GAVE HIS SHIRT OFF HIS BACK

How an Italian Officer Traveling on Train Helped a New Born Baby.

One of the ways to say that a man is good hearted is to descend to expressive American slang and say "he'd give you his shirt."

A young Italian officer did exactly that—gave the shirt off his back to a baby just born. It was during a flight of the Italian refugees just after the Italian army had been tricked by the Austrians.

Here's the story:

An Italian officer, who had been a volunteer worker at the station when the crash came through, walked into the American Red Cross office at Bologna, Italy, and told of a poor young woman who had given birth to a baby on the train in which he was riding a few nights previously. They had been riding for over 16 hours, and the

wretchedly poor and disheartened mother had been jammed in with the hundreds of other frightened Italians on the same train. Hungry, tired and miserable and in a frightfully weakened condition, she had scarcely sufficient clothes for herself, not to speak of properly caring for a newborn babe. The young officer stripped himself of his shirt, and there among this frightened, half starved, forlorn crowd the poor little infant was wrapped in its first body covering.

Mother and babe were afterwards nursed back to health, clothed and looked after by the American Red Cross. And this is only one small, isolated incident among thousands that come under the working of the Red Cross.

FULL MAN-SIZED HAM SANDWICH

What Ten Minutes for Refreshments Means in Modern War.

Think of what refreshments mean "over there." Think of the Sample of the Poilu coming out of the trenches with a thirty-six hour leave of absence, getting aboard the train or motor on the L. O. C.—the Line of Communication between the front and the rear. Think of these tired fellows

stopping ten minutes for refreshments at a Red Cross Canteen.

Think of a big cup of hot coffee and a wealth of man-sized ham sandwiches served by the Red Cross—women with the joy of service in their eyes. Think of ten minutes for refreshments within sound of the guns—such refreshments served by such women. Did ever a weary lad have such refreshments? Did ever a cup of coffee and a sandwich taste so good?

It is service like this, the supplying of "food that's got a homey taste" at a time when a man's spirits are likely to be at lowest ebb, that moved a Commanding General of the American Forces to write on December 30: "The extent of the work of the Red Cross is only limited by the number of members it has and the amount of funds available for its use."



PUTTING HIS MONEY TO WORK



Contributed by Charles Dana Gibson.

EARN 14 CENTS A DAY; HAS WIFE AND BABY

And Yet This True Story Has a Happy Ending.

Even a Frenchman sometimes loses, for awhile at least, his "unfailing" sense of humor.

Take, for instance, the case of a man from Lille, a soldier, Waeltele by name and only twenty-three. He had done pretty well, for the youngster had already his own printing shop in that northern French town, which is still inside the German lines. In the trenches Waeltele developed tuberculosis, and he was sent to a hospital at Grenoble.

There he was considered incurable, and after the usual three months of treatment he was granted his 14 cents a day pension. Said his fatherly army doctor, "My son, you can perhaps cure yourself if you will live in the mountains, if you will eat plenty of nourishing food and, above all, if you don't worry."

Waeltele should have smiled, but he didn't. He was thinking of his baby and his wife—and his 14 cents. "Don't worry!" The humor of it entirely escaped him.

Then the Red Cross stepped in. He was found by an American woman with some American Red Cross money for just such cases, and within a few hours he no longer had need to worry. He was sent to the mountains at Lamure, in the French Alps, happy in the knowledge that his family was being cared for by these amazingly kind Americans.

And now the army doctor's words are coming true. Waeltele's lung is healing fast, and he is dreaming of another printing shop and of living again some day with that little family.

There have been over 400,000 new cases of tuberculosis in France since the war started, and to care for these cases and check the White Plague's spread is merely one of the big jobs the American Red Cross has set out to accomplish.

THE LITTLE HOUSE AT THE CORNER

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR, Of the Vigilantes.

The Director laid his pen aside, yawned, stretched, and, leaning back, looked from his window. The Headquarters, a temporary wooden structure with a tar-paper roof, had been knocked together in the shadow of the half-ruined church, and from the window, just above the street level, the Director could look almost the entire length of the little village. They had been rebuilding it, that village, and now the work was almost done. In 1914 the Germans had shelled it and burned it, and then, passing over, had left it empty and silent for two years. But recently, in the early Autumn, the tide had turned and the retreating gray hordes had passed back the way they had gone, destroying and despoiling. Now the roar of their guns was softened by distance and a miracle had taken place in the village.

Village Rebuilt in a Month.

In a short month, houses—unlovely, if you like, but warm and comfortable and weather-tight—had replaced the sorry heaps of stone and plaster and splintered beams. In some cases the original walls had been repaired and roofed over, in others small, neat wooden structures had entirely replaced the former dwellings. Shell holes had been filled in and blackened tree stumps removed. In another week the battered church would alone tell of the havoc of war. There were many such miracles being performed at that minute all up and down the narrow strip of France regained.

An assistant thrust his head in. "The Mayor and the priest to see you," he whispered. "I told them you were busy—"

"Ask them to come in, please."

They entered. The maire was an elderly giant of a man, dark-visaged, gruff-voiced, before the war the village blacksmith. The priest was small and slight, with a parchment like palor in his sadly kind face, and he held something half hidden under the folds of his rusty soutane.

"M'sieur will be leaving us soon?" "Yes, Father, the work is about finished. I go the day after tomorrow. The others remain a while longer."

"It is sad news," said Father Jenn, and the maire nodded gloomily behind the smoke of his cigarette. "But we could not expect m'sieur to remain with us always. Others demand his services beyond doubt. But we shall be very sad. M'sieur has been so greatly our friend, has done so much, performed so many wonders in our poor village—" The priest blew his nose vigorously.

"You owe me no thanks, Father; nor those who aid me, nor the Society I represent. What we do is done in the name of Humanity."

"Tis well," growled the maire. "Thanks are difficult to express, m'sieur."

The Favor the Priest Asked.

"We have much gratitude but few words in which to clothe it," sighed Father Jenn. "And it is because we of this little village, cannot say to m'sieur what is in our hearts that friend Bonot and I have come, representing the citizens to whom m'sieur has restored homes and food, comfort and courage, to beg a favor."

"A favor? Have the goodness to name it, Father."

"M'sieur knows the little place at the end of the village, where the well stood before—before—"

"Place?" The Director shook his head, smiling, puzzled. "I did not know there was a place, Father."

"M'sieur would doubtless not notice it. It is but tiny. Besides, we have never called it so. There was no need. But now, with m'sieurs permission, we would give it a name."

The priest slowly withdrew from beneath his soutane what had been in hiding there. "There is so little we of the village can do in return," he murmured, "but if m'sieur permits we shall place this on the corner of Pierre Martin's house, where for all time it shall remain as a token of our gratitude. If m'sieur permits," he added apologetically.

He held forth with hesitation a piece of board newly painted. Against a white ground had been wrought, first, a red cross, then words in oddly formed black letters, then a red heart. The Director read the inscription. Then he opened his mouth, and closed it. Finally he, too, blew his nose.

All of which explains why, should you ever happen on that little village when the war is over, you will doubtless observe, facing a square no larger than a kitchen garden, a quaint sign bearing between a red cross and a red heart, the announcement:

PLACE DE LA CROIX-ROUGE AMERICAINE, Place of the American Red Cross.

THE HOPE OF THE WORLD

By MAROLD BELL WRIGHT.

THE hope of the world is not alone that the armies of humanity will be victorious, but that the spirit and purpose of our warfare will prevail in our victory. The hope of the world is in the Red Cross, because the Red Cross is voicing this spirit and purpose that must, through the force of our arms, triumph. Just to the degree that we can evidence this Red Cross spirit of mercy and brotherhood we will hold true in the dangerous hour of victory to the ideals that have forced us into the trenches in the defense of human rights and human liberty.

The one sane and saving thought in this delirium of death that now possesses the world is the Red Cross.

Wherever the storms of battle hell rage, amid the fires of ruthless destruction, in trench and camp and hospital, these soldiers of mercy with heroism unsurpassed are carrying the flag of the highest conceivable ideals of humanity. The ideals for which our armies have taken the field are, by these unarmed hosts, proclaimed to friend and foe, in that unmistakable language of universal mercy and brotherhood. In the terms of wasted towns rebuilt, of broken humanity salvaged, of dying children rescued, of desolate families succored, the Red Cross declares the cause for which we war and proclaims the principles and ideals that must and will in the end prevail. Above the thunder of the guns, the roar of exploding mines,

the crash of fallen cities and the cries of tortured humanity, the voice of the Red Cross carries clear and strong the one message of hope to our war-burdened world.

The black horror of this world's crisis would be unbearable were it not for the spirit and work of this mighty force. The normal mind refuses to contemplate the situation without this saving power.

It is the knowledge that in every city, town and hamlet, men, women and children are united in this work of declaring to the world, through the Red Cross, our message of mercy and brotherhood, that keeps our hearts from sinking under the burden of woe and sustains our faith in human kind. It is the constant daily, almost hourly touch with the Red Cross work that is felt by every citizen in the land, that inspires us with courage and hope.

Out of this hell of slaughter the Red Cross will guide the warring nations to a heaven of world-wide peace and brotherhood.

Because it is the living expression of those ideals and principles in defense of which we are giving our all in lives and material wealth—because on every field of death it is proclaiming its message of life—because it keeps ever before us and the world the cause for which we war—because it will preserve us in the hour of our victory from defeating ourselves—the Red Cross is the hope of the world.



* "The work that the Red *
* Cross is doing in France *
* this winter is worth more *
* than a million and a half *
* American soldiers in the *
* lines in France today." *
* —General Petain. *
