

# Why the Red Cross Needs Your Help

America is going to save thousands of French and Belgian women and children from death by starvation or freezing this winter, but every American must lend a hand to the work

**F**ROM "Everywhere in France" there are being brought to the United States with the arrival of nearly every passenger ship tales of devastation and misery which are even more tragic than the cabled dispatches which we are accustomed to read under the vague date line, "Somewhere in France."

Many of these narratives have been brought by men and women who, under the auspices of the American Red Cross, have been investigating conditions created by the invasion of the Hun. The range of vision of these investigators extends from the battle front to the cottage hundreds of miles away where war's misery—more insidious than bombs on the fighting front—has penetrated.

Woven together these accounts make a composite story of devastation and suffering on the part of non-combatants comparable with the torture endured by the soldiers in the trenches; of refugees starving blankly at cratered areas where villages once flourished; of thousands of children, too young to understand, crying for mothers who cannot bear their cries; of children poisoned by gas bombs thrown from German mortars; of emaciated children sent by hundreds from behind the German line; of crippled soldiers to re-educate and of civilian men and women to comfort and provide with the necessities of life—a story of battling against disease and of the heroism of mercy.

Sometimes the cable supplements tales told by returned travelers. A day or two ago, the war council of the American Red Cross received a cablegram from the Paris headquarters of that organization containing a simple statement of every-day occurrence on the French frontier, yet graphic in its portrayal of one phase of war's frightfulness. It read:

### The Red Cross at Evian.

"There arrived last week at Evian, where the repatriates from France and Belgium are received back into France, a train loaded with Belgian children. There were 680 of them, thin, sickly, alone, all between ages of four and twelve, children of men who refused to work for the Germans and of mothers who let their children go rather than let them starve. They poured off the train, little ones clinging to the oldest ones, girls all crying, boys trying to cheer. They had come all the long way alone. On the platform were the Red Cross workers to meet them, doctors and nurses with ambulances for the little sick ones were waiting outside the station. The children poured out of the station, marched along the street shouting, "Meat, meat; we are going to have meat," to the Casino, where they were given a square meal, the first in many months. Again and again, while they ate, they broke spontaneously into songs in French against the German songs which they had evidently learned in secret. The Red Cross doctor examined them. Their little clawlike hands were significant of their undernourished bodies, but the doctor said: "We have them in time. A few weeks of proper feeding and they will pull up."

Evian is a French resort on Lake Geneva, and every day one thousand homeless people arrive here, 60 per cent of whom are children. Thirty per cent of the older people die the first month from exhaustion. They were once the occupants of happy homes in northern France. The Huns invaded their country, swept on past their homes and left them behind the enemy's line. The invaders, now their masters, impressed them into labor and transported thousands of them to work in German fields and factories. Those who are returned by the thousand daily by train through Switzerland are all that are left of these men and women and children—manhood and womanhood sapped until the vital spark is almost out and, no longer of use as German captives, sent back to die or to be cared for in their helpless condition by their own people from whom they had been ruthlessly taken away in their health and strength.

### Hope for Kaiser's Victims.

Thanks to the American Red Cross, coming to the assistance of the overburdened French agencies for mercy, there is hope for these unfortunate. Besides a hospital and convalescent home for children at Evian, the Red Cross is operating an ambulance service for the returning repatriates. Automobiles are in commission for handling sick and infirm persons, and a tuberculosis hospital near by is planned. When the returning repatriates reach the railroad station and have been cheerfully greeted by crowds of compatriots, they are taken in charge by Red Cross workers. Nourishment is provided and medical attention bestowed. Baths are made available and fresh clothing is supplied. According to American eye witnesses of scenes at the railway station at Evian, there are men in the ranks who have suffered broken arms, the bones of which have been set by the Germans so that the hand is turned the wrong way. They present a horrible deformity, denoting a form of cruelty which excuses itself on the ground that the man, should he ever regain his former strength, will be unfit for military duty. In many of these cases American Red Cross doctors have been put to the doubly painful task of again breaking the arm and resetting it, so as to remove the terrible deformity purposely inflicted.

William Allen White of Kansas and Henry J. Allen, who is prominent in the public life of the same state, are among the Red Cross workers who recently have returned from tours of inspection in France. According to their statements it is scarcely possible to exaggerate the suffering brought upon the civilian population of the country; a suffering, however, that is being alleviated to the greatest possible extent by the American Red Cross, which is sending its experts, its army of volunteers and its treasure without stint. According to Mr. White, the real work of the war, so far as America is concerned, will be carried on by the Red Cross in France this winter. Not only



A TUBERCULOSIS VICTIM

saving of an American boy when the big drive begins a few months hence."

L. D. Wishard of California, a schoolmate of President Wilson, well known for his interest in Y. M. C. A. work as well as that of the American Red Cross, is another recently returned observer from France. He brought a doubly interesting story. First, the awfulness of many conditions existing; and, secondly, the great work the Red Cross is doing and the much greater work it is preparing to do to meet all the conditions scientifically and energetically. Mr. Wishard expressed the

same view as William Allen White regarding the importance of giving primary attention to the economic side of the equation during the winter months. He quoted General Pershing as saying that the greatest thing that the Red Cross can do at present to insure victory is to stand by the families of French soldiers.

### Gas Bomba Poison Soil.

An interesting fact dwelt upon by Mr. Wishard during a visit to Washington was that of the poisoning of the soil in agricultural regions by the gases spread over the country by the Germans. It is stated that this gas has worked its insidious way deep into the ground, so that unless heroic means are discovered and applied it will be years and years before the land is fit for cultivation of any sort. The devastation, he says, is beyond anything in the history of the world, with shell craters so thick that plowing of once fertile fields is absolutely impossible. Yet in this hopelessly devastated region the Red Cross has set to work to repair some villages and to restore certain agricultural communities, not alone for the humanity directly involved with respect to the people who will thus have shelter and means to go to work, but as an example to the thousands of others and an inspiration to them to start in and begin life anew. The hopelessness of it all might seem complete from a single instance cited by Mr. Wishard—that of a man who had owned a mill in a village near Verdun, who told him that when he went to look for the spot on which it stood he had to take a surveyor along to locate it.

It is into the hopelessness of hundreds of situations akin to this that the American Red Cross is advancing with its banner of mercy and its bugle blast of inspiration.

So help the Red Cross!



REFUGEES RECEIVING RED CROSS AID

is it planned to deal with all the acute suffering, such as is summarized above, and to reconstruct many villages in the devastated war zone so as to give the refugees a fresh start in life and prepare the way for again cultivating the soil, but it is the purpose to apply the American system of "Home Service" on a scale so grand that it is bound to have a heartening effect on the whole French military organization, for the French soldiers fight better when they know their loved ones are being cared for.

In furtherance of this great scheme, designed to bring comfort and cheer in the family of every French soldier that is needy, General Pershing, General Petain, commander in chief of the French forces, and Maj. Gen. M. P. Murphy, American Red Cross commissioner, have formed themselves into a committee of co-operation. Company officers will go through their ranks and ascertain from each soldier whether he has any worry on his mind concerning sickness or want at home. Reports will be made to headquarters weekly and not a single case will be overlooked in the relief work that is to be guided by the addresses of families listed. Special attention will be given to the treatment and prevention of tuberculosis, which has assumed proportions almost as deadly as the infernal machinery of war itself. Food and clothing will be supplied when necessary and the spirit and courage of the previously depressed soldier in the trenches will be enlivened by the news that his family is having its wants attended to.

"The great struggle of the winter will be the economic struggle," said Mr. White. "The Red Cross practically will fight the American fight until our boys take their places on the firing line next spring. It should be kept in mind that every French soldier who is saved this winter means the

## A Bomb Raid by Shell-Light

The picture of a night attack executed by the English on a German trench in France is drawn in the Cornhill Magazine by Boyd Cable:

"The hour chosen for the raid was just about dusk. There was no extra-special preparation immediately before it. The guns continued to pour in their fire, speeding it up a little, perhaps, but no more than they had done a score of times in the last 24 hours. The infantry clambered out of their trench and filed out through the narrow openings in their own wire entanglements.

"Out in front a faint whistle cut across the roar of fire. 'They're off,' said the forward officer into his 'phone, and a moment later a distinct change in the note of sound of the overhead shells told that the fire had lifted, that the shells were passing higher above his head, to fall farther back in the enemy trenches and leave clear the stretch into which the infantry would soon be pushing.

"For a minute or two there was no change in the sound of battle. The thunder of the guns continued steadily, a burst of rifle or machine gun fire crackled as spasmodically.

"Men gulped in their throats or drew long breaths of apprehension that this was the beginning of discovery of their presence in the open, the first of the storm they knew would quickly follow. But there were no more shells for the moment, and the rattle of machine gun fire diminished and the bullets piped thinner and more distant as the gun muzzle swept around. The infantry hurried on, thankful for every yard made in safety.

"But at the attacking point the infantry were almost across when the storm burst, and the shells for the most part struck down harmlessly behind them. The men were into the fragments of broken wire, and the shattered parapet loomed up under their hands a minute after the first shell burst. Up to this they had advanced in silence, but now they gave tongue and with wild yells leaped at the low parapet, scrambled over and down into the trench. Behind them a few forms twisted and sprawled on the broken ground, but they were no sooner down than running stretcher bearers pounced on them, lifted and bore them back to the shelter of their own lines.

"In the German trench the raiders worked and fought at desperate speed, but smoothly and on what was clearly a settled and rehearsed plan. There were few Germans to be seen, and most of these crouched dazed and helpless, with hands over their heads. They were promptly seized, huddled over the parapet, and told by word or gesture to be off. They waited for no second bidding, but ran with heads stooped and hands above their heads straight to the British line, one or two men doubling after them as guards. Some of the prisoners were struck down by their own guns' shellfire, and these were just as promptly grabbed by the stretcher bearers and hurried to under cover.

"Up and down the selected area of front line trench the raiders spread rapidly. There were several dugouts under the parapet, and from some of them gray-coated figures crawled with their hands up on the first summons to surrender. These, too, were bundled over the parapet. If a shot came from the black mouth of the dugout in answer to the call to surrender, it was promptly bombed. At either end of the area of front line marked out as the limits of the raid strong parties made a block and beat off the feeble attacks that were made on them."

### NEW WRITING IMPLEMENT.

A writing implement composed of a mixture of wax and finely ground pumice stone containing particles of ink has been invented by William C. Geer of Akron, O., to take the place of ordinary and fountain pens, pencils, crayons and all other writing implements, says the Popular Science Monthly. As the body of the new writing device is composed of a mixture of wax and pumice stone, which is easily worn away when rubbed against a paper surface, the inventor claims that the cells of ink intermixed with the wax and pumice stone will also be liberated, giving a uniform supply of ink.

The device is made by mixing the wax, pumice stone and ink together. When it is heated to the proper temperature it is suddenly immersed in cold water. This chills and solidifies the wax mixture, producing a body having a cellular structure, each cell being filled with ink.

### SOLDIER SCRAPBOOK

Have you begun saving jokes and pictures for "Sammy's" scrapbook? Kipling started these scrapbooks in England for the wounded "Tommy," so of course it's a good idea.

### A SAD CASE OF SUICIDE

There is a very pompous artist in New York who used to have a sense of humor. His quips were known everywhere. Now, however, since he has gained considerable vogue, he is taking himself and his work very seriously.

Owen Johnson, the novelist, saw him in a restaurant the other night, sitting solemnly alone.

"Too bad," he said, real pity and tenderness in his voice. "Poor Arthur! He has severed his jugular vein."

### HIS POINT OF VIEW.

"Mike, didn't you tell me once you have a brother who is a bishop?" asked the contractor.

"Yes, sor, I did that."

"And here you are a hod carrier. Well, things of this life are not equally divided, are they Mike?"

"No, sor," replied the Irishman, shouldering his hod and starting up the ladder; "indeed they is not. Poor fella! He couldn't do this to save his wife, sor!"

## Fads and Fancies of Fashion



Two Types of Tailored Suits.

Two different types of suits are represented by the conservative models shown in the picture given here. The next offerings of designers will be made for wear in the spring, and, the chances are, will show little variation from these, especially in the case of the plainest suits. These two models are not presented as novel, but as representative of the styles that have won approval and are worn by the active and busy women of today during their usual rounds.

In line with the conservation of woollens, women are depending upon tailored suits for two or three seasons' wear, and for this reason the plainest models are the safest choice. Coats for these work-a-day suits are of medium lengths and skirts somewhat narrower than those introduced for fall. Bone buttons provide the finishing touch and fabrics are selected with an eye to their fitness for withstanding wear. The rough finished worsteds, chevots, twills and serges, gaberdine and glove-finish cloths, stand up well under the hardest usage.

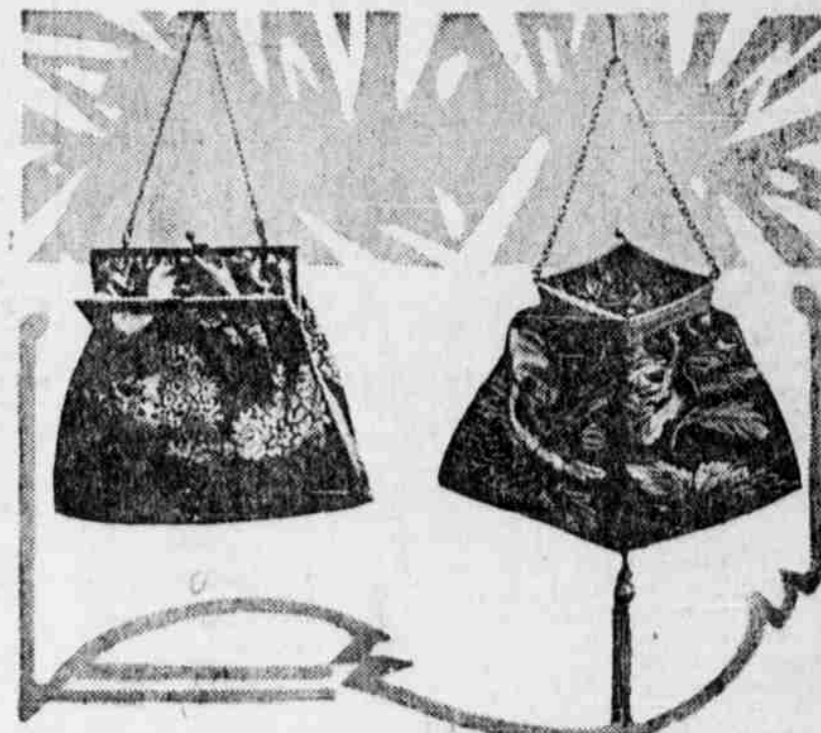
A model of simplicity appears in

the suit of chic, unfinished worsted, with straight belted coat and plain skirt. It has one of those high, muffler collars that may be buttoned up about the throat for warmth, at the same time adding a touch of smartest style. The big patch pockets are practical if the wearer chooses to use them, but are really placed to carry out the severe style of the coat with a masculine detail.

Such a suit, with a little variation in the collar, will pass without criticism from season to season.

For dressier wear a suit is shown made of Poiret twill. The coat shows ingenious cutting, but hangs almost straight at the back. The convertible collar is edged with embroidery in several subdued colors, and has an inlay of kolinsky fur. Cuffs of fur and lines of buttons elaborate the sleeves.

A more or less dressy hat worn with a suit of this kind, will emphasize its character. In the picture a small hat with crown of stitched silk and brim of velvet contrives to look military by means of its shape and its trimming of cords.



Aristocrats Among Shopping Bags.

Bags made of ribbon continue to flourish and they account for immense yards of ribbons that flow in a glowing pageant of colors across the busy ribbon counters. Beginning with the most popular of all, the knitting bag, ribbons contribute their beauty and elegance to shopping bags, sewing bags, opera bags, and every other sort of bag—and there is no end to the variety. From the little powder bag up to the capacious knitting bag there are all sorts and sizes. The knitting bag appears to have reached the limit in size and facetious men declare it will carry anything to be found in a furnished flat, except the piano. Like the fiver, it thrives on jokes.

The most elegant-looking shopping bags are shown made of heavy broad-corded ribbons lined with the richest satins and mounted on silver or gilt mountings. The body of the richest broadcords makes them available for bags of this kind as a substitute for leather. A pair of aristocrats in this particular bag family appear in the illustration. Heavy black satin ribbon broadened with gold, is used for them. The bag at the left is made like a leather bag, with piped seams and a lining of gold-colored plain satin. It has a gilt frame prettily chased suspended by a gilt chain.

The frame used for the bag at the

right is of gilt and hinged so that it opens in a square. It is also lined with gold satin in a dark shade and suspended by a gilt chain. A long, slender gilt tassel hangs from the bottom edge of this handsome example of ribbon artistry.

Similar bags, made of silver broad-cord, are lined with satins in bright green or deep rose or vivid cerise, and are as splendid as those in black and gold. They are more gay in color and therefore more youthful. Then there are the dark broadcords in satin with raised velvet flowers. Considering the richness of appearance of these bags they may be considered inexpensive for it takes only short lengths of wide ribbons to make them. Sometimes a shell shirring of narrow satin ribbon makes a finish for the lining at the top of the bag.

*Julie Bottomley*

### Mink Is Liked.

Mink takes a special prominence as this winter's fur. It is worked with so much silk and comes in such wonderful colorings that the wraps and scarfs of this fur are of unusual beauty.