



CHARLES DARA GIBSON in The Red Cross Magazine

HELP! The Red Cross Needs You

"And above all things have fervent charity among yourselves: for charity shall cover the multitude of sins."—I Peter 4:8

Agonized Europe cries for your aid. Make Christmas really worth while by answering generously the appeal of the Red Cross Society. Read this stirring article by Charles Lee Bryson

they have existed, so that the Germans may no longer be responsible for their starving to death.

The Red Cross would not be true to itself or to the people who have founded it and are supporting it, if it did not do everything it could to comfort and help these sorely-tried ones. The relief of human suffering is its sole object, and it has never withheld its hand when there was anguish to be soothed. But in this case there is another object to be attained—call it selfish if you will. In backing up France, and making her people stronger to endure, the Red Cross is saving the lives of American soldiers. This was admirably expressed in the great Chicago Red Cross conference by Henry P. Davison, chairman of the Red Cross war council.

"You may ask how all this work among the French people is of any help to our boys—how it is saving their lives," said Mr. Davison. "I'll tell you: We ask General Pershing what he wants, and he says, 'I don't want anything, for our boys, but for God's sake buck up the French. Give them courage. Hearten them. They have been fighting for three years, and if you want to do anything for me and our boys, make the people understand that we are here, and are going to take our places in the line as soon as we can get ready.'"

Then Mr. Davison went on to show the strain under which the French have lived for more than three years, with the German terror holding much of their land and hammering night and day at their lines to break through and take Paris.

"And if that French line should break," he said, "you know what that means. There's nobody but those boys of Pershing's to stop the Germans, and, ready or not, they'll have to fill the gap. If we can help the French line to hold, we save our own boys until they are all ready to take their part."

Mr. Davison pictured the weary French soldier coming out of the trenches for a ten-day rest. He is tired half to death, covered with dirt and vermin, his clothing worn. Does he go home? He has no home, perhaps. His wife and children were swept away before the German tide. His home is gone. He says, "I can live in hell in the trenches, but I don't see why my family should be in hell too."

But now the American Red Cross is in France. It meets the soldier when he comes from the trenches, takes him to a house prepared with your money, and he is made comfortable. He is given a bath, his clothing is cleaned and sterilized, his hair cut, his whiskers trimmed, and he sleeps for an hour—maybe ten hours.

Then he is taken to his family, if the Red Cross has been able to find his family. He finds his wife and babes, or his old mother, in a house or a shelter of some kind supplied and furnished by the Red Cross.

When the days of his leave are up, that soldier goes back to the trenches a new man. He knows now that America, with her millions and millions of fighting men, and her billions and billions of money, and the tender care of her Red Cross, are behind him. And he goes back into the war with a new determination, and says, "so long as I live, I will fight."

And so long as he holds that line, he is taking the place of some American boy who is not yet trained to take the trenches. That line must be made to hold for months yet, for General Pershing has said that if he can help it, his boys shall not go into the hard fighting before February.

When they do go in, then will come the real test of the American Red Cross—then will be the days of harvest, of which today is the day of sowing. For when the wounded begin to stream from the evacuation hospitals back to the bases, the warehouses of bandages and pads and gauze and splints and hospital garments and surgical supplies will melt away like mist before the sun. And in that day, if the Red Cross have not a membership of something near the desired 15,000,000, trained to make and ship all these supplies in a great, never-faltering stream, the American soldier will be ashamed of the land for which he is fighting, and many will lose limb or life which could have been saved.

These are not the opinions of a novice—they are the convictions of men who are now at the front in France and Belgium, and who see, every day, the horrors of war which it is the work of the Red Cross to mitigate. It is only a few weeks since Maj. Grayson M. P. Murphy, an officer of the regular army of wide experience and great ability, now Red Cross commissar for France, cabled his convictions on this subject. And what he said was, in substance, that unless the Red Cross immediately sent a vast supply of all manner of hospital supplies, the American army would stand in danger of disaster and disgrace. He used those words—"disaster and disgrace."

Few who have not been through a modern military hospital can conceive what an enormous amount of supplies it requires. French surgeons report that it often requires an entire box of 7,000 gauze dressings for a single patient. There has been such a scarcity of dressings in France that they have been driven to use these dressings over and over, trying to boil and clean and sterilize them as well as they can, instead of throwing them away and putting on fresh ones.

There has, at times, been such a dearth that wounded soldiers have had their bleeding wounds stanch with old newspapers, with the result that they have always been infected, and gangrene and lockjaw have claimed many a poor fellow who could have been saved.

Terrible as it is to think of, they have at times been driven to operate in France without chloroform or ether—none was to be had.

These, no doubt, are the things which Major Murphy had in mind when he said that disaster and disgrace awaited America less the supply of surgical necessities is hastened.

Even if the lads who are about to go into the

fighting line were not our own American boys, the Red Cross would be bound to do all it could for them. But they are our own. We do not fully realize it yet, but we will later on. From every city, every village, every farming community, from almost every family in the whole land, one or more boys will help fill the lines in France—and it is for them, for your friends and mine, for your relatives and mine, that the Red Cross is working.

It is going to take men and women by the million, working all their spare time, and a good deal of time which they do not now think they can spare. And it is going to take hundreds of millions of dollars—all we can spare, and maybe all we have, whether or not we think we can spare it. Belgium is crushed, Serbia is obliterated, Rumania is little more than a memory, Russia is impotent, Italy is bearing a heavy cross, France is immortal in spirit but growing thin. There are left chiefly the British lion and the American eagle, and the English-speaking boys who bear them aloft. If they fall, civilization is dead.

There is no longer any question that civilization is fighting for its very life. Germany has set out to force the whole world to live under the German imperialistic plan. President Wilson, in his now-famous Buffalo speech, said:

"It is amazing to me that any group of people should suppose that any reforms planned in the interest of the people can live in the presence of Germany strong enough to undermine or overthrow them by intrigue of force. . . . Any man who supposes that the free industry and enterprise of the world can continue if the Pan-German plan is achieved and German power fastened upon the world, is as fatuous as the dreamers of Russia."

There never has been any question that the American soldier will fight to death, if need be, when once he begins the job. It is the task of the American Red Cross to so supply and fortify those boys that just as few of them as possible may be sacrificed.

That is what the Red Cross has in mind when it comes to your house, or your office, or your kitchen door, or wherever you may be found, and asks you to be one of the 15,000,000 Red Cross members to stand back of those boys in khaki. This is not to be a money campaign. Money is the least important matter of this moment. What is wanted is members. The Red Cross wants these 15,000,000 men, women and children banded together in chapters, organized into committees, and trained to the minute to do whatever is needed for the boys in France and for their families at home, and for those suffering ones who have lost everything but bare life.

If the call is for warm clothing, it wants these 15,000,000 trained to make and turn out the kind of garments needed so that they may go by trainload and shipload at once. If it is for knitted goods—there has already been a call for 6,000,000 knitted articles and it is almost or quite filled by now—these 15,000,000 must be organized to get yarn and knit, or get others to knit, and deliver the goods at once. And if it is for bandages and gauze dressings and other things for the wounded, as assuredly it will be many a time, there must be a trained Red Cross membership to get them made and in the hospitals in time to save life.

God help the American army in that day if the people have not been quick to unite with the Red Cross and supply the things the wounded boys must have. And God pity you and me in the days when the boys come back from over there—such of them as make home—and listen to the excuses we will try to make if we fail to keep them supplied with everything they need in their fight for us.

There will be another call for money before long. When the country gave \$100,000,000 to the Red Cross war council last summer, the great men at the head of it estimated that, by careful spending, they could make it last six months. The next call probably will be for a larger sum, maybe as much as a quarter of a million dollars. If so, the American people must give it. Every cent goes for relief work. In what he termed his "public accounting," Henry P. Davison, chairman of the Red Cross war council, said in a recent speech that of every dollar given the Red Cross for relief work, about \$1.02 is spent for relief. What he meant is that not one cent goes for overhead expense, which is cared for in another way, but that the whole fund, together with about 2 per cent interest which it accumulated while in bank, goes for relief.

All that will come later, when the Red Cross needs more money to carry on its work of mercy.

What it needs now is members—10,000,000 added to the 5,000,000 it now has. Every member should be at least of the class called "Magazine Members." It costs \$2 a year, and entitles the members to the really wonderful Red Cross Magazine every month, filled with news and colored pictures of what the great order is doing all over the earth.

If you are a member, renew; if not, become one when the Red Cross committee comes. It is merely trying to get you to help win your war, and care for the unlucky—who may be some of your own family.

HAD LITTLE DESIRE TO ROAM

The Americans have contributed largely to the European spirit of patronage. Each year, in hordes, they traveled to Europe, breathless with curiosity and with haste, curious of dress and bearing (to European eyes) and nasal as to speech, with reverence and familiarity amazing contending. "Why do the Americans love so to tear over the world?" I once heard an old French lady ask. It was incomprehensible to her, this mania for leaving home. Her desire of happiness was to stay forever in one place.—Exchange

The Real Christmas

Keep Eternal Christmas In The Heart

ELIZABETH STUART PHILIPS

Working In the Name Of the Christ Child

SOME thirty years ago there lived in the city of Washington a young girl, the daughter of Richard T. Merrick, a distinguished lawyer, says the Survey. A serious injury, due to an accident, had left her an invalid, confined to her couch. The Christmas season was fast approaching and amid the preparations for the holidays, which the happy family were busily making, this young invalid, reared in luxury, conceived the desire of clothing in the name of the Christ Child some poor babe who was to come into the world in poverty. She made a simple but complete layette, sent for a friend who she knew could find the very mother who needed such assistance, and one small child was clothed in the name of the Christ Child.

The Christ Child, society, founded 27 years ago, distributed 139 layettes last year. Not one request has ever been refused to an applicant indorsed by its visitors. And from this has developed the material relief department, which clothes and shoes children, furnishes a fortnight's outing, a brace for a crippled leg or a book from the library. There are no religious qualifications. Active members contribute a definite number of hours' work each week, and anyone may become a member by promising to answer the Christmas letters of a poor child. Washington numbers 1,000 members, and there are more than 4,500 in all, including the branches in 22 cities.

From her couch, where she has lain for more than 25 years, Miss Merrick directs and leads all the society's work.

St. Nicholas Day and Christmas.

A writer in the Pall Mall Gazette thus speculated concerning the amalgamation of Christmas eve and St. Nicholas eve: "Perhaps the amalgamation of the two festivals was brought about by motives of economy, the giving of presents on December 5 and again on December 25 constituting too heavy a toll on parental purses. That this was the case appears to be proved by the custom prevailing in Catholic Germany, where St. Nicholas duly appears in each home on December 5, and inquiring into the conduct of the children, rewards the worthy with fruits and cakes and lectures the unworthy on the duty of obedience. He then asks the Christ Child to bring them at Christmas, and on the morning of that day they usually find the desired articles in the shoes which they placed overnight on the hearth. This variation of the original Nicholas eve custom, for so long obsolete in England, probably accounts for our possession of Santa Claus in his present form. He is supposed to have been an importation from America about 40 years ago (as a little earlier we had derived the Christmas tree from Germany on the initiative of the prince consort, husband of Queen Victoria.)"

On Christmas Eve.

Oh, little babe, oh, gentle babe,
That in a manger lies,
A-listening to the choral sweet
Which floats a-down the skies,
We, through the year, who only hear
The world's harsh thundering,
Listen that we, dear babe, with thee
May hear the angels sing.

Oh, little babe, oh, gentle babe,
Who lookest toward the star
And seeest when they bear their gifts,
Those wise men from afar,
From wandering wide back to thy side,
Weary and worn, we flee;
But hearts that bleed and hands that need
Are all we have for thee.

Oh, little babe, oh, gentle babe,
Our hearts were hard and cold;
The star we loved, the star of fame,
The song the song of gold,
At the manger's side this Christmas tide
We listen and we long
To see that star shine from afar
And hear the angels' song.
—Richard F. Souter.

The Christmas Fire

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

THE tree grew green in the forest,
Grew green in the sun and the dew;

His branches reached for the shadows,
He feathered his tops in the blue,
And happy the air about him
Wherever his balsams flew.

Drenched with the rains of the summer,
Fine from his stems spun the show-ers,

Soft dropped the snow on his mantle,
Dream work of silver and flowers,
And over him white light trailing
The stars swam through darkling hours.

Groping where great rock pillars
Stand shouldering rank on rank,
His roots at the cold sweet sources
The ancient juices drank,
And he swept with the earth companion
As the vast skies rose and sank.

His boughs brushed low on your forehead
As a passing wing might brush,
When night winds make shrill music
In the heavens, and hush, oh, hush!
For deep in his deepest covert
He hid the hermit thrush.

Low have they laid the giant,
And they hale him home with mirth,
And they fan the fires that twinkle,
And sing round his mossy girth,
And make with a mighty magic
The life of the Christmas hearth.
For his flames give the spicy fragrance
Of the summer atmosphere,
While the breath of the woody hot
Totes,

The luster and light of the year,
The blossom, the bird song, the
breezes,
He sheds through the Christmas
cheer.

And the message of peace and blessing
In the great fire's glow they mark,
With the lad from the war and the sailor
Home from his tossing bark
Ere the Christmas bells come chiming
Like the touch of the frost on the dark.

And widely on pane and ceiling
Sparkles a fiery foam,
And the children dance with their shadows
Like the forest sprite with the gnome,
While the great log roars and blazes,
The heart of the joy of home.

And the cheek that has long been with-
ered
With an old rose blooms once more
As memories glow like the embers
Whose flashes sink and soar
With the Christmas fire's warm glow
Where the log burns red at the core.
—Woman's Home Companion.

And the cheek that has long been with-
ered
With an old rose blooms once more
As memories glow like the embers
Whose flashes sink and soar
With the Christmas fire's warm glow
Where the log burns red at the core.
—Woman's Home Companion.

And the cheek that has long been with-
ered
With an old rose blooms once more
As memories glow like the embers
Whose flashes sink and soar
With the Christmas fire's warm glow
Where the log burns red at the core.
—Woman's Home Companion.

And the cheek that has long been with-
ered
With an old rose blooms once more
As memories glow like the embers
Whose flashes sink and soar
With the Christmas fire's warm glow
Where the log burns red at the core.
—Woman's Home Companion.

And the cheek that has long been with-
ered
With an old rose blooms once more
As memories glow like the embers
Whose flashes sink and soar
With the Christmas fire's warm glow
Where the log burns red at the core.
—Woman's Home Companion.

And the cheek that has long been with-
ered
With an old rose blooms once more
As memories glow like the embers
Whose flashes sink and soar
With the Christmas fire's warm glow
Where the log burns red at the core.
—Woman's Home Companion.

And the cheek that has long been with-
ered
With an old rose blooms once more
As memories glow like the embers
Whose flashes sink and soar
With the Christmas fire's warm glow
Where the log burns red at the core.
—Woman's Home Companion.

And the cheek that has long been with-
ered
With an old rose blooms once more
As memories glow like the embers
Whose flashes sink and soar
With the Christmas fire's warm glow
Where the log burns red at the core.
—Woman's Home Companion.

And the cheek that has long been with-
ered
With an old rose blooms once more
As memories glow like the embers
Whose flashes sink and soar
With the Christmas fire's warm glow
Where the log burns red at the core.
—Woman's Home Companion.

And the cheek that has long been with-
ered
With an old rose blooms once more
As memories glow like the embers
Whose flashes sink and soar
With the Christmas fire's warm glow
Where the log burns red at the core.
—Woman's Home Companion.

And the cheek that has long been with-
ered
With an old rose blooms once more
As memories glow like the embers
Whose flashes sink and soar
With the Christmas fire's warm glow
Where the log burns red at the core.
—Woman's Home Companion.

And the cheek that has long been with-
ered
With an old rose blooms once more
As memories glow like the embers
Whose flashes sink and soar
With the Christmas fire's warm glow
Where the log burns red at the core.
—Woman's Home Companion.

And the cheek that has long been with-
ered
With an old rose blooms once more
As memories glow like the embers
Whose flashes sink and soar
With the Christmas fire's warm glow
Where the log burns red at the core.
—Woman's Home Companion.

And the cheek that has long been with-
ered
With an old rose blooms once more
As memories glow like the embers
Whose flashes sink and soar
With the Christmas fire's warm glow
Where the log burns red at the core.
—Woman's Home Companion.

And the cheek that has long been with-
ered
With an old rose blooms once more
As memories glow like the embers
Whose flashes sink and soar
With the Christmas fire's warm glow
Where the log burns red at the core.
—Woman's Home Companion.

And the cheek that has long been with-
ered
With an old rose blooms once more
As memories glow like the embers
Whose flashes sink and soar
With the Christmas fire's warm glow
Where the log burns red at the core.
—Woman's Home Companion.

And the cheek that has long been with-
ered
With an old rose blooms once more
As memories glow like the embers
Whose flashes sink and soar
With the Christmas fire's warm glow
Where the log burns red at the core.
—Woman's Home Companion.

And the cheek that has long been with-
ered
With an old rose blooms once more
As memories glow like the embers
Whose flashes sink and soar
With the Christmas fire's warm glow
Where the log burns red at the core.
—Woman's Home Companion.

And the cheek that has long been with-
ered
With an old rose blooms once more
As memories glow like the embers
Whose flashes sink and soar
With the Christmas fire's warm glow
Where the log burns red at the core.
—Woman's Home Companion.

And the cheek that has long been with-
ered
With an old rose blooms once more
As memories glow like the embers
Whose flashes sink and soar
With the Christmas fire's warm glow
Where the log burns red at the core.
—Woman's Home Companion.

And the cheek that has long been with-
ered
With an old rose blooms once more
As memories glow like the embers
Whose flashes sink and soar
With the Christmas fire's warm glow
Where the log burns red at the core.
—Woman's Home Companion.

And the cheek that has long been with-
ered
With an old rose blooms once more
As memories glow like the embers
Whose flashes sink and soar
With the Christmas fire's warm glow
Where the log burns red at the core.
—Woman's Home Companion.

And the cheek that has long been with-
ered
With an old rose blooms once more
As memories glow like the embers
Whose flashes sink and soar
With the Christmas fire's warm glow
Where the log burns red at the core.
—Woman's Home Companion.

And the cheek that has long been with-
ered
With an old rose blooms once more
As memories glow like the embers
Whose flashes sink and soar
With the Christmas fire's warm glow
Where the log burns red at the core.
—Woman's Home Companion.

And the cheek that has long been with-
ered
With an old rose blooms once more
As memories glow like the embers
Whose flashes sink and soar
With the Christmas fire's warm glow
Where the log burns red at the core.
—Woman's Home Companion.

Christmas Joys—Under the Mistletoe



Illustration of a man and a woman standing under a mistletoe branch, embracing.