

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

FROM "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 invidious 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 starting blankly at cratered areas where villages once flourished; of thousands of children, too young to understand, crying for mothers who cannot hear 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 there, 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, how 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. Ten 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. Alder, who is prominent in the public life of the midwest 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



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 fled 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, bundled 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 in under cover.



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 Bombs 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!

"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 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 SCRAPBOOKS.

Have you begun saving jokes and pictures for "Sammie'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 jocular 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 loife, sor!"

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

LEADER OF MINORITY IN HOUSE

At this session of congress the country is to become better acquainted with Mr. Gillett of Massachusetts, Republican house leader in the absence of Mr. Mann. He is by no means a stranger. He has been a member of every house since, and including, the Fifty-third. He is a veteran therefore in point of service, and his present position testifies to how well he has served. An adviser all along, and a valued one, of other leaders, he has had a good schooling, and his own chance at leadership now has come. He could not have asked for a better time or a larger opportunity for the display of his powers. The house is going to be very much in evidence for months. In some things it must take the initiative, and in all things its part will be prominent.

Mr. Gillett is a Republican without limitations. He stands for the best traditions of the party, and in his long service as a legislator has helped shape many important measures on the party's lines. His is the Springfield district, where the people take their politics seriously.

Mr. Gillett faces a period of hard work—hard enough to tax the capacity and the patience of even an old congressional hand. War measures and other measures carrying new propositions and enormous amounts of money are on the card and will soon be in hand; and once the grind begins there will be no let up until the work is done.



IS BUILDING NATION'S AIR FLEET



An automobile engineer with a vision came out of the West and crystallized the thought of the United States along a new line—that of the dependence of a nation at war upon industry. Now this same engineer is giving the best illustration of the war of the application of his theory, for he is building the nation's air fleet, which, he holds, will win the war for the allies next summer.

The man in question is Howard E. Coffin, chairman of the aircraft production board. His job is to get air planes ready at the earliest possible moment. He has \$640,000,000 given him by congress for the purpose. He is working fast, but there are many difficulties. He is one of those "it-can't-be-done-but-here-it-is" men. His job is to build three times as many air planes in six months as all the rest of the world can build in a year. He intends to do it. Howard E. Coffin used to be a letter carrier. For four years after he graduated from the University of Michigan he was in the federal civil service. It was not until 1900 that he got his start in the automobile game. Soon he became the idea man for a large automobile company, then chief engineer. In ten years he had evolved three automobile engines in succession that were revolutionary in the industry. The one-time letter carrier had become the recognized genius of that industry that had blossomed in a decade as had no other.

GRATEFUL FOR AID GIVEN FRANCE

Capt. Andre Tardieu, French high commissioner to the United States, in reviewing his work in America, after his return to France, made this statement:

"It remains for us to create, in conformity with the desire of the United States and in the common interest, real unity in the direction of military and economic affairs. That will be the work of the coming weeks."

Captain Tardieu said that, in order to gain time in the delivery of certain armament, the United States had placed orders in France amounting to more than \$200,000,000.

The commissioner expressed himself as pleased with the special and easy terms on which all transactions with the United States were effected, referring particularly to the fact that the United States undertook the transportation of materials ordered for France with the understanding that the financial settlement involved would be put over until after the war. One particular manner in which the United States had greatly aided France, Captain Tardieu said, was in shipping 2,000 agricultural implements for the agricultural department in five months.

"France knew she could count on the United States," Captain Tardieu added, "but all our hopes have been surpassed."



TO BUILD MERCHANT MARINE



In an organization which is being reoffered with men whose slogan is "Speed" and whose exclusive duty is to turn out a new American merchant marine of 6,000,000 tons or so with all the dispatch possible, Rear Admiral Frederic R. Harris just naturally fits.

When Admiral Harris was appointed on November 24 to take the office of general manager of the Emergency Fleet corporation some of Washington remarked—that the uniform part of Washington—that it was too bad that a man of such attainments should have this hoodoo job wished on him by his superiors. But his associates are of a different opinion. He has tackled hoodoo jobs before, not a few of them, in fact, and by his energy, his practical sense and his determination he has charmed away whatever evil influence may have hedged them about.

The fact that Chairman E. N. Hurley of the Shipping board has been putting the machinery of the Emergency Fleet corporation into high gear for the first time since its organization and has been tearing away the red tape that bound its operations will create a scene of activity at the corporation offices quite in keeping with the temperament of Admiral Harris. He is accustomed to act with swiftness.