



CHARLES DANA 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 back 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 commissioner 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 stanching 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 lady 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, Roumania 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 or 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 train-load 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 come 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 "Maggazine 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.

SUNK BY SUBMARINE

U. S. DESTROYER JACOB JONES
TORPEDOED WHILE ON
PATROL DUTY
TWO-THIRDS OF CREW LOST
First Decisive Blow of German Sub
marines Aimed at American
Navy

Washington.—Lurking in the storm-swept Atlantic hundreds of miles off shore, a Teuton submarine Thursday night sank the American destroyer Jacob Jones with the loss of probably sixty or more of her crew.

Caught unawares, the destroyer—valiant center of other U-boat encounters—apparently sank without a chance for a fight, taking with her more than half of a crew of as fine seamen as ever trod a deck.

Thirty-seven men, hastily scrambling onto life rafts, had been rescued, according to last information the navy received from Admiral Sims. Seven found a haven on merchant craft nearby; thirty on a second. And, while hopes for the remainder of the crew are meagre, it is barely possible some other vessels without wireless may have taken the frozen, struggling victims to the seas.

The Jacob Jones, one of the crack ships of the foreign destroyer fleet, was fully 500 miles off the British Isles when the attack occurred.

What the Jones' errand was in her distant journey is not revealed, but the presence of merchant craft nearby suggests she was perhaps conveying valuable cargo as she had done many times before.

The complement of the Jones in peace times was five officers, five petty officers and eighty-seven enlisted men. Undoubtedly this has been increased to a hundred or more. From the first report it would appear that the loss of life would be upward of sixty.

The attack, which was at 8 o'clock at night, was delivered by torpedo. In the rolling, icy seas of the north Atlantic winter weather the submarine probably had plenty of opportunity to pick her time for the shot. The submarine probably came upon the destroyer patrolling her course in the dusk and had all the best of the engagement. No details were contained in reports, but it has been the case heretofore that when a submarine gets a hit on a destroyer, it is more due to a chance meeting and good opportunity than fighting skill on the part of the submarine.

The large loss of life would indicate that the torpedo with its deadly charge of high explosive, made a fair hit plump on the destroyer's thin hull and that the submarine hunter probably was blown fairly in two. That she went down quickly is evidenced by the fact that nothing is said of survivors getting off in life boats. Those saved got off on rafts that probably floated off the sinking ship as she plunged down in the icy darkness.

Lieutenant Commander David Worth Bagley, and Lieut. Norman Scott who were at first reported as lost, were among the survivors rescued after the sinking of the destroyer.

Admiral Sims' reports said that Commander Bagley and the five other men saved with him got away in a motorboat and were picked up and landed uninjured at the Scilly island.

The Jacob Jones, one of the largest and newest American submarine chasers of her type, operating in the Atlantic, was the first American warship to fall a victim to a German submarine, but was the second American destroyer to be lost in foreign waters. The Chauncey sank with her commander Walter E. Reno, two other officers and eighteen enlisted men after being cut in two by the transport Rose Early on the morning of November 20.

Washington.—Vice-Admiral Sims has cabled the navy department that forty-four officers and men were saved of 110 known to have been aboard the destroyer. He added to the list of dead Ensign Staunton F. Kalk of Omaha, Neb., who died from exposure, and to the survivors an unidentified man picked up by the submarine after the destroyer went down.

Navy officers and officials took pride in the fact that the Jacob Jones and her crew had written new honors into navy records before the vessel fell victim to an enemy torpedo. In October the Jones went gallantly to the rescue of the British converted cruiser Orama, accompanied by another American destroyer, when the former P. and O. liner was torpedoed. They attacked and put the submarine out of commission, and then, when the cruiser began to settle, transferred all on board to their own decks without accident.

Airman Again Raid England
London.—About twenty-five air planes raided England Thursday. Of these six reached London. Two of the raiders were brought down, the crew of three men on each machine being captured. Bombs dropped by the raiders caused a number of fires in London, but all of them were quickly brought under control. The casualties are believed to be light. This was the first German air raid over England in more than a month. The last previous raid occurred on the night of October 31.

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CASCARA QUININE
The old family remedy—in tablet form—safe, sure, easy to take. No opiates—no unpleasant after effects. Cures colds in 24 hours—Grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. Get the genuine box with Red Top and Mr. Hill's picture on it. 24 Tablets for 25c. At Any Drug Store.

TYPHOID
It is no more necessary than Smallpox. Any experience has demonstrated the almost infallible efficacy of this vaccine. It is now available in the United States. It is more vital than any other. Ask your physician, druggist, or send for "Have you had Typhoid?" telling of Typhoid Vaccine, results from use, and danger from Typhoid Carriers. Free trial vaccine and serum sent to U. S. Bureau of the Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., Chicago, Ill.

Five Generations in Wars.
Five generations of one family have served in the United States wars, the chain being completed by the recent enlistment at Los Angeles of a young man named Bennett. Not only did his two grandfathers, Bennett and Brookover, serve in the Civil war, but his great-grandfather, Daniel Bennett, was also a veteran of that war. The young man's great-grandfather, Asa Bennett, was in the war of 1812, and his two great-great-grandfathers, Bennett and Harris, were in the Revolutionary war. Although not in direct line of ancestry, young Bennett's uncle, Harry Brookover, represented the family in the Spanish-American war.

BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP

Why use ordinary cough remedies, when Boschee's German Syrup has been used so successfully for fifty-one years in all parts of the United States for coughs, bronchitis, colds settled in the throat, especially lung troubles. It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning, gives nature a chance to soothe the inflamed parts, throw off the disease, helping the patient to regain his health. Sold in all civilized countries. 50 and 90 cent bottles.—Adv.

Would Save the Cake.
Johnny had often seen the new food signs posted up everywhere, telling people not to waste food and use what is left. One day he was invited to a birthday party. In a short while the birthday cake was cut up and each child had a piece, and there was a big piece left. The maid was going to take this piece away when Johnny called to her and said, "I think I can use the piece that is left."

One Worse.
Friend—I suppose you'd rather lick the Kaiser than anybody else on earth.
Recruit—There's just one fellow I'd like to get my hands on worse.
Friend—Who's that?
Recruit—I the guy that hollered "Fire!" just as I got my clothes off for the physical examination.—Judge.

RED CROSS—GOODNESS YES.
Red Cross Ball Blue, yes. Nothing else will do. Red Cross Ball Blue makes my clothes a beautiful clear white, not the dingy yellow green tinge of liquid blue. Red Cross Ball Blue for me. Yes sir-o, Bob.—Adv.

The Reason.
"What makes wheat nervous, pa?"
"I guess it is the way they keep thrashing it, son."

If the man you are talking to looks at his wife it's time to shut up.
The poorest excuse in the world is "I didn't think."

Why That Lame Back?

Morning lameness, sharp twinges when bending, or an all-day back-ache; each is cause enough to suspect kidney trouble. Get after the cause. Help the kidneys. We Americans go it too hard. We overdo, overeat and neglect our sleep and exercise and so we are fast becoming a nation of kidney sufferers. 72% more deaths than in 1890 is the 1910 census story. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands recommend them.

A Kansas Case

W. C. Lines, 702 Illinois St., Neodesha, Kan., says: "The first symptom of my kidney trouble was dizziness and it often got so bad I had to stop work. My head ached intensely and I had pains above my hips, day and night. Doan's Kidney Pills removed these ailments and whenever I have felt the slightest return of attack, from a cold, this medicine has brought good results."
Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-McLEBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Save the Calves!

Slump ABORTION Out of Your Herd and Keep It Out!
Apply treatment yourself. Small expense. Write for free booklet on Abortion. "Questions and Answers". State number of calves in herd.
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