



"A Great Net of Mercy drawn through
 an Ocean of Unspeasable Pain"
The American Red Cross

IT COST ONE DOLLAR TO SAVE THIS LIFE

Perhaps It Was Your Red Cross Dollar That Gave This Broken Flier His Chance to Live.

By BRUCE BARTON
 Of the Vigilantes.

From the ground they could see that there was something the matter with his machine. And even while they watched through their glasses he began to fall.

A minute later the little Ford ambulance was puffing its way across the five miles of shell-stricken road that lay between them and him.

They found him beside the machine. He was unconscious, but a tree had broken his fall.

"Just in the nick of time," said the doctor crisply. "He'll be a pretty sick boy for a few weeks, but we'll have him all right again and back with his French comrades."

So they put him into the little Ford

ambulance, and—less than an hour after they saw him fall he was safe in a clean white bed.

"That's what it means to have plenty of equipment, plenty of ambulances and doctors and bandages and everything," said the Red Cross man who told me. "It means the difference in getting there on time or getting there just a minute too late."

"Wonderful!" I answered. "And how much did it cost you to make that trip—to save that one French boy's life?"

He flushed a little. "We don't measure it in terms of money."

"I know it. But what do you think it cost," I persisted—for gasoline and

the trip and the bandages and all?"

"Perhaps a dollar, maybe two. But why do you ask?"

"A dollar!" I answered. "A dollar to save a boy's life! To send him home again from the war to the mother and father who have scanned every headline and waited breathlessly for every visit of the letter carrier! Can a dollar do a miracle like that?"

"It can," said the Red Cross man.

And then the thought occurred to me that perhaps it might have been one of my dollars.

It was somebody's dollar that did it. It might have been mine—or one of yours.

Who knows?

RED CROSS SPECIAL TRAIN

Three Thousand Mile Dash Across Russia to Succor Roumania—Heroic Work Required.

Poor little Roumania, once so happy and so beautiful! Robbed of its rich lands by German hordes, its people driven back upon themselves, the once picturesque city of Jassy is now crowded beyond its limits with the country's destitute and starving.

Nothing but the most heroic efforts of the American Red Cross has kept Roumania from actually disappearing from among the nations of the earth. When all those who could leave the country had fled Henry W. Anderson, American Red Cross commissioner to that outraged country, stuck to his post. Discused, starving and ragged people were all about him. The cause seemed hopeless. Even Red Cross money could buy nothing in Roumania, for the country was stripped.

So Anderson appealed to our Red Cross in Russia. There were supplies there, but how could they be

carried the 3,000 miles that separated Petrograd from Jassy. Russia was struggling against internal disorder, which in the Ukrainian territory was civil war. Even with the authority and protection of the Bolshevik government the case seemed hopeless.

Yet help came—a whole train load under the charge of Lieutenant Magnusson of the American Red Cross in Russia. And Anderson sent this cable:

"We are today distributing food and clothing to more than 10,000 people and increasing numbers every week. Expecting shipment of four more cars of food from Odessa this week. By extraordinary effort we believe we can continue purchase of sufficient supplies to carry on work."

And so our Red Cross is showing all the world that not only are our men ready to fight for the right, but are ready to help all those others who are in this battle for freedom.

A GRUPELLING NIGHT FOR THE CANTEEN MAN

A Red Cross Canteen man wearily banked the fires under the kettles. Their billet is in an old house near by. By the light of a candle the Red Cross conveyer undresses and rolls into his blankets. Suddenly there comes a sharp, cracking sound, and a red flare lights up the room. The conveyer rolls quickly out of his bunk catches up his blankets and runs down the rickety stairs to the cellar. There he finds his French assistant and a lot of soldiers. They exchange nods and then sent themselves off to boxes. Four more sharp, cracking noises follow in rapid succession, and a mournful roar. This is only the beginning of an artillery duel which lasts all night.

At break of day the Red Cross man bestirs himself, shakes his assistant and tumbles up the stairway out into the yard. It is strewn with debris. A shell struck the next house in the night and blew out the wall. The conveyer and his man set to work gingerly, for the air is chill. They poke the fires and throw on fresh wood and then set to work to prepare the food. Within an hour the canteen is ready for business.

This is a sample night of a Red Cross Canteen man at the front.

FOR BETTER ROADS

IMPROVING THE BAD SPOTS
 Certain Small Ruts That Are Usually Wet and Soft Determine Load Farmer Can Carry.

The worst holes in the road always determine the load the farmer can market. No stretch of roadway is uniformly good, because every road has certain small spots that are usually soft and wet. These spots cause more trouble than the rest of the road combined. How these spots are to be improved depends on the character of the soil, and the nature of the country. Many such spots owe their character to a soft subsoil, due to springs. Before these roads can be permanently improved they must be undrained. If a tile is laid in these places there will usually be no trouble in the future. The surface of the road should then be filled with dirt and crowned, so any surface water may run off. If this is done there will be no trouble from subsurface water.

Many roadways that are closed in with shade trees are bad. If a goodly portion of the scrub timber along these roads be removed, the ground will dry out and no trouble result. If the character of the soil is soft and pliable, so that it will not pack and remain firm, new material should be applied to the surface. The best and cheapest material for improving roads is gravel. Where gravel beds are accessible a day's work with a team and wagon will improve any roadbed permanently. If the soil is very sandy an 8-inch application of clay to the surface will effect wonders. The road patrol should spend a considerable portion of its time in remedying the bad spots in the road.

ANSWER TO PRISON PROBLEM

New York and Other States Have Tried Experiment of Using Convicts to Improve Roads.

New York and many of the Southern and Western states have tried the experiment of using convicts to improve highways—and it has worked to perfection. The official organ of the New York state prisoners says that "no man of all the inmates who went outside last year had a word of fault to find with his treatment. All are anxious to join these camps again. The freedom of movement and the exer-



else shortens the time yet to do in a wonderful manner. Many states have found road work to be the answer to the prison problem. Colorado and California have rebuilt the better portion of their roads with prison labor, and besides feeding the inmates with an extra supply of food, it has also led to a lessening of crime through provisions made by the farsighted legislators.

WIDE TIRES IMPROVE ROADS

They Have Same Effect on Country Highway as Roller on Field—Also Pull Easier.

Wide tires build up roads and save horse labor. They have the same effect upon a country road as a roller on a plowed field. On the other hand, the narrow tire cuts up a road like a disk. It has been found by actual test in this winter that the wide-tired wagon pulls easier in nearly all cases than the narrow-tired wagon. In deep mud on a country road the wide-tired wagon pulls 6.2 per cent easier. On the country road with a thin surface of mud or deep dust, however, the narrow tires pull 4.5 per cent easier. In a cornfield the wide tires pull 30.5 per cent easier, in a dry alfalfa field 17.7 per cent easier, and on a dry country road 10.2 per cent easier.

Ontario Makes Good Roads.

The Province of Ontario has approximately 55,000 miles of roads. More than 43,000 miles have been treated and are in fairly good condition. About 20,000 miles are well graded earth roads; about 8,000 miles are surfaced with broken stone, and about 10,000 are surfaced with gravel.

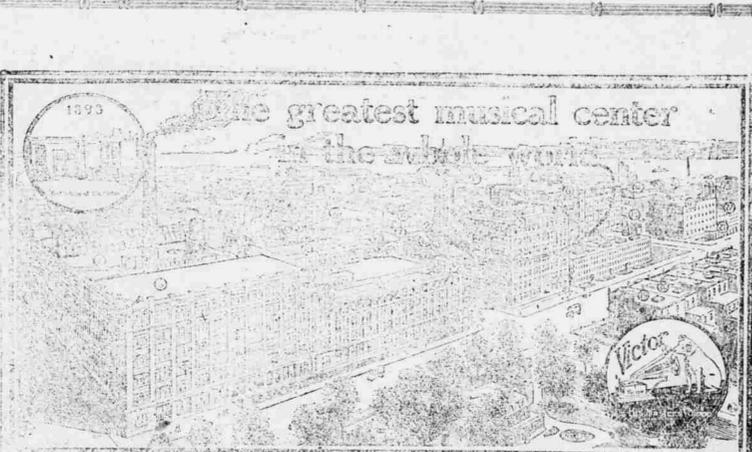
All Roads Lead Home.

All roads lead home. You are not at fault if they are not all good roads, but you are to blame if it's not a good home.

THE NEW JOAN OF ARC



Contributed by W. L. Starrett.



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