



*"A GREAT NET OF MERCY DRAWN THROUGH
AN OCEAN OF UNSPEAKABLE PAIN."*

I'm afraid that's all I can spare

HAVE you ever lain in no man's land with a shattered thigh and a throat that burned with thirst?

Has your wife ever begged food for her children and herself at the mess-kitchen of a soldiers' camp?

Has your little son ever torn his mother's heart with a plaintive cry, day after day, for food she couldn't give him?

Has your little daughter, clad in a ragged dress, her only dress, ever shivered night after night in the ruined cellar of what was once her home?

Has your city ever been destroyed--nay, powdered, bricks, stone, timbers all so ground into the dust that one scarce knew where street ended and building began?

It is exactly such suffering that the Red Cross is organized, here and in Europe, to relieve.

The Red Cross asks for One Hundred Million Dollars as the least it needs to carry on this work.

Can you--dare you--refuse to give to this work--and give till the heart says stop?

Contributed to the
Red Cross by

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