



The Call From No Man's Land



Help! For Pity's Sake, Help!

While You are Going About Your Usual Business and Pleasures, they are Dying "over there."

Across the ghastly waste of No Man's Land, through the inky blackness and horror of the night, comes the faint cry, from that one who has fallen in battle for you, **Help! Stretcher-Bearers, Help!**

Suppose you were there---you were the one who uttered that cry---what would you think of one who heard it and failed to come?

That cry is coming to **YOU** today through the Red Cross call for money to send stretcher-bearers, ambulances, equip hospitals, care for refugees, and the many other deeds of mercy the **Greatest Mother in the World** is doing for perhaps **YOUR** boy.

Will you hear the cry? You cannot go, will you send the Red Cross in your place? Its workers go everywhere---in the front line trench, out in No Man's Land, right into the jaws of death. **What are you doing. What Will You Do?**

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