

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

PUTTING HIS MONEY TO WORK



Contributed by Charles Dana Gibson.

HUSBAND GONE—SONS GONE—HOME AND RELATIVES GONE

A Fact Story Telling Just What the Red Cross Did for Mme. Pellier.

By an Eye Witness—MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

This is the picture I saw last January in France—and you have mercifully changed it! Color enough there was—above, the eternal blue; in the background, a line of living green, which the German shells could not prevent from creeping back; in the middle foreground, a long village street so battered and burned that it was merely a canyon of cream-colored ruins. In front of one little broken house were four figures in black—an old woman, poking among the fallen stones in a vain search for something that could be used; a younger woman, seated on what had once been a doorstep, with her face hidden in her arms; and a little boy and girl, who stared, half frightened, half curious, at the desolation about them. The little boy held in his thin hand a Red Cross flag. All four were pale and gaunt; the faces and bodies of the children showed none of the round curves that make the beauty of a child.

This is their history: When the war broke out, Mme. Pellier, her mother and her four younger children were visiting her husband's mother in the north of France. Her husband and two elder sons were at home in Lorraine taking care of the summer crops. Then the war! The mother and Mme. Pellier were ill and could not be left. Her old mother was afraid to travel to Lorraine with the full care of the four children. Before they could all start together the Germans invaded. Bad news is allowed to come into northern France, and so as the months passed, Mme. Pellier learned that her village home had been bombarded and that her husband and two sons had been killed. Except for one Belgian Relief Commission, no one operates in northern France also, she and her little ones would have starved outright. At the last they were unburied. Then the great drive began, and hopes for France grew high. But as the French soldiers advanced they had to bombard the northern towns. Mme. Pellier begged the Germans to let her go away with her children—even into Germany. This was refused. She tried to seek safety in some cellar wherever there was a bombardment. Nevertheless a shell killed two of her children.

Found Her Home Gone.

Home gone; husband gone; brave soldier sons gone; little, tender boys torn into shreds. That woman's face would have shown you what she had suffered—her face against the battering rain; the German had made. At last she and her mother and her two remaining children were repatriated. They knew the infinite relief of cross-

ing into Switzerland and then into Haute-Savoie. From there they went to Lorraine. Mme. Pellier hoped that, even though her village had been bombarded, her home might have escaped. She found nothing except her bare fields.

You changed that picture, you Americans, who can never be bombarded, who can never lose through war five out of the seven dearest to you. It was not your husband and children who died; not your wife who was widowed; not your little ones who came back, body and tubercular, to a home that had vanished. Not yours, but only the grace of accident saved you; not yours, but it might have been and so you changed the picture. You could not build up with your own hands that heap of stones into a home, nor till the fields, nor bring Mme. Pellier back to hope and the children back to health. But through the Red Cross you saved the remnants of that family that had suffered as you might have suffered.

Things the Red Cross Did.

You took the mother of Mme. Pellier to a Red Cross hospital to be treated for anemia. You took the little girl, who was in the first stages of tuberculosis, to a Red Cross sanitarium. You found a place which could be made suitable for the little girl near her fields which she was anxious to till. You gave her clothes and furniture; you got her seeds; you lent her implements. You sent a visiting doctor to watch over her health and that of her little boy. You sent nurses, who achieved the mighty victory of making her and the child take this, later you rounded her up and got him to a refuge not far away where he might attend school and where she could often visit him. Through the help of your Red Cross hope and courage and ambition have come back to that woman, and she is rebuilding her family life. The biggest thing she has done is to do for another you, if you are a helper of the Red Cross, have done for that mother.

Red Cross! I saw it work everywhere in France—fields and blasted villages; in hospitals and schools and clinics; in refuges and vestiaries for widows and orphans and for the sick children of soldiers fighting to keep you safe from the enemy. This symbol of help has a double meaning now for Americans, who have taken for granted the blessing of safety. It stands for your willingness to pay the price of exemption, of pity, of sympathy. A bitter, bitter, cold this road of war, but across it, like a beacon of hope, you have flung the Red Cross.

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THE HOPE OF THE WORLD

By HAROLD BELL WRIGHT.

THE hope of the world is not alone that the armies of humanity will be victorious, but that the spirit and purpose of our warfare will prevail in our victory. The hope of the world is in the Red Cross, because the Red Cross is voicing this spirit and purpose that must, through the force of our arms, triumph. Just to the degree that we can evidence this Red Cross spirit of mercy and brotherhood we will hold true in the dangerous hour of victory to the ideals that have forced us into the trenches in the defense of human rights and human liberty.

The one sane and saving thought in this delirium of death that now possesses the world is the Red Cross.

Wherever the storms of battle hell rage, amid the fires of ruthless destruction, in trench and camp and hospital, these soldiers of mercy with heroism unsurpassed are carrying the flag of the highest conceivable ideals of humanity. The ideals for which our armies have taken the field are, by these unarmed hosts, proclaimed to friend and foe, in that unmistakable language of universal mercy and brotherhood. In the terms of wasted towns rebuilt, of broken humanity salvaged, of dying children rescued, of desolate families succored, the Red Cross declares the cause for which we war and proclaims the principles and ideals that must and will in the end prevail. Above the thunder of the guns, the roar of exploding mines,

the crash of fallen cities and the cries of tortured humanity, the voice of the Red Cross carries clear and strong the one message of hope to our war-burdened world.

The black horror of this world's crisis would be unbearable were it not for the spirit and work of this mighty force. The normal mind refuses to contemplate the situation without this saving power.

It is the knowledge that in every city, town and hamlet, men, women and children are united in this work of declaring to the world, through the Red Cross, our message of mercy and brotherhood, that keeps our hearts from sinking under the burden of woe and sustains our faith in human kind. It is the constant daily, almost hourly touch with the Red Cross work that is felt by every citizen in the land, that inspires us with courage and hope.

Out of this hell of slaughter the Red Cross will guide the warring nations to a heaven of world-wide peace and brotherhood.

Because it is the living expression of those ideals and principles in defense of which we are giving our all in lives and material wealth—because on every field of death it is proclaiming its message of life—because it keeps ever before us and the world the cause for which we war—because it will preserve us in the hour of our victory from defeating ourselves—the Red Cross is the hope of the world.

HE GAVE HIS SHIRT OFF HIS BACK

How an Italian Officer Traveling on Train Helped a New Born Baby.

One of the ways to say that a man is good hearted is to descend to the expressive Americanese slang and say "give you his shirt off his back."

A young Italian officer did exactly that—he gave the shirt off his back to a baby just born. It was during a slight stop at an Italian railway station after the Italian army had been tricked by the Austrians.

Here's the story: An Italian officer, who had been a volunteer worker at the station when the crush came through, walked into the American Red Cross office at Bologna, Italy, and told of a poor young woman who had given birth to a baby on the train in which he was riding a few nights previously. They had been riding for over 36 hours, and the

wretchedly poor and disheathered mother had been jammed in with the hundreds of other frightened Italians on the same train. Hungry, tired and miserable and in a frightfully weakened condition, she had scarcely sufficient clothes for herself, not to speak of properly caring for the gainst cold this road of war, but across it, like a beacon of hope, you have flung the Red Cross.

stopping ten minutes for refreshments at a Red Cross canteen. Think of a big cup of hot coffee and a wealth of nutmeat ham sandwiches served by the Red Cross—women with the joy of service in their eyes. Think of ten minutes for refreshment for the mother and the gainst such refreshments served by such women. Did ever a weary lad have such refreshments? Did ever a cup of coffee and a sandwich taste so good? It is service like this, the supplying of "food that's got a homey taste" at a time when a man's spirits are likely to be at low ebb, that moved a Commanding General of the American Forces to write on December 30: "The extent of the work of the Red Cross is only limited by the number of members it has and the amount of funds available for its use."

FULL MAN-SIZED HAM SANDWICH

What Ten Minutes Means in Modern War.

Think of what refreshments mean "over there." Think of the Sammie or the Polli coming out of the trenches with a thirty-six hour leave of absence, getting aboard the train as motor on the L. O. C.—the Line of Communication between the front and the rear. Think of these tired fellows

Heavy Cost of Malaria. Malaria causes an economic loss in the United States estimated to be not less than \$100,000,000 a year. The annual number of cases is believed to be in the neighborhood of 1,500,000—Gas Logic.

Often the Case. After a man of sedentary pursuits reaches a certain age the buckwheat cake with which he comes in contact is transformed within approximately half an hour after taking from an inspiration to higher and better things to a deep and apparently permanent regret.—Ohio State Journal.



Benefit of Deep Breathing. Deep breathing is an excellent preventive against catching cold or will head off one that has just been caught. Everybody ought to take twelve deep breaths every day and do this breathing outside or with windows wide open. In the weather cold, warm, dry, damp, clear or cloudy. Deep breathing is imperative for all smokers, cold sufferers and chilly people.

Cattle Food From Oats. A Netherlands scientist has invented a cattle food that is manufactured from albumen obtained from slaughter houses and fishing centers and potato and fruit refuse.

Early Egyptian Wills. Precious little is known about the manner of settlement of disputes possible to arise from disagreements connected with the execution of wills at the earliest date in Egyptian history. That there were law courts, dispartants and judges is beyond doubt, although exact pictures of law courts are exceedingly difficult to imagine. Since wills were perhaps common only among the most wealthy nobles, there would be little reason to believe that trials which might result from them did not sometimes take place in the king's court.

Turnpikes. The toll roads of other days were called turnpikes, not because they were particularly tortuous but because of the poles armed with spikes which were turned against the traveler in case he resisted payment.

Does Not Come in a Hurry. It is seldom that men are either quickly rich or quickly good.

Sure He is Immune. The man with an empty purse can sing before the robber.

The "Green Seal'd" Home

Cottage, Bungalow, and great mansion—all alike need Hanna's Green Seal Paint occasionally. A home may be ever so costly, and of pleasing architecture, but it must be kept cleanly painted at all times to really be considered attractive.

Using Hanna's Green Seal Paint is not so good an expense as an investment. It pays back a good deal more than it costs—in protecting property, in beautifying it, and in its satisfactory service.



The Birmingham Hardware

Causes of Bright's Disease. There are many causes of Bright's disease. Among them are overeating, alcohol, gout, pneumonia, rheumatism, scarlet fever, diphtheria and measles. Rigid observance of the rules of right living will generally check it if caught in the early stages.

Let's Not First Ours. Scientific investigation has ruined the lark's reputation for early rising. It has been demonstrated that there are many birds which are out before the lark.

Dampness. A few drops of lavender scattered through a bookcase in a closed room will save a library from mold in damp weather.

No Official National Song. There are several American songs of a patriotic character, as "The Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," "America" and others, but congress has never adopted one of them as the official national song.

Beautiful Birmingham
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