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**T**HE American Red Cross is the largest and most efficient organization for the relief of suffering that the world has ever seen.

It is made up almost entirely of volunteer workers, the higher executives being, without exception, men accustomed to large affairs, who are giving their services without pay.

It is supported entirely by its membership fees and by voluntary contributions.

It is today bringing relief to suffering humanity, both military and civil, in every War-torn allied country.

It plans tomorrow to help in the work of restoration throughout the world.

It feeds and clothes entire populations in times of great calamity.

It is there to help your soldier boy in his time of need.

In its thousands of workers, its tremendous stores and smooth-running transportation facilities, it is a perfect example of America's genius for organization, of America's generosity, and of America's will to Win the War.

Congress authorizes it.

President Wilson heads it.

The War Department audits its accounts.

Your Army, your Navy and your Allies enthusiastically endorse it.

Twenty-two million Americans have joined it.

*Every Cent of Every Dollar Received  
for the Red Cross War Fund  
goes for War Relief*

The interest which accrues from the banking of funds has made actually available for War Relief, one dollar and two cents out of every dollar contributed.

FORM C. H. 8—SECOND WAR FUND



*"A Great Net of Mercy Drawn Through  
an Ocean of Unspeakable Pain"*

**While Some One  
Gives His Life—  
What are  
YOU Giving?**

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**War Fund Week, May 20-27  
One Hundred Million Dollars**

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**I AM** a little French girl from Rheims. My father gave his life for France and liberty. My mother and I lived in a cellar two years under bombardment until she was killed by a shell. I am only six. The Red Cross is taking care of me and thousands like me.



**I AM** an American prisoner in Bavaria where I have been for two months. Because of the Red Cross work through Switzerland real food, soap and other necessities are sent to me. Continue to help the Red Cross and I will continue to be helped while I remain a prisoner.



**I AM** an old French woman with two grand-children. For three fearful years we have been behind the German lines. The Hindenburg retreat left us back under the blessed tri-color. Our village is gone. Our field is spoiled. The good men of the Red Cross have fixed up a home and a school for the boys and have found a new field for me to cultivate. Such help is saving France for a better day.

**I AM** a soldier of France, blinded in the battle of Verdun. The wonderful Red Cross women are teaching me to see with my fingers and to work. I have yet much to learn, but with their help I will still be of some use to France and to my family.



**I AM** an American boy in public school. My father died when I was little and my two big brothers supported Mother and me. Then one brother was drafted and now the other brother is sick and won't be well enough to work for a long time. But the Red Cross Home Service will see us through and I shall stay in school.



**I AM** a French soldier, detached from my company, and on short leave from the trenches. Covered with mud, broken in spirit, my family lost, my home a ruin. I would have had no heart to "carry on" had not the Red Cross given me new life and courage. Good food, warm beds, a chance to rest, wash off the dirt and take a new grip on life—that's what the Red Cross can-tees, scattered through France, are giving to your weary fighters.

