

It took him just as he went up over the trench parapet—took him square in his bare and muscular throat. It was hardly bigger than one of those rubber erasers tinned to the ends of lead pencils. But

with the driving power of high energy power behind its steel-jacketed nose, it was an altogether competent and devilishly capable agent of destruction. He lay quiet still, a few yards ahead of the trench, where his rush had carried him. The morning drew towards noon.—With night came the beginning of his torment. First it was thirst, then it was fever, then delirium. Always his spilling wound burned and throbbed. Even on the second night, with the rain beating down upon him, it glowed like a kiln. By the third day his agony spoke in screams.—A stretcher party found him and mournfully trundled him away, down through the line of Red Cross units, from dressing station to field base, eventually to Paris—He was French, but he was fighting our fight. He was French, but a few months from now his counterpart may be American. There are bullets enough for all. He may be a boy you know, perhaps a neighbor's boy, even your own. Fighting our fight—will you help him, when our fight has broken him, to fight his? Will you help him, when his young body and vivid force are spent and shattered, to retrieve what he may? Contribute to the American Red Cross. It is the wounded

soldier's truest ally. It is his minister and guardian. It is his hope. Contribute to the Local Chapter—Contribute ten or twenty thousand dollars if you can; if not, contribute a hundred dollars, ten, five, or even one dollar. Do your part now. If you cannot go, you can give something. Those going are giving immeasurable more. The end is not yet, so keep on giving; every cent you give will be a cent more to the saving of some of our boys lives and to their welfare on the front.

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