

EDMUND DULAC'S PICTURE BOOK
PUBLISHED ON BEHALF OF THE
CROIX ROUGE FRANÇAISE

COMITÉ DE LONDRES
9 KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.

Président d'honneur
S. F. MONSIEUR PAUL CAMBON

Présidente
VICOMTESSE DE LA FANOUSSE

Under the Patronage of
H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA

THE work of the FRENCH RED CROSS is done almost entirely by the will sacrifice of patriotic people who give little or much out of their means. The Com is pleased to give the fullest possible particulars of its methods and needs. It is sufficient here to say that every one who gives even a shilling gives a wounded French soldier more than a shilling's worth of ease or pleasure.

The actual work is enormous. The number of men doctored, nursed, housed, kept from the worries of illness, is great, increasing, and will increase.

You must remember that everything to do with sick and wounded has to be kept up to a daily standard. It is you who give who provide the drugs, medicines, bandages, ambulances, coal, comfort for those who fight, get wounded, or die to keep you safe. Remember that besides fighting for France, they are fighting for the civilised world, that you owe your security and civilisation to them as much as to your own men and the men of other Allied Countries.

There is not one penny that goes out of your pockets in this cause that does not bring France and Britain closer together. From the millionaire we need his thousands; from the poor man his store of pence. We do not beg, we insist, that these brave wounded men should lack for nothing. We do not ask of you, we demand of you, the help that must be given.

There is nothing too small and nothing too large but we need it.

Day after day we send out great bales of goods to these our devoted soldiers, and we must go on.

Imagine yourself ill, wounded, sick, in an hospital, with the smash and shriek of the guns still dinning in your ears, and imagine the man or woman who would turn back their purse from helping you.

Times are not easy, we know, but being wounded is less easy, and being left alone because nothing is forthcoming is terrible. You have calls upon you everywhere, and say; well, these men have answered their call, and in the length and breadth of France they wait your reply.

What is it to be?

Will you please send anything you can afford to
EDMUND DULAC, c/o "THE DAILY TELEGRAPH," LONDON, E.C.