

Red Cross Work in Manitoba

The Manitoba Red Cross Executive Saturday, April 27, announced the final totals of the Red Cross Campaign collections. The auditors have reported \$171,235.72 cash received, and now to the credit of the campaign fund account in the Canadian Bank of Commerce, together with pledges for deferred payments extending over a year amounting to \$482,333.32; or a grand total for the Red Cross campaign in Greater Winnipeg of \$653,569.04. This amount does not take into account any money received from provincial points, of which there was considerable, and which money will be held and added to the totals of the provincial campaign.

This magnificent response sets a record for Winnipeg; for the province of Manitoba to emulate in the forthcoming provincial campaign; a record for Canada; and in many respects a record for the continent.

Greater Winnipeg at first was asked for \$300,000 for the Red Cross, and this was considered such an unprecedented sum that a most elaborate campaign was prepared to secure the money. Then, while the campaign was in the height of its preparation, the Hun offensive began, and it did not take many hours to realize that the Red Cross budget for 1918, great as it was in comparison with that of former years, would fall far short of the necessities; and on the eve of the four days campaign—while the call from our boys was trickling over the cables in agonizing messages from hour to hour—the executive of the Red Cross Society asked Winnipeg to forget its objective and go the limit for the Red Cross.

\$653,569.04 is the Answer of Winnipeg

For Winnipeg never hesitates when the occasion arises to prove patriotism, fidelity to her soldier sons and the Allies, and approval of noble work well done.

In the heat of the city campaign, and since, it is doubtful if more than a few have really stopped to contemplate what this city and its suburbs accomplished. People watched until they saw that the objective was far out-distanced, and then turned to other things, satisfied that Winnipeg had done its duty.

How Wonderfully Winnipeg did Its Duty!

If the rest of the Dominion totals up as well, the original budget of the Red Cross Society will be altered from \$4,000,000 to \$21,120,000!

That is the one fact which illustrates par excellence how Winnipeg stands behind her fighting men in the test. Winnipeg—that is, Greater Winnipeg—with an approximate population of 250,000, subscribed \$660,000. That population can be multiplied thirty-two times into the entire population of Canada. Now, multiply the subscription thirty-two times, and the result is the grand total of \$21,120,000.

The tremendous total of the Red Cross campaign fund is a splendid tribute to the organization which secured the money, the most thorough and effective which has ever been put together in this country for a purely voluntary gift by the people, and one which compared in magnitude to the Victory Loan organization last fall. It is a tribute to the widespread educational campaign and the enveloping and spectacular publicity campaign. It is a tribute to the unsparring energy of the 1800 canvassers who "combed" the city, and to the Business Men's Clubs who gave over their entire organizations to prosecuting this work.

But all of this was as nothing compared to the response of the people to the appeal. That was the thing that made the campaign the success that it was; and to attempt to begin to name the individuals who were responsible for the result achieved for the Red Cross

in Winnipeg would be to re-print the city directory.

The most remarkable single feature of the whole campaign was the fact that from the army of 1850 canvassers, only two instances were brought to the attention of the executive where a man who should give to the Red Cross had refused absolutely to do so.

One fine result of the Red Cross Campaign was the opportunity it gave the busy people of Winnipeg to learn for the first time just how much the Red Cross really means to the soldiers at the front. Some people say that the government should do all that the Red Cross does, and that gifts of the people should not be asked for relief work which is so obviously necessary. The

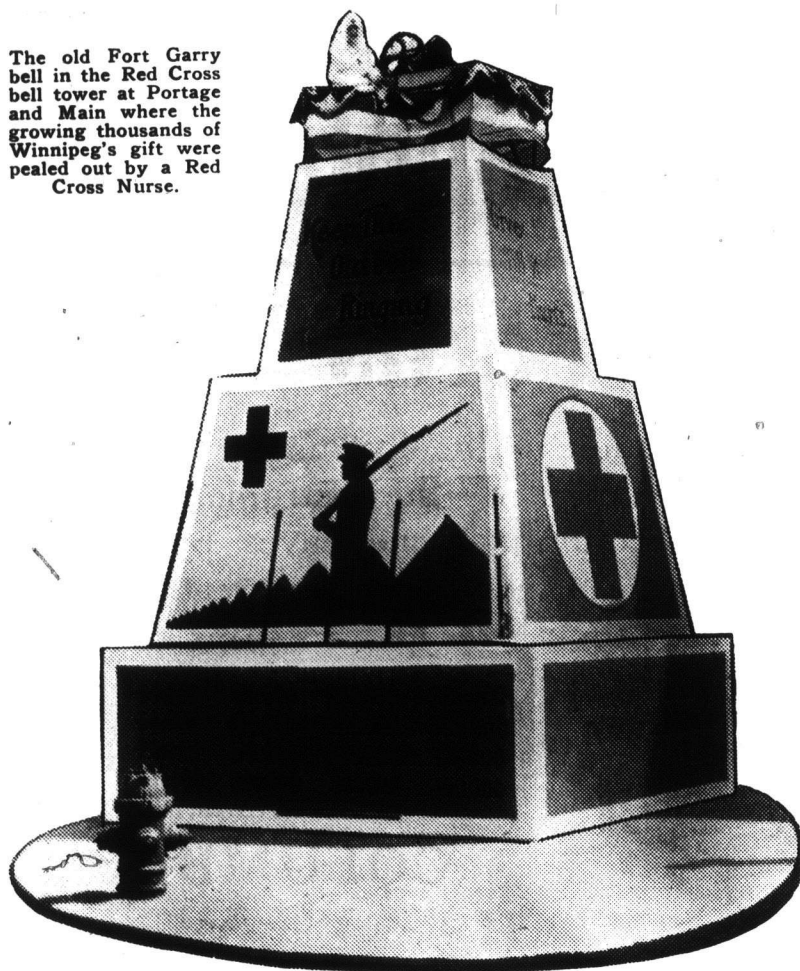
The original budget for the whole Dominion, as has been stated, was just \$4,000,000. One does not need to be a wizard of finance in this day to realize how short a distance that amount would go in looking after the thousands of men who may be incapacitated in the coming year.

From many parts of Canada and from adjacent States queries are already coming in, asking how Winnipeg scored the success it did.

The answer is four-fold—organization, education, enthusiasm and patriotism.

With these four factors developed to the extent to which they were carried here, there is no reason why the result attained cannot be duplicated any place.

The old Fort Garry bell in the Red Cross bell tower at Portage and Main where the growing thousands of Winnipeg's gifts were peeled out by a Red Cross Nurse.



simple, effective stories of the returned soldiers gave the best answer to this observation. One returned man, speaking from a small platform in the heat of the campaign, talking to the workmen of one of the shops, put the whole mission of the Red Cross into less than a dozen words:—

"The army is like a family. The government is the father. The Red Cross is the mother."

"The motherhood of all the world!"

"An army without the Red Cross would be like a family of sons without a mother."

No wonder that Winnipeg goes, and goes to the limit, when such an appeal as this comes from the lips of the heroes who have been "over the top" and through the hell that exists in northern France.

Now that the city campaign has ended, the Manitoba committee is turning its attention to the canvass of the balance of Manitoba, which is scheduled to take place during the week of June 17.

What Winnipeg achieved will be duplicated by the balance of Manitoba. Dollar for dollar from the city and the province is the objective which has been fixed, and confidence is felt that it will be reached.

But the Winnipeg campaign is now a matter of history, and the committee which made it a success here has turned its full attention to the country area, confident that the record is to be repeated there.

Already the men and the women are working on the plans which will leave no corner of Manitoba "uncombed."

An army of more than 2,000 active workers will be required to place before every resident of the province the opportunity to help. That army will be readily recruited. Long before the middle of June arrives everything will be thoroughly organized, and the old Red River Bell will once more chime out evidence of the fact that Winnipeg only gave tangible expression to the loyalty which all Manitoba feels toward the boys who hold the blood-soaked plains of France in the name of Liberty.

"William the Conqueror," read the small boy from his history, "landed in England in 1066 A.D." "What does A.D. stand for?" inquired the teacher. The small boy pondered. "I don't exactly know," he said. "Maybe it's after dark."

A Clown Who Silenced a Rapid-Fire Gun

Williams was in a trench somewhere in the long French line, helping to keep the Germans back from some mounds of broken brick that had once been a village. Before he became a soldier he had been a famous clown and gymnast in a French circus. A German quick-firer, says T. P.'s Journal of Great Deeds of the Great War, had worked round to the French flank, and was filling the trench with wounded men by its enfilading fire. The little whirling machine of death was hidden very cunningly.

It was a grave situation. The fire of the gun was accurate and ceaseless. The French were unable to locate the mitrailleuse. In despair, the officer in charge said aloud, "If we only had somebody up there we might be able to deal with them." He pointed to the top of a shattered chimney stack that hung groggily over the debris of the village. Its summit was thirty feet from the ground, but to get to the top meant the probability of a violent and painful death. The Germans would shoot at the climber, and the smokestack looked as if it would come down at the slightest extra weight and vibration.

Although there was a double chance of death in the smokestack, Williams took the risk. His officer shrugged his shoulders without refusing, when the clown asked if he might try. Williams stripped off his heavy coat, slung his rifle across his shoulder, and went up the chimney like a cat. He clutched at the meanest projections, jumping upward even as those frail footholds and handholds crumbled under his weight. Tiny, ominous cascades of rubble and mortar fell down as his nimble feet passed scrambling up the shaft. The men in the trenches gasped; every moment they expected to hear the heavy fall of the brave man's body on the earth. But he did not fail.

He came to the summit, and all the country lay under his eyes, flat, and marked out in lines like a map. He hung there, looking about steadily, carefully; and the Germans seeing him, loosened a whistling wind of bullets at him. But he paid not the slightest attention. He found the machine gun, and shouted down the precise position and the approximate distance of the piece.

Coolly he unslung his Lebel, pressed the clip of cartridges into the magazine, began sighting steadily, firing nonchalantly. Each time his rifle jerked and spat, the frail ruin that made his pedestal quivered.

Williams was as calm as possible, and continued to fire until the officer ordered him to descend. By his descent he startled his comrades, more even than by his ascent.

It was an old circus trick, but there were no nets ready for a slip and no attendants standing by to catch him. A slip meant death, and an ugly death; but Williams risked it with a laughing imperturbability. He dropped his rifle to the ground, then, while his fellows gasped, dived straight at a low, tiled roof twenty feet below. The fall did not kill him. He came off the roof like a creature of India rubber, turned in the air, and dropped swiftly and neatly to his feet. "My new turn—the leap of death!" he cried, striking the grotesque attitude of the sawdust ring. Then he slipped into his coat, and went back to his place in the trench.

It is told of a little girl in a Massachusetts town that, like many of her sex, she resents the imputation that the feminine mind is not so strong as the masculine. One day her mother remarked on the apparent lack of intelligence in a hen. "You can't teach a hen anything," she said. "They have done more harm to the garden than a drove of cattle would. You can teach a cat, a dog or a pig something, but a hen—never!"

"H'm!" exclaimed the child indignantly. "I think they know just as much as the roosters."