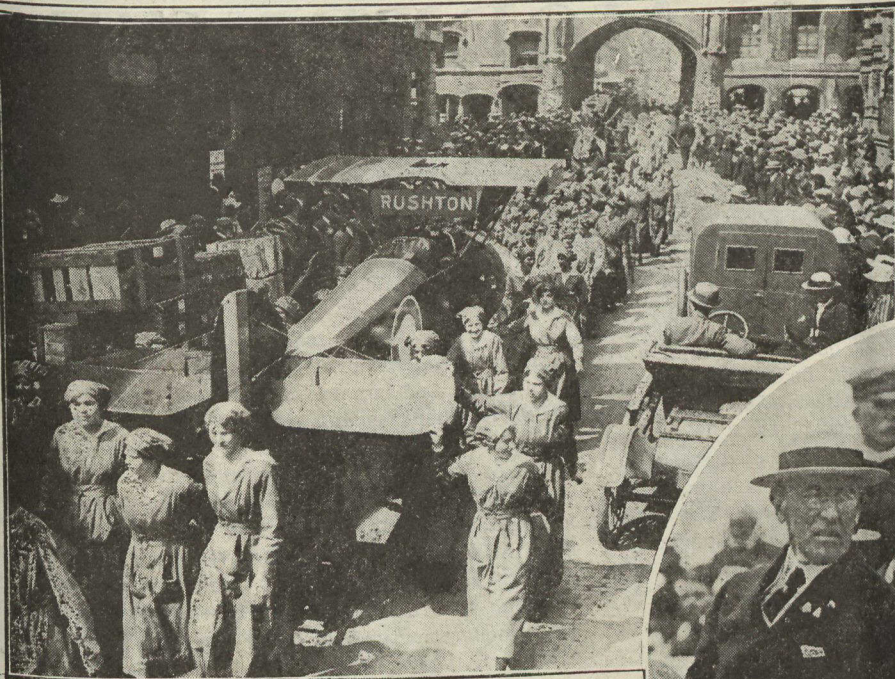


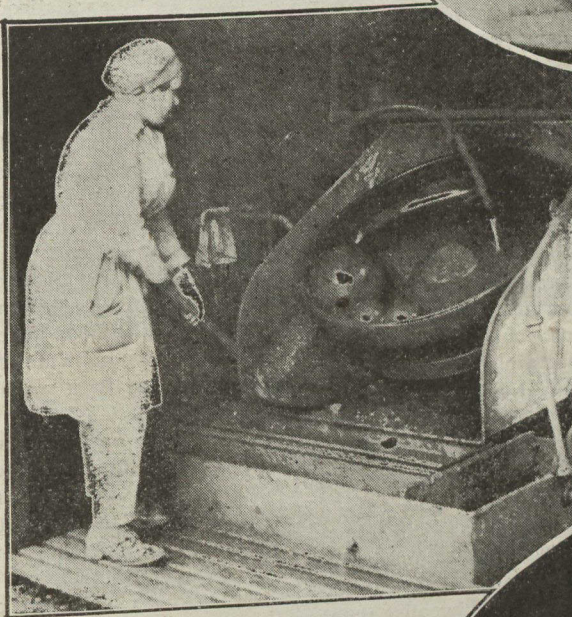
## TO WIN THE WAR

*SOLOMON in all his domestic wisdom never foresaw that the women of the 20th Century, would be the final winners of Armageddon*



**A**EROPLANE makers parading the High Street of Lincoln, England. If a painter had done this we might take it for an old Biblical picture of some new kind of angel, here upon earth to lift men up on wings to higher things. But it happens to be—just war work for the sake of killing enough wicked people to get the world right again.

**A**ND in the ship-yards women are busy. Down in the heat, white-garbed women like this one are learning how to salvage the dump-heaps, extracting metal from old odds and ends of rubbish. And again you might think that she is only a new sort of super-cook busy as of old with her pots and pans—but different pans and pots.



**N**EVER was a Marguerite in any opera like this one—spinning wool from pet dogs into yarn for Red Cross work. Pomeranians, Airedales and poodles have been combed and clipped to make socks for soldiers.

**M**RS. WILSON, here in the Presidential box at the Washington Monument grounds, is nearly always with the President when he is not on Executive duty. She is a war worker—eternally knitting, and sending out White House socks by hundreds to the boys at the front.



**A**N American Red Cross travelling dispensary doing the home work of French doctors who are away in the field stations at the front. The old French woman marvels at these doctor-women from overseas.

**F**LAX-LOADERS have a job as picturesque as it deserves to be when you think of the marvellous transformation of the blue-flowered flax into the dingy bundles that go to make ropes and aeroplane wings.

