

WRIGLEYS



"Give it to me, please, Grand-daddy."

"Why Bobby, if you wait a bit for it you'll have it to enjoy longer!"

"Poo-poo! That's no argument with WRIGLEYS 'cause the flavor lasts, anyway!"

—After every meal

WRAPPED IN
UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE



"I'M AFRAID THAT'S ALL I CAN SPARE"

You're a regular, red-blooded, true-blue, American. You love your country. You love that flapping, snapping old flag. Your heart thumps hard when the troops tramp by. You're loyal—100 per cent.

You intend to—you want to—help win the war in a hurry.

"Sacrifice? Sure," you've been thinking. "Just you wait till they really need it." And you've honestly thought you meant that too.

But—look yourself in the eye, now, and search up and down inside of your heart—did you mean it? Did you really mean "sacrifice?"

Listen: You feel poor. This third Liberty Loan, the high prices, the Income Tax—you've done your bit. You feel that you've given all you can spare.

What? Then what did you mean? What's that you said about loving your country? What did you think the word "sacrifice" means?

Surely you didn't mean, did you, to give only what you can spare?

What about our boys who are giving their lives in the trenches? Are they giving only what they can "spare?"

How about those mothers and little "kiddies" in the shell-wrecked towns of that war-swept hell—hungry—ragged—sobbing—alone? Giving up their homes, their husbands, their fathers.

While we—over here with our fun and our comforts—we hold up our heads and feel patriotic because we have given—WHAT? Some loose bills off the top of our roll. "We've given all we can spare!"

Come, come! Let's quit fooling ourselves. Let us learn what "sacrifice" means. Let us give more than we can spare—let us "give till the heart says stop."

A CALL FROM NO MAN'S LAND

Out of the bleeding heart of Europe there comes a cry heard above the moan of the broken body racked with pain. The Soul of Freedom, at bay with Death, cries out to save Liberty for the race of men.

It is your Liberty, your nation's freedom, your children's birthright, that is fighting for its life.

Al that life holds for you as an American is at stake in this war, and you must fight for it to the utmost limits of your power.

We cannot all be in the trenches, but every one of us can—and must—sustain those who are.

Not as an act of mercy, but as an act of war—as a Soldier of the Nation—help the Red Cross heal, support, cheer our soldiers and sailors of Liberty that they may fight the sooner, the harder, the longer in this Holy War.

Give to the Red Cross every dollar, every cent that you possibly can—give till your heart says stop.

ACROSS THE SEAS THEY CALL

Across the seas from every war-torn nation in the Allied cause there comes the call for Red Cross help.

It comes from soldiers who have grimly faced the gleaming bayonet steel and poison gas and screaming shells, and who now lie with parching throats and throbbing wounds.

It comes from soldiers sick with fever, pneumonia, tuberculosis.

It comes from soldiers crippled, mutilated, blinded, who can no longer fight and must be taught and trained for useful occupations.

It comes from the underfed, shivering, helpless prisoners in the German prison camps.

It comes from little children, orphaned, homeless, slowly starving day by day, by tens and tens of thousands.

It comes from mothers in the pillaged zones of war whose hearts and souls have been made numb with horror.

From all these millions of suffering human beings there comes across the seas the call for help—help that because of the frightful burdens placed upon our Allies cannot be given unless it be provided by the American Red Cross.

Another hundred million is needed to "carry on."

What will America's answer be?

Say, Mr. Farmer!

Do You Expect to Make a Good Crop This Year?

Are you investing your time, money and labor in that crop?

SUPPOSE IT IS DESTROYED IN JUNE?

Can You Afford to Stand the Loss?

The dreadful hail storm will, in a few moments, sweep away the earnings and savings of years.

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