



## What shall he carry to Your Boy tonight—out there in No-Man's Land?

**O**UT in the open, across the border of No-Man's Land, the Soldiers of Cheer are going tonight. In their packs they are carrying the comforts which your fighter wants. In their hearts they are carrying a message of cheer and hope.

To the most advanced positions they are crawling with those little things which loom up big in France—their bars of chocolate, their cigarettes, their rolls of cookies and cans of fruit. Yes, and sometimes, letters from home!

Under the very eyes of German snipers they are crossing open fields, dropping flat to the ground as each flare goes up, then creeping further forward.

Soon they will reach the gun-nests where a handful of fighters will whisper:—"Good for you, old boy! What would we do without you?"

Off in another sector an advance will begin at dawn. In the thick of it will be these men—perhaps of the Knights of Columbus or Y. M. C. A., perhaps the Jewish Welfare Board or Salvation Army.

Whatever uniform they wear, the hot chocolate which they serve tastes just as warm and comforting. The cigarettes they light and hand the wounded will be as good first aid.

"These men need smokes much more than what we give them," say the surgeons.

When daylight comes the wounded will be streaming back. The cigarettes and chocolate may be nearly gone—given away. But your money will replace them. Meanwhile these men will say:—"Put us to work!"

The surgeons will give them the arm-bands of the army's stretcher-bearers.

Then up beyond the front lines they will go, to bring back those too badly hit to walk.

Once, twice, three or four times they will make the trip before they too are hit.

Wherever there are fighters, the Soldiers of Cheer have their canteens, scores of them under shell fire.

Throughout the days they serve the crowd a mile or so behind the lines. At night they go forward, packs on their backs, to reach the men who occupy the outposts of civilization.

When the order comes to go over the top, they follow too. Wherever the troops go, there go these men who serve.

No wonder their names are in the casualty lists. No wonder they are cited. No wonder the fighters elect them honorary members of their outfits.

Keep the supplies coming! Help the Soldiers of Cheer to help your fighters! Give now—all together!

Utah's share of the United War Work Fund is \$400,000.

Your share will be determined by the bigness of your heart.

Please do not wait to be asked to contribute.

Booths will be found in all department stores, the Hotel Utah and Newhouse Hotel, and at the Committee Headquarters in the Commercial Club Building.

Call soon and GIVE liberally.

# UNITED WAR WORK CAMPAIGN

