

**RUTH FIELDING IN THE RED
CROSS: OR, DOING HER
BEST FOR UNCLE SAM**

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Ruth Fielding in the Red Cross: Or, Doing Her Best for Uncle Sam by Alice B. Emerson

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ALICE B. EMERSON

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CROSS: OR, DOING HER
BEST FOR UNCLE SAM**



OCCASIONALLY A DARTING AIRPLANE ATTRACTED
HER TO THE WINDOW.

"Ruth Fielding in the Red Cross"

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Ruth Fielding In the Red Cross

OR

DOING HER BEST FOR
UNCLE SAM

BY

ALICE B. EMERSON

AUTHOR OF "RUTH FIELDING OF THE RED MILL," "RUTH
FIELDING IN THE SADDLE," ETC.

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BY ALICE B. EMERSON

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RUTH FIELDING IN THE RED CROSS

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E. D. THOMAS OCT 17 1940

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RUTH FIELDING IN THE RED CROSS

CHAPTER I

UNCLE JABEZ IS EXCITED

"OH! Not *Tom*?"

Ruth Fielding looked up from the box she was packing for the local Red Cross chapter, and, almost horrified, gazed into the black eyes of the girl who confronted her.

Helen Cameron's face was tragic in its expression. She had been crying. The closely written sheets of the letter in her hand were shaken, as were her shoulders, with the sobs she tried to suppress.

"It—it's written to father," Helen said. "He gave it to me to read. I wish Tom had never gone to Harvard. Those boys there are completely crazy! To think—at the end of his freshman year—to throw it all up and go to a training camp!"

"I guess Harvard isn't to blame," said Ruth practically. If she was deeply moved by what her

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chum had told her, she quickly recovered her self-control. "The boys are going from other colleges all over the land. Is Tom going to try for a commission?"

"Yes."

"What does your father say?"

"Why," cried the other girl as though that, too, had surprised and hurt her, "father cried 'Bully for Tom!' and then wiped his eyes on his handkerchief. What can men be made of, Ruth? He knows Tom may be killed, and yet he cheers for him."

Ruth Fielding smiled and suddenly hugged Helen. Ruth's smile was somewhat tremulous, but her chum did not observe this fact.

"I understand how your father feels, dear. Tom does not want to be drafted——"

"He wouldn't be drafted. He is not old enough. And even if they automatically draft the boys as they become of age, it would be months before they reached Tom, and the war will be over by that time. But here he is throwing himself away——"

"Oh, Helen! Not that!" cried Ruth. "Our soldiers will fight for us—for their country—for honor. And a man's life lost in such a cause is not thrown away."

"That's the way I feel," said Helen, more steadily. "Tom is my twin. You don't know what