



To Save the Wrecks of Humanity—To Fill the Hands Held Out to Us



Contributed by George Wright

## A MOTHER'S PROMISE TO HER SON

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

My Dear One—I'm writing this very, very small and on the thinnest of paper, so that tightly folded it may slip into one of the olive drab pockets of your new uniform without encroaching for the tiniest part of an inch upon all the new things that you must have there—the passports and identification slips and photograph, the knife and pen and writing pad, the lists and numbers and names and ciphers, the address book and the thin manual you have been studying so hard and the little Bible, for this letter is a part of your equipment, too, or at least I like to think that it is.

I'm going to tell you in it just one or two of the things we've been trying not to say in these last days. You've said to yourself, haven't you, that there were possibilities that I, thank God, hadn't seemed to think of. You've marvelled gratefully, haven't you, that I could say goodbye with dry eyes and talk about what we should do when the war is over. My dear, there is nothing—nothing—that can happen to you that I haven't foreseen in every detail since May, since the very beginning of it all. I know that some of our men are not going to come back. I know—as I write this in the room you love—that your fingers may fumble for this little piece of paper in some dreadful hour, a month or two months or six months from now, just to read it over once more for the last time. Just to feel in your fingers out there in a shell lighted battlefield something that I have touched—for goodbye.

And thinking of all this for almost a year while you've been getting ready to go I've been getting ready to

stay. Just as you planned I planned, and I said to myself: "When the time comes for us to part I shall make him a promise." Dear one, this is my promise, and I make it for the term of your own—"for the duration of the present war."

I promise you that while you are away, whether it is months or years, nothing except what I can give you and give all the others shall fill my life. I promise you that I shall devote myself, here in safety, to the work of making what you do easier and stronger and safer for you. I promise you that I shall give—and give and give—for the Cause! Not the money I can spare, not the time I have left when everything else is done, but all the money, all the time, all the energy I have!

Your whole life has been altered, has been set to sterner and graver music. So shall mine be. You will know self denial, privation and fatigue while the war lasts. So shall I know them. Even if black news comes, even if the blackest comes, I shall remember that against your brave heart this promise is resting, and I shall go on. And while there is one man among our millions and among the millions of our allies who needs clothing and nursing and comforts and solace for your sake I shall not fail him.

Perhaps in God's goodness this note will come safely back to me in the olive drab pocket, and we will smile over it together. But, remember, until that hour comes I shall be always busy filling my own small place in the great machine of mercy and as truly under the colors over here as you are over there. God bless you!

## WHEN A CUP OF COFFEE TASTES LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS

He Got His Cup and Then Went on—to Death.

Through the establishment of the line of communication canteens in France the American Red Cross is setting records in serving hot coffee, cocoa and sandwiches to the troops. One of these refreshment units made another new record recently, serving more than 50,000 meals in one week. At another a cup of coffee was served every ten seconds for a period of two consecutive hours.

In a single week these lines of communication canteens often serve 80,000 American and French soldiers.

**Soldiers in Box Cars.**  
Do our soldiers and their allies really want this form of Red Cross service? A letter from a young American aviator, a 1917 graduate of Princeton University, is probably typical. It might be added that this man has since been reported killed after bringing down a German Taube. "A 50 mile train ride over here," he said, "instead of taking a few hours may take days. When we stop at a Red Cross canteen you can bet that a cup of coffee tastes like a million dollars."

It is not always possible for a regiment to provide sufficient food and hot coffee on these long journeys, where the men must often be packed standing into unheated box cars ordinarily used for carrying horses. So imagine for yourself the warmth, the cheer, the comfort that piping hot coffee and good sandwiches bring to our boys after a night on such a journey! You can just bet that it stiffens a man's courage. Your Red Cross is handing out this renewed courage by the piping hot cupful.



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## NEW PERFECTION OIL COOK STOVE

Knowles & Graber, Cottage Grove  
Swengel Hardware Co., Cottage Grove  
Sterns & Chenoweth, Yoncalla

### THORNTON CORNERS.

(Special to The Sentinel.)  
May 15.—Ben Rindard left Sunday morning for Portland, where he will visit his sister, Grace, and Mrs. Raymond Rindard. He will also spend a few days at Camp Lewis with his brother Louis, and at La Grande with his brother Joseph, and will then go to Baker for the summer.

Mr. Yancy and Mrs. Hockett shopped in the Grove Saturday.

Charlie Conner came near losing a valuable horse last week by its eating a poison weed.

Mrs. Rindard was one of the mothers remembered on Mothers day, Miss Grace having sent a beautiful bouquet of sweet peas and ferns from Portland.

Z. T. Foster is working at the Chapman mill at Divide.

Mrs. Thornton shopped in the Grove Saturday.

Bergmann Shoes for sale at the Woolen Mills store.

### LORANE.

(Special to The Sentinel.)  
May 14.—Roy Foster made a business trip to the Grove Tuesday.

Miss Ida Chamberlain spent the week-end with her aunt, Mrs. Ralph Lynch.

James Sutherland has returned to the Grove after having visited relatives here.

Mrs. E. R. Perkins, who had been staying with her daughter, Mrs. E. R. Crowe, returned to her at Dorena Sunday.

Miss Margaret Counts visited Sunday at the Foster home.

Mr. and Mrs. Alva Davis are the proud parents of a son, born May 8.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Crowe and children, Mrs. E. R. Perkins, Miss Gladys Chapman and Miss Edith Grier were Eugene visitors Sunday.

The two plays, "The Girls Over Here," given by the high school, and "The Old Peabody Pew," given by members of the Red Cross, were very successful. Receipts for the sale of tickets, for ice cream and cake served after the plays, and for a quilt made by the Red Cross amounted to \$87 more than expenses and this amount will be devoted to war relief work.

Bergmann Shoes for sale at the Woolen Mills store.

### SAGINAW.

(Special to The Sentinel.)  
May 15.—Mr. Robinson, having finished his school here, has moved with his family to Eugene.

Miss Etta Taylor, of Eugene, spent the week-end at the C. C. Moody home.

Lowell Benston returned Saturday from Rujada, and is working for Mr. Fogle.

Mrs. Howard Moody and children returned recently from North Bend.

Miss Ruby Keene, of Delight Valley, spent Sunday with Miss Bertha Neat.

The Elliott family has moved into the house recently vacated by Mr. Robinson.

A large crowd enjoyed a bonfire party and Weiner roast at Horn's grove Saturday evening.

The baccalaureate sermon will be preached at the Walker church Sunday, May 19, by Rev. J. K. Moore. The graduating exercises will be held in the high school auditorium May 24. Governor James Withycombe will deliver the address. Those graduating this year are Echo Walker, Harriet Queen and Glen

Smith.  
The senior class play, "All a Mistake," will be given in the high school auditorium Friday evening. The cast of characters is:  
Capt. Obadiah Skinner, a retired sea captain—Sam Crippins.  
Lieut. George Richmond, his nephew—Clifton Hopper.  
Richard Hamilton, a country gentle-

man—Lester Porter.  
Ferdinand Lighthend, a neighbor—Glen Smith.  
Nellie Richmond, George's wife—Harriet Queen.  
Nellie Huntington, a friend—Echo Walker.  
Cornelia (Nellie) Skinner, Obadiah's sister—Kathleen Allen.  
Nellie McIntyre, servant—Corra Neal.

## STRETCHING PARIS TO MEET THE NEEDS OF FRANCE

THE RED CROSS HAS HELPED WHERE GOVERNMENTS WERE HELPLESS.

The avalanche of refugees that swept into Paris from the north of France had been the despair of the civil authorities. "These homeless, stunned people were a new responsibility to be added to the thousands of wounded men that came steadily from the shambles of the west front."

Paris is an old city. It was not ready to take in its neighbors' children. Its population was already a tight fit. So it made the best of its poor hospitality by offering up its garrets. New building construction seemed impossible. Men were scarce. The mechanic was either manning the trenches or fighting the fight in the war factories. Paris was distracted.

It is wonderful indeed how nobly Paris tried to meet this condition. And it is remarkable how Paris met it with the aid of our own Red Cross. Unhindered by red tape or precedent, our Red Cross put on overalls and jumper, carried the hod, became architect, engineer and contractor and went into the building of homes. Here was a church lot that lay vacant; here an unfinished hospital; there a worn out building, all of which in a fortnight were started on their way toward new apartments, rooms and sleeping wards.

We here at home who associate the great Red Cross movement with bandages and white gowned nurses must lose this old illusion in the light of a thousand other works for humanity.

In this case we see the Red Cross first as diplomats convincing the civil authorities of Paris as to their ability to remedy the situation, then as architects remodeling buildings, changing building plans, hiring labor gathered by themselves from the ex-soldiers and the older man, all the while working under every imaginable handicap, while Father Time cried, "Get it done, get it done."

So out of the garrets came these despairing people to find new hope in clean homes, to get new cheer out of sheer bodily comfort and fresh courage to again take up the great trust that France has kept so well—"to carry on." It is not strange that our French brothers believe in your own Red Cross just a little more than you do. But should this be?

## THE RED CROSS MAN

By AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR.  
Of the Vigilantes.

Broken with pain and weariness  
And sapped with vile disease,  
Back to the land of ruined towns,  
Of murdered men and trees?  
Through Switzerland from Germany  
The trains of wreckage ran.—  
And on the French frontier they found  
A Red Cross Man.

And when to what had once been home  
Those haggard exiles came,  
Young wheat was green above the scars  
Of steel and blood and flame  
Round new built houses where once more  
The work of life began.  
And still they found to welcome them  
A Red Cross Man.

There the husband clasped again  
The wife he mourned as dead—  
The child was on its mother's breast,  
The old were comforted.  
What wonder if they hope to find  
The Angel of God's Plan  
Who meets them at the heavenly gate  
A Red Cross Man!

