

THE MAUPIN TIMES

Devoted to the Interests of Southern Wasco County

VOL. 4, NO. 31

MAUPIN SOUTHERN WASCO COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1918

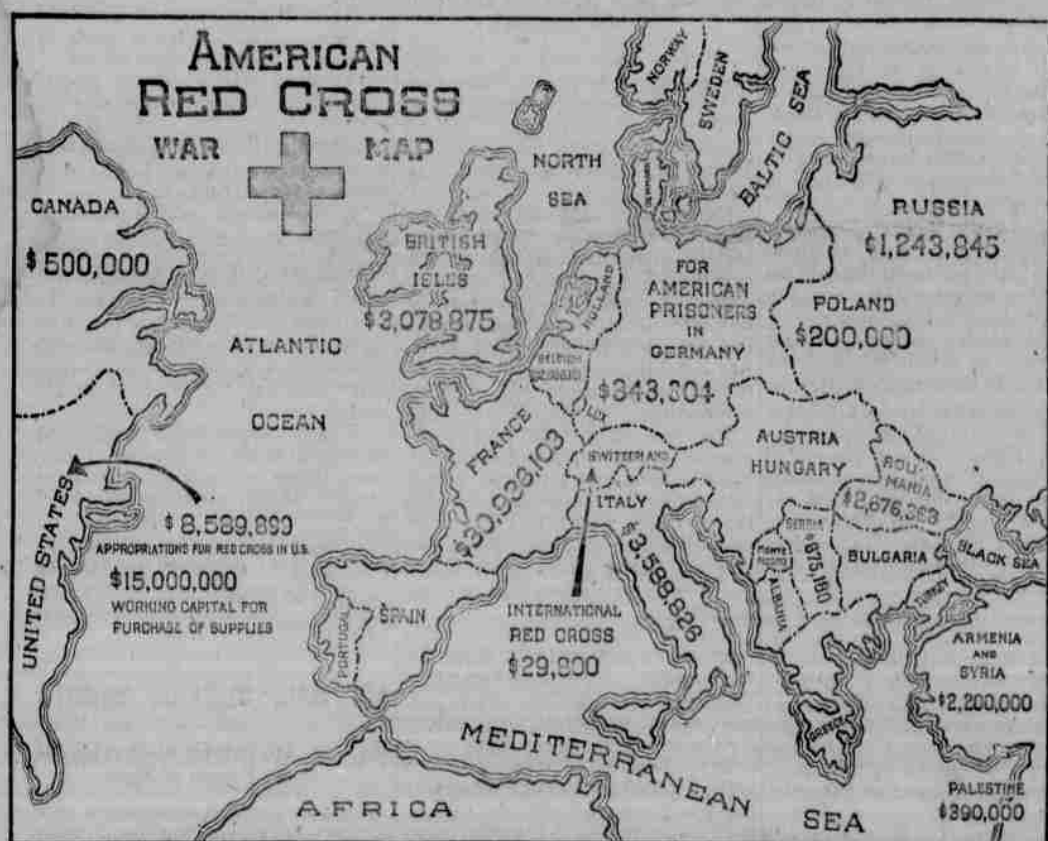
THE YEAR \$1.50

RED CROSS

Second War Fund Drive

Week of May 20th-27th

THIS MAP SHOWS
HOW YOUR RED CROSS DOLLAR WAS SPENT



Your Red Cross needs another hundred million to lighten just a little of the awful load of misery "over there." Your share is all that you can give—and then a little more.

Will you hold up your end?

Your Red Cross is an all-American, largely volunteer organization, authorized by Congress, headed by President Wilson, audited by the War Department, enthusiastically approved by your Army, your Navy, and your Allies.

The work covers both military and civilian relief in every war-torn Allied country and full reports of all expenditures are continually being published, or are available through the Chapter.

It stands beside our boys in training or "over there."

It watches beside the pillows of battle-broken men, and offers rest and sympathy to war-torn fighters on brief respite from the front.

It carries food and clothing to hungry mothers and little ones in ruined villages.

It helps rebuild the scattered pile of brick and stone they once called "Home."

It brings back to the hopeless mother's arms her long lost child.

It helps care for the orphans of the men who died that civilization might live.

It helps care for the thousands that have fallen prey to dread tuberculosis.

It nobly represents in deeds of mercy, relief and restoration the more than twenty million members that have made its great work possible.

Will you do your share to keep this "Hand of Mercy" at its work?

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.

All 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 Soldier of the Nation—help the Red Cross heal, support, cheer our Soldiers and Sailors of Liberty that they may fight the sooner, 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.

What's the worth of one baby's life?

The time has come when you must put a money value on it.

So much Red Cross money available, so many babies restored.

A little less Red Cross money available, so many babies lost by default.

It's as plain as that.

When you made that first Red Cross investment you had a fairly clear idea that there was plenty to be done and that the Red Cross would make every dollar of money and every minute of time count.

But have you now a clear picture of what price somebody will have to pay for one delayed dollar or a hundred dollars withheld?

You can't read a casual page of Red Cross reports from anywhere "over there" without endangering the coolness of your decision as to "how much."

Suppose you had found "another us" for your Red Cross money a while ago and a corresponding part of the piece of work described below went undone:

"Gas bombs were being used. 750 children suddenly thrust upon the Prefects' hand. Twenty-one of the children were infants under one year and the remainder were under eight years—herded together in an old barracks, dirty, practically unfurnished, and with no sanitary appliances. Sick children were crowded in with the well and skin disease and vermin abounded. Within two days the Red Cross workers had cleaned all the children, provided new barracks, provided medical care and nurses for the babies, secured suitable food and classified all the refugees to prevent the separation of members of the same family.

Was that money well spent?

Were those babies worth while? Well, how much were they worth per baby?

They are the future of France—the hope and pride of civilization. We are in their debt for what their fathers and mothers have paid already—in hunger, in cold, in mutilation, in slavery.

We shall pay up too. Your first installment was there in time—now how much?

First of the American army—they died in France! Gresham! Enright! Hay! They died for us. And willingly. But not, pray God, in vain.

For the sake of them, if for no other reason, will you not give to the Red Cross which will care for the men that follow them?

For the sake of what they died for, will you not give—and give till the heart says stop?

None of us here can give as greatly as they gave and as others are yet to give. But can we not sacrifice ourselves a little? Will you take a little from the comforts of your life and give, not a mere "conscience gift" that saves your pride and lets you say to yourself: "I have given to the Red Cross"—but a gift that cuts down into the quick and hurts because it makes you deny yourself?

Remember—they gave till they died.

Entire Space Donated by Business Men