



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 slim 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 fall 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.

The Kaiser called the Devil up  
On the telephone one day,  
The Girl at Central listened to  
All he had to say.

"Hello," she heard the Kaiser's voice  
"Is old man Satan home?  
Just tell him this is Kaiser Bill.  
That wants him on the phone."

The Devil said, "Hello," to Bill,  
And Bill said, "How are you?  
I'm running here a Hell on Earth,  
So tell me what to do."

"What can I do?" the Devil said,  
"My dear old Kaiser Bill?  
If there's a thing that I can do  
To help you, I sure will."

The Kaiser said, "Now listen,  
And I will try to tell  
The way that I am running  
On earth a modern Hell."

"I've saved for this for many years,  
And I've started out to kill,  
That it will be a modern job,  
You leave to Kaiser Bill."

"My army went through Belgium,  
Shooting women and children down,  
We tore up all her country,  
And blew up all her towns."

"My Zepps dropped bombs on cities,  
Killing both old and young,  
And those that Zeppelins didn't get  
We've taken out and hung."

"I strated out to Paris,  
With the aid of poisonous gas,  
The Belgians, darn 'em, stopped us,  
And would not let us pass."

"My submarines are Devils,  
Why, you should see them fight  
They go sneaking through the sea,  
And sink a ship at night."

"I was running things to suit me,  
Till a year or so ago,  
When a man called Uncle Sam,  
Wrote me to go more slow."

"He said to me, 'Dear William,  
We don't want to make you sore,  
So be sure to tell you U-boats  
To sink our ships no more."

"We have told you for the last time,  
So, Bill, it's up to you,  
And if you do not stop it,  
You have got to fight us too."

"I did not listen to him,  
And he's coming after me,  
With five million Yankee soldiers  
From their homes across the sea."

"Now that's why I called you, Satan,  
For I want advice from you,  
I knew that you would tell me  
Just what I ought to do."

"My Dear Old Kaiser William,  
There's not much for me to tell,  
For the Yanks will make it hotter  
Than I can for you in Hell."

"I've been a mean old Devil,  
But not half as mean as you,  
And the minute that I get you here  
I'll give my job to you."

"I'll be ready for your coming,  
And I'll keep the fires all bright  
And I'll have your room all ready  
When the Yanks begin to fight."

"For the boys in drab will get you,  
I have nothing more to tell,  
Hang up the phone and get your hat  
And meet me here in Hell."

From Leo Zimmerman.

The following letter was received by Mr. and Mrs. Joe Wise from Leo Zimmerman, who is now stationed at Camp Funston in the national army.

Dear Friends: Will endeavor to write you a few lines while I have the time today. I received the gum and smoking tobacco and many thanks for the same.

There were a little over 10,600 new boys came in here this week. Camps Funston and the two quarantine camps had 75,000 men, so you see there are lots of us here. I have been out of the detention camp for two weeks and having been drilling negroes, in the Engineers Service Bat, until now. Now I am in the 1st Co. 1st Bat'n 164 Depot Brigade or rather Skeleton Co. of the Infantry. This is the place where they put new fellows of different occupations. Today I work in the receiving barracks where they take in the new boys.

I have seen several of the O'Neill boys who have been here for some time at different times on travels about the camp.

When I am Standing Retreat at night and the "Star Spangled Banner" is playing, the first thing that comes to my mind is the Statue of Liberty and the American Flag.

Since I have been here I feel just pity for the fellows who are still back there sporting silk shirts and ties. I'd rather be hanged for murder than be in their shoes. I figure that I am the luckiest fellow in the world to be able to stand up as a soldier here in U. S. and be a part of the great Country engaged in the most honorable thing a country ever undertook.

We have all awakened to what the word "United States of America" means and hope some of the fellows at home will do the same. The fellows who belong in Class 1A and get in Class 2 and 3, I pity them after the war is over. After this war is over these fellows will have to serve their time in the camps and we will be home. These camps are built to stay and figure that every American from 21 to 35 or from 18 to 35 will have to have so much military training each year. Write once in a while.

LEO ZIMMERMAN.

Red Cross Sale at Emmet Friday. There will be a Red Cross sale and dance at Emmet Hall Friday, May 17. The sale will take place in the afternoon and the dance in the evening. Everybody is cordially invited to attend.

Fred Bazelman, Walt Wyant and Frank Valla went down to Sioux City Tuesday morning and drove back three new Dort cars.

# FOR SALE!

Sixty Head Brood Sows; 60 to farrow soon. Inquire if you want a Bargain.

John L. Quig

## The Vapor Heater Co.

Chicago, Ill.

Have an exhibit of their cook and heating stove burners in the city and are giving demonstrations of their heating powers in the build-next to McManus' hardware.

These burners use kerosene oil for fuel and the citizens of O'Neill and Holt county are invited to call and see them in operation. Those in charge will take pleasure in demonstrating and explaining the burners.

Now on Exhibition in this City

## Black Diamond.

At the low price of leather people wonder why shoes are high, and why it is that you have to pay all the way from \$10 to \$12 for a pair, and it's hard to distinguish who is making all that profit.

We will give you your money back and a pair of new shoes "FREE" to the wearer who finds paper in the heels, counters or soles of a pair of Peters "Diamond Brand" shoes is our direct-to-wearer warrant of quality on every "Diamond Brand" shoe and is the strongest possible reason why you can concentrate your buying with us. We sell solid-leather shoes ONLY and make quality the corner stone of a profitable and growing trade on Peters "Diamond Brand" shoes—the best for the price, no matter what the price may be.

Men's Every Day Shoes, from \$2.50 to	\$4.75
Lace or Button Shoes, from \$3.75 to	\$5.75
Black "Kid," Cushion Soles and Rubber Heels, easy shoes	\$6.50
Chocolate Fibre and Leather Soles, \$4.50 to	\$6.50
About 50 Pairs of Ladies' Shoes and Slippers, odd and end values, at \$3.50 and	\$3.75
Assorted Sizes, Special at	\$1.59

On Saturday, May 18th, One-Half Price Off on Percalé. To the first ten customers, between the hour of 2:30 to 3:30 p. m., 5 yards of percalé, 36 inches wide, worth 40c per yard, \$1.00. Only five yards to each customer.

D. Abdouch, O'Neill.

