



What Greater Sacrifice?

We all know the intense love of a mother for her child—the child who grew to be a man in the eyes of the world—the soldier of his country when it was attacked—the fallen fighter on the battle front. To her he will always seem a child and to her his death is terrible. Her only comfort is that he died for something worth while, that he died in fighting for the preservation of the things her very way of living taught him to love beyond life—things like decency and fair play.

His death has left her with an almost fierce determination to see that the victory and peace he helped to win are worthy of the sacrifices he made. She will never forgive . . . and neither will anyone with sense of justice . . . the making of a slipshod peace. She will never rest in her efforts to preserve what he died for, to build the future he wanted for his fellow men. And helping her in these pursuits is the only way we can repay our debt to her and him.

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