

FLY A FLAG FOR FRANCE

Next Sunday will be Independence Day for Our Ally, and Should Be Honored.

Last week France declared a legal holiday to celebrate the anniversary of American Independence, July 4, in honor of her new ally.

Next Sunday, July 14, the French will celebrate their own Independence day, the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, fortified prison house of kings. Just as the Declaration of Independence was the greatest event of our revolution, so the destruction of this great tower in 1789 and the liberation of its occupants whose only crime was royal displeasure, was the greatest event of the French fight for freedom.

The key to that prison house now hangs in the hall at Mount Vernon; the key to French freedom, presented by Lafayette in March, 1790, to Washington, as a symbol of the struggle of the two peoples. We still hold that key.

The least that we can do to acknowledge the honor which France paid us so long ago, and repaid us last week, is to fly the Stars and Stripes beside the Tricolor next Sunday, and rededicate our every effort to the freedom of the world for which we are all fighting.

ROOM FOR MANY MILLIONS

Vast Spaces of Siberia That Have Yet to Be Surveyed and Exploited by Man.

The biggest and loneliest land on the globe is Siberia, of which at the present moment there is so much talk. Says London Answers: Any one who would set about its conquest by invasion would find the task a herculean one, for it contains nearly five million square miles, and is about 45 times as big as the British Isles!

In these vast spaces there is a population less than London contains by a couple of millions, and there are hundreds of thousands of square miles of territory where no human being is to be seen. The mighty rivers of Siberia are almost rendered useless by the fact that they flow mostly into the Arctic ocean, and their lower courses are icebound during the greater part of the year, and their mouths are at all times very difficult of access. Arctic Siberia is a vast country in itself, but very inhospitable.

Siberia, it is said, is destined to be the granary of the world; and the opening of the railway across its entire breadth has certainly done much to develop its resources.

WHAT THEY THINK "OVER THERE"

Some Observations of American Soldiers on the Gentle Art of Bombing Hospitals by the Hun.

The Hun has bombed hospitals, off and on, all during the war. Hitherto he has covered it up by complaining that the houses of mercy were placed too close to the front, near military centers which are perfectly fair game, and that any strafing of the helpless was quite incidental and, therefore, in a sense, regrettable. But his recent attack in force with more than 20 aeroplanes upon a plainly marked group of hospital buildings far behind the British lines—the raid having obviously that objective—far surpasses all his previous performances of frightfulness.

The Hun no longer apologizes. He no longer pleads "military necessity" as excuse for his slaughter of the helpless. He glories in his guilt.

Fatuous people who still believe, in the face of such proof as this, that a negotiated peace with "liberal" Germany is within the range of probability ought to be led quietly by the hand and placed in a retreat for the feeble-minded. There is only one way to deal with the Hun. Thank God we have learned that way!—The Stars and Stripes, Official paper of the A. E. F.

UNABLE TO EXPLAIN HORNS

Scientists at a Loss to Account for Growth Which Sometimes Appears on Head of Horse.

One of the strangest freaks of nature is the horse with horns. Such horses are foaled occasionally, and have provided a rich field of speculation for scientists. Certainly the presence of the horns would seem to indicate that in some far-away period this animal was so provided by nature.

In most cases where horses have been foaled with horns, the horns were upon the forehead, and usually three or four inches long. But a colt near Rogersville, Tenn., the existence of which is on record, had a curved horn just below the aperture of the right eye. This is approximately the same position from which sprout the horns of many animals whose horns have a full growth.

Despite this evidence of a return to some earlier state of development, no trace of their presence can be found on any of the skulls of horses which belonged to other ages. Thousands of these skulls have been uncovered in many lands. The oldest goes back just 3,000,000 years, and is of a size to indicate that the horse of that time was no larger than a good-sized dog.

JANEY PROPOSES

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

David Blair sat behind the screen of palms, a frowning spectator upon a scene of gaiety. Always his place seemed to be just at the outer edge of things, never as a participant. Years ago—for youth seemed a confused memory to David, he had not danced or flirted, or even engaged in harmless revelry with his college companions. Seriously, he had wondered at their simple enjoyment as he applied himself to study. The admiring glances of girls he had been too absorbed to see, alike their perplexity and disappointment at his indifference, had passed unnoticed.

Now, David, successful man of business, authority upon matters of moment, realized suddenly and gloomily, that pleasure had repaid him with the forgetfulness he had given. Not that it mattered—much. Janey still came to him with her merry or fearful confidences, Janey, with an utter disregard for decorum, stopped at his bachelor home on dismal, dreary evenings to make his tea for him, to sit there in a bright red frock with her little red slippers before the fire, talking as only Janey could talk.

After her return from that last year at college there had been a self-confident pose in the girl's bearing which had not been there before. David was impatiently disapproving of each sultriness which appeared upon the scene. No man seemed quite good enough for Janey, and these conceited young idiots—David fumed at their assurance. The choice had now sifted down to two. Frankly Janey discussed her cavaliers before David's study fire.

"They both want to marry me," she remarked one evening. Janey—married! The thought caught in a painful manner at David's heartstrings.

"Wait," he advised hastily, "do not be in a hurry, child; marriage is for a lifetime."

"But if I wait like you, David," she had indignantly complained, "I may never choose at all."

So this night behind the palms he had watched her flitting about, a sought after vision in white, but there was, he fancied, a cloud upon the girl's piquant face.

Jack Irving moped in an opposite corner against the wall; Billy Hayes was conspicuously attentive to every one but his adored Janey—what was the matter?

"David," asked a small, meek voice, "may I bide with you here for a while?" Janey herself parted the curtains of his seclusion.

"You see, David, I'm in rather an embarrassing predicament. Those silly boys, both of them, think that I'm engaged."

David wheeled about sharply. "Engaged to whom?"

Janey studied her outspread fingers. "To them," she said. David stared. "Jack did ask me last night," she confessed, "and Billy said something of the sort while we were driving this morning, but—"

"But—" mocked David. "Well, are you engaged to either?" Janey sighed. "—don't know," she answered.

"Don't know!" David was exasperated; also his heart was hammering heavily.

"It was this way," the girl explained. "Last night Jack got to talking about his promising future, and—and how he would like me to share it, David, and we could go south on those business trips of his in the winter, and have a bungalow out near our golf links in summer, and he wanted to know when I would decide, and I said something about leaving it until tonight."

"Under those circumstances," David answered slowly, "it would appear that young Irving has a right to consider you engaged."

"Wait," begged Janey. "This morning, you remember, I went for a ride with Billy, and Billy talked a good deal as Jack had, only—he wanted me to marry him when he gets his degree, and if I would—I was to give him the first dance this evening. He knew that Jack had spoken for escort. And, David, honestly, when Billy came forward I forgot all about his old degree and I gave him—the first dance. Ever since then the two boys have been scowling at each other and—and bullying me. So—Janey threw out her hands disparagingly—"there you are!"

David was also scowling. "You should not play with them that way," he said severely. "Both are nice boys, and it is not fair. Make your choice and find your happiness. What more can you desire, Janey?" David sighed. "They have all the stakes, youth—that greatest stake of all, and their future before them."

"Sometimes," said Janey, her voice was strangely unsteady. "It's just as well to have a little of the future behind one, David. Sometimes it makes a man kinder, more understanding. And always, we women cannot choose our own happiness, we—we have to wait until—"

"Until," interposed David, he had arisen to his feet.

With a little tremulous smile the girl put out her hands to him. "Until," she finished, "some dear old stupid realizes that youth is not the greatest thing in the world, and that hair turning white about the temples is the loveliest kind of hair."

"Darling!" cried the man enraptured. And Janey nodded her head. "Yes, David," she said "I've proposed."

NO TRUTH IN TRADITION HERE IS SOME SOUND ADVICE

Old Legend of the Drawing of Princess in Petrograd Fortress Proved to Be Without Foundation.

The fortress of St. Peter and Paul, in Petrograd, has an evil reputation as the former place of imprisonment of many of Russia's idealists, including Prince Kropotkin and Madame Broshkovsky; but one blot on its 'scutcheon' is removed by an illustrated article in the London Sphere. The article reproduces a painting by the Russian artist Flayitsky, showing a beautiful woman standing on her bed in a cell in this prison, seeking to escape the rising waters of a flood that threatens her life. This was the Princess Tarakanova, who had incurred the enmity of Catherine the Great. The tradition is that she was drowned, by order of the empress, during the inundation of 1777. The Sphere, however, shows that she died of tuberculosis two years before the flood swept through the fortress. Thus this gloomy prison and the great empress are relieved of one of the tragedies with which they have been associated.—The Outlook.

Eliminating Poison Ivy. The cheapest and most effective method of eliminating poison ivy, according to experts of the United States department of agriculture, is the simple one of rooting up the plants and destroying them. If the poison ivy is in large fields it may be necessary to plow and cultivate the land. Ivy on large trees, stone walls and buildings can be killed by arsenate of soda, at the rate of two pounds to ten gallons of water. Two or three applications are sufficient.

Listen Well. Listen well to the words of a few men, and to the men of few words.

SAVE THE OLD JARS

Throw None Away that can be Used Again, for both Glass and Tin are Scarce and High.

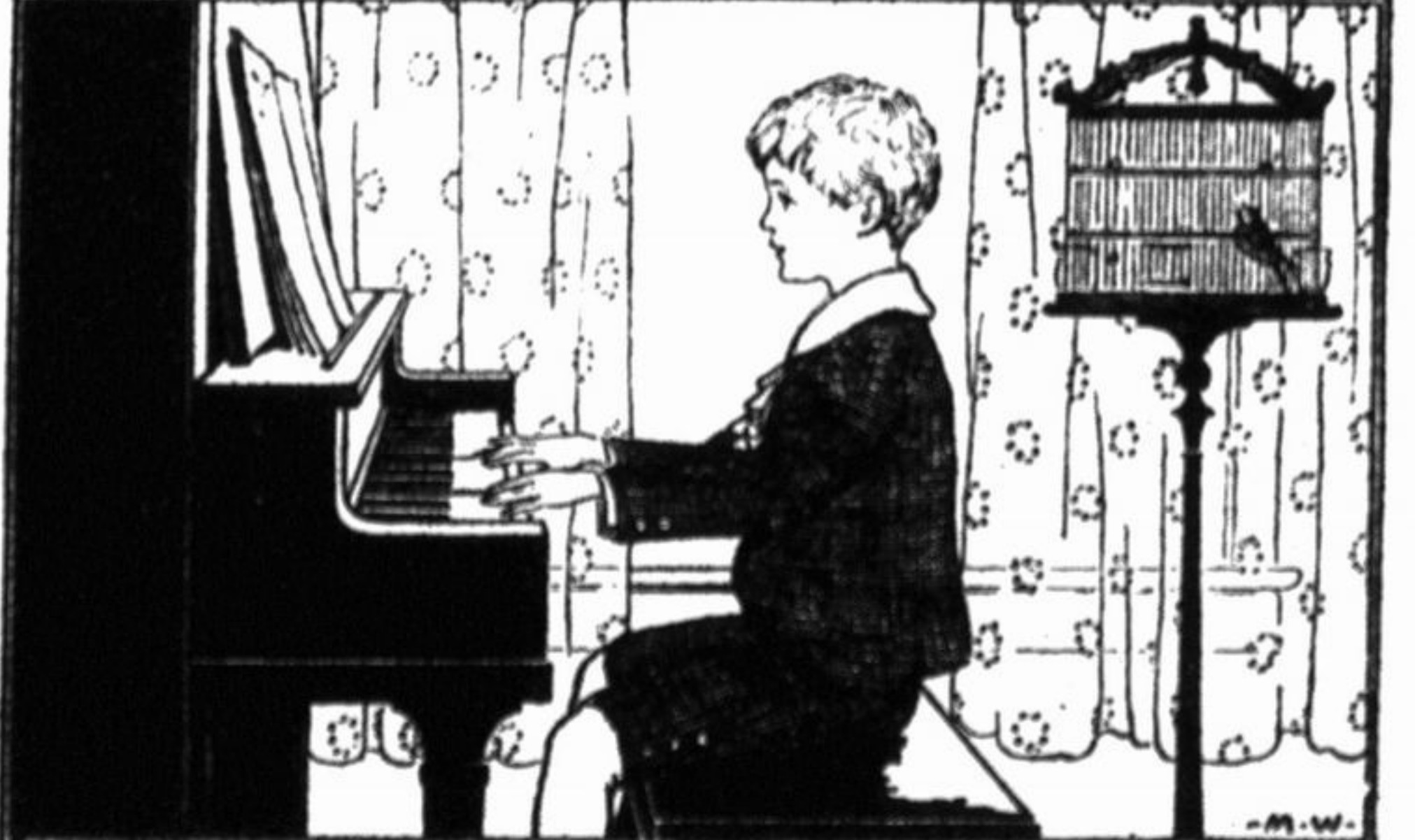
Save the old jars and fill them again. No good containers of any kind, which can possibly be used for the preservation of food should be thrown away. They should be washed and sterilized, no matter how odd their shape and size and be filled with jams and jellies against next winter's needs. Old containers represent not only possible saving of food, but also a saving of glass or tin and valuable shipping space.

Also can. Can as long as fruits or vegetables hold out to be canned. Waste never and can ever, is a good working program for each household in the state.

Hint to Mothers. Let us never be like the mother who said her boy was not interested in anything. For the boy's teacher when she called noticed that he had a box which he seemed to take care of, and it was not long before she learned that it was a collection of caterpillars. Yet the mother said that her boy was interested in nothing. The teacher at once showed her pupil that she, too, was interested in his collection. She learned from the boy a great many things about caterpillars that she did not know, and in turn taught him things he did not know. Teacher and boy became great friends; through this common interest others sprang up and the boy changed from a sullen, inattentive boy to a broad-minded, wide-awake man. If the mother could only have shared her boy's interest, how much more helpful they would have been to each other.—Pittsburgh Dispatch

Fred Mochel delivers the finest of Fresh and Smoked Meats, Fresh Vegetables and Fruits to your order every day. Central Meat Market Phone 27

Bell System IN a face to face conversation, the person addressed often gets part of the idea from the motions of the speaker's lips as well as from the sound vibrations that strike the ear. In using the telephone, the lip movement of the speaker is not visible to the listener who, therefore, depends entirely upon what he hears. To get the best results, the person talking should speak slowly and distinctly with lips close to but not touching the mouthpiece. CHICAGO TELEPHONE COMPANY



Inexpensive Pianos

We offer a remarkable assortment of pianos within reach of modest incomes—yet withal instruments possessing charm of tone and dignity of appearance.

Do not delay fortifying your homelife with the influence of good music.

Children should begin music study when they enter the grammar schools. Little fingers soon learn the correct way to play.

Uprights, new... from \$195 Uprights, used.. from \$75 Pianola Pianos and Grands at Exceedingly Low Figures

Lyon & Healy Everything Known in Music Wabash Ave., at Jackson Phone Wabash 7900 Chicago

