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EDITORIAL PAGE OF CHICAGO

EVENING AMERICAN

EVERY DAY IN THE AMERICAN

CHICAGO AMERICAN

Marechal Joffre, the Noble Frenchman

He Is a Piece of France Herself, and an Example to the World

Joffre, hero of the Marne, son of France, worthy of that nation's noblest traditions, is here among us. Children that see him will be proud of that memory when Joffre and all the men now working shall have died.

To see this man, simple, modest, cheerful, doing his work wherever France may choose to send him, is to see that which has made France the great nation for more than a thousand years, that which will preserve France, her liberty and her glory for thousands of years to come.

You have seen the Irishman, warm-hearted, treasuring on St. Patrick's Day the little green shamrock and bit of Irish soil sent to him from the Old Land.

It was a piece of the soil, the heart of France, and a flash of the noble French spirit that the government of the republic sent to us when Joffre came, holding out the brotherly hand of one republic to another.

Honor this man and show him reverence. Ability is great, courage is admirable, patriotism is noble, submission to duty and devotion unquestioning to the republic are beautiful.

All of these things make up the character of the quiet, old Frenchman who comes from the field of battle, where he has given his best, to work here for his country and give what power is left in him. You have seen the race horse win his great victory and the same animal humbly, usefully employed in other work, pulling his load.

So you see humbly working now Joffre, the great fighter of the Marne, the man who met the fearful shock of German power with the quiet, intense, patriotic devotion of the Frenchmen, and who saved his motherland.

Paris is French and not German because France had Joffre to work for her on the great day of the Marne.

France is French and not German, thanks to the passionate love of country and love of freedom that fills the old general and the young soldiers that call him father.

Joffre's love of country was more than equal to the fearful drive of German steel, the sudden attack, the intense will to conquer.

No force can overcome an immovable obstacle. No wind can rock the stone mountain, no tempest shake it.

Joffre's character was the stone mountain, and the power of Germany broke against it as a great wave breaks on a rocky shore.

As quiet as the water just above the Falls of Niagara is the face and character of this splendid old man.

And as powerful as the great cataract at the bottom of the falls is the love of country and the courage of Joffre's soul.

Honor this old man and envy him. No fighting man, but a DEFENDER.

Envy the man whose courage has saved his mother from slavery—and death.

Envy and admire this soldier of France, who has saved his motherland, the mother of all his brothers and sisters, the men and women of France.

It is pleasant to see this noble character now with us, adapting himself to our strange civilization and our nervous ways. A Frenchman out of France is like a little child away from its mother—there is no real peace for him.

Honor Joffre while he is here, and rejoice with him in the happiness that awaits him upon his return to France. He fought the fight and stood the shocks when duty came. He stepped aside and yielded command as quietly and modestly as he had wielded the great weapon.

Soon, let us hope, peace will find him, retired, living in the warm, spiritual sunshine of national gratitude.

He will grow old in his little garden, with his little income not much larger than that of a first-class mechanic.

He will watch the rebuilding of the unconquerable immortal country among whose glorious sons his name will always live.

He will, you may be sure, after this journey to strange lands, stick to his beautiful France, a land of true freedom and noble thought.

Not from ambition, but along the straight path of duty he has risen to the highest point in the world's esteem.

Soon will come the rest so well deserved, many years, let us hope, of peace and quiet, of happiness based upon the happiness of France and her victory.

And then the last day when all France will rise to honor him, and when it will be said of Joffre, in the words of Hugo:

"La mort du juste est comme la fin d'un beau jour"—the death of the just is like the end of a beautiful day.

Woman Sustains, Guides and Controls the World

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Of all events here on earth, the greatest is the birth of a baby. Great battles are fought, won and lost. Nations and religions rise and fall. Great cities flourish to-day, and to-morrow the sand lies heavy over them. And of all these events the eternal Niagara of new babies is the first and essential foundation.

He knows little of real life, its greatest happiness, deepest devotion, intensest suffering, who has never witnessed the arrival of a new human being in this life of progress and struggle.

There lies the new baby at last, its black face gradually turning pink, its first gasping breaths changing the color of its blood, its tiny fists opening and closing—reaching out for nourishment already, its face tying itself into the first philosophical, cosmos-interrogating knot. Its feet turn inward and its legs are crooked. Its head is so shapeless as to discourage any one but a mother. It has three years of gurgling, ten years of childhood, ten years of foolishness, ten years of vanity—and possibly a few years of real usefulness ahead of it.

Some one must be patient, hopeful, interested, proud, never discouraged, always devoted, through all these years.

That "some one," the mother, lies there weak and white on the bed. Her forehead and all her body are wet with agony—but she thinks no longer of that.

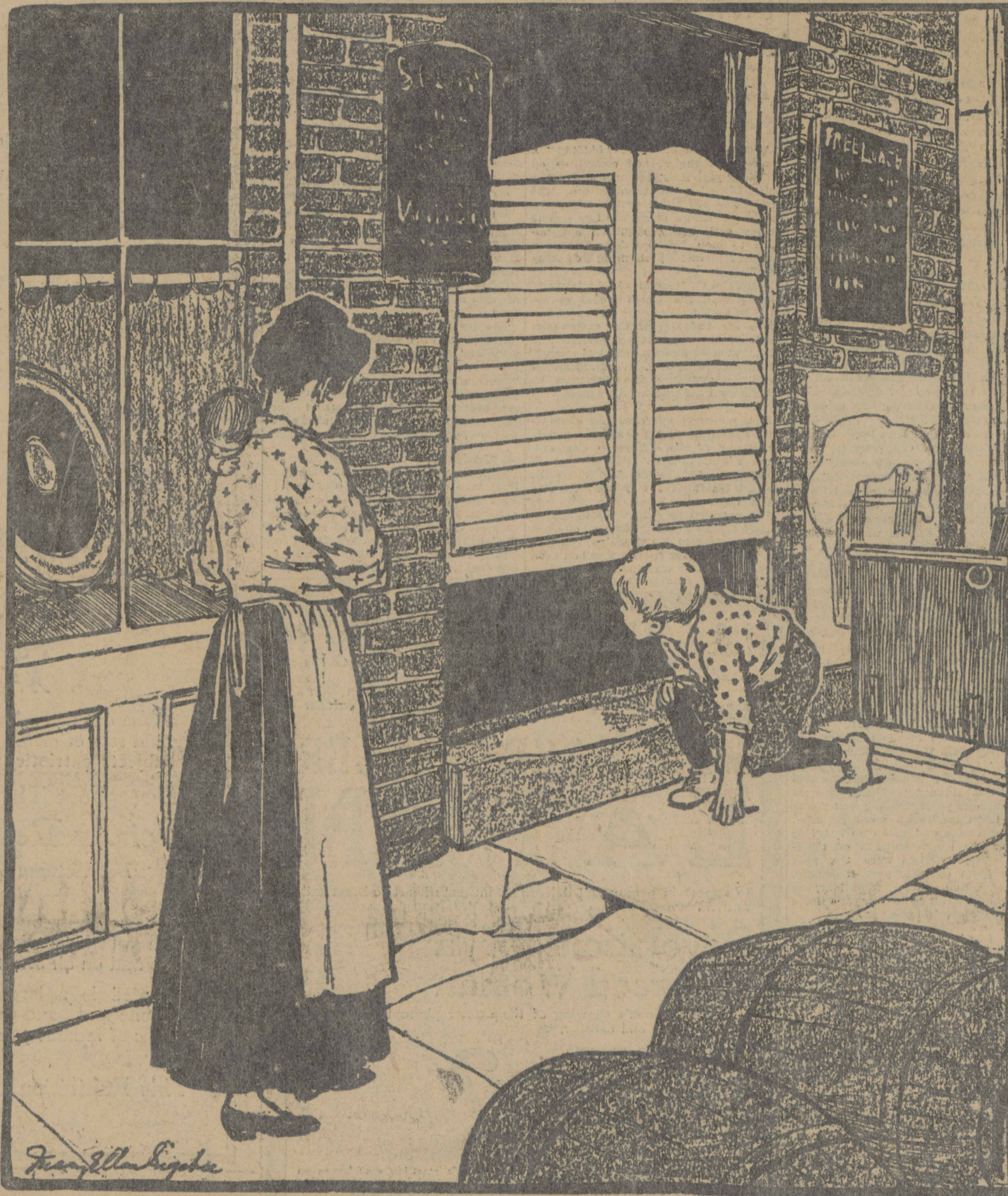
She has heard her baby's first cry, and whether it be her first or her tenth, the feeling is the same. Her feeble, outstretched arms and her hollow, loving eyes are turned toward the helpless little creature.

Those arms and that love will never desert it as long as the mother shall live.

The mother's weak hand supports the heavy, dull baby head and guides it to its rest on her breast.

And that hand which supports the head of the new-born baby, the mother's hand, supports the civilization of the world.

"He's All Right, Mother"



This little boy's father is neither cruel nor a spendthrift when he is sober. In fact, he loves his home and children dearly and is often very wretched because of the sorrow and privation which his weakness brings upon them.

He is such a good-natured, easy-going soul that others besides his little boy find him excellent company. Perhaps if it were not for this same good nature he would be better able to withstand the temptations that so continually beset him. He goes into a saloon to take "just one drink," but when he is there he finds this is impossible.

He always means to brace up, however. It is because of this that mother and Johnny always go out to find him. They manage to brave his drunken wrath because they remember his sober kindness.

To-day we have come in time. There is always a chance—if he sees Johnny and mother before he gets the whiskey—that he will come home.

Some people honestly believe that the prohibition of whiskey would not be a progressive step on the part of a state or a nation. They believe that each individual has a right to choose whether he shall drink whiskey or whether he shall not—whether he shall lead a sober, industrious, home-loving life or undermine his health, his home and his happiness through the whiskey habit.

Such people would, of course, prefer that he should choose the former course, but they believe that society has no right to prohibit his taking the latter if he so chooses.

There is just one reason why society has that right. This picture is meant to suggest one phase of it.

NO HUMAN BEING CAN RISE OR FALL IN THIS WORLD

INKLINGS AND THINKINGS

By Wex Jones

Speaking of preparedness: Repairs are being rushed on all ships except those at Honolulu and the Vaterland at New York. These at Honolulu will be towed to the Pacific Coast for docking. THE VATERLAND IS TOO LARGE FOR ANY AMERICAN DRY DOCK, AND BEFORE BEING MADE READY FOR SEA WOULD HAVE TO BE TOWED TO BALBOA.

Contributor who disguises himself as EG F. says if A. J. Balfour goes to a ball game he will jump up and answer "Present" when the umpire yells, "Ball four."

Showing how foolish the war prophets are, the experts couldn't agree on the winner of the Coffey-Morris fight.

The people of Argentina are so pacific that they kill each other to keep from fighting.

"Can your vegetables?" cry of housewives.—Headline.

Can your vegetables what?

Food dictator will be a success if he can make turtle soup taste as good as mock turtle.

Cranberries are the jazz fruit.

Famous alibi: Turkish official: After inflicting heavy losses on the enemy on the right bank of the Tigris, and repulsing all his attacks, our troops retired, according to plan, to new positions north of Samarra.

ALONE. THERE ARE ALWAYS OTHER HUMAN BEINGS WHO ARE VITALLY CONCERNED IN OUR WELFARE.

No one questions that this man has a definite responsibility toward these defenseless children and woman.

He has that responsibility because he is a human being. No one would dream of holding an animal to such responsibility.

Man, however, though an animal, is also something else. His responsibility to the people around him is something entirely his own. It is this responsibility that makes him man. It is this responsibility that differentiates the human individual from the individual of the animal kingdom.

Man's responsibility for the people about him is the added factor which lifts him above the animal in the scale of evolution.

ALSO AN INCREASING SENSE OF MAN'S RESPONSIBILITY TO HIS FELLOW MEN LIFTS THE INDIVIDUAL HUMAN BEING ABOVE THE MASS OF HUMAN BEINGS.

Those members of society who are not victims of the drink habit have a definite responsibility to those members who are. Honest, industrious, public-spirited individuals have that responsibility because of their further seeing minds, their stronger wills, their improved environment—in fact, they have that responsibility because of their DEGREE of manhood.

The weak-willed man whom this woman and child have come out to seek owes his family kindly consideration and "a square deal."

Society owes the same consideration and square deal to this man.

If you recognize one obligation you should also recognize the other.

This man is one of those who are not strong enough to protect themselves and their homes against the drink evil.

Society owes him its protection. MARY ELLEN SIGBEE.

ONCE-OVERS

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WHY MAKE THE GROCER RICH?

Mr. Man, you who have said so much about the soaring foodstuffs, have you done what you could to raise a few vegetables yourself?

But you say you cannot get a vacant lot.

Do you know that a surprisingly good assortment of vegetables can be raised in boxes on the roof of your flat, or even in the window boxes?

Be sure you provide drainage, and have the boxes deep enough (six or eight inches). Not too late to begin now.

Lettuce, radishes, parsley, beans, peas and beets and many other things will grow in the window box with the proper light, soil and the right exposure, and a knowledge of the needs of the different plants.

Put a few stones in the bottom of the boxes, broken pieces of pottery, then garden dirt and fertilizer, according to the needs of the tiny seeds.

Department of Agriculture will gladly furnish instructions.

Could anything be more interesting than to watch the little sprout mature?

Get the kiddies together and help each with a box of his own.

Be systematic and plan for what you need and like, not just anything. Learn all you can about each plant. You will be ready for the lot when you get it.

ELIZABETH JORDAN'S ARTICLE

You Wonder Why the Nice Boy Is So Much More Interesting When He Is Away From You * * * * It Is Because the Nice Boy Is Not Really the Right Boy After All. When He Is Away From You, You Think He Is—Because You Want Him to Be, and Because Your Imagination Is Working for Him Overtime.



ELIZABETH JORDAN.

By Elizabeth Jordan.

HE is a nice boy, and you find yourself thinking about him a great deal.

You recall all the things he said the last time you and he were together, and all the things you said, and you think of the things you might have said that are so much brighter and more interesting than the things you did say.

You decide that you will say them the next time he comes—but you won't. You will be puzzled over something.

You will be wondering why the nice boy is so much more interesting when he is away from you than when he is with you. You will wonder why you are not thrilling over his actual presence as you did when you merely thought of his coming. You will wonder why you feel disappointed and a little flat.

I will tell you why. It is because the nice boy is not really the right boy, after all. When he is away from you, you think he is—because you want him to be, and because your imagination is working for him overtime.

But when he is right there—well, he is just a nice boy, and your imagination says, "Haumph! Is that all!" And the snap is out of the ginger ale.

Don't blame the nice boy. It isn't his fault. And the right boy will come along some day.

YOU—AND THE NEW BABY.

You go into the room on tiptoe. It is very quiet and the window shades are down.

Someone leads you to a tiny bed, not a cradle, and you reverently stand beside it and take a deep breath.

Something very small and still is lying on the tiny bed—something in a white slip and a white knitted jacket with blue edging at the wrists and neck; something with a very red face, and a round head, and a soft fluff of hair; something that suddenly squirms and twists an opening in its face which the nurse assures you is "his precious little mouth."

"It's almost his feeding time," she adds. "He's getting restless."

You continue to look at the human bundle. A slight chill of disillusionment is beginning to touch you. Do all babies look like this one—so red, so sketchy, so almost—puppy?

The baby opens his eyes. Two round blue discs unwinkingly stare up at you—and stare and stare.

The gaze is without interest or prejudice; but as you meet it and return it a change takes place in you.

As if a spring in you had been touched, your back bends. You hang above the baby, and strange sounds burst from your lips:

"Wasunshestestboofestpreciousbittenslamblallaworlume?" you passionately gurgle. Then, checking yourself rather consciously, you wonder what these sounds mean.

They don't mean a thing on earth—except that you are a woman.

YOU AND THE FIRST KISS.

You are at the party, and the boy with the pink cheeks, who is approved by your mother and who has danced with you four times, gets you off in a dim and quiet corner of an outer hall.

The dancers are near. You hear the music and the sound of voices—your mother's voice among them. But you seem very much alone—more alone, somehow, than you have ever been before.

You hear a giggle and you recognize it. It is the giggle of your friend Mary; you saw her and Harry Johnson walking in front of you a moment ago; you realize that now they are just around that angle of the hall, in a spot as quiet and deserted as this one.

The pink-cheeked boy seems nervous. He begins sentences and stops in the middle of them; he stammers and straightens his tie. He seems to have something important to say, and after a long time he brings it out.

He stammeringly tells you that you are looking "awful pretty" to-night. You giggle. Then you wonder if Mary giggled because Harry said the same thing to her.

The pink boy is getting pinker. You talk, but his replies show that he hardly hears you. Five minutes pass. You begin to get restless. The music is so alluring. You tap your foot on the floor in time to it.

"Let's go back," you suggest at last. "Let's go back and dance."

"All right," says the pink boy. "You start back, and as you turn something falls lightly on the corner of your left ear—something warm and soft and breathless."

You look at the pink boy. He is pinker than ever, but his expression has changed. His head is up and he smiles at you triumphantly.

"Don't you ever do that again," you say, coldly.

"All right," agrees the pink boy, cheerfully. Then he grows confidential.

"I didn't want to, anyway," he explains. "But I had a 'dare' from Harry Johnson!"

YOU AND THE GREAT GAME.

It is the first time you have been alone with him. You are thrilled.

In your heart you suspect that he came to see your sister, and that as soon as she enters the living-room he may forget that you are on earth.

But for the time he is your guest and you are entertaining him. That is, you are listening to him with shining eyes upon his face.

He is much older than you. He is a man. What he says is very arresting.

"I've been thinking about you," he begins. "And you are thrilled again."

"Oh—have you?—what were you thinking?"

He smiles.

"About how wonderful you are!"

"Oh. You don't mean that! You're just joking."

"No. I'm not. Don't you really know that you are very different from other girls?"

"N-o-o-o. You almost whisper the word."

You don't know—yet—that Adonis said that identical thing to Eve under the apple tree, and that straight on down through the ages every man that wanted to make a pleasant impression on a girl has repeated the same tribute in the very same words.

YOU AND THE SECOND MOVE.

You are feeling very much grown up. No other man has ever talked to you so seriously.

"But I'm not really different from other girls," you assure him, honestly. "I'm just the same as they are."

He shakes his head.

"Oh, no, you're not. You're entirely different. Most people don't understand you. But I do."

He almost convinces you. Also he arouses in you a great curiosity.

"How am I different?" you ask him. "What is there to understand?"

"Oh—h—h—" he speaks carefully. "In lots of ways."

"What ways? Tell me some of them. Please do!"

But he can't. Men never can. And this is the reason:

From the moment when you ask him that question and begin to hang on his reply you are exactly the same as all the other girls.

YOU AND THE THIRD MOVE.

"What you need," he tells you, "is someone to advise you. Don't you often feel that you do?"

"Oh, yes."

"Someone you can turn to with the little questions that come up—and the big ones, too."

"Oh, yes!"

"There's nothing I wouldn't do for you. You know that, don't you?"

"Oh, yes!"

It really is a thrilling moment. For now, of course, you're going to put all your big problems before him, and he's going to settle every one of them for you right here and now.

He waits expectantly. Your lips part, then close. You're going to put all your big problems before him, and he's going to settle every one of them for you right here and now.

He waits expectantly. Your lips part, then close. You're going to put all your big problems before him, and he's going to settle every one of them for you right here and now.

He waits expectantly. Your lips part, then close. You're going to put all your big problems before him, and he's going to settle every one of them for you right here and now.