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RICHARD STORY SHERIDAN, General Manager. GUY FLENNER, Managing Editor.

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Progress and Sanity.

EVERY setting of progressive eggs may hatch a few freaks.

Idaho has started on a program of unprecedented development. In this onward march Boise is endeavoring to keep up with the procession. Most everybody is for it; and when that condition obtains it becomes very attractive to the visionary, to the demagogue, to the fakir.

Those who have never before taken an active interest in building, erect air castles and say to the public. "See what we have done."

Those who have never aided in the development of payrolls build them out of hot air and say to the public: "Observe what wonderful benefactors we are."

Those who note a public demand for reasonable improvements, tear about with sudden nervousness and energy and out-Babel Babel in proposing impractical things.

These are freaks hatched from the eggs of advancement.

Building to be beneficial must be of a permanent character. It must be solid and substantial. It cannot be started on sand nor finished out of thin air. It should be ornate as well as sturdy, but it cannot endure if it be of the tinsel and shell that please the fancy momentarily only to fade and collapse—the production of the Foolish Builder.

This thought should be firmly held in mind by all classes of our citizens—that it isn't the skillful promiser who produces lasting and beneficial results but the substantial man who goes about his labors deliberately, with a well defined plan, and gets results.

Whenever the public decides to open its purse strings to improvements the skillful promiser is on the job painting rainbows and talking Utopia.

It is to be regretted that in the past some of them have succeeded in fooling the public into giving them authority—but in every instance they have proven sad disappointments.

Their dreams have been for them the nocturnal pleasantries of the pipe and for the public—NIGHTMARES.

The experiences of the past with such impractical men surely has taught its lesson that avoidance is the only safe remedy—relegating them and clinging steadfastly to real merit and programs of substance.

Progress and sanity must go hand in hand or we build on shifting sand and place a false brand of leadership on the mediocre and unsafe.

Fix the Fixtures.

WALLPAPER of the latest edition; furniture of oak or willow as fashion may decree; woodwork mahoganized or some in white enamel; beds of metal or maple according to the last word in house furnishing; but for some strange reason lighting fixtures are often overlooked in this passionate following of the mode.

Perhaps their doom was sealed when they were first called "fixtures."

Much of the harmony of family life depends upon the character of the evening lamp. Many a wifely headache ascribed to nerves is due to eyestrain caused by poor light. Many an irritable man grabs his hat and rushes out of the house at night never dreaming that what is really irritated is the optic nerve. Many a child is domed to the burden of glasses for no other reason than conning his books by the wrong lamp.

Improvements are constantly made in lighting systems of all sorts; and since good lights properly placed are essentials to the well-being of any home, it is most desirable that lighting fixtures of any sort remain true to their name only so long as by virtue of their position and design they give a maximum of comfort.

PUTTING IN THE PUNCH.

By PEPS.

"MAN Empties Six-Shooter at Rival But Bullets Go Wild."—Headline. Missing on all six cylinders, as it were.

MODERN Patrick Henryism: "Give us liberty or give us league."

MESSRS. Wilson and Taft have found a Lodge in their vast wilderness.

ENTERPRISING reporter advises that "soldiers are coming back from France across the Atlantic." Understand that's the usual route.

DON'T forget: Tomorrow is the day you (should) go to church.

MERELY a typographical error, of course, but beastly embarrassing to a Democratic newspaper to print it "ex-Speaker Chump Clark."

"Our roads are to be made better during the next two years," writes a correspondent. The next best thing is to make them better permanently.

GOOD-BYE, March. You dealt us a lot of misery. We often wonder why the dickens J. Caesar ever invented you.

NAVY department gives a list of our big fighters but does not mention Jess Willard.

"A HITCH IN HELL."

I'm sitting here athinking
Of the things I've left behind.
I'd hate to put on paper
Just what runs through my mind.
I've dug a million trenches,
And cleared ten miles of ground,
And a meaner place this side of hell
I know it can't be found,
But there is one consolation,
Gather closely while I tell,
For when I die, I'll go to heaven,
For I've done my hitch in hell.

I've built a hundred kitchens,
For the cooks to stew our slum,
I've stood a hundred guard mounts,
And soldiered in the sun.
I've washed a million mess kits,
And peeled a million spuds,
And strapped a hundred thousand blanket rolls,
And washed a million duds.
The number of parades I've made
Is really hard to tell,
But I won't parade in heaven,
For I've done my hitch in hell.

When the final taps is sounded,
And I lay aside my cares;
And I do my very last parade
Right up the golden stairs,
The angels 'll bid me welcome,
And the harps will begin to play,
And I'll issue a million canteen checks,
And spend them in a day.
And then old St. Peter
Will tell me loudly with a yell,
Take a front seat, soldier,
For you've done your hitch in hell.

SGT. H. J. SCHUETER,
Co. F, 364th Inf., A. E. F.

WE HAVE WITH US THIS EVENING.

Shoeless he climbed the stairs, opened the door of the room, entered and closed it after him without being detected. Just as he was about to get into bed his wife, half-aroused from slumber, turned and sleepily said:

"Is that you, Fido?"

The husband telling the rest of the story, said:

"For once in my life I had real presence of mind. I licked her hand."

Private Eph Johnson had never seen a larger body of water than the creek at home. The first day on his trip across was interesting. The next day he was tired; the third day he was still more tired of the monotony of the ocean and he refused to look at it after the fourth day.

Suddenly he was called by a friend.

"What do you want?" he answered dully from his berth.

"Dar's a sailin' ship goin' by. Come an' see a sailin' ship."

"Look a here, nigger," came the sharp retort, "I'm done sick of yoah sailin' boats and whales. I'll done sail into you if you don't remember what I told you before. Call me when you see a tree, and foah nothin' else."

Tom Johnson claims that the oldest joke is the one about the Irish soldier who saw a shell coming and made a low bow. The shell missed him and took off the head of the man behind him.

"Sure," said Pat. "Ye never knew a man to lose anything by being polite."

REPUBLICAN OBLIGATIONS IN THE SIXTY-SIXTH CONGRESS.

(New York Sun)

No congress has ever faced harder tasks than those the Sixty-sixth must dispose of. If the Republicans do their duty as it should be done, they will restore the legislative department of the government to the credit and respect independence and patriotism can win for it. They will make it truly coordinate, not subordinate, as it has been. They will insist on full recognition of their rights and exercise these rights without fear or favor, for the benefit of the whole people and not for the advantage of any certain class in the country.

WINIFRED BLACK WRITES ABOUT Our Girls "Over There"

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Winifred Black

HOW is Mary Smith doing over there in the Red Cross?

What's happened to Kate Johnson since she went abroad with the Y. M. C. A.?

Is Ellen Jones doing herself and her town credit in the Y. W. C. A. work in Belgium?

That is what you're thinking back there at home, aren't you, girls?

You can't see how it is that you have to stay at home mulling along helping little brother with his lessons and little sister with her arithmetic, and keeping them both quiet when Mother has a headache, and making the house cheerful for Father when he's worried about Jim, who hasn't been heard from for some time over there.

Or perhaps you're working in your own local Red Cross at home and you're awfully tired of it. You wish you could get up something new, and you don't see why somebody else always gets all the good chances and you never get any at all. And you think you were born under an unlucky star—what did that fortune teller say the time you went to the gypsy camp?

Well, now, just let me tell you something, but first I want to ask you something.

Nothing Amazingly Romantic

Was Mary a nice girl at home? Did she have lots of friends and lots of good times? Was she sensible and quick-witted and good-natured and humorous?

Did she know how to make the best of a bad job and how to put a bright face on a dull situation?

Could she make an awkward, self-conscious boy feel at ease and at home, and forget the size of his feet and the way his collar didn't fit?

Did she think of other people as well as of herself? Was she a bright spot in her little world—or a cloudy place?

Were people glad to see her, or did they all look the other way when they saw her coming?

Was her smile really a smile or just a twist of the lips?

Well, now you're answered!

Mary Smith has found in France or in Belgium or in Italy, or even way down in Constantinople, just exactly what she took away from home with her, and not one whit more or less.

If Kate Johnson was a bright, good-humored, happy girl at home, she was a success in whatever she did there, and the same qualities are making her a success over here—be sure of that.

Ellen Jones has brought her town and her town way of looking at things right along with her in her little American trunk, and everybody who gets one good look at her knows it, even though it's only the porter who carries her bag for her down the gangplank of the steamer.

If Ellen was seasick, or if she was a good sailor, she was Ellen Jones just the same, and—whisper—there isn't anything very romantic in office work, no matter where you do it.

The Same Old Mary

Mary and Kate and Ellen are no doubt meeting a whole lot of husky young Americans over here, just exactly the same kind of boys that live right in the next town at home.

Mary told me the other day that she had a perfectly lovely time at a Y. M. C. A. dance.

But still, sitting in an office all day and making lists of men and shivering in a French pension when you're off duty isn't exactly what you might call thrilling, after all.

How is Mary doing over here?

Just exactly as she was doing over there, for she's just exactly the same old Mary.

ADVICE TO GIRLS :: :: By Annie Laurie

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:
I am a newly married girl, 19 years old. My husband is very good to me, but very jealous, and if I smile or laugh and talk with his brother or other boys he says I pay more attention to them and care more for them than I do for him.
Now, I love him very much. Will you please advise me how to make him understand I love him and no one else. ANXIOUS.

ANXIOUS: You are rather a young bride and will have to be careful not to give your husband cause to be jealous for a couple of years. In that length of time he will gain confidence in you and will not be so critical about your attention to others. When a girl marries she should be willing to give up flirting, even of the most innocent and harmless kind.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:
Would it be proper to give a present to a gentleman friend if he gave me one? PERPLEXED.

PERPLEXED: It is very unwise to accept gifts from a young man unless you are engaged.
If you wish to remember him on a holiday or his birthday send him a card with an appropriate verse. This is always appreciated and doesn't place him under obligation.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:
I am 18 years old, and am madly in love with a young man of 21. I made him angry by failing to meet him one evening because I could not. I wrote and explained the reason, but received no answer. My parents said that I was only foolish about him and that I would soon forget him.
It has been nearly five months since I saw him, and I still care for him, even more than before.
Will you please tell me how to win him back or if it would be better to let him go, and if you think my love for him is only foolishness? PEGGY.

PEGGY: If the young man refuses to accept your explanation don't you think you would be happier without him?
There might be many times when you could not do just as he wished, and if he is going to be angry each time you will not be very happy, my dear.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:
I am a girl of 18, and I am in love with a boy about the same age. I love him very much, and I believe he loves me.
There is another girl who likes this boy, and she tries to show her love for him every way she can. She says things to him to show her love that I would not say.
When I am with him I try to be natural and to treat him as I do every boy.
Now please tell me which one of us do you think he will like the better? JEALOUS BLUE EYES.

JEALOUS BLUE EYES: Young men really don't like girls who are bold—not in the way you would wish to be liked.
But don't be jealous, my dear, for it only reacts upon yourself and causes you heartaches. Be cheery and pleasant, and if the young man continues his attentions to the girl just be too busy to see him. Of course, you cannot dictate what he shall do, but you can decide what you will do yourself, and you need not receive him if he doesn't behave according to your notion of what is right.
But try to be less critical of other girls, won't you?

Annie Laurie will welcome letters of inquiry on subjects of feminine interest from young women readers of this paper, and will reply to them in these columns. Letters to Miss Laurie should be addressed to her, care this office.

Today's Fashion

By MME. FRANCES

Lavender Organdie Over Satin Slip Makes This Afternoon Frock.

A CREAM charmeuse satin underslip gives to this afternoon gown of lavender organdie an unusual touch, because the slip shows several inches below the tucked overskirt of organdie.

This idea of satin underslips for organdie frocks is much in favor at present. Giving the opportunity for lovely color contrasts, it will attain popularity as summer approaches. The blouse of this gown shows a flat vest of organdie from which tucks run around the body.

Similar rows of tucks trim the sleeves which are three-quarter length—another feature that will be popular on summer gowns. A girdle of violet velvet ribbon ties the waistline of the frock.

ODD FACTS

Anne, queen of Great Britain and Ireland, was the giver of the first bell in America. This bell was unearthed several years ago underneath a stage in the guild hall of Trinity Church at Newport, R. I. It is three feet high, and an arrow and inscription show it to have been the present of Queen Anne. It bears the date of 1702, which was the year Queen Anne succeeded to the throne, following the death of William. Experts declare that it is undoubtedly the oldest bell in America, or, at least, in the northern continent. It is half a century older than Philadelphia's famous "Liberty bell," which was cast in 1753. This is not the only bell given the Newport church by Queen Anne, but the other was melted many years ago and, with other material, was cast into the large bell now in the church tower.

INFORMATION.

Nearly 70,000,000 wild animals are killed yearly for the sake of their fur.

The Second Presbyterian church of Philadelphia celebrated its one hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary recently.

The profession of prompter is more suited to women than to men, as their voices carry better across the stage and are less audible in the auditorium.

Miss Carrie Stathem of Bridgeton, N. J., has resigned as Cumberland county's first and only woman rural letter carrier after one week of service, concluding that the work is not to her liking.

MY SOLDIER HUSBAND

ADELE GARRISON'S NEW PHASE OF

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

What Dicky Said When He Realized That Madge Really Was Working.

"AFTER school?" Dicky echoed incredulously. "What do you mean?"

For a moment I was helpless, dismayed before this sudden necessity of telling Dicky of my teaching in the Bayview high school, a fact which all of us had conspired to keep from him. A covert glance at the faces of my father and my mother-in-law revealed that they shared my panic. Then Dicky's brows contracted into a frown, and I gathered my scattered faculties together and made as brave a front as possible.

"Why, you see, dear," I said placatingly, "after you left I had an exceptional opportunity to teach in the Bayview high school, and I accepted it."

Dicky stared at me a moment blankly as if trying to take in what I was saying. Then he spoke, unpleasantly.

"Is this a joke?" he demanded.

I quailed inwardly at his tone, but I kept my face and voice calm.

"Indeed, no," I returned. "It's a stern reality."

He turned to his mother with a gesture which had the effect of pushing me aside.

"May I ask," he said icily, "why you thought it necessary to keep me in ignorance of this—this—performance?"

My mother-in-law's eyes flashed. I saw that she was arming herself for the fray, felt a sudden rush of confidence in her powers.

"Don't make a fool of yourself because you know how, Richard," she advised tartly, quite in her old manner, and I realized, with a feeling that I had penetrated another hidden corner of my mother-in-law's complex personality, that not even her intense joy at her son's return could make her sacrifice her sense of justice.

"We didn't tell you," she went on, "because we did not wish you to have one thing to worry about. And everything here has gone on beautifully. Margaret really has managed very nicely"—I squirmed under the patronizing tone, which, however, I realized she couldn't help using—"and the baby has been perfectly safe with me, if that's what you are worrying about."

She was palpably "fishing" now. I saw an involuntary grin twitch Dicky's mouth, though his face was still dark with displeasure.

"We'll concede that you're the best baby tender in the world," he tossed the words to her carelessly, and turned back to me, his frown deepening.

"Look here!" he demanded, "Is that chap who talked to me today, that Stockbridge—are you working for him?"

"He is the principal of the school," I replied quietly.

The angry flush in Dicky's cheeks deepened.

Postponing Explanations.

"Here's a devil of a note!" he said angrily. "Come all the way back from the cemetery and have to get permission from some lantern-jawed, knock-kneed dominie before you can talk to your own wife. Well, we'll just put an end to that now. Just telephone him your resignation after dinner. I suppose the gink has a telephone." His manner expressed a lofty doubt of Mr. Stockbridge's possession of that convenience.

"Oh, yes, I can easily reach him this evening." I frantically seized this chance to turn the conversation, postpone the explanation I saw coming. My mother-in-law had opened her mouth to remonstrate again with her irate son, but I flung her an agonized glance of entreaty, and for a wonder she kept silence.

Then my father heroically threw himself into the breach with a pertinent question concerning Dicky's experiences, and the rest of the dinner, as well as that part of the evening shared by the elder people, passed off smoothly with no other reference to my teaching.

Indeed, when at last we were alone I hoped for a short time that Dicky had forgotten his grievance, for there was no hint of anything but passionate gratitude for our reunion in the clasp of his arms, the kisses he rained upon my face.

"Do You Mean—"

There was all the more dismay for me, therefore, when Dicky murmured softly:

"You didn't telephone that chap, after all, but you're not going back, are you, sweetheart?"

I tightened the clasp of my arms around his neck and answered pleadingly:

"Dearest, don't you see I can't do that? I signed a contract until the end of the year. I can't break my word like that."

He sprang up, tearing my arms from his neck, pushing me away from him.

"Do you mean to tell me," he began angrily, then stopped short, pressed his lips together, and began to pace the floor, his face dark and frowning. After an interval that seemed an eternity he came back and stood in front of me. The frowning anger had disappeared, but I would have preferred it to the coolly indifferent expression that had replaced it.

"It's probably just as well," he said, "for your decision leaves me free to take up something I expected to decline. I thought, of course, my home-coming would find things as they were, and that you would need what I can earn at my profession. But now that you're independent I can accept the commission which the government wishes me to have—that of instructor in one of the aviation schools. My arm will be in shape in a few weeks so I can fly again."

Diary of a Fashion Model

By GRACE THORNCLIFFE

She Describes Some New Ideas in a Semi-Dressy Frock for Street Wear.

I WANT a semi-dressy street frock that will look well with a large or small hat, and I don't want blue serge."

"Not blue serge! That is less majeste, Mrs. Van Rensselaer. You know blue serge is so smart, and you always want a blue serge street dress," replied Madame.

"That's just it. I always want blue serge, and my friends have to look twice to see if I'm wearing a new gown or one of my 57 old ones. I want something different this time, Madame—what is it going to be? What color are you going to release from Pandora's box for me?" Mrs. Van Rensselaer laughingly inquired.

"Pandora let everything fly out of her box except hope, didn't she?"

"Yes, but you always have a box full of ideas and colors. Which do you suggest for me?"

"Well, now," said Mme. Frances, "I have a new color called walnut, a charming shade of warm brown, that's quite reddish, and which will look lovely with the red-brown tone in your hair and eyes."

"Walnut? I like the sound of the name. Let me see the material itself," remarked Mrs. Van Rensselaer.

Madame brought out a piece of gabardine in the lovely color which will be featured this spring.

"I'm charmed with that shade. With what will you trim it?"

"For you, I'll trim it with black charmeuse."

"No, I don't care for that. It will look too old."

"Oh, Mrs. Van Rensselaer, you couldn't look old! Besides, I have a very effective idea in mind. I shall use the black charmeuse for a tight underskirt, and this walnut gabardine I'll drape over it in a long, graceful tunic, which I will hem with a border of black Hercules braid."

"Now you have my weak spot, Mme. Frances. You're a fox—you know I always like braid. I think it's the smartest trimming for serge or gabardine."

"Of course it is. Now let me sketch the frock for you. We'll have an underbodice and sleeves of black charmeuse. Over this I will put this high neck jumper of walnut gabardine. Then we'll use a design of embroidery in black and walnut floss on this jumper, letting a shaped piece fall over like a collar. See?" Madame said, drawing attention to the yoke feature of the jumper.

"That's perfectly stunning," said Mrs. Van Rensselaer, delighted.

"On the long, plain sleeves of charmeuse let's put a row of walnut gabardine buttons and deep embroidered cuffs of garbardine. How do you like the line of that scalloped cuff?"

"It is just what I want, and so unusual looking!" said Mrs. Van Rensselaer.

"Around the waist I will use a belt of Hercules braid with long ends finished with heavy black silk tassels. How do you like that?" she said, submitting the completed sketch.

"It's perfectly charming!" said Mrs. Van Rensselaer. "I can wear it with a small straw hat in this walnut shade or with a big black picture hat. When may I have my first fitting?"

"Toute de suite," answered Madame. "Which translated, literally means—as quickly as I can manage it."

Walnut Gabardine Combined with Black Charmeuse Develops This Novel Street Frock.