

## BELGIUM SKETCHES

## A Piece of Tile

By Katharine Eggleston Roberts.

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"Is this where I used to live, grandmother?" The little girl stood in the middle of No Man's Land, surveying the torn ground and leafless trees.

"Yes, dear, right here where you are standing." The old woman slipped and slid over the uneven earth, peering now into one cavity, now into another, seeing always only small bits of broken bricks, and sometimes a rusted obelisk. "Louisa," she called to her daughter, "I believe this is where the old cherry tree stood. Try here. I seem to remember hearing Paul say he buried it near the tree."

Louisa, a tall, broadly built woman, thrust her spade into the ground and silently began to dig.

"Grandmother," the child called from a little distance, "did father and mother live here, too?"

"Yes, Maria." Madame Verbeek turned to her daughter again. "If we don't find the money, what are we to do for Maria? If only her mother were here. We have nothing."

"And when Paul turned everything to silver and buried it before he left, he thought he put it in the safest place," Louisa straightened her aching back.

"Yes, and he thought he'd come for it himself. Somehow, he never seemed to realize that he might never come." Her voice dwindled to a whisper.

Louisa began to dig again. The old woman wandered off, looking, always looking, till she came to where Maria stooped and poked at something in the debris. It was round and white, with cavernous eyes and broken teeth. The child recoiled. The widening black pupils darkened the gray of her eyes as she stared fascinated.

"It's just like the ones we saw on the way, isn't it, grandmother?" she asked after a horrified moment. "Was he a German or a Belgian?"

"You can't tell now, Maria. Come on away from it." She took the little

They trudged the long way back across the battle-riven land. Maria prattled of the tile she'd found. "It was a dirty face. Auntie, do you suppose she lived there in that piece of house?"

"Yes, yes, maybe she did," Louisa's thoughts were busy elsewhere. What to do? How to provide? Her mother was so old, the child so young. If only they had found her brother's money!

Twilight wrapped the fields in dreary gray before they reached the little railroad hut—a new-built siding where nobody lived. About her thin, bent shoulders Madame Verbeek pulled the shawl more tightly. She shivered



The Wrecked Home.

as the damp and chilly wind cut through her threadbare garments. Louisa put her arm within her mother's and they stood between Maria and the wind.

Back to Fyres, the puffing engine took them, and then they had another dreary walk to where they lived out near the edge of town. One by one the clouds up in the sky faded and floated off and left the stars and moon to watch the drooping trio find their way. The women were both silent though their thoughts ran in a never-ending whirl of "How" and "when." Maria dragged between them, half asleep. At last they reached the



Where Prosperous Belgians Used to Live.

one's hand, and together they tramped through the rank, yellow water-grass, the tired old woman, who longingly remembered the town that had been leveled, powdered to nothing by the fire of the heavy guns; and the child, who gazed with scarce believing stare when they told her this place had been her home. She had heard a lot about home in the few years of her life. Her grandmother had told her all about it, in the long, cold nights.

"And father and mother—were they happy here?" Those people had been in the stories, too, and she liked them.

"Yes, Maria; very happy, until the war came."

"You told me father wouldn't ever come again. Do you think that mother will?"

"I don't know, dear, I don't know. The Germans took her—drove her off to work."

"When she comes, she'll be glad to see me, won't she?"

"Yes—when she comes."

They stopped and looked across the barren waste. "What's that, grandmother, sticking in the ground? Oh, it's a tile!" She rubbed away the dirt.

"It was in the kitchen wall," they looked at it together.

"It's a pretty picture, isn't it? There are some trees, and there's a little girl, and I guess that must have been a woman and a house. It's broken."

She sat down on a hump of sod and put the tile upon her knees.

"Yes, it's broken," Madame Verbeek watched the little girl examining the one thing left of home.

"Mother!" Louisa rested on her spade.

"You've found it!" She started eagerly.

Louisa shook her head. "There's no use trying. We'll never find it in this upheaved place. Let's go away."

"But what are we to do?"

"I do not know."

Maria saw them making ready to depart. She clasped the tile against her side and skipped across to where they stood. "I'm going to take it back with me, for mother; and when she comes, I'm going to give it to her."

Madame Verbeek sighed: "We ought not to let her plan so. Helene will never come."

## SOME FACTS AND FANCIES ABOUT THE PHILIPPINES

There Has Been Much Misrepresentation in America About People and Conditions.

By MAXIMO M. KALAW, Secretary of the Philippine Mission.



Maximo M. Kalaw.

A certain lady at the St. Louis Exposition saw at a ballroom a brown complexioned man in faultless evening dress and accosted him with the inquiry, "I suppose you are Japanese, sir?"

The man addressed replied, "No, madam."

"Then you must be Chinese," she said.

"No, I am not. I am a Filipino," he replied.

"How's that?" asked the lady. "I thought they were all savages living in the woods."

"Well, I'll tell you how I came here," he said. "A month before I left the Philippines I was living in the woods, but the American Governor decided to catch as many wild men as possible, train them and send them over here. So here I am, just as you see." And the St. Louis lady actually believed him.

That is what you would call fancies about the Philippines. The fact is, however, that the 11,000,000 Filipinos and their ancestors have been civilized and Christians for 300 years; that the non-Christian population, according to the census of 1918, is only 500,000, and even these are not all uncivilized.

Another fancy is that not until the coming of the Americans were school buildings seen in the islands, roads built, or substantial houses erected. Do you know that for hundreds of years the Filipinos have had colleges and schools and that the University of Santo Tomas is only twenty-five years older than Harvard? That as early as 1868, out of a population of 4,000,000 people, there were 841 schools for boys and 835 for girls? That in 1892, eight years before the coming of the Americans, there were 2,137 schools?

"To grant self-government to Luzon under Aguinaldo would be like granting self-government to an Apache reservation under some local chief." Thus spoke a former President of the United States during the Filipino-American war. Exaggeration could be an excuse at a time when the dignity of the American people demanded the extinction of Filipino opposition, but do you know that the Philippine Republic, before the American occupation of the islands, had the approval of prominent Americans who were on the spot—like John Barrett, Director of the Pan-American Union, who compared it favorably with the Japanese government? That Admiral Dewey considered the Filipinos better fitted for self-government than the Cubans? That they had drafted a constitution at Malolos which elicited the approval of distinguished Republicans like the late Senator George F. Hoar? That before the coming of the Americans they had produced national heroes like the martyred Jose Rizal, pronounced by a Republican congressman, Representative Cooper, as the noblest victim that has ever fallen into the clutches of tyranny?

And do you know that the Filipinos have not had for hundreds of years any caste system, blood distinction or royal families, and that, unlike their oriental sisters, they are the only Christian people in the Orient?

People have pictured an ignorant mass of Filipinos, illiterate, poor, living a life of servitude for a few wealthy land owners and foreigners, with no houses or farms or property of their own. Do you know that 70 per cent. of the people above ten years of age can read and write and that this percentage of literacy is almost as high as some of the states of the Union? That it is higher than in any country of South America, higher than the literacy of the Spanish people, and unquestionably above that of any of the new countries recognized in Europe? Do you know that there are a million and a half farms in the Philippines and that 98 per cent. of these farms are owned by Filipinos. In other words, that out of the 11,000,000 Christian Filipinos, 8,000,000 of them at least live on their own farms, with houses of their own, independent of any absentee landlord or foreign master? That 91 per cent. of the urban property consisting of houses and lands is owned by the natives of the Philippines, and only 9 per cent. is in the hands of foreigners? Yet these are facts cabled by Acting Governor Charles Emmett Yeater to the War Department from the recent census estimates.

Having solemnly promised the Filipinos their independence and having gone before the world as the champion of self-determination, the Filipino people cannot understand how Americans can consistently refuse to make good these promises.

CLIMATE OF THE PHILIPPINES.

The Philippine Islands have a mild tropical climate. The nights are cool and sunstrokes are unknown. The temperature record for the past thirty years shows an average of 80 degrees.

## FILIPINAS GET BALLOT BEFORE AMER. SISTERS

Senora de Veyra Describes Status of Women in the Philippines.

The Filipino woman is destined to be in the world's spotlight more than ever before as a result of the news just received by cable from Manila to the effect that the Philippine senate has passed the equal suffrage bill giving women full political rights with men. This would indicate that the Filipina may beat her American sisters to the ballot box.

The Filipina has many admirers who predict she will make good if she gets the vote, just as she has made good in the very important role she has occupied in the family and business life of the Philippines ever since the introduction of Christianity in the islands three centuries ago.

"America's advent in the Philippines discovered a wonderfully interesting, responsive little being, the Filipino woman," writes one American concerning



MRS. JAIME C. DE VEYRA, A Filipina who is doing important work for her people in the United States.

the Filipina. "Mothering the only Christian people in the far east, she holds a place of authority, love and respect in family and social life that is not accorded to women in countries neighboring the islands, or in India, China or Japan."

A Filipina who is doing an important work for her people in the United States is Mrs. Jaime C. de Veyra, wife of the resident commissioner from the Philippines. Not only has she frequently addressed the wives of members of Congress in Washington as to conditions in the new Philippines, but she has visited various cities, speaking before women's clubs. The senora wears, in giving her talks, one of the beautiful gowns of her home land, a delicate pineapple fabric, hand-woven and hand-embroidered, shaped like a gauzy-winged butterfly.

"In many ways the path of the women of the Philippines is easy," says Senora de Veyra. "Laws made by her have combined the best of American and Spanish precedents, and she has come into her own with far less struggle than either her American or her Spanish sisters. Married women may hold property in severalty. They are guardians of their own children. These are vested rights and cannot be taken away from her."

"Professional opportunities are as good for women as for men in the land from which I come. The Filipina is by custom the dictator in the home. She is usually the keeper of the family treasure. Practically all of the small shops in Manila are conducted by women. Women are already members of the Philippine Bar Association—a thing still impossible in Great Britain. They are also successful as physicians."

Life is really a fifty-fifty proposition for women in the Philippines, according to the senora, who has taken such a prominent part in women's work there that she has sometimes been referred to as "the little mother of them all." She was the assistant matron of the Normal Hall Dormitory for girls when she married. She speaks English fluently and puts her little talks "over" with real tact. She has three children. An evidence of her enterprising spirit was her action last year in purchasing a short-handled broom for her husband at home in the evenings in case he wishes to dictate a few letters or a speech.

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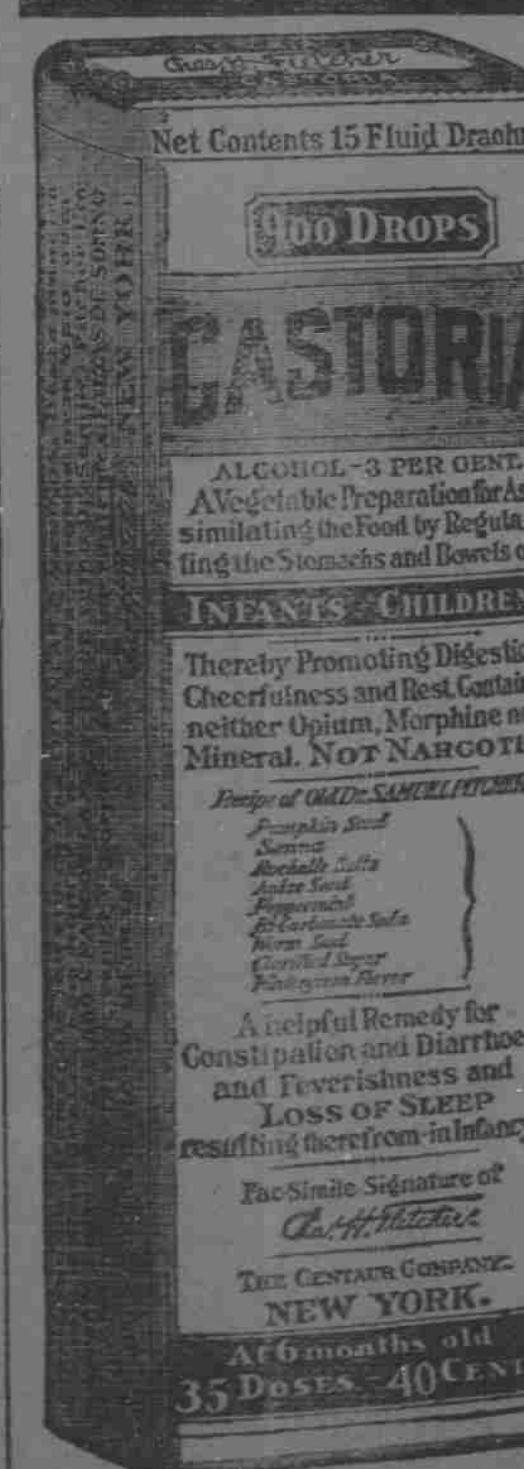
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