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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1915.

Although truth does not fly, but crawls on its belly, it ultimately gets there.

Just a Beginning

THE needs of the Pennsylvania Railroad for new equipment will not have been supplied when it gets the \$20,000,000 worth of locomotives and cars which it is about to build and buy. These cars and engines are to take the place of worn-out equipment, according to the announcement. They will not materially add to the ability of the railroad to handle its business. When a new locomotive is put on the rails an old one will be sent to the scrap heap.

The order, therefore, for new rolling stock will get the railroad equipment mills in fine shape to fill the new orders that must come when the business of the country resumes its normal increase after the period of depression, and when new cars will be needed for new business rather than to take the place of old ones. There is a splendid prospect for prosperity in the steel industry for some years to come.

Hurrah for Logic!

FTHE new president of Vassar says that "girls' brains function about the same as men's do." Another argument for the suffragists? Oh. no; not at all. The case for woman suffrage does not depend in the least on whether a woman's brain works like the masculine brain. Perhaps no great harm is done if it works very differently. Fitness to vote, moreover, was not originally determined on this question, for ages ago man arrogated it to himself by brute strength. And still the antis, with admirable logic, stick to the brute-strength theory. If woman is to vote, she must be able to back up her ballot with an effective bullet. Hurrah for logic!

Watch Philadelphia Boom

THE brilliant success of the movement for a Greater Chamber of Commerce has justified the faith of the men behind it. They believed that all Philadelphia was ready to move forward in the direction in which it was started more than a century ago, when it was the greatest American city and the centre of the nation's commercial and financial and political activity. The city has grown in the intervening years, but it has lacked the get-together spirit. The most patriotic and loyal Philadelphians admit this, and they have regretted it, save the few who were content. There is a manifest determination now, however, to pull together so that the city may not lose a single trick in the business game.

and apparently so impossible that one would find difficulty in believing it if he saw it happen with his own eyes. If the robbers can escape with their loot, it will be so remarkable that the average citizen who saw the accounts of it in the papers would be excused if he imagined that a mirage of the desert had come between his eyes and his newspaper. It is only because such a mirage would be equally strange that we shall awalt with anxiety the explanation of

the mystery, if there be any plausible explanation.

Always Independent But Never Neutral THE wicked flourish. It is recounted that they have flourished in all periods of human history, although the careers of many of them have been prematurely and unnaturally cut off. "Yes, we are crooked. We would not be successful politicians if we were not." That is the cynical answer of men who pillage government, and recurrent majorities emphasize the apparent correctness of their logic

Money stolen from the public can be replaced. It is not waste that renders political criminality so foul a thing, bad as it is, But the constant pounding at the foundations of good government, the persistent endeavor to corrupt, the spreading of the propaganda of loot, have a cumulative effect, particularly insidious, which tends to contaminate public thought, on the sincerity and fairness of which the life of a democracy absolutely depends.

It is essential to the preservation of our form of government that constant combat be waged against this disruptive force. It is often a hopeless battle, as time after time an electorate indorses men and policies notoriously antagonistic to American principles. To be steady in such crises, unwavering in allegiance to the democratic ideal, more than ever outspoken in opposition, generous in advocacy of right and honesty, is the function of a newspaper devoted to the rule of the people. It is a hard task, most difficult when the necessity of it is greatest, but it is a task which newspapers have performed over and over again. Rarely has a city been without at least one publication with steel in its spine. People are ungrateful of course. Vet it is not surprising that two States yesterday paid tribute to William R. Nelson, an editor 'always independent but never neutral," who fought the good fight and did more than one man's share to make the commonwealths about him better places in

Geschaeft Ist Geschaeft!

which to live.

THE Government is expected to keep itself L thoroughly informed of the progress of the campaign to persuade the workers in the American munition factories to disable those factories by striking. No such general strike, as was urged at a mass meeting in Cooper Union, New York, yesterday, is likely to take place without the active ald and assistance of German agents. Germany has failed to persuade the Government to take sides with it by putting an embargo on the shipment to the Allies of munitions of war: and it ought to have failed. It may be desperate enough to try to accomplish the same result by disabling the factories through a labor strike. But no American, whether neutral, pro-German or pro-Ally, wants to believe that Germany will resort to such extreme and unjustifiable measures.

No American gun or ammunition makers have yet been guilty of the offenses of inciting the war spirit and bribing military men to increase their purchase of war supplies. although all these things have been proved against the great Krupp company, The Americans are willing to sell to whomever will buy, just as the Krupps were willing to, and did, sell to the Mexicans at a time when the United States had forbidden the export of arms into Mexico by Americans. We were trying to restore order there by keeping guns out, but the Krupps saw a chance to make an honest penny, and with their usual enterprise they seized it. And now if their fac tories were not running seven days a week to supply the Germans it is not likely that they would hesitate to sell guns to the Al-Geschaeft ist geschaeft. And Americans intend to do a legitimate business whether foreigners like it or not.

MEXICO'S LATEST "MAN OF THE HOUR"

Alvaro Obregon a Different Kind of Mexican Revolutionist-More of a Farmer Than a Fighter, Nevertheless He Is Called "Napoleon."

By ELLIS RANDALL

UNTIL recently Alvaro Obregon, the youngest of the Mexican chieftains who have figured in the revolutionary wars of the last two or three years, was comparalively unknown outside his turbulent country. Yet Obregon, the hero of the battles of Fuebla and Mexico City, is the foe who was most feared by Huerta and who has outgeneraled Villa on more than one occasion. News out of Mexico has to be modified by many considerations, and the three days' battle of Celaya may or may not prove to have been a "decisive victory" for the Carranzistas, but-if you remember that it's Mexico-General Obregon now seems to have superseded Huerta and Villa and Carranza as "the man of the hour." For several months the Carranzistas have admitted that their hopes rest on this young ranch owner of Sonora. They call him "the right hand of Carranza"-and often "the Napoleon of the West."

Likes Farming Better Than Fighting

Obregon is very different from many of the military leaders whom the revolutions of his country have set in the limelight. Like Huerta, Obregon is no ignoramus. He is, indeed, one of the best educated men in Mexico. Unlike Huerta, however, he is no "man-cater." At heart, so his friends assert, he is not even a soldier. He has probably the sincerest love of peace and the least amount of personal ambition to be found among the army commanders in Mexico.

More than once he has expressed his disgust for the game of warfare. It is a devil's game, he says with emphasis, declaring he would like to be out of it and back on his farm (for it's more of a farm than a ranch). His record is remarkably free from charges of atrocities. When he had helped establish Madero in the presidency. Obregon refused to continue with the military forces and returned at once to Sonora

Quite possibly Alvaro Obregon is not a paragon of patriotism or an example of perfection as a warrlor, but he does possess qualities which are refreshing to come neross in a Mexican revolutionist. It is certain that he carnestly desires for the poor classes the educational opportunities which make a nation prosperous and powerful. The program which he wishes to see carried out in a peaceful Mexico is an educational program. Here is what he says himself:

Menace of Illiteracy

"We Mexicans do not hate foreigners, but we do envy them for their superior education and business knowledge. We see the foreigners coming into our country, getting good wages and living in good houses and on the best of the land, while our people live in huts and get barely enough to keep body and soul together. One of the lies circulated against us is that we intend to force payment of such high wages that capital will forsake the country. All we insist on is a living wage, a decent house to live in and schools to send the Mexican children to, so that the generation to come will be an educated and not an illiterate one, as in the case of their unfortunate fathers and mothers.

"Why should we hate the foreigner upon whom we must depend to teach us modern ways of accomplishing things? But we do envy them when we realize that our own people are denied the same opportunities. We are fighting to cut down that 70 per cent, of Illiteracy in Mexico, and we expect to win the battle."



SKEETERS

cultural machine which was patented in the United States and later sold to an American company. With the money obtained by the sale of his invention he built a small machine shop, in which he used to spend much of his time. His fighting days did not begin until the Madero revolt against Porfirio Diaz. On its conclusion he went back to his farm and stayed there until he heard of Madero's assassination.

Obregon is a very simple and democratic individual. He is constantly to be seen among his soldiers, chatting with them and entirely oblivious to his superior rank. He is fond of telling and hearing storles and jokes. He is modest and speaks little of his victories and achievements. The praise given to him, he said, at the time when he was congratulated upon his entry into Mexico City, belonged rightfully to his soldiers. He was the first man in Mexico to place an army on a modern scientific basis. He reorganized his forces after a profound study of the United States army. He also gathered the largest force of soldiers known in that land. Until his time an army of 10,000 men was considered an immense force. Even the shrewd old dictator Huerta was not able to mass a larger division. But the first thing Obregon did was to organize an army of more than 25,000 men and place it on a modern military footing. Then he turned his attention to the thing most needed in his army-a field hospital.

From a Race of Gentlemen

Though Obregon has some of the blood of the Yaqui Indians in his veins his complexion is fair, for he is mostly Spanish Physically, he is well proportioned. He is about six feet in height and of clean-cut appearance. He dresses immaculately and his manners are courtly. The Spanish gentleman is present in the farmer of Sonora.

THE SPRING SONG IN A DREAM CITY

The Tuileries Gardens, the Champs Elysees, the Seine and the Eiffel Tower Respond to It, but Human Hearts Most of All.



In the London Dally Chronicle

Oh, strange and tragic spring of this year 1915! Is it possible that, while Nature is preparing her beauty for the earth, and is busy in the ways of life, men should be heaping her fields with death, and drenching this fair earth with blood?

One cannot forget. Even in Paris, away from the sound of the guns which roared in my ears last week, and away from the moan of the wounded which made my ears ache worse than the noise of battle, one cannot forget the tragedy of all this death which is being piled up under the blue sky, and on fields all astir with the life of the year.

green. But there are black figures below them. The women who sit there all the afternoon, sewing and knitting, or with Idle hands in their laps, are clothed in widows' black. I glanced into the face of one of these figures as I passed this morning. She was quite a girl to whom the spring song should have called with a loud, clear note of joy. But her head drooped, and her eyes were steadfast as they stared at the pathway, and the sunshine brought no color into her white cheeks. * * * She shivered a little, and pulled her crepe vell closer

THERE is a blue sky over Paris-so clear | the spirit of it stepped golden crocuses have L and cloudless that if any Zeppelin came before the night it would be seen a mile high. as a silver ship, translucent from stem to

stern, sailing in an azure sea. One would not be scared by one of these death-ships on such a day as this, nor believe, until the crash came, that it would drop down destruction upon this dream city, all aglitter in gold and white, with all its towers and spires clean-cut against the sky. It is hard to think of death and war; because spring has come to Paris, with its

promise of life. There is a thrill of new vitality throughout the city. Listen, and you seem to hear the sap rising in the trees along the boulevards. Or is it only the wind plucking at invisible harp strings, or visible telephone wires, and playing the spring song in Parisian cars?

In the Tuilerles gardens, glancing aslant the trees, one sees the first green of the year as the buds are burgeoning and breaking into tiny leaves. The white statues of goddesses-a little crumbled and weatherstained after the winter-are bathed in a pale sunshine. Psyche stretches out her arms, still half-asleep, but waking at the call of spring. Pomona offers her fruit to a young student, who gazes at her with his black hat pushed to the back of his pale forehead. Womanhood, with all her beauty carved in stone, in laughing and tragic

thrust up through the warming earth, not far from where, a night or two ago, fireballs dropped from a hostile aircraft.

In the Tulleries gardens the buds are

It is true in commerce as in morals, that no man liveth to himself. The realization of this truth is what is behind the new Philadelphia enterprise. There will be no slackening of effort now that the campaign for membership is completed, but the work of organizing the members into committees will go on and then the committees will take up the work assigned to them. Every kindred organization in the community will feel the effect of the new life in the enlarged chamher. And the city will boom!

An Interesting But Important Mission TT IS not likely that the women on the way to The Hague to talk about peace think that their remarks will have any influence on the result. They recognize the fact that their gathering will be interesting, but unimportant. They want peace, and so do all the belligerents, but thinking women here and abroad, and thinking men likewise, agree with former President Ellot, of Harvard, who told the Baptist ministers in Boston that a sudden termination of the war would set back civilization for several centuries. The peace-at-any-price advocates are crying "Peace! Peace!" when there is no peace.

And there can be no peace until the fires which started the conflagration are quenched. They may be banked, but they would break out again, no one knows when, Yet the termination of the war may come sooner than it is expected, because of a sudden realization that the armies are trying to keep alive a flame that is dead. Enduring peace walts on a decisive determination of the issues which occasioned the war, not on a resolution or on compromises.

A New Thing Under the Sun

TTHE effete East has produced a new L variety of railroad hold-up which must make the far West envious. It is possible that a freight train may have been halted between stations somewhere, some time, and robbed of its load by highwaymen, but it has never before happened in the way used by the men in western New York. The train was stopped and the engine detached, while the crew were stood up against the fence, under guard of an armed man. Other armed men broke open the cars, loaded their automobile trucks with valuable freight and then rushed off toward Buffalo at full speed. The engineer added to the thrill of the episode by rushing to his engine, dodging bullets on the way, and etenning at breakneck speed eight miles to the nearest station for help. And this thing happened in the Empire State, within a few miles of a city of about half a million propulation'

If it had been an express car that had been held up and robbed the incident would have been of the usual kind. Express cars carry gold and jewels in small storgen that can be carried easily. But t was a freight train that was robbed and iont was carried away in motorcars, wa through the man engaged in it were rates robbing a caravan on the desert of allow and runs on the way to the cities The whole thing is so mcredible

Martial vs. Marital Strategy

THE Greek war party is trying to influence King Constantine by circulating the report that the Queen has threatened to go back to the Kaiser, her brother, if the King consents to join the Allies in the war. They are saying that the Queen dominates the royal household and that her marital strategy has brought to nought the martial inclinations of her husband and the Greek nation. The theory of this move is that the King, when charged with being a henpecked hushand, will declare that he is a Greek, first, last and all the time, and that he will stand or fall with the Greeks. But will he? That is the question which the Allies would like to have answered.

Before we know it there may be a fitney trust rivaling the rapid transit trust,

"Billy" Sunday wants the Paterson folk to think that he is in the Caruso class, and he is.

The Senate finds it difficult to conceal its surprise when the Governor acts as if his brains were under his own hat.

Even Mexican lumber swindlers do not always have more influence with the authorities than have justice and the victims.

Every suffragist will agree with President McCracken, of Vassar, that a woman's brain is as good as a man's and sometimes better,

If the Municipal Court tipstaves, who have nothing to do but catch flies, would only catch some and kill them, they might earn part of their salaries.

General Huerta, whose experience with bandits is quite large, spoke with the authority of an expert when he announced that order will not be restored across the border by one of them.

The late J. Pierpont Morgan was a skillful collector of second-hand furniture, as the recent sale of his collection of historic "Junk" for \$3,000,000 would convince the most skeptical auctioneer.

Atlantic City may be destined to rival Newport as the great yachting resort on the coast, but it has already surpassed Newport as the great breathing resort of the men who make the wheels of industry go round.

A negro doctor practicing without a license in New York explained that his medicine contained, among other things, "Gall of the earth which I got from the backgrounds of Newark." He has been convicted because it is illegal in New York for any one to disneminate New Jersey gall without first proving that he is an expert.

Thus is Obregon's wish for Mexico expressed by "the general who can read as well as write."

Obregon is 35 years old. He comes of a well-to-do family long prominent in the State of Sonora, which touches the Amertean border west of El Paso. Early in life he saw the injustices heaped upon the peons and formed opinions hardly in accordance with those generally held by his class. A friend of his now in the United States says that those who knew him then "looked upon him as a dreamer, a young chap whose hopes bordered on the unattainable. Some disliked his liberal views, which approached socialism, but none ever quarreled with him concerning those views. He is not a man to quarrel with."

Obregon an Insatiable Reader

He is an insatiable reader, and in his list of supplies are always to be found orders for books, magazines and newspapers. He carries with him a small library while in the field, and his farmhouse in Sonora is well filled with books, especially those of general literature and on the subject of mechanics.

In his carly twenties he invented an agri-

VIEWS ON CURRENT TOPICS

TRADE AND LEGISLATION

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir-In the issue of the EVENING LEDGER of the 14th, under the caption of Merry Masquerade," it is editorially charged that-

"Mr Bryan-and Democracy as a wholehave treated successful business as illegitimate.

That is a hold statement, and if true, uld he known of all men, especially b

Now, Mr. Editor, will you kindly give facts to sustain this monstrous charge against a ma-jority of the citizens of the United States?

I ask for facts not argument or generaliza-tion. Specifically, what legitimate business has suffered by any act of Government under con-trol of Democrats? Name them and tell just how they have suffered.

As one business man, 1 do not know of a single act of Congress or of the Government that has in the least interfered with the ordiconduct of all legitimate business

Will you also specifically define what you chas as legitimate and illegitimate business? The advocacy of free sliver by Mr. Bryan 10 years ago has about as much to do with pres-ent business conditions as the old hulks of decaying ironclads at the Philadelphia Navy Yard have to do with modern dreadnoughts. And, in passing, did not Mr. Bryan merely advocate the continued use of silver along the lines established by the Republicans as part of our money system? If it is a crime for Mr. Bryan to hold fust to a system in vogue made by his political opponents, is it not equally criminal for the party that inaugurated that swatem? system?

system? In a word, why do so many of our news-papers persist in condemning the action of those in authority as the people's representa-tives simply because they have attempted to isgislate for the general common welfare?

legislate for the general Do they propose any better system or merely hammer at the change in order, apparently, to produce conditions that they profess to de-

Candidly, Mr. Editor, Just stop and think of

Altogether, Obregon is a much more engaging type of revolutionist than some others of his countrymen of whom we have heard in the last few years. His friends say that he has no political ambitions. Certainly his political capacity has not yet heen tested. As a military leader he has won considerable success. Experts remark that his march of 2000 miles from Sonora to Mexico City was one of the greatest military feats accomplished in the history of the country, and in the battle that followed he completely outgeneraled Villa. What his future tasks, problems and duties will be, and how he will go about them, are matters concerning which it would be useless to speculate.

CYCLE JITNEY IN BOSTON

From the "Observant Citizen" in the Boston Post. I wonder how many people know the new mode of travel?

Yesterday afternoon, while standing on to corner of School and Washington streets, ung man rode up on a motorcycle with a side car attached, and shouted "Next."

A man with a bag stepped in and paid his nickel for fare, and gave directions for the South station. I understand this cycle-jitney leaves School and Washington streets any time during the day and goes to either North or Bouth stations as directed, for a fee of 5 cents.

the opportunities we have as husiness men and as a nation of virile citizens to secure a large share of foreign commerce and manufacture things needed by other nations, if we only size up to the situation and grasp control of trade knocking at our doors and supply the need of others.

Above all things we want to stop knocking and clamoring against progress and develop-ment, and do our best as sovereign citizent to encourage those in authority as our national representatives-not as partisans, but as cili-zens-in every effort made to advance the in-terest of our common country at home and abroad, for the common good of all. M. C. PAUL

Philadelphia, April 15.

TOO HIGH OVERHEAD CHARGES

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir-I have been waiting for the newspaper with sufficient enterprise to put its finger upon the principal cause for the discouragement to manufacturing and mercantile industry in this city, now under thoughtful consideration in the Chamber of Commerce movement.

A giance at the century-old buildings which disgrace Chestnut street, Market street, and other business thoroughfares, forming ab per cent, or less of the total value of properties, and a survey of the thousands of acres of unused land all over the cliv, furnish the key to the trouble-excessive overhead charges paid in rent by business temants and paid in taxes on buildings and machinery by isiness owners.

Why not abolish all taxes on improvement and place all on the value of land, thus forcing the unused land into use, discouraging specu-lation in land and reducing rentals.

The stand and reducing reliats. For a building 100 years old, a candy store on Chestnut street east of Juniper pays \$20,000 rental a year, basides all taxes and water ront. A drug store west of Juniper street pays \$25,600. These are but sumples of "overhead charges." What is the remedy? Tax site values only. HENRY J. GIBBONS. Philadelphia, April 13.

moods, in the first grace of girlhood, and in full maturity, stands poised here in the gardens of the Tulleries, and seems alive and vibrant with this new thrill of life which is pulsing in the moist earth and whispering through the trees, because spring has come to Paris.

Through Perfumed Streets

There is no doubt about it. The flower girls who had been early to Les Halles came up the Rue Royale this morning with baskets full of violets, so that all the street was perfumed as though great ladies were passing and wafting scent in their wake Even the old "cocher" who drove me down the Rue Cambon had put on a new white hat. He had heard the glad tidings, this old wrinkled man, and he clacked his whip to let others know, and gave the glad eye-a watery, wicked old eye-to half a dozen midinettes who came dancing along the Rue St. Honore. They knew-without the white hat, and the clack of his whip. The ichor of the air had got into their blood. They laughed without the reason for a jest, and

ran, in a skipping way, because there was the spring song in their feet, Along the Champs Elysées there is the

pathway of the sun. Through the Arc de Triomphe there is a glamourous curtain of cloth of gold, and arrows of light strike and break upon the golden figures of Alexander's bridge. Looking back one sees the dome of the Invalides suspended in space, like a cloud in the sky. It was painted over to baffle the way of hostile aircraft, but the paint is wearing off, and the gold shows through again, glinting and flashing in the air waves.

The Seine is like molten liquid today, and the bridges which span it a dozen times or more between Notre Dame and the Pont de l'Alma are as white as snow, and insubstantial as though they bridged the gulfs of dreams. Even the great blocks of stone and the bulks of timber which lie on the mud banks below the Qual d'Orsay-it is where the bodies of suicides float up and bring new tenants to the Morgue-are touched with the beauty of this Lady-day, and invite an artist's brush.

The Eiffel Tower hangs a cobweb in the sky. Its wires have been thrilling to the secrets of war, and this signal station is barricaded so that no citizen may go near, or pass the sentries pacing there with loaded rifles. But today it is receiving other messages, not of war. The wireless operator, with the receiver at his ears, must have heard those whispers coming from the earth: "I am spring. " " " The earth is waking. " " I am coming with the beauty of life. " " I am gladness and youth."

Perhaps even the sentry, pacing up and down the wooden barricade, heard the approach of some unseen presence when he stood still this morning and peared stood still this ing sunlight. "Halt! through the morning sunlight. "Halt! who goes there?" * * "A friend." * * "Pass, friend, and give the countersign."

The countersign was "Spring," and where

A Splendid Superstition

Down the broad pathway between the white statues came a procession of cripples. They wore the uniforms of the French army, and were mostly young men in the prime of life, to whom also the spring should have brought a sense of vital joy, of intease and energetic life. But they dragged between their crutches, while their lopped limbs hung free. A little further off, in a patch of sunshine beyond the wall of the Jeu de Paumes, sat half a dozen soldiers of France with loose sleeves planed to their coats, or with only one leg to rest upon the ground. One of them was blind, and sat there with his face to the sun, staring toward the fountain of the nymphs with sightless eyes. Those six comrades of war were quite silent, and did not "fight their battles o'er again."

Perhaps they were sad because they heard he spring song and knew that they could never step out again to the dance tune of youth.

And yet, after all, there is more gladness than sadness in Parls now that spring has come, in spite of the women in black and the cripples in the gardens. Once again it brings the promise of life. "Now that the spring is here," said the old cab driver in the white hat, "France will soon be frit and the war will soon be over."

This hopefulness that the fine weather will end the war quickly is a splendid superat tion which buoys up many hearts in France Through the long, wet months of winist the women and the old people have agoained over the misery of their soldiers in trenches. Now that the earth is drying again and the rain clouds are vanishing be hind a blue sky, there is new hope and a wonderful optimism in the spirit of the people. "The spring will bring victory to France" is an article of faith which com forts the soul of the little midinetts who sings on her way to the Rus Lafayette, and the French soldier who finds a wild floss? growing in his trench.

WINNING THE WORLD Shoulder to shoulder, right hand to right hand among yourselves, and no wrong hand is anybody else, and you'll win the world yet.

Ruskin.

"TIPPERARY" IN CHINESE The fame of "Tipperary," according to Car-toons Magazine, has reached China, where the native newspapers print their own version w the famous war song. The chorus in Chinase with a literal translation, follows:

Shih ko yuan lu tao Ti-po-lieh-ll-Pi yao ti jih haing tsou. Shih ko yuan lu tao Ti-po-lieh-ll. Yao chien wo ngai tzu nu. Teai hui Pi-ko-ti-li. Tsai chien Lei-ssu Kwel-rh. Shih ko yuan lu tao Ti-po-lich-ll. Tan wo hsin tsai na-rh. Tan wo hein tual na-rh. Here is the literal translation: This road is far from Ti-po-lieb-li. We must walk for many days. This road is far from Ti-po-lieb-li. I want to see my lovely girl. To meet again Pi-ko-ti-li. To meet again Pi-ko-ti-li. To meet again Pi-ko-ti-li. This road is far from Ti-po-lieb-li. But my heart is sireally in that given