

Evening Ledger

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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 \$25,000,000 worth of locomotives and cars which it is about to build and buy.

Hurrah for Logic!
THE new president of Vassar says that "girls' brains function about the same as men's do."

Watch Philadelphia Boom
THE brilliant success of the movement for a Greater Chamber of Commerce has justified the faith of the men behind it.

An Interesting But Important Mission
IT 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.

A New Thing Under the Sun
THE effects East has produced a new variety of railroad hold-up which must make the far West envious.

and apparently so impossible that one would find difficulty in believing it if he saw it happen with his own eyes.

Always Independent But Never Neutral
THE wicker 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.

People are ungrateful, of course. Yet it is not surprising that two States yesterday paid tribute to William B. Nelson, an editor "always independent but never neutral."

Geschafft Ist Geschafft!
THE Government is expected to keep itself thoroughly informed of the progress of the campaign to persuade the workers in the American munition factories to disable those factories by striking.

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.

Before we know it there may be a Jitney 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 stipulates, who have nothing to do but catch fleas, 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.

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 comparatively unknown outside his turbulent country.

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.

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.

Quite possibly Alvaro Obregon is not a paragon of patriotism or an example of perfection as a warrior, but he does possess qualities which are refreshing to come across in a Mexican revolutionist.

Mence of Illiteracy
"We Mexicans do not hate foreigners, but we do envy them for their superior education and business knowledge.

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.

Obregon is 35 years old. He comes of a well-to-do family long prominent in the State of Sonora, which touches the American border west of El Paso.



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.

By PHILIP GIBBS

There is a blue sky over Paris—so clear 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.

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.

In the Tuileries gardens, glancing at the trees, one sees the first green of the year as the buds are burgeoning and breaking into tiny leaves.

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.

Along the Champs Elysees there is the pathway of the sun. Through the Arc de Triomphe there is a glamorous curtain of cloth of gold, and arrows of light strike and break upon the golden figures of Alexander's bridge.

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.

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.

The counterpane was "Spring," and where the spirit of it stepped golden crocuses have thrust up through the warming earth, not far from where, a night or two ago, fireballs dropped from a hostile aircraft.

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 astrife with the life of the year.

In the Tuileries gardens the buds are 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 widow's black. I glanced into the face of one of these figures as I passed this morning.

VIEWS ON CURRENT TOPICS

TRADE AND LEGISLATION

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 of manufacturing and mercantile industry in this city.

TOO HIGH OVERHEAD CHARGES
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the opportunities we have as business men and as a nation of idle citizens to secure a large share of foreign commerce and manufacture things needed by other nations.

Above all things we want to stop knocking and clamoring against progress and development, and do our best as sovereign citizens to encourage those in authority as our national representatives—not as partisans, but as citizens—in every effort made to advance the interest of our common country at home and abroad, for the common good of all.

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For a building 100 years old, a candy store on Chestnut street, east of Juniper pays \$30,000 rental a year, besides all taxes and water rent.

Do they propose any better system or merely hammer at the change in order, apparently, to produce conditions that they profess to desire?

Candidly, Mr. Editor, just stop and think of

SHOULDER TO SHOULDER, right hand to right hand among yourselves, and no wrong hand anybody else, and you'll win the world yet—Ruskin.

"TIPPERARY" IN CHINESE
The fame of "Tipperary," according to Cato's Magazine, has reached China, where its native newspapers print their own version of the famous war song. The chorus in Chinese, with a literal translation, follows:
Shih ko yuan lu tao Ti-po-lich-ih.
Pi yao ti jih bang tsou.
Shih ko yuan lu tao Ti-po-lich-ih.
Yao chien wo ngai tsu nu.
Tsai lui Pi-ko-ti-ih.
Tsai chien Lei-sau Kwel-eh.
Shih ko yuan lu tao Ti-po-lich-ih.
Tan so kein tsai sa-ih.
Here is the literal translation:
This road is far from Ti-po-lich-ih.
We must walk for many days.
This road is far from my lovely girl.
I want to see my lovely girl.
To meet again Pi-ko-ti-ih.
To see again Lei-sau Kwel-eh.
This road is far from Ti-po-lich-ih.
But my heart is already in that place.