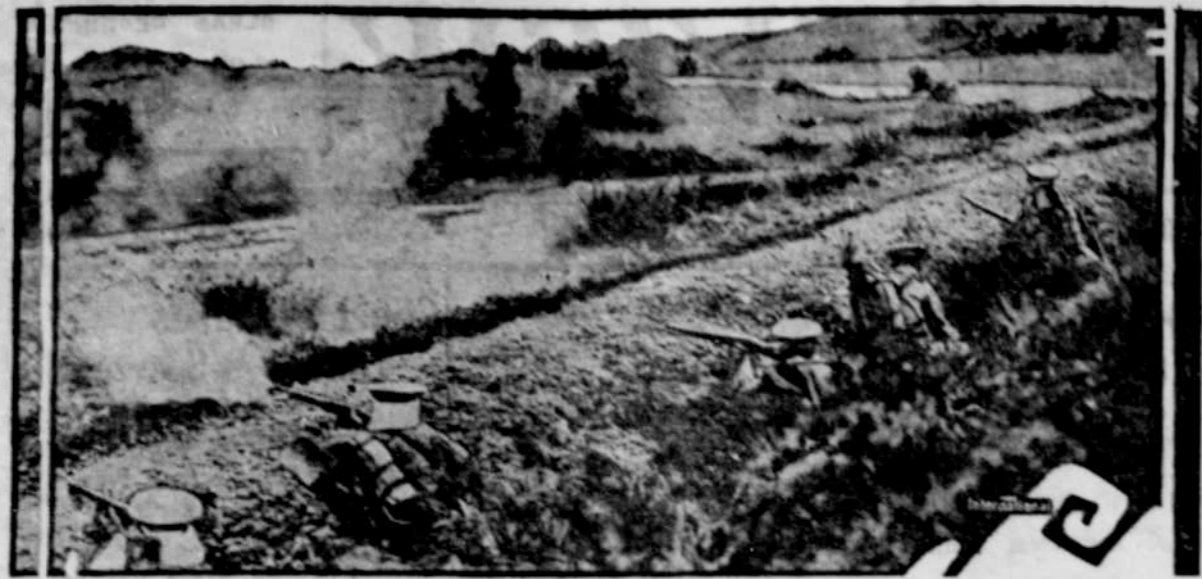


Mexican Federal Troops Attacking Leon



Mexican federal soldiers firing from a trench along the high road to Leon, which they later captured from the Catholic rebels. Across the field from this picture were the outskirts of some of the rebel military forces.

Big Four in the Vare Election Contest



When the senate took up the election contest William B. Wilson, former member of Woodrow Wilson's cabinet, made against Senator-elect William S. Vare of Pennsylvania, these four men played the leading roles. Left to right: Senator-elect William S. Vare; Senator James A. Reed of Missouri, chairman of the investigating committee; William B. Wilson, and Mayor W. Freeland Kendrick of Philadelphia.

Oldest Soldier Takes Fourth Wife



Sgt. John Van Duzen, seventy-four years old, was married for the fourth time the other day in Cincinnati. He is the oldest American soldier in active service, having been enlisted for life by General Pershing. He is shown above with his bride wearing his wedding costume, which is that of chief snake of the Military Order of the Serpent, which he helped organize after the campaign in the Philippines.

Another Royal Match Reported



The engagement of Prince Aimone of Savoy, son of the duke of Aosta, and Princess Irene of Greece, sister of Crown Princess Helen of Rumania, is reported.

SHORT ITEMS TO REMEMBER

A kite over 14 feet tall won a recent kite-flying contest. It has been predicted that homes will be heated by radio in a few years. The town of Bath, England, had public baths established by the Romans, in 54 A. D. A report says that the entire country of Tibet has only one motor vehicle—a motor cycle.

The black swan is one of Australia's native birds. The early Greeks used poisoned arrows in fighting. Crude rubber was the leading American import in 1925. Holly is in danger of being exterminated by reckless cutting. Scratchless moving picture films have been discovered, according to the claim of a German chemist.

GETS AIR TROPHY



Shirley J. Short, ace of the air mail pilots of the Post Office department, has been awarded the Harmon trophy for 1926 by the American section of the International League of Aviators. Short flew 2,100 hours without serious mishap, night and day, and always on schedule.

WOULD FIGHT DUEL



Dushan Sekulitch, chief clerk of the legation of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes in Washington, who offered "satisfaction" to M. O. Eldridge, traffic director of Washington, either with pistols or fists. Eldridge and Sekulitch had a dispute over parking space.

Knew Her Staff

Professor Mathers was speaking at San Francisco. His topic was business training. "The difficulty in getting good help lies not so much with the help itself as with the employer," he insisted. "As a rule, efficiency in any kind of endeavor is gauged by the expectations of the employer. 'Too many employers are like Jones. 'How is your new secretary?' a friend asked of Jones. 'Great,' answered Jones. 'Already she has things so tangled up in the office that I can't get along without her.'"

Cord Is Royal Decoration

The "Order of Solomon's Seal," created in 1874, is the only honorary decoration conferred by the ruler of Abyssinia, says the Here and There Magazine. It is simplicity itself, consisting merely of a strand of native cord.

English Harbors

The principal harbors of England are Newcastle on Thames, Grimsby, London, Folkestone, Dover, Portsmouth, Southampton, Bristol and Liverpool.

HE WAS A CONFIRMED WOMAN-HATER

By ORRIN B. SMART

"THAT man, Miss Banks," said Lady Sylvia, "is our district governor, John Carner. It is a remarkable achievement of mine to have induced him to come to my party, because he is a confirmed woman-hater." Doris Banks surveyed Mr. Carner thoughtfully. She had never encountered the species in her native state. She was accompanying her father on his visit to Singapore, where he had accepted charge of a big water-works plant. She was fascinated by the strange sights, by the tropic life, the spectacle of the handful of English men and women living ever upon the crater of native disaffection. "He was jilted once," added Sylvia. "It was years ago, I think. He is thirty-seven now. We know all the men's ages in Singapore. But they don't know ours," she added, smiling. Doris learned more about John Carner during the ensuing days. He was the administrator the most feared by the natives. On him devolved the responsibility of the administration of a province a little larger than New Jersey, and ten times as populous. Doris was alternately interested and piqued by his indifference to her. She had met him several times, and once he had ridden a little way with her, but he hardly spoke to her and it was evident that she was, to him, a child. "I congratulate you on your conquest, dear," said Lady Sylvia to Doris one day. "I hear that the anthropologist John Carner has been riding with you."

"We happened to meet. I don't like him," said Doris, shrugging her shoulders. "He is a comfortable sort of man, though, isn't he?" said Lady Sylvia. "In what way?" "I mean the sort of man a woman likes to have about her in time of danger. And you know times are very critical here. Although we pretend not to be afraid, we are really frightened out of our wits with all this talk of a native uprising. But now for John Carner: I believe you have made more impression on him than you imagine. What a joke it would be to win the woman-hater's heart."

"A job for a time, till it was won, perhaps," said Doris. "I'd love to see him feeding out of your hand, my dear," said Lady Sylvia. "It would repay some of us women for what we have suffered from his indifference to our affections." "Do you mean that?" "I certainly do. But it isn't possible, it is possible," said Doris, remembering John Carner's face of patronizing approval. "And I'll do it."

She did it. How, is a woman's secret, but in three weeks' time John Carner was "teating out of her hand." His infatuation was the talk of Singapore. They rode together, they danced—for John Carner had come out of his shell, and it was pathetic to see the man trying to regain his lost youth at Doris's feet. And at last came the looked-for evening when he asked Doris to be his wife. It was at the governor's ball. Doris listened, while her heart was alternately dated at her conquest and bowed down under the sense of guilt. When he had finished he raised her head, looked into his eyes, and laughed.

"But I don't love you, Mr. Carner," she answered, and it was less the refusal than the jeering tone that stung John Carner to the quick. The look that he turned on her then was not patronizing, but it made Doris feel more humiliated than she had ever felt in her life before. It stung her as her words had stung him. Without a single word he turned and left her.

Doris never forgot. Singapore had become unbearable to her. She felt outraged, she felt as if she wanted to sink under the kindly earth and be hidden there forever. "Daddy, take me home," she pleaded a few days later. "I am tired of Singapore." Henry Banks looked at his erratic daughter whimsically. "Why, my dear, I thought you were devoted to the place," he said. "Still, my work is almost finished, and the hot season will be here in a week or two. Suppose we sail in ten days' time?" "I don't want to wait ten days," sobbed Doris, and ran out of the room, leaving her father looking after her with that expression a man wears when he discovers that he has produced something totally unexpected. They had booked their passage on the vessel, but they were not destined to sail on it. For on the second night

Expression That Has Changed in Meaning

The phrase, "When Greece meets Greece," which has gained and retained currency (it is almost a proverb), is practically equivalent to asking the oft-repeated question, What would happen if an irresistible force came in contact with an immovable body? In the "tug of war" which would result there is no way of telling what the result of the impact might be, nor which faction of the Greeks might win. The line is taken from Nathaniel Lee's "Alexander the Great," written in the Seventeenth century. The exact question is: "When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war." It was an allusion to the contest between the Greek states and Philip and Alexander of Macedonia. If the phrase as now used really rests on Lee's lines it is misinterpreted, for it is generally held to refer to the internal strife between the different Greek states.—Chicago Journal.

before it was scheduled to leave the native insurrection broke out.

The full account of this has never yet been written. It was a time of confusion, of alarms and wild fears. Doris was awakened soon after midnight by her father, who came into her room fully dressed. She sat up in bed, to hear the distant shouts of the mutineers at the further end of the town. There was a lurid glare in the sky. "I've just had a telephone message to drive to the residency," he said. "There is a riot in progress some where. Hurry up and dress. Our rickshaw is waiting for us. There won't be time to pack much."

He did not tell her of the murders, the outrages, the fury of the fanatical soldiery as it had been recounted to him. And Doris was only slightly excited when, ten minutes later, with the yells of the mob ringing 'n her ears more loudly, she stepped into the rickshaw with her father. All their native servants had deserted them, except the faithful rickshaw boy. They set off willy through the empty streets toward the residency. They were the last of the white inhabitants to have been aroused, for their villa was a considerable distance from the city limits. All went well until they were actually in sight of the residency, though the cries were now becoming alarming, and whole blocks of buildings were blazing furiously. Then, as they neared their destination, with savage cries a party of mutineers burst round the block. They carried swords and torches, and they seemed bent on massacring everything in their path.

The spied the rickshaw and rushed forward, screaming. Doris had a confused memory afterward of seeing their rickshaw boy fall, stabbed through the throat. She looked up in horror into the black faces with the wickedly gleaming eyes. She saw the naked swords. Then suddenly a horseman burst through their midst, waving a dripping sword. Doris, half fainting, saw the stern face of John Carner. Alone, upon his steed, he set himself against the score of mutineers. And it was a heroic picture to see the regular play of his sword as he thrust and cut and parried.

He clove his way to Doris's side. The mutineers had fallen back, but now they rallied. A score of shots rang out. The horse fell, shot to death, and John Carner went tumbling under it. He picked himself up, limping, seized the rickshaw in his arms, and set it up as a barricade in the doorway of a deserted house. He placed Doris beneath it, swinging her in his arms as lightly as if she was a feather. Then, sword in hand, he took his post before her, while her father, seizing a sword from a fallen mutineer, stood at his side.

The natives had exhausted their ammunition in the first outbreak. But they came forward with a rush, a black, streaming body, shrieking maledictions. And Carner and Henry Banks played their part nobly. In this imminent danger Doris felt herself grow suddenly calm, as if she were a mere spectator at a play. She saw one of the men fall, pierced by her father's sword, though Henry Banks had never handled a sword in his life before. Then he was down, and Carner was beside his body, fighting like a man possessed. The natives drew off and looked at him in awe. It seemed impossible that one man could achieve so much.

But from their outskirts a little man ran forward and fired a revolver point-blank into Carner's face. Carner, still clutching his sword, staggered and fell prostrate, and with wild yells the rebels rushed forward over his body.

Then, as Doris closed her eyes and awaited death, a bugle rang out, and into the thick of the crowd galloped a party of loyal horsemen, cutting, slashing. The rebels broke and fled. Doris felt herself raised in somebody's arms and knew no more. She opened her eyes in bed in a strange room. She looked about her in bewilderment. Then, she saw her father's familiar face beside her, swathed in bandages. And she began to remember.

"Daddy, you are hurt?" she cried. "Only a cut across the cheek, my dear," said her father cheerfully. "Everything is ended now, and Singapore is as quiet—as Philadelphia."

"And—and—?" "Thanks to Mr. Carner," he added. "He is not killed?" the girl cried out fearfully. "He's getting on very nicely," answered her father. "And, Doris, we owe him everything."

"I know," she answered. "I have been very unkind, daddy. I shall tell you—when I have seen him." Perhaps Henry Banks had heard the rumors, for it is father's task to hear more than he speaks. At any rate, he showed no great surprise when, a week later, they came to him with the news, Carner in bandages, too, and leaning on Doris's arm. But what Doris said to him was their own happy secret.

Russia of Today



Russian School Girls of Today.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

LITTLE has been noticed of the real test which is going on inside Soviet Russia in recent years because the clamor of theory and proclamations has filled the ears of the world. Theories have been meeting individualism which is so universal in humanity, unwritten rules of life and trade which have developed through the ages, and world laws which centuries have formulated for nations.

Russia is the world's largest country, stretching across two continents, and when theory and practice reach a balance, the test of a new system of government will have world-wide effect. Politically, it is divided into six constituent republics; they in turn comprise 33 autonomous units, each differing ethnologically and culturally. Most of them have their own language, their own customs and costumes, and the babel of tongues becomes even greater from the tribes who are as yet too backward for self-government.

Cities and villages straggle along the railroads and rivers over all that vast territory. As one rides over the Siberian steppes the plains seem unending. Then a peasant's cart is seen in the distance, the invariable dog trotting behind. Soon appear other carts, all going in the same direction. Then a village of log houses, with perhaps a public building and a departed aristocrat's brick house, all walls painted white, and the ever-present church, with its five Turkish-shaped towers, the large one in the center for Christ and the smaller ones on the corners for the four Gospels. The train vanishes again over the unending plains, varied only by stretches of forest or hills, which seem to come and go as suddenly as the villages.

Moscow a Huge Village. Moscow, metropolis and capital of Russia, is the largest village in the world. Moscow has its trolley cars, electric lights, tall buildings, theaters, stores, motor busses, and other outward metropolitan manifestations, but at heart it is a village. Leningrad, Odessa, and even some of the cities of the interior have an appearance and an atmosphere of western Europe; Moscow is the heart of Russia and it changes slowly.

Its brick and stone are a mosaic of the Russian spirit—stolid, unsmiling, unpolished, and slow to change. Even the unpainted log houses of the peasant villages seem to reflect age and durability. Moscow is sprinkled with what is new, but everywhere it speaks of age, from the weather-beaten walls of the Inner City to battlemented monasteries on the outskirts. Broad thoroughfares radiate from its center, but around each corner the streets are narrow, with sidewalks no wider than footpaths.

Fires have wiped it away, invaders, from Tatars to Napoleon, have destroyed it, governments have come and gone, but Moscow, stubborn and dull, has persisted. It symbolizes Russia. It is only a step from Moscow, overcrowded and teeming with its peoples of many races, with rules for every movement and police to enforce them, into the wild, wide-open spaces. Wolves and bears still roam in the Moscow district, and when the dull winter dusk comes at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and the country is under its white mantle of snow, hunger drives them to prey on mankind.

In daylight hours a constant human stream jostles through the towered Iberian gate in Moscow in the wall between the Red Square and the Place of the Revolution outside the Kitai Gorod (Fortified City). Men in sheepskin coats, the greasy leather outside and the fur inside; clerks in glossy leather jackets; officials with beaver collars, brief cases under their arms; women in felt boots; girls in slippers, with bundles, babies, and carts, were tramping through the slush, for this was a winter evening.

Between the gates in the center of the road is a shrine and inside the wall a church. The faithful pause and make the sign of the cross as they pass. Others enter. Patriarchal, bearded beggars, hands outstretched, stand at the doors. Beggars and Robber Gangs. Begging is a lucrative profession in Moscow except for the few days of sporadic police round-ups. Beggars are of all types and both sexes, from infants who toddle underfoot while an older head directs them from the sidelines, to husky rascals faithful to a vow of "I won't work."

Differing from the whining beggars are the 200,000 to 300,000 homeless children, pariahs of the social order, ragged, sooty-faced from sleeping in the embers of street repair gangs' furnaces, dirty, diseased, dope-poisoned, and desperate. They run in packs. A gang straggles through the gate, hugging the curb, eyes alert, the world a potential enemy, its plan of action decided. The leader grabs a woman's handbag, a man's fur cap, and overturns an unwary peddler's basket of apples. The basket is picked clean, and with wild screams the gang is gone, scattering through the streets, policemen and pedestrians in vain pursuit.

In several cities homes are maintained by the government for these young vagabonds—heritage of war and revolution, but augmented every month by wanderlust—with baths, clean coats, clothes, food, and a caretaker to give them instruction and advice. Personal liberty goes amiss with this social group, too young to appreciate civic responsibility even if they had been taught it. Police and social workers periodically round up the wild, untamed children and put them in the homes.

The crowds elbow through the white-painted brick gates, in and out of the Red Square, between a gauntlet of vendors. Baskets and clumsy little wagons are on the curb; also flabby, brown, frozen apples for a cent and fat ones, carefully sheltered under blankets, for 40 cents; stands of cigarettes, each with one and a quarter inches of tobacco and three inches of paper mouthpiece; oranges for 70 cents; cheeses, cut and weighed while you wait; candles collecting dust; dried sunflower seeds, two cents a glassful.

Phases of the Social Movement. The goal which Soviet Russia has set is to industrialize the country until it can supply its domestic needs. It will then be independent of the outside world. The United States is taken as a model, not the countries of Europe, which have developed industry by colonies and foreign trade. Until that goal is reached, or abandoned, no wars of Russia's making need be anticipated.

The social movement in Russia may be divided into three phases: First, to arouse the workers to a revolution; second, to instill the idea in their minds that they were the rulers of the country; third, to impress them that they must produce.

The third stage has now been reached. More and more emphasis is laid on the fact that the worker must produce results and devote less time to theorizing and talking. Stalin recently in one of his rare speeches declared too much time was given to celebrations, meetings, and anniversaries. As practical illustration he cited that the marketing of the grain was costing 13 kopecks a pood when it should cost 8.

When summer comes, the face of nature changes like the spirits of the volatile people. Daylight, which faded into the winter gloom at 2 o'clock, tints the cloudless skies until 10 at night. Dusty roads which were lost under the drifting snows are stirred by travelers, nature smiles, and the lonesome stretches where the wolf packs howled are green and flourishing.

The queues which shivered in front of the bathhouses—"the neatness of Moscow citizens is characterized by eight or nine washing parties a year," says the economics department—are gone, and every watercourse is lined with bathers in the garb of Adam and Eve. Of his cynicism in the following: "I have no available property; I owe a poor deal; the rest I give to the great."

Wills of Great Men

Napoleon's last disposition was characteristic of his hatred for England. "I die prematurely, assassinated by the English oligarchy." He bequeathed 10,000 francs to Cantillon, who attempted to kill the duke of Wellington. The great Russian novelist, Tolstol, wrote his will on the stump of a tree. "Bury me where I die," he wrote. Rabelais, the French satirical writer, left a last memento

If She Were a Widow Clyde Gerard knows a wife who confided to her chum that she would like to see how she would look to other men. We have no idea how she would look to other men; but we fancy we know what the other women would say.—Capper's Weekly.