

**Comment--and
Discomment**

Now we know there should be intervention in Mexico. For years we have put up with the insulting treatment at the hands of these murderous banditti, and have been remarkably patient, too. But there is a limit to what a patient country can be expected to stand. Germany discovered that, to her everlasting sorrow. Let the greasers beware!

Now and then, of course, we have expected the abduction of an American citizen and the murder of a few women and children. The Mexicans are peculiar people, and must have their little fun. And heretofore, the government has always had an excuse. Every time there was an outrage committed, it was done by some lawless band, and the Mexican government extended apologies and regrets. Angels could do no more.

The present crisis can be traced directly to the authorities. We are referring to the strike. It's not the sort of a strike that we in America

are used to. The faro dealers in Sonora have gone out for more pay. That little town of Agua Prieta is Sonora's Monaco. Agua Prieta is not as formidable in appearance as Chihuahua, but is fully as hard to pronounce. If you don't believe it, try it a trial. No wonder the Mexicans are a hard lot. See where they live.

The officials in Sonora conduct the gambling halls of Agua Prieta, and it's a profitable business. Customers consist of American tourists, of smelter workers from Douglas, Ariz., of soldiers and just plain citizens. The striking gamblers have been running the various houses for the government of Sonora, on a straight salary. They have been drawing down \$10 a day, and they are striking for a 50 per cent increase, a total of \$15 a day, which seems a cheap enough price for associating constantly with Mexicans.

The Sonora officials, however, are students. They have watched the papers from the States, and they know pretty nearly as much about strikes as though they had them every day. The usual way of stopping strikes in Mexico is to stand the strikers up against one of those dome walls, and then issue orders to a firing squad. This is said to take the pep out of any striking soldier. There would be no question as to the

proper procedure if the striking gamblers were Mexicans. But they are all Americans.

If the Sonora government gets to shooting up American faro dealers, an outraged American diplomatic service will begin sending notes. And the Mexicans are constitutionally lazy. They hate to reply to letters. Especially long ones. It would be more profitable to adopt banditti tactics, and proceed to hold the Americans for ransoms. Probably the miners at Douglas would get aroused and make up a fund for their release. But this will not be done, even though it is simple and lucrative. The Sonora government will import Chinese gamblers to take the places of the Americans. They are really good gamblers, these Chinese, and probably won't steal any more from the state than the average American dealer would steal—if as much. The Chinese are conservative.

eral times. Then clear and vibrant in the voice of his sweetheart came the answer she had spoken into it: "Yes."

Use for Persimmon Juice.
Persimmon juice improves the paint used on the bottom of a ship, or the roof of a house. In Japan it solved the problem presented by the failure of western house paints to last satisfactorily in the Japan climate. It was only quite lately, however, that western countries had shown any interest in this Japanese product. Now that a beginning has been made in using it to mix enamel and white lead, a foreign demand has begun which is expected to increase to large proportions.

Linked Oceans Long Ago.
The Panama canal is one of the modern wonders of the world, but the Royal Mail company organized transit by mules and canoes across the isthmus as far back as 1846 and partially financed the Panama Railway company in 1850.

—\$2.50 a year and worth more.

THE ANSWER

By FLORENCE BURRILL.

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Neil Mackenzie was the biggest, broadest lad in Winsbury, with the crispest dark hair and the clearest blue eyes. He had that combination of strength and boyishness which women love, and could easily have been very much of a ladies' man had he not been as bashful as he was handsome. Girls adored his lithe virility, and he received an early invitation to all of the Winsbury merry-makings. But the presence of the other sex invariably turned Neil from a living, laughing Hermes to a frozen statue. And to make things worse, he was very much in love with Cecily.

Cecily was a wee bit of a lassie, honey-colored as to hair, violet-hued as to eyes, apple-blossomy as to cheeks. A pretty air of dignity tried to contradict her little-girl figure, and she was, according to an enthusiastic friend, "just sweet!" And if she had the appearance of a tinted marble Venus she must have had some of the attributes also, for none of the many suitors Winsbury and other towns offered had made the slightest impression on the cool little heart under her dainty laces. She accepted their devotion graciously, was the merriest and most fun-loving of the younger set, but always with a fastidious reserve that let none farther than the rest.

That is, until Neil began shyly to show his heart. With him she never coquetted, his invitations she never refused, toward him she showed a sweet and simple liking; and soon the big, dark lad and the small, flowerlike girl were seen together very often indeed setting out for a country walk or drifting through the rhythm of a waltz.

But this very friendship puzzled Neil. It was so different from her treatment of other lovers; and it never occurred to him that her feeling for him might be different also. To his mind her laugh was the most joyous thing on earth, and herself the dearest. But he feared to tell her lest it end their friendship; so they were pals through the sparkling January days and the wistful April ones, with no hint of anything deeper.

When June came he could stand it no longer. He decided to take the big chance, tell her, then if she couldn't marry him, go where his profession of engineer promised success. How should he ask Cecily? He never could bare his heart with those purple eyes of his; a letter was so impersonal and cold; there should be no third party's blundering, and these were the only orthodox methods of proposing, unless—

Neil rushed to the nearest music store, purchased a blank record and had it on the victrola at home before the glow of the wonderful inspiration had time to dull. Into the little disk he spoke his love—straightforward, yearning, tender, as he could never have expressed it to her in person. Visioning a star-eyed girl in the shadows, he told how he cared for her with the simple, honest love of a clean heart, how eager he would work to make her happy; but if she didn't, couldn't love him, she was not to feel the least bit grieved nor blame herself at all, for how could a girl like her love a great, clumsy thing like him? "Only please let me know as soon as you can, dear; and if it is 'no' there is a position waiting out West, where work will keep me a man. When your answer comes I shall either telegraph that I cannot accept—or start at once. Oh, Cecily, Cecily, shall I stay?"

The tiny parcel which meant so much in life and hopes of Neil Mackenzie was dispatched by special messenger, and an anxious boy faced the hours that must pass before an answer came. He could see Cecily receive the record and run merrily to try it through at once, as she always did a new one; he could see her look of amazement—but there his vision failed. Did her face grow tender or sad or frightened?

Scarcely two hours had gone before a ring at the doorbell revealed another messenger boy with a parcel. Mackenzie tore it open and found—just his record.

He slipped the record into place and started the machine. How strange to hear his own tones! He smiled, half-sadly and half-whimsically, at the passion of the words. The plea came to an end: "Oh, Cecily, Cecily, shall I stay?" The needle whirled noisily sev-

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It showed an income so large that his tax was 53%. And his total gifts to church and charity for the year were \$148.

Think of it—thousands spent for luxuries and pleasure for himself; and \$148 to leave the world a little better than he found it!

Most of us do better than that; but not so very much better.

Our average daily gift for all church causes is

- less than we spend for daily papers
- less than a local telephone call
- less than a third of the day's car fare
- less than 3 cents a day

No wonder that 80% of the ministers of America are paid less than \$20 a week. No wonder that the church hospitals turn away thousands of sick people a year. No wonder that China has only one doctor for every 400,000 people. No wonder that every church board and charity society is forever meeting deficits, forever passing the hat.

It isn't because we are selfish; it isn't because we don't want to help. It's just because no one has ever put up a great big program to us, and asked us to think of the work of the church in a systematic businesslike way.

The Interchurch World Movement represents the united program of thirty denominations. They have surveyed their whole task, no business could have done it better.

They have budgeted their needs; no business could have a more scientific budget. They have united to prevent the possibility of waste and duplication. At least a million dollars will be saved by the fact that thirty individual campaigns are joined in one united effort.

And they come to the men or women who love America—to you—this week asking you to use them as the channel through which a certain definite part of your income can be applied to make this a better world.

Only you can determine what part of your income that should be.

It's a good time right now to answer that question. We're passing through the world just once; how much better will the world be because you passed through?

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April 25th to May 2nd

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