

THE ARGUS.

Published daily at 1624 Second avenue, Rock Island, Ill. (Entered at the postoffice at Rock Island, Ill., as second-class matter, under the act of March 3, 1879).

BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

Rock Island Member Associated Press. Full Leased Wire Report.

Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Telephones in all departments. Central Union, Rock Island 145, 146 and 147.



Friday, January 14, 1916.

Rock Island—From River to River.

When a man gets old enough to carry out good intentions the undertaker generally grabs him.

What used to be known as the greatest deliberative body in the world may soon be known as the gathering of those addicted to loose talk.

The New York Times thus tersely dismisses Senator O'Gorman, who is endeavoring to stir up race hatred in his efforts to embarrass the administration: "The state of New York is represented by a Fenian senator."

Although Chairman McCombs of the democratic national committee has suggested a presidential primary in Missouri, the probability is that there will be none. The chief reasons why a primary will be opposed are that to hold one would cost the party backers between \$25,000 and \$30,000 and that no good purpose would be served by a primary for the reason that Wilson will be unopposed for the presidential nomination.

There are two kinds of "pork" that interfere with preparedness. One kind—that of the congressman who is always trying to get "something for the district"—has been pretty generally discussed. The other kind—which is even more vicious—is the "pork" thrown in large, fat chunks to the private munitions makers in the form of excessive profits. Unless the proposal for government manufacture of all war materials prevails, this form of "pork" is going to cost the country more millions during the next five years than the old-fashioned variety has cost in 40 years.

LESSON FOR THE SOUTH.

The tribulations of the south with her overproduction of cotton a year ago, when the federal government's assistance and the buy-a-bale movement were drafted to relieve the financial stringency, appear to have been a blessing in disguise for that section. It taught the south—at least a considerable portion of it—the futility of depending on cotton alone.

For generations the south has had its fat and lean years, according as the cotton market was up or down. There was no stability in cotton, for the simple reason that large crops meant lower prices, while small crops meant higher prices. When the 1913 stress came on, the south woke up and heeded the advice which it had been hearing for years; it began to "diversify" its crops.

The United States Chamber of Commerce, reviewing the year's business conditions, sets forth the fact that the south today is enjoying the greatest prosperity it has known for years. The cotton crop is small, but the production of grain and forage crops is the largest in the history of the south, and there are more cattle, hogs and dairy cows in that section than ever were known. The good price paid for cotton is of course a large factor in the present financial status of the south, but the sense of independence that comes from utilization of long neglected resources is undoubtedly a greater factor.

Northern readers who may be inclined to consider this new phase of southern agriculture a dry subject are ignoring the vital relation between prosperity in the south and prosperity in the north. Few foreign markets offer a larger demand for the products of our implements and twine factories than that which will be developed in the south, once that vast and resourceful area awakens to its full agricultural possibilities. And the impetus given to the railroad business and the elimination of financial unrest from the region south of the Mason and Dixon's line must also have a beneficial effect on the prosperity of the country as a whole.

BUT MUST TAKE TEDDY.

The dove with an olive branch which the bull moose have sent out to the ruling powers of the republican party is not being given an enthusiastic reception so far. The message attached to the dove's leg may not be satisfactory to Messrs. Barnes, Penrose and Root. It is suggested that the progressives and the old liners get together but that they organize on the grand old principles of the party in the days of Lincoln.

In the last campaign both the regulars and the progressives claimed to have bought the copyright to the genuine Lincoln brand of republicanism, and pronounced the other as spurious and intended to befuddle and deceive the people. Whether they will be able to agree on which is the genuine brand in the cork and blown in the bottle variety remains to be seen.

At any rate the progressives have been smart in taking the initiative and have left it up to the old liners to make the first move on the week of the concurrent conventions.

Underlying the entire proposition that comes from the bull moose camp, however, is the implied understanding that if there is an amalgamation it must have Teddy at the head, Teddy, the immortal for president now and forevermore until death do us part. And therein lies the rub.

THE TIME AGAIN TO TRUST THE PRESIDENT.

Notwithstanding the atrocious murder of American citizens by brigands in Mexico, it is not the time for going into any mad delirium in this country and declaring war. The outrage will be investigated and proper atonement made, but nothing will be gained by any mad procedure. The president who has guided the nation safely over many dangerous shoals in its international affairs and still maintained its dignity, its respect and commanded reparation in the past year and a half may be relied upon to bring about justice in the face of the newest horrifying situation. It is meet that the situation be entrusted to a man of his calm and unflinching nature. He has made no mistakes so far and the people may well trust him, confident that justice will be achieved and cruelties punished without precipitating the United States in a bloody and barbarous conflict.

While circumstances do not relieve the shock of what has happened in Mexico and there can be no reparation for the loss of life, yet the fact remains nevertheless that the citizens of this republic who perished disregarded the solemn warning of their president and took their lives in their own hands.

The president knew better than his countrymen the exact condition of affairs in Mexico and he still knows best how to handle it.

THE FAT FRIERS.

In his recent speech before the Society of Automobile Engineers, Secretary of the Navy Daniels aptly described as "pessimistic prophets of evil" those persons who make lugubrious predictions of the destruction of American industry through the "dumping" of cheap foreign made goods after the European war.

"I would be ashamed," he said, "to believe that, with a large portion of the European workers killed in battle and more maimed and crippled, American able-bodied men trembled for fear they would be ruined by such competition when the war ends. And I would be more ashamed if I did not believe that the American government could be depended on in any such remote emergency to preserve American commerce from any unfair practices of other nations following the war without the necessity of returning to a tariff system enacted for the fat friers."

The reference to the fat friers is especially pertinent. It is the fat friers who are raising the horrendous bogey of pauper foreign competition after the war. It is they who are kicking up the fuss. Unsatisfied with fair profits and a prosperity that is diffused among all the peoples, they want to hog all the prosperity in sight. Secretary of Commerce Redfield has shown that the hosiery manufacturers, who have been walling about the impending ruination of their industry under the Underwood tariff, are making a profit of 12 per cent, and the hosiery manufacturers, unable to dispute Redfield's figures, express indignation that 12 per cent should be considered a fair profit. If the European war can be made the excuse for bringing back the good old days of Mark Hannaism, you may trust the fat friers to work the bugaboo for all it is worth.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

It is an unusual page of news which does not contain some reference to the "Monroe doctrine." Though volumes have been written about it, the essence of this important principle of American policy can be condensed in a few paragraphs.

It begins as far back as the famous farewell address of Washington which was delivered in September, 1796. Washington then announced as a fundamental principle of American foreign policy that this country will refrain from meddling in the political affairs of Europe.

The converse of this—that the United States will not tolerate intervention in American affairs on the part of European nations—was made the second principle by President Monroe in his celebrated message to congress, December 2, 1823.

This message was called out by the probability that the "holy alliance," a league of four European powers, would endeavor to control the Spanish countries of South America.

"America for Americans" is the gist of the Monroe doctrine. As President Monroe laid them down, the two principles read: First, "that the American continent, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers."

Second, referring to the Spanish-American States which had achieved their independence, that "we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States."

The new Pan-American doctrine of which President Wilson is the promoter, which is so frequently discussed with reference to plans for national defense, implies the acceptance of the Monroe doctrine by the countries of South America.

"Honesty is the best policy" is not from the Bible, but was uttered by so unbiblical yet entirely likable a personage as Don Quixote.

Selected by Tavenner



CLYDE H. TAVENNER

To the Readers of The Argus:

The Argus has generously agreed to permit me to make a regular contribution under this head, to use the space as if it were my own. I am left free to make my selection from where I will, whether it is timely or untimely; to search the highways and the byways for what may impress me as of interest and value to the people.

I assure my readers I shall try to make the most of the opportunity. To do so I must forget that party lines exist, and I will, just as I wish it might be practical for them not to exist and that the principal issue on election day might be, not whether a candidate belongs to this or that political party, but whether he is willing to serve the masses of the people or the few who exploit them.

In other words, my idea is to submit information or a thought that I would give to the world if I myself edited a newspaper, the only mission of which was to serve mankind; to do this and nothing more.

When I personally write the contribution, I will sign it, and when I present the thought and work of others I will so indicate.

SOCIAL BENEFITS FROM INHERITANCE TAX.

Wealth without responsibility it not only the destruction of the individual but of the state which permits it to exist in any great extent.

Wealth coupled with recognized responsibilities and duties, as that of an aristocracy, is far less dangerous, is in fact in many ways beneficial to the individual and to the community. We see this best exemplified in the aristocracy and gentry of Great Britain, which, in spite of their shortcomings and of the injustices, social and economic, they have maintained, contribute even in peace important service to the nation and now in time of war are pouring out their blood with a zeal unequalled by any other class in the empire.

We have talked much in America of the effete aristocracies in Europe. We learn in these terrific days that they are not effete. We would do well also to discover that the place of the effete aristocracy is not the old world but the new.

America has developed a class which is aristocratic in its social pretensions, in its prejudices, and in its privileges. But it is a class wholly parasitic, with nearly all of the faults of an aristocracy and few of its virtues.

The enormous resources of our country, the influx of population, mechanical invention, the larger organization of industrial, commercial, and financial enterprise have made possible a swift acquisition of great wealth. Many men have grown rich so rapidly that they have not had time to realize the process or its relation to the whole community or to develop any sense of public responsibility. Then they have died leaving their vast accumulations in the hands of their heirs even less prepared to fulfill the social duties (not society duties) of such a class.

No democracy can afford to submit to the excesses formed by this process. An aristocracy demands service of its members. We are developing an extra legal but actual aristocracy which simply enjoys and never pays. If we went to war its members would feel no such obligation to be the first to die that the young British lord and German baron feels. They would be only too likely to shirk. Listen to conversations among dotting mothers and wives of the wealthy classes in America at this time and you will discover that there is little sense of noblesse oblige and little promise of the noble if tragic spirit which in the Englishwoman, the German and the French offers its best ungrudgingly to the nation.

There is no place for an aristocratic class in our system. We should see to it also that there is no class enjoying aristocratic privileges and paying nothing for them. Vast accumulations of wealth handed down from generation to generation will create and sustain such a class, and if we are intelligent republicans we shall break up the crystallization of riches and the creation of indigestible social classes by wise laws.

There are the strongest reasons why in a rich democracy private wealth should be kept in check and compelled to serve the common good. The processes of money making are in themselves inevitably profitable, in some degree at least to the community. But wealth in the possession of those who have not worked for it and who shirk upon others even the management of it is likely to be a peril and economic burden. It is capital for the use of others, but it supports the idler and wastes.

The imposition of a heavily graduated inheritance tax would serve the ends of true democracy by scaling down large fortunes as well as by impressing upon all possessors of wealth the principle of the responsibility of wealth. It would tend to equalize opportunity, and it would aid materially to provide for the national defense.

To every person who has suffered for many months with neuritis or one arm we would put this seemingly irrelevant query. Have you a little rib in your neck?

Practically every case of "cervical rib" is treated as a case of "brachial neuritis" for a long time before the real nature of the trouble is discovered, if it ever is discovered. There shouldn't be any ribs in one's neck. The place for ribs is farther down the spinal column. But now and then one is discovered with a rib or usually a pair of ribs in the neck, and the symptoms, if any, are very much the same as those of neuritis. There is pain of a most persistent kind, although it is not continuous. The patient notices blueness of the hand, numbness and at times cramps of the fingers. There is remarkable sensitiveness to cold—an attack of pain will come on at night if the arm becomes uncovered. Perhaps the patient finds temporary relief from pain by elevating the arm above the head—a symptom which in itself speaks against the diagnosis of neuritis. But pain from the pressure of a cervical rib on the nerve plexus of the arm and the great vessels in the neck is not accompanied with much atrophy or wasting of muscles, as is the case of neuritis.

There is but one way to diagnose cervical rib. An X-ray photograph, or rather two or three X-ray photographs of the neck taken from different planes will show the superfluous rib. It usually can't be felt by the physician. As a rule a cervical rib is only an inch or two or at most three in length—but that is long enough to keep one miserable for years.

The symptoms generally do not appear until early adult age, often not until nearly middle age.

Any victim of an old neuritis of the arm which has not responded to medical treatment inside of a year will do well to consider the investment of a small wager on an X-ray photograph, especially in some slight symptoms are occasionally noted in the well arm.

A pulsating mass just above the collar-bone is pretty sure to be caused by cervical rib.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. "Footy" Pills. A year ago I read that pills of ash were being taking them ever since with footida are a tonic for weak nerves. I

good results. Is there any harm from their prolonged use? Answer—No harm. They are mildly sedative, and are also taken for "gas." Old-fashioned people used to call them "foety" pills.

From Calomet to Salol. After reading what you said about calomet I stopped taking it for my liver. Some friends advised me to try salol and nuxvomica. Are these medicines good for liver trouble?

Answer—Salol is a combination of carbolic acid and salicylic acid. Nuxvomica consists of strychnine and other less important things. How either can effect the liver is more than we can understand. Salol is used as an intestinal antiseptic and in elimination it probably affects the urine. You had better consult some physician who will try to determine why your liver troubles you—if it is the liver.

ONE student was killed in a bowl fight the other day at the University of Pennsylvania. Bowl fighting has long been one of the popular diversions among students at our higher institutions of learning, but this is the first instance where it ended in anything more serious than a headache or a brown tate.

Why People Stop Their Paper. Allen Hager, who got his shoulder blade knocked out of place last week one day when he got out of the buggy to unfasten the line which had gotten under the end of the shaft, and the horse becoming frightened, was in town Saturday and reported as getting along fine.—Alton (Ill.) Record.

"IT seems to me," writes A. L. B., "that in conducting a column, you would occasionally give us a smattering of things out of the ordinary. I have particular reference to the classics." Now, brother, assuming you to be one of those bespectacled bookworms who live a few hundred years in the past, what is your idea of a classic? We dare you to kick in with something. If there is a chance for a titter or a frown in it we will print it in black type. That's the kind of an Indian we are.

WARRANTY DEEDS. Archie Forry and wife to John A. Sunquist, lot 11, block 4, 2nd Wheelock Fifteenth street addition, Moline, \$3,500.

Hattie McLaughlin to Arthur B. McLaughlin, tract in section 32-16-3W, \$1,000.

Elmer E. Sincow and wife to Charles A. Clark and Edith S. Clark, tract in section 33-16-1W, and tract in section 4-15-1W, Mercer county, \$40,000.

Matt Simonson and wife to William A. Stewart and wife, lot 5, block 2, Peter Yager's 1st addition, Moline, \$1,000.

Wickliffe Kunckel to Arlington J. Kunckel, tract in N. E. of N. W. ¼ section 8-17-1W, \$1,000.

George H. Owen to H. Alfred Anderson, lots 25-29-22, block 120, lot 39, block 131, lots 14-24-26-28-31, block 213, lots 14-17-20-22-24-28-30, block 214, lots 17-19, block 215, lot 3, block 221 New Shops addition, East Moline, \$1,000.

George H. Owen to H. Alfred Anderson, lot 14, block 120, lot 28, block 121, lot 23, block 128, lot 1, block 130, lots 11-13, block 133, New Shops addition, East Moline.

George H. Owen to H. Alfred Anderson, lots 2-9, block 160, lot 14, block 167, lot 23, block 182, East Moline, \$1,000.

Four hundred years ago the average length of human life was between 18 and 20 years. One hundred years ago the average human life was less than 30. The average human life today reaches nearly 40 years.

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

INSIDE STUFF.

A telephone in The Argus editorial department tingles.

"I wish to speak with your dramatic editor."

"This is he."

"Well, this is Edna Aug talking."

"Greetings, Edna."

"I do not know you, but—"

"You have nothing on us, sister, yet."

"Well, I am 'The Scrub Woman' at the Empire."

"Yes, yes; we saw you the other night. Here's our mitt."

"I got you. Gee! your hands are cold."

"What are you chewing—Spear-mint?"

"But, say, old man."

"Yes, mub child."

"I want to congratulate The Argus on the intelligence with which it reviews a vaudeville performance."

"Our impression was that we said something nice about you."

"You did—that's what I'm getting at. It is so rare nowadays that a performer who attempts to present a clean act receives credit from the press that I could not refrain from expressing my gratitude. I speak not for myself alone, but I noticed that the review gave credit to the others with me on the bill where it was deserved. It shows a fine sense of appreciation, a desire for other than the rough work and risque exhibitions and utterances that have done so much to bring variety into disrepute. I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

We print this interview that our customers may know that we keep no secrets from them. Miss Aug, by the way, and we are repeating only what we said of her in our review of the Empire bill last Monday, is one of the cleverest comedienne on the American stage. She came to Rock Island almost a stranger, though she has been a favorite for years in the larger cities, but when she left she carried with her the admiration of hundreds of vaudeville goers, all of whom will hope she will return here another season.

Miss Aug, by the way, is also one of the highest salaried performers in vaudeville, receiving \$500 per week. So, you see, the fact that The Argus favorably commented upon her act would neither make or break her. Her acknowledgment was all the more gracious.

THEY are still conducting dry meetings in Muscatine. The vigilance committee must have been visiting the railroad stations.

DAVENPORT jury decided that a woman who permitted a Scott county farmer to kiss her should keep an automobile he gave her as compensation for the osculatory concession. It is presumed that the jurors got a look at both the car and the man before arriving at their verdict.

YOU may be interested in knowing that Maggie Barfoot and Isadore Duncan pay taxes in Greenville, Ohio.

Annie Will Have Her Kraut. Miss Anna Mulnix of Nora came down on the morning train, transferred to the south train and will partake of sauerkraut today at Forrester.—Freeport (Ill.) Bulletin.

ST. Joseph, Mich., girl lived a month at two of the leading hotels of Chicago without paying board. She told the police she was studying to be an actress. It's our notion she is already one, but a bad one.

PEEVERS. A second snow that comes before the rains from cleaning the walks of the last one stop bothering you.

The gink that walks all over your shoes as you step out of shop after having 'em shined up.

The fellow that asks you in to have one and then stalls while you fish out the coin.

The waggar that would impress you with his travels when you both know he has never been outside of the county.

A jitney show that gives you 20 minutes of adv. display and fifteen minutes of "movies."

O. D. K.

WHILE you are shuddering over the recent massacres of Americans in Mexico and wondering when the president will seize the country, don't overlook the fact that three men were slain in a riot the other day in Youngstown, Ohio. And Youngstown is not in Mexico. It is in the United States.

ONE student was killed in a bowl fight the other day at the University of Pennsylvania. Bowl fighting has long been one of the popular diversions among students at our higher institutions of learning, but this is the first instance where it ended in anything more serious than a headache or a brown tate.

Why People Stop Their Paper. Allen Hager, who got his shoulder blade knocked out of place last week one day when he got out of the buggy to unfasten the line which had gotten under the end of the shaft, and the horse becoming frightened, was in town Saturday and reported as getting along fine.—Alton (Ill.) Record.

"IT seems to me," writes A. L. B., "that in conducting a column, you would occasionally give us a smattering of things out of the ordinary. I have particular reference to the classics." Now, brother, assuming you to be one of those bespectacled bookworms who live a few hundred years in the past, what is your idea of a classic? We dare you to kick in with something. If there is a chance for a titter or a frown in it we will print it in black type. That's the kind of an Indian we are.

J. M. C.

The Daily Story

Binner's Tramp—By Louise B. Cummings.

Binner was a great walker. He thought nothing of a five mile tramp before breakfast, and as to a day's walk, he could do forty miles. One day he was lounging in the Arlington Country club with Herbert Yorke, boasting as to what he could do on his legs, when Yorke offered to bet him a box of cigars that he couldn't walk twenty miles in three hours.

Binner took the bet, and a course was laid out forming an ellipse, the starting and ending point being the Arlington clubhouse.

Binner had no sooner started than Yorke telephoned to his sister Kate.

"I say, Kit, I've a bet with Charlie Binner that he can't do a job of walking in a given time. I want to take you across to Hilton, you to waylay him there and keep him from winning the bet."

"How can I do that?"

"How can you do that? Why, by stuff and nonsense."

"What'll you give me if I succeed?"

"A five pound box of candy."

"When do you propose to leave?"

"I'll be with you in half an hour."

In thirty minutes Herbert Yorke was before the door of his home in his car. His sister got into it, and they proceeded along the minor axis of the ellipse that Binner was walking to ward Hilton. But Kit declared that she would prefer to tackle the pedestrian about three miles before he reached the goal, and their course was changed to Glendale, where Kit had friends. Arriving there, her brother deposited her at the door of the Marklands, with whom she was intimate; then he returned to Arlington.

It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon that Binner came along. Kit was on the front porch in walking costume.

"Why, Mr. Binner," she exclaimed, "what are you doing here?"

Binner did not propose to tell her that he was walking to win a bet from her brother. He said that he was taking a twenty mile constitutional and was on his way to Arlington.

"How fortunate!" said Kit. "I am just setting out to walk home myself. You wouldn't mind my going with you, would you?"

"I would be delighted if it were not that I must be at Arlington at a given time. I fear I shall have to walk too fast for you."

"Never fear for that. I love tramping, and this is a fine, crisp morning for a walk."

Binner looked at his watch and frowned, but he had not the heart to refuse a girl, and a pretty girl at that. He said that he would be very happy to have her company, only he must leave her behind if she couldn't keep

up with him.

Kit did the first mile at a satisfactory pace, but on the second she began to lag. Binner was always several yards ahead of her. Finally he turned and told her he must leave her or fail to do his tramp in the time set for its accomplishment. Kit said never a word, but the look she gave him said very plainly that she was hurt; that she had expected Mr. Binner would prefer her to completing a walk on time. He had admired her, but it had never occurred to him that he was any more to her than any other friend. What was a box of cigars compared to that look? He went back to where she was dragging herself along and offered her his arm to lean upon. Presently, coming to a log beside the road, she sank down on it and told her escort to go on, since he preferred a pedestrian feat to her. She would get home somehow or other.

Instead of going on Binner sat down on the log very close to her and, since she seemed exhausted, formed a back for her to lean against with his arm.

When time was up for the accomplishment of the walk Yorke sat on the clubhouse veranda with his watch in his hand, looking up the road for Binner. At 3 o'clock, there being no sign of the pedestrian, he put his watch back in his pocket, asked a company of young men into the clubhouse and opened champagne.

"I don't care for the cigars I have won," he said gleefully, "but I rejoice at having got ahead of that boaster."

The conviviality was at its height when in walked Binner, looking as if he had been doused with joy instead of having made a twenty mile walk. He directed the steward to produce a box of Yorke's favorite brand of cigars and called for more champagne.

"You seem very happy over your defeat," said Yorke somewhat uneasily.

"I am. Here's that you may be pleased when you hear why I am happy!"

Yorke said no more, but when the party dispersed went home and asked his sister why Binner was so pleased at losing his bet.

"Why, because by losing a box of cigars he won me."

"You! You don't mean that you had to promise to marry him to make him lose his bet?"

"I had to make him lose his bet in order to get a proposal from him. I couldn't do it very well walking at five miles an hour, could I?"

"Think you could?"

"Well, we're engaged, and, what's more, we're engaged for good. I've had serious intentions with regard to him for some time."

Sidelights on the European War

Dublin, Ireland.—(Correspondence of the Associated Press.)—The Irish people have recently been aroused by the reports of gallant service by the Irish regiments. Just as the 16th division of the new army, "The Irish Brigade," that rallied upon the invitation of Mr. Redmond from the Irish National volunteers, north and south, was preparing to go to the trenches, came stirring accounts of the deeds of the 10th division round Lake Doiran in Macedonia. The 10th division was the first purely Irish division to take part in the war. It received its baptism of fire at Sulva Bay, and fresh from the ships was thrown against the entrenched positions on the Anafarta ridges. No official account of its valor in that desperate fight has yet appeared. But the unofficial accounts of the capture of Chocolate Hill and Dublin Hill by the Dublin fusiliers and of the frontal attack by the Inniskillings on the Anafarta trenches, are among the most stirring chapters in Ireland's military annals. The 10th division represented Ireland, north and south, though drawn mainly from the south. The general who organized it is an Irishman, General Sir Bryan Mahan, a first cousin of Sir Edward Carson. But close as the relationship of the soldier to the politician, the general's popularity is confined to no political party in Ireland. He is an Irishman first and last and all the time, and full of pride in his Irish regiments. For some reason yet unexplained he was not in command at Sulva Bay; but when the Saloniki expedition was decided upon he was given the command of the British forces, and among the first to land were the remnants of the gallant regiments that had fought around Sulva Bay.

To the gallantry of the Munster fusiliers, the Dublin fusiliers and the Connaught rangers, the general ascribes the safe execution of the plan for the withdrawal to the Vardar. And the general's censors have also allowed the press correspondents to describe the work of the regiments. They state that but for the stand of the 10th division and the fierceness of its counter attacks with bayonets when there was no artillery to help them, the retreat of both the French and the British armies would have been cut off and the orderly withdrawal would have become a rout. Two companies of the Inniskillings posted on a bluff held up the Bulgarian advance for a considerable time, and stood their ground until they had fallen almost to a man.

This frank recognition of the valor of the regiments has had an excellent effect on Ireland. It was an auspicious coincidence that the news should have come as the Irish volunteers at Saloniki were preparing to strike its tents. The division was recently reviewed by