Mme. Sun Yat-Sen Explains Women's Struggle in China

She Says They Bear Double Burden of Liberating Their Country and Themselves

In her speech to the delegates of a number of foreign labor organizations attending the recent Pan-Pacific Trade Union Conference in Hankow, Mme. Sun Yat-Sen, widow of the founder of the modern Nationalist movement in China, expressed "the appreciation of China's women for the encouragement, support and wise counsel you are bringing to us."

Mme. Sun Yat-sen has been actively assisting in carrying on her late husband's campaign of "ridding both China and women of the bondage that has kept them enslaved for centuries." Recently her temporary withdrawal from politics was announced, and in this speech she indicated the reason.

More than 10,000 Chines women assembled to welcome the foreign visitors—to welcome them in the name of the awaking female toilers of the Far East. Mme. Sun Yat-sen, who was educated in the United States, spoke in English, beginning her address with the salute, "Comrades." As given in the Communist press, the more important portions of her speech were as follows:

"You are here as the representatives of the oppressed classes of the West, of the working classes of India, America, England and France. You have come to bring a message of understanding and co-operation to the oppressed people of China. You come to us as comrades, and as comrades we welcome you.

"I wish to speak to you a few minutes in the name of China's women. You, who are familiar with the burdens and problems of the oppressed, will, I know, be able to comprehend the extent of the oppressions borne by the women of China. Everywhere where women and men are suffering from oppression it is the women who are suffering most. Working women share with their men the economic oppression of their class.

Woman's Manifold Struggle.

"But this is not the extent of their burden. In addition to the oppression of economic exploitation which makes the problem of keeping alive a perilous gamble, women in most lands suffer from other bondages. They are deprived of political rights. Social laws discriminate against them. Women, partly by law, but oftener by custom, are kept in a narrow rut of small duties and forced to lead restricted, starved lives.

"The struggle of women is manifold. It is against economic exploitation, which often, even among the poorest classes, grinds down the women even more than the men. Even where wages of men are so meagre that life is almost impossible, women often get still less. So their struggle is to work with the men for a better chance in life and sometimes against the men for an equal chance in life. Their struggle is for equality in many fields—in wages, in the rights of citizens, in social relationship.

"It is not easy to be a woman, and perhaps it is harder to be a woman in China than in any other place in the world. Our economic oppressions have been greater. We have been completely disqualified politically. Education has been reserved almost entirely for the men. Socially our life has been more circumscribed, more bound by customs that have been designed to make a free life the unique heritage of men and an unfree life the heritage of women, than has been the life of women in perhaps any Western land.

Chinese Women Emerging.

"To-day Chinese women are emerging. To the outsider it seems quite miraculous, but although we who are working for the emancipation of the Chines women recognize the miracle that makes this rebirth possible at all, at the same time we recognize the stupendous difficulties involved. The whole weight of traditional forces is against us — traditional economic forces, traditional international forces and in addition traditional social and family forces.

"It is not easy to be a leader of Chinese women to-day. We are beset not only by the obstacles in the way of national and economic emancipation, but also by great obstacles of criticism; personal attacks, the open disapproval of the conservative classes who feel that woman's life should be spent, as it always has been spent, either in the drawing-room or in the kitchen of the house of her lord.

"We women of China, however, are fortunate in one respect. The Kuomintang, which is leading us, is determined that our oppression, like the oppression of all exploited peoples and classes, shall end. Our program for emancipation receives complete support.

Militarists Dominating.

"Yet the task ahead of us is great. In it individual desires, individual emotions, must be forgotten, merged into a common struggle. It is a time in Chnia when great liberating movements that are above and beyond personalities are taking shape, and Chinese women leaders, from Canton, the birthplace of the revolution, to Peking, the stronghold of reaction, are throwing themselves wholeheartedly into the battle to rid both China and women of the bondage that has kept them enslaved for centuries.

"You, delegates from the workingmen of the West, have, we know, come to help us in this task. You bring to us a message of co-operation from the exploited millions of other countries. I wish to tell you, in the name of the women of China, how much we appreciate your coming; how much we expect to profit by your help and advice and to ask you to take back to the workers and to the women of your homelands the greetings of the women of China."

In announcing her withdrawal from political life to the Associated Press, Mme. Sun Yet-sen said that the Kuomintang was becoming the "tool of militarists," and that she preferred to be outside the active movement until "wiser councils prevail."

The Marathon

A Purely Amateur Sport That Appeals More to the Middle Aged Than to the Youth

HINTS ON DIET, ETC.

By Byran Field.

Twenty-six miles, three hundred and eighty-five yards is, to most people, the distance between two railroad stations. To a small group of athletes, drawn from most of the countries of the world, it is the distance to be traveled on foot in the most grueling test in sport. It is the marathon distance. The first man to run it dropped dead. One of the last to run it nursed his blistered toes for days on the roof of a Long Beach hotel.

When the gallant Dorando staggered into the London Stadium in the Olympic games of 1908, delirious, blind with fatigue and so exhaused that he could not run the last 400 yards to victory, marathon running was branded as worse than pugilism, more brutal than bull-fighting. Yet the effort of this obscure confectioner from the Island of Capri started a craze for distance running the like of which was never seen before and has not been approached since.

Johnny Hayes won the race, although finishing second. Dorando was assisted, practically carried, over the line by coarse officials and was disqualified. Hayes landed in America to receive a huge ovation and to step into the midst of a mania for distance running that swept from coast to coast and transcended anything in sport in 1908, 1909 and 1910.

The craze also focused attention on the origin of that race that, so far as is known, was run only once before 1896. In 490 B.C. Pheidippides, a soldier, ran from the plain of Marathon to Athens—26 miles 385 yards. He carried the tidings that Miltiades, Commander o fthe Greeks, had with a puny force turned back the invading Persian host and that Athens was safe. After delivering his message the soldier dropped dead from exhaustion.

Unchronicled by Herodotus, this incident was largely forgotten until the revival of the Olympic Games in 1896 caused the Greek Government to request the establishment of a race that would commemorate the feat. From that day to this hundreds of marathons have been run all over the world.

Care of Feet.

Pickled feet are the most important things in marathon running. To be sound in wind and limb and to be possesses of a strong heart and plenty of grit are not enough. From the days o fthe bruisers in the London prize ring down to the esthetic Mr. Tunney, pugilists have hardened their fists in brine. Feet are as important to Marathon runners as fists are to prize fighters.

S. Loues, a Greek peasant, reputed to have worked in the fields in his bare feet, won the first marathon held in Athens in 1896. He ran barefoot because shoes chafed him. The other competitors, seeing Loues getting along famously, took off their shoes. Lemursiaux, the Frenchman, collapsed. Flack, the Australian, gave up. Blake, the American, withdrew. They all had blisters. Loues had a glass of wine. When he arrived at the stadium where the race finished, the Crown Prince of Greece and Prince George paced him to the line, one on each side of him, and the King waved his yachting cap.

Nowadays, with more than thirty years of experience to go on, marathon runners disagree on methods of training, on diet, on clothing and on many other things, but they all agree on pickling the feet. After the pickling, however, the disagreement begins again. Some say the feet should be rubbed with vaseline; some that they should be rubbed with tallow. Others favor talcum powder. As one cannot teach an old dog new tricks and as most of the great distance runners are no longer young, the prospect of a uniform procedure seems remote.

Amateur Sport.

With the exception of the men who ran in 1908, 1909 and 1910, in the halcyon days when Madison Square Garden trembled and the Polo Grounds bulged with crowds, all the men stayed butchers, bakers and candlestick makers. A. A. U. officials and distance enthusiasts will tell you that the marathoners are the greatest amateurs in the world. There is no "gate" nowadays in marathons; the races are run along the public thoroughfares. There are no "expenses" offered by clubs as inducements.

A Hobby.

The marathoners have their trade, and they have their hobby. Their hobby is marathoning. Clarence De Mar runs to and from work each day. Harry Parkinson does the same. Morris chases his horse afoot along the milk route. A story is told of Olin S. Weeks, who is nearer 60 than 50, and of his love for distance running. Getting away early from work one afternoon, Weeks felt like a jaunt and ran fifteen miles. He went home, washed up and had supper. After supper he sat around and things were a little dull. He put on his hat, went out and covered another fifteen miles. Then he went to bed.

Distance running is done most efficiently by men who are no longer young. A boxer is old at 30. At 30 a marathoner is callow. De Mar is 40. Kennedy must be 45. Nick Giannakopulos is 36 and Whitey Michelson is well over 30. Parkinson is 40. Weeks was running at 55.

The Stride.

In twenty-six odd miles of marathoning about thirty-five thousand strides should be taken. That's about thirteen thousand for ten miles. The marathon stride is peculiar. It should not be graceful; it should be a shuffle. Of course the shuffle can be harmonious. Alfred Shrubb, England's great marathoner, was considered the most graceful of distance men. Tom Longboat, the Onondaga Indian from Canada, was considered awkward. Yet both were great runners. Charley Paddock is said to have cleared twenty feet in his last great jump for the tape in the hundred-yard dash, Paavo Nurmi's stride was about seven feet in the mile and two-mile runs he did so sensationally. A marathon stride is about four feet.

The legs are not kicked up behind as in a short race. It takes effort to lift the leg high off the ground. Most of the great distance men run flat-footed. It means less strain. The arms are carried low. Kicking the legs up and holding the arms high when one does it 35,000 times in three hours is a matter to be considered. To look at De Mar in the course of any of his races would cause one to expect him to stop within half a mile. His face looks strained and he appears dog-tired. Yet De Mar has five times won the Boston marathon.

Size Handicap.

Big men do not make good distance runners. Shrubb was tall, but gangling. Longboat was tall, but slender. Hayes was a small man. Dorando and Strobino and St. Ives were not many inches over five feet. De Mar and Michelsen are welter-weights. Quanawahu weighs about 125 pounds. The constant pounding which a big man's feet are subjected to over the long route so blisters and bruises them that it is next to impossible for him to go on. No amount of pickling will prevent the tissue inside the skin from swelling, even though the epidermis has been so toughened as to resist blisters. One of the grittiest of the big men is Nicholas Giannakopulos. To-day he weighs close to 200 pounds. He weighed 175 in his greatest races, among them the national senior cross-country championship and the famous squad hike from Times Square to the Thirteenth Regiment Armory in Brooklyn.

Diet.

The matter of diet is another point on which the various marathon runners have their own ideas. Some dring nothing but water. Some drink tea and some milk. It is noticeable that all eschew coffee. Despite the glass of wine that spurred Loues on to victory in 1896, alcoholic liquors are taboo.

Without exception, the great distance men believe in eating heartily. As much as ten pounds may be lost by a marathon runner, and a man hardly ever completes a race without losing at least five pounds. It is well defined opinion among the veterans, therefore, that they had better eat everything they can get, so long as it is wholesome food. Fried food seems to be unpopular. Potatoes were considered too starchy until Pat White, the Irish champion, flashed some rare form(and Matt Maloney, the Trinity Club star, admitted that potatoes were a very important part of his diet. Said Matt: "Potatoes are an Irish food, and the Irish are great distance runners."

Some runners believe in taking refreshment during a race. In the early marathons it was considered the thing to do. Now it is against the A. A. U. rules. In certain races practices had grown to promulgate rules providing that the use of dope or liquor would be grounds for disqualification. The consensus seems to be taht water is the only helpful refreshment in a marathon. This is not against the rules.

There was no marathon in the old Olympic Games. The origin of the games is lost in antiquity, according to authorities; but Time was dated from the Olympiad of Coroebus, which was held in 776 B.C. In those days they named the Olympiad after the winner of the footrace. The Emperor Theodosius suppressed the Olympic Games in 394 A.D., because, it is believed, he considered them inimical to Christianity. The footrace in these games was probably not longe rthan 100 yards. A longer race was late rinaugurated, but it seems to have been not over a mile in length.

Ypres Memorial at Menin Gate

LORD PLUMER OPENS THE MENIN ROAD GATE

The "Menin Gate"

Nearly as many men of the British Empire passed over the Menin road to the Ypres salient not only never to return but ever to lie there without a grave, "unknelled, uncoffined and unknown," as the United States lost by death in the World War. . In the panels of "Menin Gate," dedicated at Ypres as the "empire's greatest memorial," are written under Kipling's inscription the names of fifty-six thousand men "to whom the fortunes of war denied the known and honored burial given to their comrades in death." If to these were added the names of those who traveled that same road during the four years but found known burial they would fill four times as many panels and multiply by four the total number of American dead.

What happened in those fields of Flanders behind that monument of glory the world should never forget, for its own sake as well as for the sake of those who perished there, especially in the last Battle of Ypres, from the 31st of July, 1917, to the 4th of November, when, by "a sudden advance the First Division and the Canadian Second Division" captured Passchendaele and brought the battle to a close by victory. "All the agonies of war," said Sir Philip Gibbs, "which I have attempted to describe were "piled up in those fields of Flanders." Nothing was "missing in the list of war's abominations." Nor was anything missing in the list of human valor. Nothing that had been written, said Sir Philip, was more than "a pale image" of the awfulness of the thing itself.

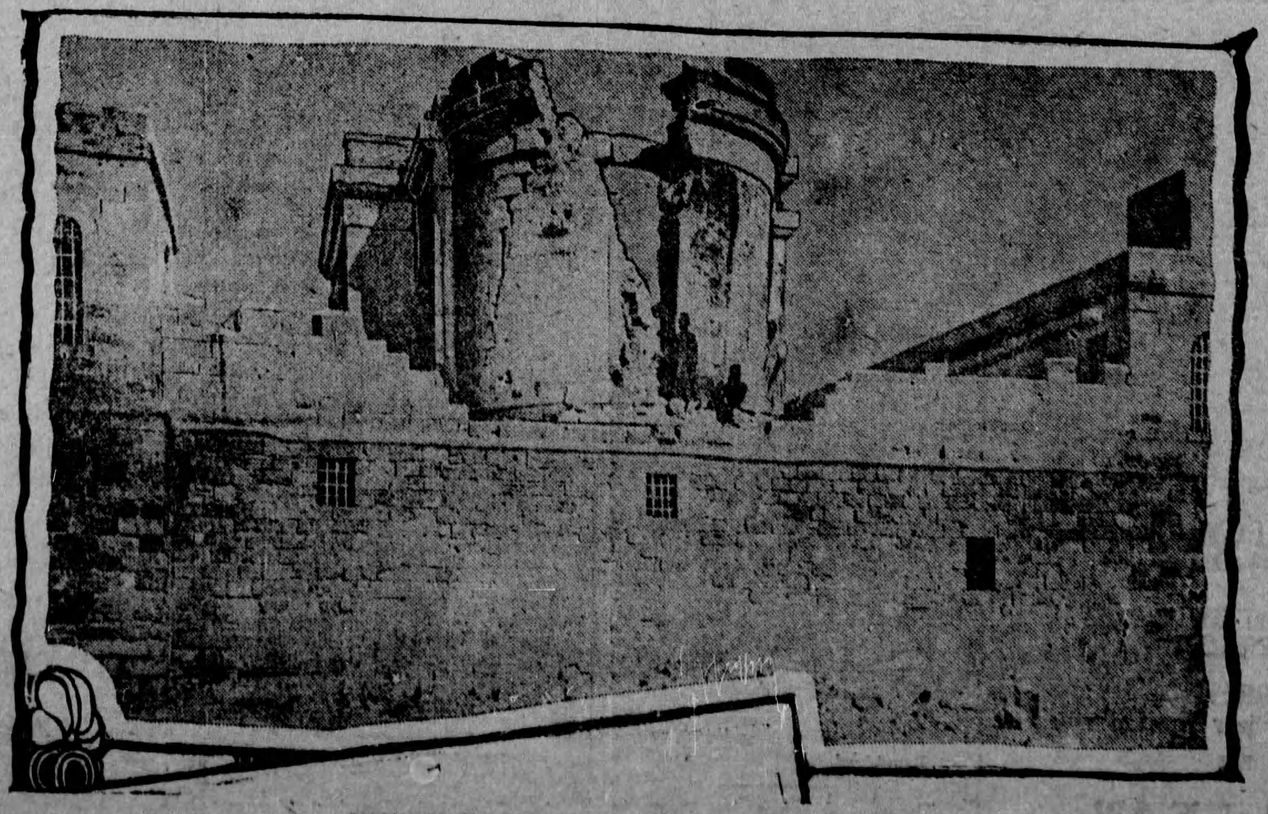
There were months of battle in which our (British) men advanced through slime into slime, under the slash of machine-gun bullets, shrapnel and high explosives, wet to the skin, chilled to the bone, plastered up to the eyes in mud, with a dreadful way back for walking wounded, and but little chance for wounded who could not walk. The losses in many of these battles amounted almost to annihilation to many battalions; and whole divisions lost as much as 50 per cent. of their strength after a few days' action. . . . Napoleon said that no body of men could lose more than 25 per cent. of their fighting strength in an action without being broken in spirit. Our men lost double that, but kept their courage, though in some cases they lost their hope.

A Lancashire division lost 3,840 men in casualties out of 6,949. A Highland brigade lost 87 officers and 2,000 men during those months. The Irish divisions had as brave a record. The Eighth Dublins were all but annihilated in holding the line. On the night before battles hundreds were gassed, but their comrades attacked and lost over 2,000 more and 162 officers. The Ninth Dublins lost 15 officers out of 17 and 66 per cent. of the men. But the line was held.

Pericles said over the Athenian dead that they had won the most honorable of sepulchres, not that in which they are buried but that in which their glory survived. Even those who were without burial want not their hearse, for unto them "a tomb's the universe," and we of all the universe have reason to stand with gratitude before that gate of honor to those who perished behind it. But for their endurance and that of their comrades, living and dead, it would be not a memorial of their sacrifice but a monument to their defeat—a gate opening to the sea and to our own coasts. And yet we continue to speak of their debt to us—their debt who have put us and all the world in eternal debt to them.

Those who lie in Flanders, in graves marked or unmarked, would wish to have written on those vast panels what Plato wrote for the Erotrian soldiers who died as exiles in Persia — changing only the place names: "We who left the booming surge of the ocean lie here in the plain of Flanders; fare thou well, renowned England, mother country of us all; farewell London, nigh to all within the British Isles; farewell dear sea." But hastening to "set a crown of freedom" on the world, they "lie possessed of praise that grows not old." The "dear sea" was not reached by those in whose path they stood valiantly in life and piled their bodies in death as a barrier.—N.Y. Times.

PALESTINE EARTHQUAKE



SHOWING WRECK OF WINTER PALACE AT JERICHO

Anglo-American Relations

Leo Maxse in the London National Review: Partly from their school books, from popular newspapers, and from their politicians the Americans have acquired an impression of this country, of its statesmanship, its ambitions, and its achievements, which, though in some respects flattering to British amour-propro, is responsible for the development of an anti-British sentiment that not only militates against any political co-operation between the English-speaking nations in any part of the world, no matter how intimate or identical their interests, but which actually endangers any Administration that is even suspected of leaning in that direction.

Snow Cake

One pound of arrowroot; ½ pound of butter; ½ pound of granulated sugar; 6 whites of eggs.

Cream the butter and sugar and add the arrowroot gradually. Beat the 6 whites to stiff froth, stir them in lightly and heat for 20 minutes. Fill a buttered tin ⅔ full and bake in a moderate oven for 1 to 1½ hours.