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Philadelphia, Friday, November 29, 1918

FUTURE OF HOG ISLAND THE Government invested about \$60,000,-

1 000 at Hog Island in improvements without taking title to the land. But before it spent any money it took an option to purchase at a price agreed upon. It has fust exercised that option. When the title passes the Government will own the land as, well as the ship fabricating plant and the piers and all the other improvements.

What is to be done with Hog Island still remains to be decided. It must be admitted, now that the Government is taking title to the land, that the property is being put in proper shape for selling to private purchasers if such can be found. It must also be admitted that if the Government wishes to operate the piers and terminals it is making arrangements which will put it in supreme control. But no one knows what the purpose of the Government is, and it is doubtful if the Government itself knows just what it will do with the property. That remains for Congress to decide. The executive departments must do as they are told by the law-making depart-

The future relation of the national Government to Hog Island is still unknown. In exercising its option on the land it has done only what a prudent business man would do when he was proparing himself to protect his investment.

Bavarla, which has suddenly dissoclated itself from the Berlin Government, seems to be playing fast as well as loose.

SKIP-STOPPING IS MURDER

PATRIOTIC defense of the skip-stop system crumbled when the Federal fuel administration ceased to urge it as a coal servation measure. With the war at an end, the argument for the continuance of the plan is now perforce exclusively commercial. It saves money.

That it places the public's lives in jeopardy and has even caused two fatalities this week in the same neighborhood are facts domineeringly brushed aside by the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company, which has found a way materially to profit by the exigencies of a crisis.

wood avenue, the numerous accidents in other parts of the city have squarely raised the issue between humanity and greedy ebstinacy. Fortunately the West Philadelphia public is justly aroused over the trolley company's brutal perversity, and Coroner Knight and the United Business Men's Association are re-enforcing the spirit of

It is not because the skip-stop system is merely inconvenient, but because it imperfis human lives that it should be at once abandoned. Retrenchment that is not murderous is purely the concern of the transit management. Careful car operators might perhaps justify the policy. As they seem, however, to be dangerously lacking, the company is adding incompetence to its hazardous offenses.

The public's right to interfere is clear and the agitation should not cease until the slaughterous penny-foolish "skip-stopping" rule has been revoked.

A Lansdowne man says that he is afraid country will go bone dry and bonehead at the same time.

DIPLOMACY'S CHANGING TONGUE THE expectation of a new diplomacy in coming momentous conferences in Paris is re-enforced by indications that English and not French will be the language of the sessions. Precedents will indeed be enervated should this hint be

Ever since Louis XIV dominated Europe his native tongue has been the yua franca of high envoys. Not even Sritain's potent contribution to the overthrow of Napoleon availed to imperil traat the Congress of Vienna in 1815. oral negotiations were conducted then the speech of the defeated nation. Throughout the nineteenth century the m survived, although the German erors balked at it in the middle of tice parleys with Favre and Thiers in It is significant, too, that until fled to Amerongen the other day highest distinction in the German was that of the order "Pour le

Valid practical considerations as well as le aristocratic inertia of custom have ed this survival of French. It has en the second tongue of most edu-Europeans. The stranger in Russia, and Greece has for years employed a his most serviceable verbal currency. possible shadow on its sway in the at of all international conferences , however, authentic basis. It is at all but two of the delegates know

whereas a number of them are

Outside of Canada bilingual folk beyond the confines of the European continent are comparatively rare, and when a second idiom is mastered it is usually English. More of the belligerents-British, Australian, New Zealander, Canadian, Americanhave been English-speaking than conversant with any other language. Recognition of this fact seems fitting, even though it reflects on the international spread of linguistic culture. Georges Clemenceau might even take a certain amount of personal pride it the novelty, for he has lived in New England and is actually conversant with "American"

On the whole, then, the prospect of a new speech in the sessions augurs well for the fashiening of a ladly needed new

OUR COURSE IN EUROPE

The Occasion Demands Calm Analysis Rather Than Blame or Untempered Praise For the President

IS SPLENDID-AND PERILOUS

IN MOODS of violent partisanship rather than with the constructive reasoning now so terribly necessary, political leaders on both sides at Washington and elsewhere are drifting toward the gravest days in the history of the republic. Headlong and bitter criticism of the Administration is common, on the one hand. On the other is an almost religious disposition to approve every new move and development in Mr. Wilson's policy of internationalism. Yet this is not a time for wild blame or mere praise. It is a time for analysis.

Few of the men upon whom the nation is accustomed to depend for guidance seem willing or able to realize the immensity of the decisions which we soon must make in defining our future relations with Europe. They will not take time to consider and discuss in all justice the factors actually involved. They quibble like Mr. Wickersham or rail like Colonel Roosevelt or worship blindly like Scnato- Lewis, and ask no questions,

The President's course is splendid and it is perilous. The sooner both parties admit this the better it will be for the

Calm thinking has become a pressing patriotic duty of the hour. And yet you will find men who are supposed to interpret political reactions serving their parties, groping about for issues and personalities for 1920, magnifying episodes, filling the air with clamor, confusing the public mind. The causes and the men needed to revitalize the old parties are still invisible in the twilight of the future. They need not concern us now. What we need to realize is that the country is confronted squarely in Europe with the necessity for a decision that will profoundly affect all our future days for good or ill.

Can we serve America best by serving mankind as President Wilson wishes to do? Is it necessary for our own welfare that we attempt to be a dominant moral force in Europe?

Mr. Wilson is the frank and sincere propagandist of radical political theories conceived in all beneficence. The President is going forward with the assumption that the nations of the earth have been drawn together against their will into a new community of interest. He believes that whatever good he can do United States. He is assured, apparently, that we cannot altogether dissociate our interests from those of European peoples. The President's critics will not admit that there is much sound logic in this general belief, and that Mr. Wilson's singular course has been in many ways forced upon him.

Certainly America would lose tragically by further devastating wars in Europe or by the overthrow of enlightened governments. Civilization itself would be threatened if upheaval is permitted to follow upheaval. Mr. Wilson has been charged with an ambition to sublimate his party. Yet, as a matter of fact, there can be little doubt that he is perfectly willing to leave his party in wreckage if he can but attain his ends-which are new national relationships throughout the world and assured justice among all peoples.

Opposed to the President's adventurous idealism is the collective opinion founded on all previous political experience here and in Europe. The maturer experience of statesmen as sincere if less gifted than the President convinces them that America may be stronger, safer and a surer power for good in the world and as potent a moral force in world politics if it can find a way to withdraw from Europe and to resume its old spiritual isolation and its independence of action. It is utterly idle and foolish to deny that each of these two widely opposed views has a powerful appeal to the American mind and the American imagination.

But which is mainly right and just and safe? And how shall we decide between

It is possible to look to Europe now for some signs of guidance. They aren't altogether hopeful for those who have faith in the President's ability to convert the rest of mankind to his own point of view.

The British navy is the foundation of the empire. It is a tradition. It symbolizes the spirit of a race. Can it be put aside?

It is conceivable that at the peace conference Mr. Wilson will endeavor to make a culminating appeal to the conscience of all humanity and to establish a basis for agreements that shall be fixed permanently by the force of an undeniable morality. If he is unable to do this America were better out of Europe. A failure in this respect must keep us in the midst of perpetual brawls. We should face the certainty of new and bitter enemies and perhaps powerful

groups of enemies.

already beginning to react to make permanent peace seem as far away as

Out of the recent war there is springing new group consciousness in some of the late belligerents, new pride of race, new assurance in their own prowess and their ability to win added glory. Much has been written in praise of the Czecho-Slavs. It is not always realized that the Czecho-Slavs like to think themselves a warrior race and that they love strife It surprised no one when the representatives of the new Czecho-Slav Government began a series of clashes with Italy over boundary lines even before the peace conference assembled. Doubtless there will be other fresh irritations There may be new hatreds. New ambitions are certain. No one knows how long the moving idealism that animated the smaller countries in the war will last

Human nature is an uncertain quantity. And it is with human nature in the mass - with human nature largely strange to him and affected deeply by ine adicable traditions of race, religion and pride-that Mr. Wilson it attempting

Collective opinion in a country like ours is the nearest thing to ultimate wisdom that we may know. It is better than the opinions of politicians. It may he for this reason that no very general enthusiasm greeted Senator Dick's suggestion of General Pershing for the Presidency. This was not due to any failure fully to esteem Pershing as a magnificent soldier and a great

Somewhere deep in the general consciousness of the nation there may be a feeling that 1920 is likely to bring new problems of a sort that we do not now dream of and that in selecting the next President it would be folly to react to emotions of sentiment rather than to considerations of wisdom and exacting

Meanwhile those who are most patriotic will temporarily forget their parties. They will do what they can to make the real difficulties and dangers of the President's task clear to the mind of America in order that Mr. Wilson may in turn have such guidance as an informed public opinion, sanely and justly expressed, may give him in the hardest days of his career.

There are still far too many clouds in Germany for the Kaiser to come back with his reign-check.

THE GREATER AMERICA

FRANCE is no longer foreign soil. There is mingled with it the dust of thousands of Americans, sanctifying it and binding the thoughts of America with it for years to come. Rupert Brooke sensed the significance of death in a strange land when on leaving his British home to fight across the seas he wrote his beautiful sonnet, "The Soldier." It begins:

If I should die, think only this of me: That there's some corner of a foreign field That is forever England. There shall be In that rich earth a richer dust concealed; A dust whom England bore, shaped, made

Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam. A body of England's breathing English air, Washed by the rivers, blest by the suns of home.

Change England and English to America and American and this poem will express in Europe will react to the benefit of the the sentiments of those Americans who have died and of those who were willing to die in France. They would be the last who would wish that what is left of them should be brought back home to lie in the village churchyard or in the cemetery on the edge of the city. But their wishes are not those that should be decisive. The fathers and mothers of the dead have rights in the premises. If they wish their heroes brought home, that they may water their graves with their tears, then the Government should bring all such back. Enough will still remain to make France part of the greater America which has arisen out of the fires of the war and to bind us more closely to all the nations of the earth.

> Winston Churchill What England speaks for England when he says that no Wants howeve argument, specious, should lead the British to consent

to the abandonment of their naval supremacy, a supremacy which has three times preserved the world from military tyranny-the tyranny of Philip II of Spain, of Napoleon nd of Kalser Wilhelm. What the freedom of the seas means to the British is perfeetly obvious.

Rumors that the Czar may be alive do not make him any the less He'd Be Lost dead as a hereditary march. It is conceivable that the Jacobins of the French Revolution did not kill the "Lost Dauphin" when they said they did, but so far as his influence on history went he ceased to exist when he entered the Tem-

In their zest of cele-Enviable Ecstasy bration as exemplified in repeated parades and celebrations in this city the Italians inspiringly attest how deserving of victory they are. Their capacity of appreciation is a real stimulus. Rome never enjoyed her triumphs more than her heirs under the gallant House

There was no postponement of thankfulness yesterday on account of the rain. Once more it has been proved that it is mposable to sell turkeys at an exorbitant

Secretary Daniels says that justice hould be done to Germany; but the Gername are crying for mercy.

The Cologne committee of soldiers has put a price on the former Kaiser's head. And it fits better than the crown which if used to wear.

Let us hope that Doctor Krusen is right when he says that there is no evidence of renewal of the influenza epidemic in town.

And now they want the Knizer's head n Cologne, and that is rather a corkin

THE ELECTRIC CHAIR

The Telephone Directory NO MALORY of old romance. No Crusoe tale, it seems to me.

Can equal in rich circumstance This telephone directory. No ballad of fair ladies' eyes, No legend of proud knights and dames, Can fill me with such bright surmise As this great book of numbered names: How many hearts and lives unknown. Rare damsels pining for a squire,

> The news they will rejoice to know At Rome 2637 J Or Marathon 1450! And some, perhaps, are stung with fear And answer with reluctant tread:

To ring, and call them to the wire

Some walt to hear a loved voice say

Are waiting for the telephone

The message they expect to hear Means life or death or daily bread. A million hearts here wait our call, All naked to our distant speech wish that I could ring them all

And have some welcome news for each! To Henry Frank Singer (Killed in action, September 29, 1918)

HENRY, they said you had wasted your youth, Because you were not confined within a business or profession.

They begrudged you your little patrimony, Since it enabled you to read books, and scorn the seeking of wealth. But you gave your life for an ideal,

And that was a deed unachievable by your

detractors. Who is there to stand in judgment and say That another misspends his life? Who is there now to decry you? Who dare boast of his virtues as he thinks

of your new-digged grave? You did not flaunt your patriotism And let your neighbor give up his life-blood. Restless, and spurred on by a passion for

justice, Heeding the cries across the distant At Eleven times you sought enlistment,

And finally the draft board passed you. You did not seek the front because of a love of adventure. You were not a prey of barbarous instincts

become atavistic within you HENRY, if ever a man unselfishly yielded his life, you did.

You died for an idea no less than Socrates and Bruno. Youth, health, love, happiness, life were before you.

And you freely forwent them. Prosperity may forget you, But it will reap the blessings you gave it.

T IS so hard to believe you are dead, Henry. It is so hard to believe that your neat

little figure. Carrying your gloves in your Lands, Will never again go trotting down Chest-

nut street. see you again, your blue eyes lit up with

a mischievous i mile, watch you puff your eigarette. As you tell your little joke. Henry, you were so human and a hall

fellow well met. Intellect and wealth made you not a bit less democratic. Your eye for a pretty girl was no less sure

Than your taste for a good boo':, And you were a handsome fellow, Henry, ↑ND then came the single newspaper

Ine under "Killed" 'Henry F. Singer, 3809 Locust street, Phila delphia." Soon appeared your picture and a few

lines of obltuary: Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania." And "Collector of a library on the drama";

There were the w is descriptive of you. But I' had seen the divine fire flash in your eye And knew that words uld not portray

your spirit. They say brave men lived before Agamem-

Yes, and today as well as ever, You were a hero and never knew it. And never went after the honors; You were made of the stuff of martyrs And yet never shouted about your duty.

And now your so-called wasted life. More fruitful than that of the creator of wealth. More noble than that of the preacher of

sermons. More beautiful than that of the dreamer of poems,

Has conferred untold advantages upon us; Has proved itself a poem and a sermon,

WHEN on that memorable morning of November the eleventh. The glad tidings of peace were tolled by the whistles and sirens, thought of you as one of the spectral

Sending forth the joyous music, And speeding the cheerful melodies to carol about in the raw morning.

When I read of the flight of rulers and the birth of republics. said here were results you had accomplished. But you will never gather the rich har-

vest of your sowing. You will never exult in your splendid achievement.

And a Homer to make you immortal is lacking.

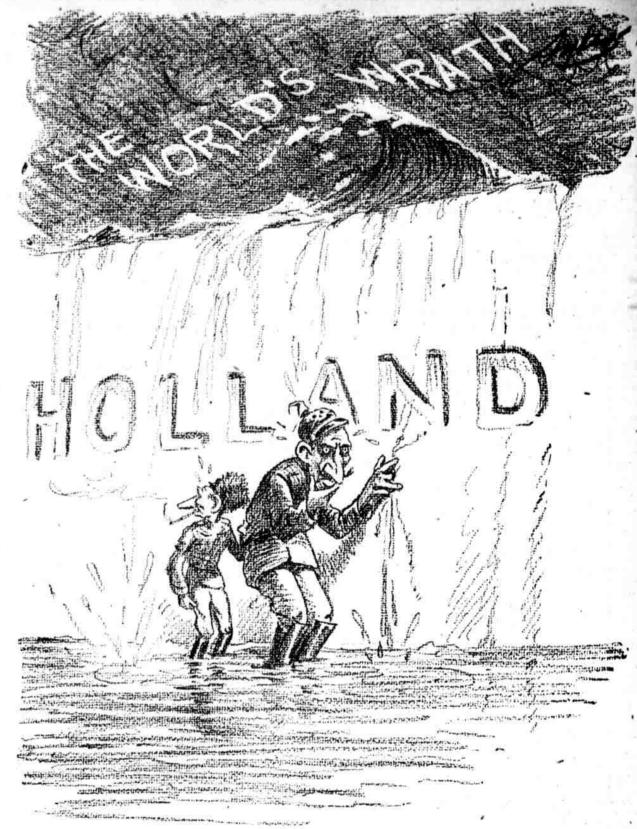
SEND you my humble tribute. I, who sought the heroic in the cettage instead of on the field of action. Who hated wars because of the slaughter of thousands of innocents,

To punish a few malefactors. And when I think you died for me Literally and not metaphorically, I feel a miserable wretch Who is drawing his breath only because you ceased you: :,

God bless you, Henry, and your "wasted" youth. ALBERT MORDELL

Humanity is often very ungrateful to its greatest benefactors. We don't even know the name of the man who invented nam and eggs with hashed brown on the

"IF THE DIKE WEAKENS



WASTEFULNESS OF UNCLE SAM

Nearly Ten Million Pounds of Public Documents Sold as Waste Paper Last Year in Spite of a Great Paper Shortage

The following extracts from an article on the Government Printing Office by Henry Critchfield West in the Bookman for Decembor throw a brilliant light upon the wasteful use of print paper by the Government at a time when the newspapers have been arbitrarily restricted in the amount of space may give to news because of the which they may paper shortage:

TODAY the Government Printing Office I including a new building that cost \$2,500, 000-has a floor space of thirteen acres, with nearly 150 presses, 246 type-setting machines, by far the largest battery of composing maworld; a complete bindery equipment and an electrotype foundry capable of turning out 2000 electrotypes each day. There are nearly 1,500,000 plates stored in one vault. The metal-melting room, where the type set on the machines is recast into ingots, handles approximately twelve tons of metal daily. Within the building printing-ink and carbon-paper are manufac tured; and sixteen elevators, a refrigerating plant and an emergency hospital are stalled. In the latter institution nearly 40 cases were treated last year. Altogether, the modest plant of fifty years ago now repre-sents an investment of considerably more

than \$10,000,000. than \$10,000,000.

To thoroughly appreciate the extent to which Uncle Sam occupies the publication field one must think in terms of millions—not merely millions of dollars but millions. of books and pamphlets. It is almost a strain of books and pampinets. It among a statute upon the imagination to realize the existence of a plant which can turn out nearly 3,000,000 books a year, but, after all, even the gigantic totals just quoted do not adequately Government Printing Office, merely as a rou-tine procedure, prints and delivers 4,000,000 postal cards each day and hundreds of mblions of postal money-order blanks each year, the latter on presses which print, perforate, collate and number in one operation. With its virtually unlimited capacity the office can receive, set in type, proof-read, stereotype, print, bind and deliver a book of more than 2000 pages within twenty-four hours. * * * * There are two methods of getting the

printed material into the hands of the people -free distribution and sale. The former in cludes nearly 90 per cent of the output. In the first place each Senator and Representa well as each department or bureau, tive, as well as each department or bureau is entitled to a certain quota of all govern-mental publications. Each is allowed to re-ceive without cost, for instance, 12,500 copie: of Farmers' Bulletin, or a total requisition of nearly 7,000,000 for this purpose alone.

The acceptance of the congressional quota is not compulsory. If, therefore, the books are not used, they remain to the credit of the Senator or Representative for a certain period and are then thrown back upon the Public Printer, who eventually sells them for waste paper at a cent a pound. Unfortunately, this is the fate of literally thousands of volumes. The last report of the Public Printer, dated

December 3, 1917, contains this paragraph:
By authority of the Joint Committee on ting, 585,059 obsolete publications were condemned and sold. In a further effort to reduce this useless surplus, an inventory covering \$1,239 old or duplicate publications was prepared in January, 1917, and the usual course was followed in notifying members of Congress to select what the wanted from this list, but not more than one-third of the members took advantage of this privilege; such copies as were se-lected are being forwarded, and those that emain will be condemned and sold as

waste paper.

One reason for this deplorable situation, which is shown by this record to have existed with incalculable loss for more than twenty years, is that a substantial proportion of the which is published has no popular appeal, being purely technical in its nature and another reason is that the law arbitrarily fixes the minimum number of copies to be printed of each publication, this figure being quite generous.

with the view of realizing some return upon the time and labor invested in the books which the Government produces, and in the hope that perhaps some of the otherwise discarded volumes might be haited on their way to the paper mill. Congress established their way to the paper-mill. Congress lished the office of the Super-intendent o uments, where ist-over and other public could be deposited and, if possible, so offered most generous terms to the wo

THE haughty galleons of Spain, Their standards flying, kept the main And sought with bellying sails their 'oes In hostile waters, there to close Notwithstanding this tempting inducement, In struggle to the death, to fight the effort to dispose of governmental issues at private sale has only been partially satisfactory. In ten years the receipts have only increased from \$55,000 to a little more than \$200,000. It is against human nature Against God's wrath and England's might. They fought till each ship found her grave Beneath the titter northern wave: Thus they upheld with gun and steel to pay for anything which may be had for The ancient honor of Castile. nothing, besides which the Government prints and prints, constantly piling up its stock, without providing adequate means for acquainting the public with the character of the Not such the cowardly, beaten Hun. His devil's work frustrate and done. goods it has provided. No publishing firm would for an instant print and bind hun-dreds of thousands of volumes without pro-viding for their distribution and sale. These Cowering he walts in his safe sea lair Till Justice's long arm reach him there: Till summoned, a thin line of gray, fundamental business principles are entirely The hostage ships crawl on their way, ignored by the Government. It manufactures dividually distributed price-lists as the only method of advertising its wares. The conse quence is that during the fiscal year 1916 the

total had been reduced to 587,548.

amount of waste paper sold last year.

cording to the report of the Public Printer, was more than 9,500,000 pounds.

READER'S VIEW POINT

"Noblest Bit of Literature"

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—I wish to heartily congratulate you upon your editorial of Monday night, upon the surrender of the German fleet.

Both in its substance and its form it is the noblest bit of literature that ha

spired by recent events. For the past year r more my time has been largely given

to a study of existing demecratic factors in American education. I have been espe-

cially concerned over the discovery and emphasis of literature that brings our national idealism into impressive contrast

with that of Prussia. This you have mag-nificently done in the editor at to which I refer. Before I am through I shall see that through my articles and reports the school

nen of the whole country come to know of

if, as I hope you will, you make a reprint f it, I should be glad to personally circulate

University of Pennsylvania, November 27.

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger

Sir-Congress is considering a resolution

ven to our returning soldiers from the bat

the fields of Europe. A very commendable purpose on the part of Congress, and I

earnestly hope that the resolution may be

to be hoped, however, that no string will be attached to this expression of the nation's

gratitude to our noble fighters overseas, as

was the case some years after the close of the Civil War, when a conscience-stricken Con-gressman had a bill passed which authorized the gift "(?) of a bronze medal to the

veterans of the Civil War. But when the

boys in blue applied for the'r medals they were charged fifty cents each for the honor of wearing it. This puny attempt at economy

honor, disgusted the old fellows, and many of

them refused the so-called gift. Our home coming boys are more than worthy of this

Mgnai recognition of their valor as soldiers

of the Republic, and I trust that they will

not be humiliated in the same manner as we veterans of the Civil War were. Let them have the medals without money and without

price as the gift of an appreciative Govern

One of the old Philadelphia Brigade, Philadelphia, November 27.

A Judas Peace

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger

Sir—Your leading editorial today is O. K. and if you will refer to your file for several weeks you will find that the article of Wil-

llam Roscoe Thayer, on "A Judas Peace," bears out your "leader" as I noted above

When I read said editorial I referred to the clipping of Mr. Thayer's, and after again reading the same. I think it would be a great

benefit on the strength of your able and suc-cinct article to republish the same (I mean Mr. Thayer's). The public then might have s

compelling the veterans to pay for this

ome a law and faithfully carried out

provide a bronze medal of merit to be

two or three hundred copies.

A. DUNCAN YOCUM.

in American education.

and to make use of it.

nghts that dreaded fight. Intact surrendered, shameful sight, number of copies of condemned publication aggregated 2,592,278, although in 1917 thi Out of the mists like ghosts appear, Floating the pallid flag of fear,

A craven foe who slunk from fight, A coward assassin in the night, Who left babes, mothers, piteously Abandoned in an angry sea: Who scented, vulture-like, his prev In such as in sick cabins lay:

Who broke the faith, the chivalry,

Let not his bones, when he shall die,

Lie where his martyred victims lie.

Time immemorial, of the sea:

NOVEMBER 20, 1918

The skip-stop issue is rapidly changing nto a stop-killing campaign.

Spa'n is willing to enter a league of nations-now that its chief function is to be the preservation of world peace. America entered the league when it had to fight to make peace.

Even with prohibition in force next July, it is more than likely that returning transports will continue to be loaded well beyond that date

Penn's successful footballers yesterday rave hopeful indication of how they might have scored against Germany had time not

been called on November 11.

What Do You Know?

 Who has been mentioned as the Republican member of the American delegation to the peace conference?
 At what port is President Wilson expected to land in Europe? 3. In what Mediterranean coast city is the Cata-

4. Who printed the picture entitled "The Angelus"? 5. Where did the peace conference which ended the Spanish-American War meet? 6. Who was Mr. Baker's immediate as Secretary of War?

7. What is a hassock? What was the Newgate Calendar?

9. What is a pantograph? 10. What is a mandarin?

Answers to Yesterday's Oniz George W. Wickersham was Attorney Gen-eral of the United States during the ad-ministration of President Taft.

5. Admiral Kolchak recently became dictator of the Russian Government at Onsk. Unconfirmed reports of his assassination are

7. The name of God Sees not occur in the B