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and
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Philadelphia, Tuesday, December 3, 1918

THE CASUALTY LIST SCANDAL

SOMETHING is fatally wrong with the system of reporting casualties to the families of the dead or wounded. For example, thirty-five days elapsed between the death of Major Ward W. Pierson and the notification of his widow. A comrade of a young man who was killed in July informed the man's parents months ago of the catastrophe, but the family has not yet received any official information on the subject and hostilities ended twenty days ago. Men who have been wounded seriously have recovered and have been sent home, have met the postman at the door of their houses with a letter from the War Department containing the announcement to their families that they had been killed. The lists of deaths given to the newspapers contain almost every day the names of men who are known to be alive and well.

All this uncertainty is keeping the wives and mothers of the men in a state of suspense and strain to which they ought not to be subjected. There is no necessity for it.

But there are no indications of a disposition to change the system. We are told that the total number of casualties has been 265,000. The details of only about 100,000 men have been reported. The names of about 165,000 remain to be sent across the ocean. At the present rate it will take 100 days to get the complete list here, and the loading of the cables with the names prevents their use for other matter. The whole list of 165,000 could be brought over the ocean by a messenger in less than two weeks. The ocean can be crossed in eight days, and if we allow two weeks for completing the work there would be six days for getting the lists to Paris and delivering them in Washington with the sea voyage taken out.

It is about time that some one in authority in Washington with a little compassion for the friends of the dead and injured took the matter in hand and forced expedition and accuracy in reports.

"Baby mine" is a phrase which loses its consoling charm at the thought of what may be floating off the Delaware Capes.

TALKING ALOUD AT LAST

SECRETARY SPROULE, of the State Board of Commissioners of Navigation, has begun to say aloud what men have been whispering for years about the reasons for the backwardness of this port.

Whenever two or three informed men have talked privately on the subject there has been general agreement. At a dinner a few months ago a speaker, sitting next to one of the city officials, expressed his opinion as to the cause. "If you say that on your feet," said the official, "you will create a sensation."

But all that the speaker said was that it was the railroads which had blocked the development of Philadelphia's waterborne trade. Now Mr. Sproule, who knows what he is talking about, has said the same thing in the course of an article on the history and present status of this port, printed in the Advance, the monthly bulletin of the Corn Exchange Bank.

When we begin to talk in the open about what every one knows we are making some progress. If we continue to talk we shall put the railroads on the defensive and then we may hope that they will do something to change the conditions which have justified all the criticism to which they are subjected.

In some quarters indignation against junkers seems to have been transferred to junkets.

WHAT ABOUT ROUGE?

NEWARK has gone, as they say at election times, anti-rouge.

The sternly avowed determination of the city officials to wipe the flaming paint from the faces of the misguided little sisters who have given themselves over to that fantastic means of adornment represents one of the oddest municipal enterprises of recent years. It is not altogether humorous. For undoubtedly one of the strangest and most moving sights in all America is the immature girl who turns upon you the serene, guileless and unsophisticated eyes of a child—and a face painted like a Sioux Indian's. She doesn't know that in every other occidental country lavish use of face paint is the accepted badge of those who frankly disdain all ordinary social conventions.

In the end her painted face is actually a rather pitiful symbol of innocence. It is the final consciousness of this paradox that has moved uncounted foreigners to amazement. In France and England well-bred women do not paint. The habit is one that is left, as a rule, to the stage and to the giddy minority which doesn't take life seriously. From the viewpoint of the great majority of French and English girls of good family the habit of face-painting represents an unthinkable departure from all the rules of propriety.

It would be difficult to trace the origin of the rouge mania in America. Those who claim to know the contents of the modern handbag say that even some school girls carry face paint and use it more or less regularly. Who is going to convince them that the practice is foolish and ugly and that it deceives no one? The Newark police have attempted this difficult task. The police matrons have been ordered to wash—forcibly if necessary—the face of every young girl who is found on the streets with her cheeks artificially colored. One cannot refrain from wishing Newark luck and power to the elbows of the police matrons.

WILSON STILL PLAYING LONE DIPLOMATIC HAND

Address Leaves Whole Country Still Dependent Upon Him Alone at Peace Conference

PRESIDENT WILSON in his address to Congress revealed nothing of the plans, nothing of the information which inspired his decision to go to Europe. He remains, in relation to the whole question of peace, an autocrat or an inspired mystic, according to the spectacles through which he is viewed.

There will be clamor and disappointment in some quarters because of the President's deliberate refusal to tell Congress of the program which he will urge upon the council at Versailles. It will be said that he should have asked the advice of Congress or, at least, permitted it to express an opinion in relation to the new international scheme in which we shall have to participate later on. And, on the other hand, there are many who, because they believe they understand the immensity of the forces opposed to each other in Europe, will be assured that the President could not and should not have revealed his intentions.

It must be assumed that the President will do as he has done before—forge his weapons and choose his course as he goes along. This is an unconventional method, strange in a country like ours and not in accord with our habits of thought or practice. It operated successfully during the war. It served to terminate hostilities successfully. It swept autocracy out of Germany and averted the possibility of another year of blood and loss and horror.

So, even though the address to Congress yesterday studiously avoided to the very end the topic in which all America was most keenly interested, and even though there will be a continuing disposition in many quarters to say that the trip to Europe is superfluous, perilous, pretentious or unwise, it will not do to conclude hastily that the President may not be more astute than his critics. As we have said repeatedly, results alone will tell.

It would be unfair to suppose that a purely selfish motive or any vain assumption of authority has prompted Mr. Wilson in this instance. He knew, surely, that in many respects his address would be a disappointment to the country. And he must be acutely aware that his journey may end in disaster to his prestige. That is proof of his courage. It indicates strong convictions. What the public must hope for now is that he may succeed in establishing the principles of justice between nations which heretofore he has so splendidly expounded. The fact remains that the country is left in a cloud of uncertainties.

Something of what might be called Mr. Wilson's secrecy is understandable. Had he followed the course which would have satisfied and reassured the country and stated frankly to Congress the essential aims and purposes of his mission the President might have been forced to reveal elements in the situation which deeper knowledge requires to be kept secret. Yet in the method he adopted he leaves the country with a sense that it is straying in the mist. Its affairs are taken out of its hands. It must trust the President—for the simple reason that there is no alternative. It has trusted the President before and found that it trusted wisely. But it has to depart far from methods which were found essential and sure in the past.

The President is dealing with imponderables in Europe. Russia is a dim wilderness, with fabulous riches for the exploiter or the conqueror. Germany and Austria are preparing to change the course of life and civilization on the continent. Opposed forces of extraordinary power are struggling for the control of the British Government and British policy. Of the outcome in such instances no one is qualified to make prophecies. So the relation which the United States must maintain with one or another condition of affairs in Europe—the manner in which we shall co-operate or refuse to co-operate with new and unforeseen States and conditions of nationality—is left solely to the discretion of one man. When it is said that that one man is devoted and moved by a concern for the world's benefit we have not yet disposed of the situation. For there is no man who may not fall into an error of judgment, and such an error becomes a matter of immeasurable importance when it is of a sort that affects the destiny of a whole nation.

It is conceivable that Mr. Wilson sees the subjects of the Peace Conference far more clearly than they can be seen by those whom he might have taken into his confidence. We are unlike the other nations since we have no indemnities or territories or awards to seek. We have lost all that we can lose in the present. The President, acting apparently upon his assurance that the majority of mankind is upon the side of justice, aware of his ability to rally a large section of public opinion in Europe and America to his support in idealistic causes, may aim to make an open war, if it is necessary, on the forces which he knows will operate at the Versailles conference to build new empires of selfishness upon the ruin of Europe. If he succeeds he will be hailed as the greatest statesman of his age. If he fails he will be repudiated as a vain victim of his own egotism. It is a mark of Mr. Wilson's confidence in his own position that he is willing to risk so much on so perilous an enterprise. That alone should be an adequate assurance of his sincerity.

The address to Congress, though it lifted none of the mists from the European situation, was a tentative reply to all of those who have been convinced that the President was preparing to throw the weight of his influence to a program of Government ownership. Government ownership and a socialistic administration of other utilities are not evident in the logic of the President. The admission of Mr. Wilson that he didn't know the answer to the question of utilities seems to dispose of the prospect of Government ownership. He implies that the matter is one to inspire research and constructive reasoning in Congress. Had Congress been more reasonable and more constructive in the past the railroads might not have proved inadequate in a crisis and they might never have passed under Government control. Congress now has another chance. The railroads have another chance. All of the utilities that have been administered in the past for the benefit of stockholders rather than for the benefit of the public have another chance. For what Mr. Wilson said of the railroads must apply with equal force to the telegraphs and the telephones. We may yet profit by the war if by the present confusion the corporations are taught to function efficiently, profitably and in an enlightened manner under wise Federal regulation. No other system is adequate to America and the needs of American life.

The plea for woman suffrage was natural. It is highly probable that every country in Europe will soon grant the franchise to woman. We cannot afford to be listed among the backward nations of the earth.

If any senatorial party goes to Paris it is possible that the demands for English in the peace conference will be louder than ever.

FROM SEA GIRT TO SEDAN

WHEN a regiment is cited immediately after action it is proved to have done something momentous and unusually brave. When an officer is advanced on the field he receives the highest recognition possible under the rules of military service. The ceremony represents the chivalrous acknowledgment of superiors whose own hard experience has taught them how to esteem exalted courage.

These distinctions were won by the 114th Regiment, Camden's old Third Regiment, N. G. N. J., and two of its officers in the final days of the drive toward Sedan. Major B. Stone and Major George L. Selby and the men in their command were average Americans who trained at Sea Girt in the easy-going days when there seemed no possibility of war. They were a part of the National Guard in the days when the National Guard was supposed to be old-fashioned and inadequate. The world has since learned that soldiers scientifically made are not always the best. Spirit counts.

The "imponderable" in the 114th and in all other American units, the win-or-die state of mind that made a thought of retirement or defeat unbearable, has added epic pages even to the stupendous record of the most awful of wars.

Camden should do something fine for the 114th when it gets back with the flags that never were halted.

An International Big Brother? It remains to be seen how the other nations like the Big Brother attitude of Mr. Wilson, indicated in his remark to Congress that "We are about to give order and organization to this peace not only for ourselves, but for the other peoples of the world as well, so far as they will suffer us to serve them."

We Do Know the Truth The P. R. T. wants us to "Know the truth." Can it be that it thinks we have forgotten the truth about the watered stock on which it is paying dividends?

Flicking Ashes at Amerongen Now we know why the reports of the ex-Kaiser's cigarette smoking have been so persistent. It was to give verisimilitude to his great "foiled again!" hissing scene as his reinstatement plots are frustrated.

Conservation in the "Semicircle" "This plan of court proceedings for Mr. Hohenzollern seems to me excessively supererogatory, Mr. Bones." "How so, Mr. Tambo?" "Well, sir, I estimate its sheer wastefulness by the fact that he has been already tried and found wanting."

Nations which have loaned money to Russia have at once great interest in that country and none whatever.

The news that Nicholas of Montenegro has been ousted by a Skupshtina is enough to frighten any monarch of tender sensibilities.

Liebknecht has been sleeping in the Kaiser's bed, but the pressing question in Germany is who is going to wear the Kaiser's shoes?

No legal objection to the President's trip to France has yet been found which impresses the lay mind as worth serious consideration.

Von Mackensen and Doctor Krupp von Bohlen have been plotting to put Wilhelm back on his throne, but the Germans seem to have had enough of the partnership of the Kaiser, the military party and the Krupp gun works.

If the truth shall make us free, as an authoritative volume maintains, what is to become of the P. R. T.'s six-cent fare scheme when we act on the injunctions on the trolley car fronts?

PRUNES AND PRISMS

Tribulations

I AM a conscientious citizen,
And on Sundays I try to read the Sunday paper
Without stint or limit.
I study the rotogravure section,
I read the editorials,
The financial news,
The innumerable articles about the League of Nations,
The real estate advertising,
The stories of the home life of theatrical and movie stars
And why Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks couldn't get along with Doug,
And the complexities of the Russian problem;
That Omsk (where is it?) has suffered a coup d'etat (what is it?);
And that the President's mother-in-law is to occupy
The regal suite on the "George Washington,"
And oppressed mothers-in-law all over the world
Now take heart and look for better days.
And I read that the All-Slyest
Still nurses a hope of getting back to Berlin,
And that Perd considers declaring war on Chile con Carne,
And that an eminent parson says no one can love New York
Because it is the city of unbrotherly shove.
And I read that no one can understand what is happening
In Alsace-Lorraine unless he has read the novels of
Erckmann-Chatrain (who was the lady?),
And I think to myself, "That lets Pershing out."
And I read that beer has joined the Great Majority,
And that some guy earned a place in the Baltimore *Sun*
By saying that everybody in Europe hates the U. S.
And I read that a millionaire cut his nephew out of his will
Because his trouser knees were baggy,
And then,
Thoroughly exhausted,
I come upon an article about the Havasupai Indians
Who hardly ever see a white man,
And I wonder how much it costs
To become a Havasupai Indian?

Our Own War Songs

By Clara the Cockney
"The Mother of Six"

MY OLD MAN was a lovable chap—
'E bashed my skull in twice;
An' I was always fond of a scrap,
An' signed no armistice—
But our six sons was thoroughbred 'Uns—
'Eredity is so queer!—
Each o' the litter a blinkin' quitter
An' one was a profiteer!

CHORUS

They left the war to Mother dear
As quick as quick could be,
An' the only one to go to the front
Was—'oo do you think?—but me!

BILL and Ben was Bolshevik,
Sam's 'eart did palpitate;
And Ed compiled some little tracks
To teach men not to 'ate;
Joe was a blinkin' pacifist
In everything but beer,
And Jack invented a cootie cure
And became a profiteer!

They left the war to Mother dear
As quick as quick could be,
An' the only one to go to the front
Was—'oo do you think?—but me!

IF EVER there comes another war
I know what I will do;
I'll never knit a bloody sock
An' fighting is napoo—
I'll be a blarsted warrior
At 'ome—yus, never fear!
I'll sell Jack's cure for cooties
An' be a profiteer!

They left the war to Mother dear
As quick as quick could be,
An' the only one to go to the front
Was—'oo do you think?—but me!

Read on the Menu Card

"The management will deem it a personal favor by reporting any delinquency on part of the employees."

Grace Before Filling a Pipe From a Friend's Tobacco Pouch

Thanks for this pipefull of good stuff;
I mustn't pack too tight to puff;
If I should die before I smoke
My thrifty heart would be quite broke.

If it should prove to be an exceptionally bitter winter, the Fuel Administrators will say they foresaw it. And if the winter is unusually mild, they will say that was why they held back on coal. In other words, they are only inhuman, like all the rest of us.

Sartor Resartus

Apparently Mr. Wilson's visit to Europe is far more momentous than any of us dreamed. Frank Dilnot, writing in the New York Times, says:

> The French people in the streets, as well as the fashionable people whom he will see at the more distinguished gatherings, will take a mental note of the Wilson trousers, or the Wilson necktie, and especially the Wilson hat. These will be the things by which many of the people will remember his visit, and will, to some extent, perpetuate it. Let him be careful, therefore, that he sets the right note. I can foresee, moreover, that his clean-shaven face will do away with many of the moustaches at present observable in France. To be like President Wilson will be the fashion.

It is a nice question in international courtesy. Will Lloyd George and Foch shave, or will the President grow a bush?

At present, at any rate, Germany looks like the most clean-shaven thing in Europe.

SOCRATES.

Unbroken Cabinets

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—With the exception of the elder Harrison, who died exactly one month after his inauguration, Franklin Pierce was the only President whose Cabinet remained unchanged in personnel during his term of office. His postmaster general was the late Judge James Campbell, of this city, father of John M. Campbell, former surveyor of the port.

S. B.

Philadelphia, November 29.

"IF YOU DON'T SEE WHAT YOU WANT, SON, PLE-E-EASE ASK FOR IT!"

A "WORLD POET" AND HIS WORK

Edmond Rostand Won the Applause of the International Stage Without Compromising a Single Artistic Ideal

A CLOISTERED poet, austerely scrutinizing and revising his polished and infrequent products, and yet the bearer of a name perhaps as well known the world over as any in contemporary literature—such was Edmond Rostand. Repudiation of the charge that favor with the general public can be gained only by a surrender of artistic ideals is inspiringly furnished by the career of the distinguished craftsman who died in Paris yesterday.

Edmond Rostand never wrote "down to the mob." He took it up with him to Parnassan heights. He interpreted its vague dreams with gorgeous verbal tapestry and with the sense-quickening radiance of romance. His singular faculty might be called French had not Shakespeare performed the same miracle on a vaster scale.

Without sacrilege a certain kinship between the two poet-dramatists may be traced. Parisian enthusiasts who witnessed the memorable premiere of "Cyrano de Bergerac" on December 28, 1897, fervidly evoked the parallel. The extreme flattery of such a snap judgment for a time damagingly obscured a part truth. Rostand was no supreme genius. He was an admirable, a richly imaginative, often an eloquent maker of verse-plays, and repugnant to his sensibilities must have been an unrestrained appraisement of his art on the Shakespearean heights.

THE analogy is best drawn not so much with reference to the intrinsic merit as to the spirit animating both dramatists and the intimate relationship with the public which each established through his works. It is the sheer romanticism of Rostand which is Shakespearean. The Frenchman eschewed "problems." In an era of special pleadings of economic, sociological, psychological, even esthetic propaganda, he defied every faddish "ism" and courageously scaled the peaks of beauty.

There is no more "secondary intention" in "Cyrano" or "L'Aiglon" than there is in "Romeo and Juliet." Dramatic fire is there, illuminating majesty of language, sprightliness of thought and a vivid sense of human character. No one expounds the "philosophy" of Edmond Rostand, for, as a matter of fact, no such millstone on his art exists. It would be well were the pedants to leave off endeavoring to unearth it in Shakespeare.

Rostand's best plays, clothed in exquisite language, are none the less throbbing with sincere, human emotion. The investiture is romantic, the characterization and dramatic honesty, of forthright and irresistible appeal.

The public's delight in such a talent has been unmistakable. The two masterpieces, "Cyrano" and "L'Aiglon," have gone the rounds of the world's theatres. Outside of France what other poet-dramatist of that nation enjoys such universality of production? In non-French speaking lands, Racine, Corneille, Leconte de Lisle, Hugo as a dramatist, are revered names in literary circles, but Rostand has held the stage.

PHILADELPHIANS have seen numerous productions of his most important plays. The "Cyrano" furore is a landmark in American theatrical history and in this city it left a deep impression. Three distinct representations of that brilliant, gas-connading, whimsical yet tender dramatic romance were given here in the course of a single season.

Richard Mansfield was the authorized possessor of the American producing claims to the piece, and yet his title was nebulous. No American copyright or translations of the work had been secured in France, and a strange variety of English versions appeared and were acted. Mr. Mansfield, emphasizing the tragic, passionate and sentimental aspects of the long-nosed hero rather than his fantastic Gallic qualities, scored a triumph with his creation at the Walnut Street Theatre.

His performance had been anticipated, however, with a condensed and distorted rendition of the work by Augustin Daly's company at the Chestnut Street Opera House. In that presentation Charles Richman was the Cyrano and Ada Rehan the Roxane. Still less representative of the original was a "shoestring" production by Henry Lee.

Some years later the play with its native flavor was superbly presented by Coquelin, who caught the fantasy which Mansfield had missed in the title part. Sarah Bernhardt assumed the comparatively minor role of the heroine.

BEFORE that visit of the distinguished French stars, "L'Aiglon," that appealing and pathetic exhibit of patriotic ambition, unrealized by Napoleon's son, stifled in the oppressive air of Schoenbrunn, had been offered by Maude Adams. The part was clearly beyond her, but the imaginative power of the play won well-warranted approval. When Bernhardt came, the work went for its full value. Unforgettable were the scenes with Metternich and the Hugoesque vision on the field of Wagram.

The long-awaited "Chantecler," an allegory of human life expressed in terms of the farmyard, exhibited a certain strain in Rostand's genius. Perhaps with a consummate actor such as Coquelin, who died before the first public performance in Paris, the suggestion of effort would have been less obvious. Lucien Guitry is said to have irradiated its rhapsodic verse with dazzling authority, but the American theatre was denied his performance. Miss Adams's attempt to embody the ambitious herald of the dawn, quintessentially symbolic of France, was a lamentable mistake. Philadelphians saw the birdplay under the worst possible auspices.

"La Princesse Lointaine" ("The Faraway Princess"), where Rostand once only took a leaf from the volume of the mystical Maeterlinck, and "La Samaritaine," a scriptural play of a somewhat pallid type, were both Bernhardt vehicles. They were good literature, but foreign public interest was not spurred by them. "Les Romanesques," a delicious extravaganza, is, however, well worth reviving provided the proper interpreters can be procured. It has been given in this city by the Browning Society.

ROSTAND, so far as plays were concerned, was silent during the war, but his muse sounded impassioned patriotic notes which augured well for noble dramatic expression in a happier future. Of these products in verse perhaps the finest were his "Heart of Chopin," pulsating with the pathos of enslaved Poland, and "The Song of the Star," which exaltingly disclosed his feeling for American idealism. The poem was written long before we embraced the Allies' cause. Americans may recall with pride the rectitude of his interpretation of a people who knew the pulse-feeling Rostand better than they did the unmatched Moliere. From his "ivory tower" at Cambo les Bains in the French Basque country Rostand had bidden indeed the whole world listen when he invoked his vibrant dramatic muse. "He held his pen in trust for art." It will be cherished.

READER'S VIEWPOINT

Fairness of the Gownsman to the Teachers

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Permit me to thank the "Gownsman" for his masterful presentation of the facts about teachers' salaries in Philadelphia. Unlike a writer signing himself "Justice" in a letter to one of our papers recently, the "Gownsman" knows whereof he speaks. Furthermore, he reveals a large-minded view of the whole problem, as any intelligent citizen can readily see.

If we can read between the lines and read correctly, we venture to believe that the "Gownsman" is not the sort of citizen who would begrudge the teacher well-chosen, well-made, even beautiful clothing. "Justice," as he so ludicrously miscalls himself, might prefer to see the teachers clad in Cinderella's rags or at best clad in severely plain, lackluster attire—as, for example, khaki duck in summer and olive drab shoddy in winter, for "Justice" is outraged at the idea that a young teacher, in a moment of enthusiasm, exclaimed that she would use her $50 bonus money to buy an evening coat! If "Justice" is an experienced shopper he (or she) must be well aware that an evening coat bought for $50 is a very modest-looking affair indeed.

But the ideas of "Justice" about the clothing problem for teachers are just as far wrong as the salary figures given in his remarkable letter. The lowest salary paid is not $740 for ten months, but $600 for twelve months, or $60 a month for ten months, the teacher being at liberty to work in a mill during the summer, as this is a free country, thank God! The maximum salary is not reached at the end of five years, but at the end of ten years. Let "Justice" go to the office of the Board of Education and provide himself with a copy of the salary schedule before sending another letter to the papers.

Many, many thanks to the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER for its able and persistent reiteration of these compelling facts.

E. CAHILL.

1906 North Eighteenth street, Philadelphia, December 1.

In Defense of Roosevelt

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—In an editorial on Friday the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER refers to "those who rail like Roosevelt." It is common to hear Roosevelt spoken of in this way, but I have yet to hear of one criticism he has made cited as not justified by the facts. When the war started Roosevelt implored this country to prepare, but our President assured us there was no necessity for this, and begged us "to pay no attention to those among us who are nervous and excited." If Roosevelt's warning had been heeded millions of lives and billions of money would have been saved! President Wilson has been his own severest critic; he has said and done many splendid things, but they almost always have been in direct contradiction to what he has said or done before. First it was to be "peace without victory," later "force without stint or limit until the Hun has been beaten to his knees."

LINDA B. TROTH.

Philadelphia, December 1.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

1. Who was Imperial Chancellor of Germany when the war broke out?
2. What is the capital of Switzerland?
3. Who was Albert Gallatin?
4. By the name of what Senator is the present American tariff law distinguished?
5. What imaginative tale of an ideal commonwealth gave currency to the word Utopian, and who was the author of the work?
6. What Greek god was the equivalent of the Roman Mars?
7. What kind of animals are arachnida?
8. Where is Devil's Island?
9. What is the alkahest?
10. What is the meaning and application of "poste restante"?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. General Tasker H. Bliss is the army member of the American peace commission.
2. The War Department contemplates debarking our returning troops at the ports of Boston, New York, Newport News and Charleston.
3. Edmond Rostand is a French poet and dramatist, especially noted as the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "L'Aiglon."
4. Rosa Luxemburg is an active leader of the radical Spartacus party in Germany.
5. Mt. Ararat is a craterless volcano in Armenia, forming a point of contact of Russia with Turkey and Persia, to which parts of it belong.
6. A touchstone is a fine-grained dark schist or jasper used for testing alloys of gold, etc. Figuratively it means a standard or criterion.
7. The Talmud is the body of Jewish civil and canonical law not comprised in the Biblical Pentateuch.
8. The Serbian Parliament is called the Skupshtina.
9. Nevada means snowy, or, literally, "snowed," the word being the past participle of the Spanish verb "nevar," to snow.
10. Mary, the first of England was married to King Philip, the Second of Spain. Her dates are 1516-1558.