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Philadelphia, Monday, May 12, 1919

THE JOB IS FINISHED

THE expected has happened. The nation has subscribed \$4,500,000,000 for the Victory Loan with a generous margin, just as it oversubscribed every loan which the government has floated during the war.

There was no doubt of the result from the beginning. The obligation to pay the war bills was recognized, as every honorable man shoulders the obligations to pay his private debts.

We may now forget the relative standing of the various federal reserve districts as the subscriptions came in. The thing to note is that they have all done their duty.

Now that this job is out of the way the banks can turn their attention to private enterprises, and great corporations which have waited till government financing was ended will now go into the market for the money needed to do the work held up by the war.

BURLESONED!

UNQUESTIONABLY the Camden Chamber of Commerce assumed great risks when it permitted news to leak out about the collapse of a dinner and mass-meeting plan that went to ruin because five hundred invitations lay in the postoffice for four days and were not delivered until the morning after the event. Camden business men are sure to be bitterly arraigned by the postmaster general and charged with "partisan and furtive attacks upon the postal administration."

Business men in this city are often as misfortunate in their experience with the mail system as the Camden Chamber of Commerce.

Morale is a word relatively new in America. Mr. Burleson has helped us to an understanding of it. It is possible to understand the importance of morale by observing the gradual elimination of that intangible but indispensable element from the mail system of the country.

THE DAWN OF A NEW DAY

TWO classes of persons are criticizing the work of the Peace Conference. The first class is composed of those who object to the sunrise because they prefer to live in the darkness of the night that is ending. They are the reactionaries who would oppose anything new.

The second class is made up of those who are complaining because sunrise is not high noon.

This class is subdivided into two groups, one composed of men who are so shallow-pated that they think the processes of human thought as they relate to international relations can be changed overnight, and the other made up of men who would object to anything which they or their friends did not originate.

Mr. Wilson, an admirable after-dinner speech in Paris, stated the case for the conference with beautiful lucidity when he said that "You have to go through twilight into the broadening day before noon comes and the full sun is on the landscape." To those who are disappointed, he said, the processes of slow disentanglement from the hampering things of the past must be shown.

In brief, the Peace Conference has started something and headed it in the right direction. It has laid the foundations for a new system of international law based upon the relations of nations to one another rather than upon the selfish development of the nations themselves.

When it faces the responsibility of action we are inclined to think that even the American Senate will hesitate a long time before it tries to turn back the march of progress.

BUDGET SYSTEM IN SIGHT

WHEN so practical a man as Senator Penrose says that Congress should arrange for the preparation by the executive departments of an annual budget of the expenses of the government the adoption of a sound and businesslike system of adjusting appropriations to prospective expenditures is nearer than it ever was before.

All the arguments are in favor of a budget system not only for the national government, but for the state and city governments. The chief obstacle in the way of its adoption in Washington consists in the misconception of some of its advocates of what a budget system really is.

A statement has recently been given out in which it is assumed that the sole financial function of Congress is to make appropriations to meet the expenses as estimated by the executive departments. Now, as a matter of fact, it is the business of Congress to tell the executive departments what to do. A budget is merely an estimate of the money needed for the cost of doing those things

which Congress has already ordered so that it may know the amount of money to be raised for fixed charges.

If any one thinks that Congress will consent to an arrangement which limits its power to cut off appropriations for work which it disapproves or to make appropriations for new work which it chooses to authorize he has a wrong conception of the duties and functions of the national legislature.

DAREDEVIL CANDIDATES AWAY IN THE PRESIDENTIAL FLIGHT

Tossed to the Storms, of Course, by Wiser Men Who Wish to Test the Air Currents Aloft

BRITISH and American airmen who turned up for the lunge to Europe are not alone in keeping wise eyes on the sky and feet solidly on the safe old earth while storms abate and weather clears.

Presidential candidates who may be called expert or experienced are following a precisely similar course for precisely similar reasons. They value their political lives.

Only a daredevil candidate will take chances in the present atmospheric tumult. Aviator Harding got his boom a few feet off the earth in Ohio weeks ago and had a tail spin. He is no more. General Wood has just been hustled into the air by Senator Moses, of New Hampshire, against appalling head winds. His friends should be anxious for him. Aviator Bryan is understood to be tuning up his 1896 model flier. That sounds like Mr. Bryan.

But no course has yet been charted for the nonstop flight to the White House. Guide signs have not been established. The roaring currents of the hour cannot be charted or measured. Aloft everything is confusion and fog.

So the wiser men are patient. Aviator Lodge, Aviator Knox, Aviator Hughes and Aviator H. Johnson remain below, testing their machines in secret and waiting to see how the winds may blow. When they hop off they will have the skies to themselves. The amateurs who took foolishly to the air before general conditions were favorable will have been down in side slips or nose dives—perhaps down and forgotten.

General Wood's position has an element of tragedy. It is rumored in the high places that he has been tossed delicately to the storm and sent out as a feather in order that men more astute than he may know how the treacherous currents are tending. A good soldier is being wasted in the mad enterprise. It is because General Wood is a good soldier that he is a poor politician. The rule never varies. If the men who urged him skyward wanted knowledge of the currents in which presidential candidates must face they have had opportunity to complete satisfactory observations.

General Wood is steering badly. This is not only because he revised a familiar phrase and made a try for the presidency with the slogan "He kept me out of war!" General Wood seems not to realize or recognize the march of opinion against militarism.

No one who gets close to returning soldiers retains the delusion that they have any enthusiasm for militarism or militaristic policies. They are not sentimental about the war or their part in it. Their task was too grim. They want to forget it.

The nations that know most of jingoes are utterly sick of them. We have seen what they did to the world.

In England no politician in his senses would think of saying again that war is inevitable. On Zeppelin nights, when the whole earth trembled from the English coast to the German lines and when the sky looked like the day of judgment, they knew that war had to end. They may not know how to end it, but they are not going to quit till they find a way.

It might have been well for the country if General Wood had got to Europe. In that case he would not be running for the presidency of the United States on a platform of militarism.

The rest of the political birdmen can study him now with interest and benefit. There is Beveridge in the Republican camp. Who is Beveridge? There are Borah, of Idaho; Cummins, of Iowa; Kellogg, of Minnesota; Watson, of Indiana, and Allen, of Illinois. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler has a flying machine for the great jump. Will any of these men ever rise even a foot?

The Democrats have McAdoo, but McAdoo appears to have quit the flying game. He crashed in the movies. Underwood, Champ Clark and Newton D. Baker are also on the off side. So is Burleson. Mr. Baker ought to be too wise a man to toy with disaster. The others fly only in circles.

The next session of Congress will be the crucible in which great political issues will be tested. Any man who announces himself for the presidency and assumes the responsibility of a declaration of principles before that session ends may be regarded only as a vernal amateur doomed to failure.

Dominant issues may spring from the peace treaty. The new economic legislation that certainly will be proposed and warred over is likely to provide a fine new battery for presidential candidates and their parties.

We are as yet unprepared in this country for the difficult mental readjustments that will be necessary within the next few years. And the sort of advanced thought that Europe has accepted for its peace and salvation and for the solution of questions that have tormented civilization for generations may easily be made to appear shocking to a considerable body of American voters. For the moment all qualified politicians are more willing to wait and save their gas.

Two factors already clearly discernible will profoundly affect the next national election and the men who may be involved in it. One is the soldiers' legion that has been developed, with the youthful Colonel Roosevelt as its figurehead.

Hands more expert than Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt's direct this organization of service men. Plainly their aim is not to appeal merely to the sentiments

of army men, but to the 13,000,000 women voters who had sons or brothers in the service and the brothers and fathers of these men. The men who formed the legion may be depended upon to unearth an issue likely to interest its members.

The other factor is President Wilson. We do not believe Mr. Wilson will try for a third term. But he will return from Europe with a clear consciousness of the tremendous and exacting duties that his successor and the nation at large will have to inherit from the war period.

There are signs already to indicate that the President may make a deliberate attempt to rally the progressive and enlightened elements of both old parties into a new bloc or into a new party for the support of a presidential candidate qualified in other ways than by political association or the claims of sentiment.

In such a crisis as the next election will present Mr. Wilson is not likely to respect party lines or party associations. It is doubtful whether he would hesitate to wreck his own party completely if he believed that by such a method he could serve the country best in a time of great need. In his own party there is no one fitted to succeed him. The Republicans are somewhat better off than the Democrats in this respect.

Mr. Taft remains the one logical candidate for the Republicans. The West is still somewhat prejudiced against him. It is said that the old ring that fought Roosevelt and Wilson might not support Taft. That contention might be debated. The old ring has been learning. It is chastened. The West might easily be converted. It might be converted by a man in whom it believes infinitely.

Not long ago in this column it was suggested that the country might yet see President Wilson on the stump for Mr. Taft. That prediction may be safely repeated now. Mr. Taft is wise and generous hearted and practiced in the liberal beliefs which have been gaining ground since the war began. He has come magnificently through a great test. By his experience on the war labor board he has been enabled to know how the "other half" lives. That is more than may be said of any other candidate so far named. And it is one of the chief reasons why Mr. Taft should be elected.

THE RAIN HELPED

THE clean-up last week was materially one of the most successful since the annual campaign was started. About three thousand loads of rubbish were carted away from the houses to the salvage dumps, where what has any worth will be utilized. The storerooms and the attics are empty and the habit of getting rid of useless things which the people are acquiring will gradually reduce the amount to be disposed of in the week set apart for the work.

Then on Friday evening the rain came down and continued to fall all day Saturday, washing the dirt from the streets into the sewers, so that Sunday dawned upon a cleaner city than the sun has shone upon for many a year.

GERMANY'S BLUSTER

IN 1871 the cry rang through prostrate France that not one inch of her soil must be surrendered to the victorious enemy. Yet in due course the treaty of Frankfurt authorized the cession of Alsace-Lorraine to Germany. Thiers, Gambetta and Favre were in those days as just as fearful as Broekdorff-Rantzau, Scheidemann and Matthias Erzberger are now.

Moreover, the patriotic founders of the third and the only stable French republic were in a much better position to make protest effective than are the unconvincing theatrical Teutons who resent the second Treaty of Versailles. France was by no means friendless after the fall of Paris. Throughout the Franco-Prussian War she was the recipient of much sincere English sympathy, and it is quite conceivable that had Von Moltke committed the colossal error of invading Belgium Great Britain would have taken the field against his armies and the Hun madness might have been crushed at birth.

But Germany today is an outlaw nation and she knows it. Caterwauling about the terms of the treaty will, of course, be kept up until the time limit expires. That is the Teuton method—bluster and melodramatics before inevitable submission. It is a waste of emotional reserves to be excited over the "torments of protests" now pouring out of Germany. In the end she will do precisely what Marshal Foch and the combined armies of civilization have made a necessity.

Mr. Stotesbury, more in sorrow than in anger, confesses that he cannot understand why people cheerfully give up two or three cents extra for moving picture seats and ice-cream soda and still stand like iron against any proposal to put an extra cent or two on the price of a trolley ride. Here is an old query in a new and novel form. We confess, more in anger than in sorrow, that we do not know the answer. One might suggest, however, that you don't have to stand in the movies.

The official week of mourning ordered by the German Government for the rest of the world. Certainly the Hun is touching bottom. He knows the limits of woe. And since all the submarines have been taken by the Allies no adventuring German can even sink a passenger ship to cheer his people up.

A British dirigible, built on a huge scale after the Zeppelin models, is said to be due at Atlantic City in June. In June, therefore, we in America will have one more good reason to understand why an rod had to be put to Potsdam.

New enlistments are being discharged at Camp Dix. The lads who couldn't see action are eager to see the next best things. They will see the world.

It is the first syllable of Shantung which takes the emphasis in China.

ANGLO-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP

An Englishman's Exposition of the English View of Other Nations. Especially America

By WILLIAM MCFEE
 Engineer Lieutenant, British Navy

William McFee, the author of "Casualties of the Sea" and other notable novels, has written in his American publishers a long letter, in which he discusses the ignorance of the average Englishman of everything American, due to his education, a system which, like that in vogue in America, lays stress on the peculiarly local subjects, ignoring the world at large. Mr. McFee pleads for a better understanding of America by England. The letter is a valuable contribution to the discussion of Anglo-American friendship. Mr. McFee's father was an English sea captain, his mother is a Canadian.

I YEARS ago when I was a little boy I first became aware of a peculiar infection in a neighbor's voice when he or she (and it was generally a she) spoke of something so distinctly American! Boys at school dubbed everything from across the water as Yankee. At home I had big fat volumes of Prescott, Washington Irving and Bowdler. I not only knew the exact relation between Balboa and Pedrarias and the details of Cortes's fights on the causeway for Mexico City, but I had ideas upon Sam Houston, John Smith of Virginia, Dan Boone and Cotton Mather.

Now, the point is that in school I not only found boys as innocent of all these things as though Columbus had turned back and given the thing up as a bad job, but I gradually discovered that the teachers were in precisely similar cases. They knew when Chaucer died and the date of the French Revolution, but they had never heard of Harper's Ferry or the Louisiana Purchase. I am speaking of the eighties and early nineties.

Then I went to another school and encountered a fresh phase of the English attitude toward America. This school had Oxford and Cambridge graduates for masters, and so ignorance of the existence of the United States was an impossibility. Ignorance was replaced by a patronizing pleasantness which regarded all things transatlantic as so amusing! I can remember going into master's common room with an "impot"—a couple of hundred lines or twenty—and hearing one of the masters raising roars of laughter from the others with his witty persiflage on the subject of bimetalism, which Bryan was agitating just then. The fifth form master said as he checked my "impot": "McFee here is a Yankee, isn't he?" "Do you believe in free silver, McFee?" "I forget what I said in reply. It must have been execrably funny, because they all shrieked with laughter. I was patted on the head and asked if I remembered Banker Hill. America was a great joke.

IT WAS the same when I began my apprenticeship as an engineer. One could sense in the very atmosphere a subtle but insidious antagonism toward anything which bore signs of coming from America. We were carefully coached to regard American tools as shoddy, American boots as rubbish, American books as "unreadable," American ideas as "unsound."

The newspapers featured only the occasional disorders of New York and San Francisco by fireworks and floods. American citizens enduring a lifelong fusillade of volley shots and ending their days on the end of a rope hauled up by their frenzied fellow townsmen.

We were informed by telegraph how many Americans had been killed on Independence Day by fireworks, but nobody thought it worth while to tell us why the Fourth of July was celebrated.

America continued to be a great joke.

WHEN I went into business and encountered yet another phase of the English antagonism toward America, I found everywhere that American machinery, profiting by free trade, was cutting out on my own firm's specialties. There was no comparison between our machinery and that of England. Our goods were made of solid mill steel boiler plates, riveted up, bronze castings carefully hand-polished, with interiors of heavy drilled brass and gunmetal housings. A good solid article, costing a fortune to ship and guaranteeing long service. Into American firms were counteracting these with light ideal galvanized iron contraptions with unbalable cast-iron gadgets and self-centering wood pulleys, delivered free on rails. Liverpool or London, at a price some 40 per cent below ours. The American importers did not claim immortality for their goods. They claimed that the machine would last long enough to become obsolete and no longer, when the purchaser could scrap it and buy a new model. The purchaser did.

He voted Liberal or Conservative at the election. He argued for protection or free trade. He waxed indignant at Germany and America sending machinery into England free; but he continued to buy that machinery, and my firm had to depend upon admiralty and other government contracts where quality was the sole desideratum and price of very little moment. At that time (in 1900 to 1905) a New York merchant could ship mill machinery to Liverpool at a flat rate of \$2.50 a ton. My firm had to pay railroad freight from Yorkshire to London, a matter of 200 miles, at the rate of \$10 a ton.

I WAS a drummer in those days. I had to go through all the sleepy little towns in the south of England and sell machinery, and one of the principal emotions which the memory of those days evokes is a feeling of amusement at the lack of curiosity in the people I met in business. I used to try to put a little interest into my exhibitions by explaining how we made our machines, but they didn't want to know.

I used to go into the question of using products in the American way. They were not interested. They lived from hand to mouth. They had rarely been to London, and they suspected me because I came from London. They had never been to France or Belgium or Germany, and never expected to go. They not only had never been to America, they had never wanted to go. Even while they bought cheap American machinery, they had a sneaking contempt for it because it was cheap. They bought and used it and made money on it, and kept quiet about it. They had no curiosity about the place it came from.

It used to make a tremendous impression on me in those days. I used to try to put myself in that man or woman's place, to get their viewpoint, which, so I am told nowadays, is sound commercial psychology. And I figured it out that the educational system was to blame. If you could by chance stray into a typical English schoolroom in the eighties and peruse a few history and geography books you would understand what I mean. English education may not have actively been based on a hatred of America. It was much more subtle than that. It simply distorted or deleted the facts and left the pupil to draw conclusions.

The second and concluding installment of Mr. McFee's letter will be printed tomorrow.

ON THE LAST LAP OF OUR WAR RECORD



THE CHAFFING DISH

IT IS with profound humiliation that we print the following document, by order of the court referred to therein:

PETITION IN BANKRUPTCY

Case of SOCRATES vs. Epistolary Creditors

The following, having been appointed a Court of High Commission to sit upon the affairs of SOCRATES, do the public to wit as follows:

Said SOCRATES, having personally appeared before us, does depose and testify to a state of epistolary bankruptcy, claiming himself to be totally and absolutely unable to persistently correspond. His liabilities, upon examination of his effects, we find to be 342 unanswered letters. His assets, he claims, are the hours between 10 p. m. and midnight, but deponent maintains that these are the only hours allotted him by destiny for private meditation, and he begs the clemency of the court not to insist upon his writing letters in this sacred time.

NOW THEREFORE, after having thoroughly and with utmost severity interrogated said SOCRATES upon the grievous state of his affairs, and finding him to be of good will and intention, though perhaps somewhat feeble in diligence, and in some of any malice or underhand motive in persistently neglecting his correspondence, and bespeak for him the leniency of his creditors.

It would be impossible for said SOCRATES to make 100 per cent repayment of all the epistolary debts he has incurred. His wanton custom of (as he says) letting letters sink into his mind before attempting to reply to them has been prolonged over so long a period that his obligations have accumulated beyond the power of mortal man to dissolve. Therefore, in the interests of equity and justice, we do HEREBY proclaim a moratorium upon all of said SOCRATES' correspondence, by which no letter written to him shall become due to be answered until six months after its reception, dates to be determined by the postmarks. If, by reason of any failure of Mr. Burleson to deliver said letters to addressee until moratorium has expired, an added period of grace of additional six months shall be granted.

AND ALSO, the court of its own good will does undertake hereinafter and from now on personally to supervise the correspondence of said SOCRATES, visiting his office, The Chaffing Dish, suite 6006, every morning to examine his mail. Such letters, morning to evening, import will be taken in charge by the court, with full power of attorney from said SOCRATES to answer them as seems most fitting. The deponent will employ the period of his insolvency, which it is estimated will endure for the next six months, in a persevering and honest effort to write off his obligations.

The Court of High Commission:

DUNROB BLEAK,
DOVE DULCET,
CALVEIT CRAVAT,
ANN DANTE.

P. S.—All correspondence with ladies will be confidentially undertaken by Miss Dante, who has been attached to this commission for that purpose. Correspondents may feel assured of her discretion.

as Friday the 13th, even the humblest astrologer may know that something is going to happen. The fact that the date of the full moon in June falls on Friday the 13th seems to imply severe drought in the latter part of the summer.

And yet we notice that the moon will be full again on July 13. Surely that must be an almanachronism?

Young men have a pioneering imagination: it is doubtful whether any young Orlando ever found himself side by side with Rosalind without dreaming himself wedded to her. If men die a thousand deaths before this mortal coil is shuffled, even so surely do youths contract a thousand marriages before they go to the City Hall for a license.

Neighbors of the Caledonian Club in New York are protesting against the use of nocturnal bagpipes by the members of that high-spirited institution. They say that "Bonny Dundee" as rendered on the wailing pipes is a notable dissuader of slumber.

Of course we don't play the elvish pipes, but we have found the air of "Bonny Dundee" an excellent lullaby for a robust urchin. You all know it, it goes like this: Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la, tra-la. Alalala. But the discovery of which we are proud is that this martial ditty fits very well with the refrain of the old nursery tale about the three little pigs who were harried by the wolf. The story, you remember, tells of the three young pigs who set out to seek their fortune. The first built his house of straw, and the wolf "huffed and puffed and blew his house in," and devoured the luckless porker. The same thing happened to the second pig; but the third, a prudent animal, built his house of brick, not huffable nor puffable. Thus the wolf was frustrated.

We have found that our Urchin rejoices greatly in the following version of the end of the tale. Sing it to the music of "Bonny Dundee," and you will find it quite satisfying to the juvenile intellect; unless, of course, you happen to be a United States senator:

To the third Little Pig it was Lupus who said,
"If you'll only come out, I will snap off your head."
"I will huff and I'll puff
And I'll blow your house in,
And convert you to bacon like two of your kin."

Chorus
"I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in,
I'll eat you for breakfast like two of your kin."
"You can huff, you can puff all you want,"
said the peep,
"But my home is secure, I belong to the League!"

Irresolutions
(After reading Herick)
Proud man may vows be making still,
Resolving nought shall shake 'em,
But let him try what'er he will,
At Beauty's glance he'll break 'em.

Sweet woman too may pledges give,
Determin'd to maintain 'em,
But while the charms of woman live
The brave are sure to gain 'em.

—ME.

"What will the Republican party wage the 1920 fight on?" Mr. Taft was asked as he finished his breakfast coffee.—A Saturday paper.

Our guess would be, the rejection of the league of planets.

Perhaps you're wondering about these quotation marks between the paragraphs. It seems fairly obvious. They're in honor of Philadelphia having gone over the top—not having shunned her quota.

—SOCRATES.

Welcome to Our Soldiers

ON SUNNY days, in lilac time,
When earth is green and skies are blue,
When church bells ring their sweetest chime,
And blood runs high and hearts beat true,
Brave soldiers all, we welcome you!

Back home again! What magic words!
Dear mother's love and sweetheart true,
And little hands, and songs of birds,
And apple blossoms peeping through—
Brave soldiers all, we welcome you!

O God of Fate! Those left behind,
In Flanders Fields and Argonne Wood,
And Chateau-Thierry, too, the blind,
The lame (those steeped in richest blood),
Lo! let us not forget this day!
Let's bare our heads and kneel and pray!
—Henry Polk Lowenstein, in the Kansas City Times.

The observance of Mother's Day will be impressively repeated on Thursday of this week.

Never before could it be so authoritatively predicted that a dry summer will follow a wet spring.

What Do You Know?

- QUIZ**
1. Who is American ambassador to Japan?
 2. What is the meaning of the verb "to burke" as used, for instance, in the sentence "The Senate may burke the treaty"?
 3. What is the name of the Greek parliament?
 4. NC-4 is the name of one of the transatlantic airplanes. What do the initials stand for?
 5. What other city besides Rome was ever the seat of the Papacy?
 6. What is a mezzanine floor?
 7. In what year was Julius Caesar assassinated?
 8. Who wrote "The Sentimental Journey"?
 9. What is simony?
 10. How many Presidents of the United States came from Tennessee and who were they?

- Answers to Saturday's Quiz**
1. The pope is elected by "scrutiny," each cardinal depositing his sealed vote in a chalice from which the tickets are drawn by "scrutinators." The cardinal receiving two-thirds of the votes becomes pope.
 2. Three German cities which, although subject to the imperial crown, were republics prior to the fall of the German empire last autumn, were Hamburg, Luebeck and Bremen.
 3. The longest leg of the American aviation route across the Atlantic is from Trepasney, N. F., to Horta, Azores, a distance of about 1250 miles.
 4. The word ragout which describes a kind of stew, literally means "taste receiver."
 5. Algeron Charles Swinburne wrote "Songs Before Sunrise."
 6. The treaty of Frankfurt in 1871 officially ended the Franco-Prussian war.
 7. Hellesore is the ancient name of various plants supposed to cure madness.
 8. Benjamin Franklin in a letter to Josiah Quincy, dated September 11, 1773, wrote, "There never was a good war or a bad peace."
 9. The word ovation essentially means a lesser triumph, and although it is commonly used in the sense of an extremely enthusiastic reception, that significance is not etymologically correct.
 10. The American Union Jack has a blue field with a white star for every state in the Union.