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Philadelphia, Tuesday, May 27, 1619.

OPEN HOUSE AT HOG ISLAND

THE recent suggestion of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER has been acted upon and Hog Island will be thrown open to the people on Memorial Day. Everybody who can do so should grasp the opportunity to see what is being done in he shipyards. Admission is free. The e stipulation is that sightscers shall wear a Victory Loan button. Excellent arrangements are said to have been nade for the crowds, and seven special trains will operate between this city and the yards.

There will be entertainment a-plenty. Five ships are to be launched. Women loan workers, two from Pennsylvania, one from New Jersey and one from Min-nesota, will christen four of the five ships. The fifth will be christened by the wife of an officer of the shippards. There is appropriateness in the arrangement whereby women who achieved notable uccess in helping float the Victory Loan should also help to set affoat the ships previous loans made possible.

Visitors to the yards will also see fifty other ships in various stages of construction. They may also inspect seven others now receiving fittings before being turned over to the government.

There is fitness in the day chosen for the launching. The men whose memories the day celebrates fought to make the ntry free and united. Their sons grandsons have just completed a which, it is hoped, will give the ame benefits to the world at large. The unching of the ships presages an era of peace and plenty, the natural suppleent of the ideals for which they fought. Hog Island is worth the trip on Memorial Day. Put on your Victory button and let all go!

THE SHAD SHORTAGE

THE indications that Delaware shad are coyly imitating the ways of the now semimythical Schuylkill catfish are not eering. Veteran net men-along the former river are gloomily wondering anish almost simultaneously. Shad diners at three dollars a plate show which way the fish are swimming-and that it is not up toward Gloucester. For once the war is guiltless. Even if

gh wages at the shippards had not red some of the fishermen, they could eve boasted of no great hauls this sean. Only about one-tenth of the avere number of finny visitors has arrived, Various reasons for the shortage, in-Juding the familiar one of river pollution, are advanced. The remedy, however, is less debatable. The work being done at the Torresdale hatchery is com-mendable but insufficient. What is needed immediately is a generous restocking of the stream by the Fish Commission and perhaps a ban on the use of nets for three or four years. The prosport that what is now a luxury could be reinstated as a staple would thoroughly justify the brief sacrifice.

Apart from economic considerations local sentiment prescribes shad protection. History proclaims Philadelphia as the home of American independence, the constitution and a lot of other improving works, but the Philadelphia palate ranks shad with scrapple and oysters and pepperpot as special distinctions.

VALE TO A RIVER NUISANCE

IT WAS good news when the extinction of the state quarantine nuisance was orecast. It is still more cheering to note the imminence of its demise. In accordance with a proclamation issued by Governor Sproul, the utterly superfluous station at Marcus Hook will go out of pusiness on Saturday. Hereafter ships that pass the federal government's wellequipped new plant at Reedy Island will be judged fit to enter the port of Phila-delphia.

The local station was recently built.

seding the venerable plant that had rformed supererogatory duties for any years. It is a good sign of clear ministrative thinking that the presof the modern trappings did not act a deterrent to their abandonment.

he Marcus Hook holdup was as useas a retrial for a man already y acquitted. All skippers will reat this simplifying of river regula-

THE OLD AND THE NEW

FEW years ago it was the fashion to eak of the skyscraper as something ably ugly. Then, by and by, it dawn on us that its stark simd hald desire to appear nothwhat it really was had an appeal

years and it will appear positively beau-

So it is conceivable that a hundred years from now the Pennsylvaria Museum and School of Industrial Art in connection with the Philadelphia Chapter of the American Institute of Architects will be launching a campaign to preserve the city's commercial art even as it is today working to save the city's Colonial art.

And there is ample justification in both cases. Each generation is entitled to know something definite about the art of all preceding generations.

Something more than respect for art demands the preservation of Independence Hall and the restoration of the old City Hall, at Fifth and Chestnut streets; but, entirely apart from historic association, one can sympathize with the desire of the members of the two organizations to save from destruction specimens of old doorways, fireplaces, mantels, balustrades, cornices and other parts of Colonial structures. They link the past to the present as we may hope that the present will be linked to the future.

EVEN THE DEMOCRATS ARE GOOD HAMILTONIANS TODAY

Prohibition and Equal Suffrage Are Applications of Federalist Doctrine, the Father of the League of-

Nations Idea

THE spiritualistic "mediums" are missing an opportunity by failing to get into communication with Alexander Hamilton and reporting to us what this great federalist thinks of the things that have happened since the bullet of Burr cut short his brilliant career.

There is hardly an item in the recent programs of progressive legislation which the Democratic contemporaries of Hamilton would have supported. Hamilton's opponents argued for the preservation of the autonomy of the states and against the concentration of power in Washington. The opponents of the adoption of the constitution attacked that document because it compelled the states to surrender some of their sovereignty. They attacked Hamilton as the advocate of an aristocratic despotism centered in the national capital. Their doctrine of state's rights was responsible for the Civil War and that war forced it: supporters to abandon it only so far as it related to the right of a state to second from the Union

There is hardly a vestige of the doctrine left today. Congress has long been interfering with commerce among the states, and it is admitted that where intrastate commerce has any relation to nterstate commerce Congress may also regulate that.

Under the old theory the regulation of the traffic in intoxicating liquors belonged exclusively to the states, just as it s still admitted that the police regulation of traffic on the highways belongs to the states. But no one knows how long the states will be permitted to control their own highways. Congress may build post roads, and under this grant of power it is appropriating money to be used in the different states for highway building. We may wake up some morning to discover that Congress has passed an automobile license law under which a permit is granted to operate a motorcar on any highway in the nation toward the construction of which the national government has contributed.

The police power of the states over the liquor traffic will become a thing of the past next year, for Congress has approved and all but three of the states have ratified a constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicants for use as a beverage. Such an amendment would not have received a moment's consideration a hundred years ago, not because the attitude of the nation toward intoxicants was different then, but because it would have been regarded as a tyrannous inter-Serence with the police power of the

In like manner the woman suffrage amendment to the constitution, which will be submitted to the states in the near future, would have been laughed out of court. The right of the states to fix the qualifications of electors was expressly recognized in the original constitution No modification of it was made until after the Civil War, when it was provided by an amendment that the right to vote should not be restricted on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude. The advocates of equal suffrage, not content with the progress making through the action of the individual states, have succeeded in persuading the nation that no state should be allowed to prevent women from voting. The House has already adopted the amendment by a large majority and a poll of the Senate indicates that that body will approve it. And no one believes that enough states will refuse to surrender their sovereignty to prevent the final incorporation of the amendment in the constitution.

There is a bill before Congress fixing an eight-hour day for industries which are at all connected with interstate commerce. This goes even further in the direction of centralization of power than either the prohibition or the suffrage amendments, for, while taking over the control of industry from the states, it also assumes that it is the function of government to fix the hours of all labor in industry. The working hours of women and children are subject to statutory legislation under the police power of government exercised in the interest of public health and public morals. The child labor laws have been passed because, according to the theory of the statute, the child is not capable of protecting himself by any contract with his employer. The women labor laws rest upon the same theory. But now we have the proposition that the hours of all labor affected by a relation to interstate trade be fixed by congressional statute. We do not think that even Alexander Hamilton himself would have approved such an

act. Yet the increasing number of men

who do favor it shows how far we have

But the matter does not end here.

traveled since the early days of the re-

Congress passed a child labor law, but the court decided that it was unconstitutional, not because Congress did not have power to regulate child labor, but because it tried to regulate it in the wrong way. The revenue law passed by the last Congress contains a provision taxing the products of factories in which children are employed, but its validity has not been tested. The national child labor committee is backing a bill which will levy a prohibitive tax upon the products of child labor when shipped in interstate commerce. Some good lawyers say that

it can be sustained in the courts. Even the realm of education is to be invaded if the educational reformers prevail. They are urging an appropriation of millions to be apportioned among the states according as their educational systems reach a standard fixed in Washington in the hope that the states can be persuaded by the prospect of a contribution from the national treasury to conduct their public schools as Washington authorities suggest.

This sort of thing has only begun. One does not need to be a prophet or the son of a prophet to see what will happen if it keeps on.

We are not arguing for or against this tendency in American life. We are merely calling attention to it as a most interesting phenomenon. To indulge in argument against it would be as futile as o argue against the operation of the law of gravity. The most perfect syllogism the mind of man ever conceived is powerless to prevent an airship from alling when its machinery breaks down. No logical processes will serve to divert the nation from its present course.

The demand for a league of nations is merely an expression of the desire for the application in international relations of the same theory of the subordination of the political unit to the interests of the group of units as a whole. The critics of the league plan are repeating the arguments against it which were worn threadbare by the men who disagreed with Alexander Hamilton and which have been abandoned for many years by their intellectual heirs. They cannot prevent the closer union of the nations in the interest of all, for forces stronger than they are dominating the thought of the

AN IMPORTANT DEPARTURE

PHE formation in Philadelphia of a coal company with world aspirations is an important factor in the wooing of world trade and in the building of a merchant marine.

It may be the first toot of the overture to the stirring maritime melodrama. "Bearding the Lion in His Own Coal

England has a great merchant marine primarily because she was dependent on the rest of the world for most of the things she needed. So for the things she needed she traded the things she had. The principal thing she had was coal; and coal was the one thing lacking in many of her trading points. This was particularly true of Latin-American countries. So great is the economic advantage of taking home a cargo of coal after discharging a cargo of home products that many Latin-American ships made Liverpool and London and Southampton their distributing points.

It worked beautifully before the war. but the war brought changes. England needed all the coal she could mine. Moreover, labor, becoming accustomed to munition wages, not only declined to quit the habit, but demanded shorter hours. Higher wages and shorter hours bring about inevitably a more expensive product. Thus it comes about that British soft coal today is selling at prices in excess of our best anthracite.

What's the answer? The Philadelphia company knows. It is to go after South American trade hot-foot.

First thing you know the shovel of coal we're flinging on the fires of commerce will give us enough steam to enable us to get somewhere worth while as a commercial nation -doing business in our own bottoms.

GREAT FLIGHT FAILURES

MARVELOUS failures multiply. Few successes have ever thrilled the world as has the daring venture of Hawker and Grieves. Now France claims attention with a frustrated attempt which was none the less distinguished by an unprecedented feat. The wreck of is machine ends for the time being Lieutenant Roget's effort to fly from Paris to Pernambuco, Brazil, by way of Dakar. Before the smash came, however, what seems to be a record for longdistance flight was made.

Full verification of the wartime nonstop voyage of a German aviator from Mesopotamia to east Africa and return has never been made. If that trip is apocryphal then the Frenchman's peculiar distinction is unshadowed. His unbroken run of 1348 miles from Paris to Kenitra, near the port of Rabat, on the Moroccan coast, was truly a remarkable performance, surpassing even the American navy's latest distance record.

Modern airmen have this advantage at least. Even though the most ambitious of them may not achieve what they set out to do, they are extremely likely to accomplish something hitherto unperformed. The air in this amazing age is as prodigal of sensations as it is of perils.

A Passaic (N. J.) girl has been awarded a Distinguish d Service So They Got Her Number Medal for her work as relephone operator in France. She doubtless refrained from saying that the lines were busy even though it were a fact.

The world must not be As Witness the too confident that bol-Parlor Variety shevism will die with the destruction (which now seems imminent) of the Bolshevist govern ment in Petrograd. Bolshevisin is a mental disease of which organized violence is merely one manifestation.

We venture the opinion that unless "parade propagandists" get exceedingly busy among the boys after their arrival there will no parade of the Seventy-ninth.

WHITMAN MEMORIES

By Harrison S. Morris

[Editor's Note-In connection with the centennial of Walt Whitman's birth this week Mr. Morris permits us to print some extracts from his brief biography of Whitman, which is to be published in Italy, with an introduction by Gabriele D'Annunzio, the Italian poet. The volume is one of a series dealing with great American writers to be published in commemoration of Italo-American friendship during the great war. An other installment will be printed on this page on Friday.1

THE year 1884 was signalized by a new move of great importance to Walt. He purchased a small frame shack, as he called it. on Mickle street, Camden, not far from Colonel George Whitman's house, where he had been so generously cared for through his years of suffering. Here he set up housekeeping on his own account. He gathered about him all his possessions for the first time in his life, and he had a friendly widow, Mrs. Davis, to take care of him and the house. This plain little abode in a shabby street became the resort of old friends and many new ones through all the years that remained to him.

There is a letter of 1884 to R. Pearsall Smith, an acquaintance in Germantown, in which Walt writes: "Give my excuses and love to Mr. and Mrs. Williams and Churchey." The friends mentioned are Francis Howard Williams and his wife and their son, Churchill, who, with the Pearsall Smith family, entertained Walt much in these years, especially at Christmas, when he loved to be with the Williams children. It was through my friend Mr. Williams that I was taken over to Mickle street and preented to Walt.

HE WAS in his shirt sleeves and we sat on the little wooden steps and cellar I remember being shown the beginnings of a poem, strung on white thread and written on all sorts of odd pieces of paper, including the edges of newspapers. successive draft coming nearer the desired perfection of phrase and sound.

By 1886 Walt had ceased to travel much further than to Philadelphia by the ferries. which were still his passion, but he man aged to repeat his annual lecture on Abra ham Lincoln, a pet plan of his for cele brating the drama of that great martyrdon each year on its anniversary. He now gave it in a theatre of Philadelphia, and it was repeated in New York in 1887. In all he gave it thirteen times. There was no longer any hesitation in recognizing Whitman's greatness, either privately or publicly, and he three lectures, one in Boston having been given earlier, brought out the most dis-tinguished audiences. These events helped as well to contribute to his support. He was by no means provided with an adequate income and sometimes the purse grew very slender. Friends had given him a horse and two-sented wagon, which accorded him great pleasure and needed change in the open air. and others later formed a fund of monthly payments, which kept the household going.

WAS once taken for a ride in this carriage or a hired one. Warren Fritzinger, the man nurse, who had been a sailor, driving. with Horace Traubel on the front seat and Walt and I on the back seat. When we were all aboard Walt said, "Where shall we I had no preference. He then said to me, "You have not been to the tomb." I said "No." And he called out, "Same place. Warry!" as though the tomb were his common resort. We drove through Camden out to the green fields and finally to Hareigh Cemetery, in which Walt had been building the massive granite mausoleum where he and his parents were to be interred It was a surprise to me, as I had not heard We drew up in a deep dell, where the tomb was built into a hillside, and Walt told me to get out and look inside. The door was open. It was like a structure of the Druids, and he said he had himself planued it. It united Blake and Ossian in I looked at the triangular pediment and I was startled to see carved in raised letters the words

WALT WHITMAN May 31st, 1890

It had the appearance of being already occupied. It was explained that the cemetery people had, with characteristic and grin taste, somehow got the idea that the tomb was presented to Walt by his friends at the last birthday party and they had introduced the date of this birthday in the place where should have stood the date of his decease This was, of course, afterward corrected.

IN HIS younger years Walt rarely drank any spirits, but as he grew infirm it he came necessary as a medicinal stimulant. went one night with Traubel to see Walt in the upstairs room just before his bedtime It was quite dark when we entered and talked to him alone (Traubel was in a black corner taking notes behind the stove) about Tennyson and Whittier and his poem Burning Driftwood." which Walt thought one-third good. He said Whittier estimated poem's worth according to its length. I he had read the proof he'd have omitted two-thirds of the poem. We also drifted into talk on the Quakers in Philadelphia and Long Island, and after this es we started to go he got up and closed the shut ters carefully, then lit an argand burner, which had no shade and a chimney broken off just above the light. He asked us to have a doughnut and showed me a rose from a bottle of water on his table, then con coeted a toddy in an old shaving mug. saying he was an adept at the business. was so powerful with whisky that it quite appalled me. It was enough for two and I pposed he would share it with me-Trau hel was an abstainer. "No," he wickedly said, "that's for you," and with the sporting spirit that as his guest I must not quail. I tossed it off to his health-with prolonged consequences at the party which we afterward attended.

THIS upstairs front room was a perfectly chaotic place, where Walt's helplessness and his natural disregard of conventional order joined to make a hopeless confusion In the winter season as he grew worse in health he was virtually confined to this room, and the hot stove that warmed to his left as you entered the door, but near enough to the mass of old papers and queer belongings that he chershed to set them afire in case a spark or a coal fell among them. There was, I be-lieve, one slight fire, but I always expected a big blaze. The old newspapers, books. manuscripts, shoes, walking stick, with the crook of which he managed the stove, and other accumulations lay around his chair in a high-piled semicircle, over which you had to step to greet him. I once took to see him Arthur Stedman, son of his old friend, the oet of the Pfaff cellar days, who had not always of late been accounted friendly. stepped within the circle and shouted the introduction into Walt's deaf ear and then stepped back to repeat a greeting to Arthur who was himself very deaf. I kept up this form of communication between them. ping over the debris each time, back and forth, until Walt began to say something not too complimentary of Arthur's father, when I ceased to act and the interview

THE TUNING FORK

Emile : ex-Patriot

FRENCH-BORN, he never served a year Within their ranks, egregious man! Though in his veins there courses clear The martial ichor of Jehanne.

tine and

Fat, indolent and slightly bald. He drinks white liquors late and soon, Yet he is never, never called By friends and kin The Great Poltroon.

He dotes on chocolate and brioche: He has a round and humid head: Oh, with a gurgle more than gauche He heard the tale of Argonne read.

No distant trumpet shook his blood

When he was told about the Marne; For all the sacred Flauders mud He simply did not give a darn.

But 'gainst this man no brief I hold, Because (ah, vital fact!) because Emile's precisely two years old.

Nicholas Biddle's Bathtub

We spoke the other day of the curious little jungle of back yards, brick walls and tall chimneys to be seen along Orange street. just west of Seventh, being the rear of the old houses on the north side of Spruce street. In one of these gardens we noticed a large stone bathtub standing unabashed in the sunshine. Mr. Frank H. Taylor gives us ome further information, as follows:

"The large house, 715 Spruce street, is he home of the Catholic Historical Society. It was built in 1821 by Whitton Evens, a nerchant. For twenty years, dating from 1828, it was the residence of Nicholas Bid-That ponderous marble bathtub in the back yard was, I have been told, made for him, but discarded by Dr. James Kitchen, reputed to have been the oldest practicing physician in the United States, who lived in the house forty-one years and died there (aged ninety-five) in 1804.

But there will be no little Danish Mary to sappen along when the kaiser is set adrift.

Walt Whitman's Brain

We are indebted to the biblioshark, lames Shields, for the most interesting piece of information concerning Walt Whitman

that has come our way.

A monograph by the late Dr. E. Spitzka, professor of anatomy at the Jefferson Medical College, gives a brief review of scientific post-mortem measurements made of the brains of 130 notable men and four vomen. In this monograph, reprinted by the American Philosophical Society in 1907, occurs the following paragraph:

WALT, American poet. 87. WHITMAN. The weight of Walt Whitman's brain variously given as 45.2 ounces (1282 grams) and 43.3 ounces (1228 grams). His stature was six feet and in he weighed about 200 pounds. The brain had been preserved, but some careless attendant in the laboratory let the jar fall to the ground; it is not stated whether the brain was totally destroyed by the but it is a great pity that not even the fragments of the brain were rescued.

Teapot Inscriptions

Mr. James D. Law is kind enough to send us a description of the "colossal tea pot" used by the Rev. and Mrs. John Wesley, which he saw in Wesley's old home in Lon-"It was a white don. Mr. Laws says: china pot with blue decorations. On one side was marked: 'Be present at our table, Lord,

Be here and everywhere ador'd: These creatures bless and grant that we May feast in Paradise with Thee." We cannot help wishing that Wesley had been a little more sprightly and had made the last line :

May feast in Paradise with Tea. A careful reading of the eighteenth amendment leads us to observe that liquor is only banned when manufactured and sold for beverage purposes. There is nothing to prevent any high-spirited citizen from vint-

ing champague to spray his garden with, for instance. And then if he should decide to go out and inhale the fragrance of the flowers, who could object to that?

"YOO_HOOSKI!"

The following letter comes to us from Birmingham, Ala.; Dear Socrates—Will you please send me your picture? I like your poems and I know you are cheerful. Please send me one Why don't you ever write about a blue

eyed girl? Very respectfully, LUCY LEISHMAN RIDDLE.

We seize our lute and tune our fiddle To sing of Lucy Leishman Riddle And are her eyes that lustrous blue? Dear Lucy, here's a health to you.

The Song of Roland

Once when the drift was deep upon the fold. And snew was tossed upon the bitter gale Roland fared forth. And all his joints were cold.

But with his heart he warmed a wondrous tale.

Brave recompense! They welcomed him right well And friendliwise, as royal folk will do.

For this was a palace whereabout I tell, And they were kings and queens, and a princess, too. With winter-spray they decked the sober

With goodly cheer belabored the mighty In fearful play, on either side the hall. The hearth-fires flashed with many a quick bright sword.

wall.

And then those royalties sat down and ate How was it, Roland, sitting in such state? 11

The music sounded, soft as sliding brooks, Burdened of love, and summer trees, and flowers. Of pale impetuous knights who rode in books, And eke of maids who lay in steep strong

towers. And at the glowing and oppressive dance

Did Roland clasp his princess in her white, And venture hopes too fond for furtherance. And whisper much, as any mortal might?

The good knight Roland bath his lady's love. Twas won betwixt two measures meetly taken. Twas barely whispered, not a breath above-

Or doth Rolando dream, and will awaken It is no dream, but verity. O strange. She that is proud, and bred to royalty. To love with a squire! But royallest love

can change

When priggish tongues make prattle of degree. Twere better Roland had dreamed, and nothing other :

She broke her faith, heeding that hen, her mother. JOHN CROWE RANSOM. A. P. O. 915, A. E. F.

"Hawker flew seven hours with clogged pipe." says a beadline. Many a paragrapher has been forced to earth by the same calamity.

The Quizosoph, who writes the daily "What Do You Know?" just east of us, is still putting his queries into rhyme. (Try them over on your mouthorgan and see. But we have wagered the little brother of the lexicon a trough of spaghetti that he

can't put the answers into verse. It is said that Hawker was saved because he discarded his undercarriage. If that is the secret of success we rise to remark that we do the same every year at the approach of warm weather.

A Ballad of Redhead's Day

PALK of the Greeks at Thermopylae! I They fought like mad till the last was dead : But Alvin C. York of Tennessee

Stayed cool to the end though his hair was red. Staved mountain cool yet blazed that gray October the Eighth as Redhead's Day.

With rifle and pistol and redhead nerve He captured one hundred and thirty-two. A battalion against him, and he did not

From the Titans' task they were sent to

Fourteen men under Sergeaut Early And York, the blacksmith, big and burly. Sixteen only, but fighters all.

They dared the broad of a devil's nest.

And three of those that did not fall Were wounded or out of the scrap; the rest Were guarding a bunch of boche they'd caught.

When both were trapped by a fresh on slaught.

Excepting York, who smiled "Amen" And, spotting the nests of spitting guns, Potted some twenty birds, and then Did with his pistol for eight more Ifuns Who thought they could crush a Yankee alive In each red pound of two hundred and five.

That was enough for kill-babe Fritz: Ninety in all threw up their hand-Suddenly tender as lamb at the Ritz. Milder than sheep to a York's commands And back to his lines he drove the herd. Gathering more on the way-Absurd!

Absurd, but true-ave, gosnel fact: For here was a man with a level head. Who, scorning to fail for the help he lacked,

Helped himself till he won instead; An elder was he in the Church of Christ, Immortal at thirty; his faith sufficed. Richard Butler Glaenzer, in the New York

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

1. What President had reddish hair? 2. Who is Lieutenant Roget?

3. Locate the cape called Finistere? 4. What is the "Sieges Allee"?

5. What state does not sanction divorce?

6. What does a plebiscite mean?

7. Have autos diminished the horse? 8. What is a haricot bean?

9. What score is famed for Haendel's "Largo"?

10. What is meant by a supercargo? Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Hugh C. Wallace is American ambassador to France. 2. The wettest known region on earth is a part of Assam, British Indies.

3. The word toast, defining a complimentary drink, is taken from the toast which used at one time to be put in the tankard. The lady named was considered to be the tonst or savor of the wine, that which gave the draught

piquancy and merit. 4. Sir Walter Scott wrote-the novel, "The

Fair Maid of Perth." 5. A violoncello means a smaller "violone" or base violin. 'Cello is an Italian.

diminutive. 6. Columbus's ships were the Santa Maria,

the Pinta and the Nina. 7. Enthralled literally means enslaved. 8. At the outset of their revolution the Bolshevists abolished tips, but the ban against them is said to have since been

9. Lord Northeliffe fixed the \$50,000 prize for the transatiantic flight.

weakened.

A bay or a gulf is called a bight from the old English word "byht," associated with the Anglo-Saxon "bugun,"