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Philadelphia, Monday, October 27, 1919

WHEN THE CROWD SPEAKS

WHEN the people of Camden first characterized the new inclosures at their trolley terminals as "bull pens," the zone-fare system, as it was originally conceived by the street-car corporation, was doomed.

The phrase reflected general sentiment, as such spontaneous and inspirational phrases usually do, more vividly than the report of a committee or a set of resolutions. It expressed resentment, anger, a fatal decision, a consciousness of intolerable indignity.

It is not in long pronouncements, but in an occasional happy or grinding phrase, unexpected and colorful, that the normally inarticulate multitude reveals its purpose and its feelings.

It is by indirection that the crowd expresses itself. An almost feminine mysteriousness shrouds its subtler motives. Whisky, for example, used to be whisky. Now it is hooch, and the implied suggestion of humorous contempt for a thing that was once dignified and seemingly indispensable is plain.

Happy is the boss who becomes "the old man." The crowd has approved him and given him a title reserved for the elect. Only the crowd produces good slang. The made-to-order product rings thin and hollow.

LIGHT ON THE FEDERATION

WHAT does the Federation of Labor actually look like when it is viewed from within? Is it red or pink or merely blue? Who are the real leaders? These are popular questions of the moment and a lot of people who obviously do not know what they are talking about have tried to answer them.

Mr. Gompers, in calling for a national convention of his organization, has provided an opportunity for just assessments that ought to be welcomed by the public and trades unionists alike. For the first time since many of its conspicuous leaders have come under suspicion, the federation will have an opportunity to speak its mind, to clearly state its aims and to define its purposes clearly.

Unquestionably the prestige of the organization has diminished. Will the representatives called by Mr. Gompers try to re-establish it? Or will they give aid and comfort to their enemies by an advocacy of policies detested and discredited by the country at large?

THE GREAT LET-DOWN

"I'VE sold her," said a man who had just parted with a cherished devil-wagon. "I haven't time to linker with the thing myself when she needs it, and you can't get anybody to do anything."

The normal human enthusiasm for work and healthy effort and achievement is at its lowest ebb. There has been a general letting down all along the line. Good workmanship is rarer than it ever was before. It may be due to a reaction from the intense concentration of the war period or it may be, as some people believe, because of too much prosperity. Certainly it is not easy to get anybody to do anything well. The world is in a loafing and rather negligent mood. It isn't disposed to do more than it has to. The trouble is not new, either. One of its earliest manifestations, as a lecturer on household economics has just pointed out, was in the housekeepers who, when telephone service became general, began to buy recklessly by wire rather than take the trouble to walk a block to the grocery store.

SHORTER DAYS

CASUAL fliers in daylight-saving engineered by independent communities are likely to create limitless confusion in the United States next April. So far as Congress is concerned the fine, long, bright day of recent summers is gone forever. The farmers objected to it because it disturbed their routine. The electric-light and gas companies are supposed to have aided the farmers valiantly in the agitation for a repeal of the law.

New York has drifted Congress and it will go on saving daylight when summer comes. But unless a similar indecision is adopted in this city

every one who goes to New York from Philadelphia will lose an hour on the way and find himself sixty minutes late at his destination. So it will be elsewhere.

If the whole country could be persuaded to unanimous action we might still save daylight and the farmers might have their old-fashioned time schedule and everybody could be happy. It would only be necessary to move the business day forward about, make the wheels an hour earlier, make 11 o'clock the lunch hour and shut up shop at 4 instead of 5. That is actually what the country has been doing.

But habits are fixed and half the people would probably fail to go along with the progressive crowd. The daylight saved under the old law was one of the few good things that the public ever got for nothing, and it will not soon be possible to forgive a Congress that spoiled the arrangement because it feared the farmers' vote.

ALBERT AND ROOSEVELT HELD ALOFT THE MORAL LAW

The City Honors the Quick and the Dead Today and Should Remember What They Stand For

THE minds of the people of the city are devoted today to celebrating the dead Theodore Roosevelt and the living King of the Belgians.

It is rare that so fitting a juxtaposition of honors to the quick and the dead occurs.

It is equally rare that two great national leaders should be found committed so simply and so whole-souledly to the moral law.

The likeness of the two men is there for those who care to give a little thought to what they have done.

Roosevelt suffered gibes during his life—as the man who had "discovered" the ten commandments. But the gibes did not disturb him. When men in industry and men in labor and men in politics were lying and stealing and bearing false witness and coveting what their neighbors possessed, Roosevelt stood on the houseposts and shouted:

"Thou shalt not steal!"

"Thou shalt not covet!"

"Thou shalt not bear false witness!"

He preached the fundamental moralities at a time when they needed to be preached and he continued it until his heart stopped beating and his voice was still. And he did not talk in vain. There are fewer malefactors of great wealth than when he began to denounce them. Some of the men who were once indifferent to anything but their own interests have seen a vision of something higher and they are trying to realize it. Practices which were winked at in 1900 are universally condemned in 1919.

Where one or two big employers and capitalists were thinking socially then, hundreds of them are wondering now what they can do to bring the wage-earner and the wage-payer into closer sympathy. The employer is now and then looking at his employees as human beings and not as a commodity to be bought and sold in the open market as cotton and wool and steel are traded in. They have ceased to ask Cain's self-convicting question and they are admitting that they are the keeper of their brother in the sense that they have responsibility for something besides the dividends on invested capital. We are thinking more and more about earning dividends on invested humanity, thanks to the man who discovered the ten commandments.

One cannot think of Albert, King of the Belgians, without recalling the famous remark made 2000 years ago that he who would save his life will lose it and he who would lose his life will save it. We have been told here in this city that Cardinal Mercier saved his life because he was willing to lose it. It is no less true of Albert. He stands on an eminence as one of the moral heroes of all time.

He had to choose whether he would accept suffering for himself and his kingdom, brought about through keeping faith with his honor and with the rest of the world, or would lie on a bed of ease, which was promised if he would be a traitor to those who trusted him.

With fine faith he chose to risk the loss of his own life and the destruction of his kingdom rather than save them at any such price. The outcome has proved before the eyes of all mankind, living and to be born, that he who would lose his life shall save it, and that he who would place his kingdom on the altar ready to be sacrificed to truth and loyalty will find that kingdom saved and redeemed and he and it held in high honor.

It is well to think of these great moral truths and the demonstration of them in our time as King Albert rides through our streets today and visits the great shrine of liberty, cherished here as our most sacred possession.

It is well to think of the ten commandments which Roosevelt preached when, on this anniversary of his birth, we are summoned by the Governor of the commonwealth and the Mayor of the city to do honor to one of the greatest Americans of his generation.

In spite of these shining examples we have little spiritual vision and no abiding faith in the shining truths on which the foundations of Christendom are supposed to rest. We quote them with our lips, but we are afraid to apply them in practice. If this were not so the industrial conference in Washington would not have broken up through the clash of selfish interests. There was not a group assembled in the Pan-American Building whose members actually believed that the way to save their lives was to be willing to lose them. They were fighting for self-preservation. They forgot that any one else was worth preserving. Each group charged the other with bearing false witness and with covetousness and with a desire to steal what belonged to some one else.

The brotherhood of man was not even mentioned. The solidarity of all sections of society was forgotten. No one had faith in anything but his own right arm, when, as a matter of fact, there is no one so puny and ineffectual as a man in the present day.

whole army of greed than the fist of the greedy. What has sometimes been called enlightened self-interest was so far forgotten that it did not shed the faintest glimmer of spiritual radiance about the heads of the men in conference.

If the blind continue to lead the blind there is no uncertainty about where they both will land.

When Albert gave his famous answer to the Germans the whole world was thrilled by its splendor.

The Germans have admitted that their case was morally lost when they attempted to punish him and his kingdom for their loyalty to their pledged word.

It will take Germany a century to wipe out the blot on her own honor, if it can be done in that time.

She had the power to invade Belgium and she was so mad as to use it.

There are groups here in America who think they have the power to get what they want regardless of the rights of any one else. And they are plotting to use that power ruthlessly and with no regard to the rights of any one else.

If they persist they are bound to suffer the fate of the man who seeks to save his life and yet loses it, for the spiritual law is immutable and acts with precision, though it sometimes seems as if it did not act at all because its processes are so slow.

UP TO CONGRESS

"IT IS not only unjustifiable," said President Wilson of the proposed soft-coal strike; "it is unlawful."

The President is not a biased judge. When he characterizes the plan of the miners' leaders as "a grave moral and legal wrong against the Government and the people of the United States," he is not oversteating the case.

An invading army would not easily do more damage than the miners' unions are plotting in cold blood. It is odd to realize therefore that there is nothing in the civil law or in constitutional provisions or in any act now contemplated by Congress to protect the nation against this sort of menace from within.

Mr. Wilson's courageous proclamation to the soft-coal men and the nature of the crisis with which he has to deal informally give new validity to the suggestion already made in these columns for new legislation adequate for the control of the reckless minorities at both extremes of the economic dispute who threaten the peace and stability of the United States.

Congress must do what the industrial conference had not the will or the courage to do. It will have to establish new laws to meet issues that are new. To rail against one side or the other will be futile. Bigotry and prejudice must be left to the snarling belligerents themselves. One-sided laws cannot stand.

Congress will be the first to declare itself powerless in the face of constitutional limitations. It will be said that the rights of property and the rights of labor cannot be interfered with in any degree. But in the name of the country, Congress may at least do what the industrial conference was expected to do.

It can give official form and sanction to an industrial code devised to establish justice for labor and for capital, but above all to protect the public interests. Thereby the trend of public opinion would immediately be directed permanently in support of those whose aims are reasonable and just. The way would soon be clear for such constitutional amendments as are necessary when need and powerful forces are plainly directed under subterfuge of one sort or another by those who wish to override the country, to set aside the familiar rules by which we live in peace and to seize authority in the name of a clique or a class.

Only rank cowardice can keep Congress from giving to Mr. Wilson and to future Presidents the power that is needed to fight the newer enemies of civilization—the anarchists of labor and the anarchists of capital.

The problems that the international trade conference were as great in their scope and importance (if not so imminent in their application) as those which faced the industrial conference in Washington. It is interesting to note in this connection that the delegates did not take snap judgment on any specific subject, but painstakingly sought to formulate a code of principles to guide them in the future. With this example before them, it may be that the delegates to the labor conference could do better if they only had a chance to try again.

In an address to the members of the women's committee Mr. Moore is quoted as having declared that he would have in mind the appointment of a woman as director of the Department of Public Welfare if he had the power. More power to him!

New York brewers have definitely decided that after tonight they will manufacture a cerezated beverage containing only half of 1 per cent alcoholic content. The balance, of course, will mean alcoholic discontent.

Senator Thomas has introduced a resolution calling upon the executive government to vindicate "the power and majesty of the law" in the threatened coal strike. Would the senator thought the government was going to throw bouquets?

This week's sale of army food is continued evidence that the government's purchasing department bit off more than it could chew. Which is not criticism, but merely appreciation of the fact that we finished the job we tackled ahead of schedule.

Frank McClain, of the public welfare board, reports instances where landlords are showing a willingness to arbitrate in a matter of rent. It is the one way to avoid chaos.

King Albert, whose people under his guidance helped to keep the world free, is the worthy guest of a noble shrine at Independence Hall.

First thing you know John Skelton Williams will get the idea that the Senate banking committee doesn't want him for controller of the currency.

With the coal strike only six days off there is plenty of work ahead for the optimist. Much may happen in six days.

THE CHAFFING DISH

Georgiana Tells Her Story

MY DEAR master, Socrates, having gone away for a holiday, which he was whimsical enough to assert he badly needed, I, Georgiana the bookworm, take my pen in hand to say a few things that have been much on my mind.

In the first place, I think it was rather unfair of Socrates to go off just at such a critical posture of affairs. The last thing he said was that he was relying on me to write something about King Albert's visit to town, but in his excitement he shut down the rolltop desk and left me here in my card-board box. It was only with the utmost difficulty that I managed to nibble my way out of confinement. Then I found myself covered by a pile of at least 100 unanswered letters, which Socrates had left.

By the time I had bitten through these and slipped out through the keyhole of the desk, King Albert and the procession were already passing the office. With all haste I dashed out on to the fire-escape and uttered a cheer. I fear it was but a feeble outcry, for I was much exhausted by my efforts; but the king, great and good man that he is, heard me. I feel convinced of this, for I saw him look upward.

IT WAS natural that the king should have been moved to hear me cry "Vive le roi des Belges!" for my French is excellent, and I spent much time in the beautiful Hotel de Louvain. In fact, I happened to spend some time in that library just before the war. In the spring of 1914 I found myself in the above containing shelves of German books, and I have always felt rather bitterly that my efforts to avert the war never received their due recognition. It was this way: On a warm afternoon in May, 1914, I made my way to the library, excited by toiling through a number of works on German philosophy (to a copy of Bernhard's famous book. Horrified by what I found there and a good deal fatigued by having to work back and forth across the pages so constantly in search of the verbs, I saw at once the hideous menace that threatened the civilized world. Instantly I set myself to work to inform the Belgian authorities. But my task was appalling. Between me and the end of the shelf lay six solid feet of German literature. I set to work, eating my way day and night, uttering shrill screams of rage and alarm. Alas, that portion of the library was little frequented and no one heard me. Perspiration bedewed my brow as I butted and wriggled fiercely through the solid tomes. There is still a bruise on my brow that I shall carry to my dying day. Though I have shed my skin several times since, I still have scars in that spot; but I carry my scars bravely in memory of what I tried to do for civilization.

WHEN the war broke out, to my horror I was still twelve inches from the end of the shelf. It is a terrible thought to me that if I had known a month earlier I could have warned King Albert and perhaps saved the world.

Then came a time of terror. The great library at Louvain was destroyed by the brutal soldiery of the enemy. It was only the fact that I was still resolutely pushing my way through the German books that saved me. The contents of the German alcove were carried off and preserved by the boches. As one of their officers was carrying to safety the volume of Treitschke, in which I then was, I was privileged to dart out and bite his hand savagely. He yelled, dropped the book and ran.

IT WOULD be too long a tale to recount my adventures in full. After my assault on this German officer I was, of course, apprehended by the soldiery of the enemy. The charge against me was that I had been guilty of the heinous and brutal attack on a soldier of the Kaiser. If I had been in uniform, they said, it would have been allowable as an act of war; but the German court-martial where I plead my case insisted that as I was a civilian it was an act of atrocity, punishable by death. I was already feeling the rope around my neck when it occurred to me that I had been found in a German book and therefore perhaps was a German subject. Seeing my opportunity, I insisted that I was a German secret agent in disguise, and that I had been posted in the Louvain library by the German espionage service to undermine Belgian morale. This saved me and I was set free. Forced marches at night, across a desolate and ravaged countryside, brought me to a seaport, and finally I was able to get on board a vessel of Mr. Hoover's commission. I can never thank Mr. Hoover enough for what he, unknown to me, did for me. Through the offices of his relief ship I was able to get to this great and good country, where I am so happy to be.

SO FAR, my ambitions have not been wholly gratified. I want to see the Yellowstone Canyon, Miss Amy Lowell and the Senate in session. I have been living very quietly here in Philadelphia, and through the medium of the "Chaffing Dish" (which I eat every day with relish) and also in the admirable Quiz published in this paper, I have learned a good deal about America. Socrates very kindly lent me a copy of the Congressional Record, which he said would keep me occupied for some time, but I must confess I have not enjoyed it as much as I anticipated. I have, in particular, been impressed by the free verse of Miss Amy Lowell. Free verse is a delightful innovation for the bookworm; the short lines leave so much white space on the page, and so the delicious flavor of the paper is not marred by too much ink. Next to a nice old blank book and a roll of white ticker tape, a volume of free verse is the nicest thing one can find, and is never too much of a strain on the intellect.

I COUNT myself lucky, on the whole, in having been able to settle down with Socrates for a while. His desk is a cozy place, and no one but myself, I dare say, realizes what a pleasing labyrinth of confusion it is. It is really very agreeable not to know what one will come upon next. An old toothbrush, a paper of safety pins, a corn-cob pipe and a pile of stamps carefully stamped off the return is the curious assortment among the scenery that surrounds my box. I have not yet had a chance to explore the pigeonholes, but since Socrates is going to be away for three weeks I hope to have a rousing time. I have been chewing through some of the contributions piled up here, and an pleasing atmosphere of there is some quite good stuff among them.

UNCLE Sam has a legitimate grievance when Mexicans hold his citizens for ransom. They are less near to eventual defeat when they merely hold their own.

We make the prediction that Sir Thomas Lipton will not lift the cup with Shamrock IV, but with Shamrock XVII.

So far as the populace is concerned, London's reception of King Alfonso was as neutral as Spain during the war.

The third party to the industrial controversy, the public, is still hopeful that a peace will be signed before the battle grows bloody.

Washington continues to be blind to what is not on the plain of politics.



TM NOT SO STRONG FOR KINGS, Y'KNOW, AS A GOOD AMERICAN, BUT I'M TAKING OFF MY HAT TODAY TO A HERO, KING AND MAN!

PROFITEER AS PROPAGANDIST

Russian Dictator Confesses That International Greed Is Doing Most to Aid the Cause of Bolshevism

Copyright, 1919, by Public Ledger Company. By B. F. ROSPOTH, Special Correspondent of the Evening Public Ledger in Switzerland, Geneva, Oct. 4.

THE international profiteer is the best propagandist of bolshevism," confessed Lenin at the time of the signing of the Versailles treaty, in the course of a conversation with a visitor to Moscow, who afterward repeated it to me here in Switzerland. There is a great deal of truth in these words of the Bolshevik dictator, who also foresaw with remarkable prophetic vision that the zenith of profiteering, with its resultant ever-increasing cost of living, was to come after the conclusion of peace, which the suffering peoples of Europe hailed in the belief that it would soon restore normal conditions of existence.

The spirit of revolution and anarchy thrives on profiteering and its daily manifestations of rapacious speculation in the necessities of life and of ill-gotten wealth flaunted in the faces of the less fortunate. Imperial Germany was, in a large measure, destroyed by the cancer of profiteering—upon which even the Kaiser's ruthless generals did not dare operate—by that vast system of illegal trading, which finally transformed half of the German people into a gigantic profiteering organization preying brutally upon the misery and privations of the other half and driving it to the utter desperation to revolt. And if the Spartacists ever succeeded in capturing political power in Germany—today the least Bolshevik by far of all European countries—they will owe their triumph not so much to Lenin's propaganda, however subtle and unscrupulous it may be, as to some sudden, elementary rebellion of the masses strangling them with its profiteering tentacles. For Germany, where the modern type of the criminal speculator in all branches of trade may be said to have originated during the war, has since the conclusion of peace become a veritable paradise of European profiteers.

SINCE the raising of the blockade of Germany there has been much heartful rivalry among allied business men in the rush to capture German trade. This business enterprise is, of course, perfectly legitimate now that "trading with the enemy" is a crime of the past, and the resumption of international commercial relations is undoubtedly the best way to hasten and insure the return of Europe to its normal state, which can possibly be effected if Germany offers after four years of the most rigorous blockade in history have unfortunately allowed not only the honorable trader. All the dubious speculators and profiteers of Europe have been irresistibly attracted to the flies of the pestilential atmosphere of international commercial corruption exhaled by the Kaiser's defunct empire.

AN INEXHAUSTIBLE field of action lies open to the international profiteer in Germany, where the blockade has created an unprecedented economic vacuum in the very center of Europe, and where the prevailing corruption favors the unscrupulous. So swarms of profiteers descended upon Germany the instant the blockade was raised, and were received in the fatherland with joy by the German members of the international brotherhood, who immediately joined forces with them. Their unscrupulous activity, which as yet shows no signs of diminishing, is a source of great and universal danger, for not only does it prevent the economic revival of the German people, but it is seriously aggravating the alarming food shortage which exists today throughout the entire world, and

is causing a continual increase of the cost of living in countries whose governments are striving to reduce it by every means in their power. Western Europe is today being literally drained of food and merchandise which it urgently requires for itself by the combined operations of this international profiteering camouflarilla.

THE center of this sinister activity is at present the German territory bounded by Alsace-Lorraine, the Bavarian Palatinate and the Rhineland, and, though it is not pleasant to say it, it is unfortunately true that some allied authorities of occupation—not American—do not seem to have done all that lies in their power to prevent its development. This district, which also includes Frankfurt and other large towns just outside the occupied zone, has been happily dubbed "profiteeria" by the Germans. In "profiteeria" the commercial adventurer and crook rules supreme, and "get rich quick" is the international motto of the land. Nowhere has reconciliation between former foes been so rapid and effusive as here, where German and Entente speculators have sealed a bond of fraternal friendship for the criminal exploitation of their countrymen. Huge stocks of food and every kind of merchandise, accumulated within the occupied territory by Entente profiteers, are delivered, at an enormous profit, into the eager hands of the subtle profiteers of Germany, who, in their turn, realize profits no less vast in reselling them to the miserable German consumer. Thus, both the humanitarian and political motives that prompted the allied governments to raise the blockade of Germany are being defeated, for the goods that are pouring into Germany from western Europe have been made an object of frenzied speculation, and are, therefore, still luxuries for the rich, while the majority of the German people are as badly fed and insufficiently clothed today as it ever was during the last years of the war.

THE American authorities in the occupied zone have been criticized recently for not facilitating the resumption of trade between America and Germany. However justified this criticism may be where legitimate, honest business is concerned, there can be little doubt that other allied authorities have gone too far in this respect since the raising of the blockade. The elevated and incorruptible patriotism of the French nation is above suspicion. But France also has her profiteers, whose lust of gain dominates all national considerations and who basely sell the rich produce of their fertile country to the Germans ruthlessly devastated. Their unpatriotic avidity has, in a large measure, contributed to prevent living from becoming cheaper in France after the conclusion of peace, and while they are amassing untold wealth by the sale of food to German speculators, the French people, though still upheld by their fine national spirit and pride in victory, are daily growing more restless over the ever-increasing difficulties of existence. Frankfurt is crowded with representatives of French provision firms and Parisian merchants offering for sale, in unlimited quantities, from their stocks in occupied Germany, tinned meat, tinned coffee, condensed milk and other provisions of every conceivable variety. Although wine commands exorbitant prices in France, the world's greatest wine country, trainloads of claret, brutandy and champagne are constantly smuggled there secretly into Germany. Enormous profits, estimated at many millions, are realized by these unpatriotic traders, and their cupidity is still unslaked.

Leonard H. Kinnard has been elected president of the B-I Telephone Company of Philadelphia. Hello, Kinn!

ALBERT AND THE BELL

ALBERT, king, but democratic As a soldier needs must be, Here's a welcome most emphatic At the shrine of liberty. We are kinsmen by this symbol And its note is sweet and clear— For you made it ring in Belgium As our fathers rang it here.

Freemen joyously assembled At the ringing of the bell, Tyrants faltered, paused and trembled, For to them it was a knell. Still its note rang out insistent With a message ever dear! And you heard it ring in Belgium As our fathers heard it here.

Albert, kinsman by your actions, In a time of cruel stress, We, disdaining cliques and factions, Proudly brotherhood profess. All you've done has made us grateful. All you are evokes a cheer, For you heard that bell in Belgium As our fathers heard it here. GRIF ALEXANDER.

Mexican bandits have robbed and murdered Americans and insulted their flag. Bless their hearts, it is their playful little way. But they had best be careful. Some of these days they'll go a bit too far.

The state sugar administrator promises a long jail term for persons charging as much as twenty-five cents a pound for sugar. When does a promise become a compromise? When desire outsteps the law.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

- 1. Where is Christmas Island?
2. How did the Aztecs get their name?
3. Grant and Sherman were natives of the same state? What state was it?
4. What is the original meaning of "table d'hote"?
5. What is a threnody?
6. Which one of the thirteen original colonies was the last to be founded?
7. Name three gifted English writers of the day who have followed the sea?
8. What post in the British cabinet is held by Winston Churchill?
9. What happens to a congressional act when the President neither signs nor vetoes?
10. What musical instrument was invented by Benjamin Franklin?

Answers to Saturday's Quiz

- 1. The United States Senate cannot negotiate a treaty with a foreign power, but it can ratify or reject such a pact.
2. "Bos," the pen name of Charles Dickens, should be pronounced with a long "o" as in the word nose.
3. Nostalgia is home-sickness as a disease.
4. Scalawag is said to be the name originally given to Shetland ponies. It came to describe an ill-fed animal and later a good-for-nothing person, scamp or scrag.
5. The largest alrhip in the world, now building in England, is to be 535 feet long. The Leviathan, the largest of steamships, is about 400 feet longer.
6. The first Italian generalissimo in the war was Cadorna. His successor was Diaz.
7. Thomas J. Jackson won his title of "Stonewall" because of his undaunted stand in the first battle of Bull Run.
8. Senator Reed was elected to the Senate as a Democrat. He is at odds with his party on the treaty question.
9. King Alfonso's mother was an Austrian.
10. The Mammoths are chiefly responsible for the use of the word in architecture.