

Public Ledger
LEDGER COMPANY
J. H. K. CURTIS, President
Editorial Board:
CHRIS H. E. CURTIS, Chairman
DAVID E. SMILEY, Editor
JOHN C. MARTIN, General Business Manager

Published daily at 12th and Locust streets, Philadelphia, Pa.
Subscription Terms:
The Evening Public Ledger is served to subscribers in Philadelphia and its vicinity at the rate of 10 cents per week, payable to the carrier.

Member of the Associated Press
THE ASSOCIATED PRESS is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited to this paper, and also the local news published therein.

GROWLING OVER SPOILS
IT is not a pretty picture which the political gossipers are painting of grumbling among those different groups of active workers who united in support of Mr. Moore for Mayor.

Where are the lofty and unselfish sentiments which were expressed before the primaries in September? Does the itch for office make men forget so soon? Is the desire for clean government only worth the price of a job in City Hall?

HYPHENATING COOLIDGE
THE political strength of Coolidge, of Massachusetts, seems to be forcing itself upon the attention of Republican state leaders for next year.

Obviously it is a staggering job to impose a world peace. The congress of Vienna tried it, and before its sessions were over Napoleon was out of Elba and master of France.

THE CITY'S BUDGET
THE effort of the finance committee of Councils to keep the budget for next year down to such a sum as can be raised by a reasonable tax rate deserves commendation.

Understudying the Kilkenny Cats
Now if the Mexican federalists average the 674 Villa slew to average Angeles, and the 674 Villa slew to average Angeles, and the federalists—but you get the idea, don't you?

Feathering Nests, Nest-ce pas?
If the street work of a contractor falls into the hands of a friend of the contractor, concerned for the public safety, allows friends of his to appear in damage suits against the city in cases where people are injured as the result of such disregard, it is very evident that the combination is incomplete, as it ought to include a doctor and an undertaker.

What'll You Have?—titled thing about it—A Thrill or a Pinch?
Let it be assumed that she pledges herself to pay for the treacherous destruction of the Scapa Flow squadron. The allied and associated powers will be in possession of another paper promise. Their hands are already stuffed with such matter.

War Shuffles for a New Deal
The fact that a Democratic President is advocating the protection of an American industry is no more startling than a score of other economic readjustments in the minds of eminent statesmen of different parties.

War Shuffles for a New Deal (continued)
The fact that a Democratic President is advocating the protection of an American industry is no more startling than a score of other economic readjustments in the minds of eminent statesmen of different parties.

War Shuffles for a New Deal (continued)
The fact that a Democratic President is advocating the protection of an American industry is no more startling than a score of other economic readjustments in the minds of eminent statesmen of different parties.

War Shuffles for a New Deal (continued)
The fact that a Democratic President is advocating the protection of an American industry is no more startling than a score of other economic readjustments in the minds of eminent statesmen of different parties.

War Shuffles for a New Deal (continued)
The fact that a Democratic President is advocating the protection of an American industry is no more startling than a score of other economic readjustments in the minds of eminent statesmen of different parties.

and possibly the payment of salaries of new policemen added to the force in order that the city may be adequately protected. But this expedient should be used only as a last resort after the most rigid economy had been practiced in order to keep expenditures within the amount that can be raised by a reasonable tax rate next year.

GERMANY THRIVES ON DELAYS OF HER VICTORS
Her Refusal to Pay for the Scapa Flow Treachery Emphasizes the Need for Unity on the Treaty and World-League Control

TAKEN by itself, Germany's refusal to sign the protocol, which includes the obligation, among others, of making reparation for the scuttling of the Scapa Flow fleet, is not necessarily alarming. The Allies have asserted their right to enforce coercive measures to bring compliance, and when they do so that particular incident will be closed.

Unfortunately, however, the significance of the event cannot be isolated. Optimism that persists in detaching facts from their setting is spurious. The Teuton obduracy of the moment, which is doubtless curable, is a link in a dangerous chain which has been growing since November 11, 1918.

The framing of protocol after protocol necessary to the enforcement of the armistice terms has been met by balkiness in Berlin. Many of the series of eleven-hour surrenders have been merely nominal. The note which the associated powers presented to Germany on November 7, this year, contained an ominous summary of delinquencies, a dark record of broken promises.

That there is nothing subtle in the German attitude is typical, but that circumstance only accentuates the perils of delay in regulating a nation which once challenged the world.

It is not for an instant to be questioned that the wrangles about the peace treaty and the deferment of ratification, not only in the United States but in certain other countries, have raised German hopes. They were natural aspirations, and to be roused to startled surprise over their expression is to be blind to ordinary attributes of human nature.

The situation is simply this: Germany was defeated in the field. The complex relationship of her foes, their individual ambitions, their individual desires, selfish and idealistic, rendered the formulation of a peace treaty a long and arduous task. Germany capitalized this critical season as best she could by hedging, by postponement of action on pledges, by wriggling and squirming in the face of obligations.

An equally fruitful period followed. The treaty, imperfect, as is every other creation by man, came in for inevitable criticism and at times for severe opposition. Whether the long examination which developed or the objections which were advanced or the reservations proposed were morally wholesome or otherwise is beside the specific point. Germany saw an opportunity to exploit the indecision of others to her own advantage.

Germany has been called unregenerate. There are damning facts in her career, both in war and peace, in support of this rating; but were she the most virtuous nation in history is it conceivable that she would turn away from any opening whatever which might lead to softening her defeat?

Obviously it is a staggering job to impose a world peace. The congress of Vienna tried it, and before its sessions were over Napoleon was out of Elba and master of France. The peace conference of 1814 went through an all too familiar course in international affairs. Quarrels and jealousies between the victors broke out. Czar Alexander of Russia proved dictatorial and grasping. Britain was angered. The unity which won at Leipzig oozed away. Talleyrand obtained unexpected concessions to France.

Bonaparte did more, watching the scene from his Mediterranean islet. No final and comprehensive and definitive peace treaty had been enforced when he landed in Frejus. France rose to him, and not so much because the nation repudiated its former repudiation of the emperor, but because the opportunity to mitigate the humiliation of the "patrie" was at hand.

A quarter of a century of European war had ended in 1814. The allies of that day were weary, but in another year they had to fight again. It is a fair assumption that, given unity in Vienna and the prompt enforcement of the arrangements planned there, Waterloo would have been unnecessary.

Historical comparisons seldom dovetail perfectly. In the present instance it is unfair to read Paris, where, despite blunders and inequities, liberalism certainly dominated, for Vienna, where absolutism assuredly held sway. Neither is it credible that Germany could speedily rise again in a military way as France did in 1814.

The Berlin Government has no navy; it is susceptible of being powerfully influenced by drastic blockade measures. German frontiers are weakened. The Rhineland is still occupied. An unfriendly Poland cuts the nation off from possible co-operation with Russia. The Teuton military machine is disorganized. At this moment Germany is absolutely incapable of fighting her late foes.

Nevertheless, her capacity for doing harm is very considerable and her potentiality will grow with each day of indecision and deadlock on the part of the peace makers.

Let it be assumed that she pledges herself to pay for the treacherous destruction of the Scapa Flow squadron. The allied and associated powers will be in possession of another paper promise. Their hands are already stuffed with such matter.

Meanwhile, in defiance of the armistice of more than a year ago, German troops are still occupying parts of Russian territory; 4460 railway cars and forty-two locomotives are still to be delivered; the obligation of returning all documents, specie, values of property and finance taken from invaded countries is not filled; priceless works of French and Belgian art have not been restored; quantities of agricultural implements in lieu of railroad material have not been sent back; merchant ships specified in the armistice convention of January 16, 1919, have not been surrendered.

The complete list is formidable. Germany has squirmed out of pledge after pledge. Prostrate as she is, every hitch in the peace negotiations has emboldened her. A prolongation of the disastrous interregnum will inevitably contribute to her encouragement. She will thrive on the disunity of her conquerors. If the danger of her recuperation is not immediate, it is not to be discounted for the future should the scene of international procrastination be extended.

Co-operation by all the allies, great and little, on the subject of the treaty of Versailles is palpably the only remedy for conditions fraught with black possibilities. Proof that her victors are united will end in short order her evasive tactics.

Moreover, enforcement of the pact will mean the bona-fide reduction of Germany's military forces. Within three months after the formal ratification of the treaty, the army must not exceed 200,000 men. The eventual size is fixed at 100,000. The dismantling of the Rhine forts is also dependent on the date when the momentous international agreement becomes valid.

It is theoretically possible, for the allied powers, minus the United States, to enforce the treaty. But our absence from the alignment cannot fail to play into the hands of Germany. She will do her utmost, wherever there is any loophole, to make the labors of the world reconstructionists as difficult as possible and to develop to the full all forces of discontent and disruption which may favor her.

Coerced action on the treaty would be an immediate blow to shilly-shallying and armor against recurrence of defiance such as has been disclosed in the Scapa Flow case.

The ultimate safeguard is the league of nations. Whatever its defects, it aims at peace and at the just surveillance of governments which refuse to play fair. At least it is a code of control. An impressive lesson of what may happen without such a formula is revealed in Germany's recent maneuvers.

FARMERS AND THE UNIONS
IS THE farmer a capitalist? Or is he a laborer? Farmers themselves have been busy for a year trying to decide that question. They have not yet found the answer and that is why the granges in New Jersey, like granges everywhere else in the country, are still on the horns of a dilemma which Mr. Gompers created when he tried to get their organizations into a working agreement with the federation of labor.

The farmers' organizations are interested in much of the advanced legislation which the trades unions seek. They favor laws that might regulate profiteering, improve methods of distribution and shorten routes between the producer and the consumer of life's necessities. But they are opposed to soaring wage scales because they, too, have to pay wages in competition with other industries.

On one thing the farmers and the labor unions seem agreed. They feel, apparently, that those who labor and produce are not properly represented in the state legislatures or in Congress. It is for this reason that a limited working agreement between the granges and the labor unions may bring about reactions in the elections next year.

Now, the Gownsmen confesses with sort-of certainty that he has neither the steadfastness of the steadfastly imbecillity, of his old friend Pessimus, nor can he so habitually discern the silver lining which backs up the blackest cloud according to Bill Melior, who sees rifts invisible to any one except an inveterate optimist. But, after all, which of the two extremes is going to get us anywhere? Doubtless, the greater part of humanity deserves a hearty damnation. This is sound theology, and a kind of a kind. But why endure a punishment before it comes? And why be led by Mat Pessimus into the slough, or rather the trench, of despond? Billy Melior is the man for the Gownsmen—little as he has of it. For Bill it is to face the music, accept facts, work for ideals and wrings something besides his hands.

STICKING in the mud is less a question of the man at the wheel. It is a hard thing to down an optimist. Neither the war with its negation of half the world's plattitudes which we have always accepted, nor the refusal of that part of the world, which suffers still from arrested development, to accept the lessons of the war, can daunt the optimist's courage. It is hard for a decent people, which recognizes moral obligations to act as facts the existence of a dozen or more persons who talk much at Washington and maneuver more at the work desired and convenient, and ignore the work undesired and inconvenient. But war left England with "her free breakfast" hungry; and America, shut off from German dyes and German potato, suffered financial stress and agricultural discomfort. Which, in turn, left free traders nibbling at protection, tariff-for-revenue-only men realizing that revenue is only a small part of the story, and out-and-out protectionists wondering if, after all, some infant industries were not about ready to be weaned.

Now if the Mexican federalists average the 674 Villa slew to average Angeles, and the 674 Villa slew to average Angeles, and the federalists—but you get the idea, don't you?—and they keep the thing up, in a manner of speaking, long enough, d'ye see, why, then, the Mexican problem will, as it were, settle, so to speak, itself.

There is a great demand that "somebody shall be done" in Mexico, but a dearth of information as to what shall be done. We learn that "Lafean and Ambler are soon to be arraigned." Whaadyamean soon?

There is significance in the fact that there isn't a Russian Red in the country who is anxious to go back home. Our tame office pessimist declares that the world has gone to pot, and there isn't enough sugar to sweeten it.

If the cold strike continues Santa Claus may get cold feet. What the Mayor-elect needs to watch now is his digestion. "Vares want another showdown." Some people are gluttons for punishment.

The tide of optimism ebbs at Scapa Flow. The world's progress is due as much to the plans that failed as to the plans that succeeded.

THE GOWNSMAN
The Case of Optimus Against Pessimus
THE Gownsmen has two friends with each of whom he gets on exceedingly well, according to his mood, and can be but contrive to keep them apart; together they fight like cats and dogs, or, better, like the far-famed toms of Kilkenny, who, hung over a clothesline, clawed each other until there was not a tail to tell. M. Pejor Pessimus, Esq., comes of a very ancient family, although it is not at all certain that any of his people have ever been really great. It is said that the founder of his race crept into Paradise on his belly and did not like it when he got in. Progenitors of Pessimus were unquestionably on the first cable passenger list of the Mayflower, against the food and accommodations of which they lodged a determined protest and complaint as soon as they reached Boston.

THE present Pejor Pessimus is a man past middle life in whom regret for a youth which could never have been pleasant, has hardened into a general grudge against mankind. Pessimus is nothing if he is not right. Indeed, he has never known himself to be in the wrong. It was a joy to see him, when he was in the army, step out, the only man in the company who was keeping step, the rest marching unthinkingly wrong. So, in opinion, Pessimus deplores the perversities of majorities, the tenacity with which men persist in holding to ideas so different from his own—in short, the general trend of things straight to the pit of Tophet, according to him the destined abiding place of the majority of mankind.

B. MELIOR OPTIMUS, the Gownsmen's other friend, is in great contrast. He is broad in his chest, in his notions and in his humor. He makes no pretenses to any unusual cleverness, to any peculiar powers of divination in the affairs of men or of nations, and he laughs at the Mayflower Pessimus, declaring that his ancestors were about earlier than that, with Noah in the ark, and that they were not of the number of the beasts contained therein. It was Optimus who first told the cheerful story of his researches after a family tree; how he had at last found a stick of wood standing upright with a single branch extending at right angles from it, from the end of which latter there dangled a noose of excellent twisted hemp; "at which point, sir," he laughed, "I discontinued my genealogical investigations."

OPTIMUS is no very sound theologian. He refuses to believe that the heart of man is desperately wicked. He is a scooped politician, and seems actually to think that politics should be pursued as a means to great ends, and not as everybody knows that profession of artful dodging is pursued, as an end—a very bitter end—in itself. Optimus is a pretty poor patriot. He actually thinks that the United States Senate has something to learn from the efforts of statesmen of Europe! And he maintains a strong confidence in mankind in his conviction that the senior senator from Massachusetts is not the one and only man, howbeit he has been singled out by Providence—or, rather, by the Providence Journal—to make a Boston Transcript of the dead dog, whereby a perishing world may be saved. The Gownsmen fears that his friend, Optimus, is guilty of that ungrateful sin, a willingness to change his mind, of that weakness of character which makes it possible for him at times to see the other side of an argument.

Optimus is a pretty poor patriot. He actually thinks that the United States Senate has something to learn from the efforts of statesmen of Europe! And he maintains a strong confidence in mankind in his conviction that the senior senator from Massachusetts is not the one and only man, howbeit he has been singled out by Providence—or, rather, by the Providence Journal—to make a Boston Transcript of the dead dog, whereby a perishing world may be saved. The Gownsmen fears that his friend, Optimus, is guilty of that ungrateful sin, a willingness to change his mind, of that weakness of character which makes it possible for him at times to see the other side of an argument.

Now that he has neither the steadfastness of the steadfastly imbecillity, of his old friend Pessimus, nor can he so habitually discern the silver lining which backs up the blackest cloud according to Bill Melior, who sees rifts invisible to any one except an inveterate optimist. But, after all, which of the two extremes is going to get us anywhere? Doubtless, the greater part of humanity deserves a hearty damnation. This is sound theology, and a kind of a kind. But why endure a punishment before it comes? And why be led by Mat Pessimus into the slough, or rather the trench, of despond? Billy Melior is the man for the Gownsmen—little as he has of it. For Bill it is to face the music, accept facts, work for ideals and wrings something besides his hands.

STICKING in the mud is less a question of the man at the wheel. It is a hard thing to down an optimist. Neither the war with its negation of half the world's plattitudes which we have always accepted, nor the refusal of that part of the world, which suffers still from arrested development, to accept the lessons of the war, can daunt the optimist's courage. It is hard for a decent people, which recognizes moral obligations to act as facts the existence of a dozen or more persons who talk much at Washington and maneuver more at the work desired and convenient, and ignore the work undesired and inconvenient. But war left England with "her free breakfast" hungry; and America, shut off from German dyes and German potato, suffered financial stress and agricultural discomfort. Which, in turn, left free traders nibbling at protection, tariff-for-revenue-only men realizing that revenue is only a small part of the story, and out-and-out protectionists wondering if, after all, some infant industries were not about ready to be weaned.

Now if the Mexican federalists average the 674 Villa slew to average Angeles, and the 674 Villa slew to average Angeles, and the federalists—but you get the idea, don't you?—and they keep the thing up, in a manner of speaking, long enough, d'ye see, why, then, the Mexican problem will, as it were, settle, so to speak, itself.

There is a great demand that "somebody shall be done" in Mexico, but a dearth of information as to what shall be done. We learn that "Lafean and Ambler are soon to be arraigned." Whaadyamean soon?

There is significance in the fact that there isn't a Russian Red in the country who is anxious to go back home. Our tame office pessimist declares that the world has gone to pot, and there isn't enough sugar to sweeten it.

If the cold strike continues Santa Claus may get cold feet. What the Mayor-elect needs to watch now is his digestion. "Vares want another showdown." Some people are gluttons for punishment.

The tide of optimism ebbs at Scapa Flow. The world's progress is due as much to the plans that failed as to the plans that succeeded.



THE CHAFFING DISH

To Alec
(Who claims he called to Sheila last April in France)
ALEC, Alec, Alec, tell me were you spoofing? When you said you thought of Sheila all the livelong day? Did you really call her, while you were a-hooping up the hills of Clermont to the Igrec M. C. A.?

Alec, Alec, Alec, sure, your nerve's appalling. Saying that you spoke to Sheila all the livelong day? For the only person that I heard you calling was a deaf old garcon in the Globe Cafe! WILL LOU.

Also of Clermont-Ferrand. Dr. Albert Einstein, the German physicist, has attempted to make plain to interviewers his new "theory of relativity," which discards Time and Space as absolute entities and "makes them in every instance relative and moving systems."

The idea of discarding Space is not a new one. It has long been practiced by the designers of apartment houses, particularly in New York. But, to speak seriously, there is a very interesting note in Doctor Einstein's remarks about English, Dutch and American scientists who have been thinking along lines similar to his own. Doctor Einstein speaks with sincere admiration and respect of his scientific colleagues in other lands, and this brings us happily to consider the one branch of human activity where passion has no threshold of the masticating department.

In Science, or more broadly, in the whole world of Learning, there is but one interest, the discovery of Truth. Truth vanishes. The search for Truth is the one motive which binds together men of all lands and times into the solidarity of the human race—a solidarity of trial, perplexity and common human pleasures which, when grasped, is the only lasting consolation humanity may achieve. Doctor Einstein's praise of foreign scientists is the first sign we have seen that Truth may once more be ready to enter into the dusty stadium of human affairs.

When we were very young we used to sigh for a steam yacht, but as one matures his ambitions become far more extravagant. Nowadays we go so far as to hope that our shirt will get back from the laundry by Tuesday of the following week.

Brief Essay on the Medical Profession
We know a doctor in New York who always fills his pipe before calling on his patients, and leaves it, all ready packed, in his car. As soon as he leaves the house he lights up and puffs comfortably whiffs on his way to the next call. That is our idea of a good doctor.

We hear a rumor that the Kelly Street Business Men's Association is going to meet again soon. It seems to us that the association ought to put up one more tablet in that well-known thoroughfare, commemorating with due affection and respect the Dear Despot who passed away last summer.

We notice that the old apprehension concerning the possible collision of the earth with a meteor, and consequent destruction of this lively planet, is undergoing its periodical revival. Some day, we dare say, a paragraph something like the following will appear somewhere in the back pages of the leading Mars newspaper: EARTH GOES WEST Amiable Planet Bumped Off by Unfortunate Collision (Intercosmic Press Dispatch)

It is with much regret that we announce that the World was bumped off late last night by collision with a speeding meteoroid. Although little is known concerning the life of the deceased planet, those who had watched his career always predicted a successful future for him when he had outgrown

STILL ANOTHER STRIKE YET

THE troubles of youth. It was sometimes rumored that his private life was not altogether a happy one, but he always looked on the sunny side of things at least half of the time, and he was a pleasant fellow to have around.

It is said that the planet Mercury will take over the good will and will open up in the old orbit as soon as the necessary adjustments have taken place.

The reports of Colonel House's illness must have been exaggerated. The only thing that would really convince us that something is wrong with the Colonel would be if he started to talk about something.

We are now in a position to announce our final selection for the League of Nations football team. We will back this eleven against anything our opponents can muster. The line-up is:

- L. E.—Gilbert Hitchcock.
L. T.—Herbert Hoover.
L. G.—Robert Lansing.
C.—William H. Taft.
R. G.—Earl Grey.
R. T.—Arthur Balfour.
R. E.—Lord Robert Cecil.
Q. B.—E. M. House.
L. H. B.—J. C. Smuts.
R. H. B.—Andro Tardieu.
F. B.—Woodrow Wilson (capt.).

Even if nothing else would convince Mr. Lodge of the desirability of ratifying the treaty, we should think that the German delight in its nonratification might give him a few qualms.

The fact that everybody instinctively calls Governor Coolidge "Cal" ought to be a big help to his presidential boom. The American people, we regret to say, seem to think that a man with a nickname necessarily has a big brain. Many have never forgiven Mr. Wilson for being Mr. Wilson instead of Tom or Woody.

Such is the variety and flavor of the food that, when you place your foot on the threshold of the masticating department, your nasal proboscis is greeted with the aroma of roasted mutton or beef, and the alimentary pupils of your orbicular instruments are fixed upon large slabs of comb honey, consisting of the gathered sweets from mountain flowers, and rivaling in delicacy the nectar of the gods. * * * All around this infant metropolis of the Highlands are landscapes for the artist, sublimity for the poet, recreation for the tired business man, invigoration for the weak, ease for the old, and for the young beautiful retreats, where Cupid yields the substantial power of his golden dart and sends his victims into the royal presence of Hyem, presiding beneath his crown of sweet marjoram.—The Balsam Groves of Grandfather Mountain.

The most ingenious merchandising tactics that we have ever observed are practiced by the coterie of doughnut factories on Chestnut street. They have a pipe that extends upward from their frying vats and projects through a window transom. In this way the sweet savor of sizzling sinkers is dispersed all down the street. Even when we pass that way just after a stout meal at a Teuth street ordinary we can hardly make our gastric juices behave.

College men are asking that their holiday begin earlier so that they will have more time to do their Christmas shopping. Up at New Haven, no doubt, they are enforcing this request by chanting "For God, for Country and for Yule."

A lady writes to us: I have a philosophical idea that the mind is everything, it is useless to travel, to imbibe for inspiration, etc.; in fact, it lays within each mortal being to be or not to be happy.

We will not touch for the quality of the inspiration received, but if our fair client could see us tackling that jug of Misourider she would qualify her philosophical idea with interpretative reservations.

Only seventeen more chaffing days before Christmas. SOCRATES.

AS WELLS WOULD DO IT

OUR "Jack and Jill" that simple tale, How Mother Goose did slight it! Ah, how her careless lines would pale If H. G. Wells should write it!

First, take the hour when Jack was born. How anxious papa waited; Describe that age with bitter scorn; Tell how Jack's parents mated.

Then analyze Jack's infant bean. Recount his careful schooling; Sketch Jill's arrival on the scene, And paint their childish fooling.

State how the buckets were procured; (Describe a bucket shop); See how the ill-starred pair were lured, To tempt the fatal drop.

Give all the croakings ere the spill; The words of faithful granny, Delect the aspect of that bill With every coign and cranny.

Tell how they clambered up the slope, Observing all the strata, And canvassed England's future hope, With economic data.

Say how the first misstep was Jill's; Poor Jack fell round like Adam; They hit the road beneath the hill— (The pavement was macadam). —Keith Preston, in "Types of Pan."

The Hun appears to have a couple of teeth left. It is as yet unknown whether they are opposite each other.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ
1. Who is Dr. Albert Einstein?
2. Name a noted English and a noted French champion of the league of nations.
3. What are nautch girls?
4. What is the value of the coin called a napoleon?
5. What is buckram?
6. When did the United States declare war on Germany?
7. What is a spalpeen?
8. What is the meaning of the word facultative?
9. What is the capital of Afghanistan?
10. Who were the opposing generals in the battle on the Plains of Abraham which decided the fall of Quebec?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz
1. Dr. Harvey Wiley has declared that it is possible to live on eleven cents a day expended for food in the United States.
2. The two kingdoms of the Jews in Bible times were Judah and Israel.
3. Norman H. Davis is the new assistant secretary of the treasury.
4. Kerguelen Land is an uninhabited island, intersected by latitude 49 south, lying about midway in the southern ocean between Australia and South Africa. It is notorious for its rains and storms. France claims it.
5. The independence of the United States was proclaimed by not quite fifteen months after the beginning of the Revolution at Lexington in April, 1775.
6. Reapportionments of the congressmen in the House of Representatives have taken place after every decennial census.
7. Victor Hugo wrote the story "Bug-Jargal."
8. A spinnaker is a large jib-shaped sail carried on the mainmast of a racing yacht.
9. The word cannibal is from Canibaleu, the Spanish variant of the Carib name of a West Indian nation. Canibaleu is another variant.
10. Caoutchouc is India rubber.