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 Philadelphia, Monday, February 3, 1919

**UNDER CITY HALL**  
 NO SCIENCE is fuller of romance and symbolism than that of engineering. Kipling has revealed the poetry that lies in the magnificent efforts of men who fling up bridges, shorten the spaces of the world, make life safer and happier for everybody, and then vanish to toil elsewhere, leaving the rest of mankind to benefit by their handiwork.

Any one who wished to take another view and regard engineers as symbols of the aspiring spirit which is determined to set matters right in the world has only to look at the incredible feats just accomplished by the subway builders under City Hall.

The stupendous weight of one end of that vast pile was actually shifted to new foundations. Down through the faked and flimsy stonework, deep to the hearts of old-time political contractors the engineers dug, until, by the magic of science, they substituted steel and concrete based upon the solid bedrock. For years, while the men burrowed at their colossal jobs, the life of the city teemed immediately overhead and no one took a thought of what was going on.

As a practical accomplishment, the subway work under City Hall is one of the greatest engineering feats of the century. Mr. Twining and his assistants, like others in their profession, have accomplished the impossible. Better subways are a little nearer. But the moral in this instance is that there is a motive in civilization that is moving life in the right direction. And it stops at no barriers.

**"THEY WERE PENNSYLVANIANS"**  
 IN the world conflict, as in all America's wars, Pennsylvania valor was a factor of conspicuous and tragic beauty. It may be considered singular that a Commonwealth founded by professed peace lovers and devoted in normal times to civilizing arts and industries on vast scales should shine so triumphantly and sacrificially in battle.

But the paradox is merely superficial. The right is more precious than peace, and as the champion of justice this country reveals in the record of most of her wars wondrously clean hands. The conviction of justice fired the endurance of Pennsylvanians at Valley Forge and their impetuous daring at Gettysburg.

General March's statistics of the universal conflict accord credit to the Iron Division, the Twenty-eighth (National Guard of Pennsylvania), with the loss of 3890 men in major casualties, the greatest of any National Guard division.

These words are expressive of the solemn pride which the State takes in the sacrifice of these sons on the altar of liberty: They were Pennsylvanians.

**THE FOOD TOBOGGAN**  
 THE dissolution of the league of nations seems to be in sight. When the dreadful House of Usher once started to crack, disintegration was rapidly consummated. This may be it with the structure of high food prices, of which evidences of insecure underpinning are at last at hand.

Eggs have begun to humpty-dumpty, butter charges are in a melting mood, meat bills are facing a decline. Efforts to withstand the inevitable are registered in the suburbs, and the wiles of the gongor even in the central markets will probably be invoked to resist the barrage of economic pressure.

The cheering fact remains, however, that certain staples of food have been sold at retail at lower prices than at any time within the last six months.

The readjustment is insignificant compared to what is needed to restore normal conditions. But it is an indication that the laws of supply and demand and the force of competition rendered operative with the return of peace are more powerful than the best-intentioned governmental aids.

With all its commendable achievements, the food administration could somewhat check, but it could not halt, the upward trend of prices. Political economy was inexorable then. It will be inexorable in the coming months in another direction. Frontiers and extortionists will seek to combat it, but whatever their illusory successes, they must yield in the end.

ciently well regulated to be aghast over the mysterious disappearance of a single motorcar. Long-suffering Philadelphia motorists must feel like inviting the very lowest assortment of doughboys to guard this town, and they can assuredly understand to the full General Pershing's indignation over a "scarce" which, even as first reported, contained for home readers evidences of rare virtue.

**COMING THE PARTIES FOR PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES!**

**Ups and Downs of Hope in the Grass Country and the Significance of Taft's Growing Prestige**

NO ONE need envy the politicians whatever innocent measure they derive nowadays in naming Next President. From now on the light of a glorious distinction will dwell, for giddy moments, upon many a favorite son. Does it bring bliss to the gentlemen made suddenly visible in the crowd? Does it bring joy to the home folks? Very well. Let the light shine! These are tense times. Diversion is welcome. But to name a presidential candidate now is, in fact, to make an end of him.

The aspirants whose names blaze occasionally in prophetic headlines are the venturing batteries in the political field. They flash and die.

Senator Harding's boom in Ohio is but a week old. Yet the pallor of death is upon it already.

Mr. Bryan is conspicuously in the foreground. Are we to have a white-ribbon candidate pledged to dry up a new-saved world? That would not be surprising to those who know Mr. Bryan.

Mr. Knox and Mr. Lodge are candidates in spirit. But in the end the politicians do not pick candidates. That service is done by public opinion—aided by circumstance and the fates. And public opinion has a mystical quality. It is an emotion. It is founded upon things sensed rather than seen. Collective opinion in America never was favorable to the early candidate.

The early candidate is the worm, rather than the bird, of the maxim. The people, after all their delays and abstractions and errors, are at heart passionately fond of an unassuming man. They have a way of seeking him out.

Since we have entered the war all political leaders have had opportunities to be unselfish and large-minded. Almost without exception they have let the blessed opportunity go by. Their minds were without the wings that could have given them a view over party walls. Their ambitions blinded them. That is why you will find an instinctive drift of sentiment toward Mr. Taft wherever men talk politics.

It is fashionable to call Mr. Taft a cheerful man. The fact of the matter is that he has gifts of wisdom and philosophy. Wise men are never selfish. If Mr. Taft has a placid heart it is because he happens to be wise and generous. Such qualities make of any man a victor in life—which is the only thing that really matters.

What we are permitted to witness now in the case of our ex-President is the old miracle of bread upon the waters that returns after many days. Everybody was fighting for the spotlight while the war was being fought, and the air was filled with the clamors and appeals of men who contributed only vocally to the nation's good.

It was Taft who worked devotedly in relative obscurity at extraordinarily difficult tasks and contributed most largely to such constructive policies as we are evolving to meet our problems at home. His seemed to be a thankless service. And yet he is now in the position of a man who patiently gives the best that is in him to a forgotten task and suddenly finds the world clamoring at his door with gifts.

There is something very alluring about Mr. Taft's occasional references to his work with the War Labor Board—an insistent suggestion that he himself has not recognized the value of his work. The operation of the labor board was in a sense casual. Yet it has laid the great foundations, set great precedents. It opened the way for a peaceful and permanent solution of all the unsettled questions that have been harassing industry and labor in America.

It was to the question of better relations between workers and industry rather than to the mere settlement of occasional disputes that Mr. Taft has devoted a gifted and generous mind. That is a fundamental matter. It is something that needs the best attention that can be accorded it. The question will tower in the future. Its proper settlement will bring greater peace and health and happiness, a more powerful and spirited nation, general welfare, general prosperity.

The position of arbiter with the War Labor Board, which Mr. Taft accepted with entire serenity, was one which no man with thoughts of a political future could approach without chills of despair. The decisions which such an officer had to make were almost sure to invite the animosity and even the distrust of the two great groups in which the energies of the country are divided. There was little possibility of wholly satisfying either side in the processes of compromise.

Mr. Taft boldly advanced constructive ideas quite as novel, from the viewpoint of conventional-minded America, as Mr. Wilson's policies have appeared from the viewpoint of conventional-minded Europe. He has said many wholesome but unwelcome things to both parties in the endless controversy. What is most interesting, however, is the constant growth of the man's mind. In an address here the other day he told of his view of labor from the bench of the Federal Court, when he sat upon it, and the view from the head of the War Labor Board table.

"The first," he said, "was the question in the pure light of legal right and wrong. The other was the question in the light of conciliation, reconciliation and arbitration."

the United States and a judge in the United States courts was yet a student of the world. He went out as a student upon his travels, down to life, close to the earth, where there are struggles and stress and travail and aching differences, due to the harsh realities of individual existence. What he discovered is revealed in the decisions, discourses and documents of the labor board, which serve always to bring the vast question of labor and industry into fuller light and make constantly for better understandings, better human relationships, as means to avert the strain and loss of economic disturbance.

What Mr. Taft has revealed in a general way, besides great courage and keen insight, is a sort of wisdom of the heart, which is the greatest wisdom, a gift that few men have.

Like Mr. Wilson, Mr. Taft has gone far in advance of his own party. He has learned to disdain such party lines as bind and hurt a growing nation.

He is concerned, apparently, not with barren legalisms and formulas, but with life itself. So men will have to be in the future to direct human affairs aright. Those who know Mr. Wilson best feel certain that he will not again be a candidate for the presidency. And we may yet see the day when he will vote for Mr. Taft.

**CERTAIN SENATORS**  
 CERTAIN uncertain Senators complain bitterly that they are "kept in ignorance" by the President.

Ignorance is a matter of self-determination. Every citizen of these States is at full liberty to decide for himself just how ignorant he wishes to be, even Senator Borah, who cries that he feels "a deep interest in everything that is transpiring at Versailles." Will some one inform the Senator just where the Quai d'Orsay is?

Now we have a genuine sympathy with Senators in their present perplexing situation. No one regrets more than we that the Senate is not represented among our Paris commissioners. And we understand that all these boots and catcalls from Washington, this feverish and spiteful denunciation of everything our representatives are fighting for abroad, are only the lively breast-beating of irritated statesmen trying to keep themselves warm until the facts arrive.

But every one does not understand this. Cabled accounts of senatorial utterances have caused amazement and chagrin in foreign capitals. Honest republicanism has been sorely hurt by some superheated vapors.

The Capitol is surmounted by a large and empty dome, but it is not necessary for Senators to make that a personal symbol.

It is impossible, at the present stage of the Paris parleys, that our knowledge of the conference's doings should be more than the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. Much that we shed blood for is in a fair way to be accomplished. Why the roaring and ranting, the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal? Shortly one cometh to report on the negotiations. Why not wait until he gets here before endangering senatorial blood vessels? We plead for more far-sighted and judicial patience. But we know that we plead in vain. One does not gather figs of thistles.

Alas! Senator Borah has given the game away. "If the Saviour of Mankind would revisit the earth and declare for a league of nations, I would be opposed to it."

Since the Senator has seen fit to call in Scripture, let us remind him of the parable of the man who sent out his servants to gather in guests for a wedding. One guest arrived in his workaday attire. "And he saith unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment? And he was speechless."

It is hard to imagine Senator Borah "speechless," but the point is that for the discussion of the league of nations and the vast new problems and rearrangements of humanity, a "wedding garment" is necessary—a garment of charity, hopefulness, liberal thinking and practical idealism.

The world today can be made a new world. Our hand is on the plow and this is no time for flinching.

Because we esteem the Senate more than it esteems itself, because we are saddened to see it debate itself in the eyes of prudent men, we ask it not to set its face blindly against the sunrise. Great winds are blowing, and it will be hard walking against the wind.

Some Senators have taken up with a certain alicia the wretched life of an admiral likening the league of nations to a quitting party. Perhaps they would also speak of the fellowship of Christ and His apostles as a "sewing circle."

Included in the list of Trade Union articles which cannot clearly Wilson enter England after March 1 are very many kinds of machine tools. Hand work is to come into its own again. Which would seem to indicate that some British labor experts have failed to realize the difference between "coming back" and "going back."

**Atlantic City in Winter**

PERICARP was strangely at leisure when I found him in his quarters. He is usually so intensely absorbed in his investigations that he neglects the ordinary courtesies and receives his callers without any salutations, and allows them to depart without farewells. But now he was reclining in an easy chair blowing rings of smoke. There was an expression of extreme satisfaction on his face.

"I am glad you came," said he. "I want some one to congratulate me, for I have at last succeeded in doing what I have been attempting without success for many months."

"And that is?"  
 "I have blown one ring of smoke and then blown another ring through it before the first broke."

"Wonderful!" said I with as much appreciation in my voice as I could muster for such a futile thing.

"But my satisfaction with this triumph has been tempered by my regret that I have lost what I have regarded as a unique distinction," he went on.

"Which one of your many distinctions was it?" said I a little sarcastically.

Pericarp sat up quickly, looked at me with a quizzical smile, then reclined at his ease again and went on:  
 "I have been proud of the fact that I had never been to Atlantic City, but circumstances under which I had no control forced me there, and in the middle of the winter, too."

"You must have found the place dreary and deserted," said I.

"Did I? Well, I guess not. I went down there on Saturday afternoon, expecting to have no trouble in getting a room at a good hotel. But every hotel at which I called was jammed full and I was told that one of them had had between fifty and a hundred persons ask for accommodations on Friday night for whom they had no room. I would go into the office of a little hotel. The clerks would look at each other and then turn to me with a patiently resigned expression. The house was full I was told and they did not know when there would be a vacant room. This happened time after time. I finally found a room in a private house next to a small hotel where I arranged for meals. When I discovered that everybody was in Atlantic City, or everybody for whom there was room, I regretted more than ever that I had been forced to abandon my boast that I alone of the whole population of the eastern seaboard had never trod the Boardwalk."

"AFTER dinner I strolled over to the Boardwalk," he continued. "It was dark. There was no moon and the cloudy sky concealed the stars. It was 7.30 o'clock. There was a wheeled chair of two slowly rolling along. Here and there was a soldier in khaki with a lady on his arm and about as many men in naval uniforms similarly accompanied. The domes and turrets and balconies of the two biggest hotels raised themselves into the gloom like the towers of a Maxwell Parish city of fairyland, blossoming with red and green and gold dimly showing against the sky. It was a mysterious and moving spectacle."

"There was a surprising number of shops open and a still more surprising number with lighted show windows, indicating that they were doing business. The people were strolling slowly past the shops looking by the windows at rugs, furs and lace, jewels, candles, gowns and bric-a-brac. The god of commerce evidently had his shrine on the shore of this sounding sea as well as inland. Just as this reflection formed itself I heard a lady a few paces ahead of me exclaim to her companion, 'Oh, isn't that beautiful!'"

And it was beautiful, for there in a show window with brilliant lights concentrated on it was a Buddhist shrine. Its doors were open. In the interior, glittering with red and black lacquer overlaid with golden plates, was the ineffable Buddha himself with the ruby in his forehead and his many arms standing in an ornate niche flanked by pillars with a little balcony before it. Below was a small golden table on which stood an incense burner, also golden, ready for the use of the devout if any such there might be prepared to worship any other god than the golden calf."

PERICARP paused, blew a ring of blue smoke and dreamily watched it float away into nothingness.

"The spectacle of that brilliant shrine of the god of half the world offered for sale as a mere curio," said he softly, "was most depressing. It was fashioned by devout hands for devout purposes in order to assist men to get into communion with the Great Force which orders the lives of mortals, and here it was exhibited to tempt persons to whom it had no meaning to buy it as a household ornament or as a cabinet for cigars. If Shakespeare had not said it first Buddha might exclaim, 'To what base uses do we come!'"

PERICARP paused again and was silent for some time. Then he sighed and began once more to think aloud:  
 "Before I started back to my room I looked out to the east, where the sea ought to be. I had been hearing its gentle swishing like the rustle of silken draperies in the wind. There was nothing visible but the purple blackness of a curtain shutting out all the world, trimmed on its bottom with a fluttering border of white lace where it rested on the strand at the edge of the waters."

"The next morning I was on the Boardwalk by 10 o'clock. The sole occupant of the beach was a gull as big as a goose, hunting for clams just above the breaking surf. 'Those gulls are knowin' creatures about food,' said the negro chair attendant. 'They will fly up into the air with a clam and drop it on the sand to break the shell. You see, they know how to get enough to eat.' As the day grew older the walk gradually became populous and there were pedestrians by the hundred and two rows of wheeled chairs moving in opposite directions. There were men in the crowd, but women and children predominated. At my hotel the next day—I succeeded in getting into a hotel on Monday—I could easily see thirty guests at table from my seat in the dining room without turning my head. Six of them were men and the rest were women. I heard some one who had been at the shore two months remark that almost every one there seemed to have been sick and was seeking health. If this be true, whatever may be the case in summer, Atlantic City is a popular health resort in the winter."

G. W. D.

**WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND**



**THE ELECTRIC CHAIR**

**Bernstorff**  
 Count Bernstorff is one of the men entrusted with the working out of the details for Germany's participation in the Peace Conference and will, with the Foreign Minister, be a German delegate—Associated Press dispatch.

BERNSTORFF keeps butting back into the news. Airing his wholly preposterous views. Saying the Fourteen Points will be O. K. If they're worked out in an amiable way. And, as for all the good blood that's been spit, he says that the Germans don't feel a bit guilty. Though they admit that mistakes have been made—

Yes, the dear Prussians, reviewing their trade. Now that results have been candidly weighed. And an indemnity is to be paid. Feeling afraid. That they may have strayed. Feeling, perhaps, that—well, just a shade of blood-rust has tarnished their bright-shining blade—

So Bernstorff brayed. Admitting, by God, that mistakes had been made!

AH THERE, you Bernstorff, ineffable Hun! Cautious enough till the fighting was done— Johann von B., Just listen to me! Stay in your Schloss and keep on the Q. T.—

The one man that we have no use for is you: As far as von B. is concerned, we are through. Remember the fate of the monkey who meddles. And keep your burnt hoofs off political pedals.

"Mistakes have been made!" Ah, how many mistakes! Since first your gray legions marched westward from Aix. Scrapping that paper—Mistake Number One—

How many mistakes on the trail of the Hun! Every one knows them and it would be weary Here to recount them—and not at all cheery. And you, you contemptible diplomat-plotter, Hypocrite, simpleton, liar and rotter, You who were always (in public) so bland, Moaning you couldn't (Ha Ha) understand The dreadful aggressions conceived by your sovereign—

Meanwhile you kept all your gang of spies hovering! Bombing and lurking and peeping and coding. Sneaking and planning and scheming, exploding. Buying up papers and lying and burning, Busy indorsing your checks they were earning—

And you, the ambassador, genial and slick (Whose double maneuvers made honest men sick), Were dining and wining—so savage your mania— To gloat on the sinking of the Lusitania.

O' FOLLY, my Bernstorff, you've omitted no bit: They said House was dead, and you dashed off an obit. Telling your grief, and how much you de-plore You never will see "this dear friend" any more. Any more, any more, any more, any more— Which is true! If you came, he would show you the door. Von B., your brother, makes me sick.

You kidded us once. If there's juice in this pen You never shall do so again— AMEN!

And you needn't imagine that you're going to run Any capers among the reorganized Hun; If you're thinking upon the Quai d'Orsay to burst As a delegate—well, we will see you hanged first!

AH YES, mistakes have been made! We might say much more, but our pen we degrade! Your lovely gold braid Is eternally frayed, No more will we see you strut out on parade—

A Count you still call yourself, Bernstorff old and new— Make it ten, you poor ruffian, and Count yourself out.

A New York wit suggests that Cape May be called Cape May I Not. And if so, why not change League Island to League of Nations Island?

The question seems to be whether certain Powers are to hold the German colonies permanently or only in perpetuity. "Eggs are an almost perfect food," says a restaurant advertisement. Perfect, that is, in all but price.

If the groundhog didn't see his shadow yesterday it was probably because Mr. Hoover had exported him to feed the Czechs.

A dispatch from Paris says that some of the diplomats at the Peace Conference have the itch. This is a ticklish topic, but we feel sure there is some alleviating explanation. Perhaps the announcement is due to the presence in Paris of the Serbian delegation, Messrs. Patchitch, Venitch and Trumbitch.

Any Other Hazards? Don't Socrates! You ask what sign of the zodiac Mr. Wilson was born under. My guess is Cancer, because the Senate is trying to crab his stuff. QUIZZICUS.

Speaking of the Kaiser, a Berlin paper says, "No verdict can dim the splendor of his thirty years' reign, with all its rich blessings to the German people." Pollyanna must have been a German. SOCRATES.

There is growing realization of the fact that the war was started by German business and that German business is still very much alive. Newspapers and magazines of a couple of years back are excellent cures for softening of the heart (and head) when plans are made for Germany. If the Hun had the power to comprehend any brand of human nature other than his own, he would be considerably more of a menace to the world than he is. A game isn't over until the last move is made. Reconstruction is a necessary part of the war game. It demands the same patriotism, the same high ideals and the same self-denial as its more spectacular predecessor. The hurrahs may come later. Boose huffs the constitution; but there are not wanting legal experts who declare that a prohibition amendment is foreign to its aims and purposes. And while statesmen and political economists are discussing the question, Who will pay the cost of the war?—Mr. Average Joe just goes ahead and pays it, through his employer, the same, the same, the same.

**The Crucifix**

In the village of Sulzeren, in the Vosges, the American front-line trenches ran along a roadside behind a cemetery wall. On the wall there had been erected, many years ago, a stone crucifix, at the base of which a machine-gun emplacement had been concealed in the trench.

FROM Sulzeren to Stooswehr there lies an ancient road. Where peasants trod, in ages gone, and oxen drew their load. Through fertile meadows, sloping down, its tranquil way was kept; Hard by, within the limits, the dead of ages slept.

Upon the slowly crumbling wall, rough hewn by reverent hands, A crucifix of stone, time-worn, gently reposed, stands. The priest, with sturdy schoolboys, said his daily matins there; And mourners, grieving for the dead, bent low in quiet prayer.

Rich princes, vagabonds and thieves paused for a little space, Turning in supplication to the Master's pitying face. But now no traveler takes the road the spikes of barbed wire bar; The grass is grown where oxen went, save here and there a scar.

The fields are choked with rankling weeds, the shells scream overhead; No priest appears, no prayer is heard, but curses from the dead. For Sulzeren's torn and gaping walls mark the Allies' advance; And Stooswehr's ruined houses conceal the enemies of France.

Behind the cemetery wall the silent sentries wait; Their eyes keen, on meadows green, on guard intermittent. At night white flares, shot heavenward, burst, and with pallor thereof, Their troubled comrades, sleeping close, in the narrow, noisome trench.

The parapet is stocked with bombs and deadly trench-mortar stuff. And bayonets to play the game—aye, desperate enough. Concealed, beneath the crucifix, a deadly mitrailleuse; Inhuman, grim, insatiable in War's mad, reckless use.

Ah, Christ, what mockery is this—dead forms on bended knee Here at Thy feet, but not in prayer—Lord Jesus, pitying see! CAPTAIN C. A. SCULLY, Fifty-first Infantry, A. B. F.

**What Do You Know?**

**QUIZ**

1. What is the correct pronunciation of Plume, the Adriatic city claimed by both the Italians and the Jugo-Slavs?
2. What is an oratory?
3. What is the meaning of the word kip-pared?
4. Who was Ernest Novell?
5. What is the title given to a Mohammedan who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca?
6. What is the largest city in Iowa?
7. How many Presidents has France had since the founding of the Third Republic?
8. What novel is said to have been written by Colonel E. M. House?
9. What is the origin of the expression, "Thick as leaves in the Bible."
10. What was a Nereid in classical mythology?

**Answers to Saturday's Quiz**

1. The United States army maintained thirty-seven camps in this country during the war.
2. Nathaniel Carl Goodwin was the popular American comedian who died last Friday.
3. The skeletons of an airplane are the lateral balances for the wings.
4. There are 120 psalms in the Bible.
5. President Wilson delivered his "fourteen points" speech on January 5, 1918.
6. George V of Great Britain succeeded to the crown on May 8, 1910.
7. Christopher Columbus discovered the Virgin Islands in the West Indies in 1492.
8. Madame de Pompadour, mistress of King Louis XV, of France, declared "Alas! the die is cast."
9. Fashionable people were humiliated by the war.
10. The Nereids were sea nymphs.