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Philadelphia, Saturday, April 26, 1919

MITCHELL PALMER'S BLUNDER

A. MITCHELL PALMER seems to be a little surer of his facts before he again charges that the Democrats lost the last congressional election because of pro-German votes, as he did at the Jefferson Club dinner.

The United States attorney notably alluded to Wisconsin as an illustration of his point. As a matter of fact, the Wisconsin delegation in the House of Representatives contained three Democrats before the campaign of 1916, which was waged on the issue that the President had kept us out of war. In that year Wisconsin sent a solid Republican delegation to Washington, elected by the voters who were not pleased with the course of the administration.

It is asking a little too much to expect any one to believe that the German sympathizers were responsible for the rebuke to the President contained in the defeat of the candidates of his party at the polls, especially when the President was appealing for support on the ground that he had declined to go to war with Germany.

In the election last fall, which gave the Republicans a majority of forty-five in the House, the Wisconsin voters elected one Socialist, while the remainder of the delegation was Republican.

Mr. Palmer may wish to let the administration down easily when he ascribes its loss of the control of Congress to the influence of German sympathizers, but he will have to find some better explanation before he can convince any one who knows anything about the way the nation is feeling.

ANOTHER VICTORY FOR WOMEN

LEGAL discriminations against women are slowly disappearing. There was a time, years ago, when women were not allowed to practice medicine. It took longer to open the doors of the courts to them. But it was not until this week that the last restrictions on the business activities of women were removed in Pennsylvania.

The Governor has just signed a bill which permits women to be incorporators of companies and to serve as officers and directors of business corporations.

The next step will be to put women on an equality with men at the ballot-box.

NOW WATCH THEM BUY!

WHEN the building and loan associations in this state began to invest funds in Liberty Bonds some sticklers for technicalities disputed their legal right to do so. The managers of the associations, however, insisted that they had violated no laws but had fulfilled a patriotic duty.

To make it impossible for further legal quibbles, the Legislature has passed a bill empowering the associations to buy Victory Loan notes and validating all previous investment of building and loan funds in the war loans.

Governor Sproul has very properly approved the bill and it is a law. The associations may now invest to the limit of their available resources and in so doing win the hearty approval of every patriotic member.

OCEAN RECORDS REVIVED

A CHEERFUL echo of lively peace days on the Atlantic is sounded in the announcement that the transport Aquitania has just accomplished a record crossing. Compared with the speed feats achieved just prior to the war the Cunarder's latest run is not remarkable. She crossed from Brest to New York in five days, twelve hours and fifty-eight minutes. As long ago as 1893 the Lucania surpassed this performance with a transatlantic passage in five days, seven hours and twenty-three minutes, while in 1910 the Mauretania made her still unbeaten spurt in a little more than four days and ten hours.

Civilization might seem to be going crabwise in view of the interest in the Aquitania's speeding—slower by more than a day than that which was accomplished nine years ago. With the war as a deterrent, there is, of course, no denying that the march of progress was violently interrupted.

Nevertheless, it is worth while rejoicing over what the Aquitania did. Though closely pushed by some crossings of the American troopship Great Northern, the British steamer now holds the transport record. It furnishes an encouraging basis for restoring speed prestige on the Atlantic ferry. The return to normal conditions can now be envisaged.

It is startling to realize how readily the public became accustomed to ocean crossings that would have seemed slow a quarter of a century ago. The warships, especially the destroyers, of course, performed miracles of speed, but their achievements have been kept secret. Now, however, we have a definite standard to build up from and hopes can be entertained of shortening the crossing time in a way that every one thought inevitable before 1914.

Within a few years new passenger fliers, British, French and, it is to be wished, American, will be afloat. Once again the ocean will grow narrower. Swift commerce and passenger travel must be one of the concomitants of the revived civilization. The days of retrogression are over. By 1923 the Aquitania's record ought to be beaten by at least a couple of days.

EVERYBODY'S UNCLE SAMUEL AND SOME DOLLAR-AMERICANS

Your Wistful Old Relative Is No Longer the Rage in the Gay Capitals of Europe—and He Need Not Care

THAT awful old gentleman of whom you think when you think of him at all as good Uncle Samuel isn't having the jaw-aimed pie-time of it in his globe-trotting abroad. A little while ago all the world in Europe danced for him. He was dined to distraction. Kings who felt their crowns slipping tumbled over themselves, as the saying is, to do him honor. He was called Friend and Savior and Leader Out-of-Darkness.

Now the atmosphere has chilled about your Uncle. He is not presumed to have any rights—not even the rights of courtesy. He has saved nothing for himself. Those who sold everything are outraged because he refuses to sacrifice his honor and his pledged word.

The place in which he finds himself is that where he often finds stood an, level-headed, and aloof by thousands because he asked them to join in a quarrel that was not their own.

Does he well to keep his promise to the dead, his own dead and the dead of all nations? Does he, from the greatness of his heart, well to make sure that he shall not or again have to endure the youth of his land to unimaginable torment and annihilation? When your Uncle manifests a sign of some such determination you can almost hear the eyebrows raised as they rise disdainfully in the capitals of Europe. The London Morning Post will warn the door of Europe like a frenzied slave and order him out.

"Mollycoddle!" declaims General Wood, who wishes to gain the presidency by the sword.

Yes, Uncle has come upon troubled days. Henceforth he wants no one to get a lion's share at Paris. His objections are not sentimental. They are founded in logic. He knows that where there is a lion! where there must be a lion. And where there is a lion there will always be men hankering with loaded guns.

Your Uncle, like all other reasonable men, is sick to the heart of gunplay. He knows how abominably futile it is. "What bad manners!" murmur the arbiters of diplomacy. They want the troublesome interloper to go home and leave them to the devilment by which they are accustomed to thrive and prosper—temporarily.

He will not go home. And there he is. Stick by him now, because he needs us all.

Who said that peacemakers are blessed? If your Uncle has his ancient faith shaken he cannot be blamed. Yet from this distance he appears able to take care of himself in foreign parts. It is at home, of anywhere, that he may acquire a taste of cynicism.

There are times when it appears that the hyphen is coming back again to trouble his life. The little peoples whom he has aided and sheltered under his own roof are disposed to turn upon him violently once again. That, we believe, will pass. These are times of emotion. People are saying things they are sure to regret. We all do.

The hyphenates who should really give your Uncle serious concern are not the little peoples who are swept momentarily with the delusion that the safety for which their brothers gave their lives is gone. The true hyphenates are those editors who, writing in your Uncle's very language, sneer and lie and pander hypocritically to alien minds in order that they may do all things to all men.

These are the Dollar-Americans, the most dangerous of all at a time like this. They are altogether too familiar to Philadelphia, and the time will come when we shall be heartily ashamed of them. Certainly they represent a force in American life that now troubles your Uncle greatly.

But there are compensations. Beneath the mark of bigoted criticism we still are sound.

We commend the attitude of Senator Hi Johnson and Senator Borah to the attention of Europe. Both have been stiff-necked and wrong-headed in the past and woefully excessive in speech. Their unexpected closing in to the support of the more recent American contentions at Paris shows how inevitable the tribal instinct reacts at the sniff of a real danger. Barriers are trampled. Small matters are forgotten and the flock streaks to the side of an imperiled relative. Your Uncle should, as they say, worry.

There is not likely to be any renewal of lasting hyphenism in the United States. Indeed, it is a question whether the significance of the hyphen was ever properly understood. One of the piteous facts of the war was that such little actual disloyalty as appeared in America was among old and mature men and women filled with memories. Everywhere in the world uprooted lives were made harder, toward their end, by the war.

Things and places viewed in retrospect always seem far fairer and lovelier than they ever were. So, it may be, the Fates atone for the partings and the goings away, and the farewells and the renunciation that make up so large a part of human existence. It was the days of his youth that must have beckoned to many an alien rather than a country or a government. There doubtless were remembered voices, the imagined perfection of lost years and lyric hours that belong to the days of all innocence involved somehow with half the instances of hyphenism. It is a human weakness to wince when the hand of the world seems lifted against these blessed things. A man's memories are his own, and if by their very tenderness they overwhelm him one must be brave who will pass judgment.

There were mean and virulent hyphenates, of course, and there were detestable ingrates in America. They were relatively few. They will be fewer in the future, and for the present it is more charitable to forget such demonstrations as follow upon a transient emotion. But the hyphenate editor and the hyphenate critic is not emotional. These are the men willing to mislead whoever will attend to them—who will welcome a prospect of war and blood and endless lies because the opposing course happens to be advocated by a Democratic President.

Even London's cherished Morning Post is less detestable, in this instance, than some American journals that could be named. The Post, which has begun to order your Uncle out of Europe, speaks only for Torydom in a state of senility and decay. It is noticeable, on the other hand, that all over Europe, from the west of England to the borderline of Germany, the plain people and those journalists and critics who have the honor and courage to speak for them are on the side of your Uncle Samuel.

In America the critics who have turned most shamefully upon the responsible representatives of their own government in the most critical days of our nation's history lack only the courage to be truthful. They know better. And so it is one asks that presumes to disclaim courage greater than would be required to direct all the dollar editors who ever did or ever will cumber this harassed planet.

HOW THE ZOO SURVIVED WAR

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS throughout the world inevitably suffered from the war era in which even the necessities of man were so imperfectly filled. It is therefore good news that the attendance at Philadelphia's admirable Zoo last year was sufficiently increased to compensate in some degree for numerous serious handicaps.

Institutions of this kind are almost never run at a profit. Philadelphia's is no exception, and our public is hence under a continual debt of gratitude to the generous supporters of the delightful gardens which provide much intelligent recreation and beneficial instruction. When it is considered that, despite the embargo on the importation of animals and the high cost of labor and materials, the standard of the Zoo was effectively sustained throughout the war period, additional appreciation should be forthcoming.

Little has been reported concerning the famous Zoos abroad, but it is probable that all have seriously deteriorated. It is known that the Jardin des Plantes and the Jardin d'Acclimatation of Paris, both exhibitors of animals, are sadly depleted and the interesting careless Roman gardens are no more. What hungry Germany did to the still more remarkable Hagenbeck collection in Hamburg is unrecorded.

Philadelphia is entitled to pride on her Zoo's record in the midst of lean times, and the thousands of patrons who have found pleasure there can hardly fail to wish that the fourteen thousand dollars' worth of increased receipts had been ten times as great.

TREE VIRTUES

THE several hundred "tribute-trees" planted in Philadelphia serve a double purpose. As war memorials their spiritual beauty is profound. They are living monuments to heroism. But apart from that significance, their practical value is not to be overlooked. Shady avenues, even though their foresters may have been destitute of the commemorative instinct, bestow health and charm upon any city.

Unlike so many civic embellishments, these are not costly. Indeed, tree-planting is a thing so easily done and so much is gained thereby that it is almost irritating to reflect how often some special observance is necessary to spur on the act. It should be generously and systematically performed, and in few cities will its virtues be more evident than in Philadelphia.

As metropolises go, Philadelphia is rather a plain town. The contrast of the green foliage with the traditional red brick is delightful. Some of the artistic handicaps of our rigid, narrow, checkerboard streets are irremediable. But well-nurtured trees will soften many a harsh outline. It is a convention, and an excellent one, that they should adorn a boulevard. Humbler thoroughfares, however, need them also.

War — If any one can devise a word of a few syllables that will describe a composite of human slaughter by machinery, tanks, airships, artillery, poison gas and armies without end, annihilating taxes and the systematic degradation of races to their extinction, he will find a term adequate to describe the sort of war that the world is trying to eliminate. The present word is futile and misleading.

Differences — The navy's transatlantic airplane which, according to dispatches yesterday, couldn't "get off the water," is different from a great many people who look to July 1 with trepidation and grave concern. They aren't worrying about getting off the water. They are worrying about getting on it.

A Tip to Carranza — Mexico long ago lost her best chance to disapprove of the Monroe Doctrine when she failed to resent the way in which the United States freed her from the rule of an Austrian archduke masquerading as an emperor.

Shakespeare on the Crisis — "I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it."—Orlando in "As You Like It," Act I.

First in self determination — Pancho Villa.

General Winter himself seems to have acquired the no compromise habit.

The "no" in Sonnino doesn't seem to be quite so final as it looks.

Geometrically speaking, it is altogether natural that some of the repentant round-robiners should have a hard time squaring themselves.

It is Herbert Hoover's announced intention that German rioters shall be paid only in starvation wages.

Some of these days when we have forgotten all about these aviators who are going to fly across the Atlantic they will make a flying start.

One way to hasten the formation of open covenants openly arrived at is to refuse to recognize the validity of secret covenants arrived at behind closed doors.

CONGRESSMAN MOORE'S LETTER

The Famous Buccaneers of Barnegat and the Bungalow Where They Met. Succeeded by the Harvey Cedars Outing Club

Washington, D. C., April 26.

ALTHOUGH the word is East Indian and comparatively new in the United States, "bungalow" is now popular in every state where cozy homes are appreciated. In California the word is worked to the limit, as it is in all coastal and suburban settlements. It's a strong inducement to builders, because it is catchy with the women who long for light, airy, detached homes with porches, verandas, creeping vines and flowers. In Philadelphia and vicinity the word received an early and substantial boost when Colonel William Henry Sayen, of Wayne and St. Davids, now president of the Valley Forge Park Commission, announced that he intended to build what he proposed to call "The Bungalow," on an island in Barnegat Bay, near Harvey Cedars, N. J. This was more than twenty-five years ago.

When asked why he chose the name "The Bungalow" the colonel said he wanted "a low, rakish building" to ward off winds, with porches around it in Bengalese style. The house was built, and became sort of a range or channel finder for Barnegat Bay sailors. The Sayen family used "The Bungalow" in summer time, but the place attained a national reputation through the guests invited by the colonel in other seasons. At his place "The Bold Buccaneers of Barnegat" were organized, with the late Francis Fenimore as "pirate chief." Many distinguished men were inducted into this "ferocious" band. United States Senator John M. Thurston, who presided over three national Republican conventions, was one of them. Another was Admiral George W. Melville, the Arctic explorer, and another, Assistant Secretary of War Meiklejohn, the right bower of Secretary Alger during the Spanish-American War. A group of Washington Gridiron Club men, including Robert J. Wynne, who became postmaster general under President Roosevelt; Congressman James Rankin Young; District Commissioner Henry L. West and Edgar C. Snyder, of the Omaha Bee, were also occasional guests who participated in duck hunts and oyster roasts at "The Bungalow." Those from Pennsylvania and vicinity who went down there when the name was young were legion. Attorney General W. I. Hensel, Judges Wickham, Orlady and McCarthy, of the Superior Court; Judges Staake, Beitler and Kinsey; David Baird, who came up to be senator from New Jersey; City Treasurer Oellers; William J. Rolfe, tax receiver; Colonel Nathan Haines, of Burlington; John B. Hannum, of Chester; Harry Loudenslager, the congressman whom Camdenites will long remember, and Judge Clayton, of Delaware county, were just a few of those who became "Bungalow Pirates" in a more or less aggravated degree.

BEFORE he became prothonotary of the Philadelphia courts Henry F. Walton was one of the "pirates." He was initiated while speaker of the House of Representatives. Having a fondness for bay food and fresh air, he became a regular Buccaneer of Barnegat. He was such an enthusiastic duck hunter that, disdaining the old-fashioned early morning sneak box methods, he would sit on a camp stool on some remote corner of the island for hours, waiting for a shot. He was more persistent than successful, for in those days the mallard and the brant were like Joey Bagstock, "devilish sly," and extremely suspicious of any "pirate" who did not conceal himself in the grass. But there were other good fellows who liked the open and simple life, and Harry Walton took them in, men like Boies Penrose, United States senator; the late Fred Chandler, who had a half-dozen stopping places like "The Bungalow"; District Attorney Samuel P. Rotan, William R. Ellison, Joseph R. Grundy, of Bristol; Max Leslie and James F. Woodward, of Pittsburgh, and the state chairman, Senator William E. Crow. All these followed in the footsteps of the Sayen-Fenimore buccaneers, but now in Washington we hear that another organization has been effected; that the famous old Bungalow with all its interesting history has been taken over and that the new outfit is known as "The Harvey Cedars Outing Club." Judge John M. Patterson, who is talked about as the Vare candidate for Mayor of Philadelphia, is president of the new order; Prothonotary Walton is secretary and Jim F. Woodward, the new secretary of internal affairs, is also on the staff of officers. There is always a good deal of fun and some rest, at least "from the madding crowd" at the Bungalow, but we are told now that political discussions are tabooed—even as they were in the good old Quay days at Avalon or St. Lucie.

COLONEL GEORGE HARVEY, who "discovered" presidential timber in Woodrow Wilson, but who, like Jim Beck, couldn't swallow the league of nations "as writ," was a half-Philadelphian back in 1887. Hate to tell it on Peter Bolger, late civil service commissioner, but if he cares to think that far back he will recall it. The elder Pulitzer authorized Harvey to start a Philadelphia edition of the New York World in that year, and Bolger was selected as city editor. The edition was put on the streets, but did not last more than three or four months. It was issued from the office on Sixth street below Chestnut, which had formerly been run by Mr. Browning, who had a strong side line on genealogical research.

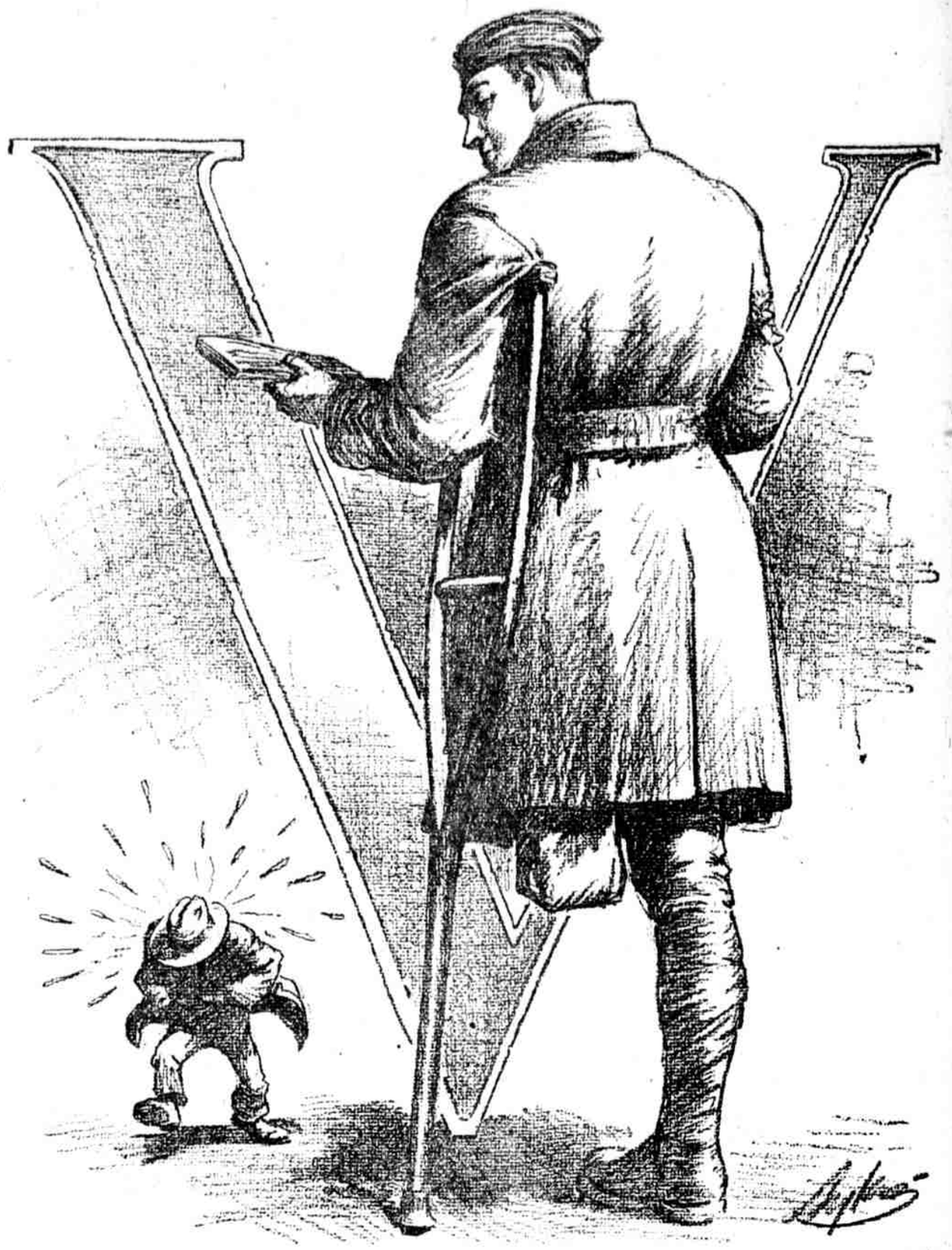
MAJOR WILLIAM B. GRAY, U. S. A., whose father was an active Pennsylvania Railroad man, and who himself had charge of the construction of the low-grade line of the Pennsylvania Railroad along the Susquehanna River, has come out as a strong exponent of a navigable Susquehanna. The major does not speak by authority of the United States army, but he does speak as an engineer familiar with work along the Susquehanna and in the Mohawk Valley. Although officially located somewhere in Delaware just now, the major, before he donned his regimentals, was pretty well known in engineering circles in Harrisburg, Lancaster and Columbia. In connection with the Susquehanna agitation, how interesting it is to note the navigation records prior to the advent of railroads! The water supply commission of Pennsylvania took up the traffic records some time ago and found that between March 3 and July 3, 1826, a short period of four months, 1037 arks, 164 keel boats and 1090 rafts passed down the river at Columbia. That was long before Charles H. Cramp used to survey the country for ship joints, and certainly before ex-Senator Baird, of New Jersey, floated rafts down the river.

Short-term notes are backed by long-term assets.

The war seems to be on in Harrisburg, and no one has yet proposed an armistice.

Some one must be thinking, as he reads the outgivings of the brewers and the internal revenue commissioner, what a tangled web we weave when first we make beer drinkers grieve.

SOMETIMES IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN THAT "SUBSCRIBING THIS TIME IS A HARDSHIP"



THE CHAFFING DISH

To an Unknown Damsel

Eating Lunch at Wiener's, 1:30 P. M., April 25

ON FIFTH STREET, in a small cafe,
Upstairs (our tables were adjacent),
I saw you lunching yesterday,
And felt a secret thrill complacent.

You sat, and waiting for your meal,
You read a book. As I was eating,
Dear me, how keen you made me feel
To give you just a word of greeting!

And as your hand the pages turned,
I watched you, dumbly contemplating—
O how exceedingly I yearned
To ask the girl to keep you waiting.

I wished that I could be the maid
To serve your meal or crumb your cloth, or
Have some luck come to my aid
To know your verdict on that author!

And still you read. You dropped your purse,
And yet, adorably unheeding,
You turned the pages, verse by verse.—
I watched, and worshiped you for reading!

You know not what restraint it took
To mind my etiquette, nor flout it
By telling you I know that book,
And asking what you thought about it.

I cursed myself for being shy—
I longed to make polite advances;
Alas! I let the time go by,
And Fortune gives no second chances.

You read, but still your face was calm—
(I scanned it closely, wretched sinner!)
You showed no sign—I felt a qualm—
And then the waitress brought your dinner.

Those modest rhymes, you thought them fair?
And will you sometimes praise or quote them?
And do you ask why I should care?
Oh Lady, it was I who wrote them!

V V V

Answer to Inquiry

SUB ROSA—We aren't, but we wish we were.

V V V

The man we envy is the chap who is so constituted that he never has to reopen an envelope he has just addressed and sealed in order to insert the inclosure.

V V V

Desk Mottoes

When angry, count a hundred; when very angry, swear.—MARK TWAIN.

V V V

Why is it that men whose names begin with George W. are usually anti-Wilson?

V V V

There's friend Geo. W. Perkins, for instance. He got back from France the other day, and is quoted as saying that European public feeling has undergone a marked change in regard to Woodrow. When Woodrow arrived over there he was received with the greatest hoopla any man ever submitted to. And now (moans George W.) Europeans are saying that he is the man who has delayed the peace settlement and that if it hadn't been for Woodrow we would have had a perfectly lovely peace long ago.

V V V

Well, sometimes one has to wait quite a while for the patient to feel grateful toward the surgeon who has saved his life by a drastic operation.

V V V

The quaint thing is, why should any one be surprised that there should be uproars against Wilson? Any one who is accustomed to use his bean knew that Wilson didn't go over yonder simply to say nice things to everybody. He went over to fight like a man for a universal peace, which is a thing that cannot be attained without walking on many toes.

V V V

Why shouldn't Italy make some sacrifices for peace, like every one else? Hasn't America sacrificed the Republican party?

V V V

The jolly part about it all is that old man Woodrow knew as well as any one else that all this counterblast was coming. And it didn't bother him a bit. He must have smiled grimly when Senator Sherman quacked that it was only the lure of the limelight that took him abroad.

V V V

You see, Woodrow doesn't care whether he's popular or not as long as peace goes through fair and square—"just to those to whom we wish to be just, as well as to those to whom we do not wish to be just." In other words, he has no ax to grind—only fourteen axioms.

V V V

Or, if you prefer, only a pax to grind.

V V V

Don't worry about Fiume. This, too, will pass. Buy your Bond!

V V V

Mr. Hoover is annoyed at the report that he is in Berlin. He is in Paris, and quietly goes on feeding nations while the rest of the world is talking. He says he can't understand the report of his being in Germany unless some one is impersonating him.

V V V

Perhaps some one in Berlin has been impersonating a baked potato, or a leg of mutton, and the rumor just grew and grew.

V V V

The man who was accused of having invented vers libre—Arthur Rimbaud—was so mortified that he buried himself in Africa.

V V V

Our distinguished foreign correspondent, Lieutenant William McFee, has just sent us a photo of himself from Malta. Beneath the picture he has written, "The world is full of bluffers—only most of them, sooner or later, lose their nerve."

V V V

Our Foreign Correspondence

Robert College, Constantinople, March 20, 1919.

The war came and went and bids fair to give birth to another conflict quite presently, at which I have no great yearning to be present. Russia is quite near enough to this expanse of quicksand. At the front from July to November one at least had little to fear but unpleasant things flying through the air. This scattering of submarines and mines through the social order is quite another matter, and it were well to be an angel. For the moment, however, the schools of porpoises play up and down the magnificent Bosphorus as gayly as they have ever done, and care not whether this strait or river or lake or sea may be suddenly transformed into a maelstrom.

MAURICE C. BLAKE.

V V V

It is quaint how reluctant men are to face the facts. We know a commuter who rides to town on the 8:13 every morning, but he prefers to call it the 7:73. He says calling it that makes him feel more virtuous.

SOCRATES.

The old Third Regiment is to land here early in May. Now let's show the boys what we can do in the way of a welcome home.

The Lady of the Lambs

SHE walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.
Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white;
She guards them from the steep.
She feeds them on the fragrant height,
And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,
Dark valleys safe and deep.
Her dreams are innocent at night;
The chastest stars may peep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,
Though gay they run and leap.
She is so circumspect and right;
She has her soul to keep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

—Alice Meynell.

"Sign Here!"

In the peace negotiations the only "position previously prepared" to which the German delegates will be allowed to withdraw is a dotted line.—New York Sun.

He'd Better Not Listen In

The great grief of Albert Sidney Burleson's life must be that he cannot censor all the telephone conversations, too.—New York World.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

1. Who is to head the six principal German delegates who will go to Versailles?
2. Who painted "The Angelus"?
3. Who was United States ambassador to Austria-Hungary until the severance of diplomatic relations?
4. To what branch of the white race do the Arabs belong?
5. What is a burnouse?
6. What one of the Hawaiian islands is set aside for lepers under government treatment and supervision?
7. From what languages is the Bible translated?
8. What is a legume?
9. What is a canon in music?
10. What President of the United States was a bachelor?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. The Wharton School is the school of finance and commerce at the University of Pennsylvania.
2. Brigadier General Charles G. Treat was in command of the American forces in Italy.
3. The Dalmatian coast, to which Italy lays claim, is on the eastern shore of the Adriatic sea.
4. Count Czernin: one of the war premiers of Austria-Hungary.
5. Plebiscite: vote of a people on a question of policy or program of action.
6. Stays: in shipbuilding, supports of hemp or wires to which masts and spars are attached.
7. Alexandrian Library: founded by Ptolemy Philadelphus, in Alexandria, Egypt; it contained 700,000 volumes when burned in 47 B. C.
8. The phrase "almighty dollar" was first used by Washington Irving in a sketch, "The Creole Village."
9. Alto rilievo: figures in marble or casting projecting one-half or more from the tablet.
10. Izaak Walton is called "The Father of Angling."