

Evening Public Ledger

THE EVENING TELEGRAPH
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DRAFT ORDERS CANCELED
PROVOST MARSHAL GENERAL CROWDER'S cancellation of all outstanding draft orders for civilian work hundreds of thousands of men who were on the point of entering the cantonments for training.

The men called were ready to go just as those who are in camp or in France were ready. The summons appealed to their finest instincts, and they responded. The nation is as grateful to them as though they had put on a uniform. It will sympathize with their disappointment at being called too late to be needed.

Their release is the first effect of the armistice upon industry in America. Every employer and every worker knows now where he stands. Employment plans can be made for the immediate future with the certainty that they will not be upset.

We can be reasonably sure, too, that the men now in the cantonments will be returned to civil life as rapidly as possible. Just how soon they will be discharged no one knows, because no one knows exactly what new demands will be made upon our armies. It is certain, however, that we have men enough in uniform here and on the other side of the ocean for any task which will be put upon us.

The effect of the provost marshal general's order upon human relations is more interesting than its effect on industry. The wives and mothers of the men subject to call breathed a sigh of relief when they read it, for it means that their loved ones are not to be summoned to make the great sacrifice. But their relief is as nothing compared with that of the mothers and wives of the men in France, now that fighting has stopped.

Alexander wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. And the Kaiser—well, the least said is the better.

TIME TO STOP IT
IT IS about time that the police arrested every man firing a revolver in a street celebration, no matter whether it is loaded with blank or loaded cartridges.

A girl was killed on Halloween and a boy was killed in the celebration last Thursday and another girl was shot yesterday—three casualties within less than two weeks through the same criminal recklessness.

There is no excuse for shooting firearms in the streets. A noise can be made by harmless implements. Tin horns, whistles, rattles, drums, tin pans and the like make a bigger din than a dozen pistols.

They have stopped recruiting in England also.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH THE HOHENZOLLERN?
THE flight of Wilhelm and his military staff from Belgium into Holland as soon as possible after the armistice was signed was a confession of cowardice. Wilhelm did not dare go back to Berlin. If he had wanted the attempt he might not have succeeded. Revolution is rampant in the great cities of northern Germany. It was morally certain that he would have been made a prisoner by his own people.

His ultimate fate, however, will not be decided by the Germans alone. He and his party were armed when they entered Holland, according to the reports. If this be true, then he and they are subject to internment under the rules of international law, just as though they were a detachment of common soldiers who had fled across the border for safety. When peace is declared they will be free, so far as the rules of international law govern, to go where they please.

If the United States and the Allies wish to deal with Wilhelm it will not be difficult to persuade Holland to escort him to the border as an undesirable alien. If he is escorted to the Belgian border, which could be easily arranged, he would be immediately in the power of the Allies. They will decide whether they wish this course pursued or not. If they choose to get him within their power there are many crimes with which he could be charged. A British jury indicted him for murder after the sinking of the Lusitania. If he should be arraigned in an English court on this charge there is no doubt of the verdict.

WITHOUT TRACE!

So, Under the Terms of Armistice, Passes the Germany We Have Known
UNDER the terms of armistice published yesterday to a jubilant world, all that was the Germany of popular imagination has vanished utterly forever. The old order and all its works and everything by which it might be remembered sink into the past, as the Germans themselves used to say of defenseless passenger ships, "without trace."

The Allies found themselves in the strange position of making war upon a Government that vanished suddenly into thin air at the moment of final accounting. So they proceeded systematically and relentlessly to wipe out every sign and stain and vestige which that Government had left behind it upon the earth. The work was completely done. Germany is turned back forty years and given into the state which she knew before the days of Bismarck, Wilhelm, Neitzsche, Bernhardt, the Krupps and the Pan-Germans and general devilment.

Germany is disarmed. Virtually all of her war machinery aside from artillery, all the stores and implements necessary to warfare, are in France, Belgium, Alsace and Lorraine. These are seized under the terms imposed by Marshal Foch. The air fleets are to be impounded. The major part of the navy must be turned over to the conquerors. Alsace and Lorraine unquestionably go to France. In the provision by which the fullest restitution must be made for damages done in invaded territory there is the promise of retribution bitter and long for the German people themselves, who now must accept the weight of responsibility for their barbaric Government of yesterday.

By the document of armistice Germany vanishes out of Africa, out of China, out of Russia and out of the adjacent States. All that the half-mad Emperor accomplished by decades of laborious intrigue, by infiltration, by costly villainous propaganda in the outer world, all that elaborate machinery of Germanization that at once frightened and amused the rest of mankind, is obliterated at a stroke.

Germany is to be invaded. She must give over a thirty-mile strip on the right side of the Rhine to be administered by Allied military forces pending the final settlement. She must feed her conquerors when they appear peacefully upon her territory.

With that cutting sentence Marshal Foch paused. There was no talk of vengeance, courts-martial and executions. This unexpected restraint may be explainable in various ways. Do the Allies feel at this time that they might be even less efficient as instruments of vengeance than the German people themselves? Or have they been aware of the minor notes that sounded insistently yesterday under the storms of song and triumph when the voice of submerged Germany made itself heard at last? While the victorious nations were giving themselves up to jubilation the people were marching in Berlin. They, too, wept and sang and cheered. In the hour of pain and defeat and loss they were acclaiming what a few brave voices among them called their "day of victory."

What part of Germany it is that has found victory in loss and defeat—as great victories often have been found before—we do not know. It remains to be seen. On their knees men have seen many a new light. So the Allies may have refrained because of the very laws of humanity for which they fought. In this analysis it is essential to remember the utter folly of those who wished a war to annihilation. If Belgium and France are ever to receive restitution for their unforgettable wrongs there must be a stable government in Germany and there must be a people left free to work and produce wealth wherewith to pay.

From this time on, whatever happens, it is necessary to think of Germany in other than the familiar terms. The old Germany is gone. The new one, whatever it may be like, will be felt as a factor of importance in Europe—for good or ill. Opinions may differ about the degree of responsibility that should be charged against the German people individually. President Wilson, in his address to Congress yesterday, presented another revelation of inspiring faith when he said in effect that civilization must now help broken Germany to her feet. The President doubtless had in mind the driven and misguided millions who compose the greater part of the German nation. It is apparent that the President does not regard Germany as merely subjugated. He sees Germany free.

B. F. Kospoth, the correspondent in Switzerland for this newspaper, wrote last summer after his interview with Dr. Wilhelm Muehlon, the former Krupp director, that the German Government would vanish in a flash. Muehlon, a friend of the Kaiser before he rebelled in abhorrence against the practices of Potsdam, knew his own people. It is to be supposed, since the French always have been wiser than the Germans, that Foch knows them better. The terms of his truce make Germany unable to resume the war. But they were not devised to break Germany's back.

The truce frees not only France, Belgium, Alsace and Lorraine. It frees Germany. It frees Russia and China and Africa and the States close to Germany of an intolerable menace. It is one of the great documents of all time.

THE "LOST PROVINCES" RETURN
THE second clause of the armistice, providing for the immediate evacuation of invaded countries, makes specific mention of Alsace-Lorraine. The rating of this region as French hereby becomes authoritative. It is satisfactorily evident that

THE ELECTRIC CHAIR

Thoughts On Peace
ONCE more we know, what we had never felt any too sure of since Germany invaded Belgium, that the world we live in is a world that can still command the loyalty and unflinching faith of decent men. No one can ever doubt again, after watching the terrible drama of retribution that has swept before us in the last fifteen weeks, that human affairs respond to some dimly understood principle of right. Beneath all the exultation and fury of our gladness there runs a deep and hardly to be expressed awe. Once more we can face the stillness of an evening sky, the flush of a secret dawn, without the poignant thought that man had proved himself unworthy of the fair frame of things in which he was set. It is a long and a perplexing path before us, but our feet are set upon new thresholds.

IN ALL men's unguainly and quaint efforts to express their gladness yesterday there was a deep underlying diapason that made the sensitive heartstrings quiver. In all its ancient pageantry the earth never saw more noble or sincere outburst of the feeling that makes all mankind kin than that spontaneous celebration on American streets. Every tin horn, every clanking cornbell, every handful of confetti, was the crude symbol of an emotion so vivid, so trianful, so reverent that we knew no means of uttering it. Those sirens and whistles, screaming skyward like invisible banners of sound, were as sacred and as pure as altar flames. And beneath their shrill soaring clamor was the deep, serene tone of the State House bell, pulsing just as the inner hearts of our citizens throbbled with a quiet inward thankfulness.

THE issue of the war have been very clear. No Little Peterkin will be likely to ask in future years what it was all about. There cannot even be the customary stories told about the old man from Buck Hill Falls or Penserose, West Virginia, who when told that the war was over asked "What war?" Even that venerable person must have learned by the rising price of corn cob pipes that something was amiss.

The problems of peace will be far more delicate and confusing. They will require patience and perseverant resolution. Those who think that our soldiers are going to be stranded "idle" in Europe awaiting transportation home had better face the situation. Belgium and Alsace-Lorraine and the Rhineland are to be occupied and policed during the evacuation and until the future in Germany is secure. In Russia, in the Balkans and in Turkey and Asia Minor there are difficult problems to be solved. It will be an unusual Yank, we think, who gets out of kinkai within a year. Therefore let home hearts resign themselves to patience. We who have suffered least in the struggle must play the most generous role in the reconstruction.

Sorry to Disappoint
Japanese samurai make it a point of honor to commit suicide when they feel they have reached the pinnacle and summit of their existence. We knew yesterday that we had reached the greatest day of our life, and accordingly we proposed to our fellow editors that they accompany us to a neighboring hotelery where excellent hemlock is served. We even hinted that such an act of self-devotion would redound magnificently to the benefit of the newspaper profession; but they were adamant in the resolution to continue their petty lives. Therefore we also, against our better instincts, determined to carry on for a bit. We did, however, get so far as to write our will, which we hope to print one of these days when the downfall of the Kaiser leaves us hard up for topics.

Yesterday as Spent by Very Many Unassuming Citizens
5 a. m.—Awakened by bells, horns and factory whistles.

5:30 a. m.—On the street, only half dressed and feeling a bit chilly.

6 a. m.—Still hunting for a morning paper, some one having apparently swiped all the papers on the street.

7 a. m.—Gets a cup of hot coffee and buys a flag. Feels better.

8 a. m.—Telephones his wife that probably it will be a heavy day at the office and she had better not expect him home to supper.

9 a. m.—Hears the first band. Joins the procession. Wishes he knew all the words of the "Star Spangled Banner."

10 a. m.—Wishes he knew the words of the "Marseillaise."

11 a. m.—Wishes he knew the words of "Rule Britannia."

12 m.—Is kissed by ten handsome young women near the Liberty Statue. Too startled to kiss back and loses them in the crowd. Spends half an hour hunting for them in hope to repair the oversight.

1 p. m.—Meets some business friends on Chestnut street while he is parading down to Independence Hall with the Oyster Shell Social. After reaching the Hall and kissing the Bell they retire for lunch.

2 p. m.—Wishes he knew the words of the Italian "Marche Reale."

"TIS DONE"

THE world's great age begins anew. The golden years return. The earth doth like a snake renew. Her winter weeds outworn: Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam. Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains. From waves serene far; A note Peneos rolls its fountains. Against the morning stars. Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep Young Cyclops on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main, Fraught with a later prize; Another Orpheus sings again, And loves, and weeps, and dies; A new Ulysses leaves once more Calypso for his native shore.

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Signs of relief will be fashionable for the moment in Switzerland. Alas for T. R. He will not even be on the Peace Commission! Independence Hall seems never to lose its novelty.

Are we correct in assuming that it is the men who were unwilling to do their shooting in France who are so handy with pistols in every public celebration?

Papa Krupp and Frau Bertha got riotously rich making cannon. How they must wish now that they had gone into the delicatessen business!

What Do You Know?
QUIZ
1. How old is President Wilson?
2. Where is the armistice said to have been signed?
3. Who was the German courier who took the armistice terms to the German headquarters at Spa?
4. What is sozzled?
5. On what river is the city of Glasgow?
6. How many men did Lee surrender at Appomattox?
7. Who drew the famous cartoon in "Punch" entitled "Dropping the Pilot"?
8. Where was the battle of New Orleans fought?
9. What is the nationality of the gifted composer, Jean Sibelius?
10. Who was the husband of Queen Victoria?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz
1. Admiral von Hitzke was the member of the German aristocratic command who came under the disclosure of Captain Kehnlein, of the "Urd and Gost" fame, at Manila Bay in 1898.
2. Cracow is the ancient capital of Poland.
3. Until the revolution Emperor was the Crown Prince of Bavaria.
4. Friedrich von Logau, a German writer of the seventeenth century, said "The mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small."
5. A melange is a mixture or medley.
6. A marquee was originally a large tent, but the word is now used to describe a sheltering projection of iron or glass or both at the entrance of a building.
7. An immortal is a small out of the beard growing beneath the lower lip.
8. Five Presidents of the United States—William Henry Harrison, Zachary Taylor, Abraham Lincoln, James A. Garfield and James Monroe—died in office.
9. A hamper is a wicker basket of a shape made up of stout reeds or willow branches.
10. "Merris Chausselet."

THE REPUBLICAN candidate for Governor of Alaska defeated the Democratic nominee by three votes. Pretty close conditions for the roomiest of our possessions.

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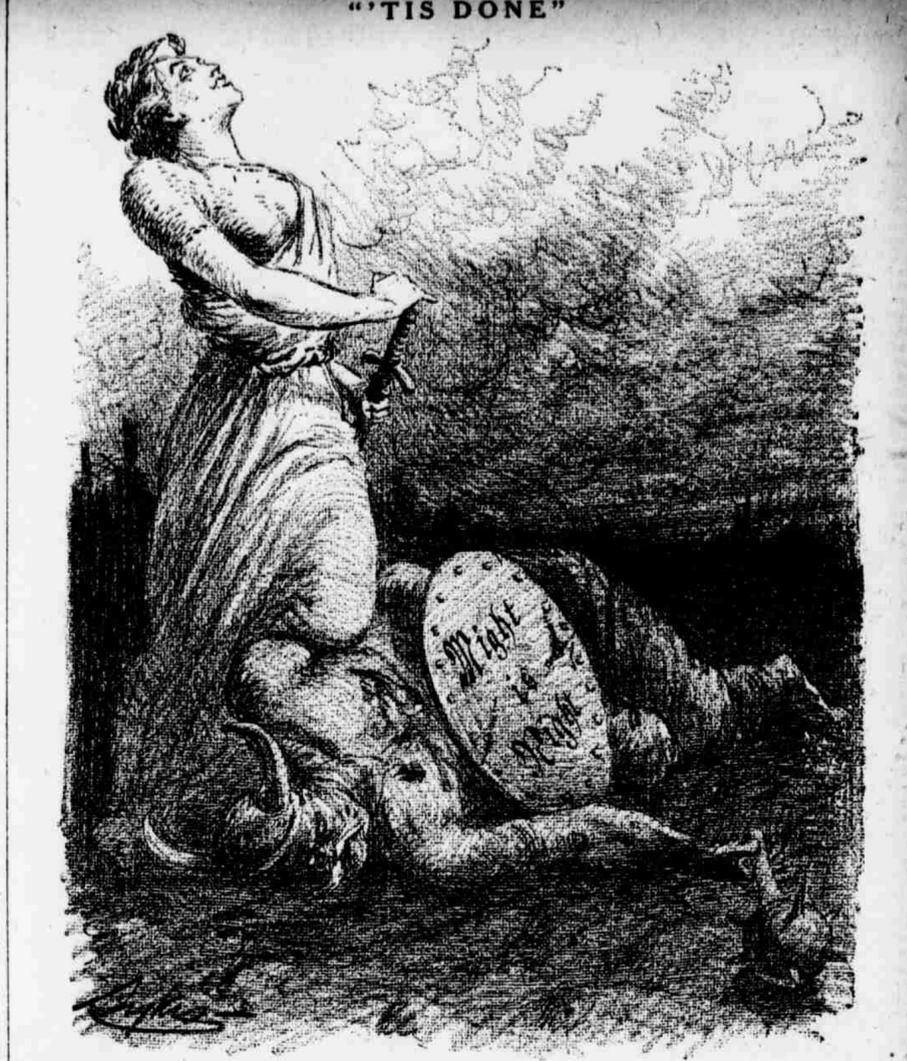
How July it would be now if there were fairy godmothers for all the nations to decree that they should "live happily ever after!"

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It is a safe wager that when Marshal Foch and Premier Clemenceau met yesterday morning they fell on each other's necks and kissed. And, curiously enough, the war has made us feel respectful toward such Latin demonstrations.

So the war ended as it began—with scraps of paper.

SOCRATES



A FRENCH SHERLOCK HOLMES

PERICARP had a pile of detective stories on his table when I last called on him. There were volumes by Gabriel, Poe, Conan Doyle, Ann Katherine Greene, Arthur Reeve, Jacques Futelle, and I do not know how many others. But he was reading a life of Beaumarchais, the brilliant Paris watchmaker who wrote "The Barber of Seville" and persuaded the French king to assist the American colonies.

"You seem surprised," said he, "that I should be reading fact behind a bulwark of fiction. But you know that the really first-class detective stories are those that have actually happened. I was just running over again one that Beaumarchais wrote in 1776. He applies all the processes of reasoning which made Conan Doyle's rich and Sherlock Holmes famous more than a century before Doyle thought of writing detective fiction. I never saw a prettier example of deduction from meager data than Beaumarchais gave in a letter to the London Chronicle on May 6, 1776. Let me read it to you and I think you will agree with me."

He turned back a page in the open book and read this: "Monsieur, the Editor: "I am a stranger, full of honor. If it is not to inform you absolutely who I am, it is at least to tell you in more than one sense who I am not."

"Day before yesterday, at the Pantheon, after the concert and during the dance, I found under my feet a lady's mantle of black taffeta, lined with the same and bordered with lace. I am ignorant to whom this mantle belongs, never having seen, even at the Pantheon her who wore it, and all my investigations since have not enabled me to learn anything in relation to her."

"If you ask me, M. the Editor, why, having noted her so well, I did not at once return the mantle, I shall have the honor to repeat what I said to you before, that I have never seen this person; that I do not know either her features, or her eyes, or her costume, or her carriage, and do not know who she is or what she is like."

"But if you insist upon knowing how I am able to do so well define her, never having seen her, I in turn will be astonished that so exact an observer as you do not know that the simple examination of a lady's mantle is sufficient to give of her all the notions by which she could be recognized."

"Now suppose, Monsieur, that on examining the mantle I found in the hood some hair of a beautiful blonde attached to the inside, and some bits of down escaped from the feathers, you will admit that a great effort of genius would not be needed to conclude that the hair and the plume of that blonde must in every way resemble the samples which have detached themselves. You feel that perfectly. And since similar hair never grew from skin of uncertain whiteness, analogy will have taught you, as it has taught me, that this beautiful silvery hair must have a dazzling complexion, something which no observer can dispute without dishonoring his judgment."

"It is thus that a slightly worn spot in the taffeta of the two lateral parts of the interior of the hood which could not have come from anything but repeated rubbing of two small hard bodies in movement showed me that not that she wore the pendants on that particular day, but that she does so ordinarily; and that it is hardly probable, between you and me, that she would have neglected this adornment on a day of conquest of grand assembly, both which are one. If I reason badly do not spare me, I beg you. Rigor is not injustice. The rest goes without saying. It can

CHORUS FROM 'HELLAS'

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