

## War Unity of the Allies Teaches the Lesson of Future Co-Operation

By CHARLES E. HUGHES



In the co-operation achieved by the associated governments during the war lies the promise of the future. We have a new era spreading before our vision, in which the great aim will be to maintain this sense of unity. Let us learn that in meeting our problems here force, tyranny, the determination to rule must be crushed. Arraying class against class, the thought of power obtained by the mere exercise of strength must be forever crushed.

We have no jealousies or envies or petty rivalries in this hour of victory, where every nation has its just cause for pride, where every army brings home its proud banners unstained by the slightest touch of cowardice or of anything which could dishonor the emblem of the nation.

We have, therefore, peculiarly resting upon us at this hour the responsibilities not only of victory but of a victory so won, for it means that in working our way through these terrible days and years of suffering and strife we have been learning this lesson of co-operation.

This lesson we must learn so thoroughly that we shall be guided in the difficult path of international co-operation in the days of peace and in the very difficult path of social co-operation in solving our own problems in our own political homes.

## Yank and Briton Have Fought and Bled Together; Now Must Live Together

By P. W. WILSON, London Daily News

Americans will understand that British friendship is today unreversed and without qualification.

In the compliments which one nation pays to another there is always an element of camouflage; but in the present case the sincerity of the tribute stands out clear as the day. It is not only a matter of words and pictures and anthems.

Momentous issues are being decided. As long as we were all laboring under the strain of war we had the strongest possible reasons for working harmoniously. We knew what Germany would do to us both if we fell asunder. The worst stress has been eased by peace, and we need to be all the more careful to maintain the former comradeship. Trade rivalry and innumerable delicate questions affecting the distribution of food and raw materials might cause friction if approached by either party in an ungenerous spirit. Officials are working at high pressure and are not always diplomatists in any country.

We need to make it plain that our two nations will not tolerate any drifting apart. It is not a question which solely concerns departments in London and Washington. Every one of us is involved in it, and it is for the departments to do our bidding. If there should be any narrow-minded mandarin in Whitehall who wants to make himself conspicuous at the expense of the United States let him be fired. The only competition should be in reasonableness.

From the Pacific ocean to the Rhine there is disturbance and bloodshed. Democracies cannot afford to be divided in days like these when anything may happen among populations numbering 300,000,000.

Americans and British have worked together, fought together, bled together, died together. They have been foes and they are now friends. As friends they must learn to live together.

## Terms of Peace Should Be Arranged Exclusively by Allied Nations

By CHARLES F. MOORE, in an Article in Official Journal of Paper Industry

The terms of peace should be arranged entirely and exclusively by the allied nations. The enemy should not be permitted to join in the conference, but should be required to wait outside the door until invited to enter and hear sentence passed.

The kaiser should be permanently enjoined from doing business under the old firm name and style of "Me und Gott," thereby depriving him of the right to impose on civilization by fraudulently representing himself as being associated with one who has no interest whatever in the business and no sympathy with its methods.

After the war every article of merchandise manufactured in the German empire should be conspicuously labeled "Made in Germany" in order that civilized people may be warned of its origin and let it alone.

Any controversies hereafter arising with Germany should be settled by a board of arbitration composed of one American, one Frenchman and one Englishman. The decision to be final and to be communicated to the German empire when put in final and permanent form.

The German language should henceforth be like the German rulers, unspeakable.

## Universal Military Training Is Lesson of the Great War for America

By LEUT. GEN. S. B. M. YOUNG

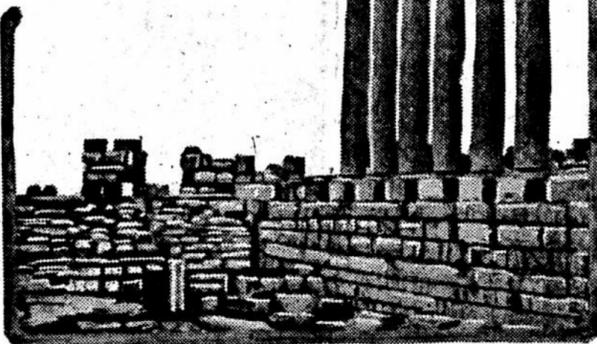
Universal military training in time of peace and equal national service in time of war, for the United States, is the lesson of the world war, now victoriously ending.

The forces are active for and against this policy; the issue is on; it has become a live political question—not in a partisan sense, but in the sense that any national policy is essentially a political question—and must be acted on by those in authority, supported by the people.

This is the most important and serious matter the war has placed before us and it would be wise for all those who desire to forward the will of the people to give to it a whole-hearted and aggressive support.

The National Association for Universal Military Training feels that if this is not done the confidence of those whose suffrage they enjoy will be forfeited.

## Great Ruins of Baalbek



•Six Columns of the Temple of the Sun.

IN THE path of the victorious British expedition in Palestine as it moved northward lay the mountain ranges of the Lebanon, and Aleppo, the taking of which city gave complete control of the Syrian end of the Bagdad railway and of the important port of Alexandretta, the best harbor in the country. From Damascus the railway to the north traverses the Bekaa, a long, fertile valley between the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon ranges. In the middle of this valley on the slope of the latter range is situated the ancient town of Baalbek celebrated for its wonderful ruins.

Baalbek is a small and prosperous town, a large part of the population being Christian, says Country Life, and it is the seat of the government of a province of the same name and a military center. Ya'kubi, an Arab writer of the ninth century, speaks of Baalbek as one of the finest towns of Syria, and other writers make allusion to this beautiful spot and its wonderful ruins. It is spoken of by the geographer, Nur Kaddasi, as the coolest place in Syria.

As the name Baalbek, which is Semitic in origin, implies, it was connected from early times with the worship of the sun, probably meaning the city of Baal in the Bekaa, by which the plain is known. The Phoenicians here erected a great temple to Baal constructed with colossal stones after their manner. This was afterwards utilized and reconstructed in the Graeco-Roman period, when the name Baalbek took the Greek form of Heliopolis.

would have been placed under it. But of what were they, and what power was sufficient to move and control this immense mass of limestone rock?

Romans Reused the Stones. The Roman builders would appear to have largely reused the stones of the earlier Phoenician work. The temple of the Sun itself had 54 columns, 17 each on the north and south sides, and ten each on the east and west sides. On the south side six of these great columns still remain standing. They are 75 feet in height, including base and capital, while the entablature above adds another 14 feet; the shafts consist of three blocks only, joined with iron ties, their diameter is 7 feet 3 inches at the base and 6 feet 6 inches at the top. To the south is the temple of Jupiter. This is 227 feet by 117 feet, and on a lower level. It also faced east, and had a beautiful peristyle and stone staircase, nothing of which remains. The peristyle had 42 columns, 13 on the east and west sides, and eight on the north and south. These were 65 feet in height, the shafts being 6 feet 6 inches at the base, and 5 feet 8 inches at the top. The entablature was 12 feet high, the distance between the columns and the cella is 10 feet, the ceiling being formed by great slabs of stone connecting them, and beautifully decorated. The north facade is the best preserved, where nine columns out of fifteen still remain in position.

About 300 yards from the great temples is the small shrine of Venus, a



Part of One of the Great Stones of the Temple of Baal.

Julius Caesar gave it the privileges of a Roman colony, and later, Antoninus Pius, in the last part of the second century, A. D., built the beautiful temple of Jupiter, and the great temple of the sun was erected about the same time. These two temples would appear to be represented on coins of the time of Septimus Severus some thirty years later, and they carry the inscription on the reverse, "Colonia Heliopolis Jovi Optimo Maximo Heliopolitani."

Great Phoenician Monoliths. The great temple of the Sun is erected on the site of the Phoenician temple of Baal, and at the western end of the sub-structure are to be seen three colossal monoliths which, with other lesser ones, are placed in the wall at a height of 20 feet from the ground level, and measure respectively 64 feet, 63 1/4 feet and 62 feet in length, by 13 feet in thickness and about the same in breadth. The writer notes that they are so beautifully squared and fitted that, although without mortar, it would be difficult to put a knife between them.

The quarry from which these gigantic stones were brought is about half a mile away; and there another one, still larger, is to be seen. This is 68 feet long and being squared on all sides, was left in process of being cut from the rock below, when rollers

circular sanctuary of exquisite workmanship; this was once surrounded by columns, but only traces of these remain. It has been turned into a Christian church, and was so used till within recent times by the Greeks.

New Disease. "Eye-work is perhaps the biggest part of submarine hunting," writes William G. Shepherd in Everybody's Magazine, "and it has its evils and penalties. Woe to the man on a destroyer who is gifted with that strange, unexplainable talent of being able to see by night. There be such. His is almost a 24-hour-a-day task. And he finally gets the 'periscope eye' and is sent ashore to get well, if he can. His eyes weep tears of pus by day and, after sleep, his lids are glued together with granulation. It is a new disease of this mad century. "You keep looking through those high-powered binoculars like an old lady reading through her spectacles," one of the boys explained to me, "until finally they seem to be pulling your eyes out of their sockets."

Melancholy Admission. "Don't you think you talk entirely too much, when you have been drinking?" asked Uncle Bill Bottletop. "I fear I am very much inclined to wobble myself."

## HAPPENINGS in the CITIES

### Bert and Bertha Spring a Surprise on the Police

ST. LOUIS.—Somebody became suspicious of Bert Schmidt. He was reported to the police as a probable German spy. The police looked him up and found that he was a young fellow of twenty-three, living with a wife to whom he was married October 12 by a justice of the peace. The Schmidt establishment looked all right to the police, but they put Schmidt under arrest.

The police were in for a surprise. At the police station Bert stoutly maintained that he was all right. He produced a registration card. He said he was a Hungarian by birth, but a good American and willing to do his bit. About this time it was discovered that though Bert might be a good American he was an American woman, not an American man. Thereupon the police became more interested in the woman phase of the case than in the spy business. They arrested the "wife" and then held an informal court to clear up the mystery. Policemen are just as curious as anybody else—in St. Louis as elsewhere.

It was all very simple. There was no deep, dark mystery about it. Bert wasn't a German spy. The informal court finally came to these conclusions:

Bert's name is Bertha Schmidt. His wife's name is Mary Ashate. They are natives of Hungary and cousins. Bertha dressed as a man in order to get a man's wages. Bertha and Mary lived together as man and wife to help along the deception. The upshot of it was that Mary was released. Bertha, however, was held to the federal authorities on a charge of false registration.



### "I Tried to Do My Duty as a Boy Scout, Mother"

SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.—The Boy Scouts of America are pledged to "do a good turn daily." This "good turn" is done both to man and beast. It ranges from filling mother's wood box to feeding a hungry dog. There is no limit to its scope. Gordon Seyfried, a boy scout twelve years old, ran up against something new in the way of doing his daily good turn. He found his mother's maid in the act of shooting herself.

Gordon saw his chance to do a good turn. It was not only his chance but his duty, as he saw it. So he tried to tear the revolver from the maid's hand.

The revolver was discharged. The bullet passed through the maid's body, inflicting a wound that will probably prove fatal. Then it struck the young boy scout in the throat.

Just before Gordon died in his mother's arms he whispered to her: "I saw Pauline with the pistol and I tried to do my duty as a boy scout." This is the spirit that has raised a vast army of Boy Scouts of America and has broken down every barrier of race and caste and creed. Of course there is more to the boy scout movement than just doing a good turn daily. Boy scouts camp out and explore and wigwag and extend first aid to the injured and help in municipal and national movements and make themselves useful members of the community. The boy scout is loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty and brave—or at least he tries to be. He stands for clean speech, clean habits, clean sport.

Yet the boy scout is in no danger of being made into an angelic boy. If he were, nobody would have any use for him and the movement would have died long ago.

"I tried to do my duty as a boy scout" should be carved on the tombstone of Gordon Seyfried.

### Her Fur Coat and a Handsome but Stingy Motorist

BROOKLYN.—They were evidently very close friends, and when they met on a Gates avenue car they had a whole lot of important news to exchange. A new fur coat that one of them had on afforded conversation for 12 blocks. "I'm taking it to the furrier's to have it repaired," said the owner; "it's just in awful shape."

"Why, you only bought it last week," said her chum.

"Yes, I know, dearie, but a most terrible thing happened to it yesterday. It made me so nervous that I haven't stopped twitching yet."

"You see, I was crossing the street near my house, and I had the coat over my arm. Along came a limousine with an Adonis at the wheel, at 40 miles an hour. It just grazed yours truly. The coat disappeared under the machine. I screamed and the man stopped his car and jumped out. He picked up the coat, made a low bow and without a word, laid it across my arm."

"Then he took a big roll of bills from his pocket, selected one, pushed it into my hand with another bow, and was at the wheel and away down the street before I could say 'Jack Robinson.'"

"Didn't you get his number?"

"No. You see, my dear, by the time I got my lorgnette adjusted he was so far away I couldn't even see the color of the car. When I had partly recovered, I looked at the bill in my hand. How much do you suppose it was?"

"A hundred at least."

"A hundred nothing! It was just a mean little measly old five dollars. I couldn't believe that a good-looking chap could be such a mean scamp."

"I am sure the repairs on the coat will be sixty or seventy-five, and Doctor Smooth's bill for ironing out my nerves will be another fifty. Awful, isn't it, dear?"



### "Come Across, Boys, for a New Police Flivver"

CHICAGO.—Don't be surprised if you should have a man shove a tin can under your nose and say: "Come across, boys; this is tag day to buy a new flivver for the detective bureau."

The old car, which has seen 11 years' service, is demobilizing. It has made nearly 200,000 miles in chasing bank and auto bandits, been shot full of holes, and has been in several wrecks. In honor of its first owner, the late Mayor Busse, it was christened "Unser Fritz" when it was wished on the detective bureau. Chief Mooney said a bureau flivver ought to have an alias, so it also is known as "Mary Ann," alias "Chicago Red," alias "Disorderly Conduct."

A new engine guaranteed to make 90 miles an hour was put in "Unser Fritz" to chase automobile bandits. For the last three years "Unser Fritz" has taken part in more thrilling big incidents than all the cars in town put together.

There hasn't been an exciting chase or a "big pinch" of recent years that "Unser Fritz" wasn't on the job.

But the once stout frame is disintegrating. A board is now used for a wind shield. The top is gone, and when the bureau sleuths dash out on a charge they are compelled to wrap newspapers inside of their coats to keep from freezing.

"Unser Fritz," they say, is a disgrace to the city. A junk man who did not know it was the city's official thief chaser offered \$7 for it, and Mooney told him he could have it. On examining the relic the junk man reneged.

Now the sleuths want Chief Garrity to give them permission to have a tag day to raise funds for a new car.

