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Philadelphia, Friday, October 12, 1918

MEETING THE PRESIDENT'S CONDITIONS
The German Constitutional Changes, on Their Surface, Put an End to Autocracy in the Empire
THE significance of the reported changes in the German Constitution must be interpreted in the light of the conditions precedent to peace negotiations laid down in the President's last note to the German Government. The President then said:
It is necessary, in order that there may be no possibility of misunderstanding, that the President should very solemnly call the attention of the Government of Germany to the language and plain intent of one of the terms of peace which the German Government has now accepted. It is contained in the address of the President delivered at Mount Vernon on the Fourth of July last. It is as follows:
"The destruction of every arbitrary power anywhere, that can, secretly, and of its single choice disturb the peace of the world; or, if it cannot be presently destroyed, at least its reduction to virtual impotency."
The power which has hitherto controlled the German nation is of the sort here described. It is within the choice of the German nation to alter it. The President's words just quoted naturally constitute a condition precedent to peace, if peace is to come by the action of the German people themselves. The President feels bound to say that the whole process of peace will, in his judgment, depend upon the definiteness and the satisfactory character of the guarantees which can be given in this fundamental matter. It is indispensable that the Governments associated against Germany should know beyond a peradventure with whom they are dealing.
Now what has Germany done to meet this demand?
The Constitution of the German empire provides that "the Emperor shall represent the empire among nations, declare war and conclude peace in the name of the same, enter into alliances and other conventions with foreign countries, accredit ambassadors and receive them." It also provides that "for a declaration of war in the name of the empire the consent of the Federal Council shall be required, except in case of an attack upon the territory of the confederation or its coasts." As to treaties, it declares that "the consent of the Federal Council shall be required for their ratification, and the approval of the Diet shall be necessary to render them valid."
The Constitution may be amended by vote of the Federal Council and the Diet, with the restriction that an adverse vote of 14 of the 61 members of the Federal Council shall defeat any amendment.
It is now reported from Copenhagen that the Federal Council has approved an amendment to the provisions quoted above so as to require the consent of the Diet, or Reichstag, as well as of the Federal Council, or Bundesrat, to a declaration of war and so as also to require the consent of the Diet as well as of the Federal Council to treaties of peace and other treaties with foreign States.
Do these changes involve "the destruction of every arbitrary power that can, secretly, and of its single choice disturb the peace of the world?"
On their surface they apparently do involve just such destruction, for they put the power of declaring war and making peace in the hands of the Reichstag, the popular legislative body of Germany, and take it from the exclusive control of the Kaiser and the body of ambassadors of the German States known as the Federal Council. They confer on the German Parliament the same kind of war-declaring power that is exercised by the American Congress.
If these changes have been made in good faith, with a determination that they are to be permanent, then autocracy in Germany has received its deathblow and the arbitrary power to disturb the peace of the world has been destroyed.
But, before there can be any further talk of peace, evidence must be forthcoming that the powers which control the destinies of Germany have seen a great light and are ready to do works meet for repentance. It will take more than a newspaper report from Copenhagen to convince Washington that Germany has actually made these concessions to democracy. Until satisfactory evidence is offered it will be the part of wisdom to suspend judgment on the whole matter.
Yet it must be admitted that if Germany is on the verge of a military collapse, to be followed by such an overwhelming defeat in the field as she cannot recover from in many generations, it is natural to expect that a desperate attempt will be made to save as much as possible from the impending ruin by making such changes in the fundamental law of the empire as will meet the conditions laid down by President Wilson as a precedent to the proposition of an armistice.
The nations fighting Germany, however, are likely to insist on guarantees stronger than the word of any German, however high his position, that the changes are made in good faith before they will consent to stop fighting even for a day.
So far as imperial honors are concerned, Halloween in Potsdam seems already to have arrived.
LILLE IS FREE AGAIN
LILLE is unchained as it was shackled more than four bitter years ago, as a result of sweeping military operations which precluded the possibility of formally besieging the fifth largest city of France, the Hun hordes, flushed with victory, pocketed the metropolis of French Flanders during the last week of August, 1914. Any defense was futile. The girdle of fortifications designed by Vauban, Louis XIV's famous military engineer, and only partly modernized, was recognized as worthless against the tidal wave of scientific barbarism. Lille was surrendered without a struggle.
Its fall was a staggering loss to the industrial power of France, and the Germans correspondingly made the most of its great manufacturing establishments, its stores

of valuable textile machinery, and, above all, of its wealth. The town's financial resources were drained almost to the last centime. Levies unprecedented in war were imposed on a city long famed for its bustling dynamic business energy and its compensating prosperity. Lille was no picturesque Avignon, nursing its dreams of former greatness; no drowsy Toulouse, cherishing its memories of knightly poets and diletto troubadours. It was as industrially alive as Camden, New Jersey, or Manchester, England.
The mind recoils from speculating on what has been the fate of Lille during the pitiless period of darkness and tyranny. In time, of course, we shall hear the full tragic story, the joyous conclusion of which will make the narration bearable.
In these cyclonic present moments, however, it is the military significance of the British occupation of the largest French city taken by the Teutons during the conflict which claims immediate attention. The wedge driven by the foe into the industrial heart of France, which also includes Douai, Tournai, and Valenciennes, has virtually been extinguished. The hastily announced second line of Hun defense, which was to have had Lille as its northern bastion, becomes merely a myth born of despair.
If the advance on Mezieres synchronizes quickly enough with the flanking of the German positions in Flanders, both French and Belgian, all of France will be emancipated almost before one can pause to realize the magnitude of the inevitable victory.
For some square-headed chaps in France and Flanders it is indeed a case of "Sick gioria—rapid transit!"

THE CHAFFING DISH
Our Own Nursery Rhymes
Kissing
WHEN Daddy had his morning shave
His cheek is like a rose:
No skin could be more smooth than his
Before the stubble grows;
And when he comes out from his bath,
How I would hate to miss
The clean and sleepy fragrance of
My Daddy's morning kiss!
But when the evening hours come round,
My Daddy's cheek has grown
All rough with little prickly spikes
With scratchy bristles sewn;
While Mother's face is always soft,
And so, at night, my bliss
Is in the gentle coolness of
My Mother's bedtime kiss!
The League of Notions
Dear Socrates—I have formed a League of Notions and would be glad to admit some of your ideas to charter membership.
One of my notions is this: that since we have been advised to walk to work to avoid crowded trolleys on account of influenza, these are the times that try men's soles.
EUSTACE, THE MALE FLAPPER
The money that the Kaiser vainly spent in this country in trying to buy up public opinion might be mentioned as the chief of the Ten Lost Tribes.
Speaking of public facilities, the Kriemhild line seems to be one of them.
The Kaiser is said to be sending his valuations to Holland. Presumably Rosner is among them.
The only consolation we know when we happen to be away from home and are eating in restaurants is the privilege of having doughnuts for breakfast. According to our theory, the ideal breakfast is four doughnuts and a cup of coffee.
Of course, as a pedestrian, we lament the end of gasless Sundays, but Kaiserless Sundays are coming and that will be better still.
Port your helm and deport your Wilhelm is our advice to the German navy.
They say it is not safe for the Crown Prince to show himself in Berlin. Nor anywhere else, we hazard.
The whole history and meaning of the war can be summed up in the comparison of two faces—Foch's and Hindenburg's.
Our guess is that Marshal Haig's favorite ditty just now is, "I'm wearin' awa' to the land o' the Lillie."
If the Muscovite monkey keeps on pot-shooting at Lenin's suser (later we fear he will be sniped in the bud).
Secretary Baker has informed us that President Wilson has a vote at the Versailles supreme war council. Yes, and a vote in Berlin, too: the casting vote that will cast Bill into outer darkness.
When one watches the way Foch is filling up his quota of towns taken from the enemy it would be foolish indeed not to round out our own quota of Liberty Bonds.
The Merchants
You may see them on the road
Each one with his heavy load.
All the stars are in those packs
That they carry on their backs;
All the mountains and the seas,
All the lost Hesperides.
Love that had too long to wait,
Happier that came too late;
Little dreams and memories,
Vagrant thoughts and fantasies;
Beils and amber, smiles and beads,
Daily hopes and hourly needs.
If you pass them pay them well—
Merchants who have dreams to sell.
BEATRICE WASHBURN.
As far as the German general staff is concerned, the Belgian sea coast will soon be only an Ostender memory.
ANN DANTE.
Trimmed
Mad Midas and King Croesus,
John D. and Carnegie,
Pray lend all your pieces
Of eight—your currency.
Nay, think not that I harbor
Dull dreams of avarice;
'Tis only that the barber
Solicits me like this:
"Hot towels and shampoo, sir?
Massage? Complexion food?
A coal-oil rub would do, sir,
Your bean a world of good."
Of dandruff cures and lice—
Witch hazel steam—he'll hint;
Nor seems to dream that I lack
The freedom of the mint.
RUFENK.
Don't Miss It
Special attraction tomorrow: A dispatch from the Chaffing Dish's most distinguished correspondent, William McFee.
The best way to be rough on Bundesrats is, buy another Bond. SOCRATES.
"Hold the fort, for we are coming," is the message which every bond buyer sends to General Pershing.
An English View of a Philadelphia Prodigy
The latest "infant phenomenon" hails from Philadelphia. Her name is Edith Greenberg. At the age of eight months Edith, from the confines of her cradle, mimicked the call of the quail with such conviction that the bird would answer back. At the age of two she could distinguish all the colors of the spectrum. One month later she was discovered to be a hummingbird. Three months later Edith's favorite composers were Tchaikowsky, Wagner, Leonovavlo, Handel, Rubinstein, Liszt, Sullivan, Puccini, and Beethoven—a list commendably free from the narrow chauvinism of these latter days. Edith could pronounce all these names without a slip, and, we are told, she could also, though quite untaught, create a photograph of the latter surely the most phenomenal accomplishment of the lot. Her mother seems anxious to clear Edith of the charge of "being a prodigy"—she is wholesome, playful and often mischievous—but the evidence against the child is great.—Manchester Guardian.



ARE WE QUITTERS?
IS THE faith of our soldiers abroad justified? Or did we tie to the men—two to the thousands of them—who have already died fighting our battles in France?
Has President Wilson fallen into a tragic mistake in assuming that the intelligence and patriotism of America are equal to all the demands, moral, material and intellectual, that may be made upon the country for the honorable and safe ending of the war?
You might suppose so if you judge by the slow movement of the sale of Liberty Bonds in this city.
Shall we ask the soldiers who have already endured separation and hardship and wounds and the trenches and shellfire and poison gas in our behalf to buy the bonds with the few dollars they are paid for the hardest and most terrible work in the world? They have said that they will buy the bonds if we don't—and shame us.
Look at your bankbook again, no matter how many bonds you have bought. Talk to the banks if you haven't any money, and they will show you how to contribute, no matter how small your income may be.
When this war ends there will be only two classes of people in the United States—those who helped to win the war and those who didn't.
In which class will you be?

END OF GASLESS SUNDAYS
IN THE announcement of the Federal Fuel Administration which declares the period of gasless Sundays at an end there is the direct intimation that the use of motorcars may be similarly restricted again, and for an indefinite period, if there is not a general effort on the part of all automobile owners to conserve gasoline throughout the week.
Reports made to the Senate and statistics presented by the Federal Fuel Administration indicate plainly that conservation is necessary to the conduct of the war. Airplanes, motortrucks, oil-burning ships and the whole elaborate machinery of the army and navy require gasoline in large quantities or the oils from which it is manufactured. The Government cannot be blamed if it enforces regulation and restriction at home.
The American habit of waste is nowhere more evident than among those who drive automobiles. It has been calculated that the vast quantities of gasoline and oil saved under the gasless Sunday rule do not equal the amount of fuel spilled and otherwise wasted by motor owners. From this on there should be a conscientious effort to conserve fuel in small ways. Long and unnecessary trips in heavy machines should be eliminated. Motors should be shut off when the machines are not moving. Receipts should be made airtight. Above all, any one who owns a passenger car should be made to realize that he can save money for himself and fuel for the Government by keeping the machine in adjustment necessary for efficient and economical operation.

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"Hot towels and shampoo, sir?
Massage? Complexion food?
A coal-oil rub would do, sir,
Your bean a world of good."
Of dandruff cures and lice—
Witch hazel steam—he'll hint;
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THE READER'S VIEWPOINT
Profiteering Graters
To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
Sir—I was pleased to notice in your editorial column a reference to the contemptible graters who are asking \$2 a dozen for oranges just because there is such a demand for them from the unfortunates afflicted with influenza. I have more respect for an out-and-out thief; you can lock up the thief, but how can you get away from these contemptible graters? One thing that strikes me is that the lot of contemptible grating skunks we have among us. It is not only taking a mean advantage of a long-suffering public, but it is also hurting our brave boys on the other side. A fine lot of patriots, these graters! An example should be made of them. If there is a law against it, let our food commissioners give them the full penalty.
ENGLISH S. PARSON.
Hildrey Park, October 11.
When Cheops Came to Life
To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
Sir—Reading your notes on the future of airplanes after the war brought to my memory a book that I had when a boy of about twenty years old—that was about 1854—entitled "The Resuscitation of Cheops, King of Egypt." The book told how two London doctors went to the tomb of Cheops to try to bring him to life. They traveled in their airship or balloon. They reached the pyramid and left their machine just outside, but they set it to return to London. Just as they got their battery to Cheops's head and feet a dreadful thunderstorm came on and shook them so they got frightened and hid. In the meantime Cheops had come to life and, staggering round at last, found the door of the machine with a seat, and wanting to sit down, he got in and began to rest and to wonder what had happened. Moving his hands about he touched a button, when away went the machine with Cheops, straight from Egypt to London. At that time London was up in the air in their flying machines. The appearance of Cheops in his grave clothes caused a sensation and a panic in which some of them fell to the earth, but at that time, which the book stated was in 1921, it was possible to fall from the sky without being hurt.
JOHN DUJANT.
Mount Airy, October 16.
Buy More Bonds
To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
Sir—While confined to a sick bed I composed the enclosed lines, which I thought might help put the fourth loan across: Up and rejoice, ye lovers of peace. Now that victory is certain; Cheer up the boys, make plenty of noise On the eve of the final curtain. Now is the time to buy Liberty Bonds Down to your very last dollar. It's only your share for the boys over there; They're giving their all and don't holler. Invest in bonds in peace, doubly safe On the strength of the German note. No one will deny, when the Huns start to cry, At last we've the Kaiser's goal. Let's double our efforts wherever we can, spend all for the final slap. Unmindful of notes from the enemy's camp, Remember it might be a trap. Rejoice in the victory Each hour brings near; No compromising peace will we see. Believer the world and Enjoy with its peoples Night, justice and liberty.
E. E. HILLIARD.
Philadelphia, October 16.
The Missing Street Signs
To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
Sir—In New York strangers know where they are by looking up at the street signs placed at the corners. Philadelphia is an inextricable maze to one not well acquainted with the city. This applies as well to the city itself as to its entrance from the west particularly. Six miles out it took me over an hour to reach North Broad street one evening last week after driving up from Washington. The next day more than double the time necessary in any well-appointed city was required to locate a half dozen factories on which I called. Everywhere, instead of being able to find one's way about, one must stop others and ask and continue to ask, all of which could be avoided if your highway department would place signs like other first-rate cities at their

EXECUTE

USAGE countenances all sorts of misuse of words, wresting them from their proper meaning. Execute is offended against as frequently as any. The murderer is always executed; that is, if he happens to be caught, convicted and sentenced to death. But the word execute does not mean "put to death"; it merely means to follow out to the end or to give effect to. A deed is executed when it is signed, for until the signature is attached it is not put into effect. A law is executed when its provisions are carried out. A sentence is executed when the person on whom it is imposed has suffered the penalty of the law. So when a murderer is sentenced to death and he is legally killed it is the sentence and not the man which is executed. But usage has decreed that we shall say that the man is executed, and the dictionaries recognize it. There was a time when the word was used to mean putting a man to death illegally. Shakespeare, who misuses words as much as any modern, is guilty of writing of executing a man.
When one speaks of committing a crime he is guilty of the same lack of precision as when he speaks of executing a murderer. The criminal is committed to prison and the crime is done, if we wish to be precise; but the man who never begins to do anything, but always commences it, is the same man who never says that a crime is done, but that it is committed, and never says that a murderer is put to death, but that he is executed.

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What Do You Know?

QUIZ
1. General Atchafalaya's forces have captured...
2. What is an ariflamme?
3. What is the national hymn of Belgium?
4. Who has become prime minister of Turkey following the failure of Zerkis Pasha to form a cabinet?
5. What is the orb of the English crown paraphernalia?
6. In memory of the fallen in what American victory was Theodore Roosevelt's war cry, "The Bismarck of the Dead," written?
7. What is ex-President Taft's native State?
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Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Reubens and Tournefort are two large cities which are usually suburbs of Lille.
2. Sixteen and a half feet make a perch in English measurement.
3. Okra is a vegetable widely distributed in the southern United States and the West Indies. Its miscellaneous uses are listed on a basis in soups and stews. The dish prepared from okra is called gumbo.
4. The name of gold is of Scottish origin.
5. General Ligez is in command of the American forces north of Verdun.
6. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow wrote "The Belfry of Bruges."
7. Greater Cleveland was the only American President whose two terms were separated by a four-year interval, during which time the rival political party was in power.
8. Constantine was captured by the Turks in 1453.
9. War "a Fontaine" is a French phrase used in the sense of war in the strictest and last extreme. Literally it means war beyond the limit.
10. "Chamarras" is the treatment of light and shade in painting or light and shade on facts in nature.

THE AMERICAN POLICEMAN

Shrieks—and a lively hubbub on the street: "Policeman," called a man, "this child's half dead!"
I found her on my steps, hit in the head, Clean stunned by this great robber's clumsy feet.
My neighbor and I have got him here, the He says that, frightened by a bear, he sped Up my front steps." But the policeman said: "Your evidence, I think, is quite complete. You, my indignant friend, I should call France, and your good neighbor England; that child there, Crushed like a flower, Belgium." (Then, He looked.) "You brute, you know there was no bear! You are Germany! We'll make you dance! Come right along with me now; don't you swear!"
VIRGINIA JEFFREY MORGAN.

THE TRIUMPH OF RIGHTEOUSNESS

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
Sir—I wish to take occasion to thank you for the most excellent editorial which appeared in Saturday's paper, "Wilhelm Discovers America." Of all the editorials you have written on the subject of the war—and to the point—this last one, wherein you show that the city is being won by the spirit of righteousness, surpasses them all—it sounds so strongly to read an editorial of this sort in a daily newspaper. I am sending it to my son, who is in the army abroad.
WILLIAM H. MCCUTCHEON.
Wayne, Pa., October 13.
The P. R. T. is to increase the number of its vice presidents, but it would decrease the vice of profanity among its patrons if it would increase the number of its cars on the streets during the rush hours.
Birds of Passage
Goose-stepping ganders
Scurry from Flanders.

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