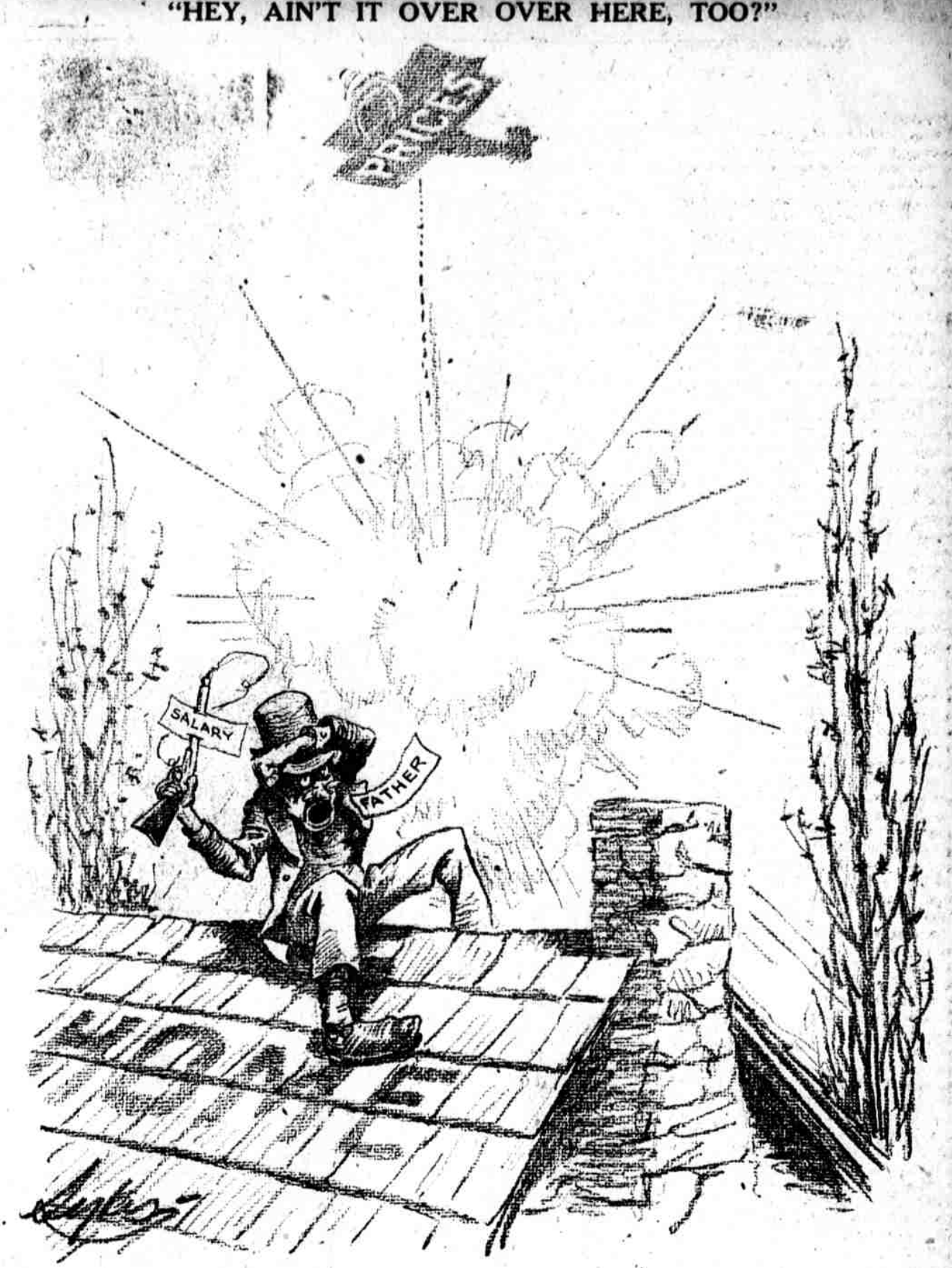


Evening Public Ledger THE EVENING TELEGRAPH PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY... EDITORIAL BOARD: CHARLES H. CURTIS, Chairman... DAVID E. SMILEY, Editor... JOHN C. MARTIN, General Business Manager...

provinces' dispute which has caused unrest in the Andes country for thirty-eight years. As the fruits of her victory over Peru and her ally, Bolivia, in the terrible war of 1879-1884, Chile annexed the immensely valuable nitrate regions of Tacna and Arica, with the pledge that after ten years a plebiscite of "self-determination" should be held.

defiantly in their blood and are forever giving new pride to them. Of the Germans it may be said that they had the worst sort of teachers—for war and for peace. The sea itself, the North Sea, where the German ships gave themselves up in the shameful process of mock surrender, is a better teacher than the Neitzches and the Bernhardis. She has been the gray old mother of the valiant from the beginning of history. The children of all her years have been trained hard in the ways of wisdom, in valor and in tenderness. They have been given gales to beat upon them and cold and darkness and endless perils to temper their souls. They know better than any men alive that logic will get you nowhere in a tempest unless you have strength of soul and faith of heart and a fixed devotion to a good cause.

MINCE PIE Lunchrooms Again I HAVE read what Dove Dulcet and Only an Op Have to say about their midnight lunch rooms. But believe me It is the seven a. m. stuff that is really picturesque. As I get my early morning coffee And corned beef hash (I often wonder how the horse-hair gets into it) Young Lizzie is at the sizzling machine Shaving off thin slips from a Wonderful big pink haunch of ham. The whirling blade comes and goes, and With her left hand she catches the slice of ham As it falls. She is so dexterous She can trim her nails at the blade While she catches the ham. But some day she'll lose three fingers. At the same time the Wild Wop (So Lizzie calls him) Is slicing the fresh fragrant three-foot loaves. And Mother Mose is fidgeting with the coffee boiler. Snatches of conversation are entertaining: The baker's man has apparently been getting fresh— Lizzie says, "He asked me if I could speak Yiddish—"



HUNS SHAMED NAVY PROOF OF A DECADENT LOGIC Healtle Philosophy of the German-Finds Its Most Degraded Reaction in the North Sea FOR a century to come no German will be able to recall the unimpeachable surrender of his nation's fleets without a sense of shame and overwhelming despair. This is the killing affliction that Kultur has imposed finally on those who fostered it.

Formerly the German Ocean, is it now the Sea of the United States and of the Nations Associated With Us in the War? SAFEGUARD THE VICTORY ART IT IS easy to laugh at the heavy pompousness of Berlin's Siegesallee or the colossal Germania which overlooks the Rhine. Derision with a clear artistic conscience, however, is less facilely supported. In the majority of instances the inability to express patriotism, however sincere, in adequate terms of bronze or stone has been flagrantly manifested throughout our own country. Philadelphia has its Smith Memorial, Camden its only recently unveiled Washington statue. Most of the Civil War monuments have only the spirit which prompted them to commend their existence.

Battalions of the Soul (To remind our readers that the men in service still need their support, perhaps more than before.) OYE at home in comfort You laugh and love at ease. Remember those who perish To guard your luxuries. Who on the far-flung ocean Or through the smoke-dimmed trees Pay with their bodies' anguish For the soul's lone victories.

England and America now dominate the seas. But for any one who may find a cause for vanity in this circumstance the end of the German navy is filled with omens. At no time in the war did their cherished logic so terribly betray the German people as when they were led to surrender because it was convenient to surrender. Their logic unfitted them for the sea, just as their logic fitted them for a great place in the world? They might have won something enduring by a last battle to the death. But that would not have been logical, according to their standards.

Well worth heeding, therefore, is the precautionary resolution adopted at a meeting of prominent designers, architects and other artists the other day at the Philadelphia Sketch Club. It was there urged that national, State and municipal authorities forestall in the present victory era a repetition of monumental follies by intrusting "the designing and directing of design to artists, sculptors and painters of the highest standing, the naming of which should be left to a committee formed from their own recognized associations, which could co-operate with existing committees, either municipal or governmental."

YOU have been quick to strengthen The sinewed strands of steel, And squat and spitting monsters Move forward wheel by wheel; Across the whitened waters Cut swift the avenging keel. And through the fields of heaven The awful Jews congeal.

German logic dictated the war. German logic made the Kaiser's flight seem reasonable. Everywhere German logic failed. Because stark logic alone never won a great battle. It never uplifted a people, or discovered a country, or made men loved, or nations great, or revealed new light, or held families together, or joined men in great causes. And, of course, the German mind, devastated as it was by the philosophy of materialism, could not understand that those who win often are the losers and that permanent victory often is reserved for the vanquished. Their loss therefore is complete. Had they gone blazing out to fight a last time upon the sea, as others have gone before upon lost causes, their ships would have been sunk. Yet they would have won something from the general wreck of their nation. They would have died. But they would have lived in the courage of those who will follow after them to remember their example.

The Kaiser wanted Tables and Tearing "no nonsense" from Them America, and he didn't get any. The serious and substantial proportions of her victory are magnificently exemplified in statistics for which the Germans used to have a passion. The Huns took 2165 American prisoners during the war, while our bag of captives was more than 44,000. The story of persistent success could hardly be more succinctly put than by these official figures.

ARE God's stern battles won, And not with driven thunder We smite the shameful Hun; But with our clean young splendor And pulses swift that run We raze the walls of Sodom And hell's battalions stun.

Even those who most dislike Germany cannot say that this was because the German people are altogether without courage. They put calculation above courage, the mind above the heart. And since the sea is much like the greater world of men, since it demands more than reason in the victories it accords, so the German fleets are more than prizes of war for the Powers that hold them now. They are a sign to prove that in the larger world of tomorrow governments, like men, must be morally great or perish.

Though certain activities may have lapsed in Germany, the notion that she is too much occupied to bring the Kaiser back requires conviction every time one thinks of certain armies marching eastward.

WHAT will you give to guard us— Not in red halocaust When the torn fields are streaming And storms of shell are tossed— But in the lonelier trenches Where faiths of home are lost And only a day of living Seems worth the bitter cost.

Logic and calculation and cunning and compromise are not enough. The final answer to the questions that harass governments nowadays cannot be found in balances and adjustments, laws and leagues and enactments. Ultimate justice must be sought where the German failed to seek guidance and where, in the final emergency, he had no strength. It is in the heart of man.

Modern Arabian Nights Those who think that Grab street has lost its old romance will do well to read Robert Cortes Holliday's sparkling and sympathetic memoir of Joyce Kilmer. This vivid and courageous spirit that moved upon New York to take its literary pinacles by storm began as a salesman in a large Fifth Avenue bookstore at \$8 a week. Misreading a price either in a \$150 book, he charged it to a customer at \$1.50, and his ignition lasted only two weeks. The next step was "defining" words at five cents each for the new edition of a dictionary. He defined words so rapidly, however, that his employers found it necessary to put him upon salary instead of piece wages. Assistant editorship of a religious journal followed; then a staff position on the New York Times, to which he added innumerable other tasks—selecting poetry to be reprinted for the Literary Digest; lecturing; writing introductions; anthologizing; contributing to encyclopedias; interviewing celebrities—it is no wonder, as Mr. Holliday tells us, that the young poet invented the engaging theory that poetry of food is a satisfactory substitute for sleep! But Kilmer showed in his daily life the same passionate energy and bravado that made him loved in France. His pen was ready, but it had the touch of tenderness and truth. He faced the tough world, that has trampled many a sensitive soul underfoot, with winning audacity. As his biographer says, "For a sapling poet, within a few short years and by the hard business of words, to attain to a secretary and a butler and a family of four children, is a modern Arabian Nights' tale."

What are your fields and furrows, Your bursting barns of grain, The haze of yellow harvests Across the purple plain. If, when the war is over, And your sons come home again, The soul's last fort is taken And faith's defenders slain? PVT. WILLARD WATTLES.

There is indeed a guiding symbolism in the last adventure of the German navy that yet will be made plain in epics, Russian and Italian and French ships have fought against hopeless odds time after time in the recent war. Had the German vessels been of the British or the American navies they would have followed glorious traditions and appeared with their hands playing and their battleflags against the sky. They would have fought till the waters closed over them. The men upon their decks would have gone down cheering defiance and the flags of the enemy would have dipped to them in reverence. But such a procedure was not possible to a nation rotted out for generations by the Neitzches and the Bernhardis, the Treitiches and the Hohenzollerns and all the other propagandists of fact and materialism. The cost to future Germany is great. For it is by the battles they have lost that nations and men grow strong often enough. The brave dead cry out again in their songs or laugh

There seems decidedly to have been more of bull than bear in Bolsheviki Russia. They all seem to want their railroads back, Americans as well as Germans. No trip to Europe in the old tourist days was ever half so alluring as is the thought of the home voyage to several million American visitors to France. Maybe one of the reasons why the Kaiser can tolerate having the newspapers read to him at Amerongen is that none of them yet contains any authentic record of his having abdicated. The crew of one of the German submarines which appeared for the grand surrender showed its sense of historical fitness by being intoxicated. It really was "Der Tag," you know. "Few die and none resign," declared Thomas Jefferson, referring to holders of government posts. And yet the American people's consciousness that Mr. McAdoo is still very much alive is profound. The American Forestry Association, which has suggested trees as war memorials, has hold of an excellent idea. Concomitants of ropes and junkies, however, would make it unmatchably shoring.

THE other retirements from Mr. Wilson's Cabinet were not made so amiably. The first was that of Mr. Bryan. The distinguished and extinguished Nebraskan was taken into the Cabinet for purely political reasons. The friends of Mr. Wilson explained that it was thought more comfortable to have him inside the camp throwing stones out than to have him outside throwing stones in. But as soon as his fitness for the post was put to the test he failed. He written by the President, and at the same time telling the Austrian ambassador that Mr. Wilson did not mean what he said, but was talking only for political effect at home. When Ambassador Gerar reported from Berlin that the German Foreign Secretary told him about Mr. Bryan's communications to the Austrian ambassador in Washington the Secretary of State resigned, and issued three or four broadsides explaining his position. It is believed in Washington that his resignation was asked for, though there is no authoritative information on the subject. A distinguished Californian who was passing through the capital at the time was taken to call on the former Secretary of State by a mutual friend, and the Californian reported to his acquaintances that he had never before seen a man so completely dazed and dumfounded by the fate which had overtaken him.

McAdoo and Cabinet Changes

THE elder Harrison is the only President who left office without making changes in the Cabinet with which he entered it. And Harrison died within a few weeks of his inauguration. There have thus far been three changes in the Cabinet of Mr. Wilson. When Secretary McAdoo's successor is appointed only fourteen men will have held the ten positions. There were nine positions in the Cabinet when Roosevelt was President and twenty-nine men held them. There were from two to six different men in every office save that of Secretary of Agriculture. James Wilson presided in the Agricultural Department through three administrations, beginning with McKinley and ending with Taft, a record not equaled by any other Cabinet officer from the beginning of the Republic.

READER'S VIEWPOINT

Soldiers Are Not Tax Exempt To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Please would you tell me if I am to pay any taxes. My husband is in France. He has been in the army for over a year. I have four small children. We have our own home, but that is all the property we have. Richlandtown, Pa., November 21. (You will have to pay the tax on your house this year as usual.—The Editor.)

"To Camoens in Mesopotamia"

TWO small black tomes that saw the light in Lisbon scores of years ago. A wanderer's friend have often proved Amid the desert or the snow. When first I turned the yellowed leaves 'Twas 'mong the palm trees of Brazil, Now in the caliphs' land I find Their magic unabated still. And when the sweltering troopship streamed Through Ormuz Strait 'neath molten sky, The sea-worn galleons of Camoens Seemed there at anchor riding high. Upon the housetops of Baghdad I've read of Inez' luckless fate, And mid the scorching desert dust Heard stout da Gama's sailors prate. In long sea watches, of the boat That once was held in London town, 'Twas twelve of England's sturdy knights And Portuguese of far renown. Now in pursuit of cautious Turk, With kit reduced to the absurd, One volume still I've brought and read Among the mountains of the Kurd. And so I've scrawled these vagrant lines To offer thanks where they are due. For many a weary moment cheered By these companions tried and true.—Kermit Roosevelt, in Scribner's Magazine.

OUR OWN BOLSHEVIKI

IN ALMOST every issue of a Philadelphia newspaper you are able to read these days of little groups of restless men and women who meet in upstairs rooms on city-streets to mutter and mumble and mumble speeches in the name of Bolshevism. It is a very large country. In the end it will save itself. It should be given to Russia.

What Do You Know?

Lightless nights were not so great a hardship as they may have seemed. They still have gateless weeks in Berlin.

THE EDUCATION OF THE GERMANS

TO the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—When Owen Winter was in Germany some years ago he learned that the Germans have put the army in better condition for any demands that might be made upon it than it had ever before been in peace times. Mr. Winter approved the plan. Then, without notice to his Secretary of War, he reversed the plan. He ordered

QUIZ

- 1. What one of President Wilson's daughters is Mrs. William G. McAdoo?
2. Who is President of Argentina?
3. From what post in the German cabinet has Philipp Scheidemann resigned?
4. Who said, "The great quality of dullness is to be unalterably contented with itself"?
5. In what century did Francesco Villon, the French "vagabond" poet, live?
6. What country has four capitals?
7. What is the meaning of Erucicut?
8. What is a lawpew?
9. What treaty ended the French and Indian War and when was it signed?
10. What rulers assumed the title "Commander of the Faithful"?

ANSWERS TO SATURDAY'S QUIZ

- 1. Admiral Sir David Beatty received the surrender of the German fleet.
2. Dronole is another name for the game of checkers.
3. To "dree one's weight" means to submit to one's lot. The expression is Scotch.
4. Luxembourg was declared neutral territory by the Treaty of London, May 11, 1667.
5. Turbolic means lopsided.
6. Ollis Goldsmith was known as Old Noll.
7. A certain kind of shiriback covering were known as antimacassars. It differs in its function of protecting the furniture from the soiling macassar oil, formerly much used on the hair.
8. An antipole is a circle or surface upon which one chair is opposite to another chair.
9. The year representing the number of years that the British held the island of Sumatra is 1819.
10. Macbeth is the "Witch who speaks."

THE EDUCATION OF THE GERMANS

TO the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—When Owen Winter was in Germany some years ago he learned that the Germans have put the army in better condition for any demands that might be made upon it than it had ever before been in peace times. Mr. Winter approved the plan. Then, without notice to his Secretary of War, he reversed the plan. He ordered

THE EDUCATION OF THE GERMANS

TO the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—When Owen Winter was in Germany some years ago he learned that the Germans have put the army in better condition for any demands that might be made upon it than it had ever before been in peace times. Mr. Winter approved the plan. Then, without notice to his Secretary of War, he reversed the plan. He ordered

THE EDUCATION OF THE GERMANS

TO the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—When Owen Winter was in Germany some years ago he learned that the Germans have put the army in better condition for any demands that might be made upon it than it had ever before been in peace times. Mr. Winter approved the plan. Then, without notice to his Secretary of War, he reversed the plan. He ordered