

Evening Public Ledger PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY... EDITORIAL BOARD: CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, President...

city in accordance with the popular mandate. Street-car service stopped completely. Then the jitney men met, formed an organization and issued a public proclamation...

GERMANY'S DAY OF RECKONING IS AT LAST INESCAPABLE

Her Actual Downfall Will Date From Next Monday. When the Terms of the Versailles Treaty Come Into Force for Her

"THERE are reasons," declares Major General Sir Frederick B. Maurice, "which make it quite impossible that Germany today should take any aggressive military action..."

Meanwhile, however, time is setting the stage for an event of transcendent magnitude. The curtain will rise one week from today.

The supreme council in Paris has agreed upon December 1 as the date for the formal ratification of the German peace treaty.

It clarifies the meaning of the armistice of November 11, 1918. It proclaims the immensity of civilization's victory.

The public, it is said, has not understood the treaty of Versailles. This attitude was natural.

As the world scene became confused during the season of anticlimax which followed the actual fighting, it became increasingly difficult to connect the force of the treaty with the force of Foch's armies which made it possible.

As she starts now to act under the stringent orders of her conquerors, the accuracy of this deduction will begin to sink into the public consciousness.

On the principle that, for ten, all merchant ships of the Allies must be replaced, Germany is denied the possession of a single vessel of more than 1000 tons.

At the expiration of two months from next Monday the German navy must be reduced to thirty-six vessels of specified sizes.

No submarines for any purpose whatsoever are allowed. No military or naval air forces will be sanctioned.

Two months from December 1 are granted for the dismantling of all the German forts in the Rhine area, and within a further period of four months they must be dismantled.

Within fifteen days from next Monday all German troops are to be withdrawn from portions of East Prussia, a part of which becomes Polish, while a part is to be subjected to the decision of a plebiscite.

The boundary of the Sarre basin cession under the league of nations is to be traced by December 15.

By December 16 this territory must be evacuated by all German troops.

The Alsace-Lorraine restoration was incorporated in the armistice terms, and is hence unaffected by the date on which Germany's downfall culminates.

Despite what ill-founded critics, many of whom have never read the document, have said, it does not waste words. Clause after clause, phrase after phrase pile up the specific penalties.

What the reparations commission will impose is not known, but it is categorically set forth that an indemnity of 20,000,000,000 gold marks may be demanded for the period extending until May 1, 1921.

On the ratification date next week Germany immediately loses title to all her colonies. Coal deliveries to France and Belgium must begin on December 1.

The special provisions indicate the arduous activities of the treaty makers. Three months after next Monday Germany must turn over to Belgium 10,000 goats.

Mr. Fletcher is a man of boundless sympathy; never effusive, always courteous, and ever ready to aid a perplexed young barrister over a rough place.

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20,000,000,000 gold marks may be demanded for the period extending until May 1, 1921. After that date the commission shall draw up a pay schedule to run for thirty years.

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He knew at least 90 per cent of the members of the Philadelphia bar, for at some period in his official career they had found it necessary to seek his aid or ask his advice.

Above all he was conscientious in the discharge of his exacting duties. As years went by, and courts multiplied, and the volume of documents issued and received increased by leaps and bounds, the demand upon his physical strength increased proportionately.

Twice prior to his last fatal illness had he broken down under the strain; each time, however, he conquered the weakness and returned to his task.

In the course of half a century he saw countless young lawyers rise to positions of dignity at the bar and then advance to the bench, still holding his friendship as a thing to be cherished.

From those who knew him best comes the unanimous testimony that the distinctive quality which drew men to him, particularly younger members of the bar, was his unflinching sympathy and kindness.

Justice may seem to disclose almost a humorous side in some of these demands, but essentially that serves to accentuate the sweep of her sternness.

In all history there is no day of reckoning like December 1, 1919. Notwithstanding blunders that have been made and the heat of costly speculation, a prodigious amount of the things which civilization fought for is definitely scheduled for accomplishment.

That Germany's downfall was deserved, no sane person will question. That it is a tremendous fact of the present must be heartily acknowledged, even while uncertainty about a world constitution still to come prevails.

Much that was detestable has been destroyed. December 1 should be an inspiring date to build up a new structure freed from the old menace and reasonably secure from any new peril resembling it.

If music is enjoyed through the stomach, as alleged by a New York musician, and color has medicinal value, as declared by scientists, will the warbling of a coloratura soprano singing "The Last Rose of Summer" cure a case of colic?

Denikin claims to have blown through the Red lines between Oral and Tashkent which we take to be half way between the interlocutor and soap suds.

Horses are increasing in number despite the competition of automobiles, according to figures issued by the Department of Agriculture. It will also be remembered that bicycles increased in number as the time motorcycles were introduced.

"England is deeply touched by the warmth of the reception the United States has accorded the Prince of Wales," says Earl Curzon. Don't mention it, old top. We like the kid.

The one big thing about Hoover to date is that he has been able to stand without wobbling on the pedestal on which the people have placed him.

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Senators now have the time for a little roomy thinking, and the result should be immediately apparent when Congress reconvenes.

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"La Nave" is not the last opera for which D'Annunzio wrote the blank verse, "Fiume" and "Zara" are later.

Not even a municipal charter, it would seem, can be flawless. Why then expect perfection in a peace treaty?

We have confidence enough in Mr. Moore to believe that when he says he is pro-Philadelphia it is no con.

D'Annunzio has no more regard for the peace treaty than has a United States senator.

Who says with the food profiteer needs a long financial spoon.

Washington cynicism bears a strong resemblance to biliousness.

CITY HALL ENCYCLOPEDIA Deputy Prothonotary James W. Fletcher Unites His Knowledge to a Rare Kindness and Love of His Fellow Men

By GEORGE NOX McCAIN JAMES W. FLETCHER, deputy prothonotary, solved the great problem a few days ago. He had held the position for thirty years, though his experience in the office covered half a century.

He was a rare man; a fine sample of the few who go through life helping their fellow men in a quiet and unostentatious way. Particularly was he a friend to young lawyers, the fellows who were struggling upward to a home for distinction.

Mr. Fletcher was a man of boundless sympathy; never effusive, always courteous, and ever ready to aid a perplexed young barrister over a rough place.

He was, beyond doubt, from a professional standpoint the best informed official in City Hall. He was a living encyclopedia on the subject of legal documents and forms.

There was committed to him the elaborate detail of subpoenas, contracts, judgments, verdicts, and reports of every kind to be made a matter of record.

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THE CHAFFING DISH Profiteering Again Sign seen on South Broad street: FOR RENT: 8 room house, 2 baths and 1 bedroom with 3 windows in each.

A Regrettable Scene When Skipper had quickly gulped down what had been given him, he took a piece of cake, when Mrs. Salmer, looking upon him with a degree of abhorrence, thought, "Poor ignorant fellow doesn't know which end of the meat to begin at."

The Adam's apple on Skipper's neck had not played up and down more than twice, when Mrs. Salmer, looking upon him with a degree of abhorrence, thought, "Poor ignorant fellow doesn't know which end of the meat to begin at."

Mr. Clipperton settled with his lovely wife in the city of Raleigh, where he had formerly resided, and the murmurs heard in that family were like the voice of a sunlit tide embracing the tined shells of the shore in love. The Bahama Groves of Grandfather Mountain.

Our good friend Fred Ekersberg, engineer at Independence Hall, dropped in to tell us of the latest triumph of his protégé Martha Washington, the State House out. Last spring Fred sent some copies of our high-spirited contemporary, the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, over to Sergeant Robert Dotts, a Philadelphian with the army of occupation.

One of these issues contained a pleasing photograph of Martha and her two young daughters, Victory and Liberty. Sergeant Dotts has written in reply that the boys of the Ninth Infantry, Second Division, took such a fancy to this picture that they posted it in the barracks at Dierdorf, Germany. There, for all we know, it may be still.

Martha's life has been one long succession of plaudits, even down to the time when a mouse was found in one of the cans of rectified beans issued by the government.

Mr. Wilson has been blamed for almost everything but the weather. Well, just wait until the first blizzard arrives.

We gather one thought from ruminating upon the prince's visit to this country. The Woolworth Building has definitely taken the place of Niagara Falls as America's greatest curiosity.

The Urelin has returned to town and it is no longer necessary for us to use the alarm clock in order to catch that morning car on Spruce street.

Antiques I never saw quite so, said D. McGinnis, that I never saw a white street till three years ago, but I never see that portion in the immediate neighborhood of the Pennsylvania Hospital without my subconscious self insisting that I have known it all my life. If I were an architect or a poet perhaps I could tell you why, for I am convinced that there is some great and pregnant truth concealed in the simple rhythmical lines of the old buildings; something that the spirit within me has heard and seen in years past and almost, but not quite, forgotten.

Perhaps that is why the "antiques" in the shops higher up the street strike me as being "homey" rather than odd. I have walked (I feel convinced) under those glass doop-daddles on the big chandeliers, and gazed through them at the candlelight in the days of "prunes and misins"; been more or less familiar with the pictures on the walls and the big brass candlesticks and the willow-pattern-plate dinner sets and the bone-handled steel knives that were cleaned on a knife board with bath-brick, and the brass and steel fenders and the bellows and the shovel, tongs and poker.

The fact that the shovel, tongs and poker seem familiar seems to fix my last time on earth in a coal-burning age. In recent years I have grown to love log fires and when, in one of the old shops, I saw a log-turner take the place of a poker in the brass tray I was at once interested and pleased. But it was the unexpected and the strange that pleased me; it was not the awakening of my old memories.

Nonsense? Oh, I suppose so! But what makes me sit up and take notice is that the nonsense seems so very, very real to me! G. A.

My Mother's Arms (From the Chinese) Note: There was a poor, starved, half-naked coolie who died in Peking in 1902, in which year my travels carried me to China. Stepped to the bone in the class distinctions and caste-levels of a country civilized ages before Columbus dreamed of his voyage of discovery, this coolie, concealed behind an impenetrable countenance and a beast-like demeanor, possessed a massive intellect. His thoughts and emotions, queer though they may sound, ran in fulfillment of a promise I made to the coolie as he joined his ancestors, I will at least make an effort in that direction.

The motif and meter I use are, of course, essentially and wholly Anglican. R. L. B.

My Mother's Arms My Mother's arms! They stretch to me Across that vast Eternity That separates Earth from the sky. How oft I've wished that I could fly To Paradise, her face to see!

Ah, God, how happy would I be If I could speak one more "good-by"! If I but had the wings to fly To Mother's arms!

Be gone, vain hope! It cannot be! Between us twain a misty sea Prevents. But when at last I die Please God, once more my head shall lie In Mother's arms. ROBERT LESLIE BELLEME.

Social Chat Old John, the well-known Ardmore post-vendor, traveled to Swarthmore on Saturday to see the football teams engage in what the sporting writers term a clash.

Harrison Hires made some nice root-beer last week. Harrison seems to have discontinued writing poetry, at least as far as the Dish is concerned.

On the day sterling exchange touched its lowest level we received a check from England for thirteen shillings and one penny. Life is just like that, is our remark.

The lunch counters, in spite of our criticism, still serve coffee too hot.

The best laugh we have registered in a long time was sculptured upon our features by Willie Bard, joyous veteran of the London music halls. The secret of Willie's fun is that he doesn't work too hard to put it across. He just lets his face droop and the house does the rest.

Tiny Maxwell having gone up to the Lehigh-Lafayette game, spectators at the Haverford-Swarthmore battle had an unimpeded view of the field.

SOCRATES.



THE CHAFFING DISH

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SPANISH LINERS

FROM Tyneside and Merseyside, bound for the distant Spain The little shabby brown ships beat out against the rain Through the thick and dusky fog that veils the Irish sea To the trough of swinging swells, where eastern winds blow free.

Slipping past the forelands, where the white sand drifts like snow, Down the bronze-green combers the Spanish liners go To Cartagena, Valencia, and ports of old Castile, Gliding by the Moorish coast, the little brown ships steal.

Past green treeed shores, where red cliffs jut against a topaz sky, Where gray gulls dart across the cliffs as the liners scurry by, Blunt, squat and brown with long gray decks and funnel lines of black, They glow in red as the sunset's light streaks the steamer track.

—Gordon Mollerbe Hillman in the Boston Evening Transcript.

There seems to be difference of opinion in high places as to whether Congress can make peace. There is striking unanimity in the conclusion that it cannot keep it.

The peace treaty must of necessity be a good thing, since nobody is willing to admit responsibility for its having been kicked around.

Alack and well-a-day! We won't see another eclipse of the sun for another twelve years. 'Tis weary, weary waiting! But some of us will survive it.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ 1. What state does Senator Lodge represent?

2. When did the old kingdom of Poland go out of existence?

3. What was the Gadsden purchase?

4. After whom was it named?

5. When does the treaty of peace go into force for Germany?

6. Who were the brothers Hubert and Jan van Eyck?

7. In what zone is New Zealand?

8. What is the smallest planet?

9. Who wrote the music of "The Lost Chord"?

10. How long is the term of a representative in Congress?

Answers to Saturday's Quiz 1. "A policeman's life is not a happy one" is a quotation from the libretto of "The Pirates of Penzance," by W. S. Gilbert.

2. Calligraphy is beautiful handwriting or merely handwriting.

3. Cardiff is the largest city of Wales.

4. Deshtinova is the Czech-Slovak form of the name of Desdemona, the opera singer.

5. Orlando, former premier of Italy, has just been elected to the Italian Chamber of Deputies.

6. The Friendly or Tonga Islands are in the south Pacific ocean, southeast of the Fiji's, between latitude 18 and 23 south.

7. The battle of Gettysburg occurred on July 1, 2 and 3, 1863, about one year and nine months before the end of the Civil War.

8. A planet is in perigee when it is in that part of its orbit nearest the earth.

9. A susurratio is a whispering, a rustling.

10. A periwinkle is a gastropod mollusk, used for food and highly popular in England.