

GERMAN SURRENDER IS MADE COMPLETE

Fleet Surrender Has No Parallel in History.

SCENE IS MEMORABLE ONE

Correspondent on Battleship Texas Draws Vivid Picture of Remarkable War Event.

(Copyright by the New York World. Special Cable. Published by Arrangement.) ON BOARD THE U. S. S. TEXAS, Fifth of North, Nov. 21, 1918.—On this bewildering day, when the German Hoch See Flotte was surrendered to the allied navies, I am not going to write of the naval pageantry of it all, of great gray ships of war steaming in battle array, of the mammoth "hush" ship and frail torpedo-boats clipping the waters, of submarines proudly moored beside their parent craft. It was just like any naval maneuvers—or, better still, it resembled the funeral voyage of some exalted personage. Not a siren heard, not a whistle blown.

No. What gripped today was the shattering human psychology of it all. It has been a day of astounding humiliation. I think the curtain really rose on this final act of sea war about the beginning of the present month. One day Beatty, in his flagship, Queen Elizabeth ("Big Lizzie," or "Q. E."), assembled his ship's company aft.

"They're coming," says Beatty. "Men," he said, in that abrupt, incisive way of his, biting his phrases at lightning speed and omitting his "as" and "the's," "men, they're coming out at last. I always said they would. No stalemate! Do your jobs, each one of you!"

And the Admiral turned away to his cabin. A week later the commander-in-chief repeated this summons and advice. Two or three days ago he came again, for the last time, called Queen Elizabeth to attention.

"Men," he said, "I've always told you they'd come out. But I didn't think they'd come out on a piece of string!"

And abruptly he turned away with features drawn in disgust and bitter disappointment. The fleet agreed.

Admiral Ignores German. Next day Admiral von Meurer came over on the Koenigsberg to arrange the carrying out of the armistice. Beatty, robbed of his flagship, preserved throughout an attitude of bitter disdain. At the cabin conference Meurer would now and then break into broken English, but he was direct to the British Admiral. Entirely ignoring the German, Beatty would turn to his interpreter with a "What does the Admiral say?"

On one such occasion Meurer broke out: "Admiral, we've driven to this; we've come out a fortnight ago. The men refuse to fight. There is no child life left in Germany under 5 years of age. They are all dying."

Navy Breeds Bolshevists. Beatty exhibited about as much interest in the child life of Germany as he might be expected to in the status quo in Peru. Whereupon Meurer went on, this time via the interpreter: "We are anxious to get these ships over here at the earliest possible moment."

Beatty's eyes opened wide, and Meurer continued: "And we want you to take full crews on them, not reduced personnel as stipulated. The navy breeds the Bolshevists. You must know we haven't enough food for them if we take them back home. Keep all here!"

Beatty sternly observed: "Tell the Admiral that I'm not taking any Bolshevist terms." Meurer next produced a document in German capitals and drawn up by the Kiel Naval Soviet of Workmen and Sailors and the rest, it read:

"I, the undersigned, guarantee that all German crews, either of submarine or surface vessels, who are sent to England for internment will be immune from all ill-treatment."

At the bottom a space was left for Beatty to sign. Instead, the British Admiral took the document, tore it in half, threw it on the floor, and said: "Tell them they're coming to England. That's all there is to it!"

Surrender Is Unparalleled. I have given these two broadsides of Beatty's because they typify absolutely the attitude of the Grand Fleet toward the late enemy. They are courtesy, granite firmness, incredulity, contempt. There has never been any naval surrender in history like this. Spaniards, French, Russians—all came out in similar circumstances of certain doom, and fought their ships to the end.

They might have fought, those ships they might have scuttled them, a few brave souls at least might have put up a death-or-glory "show" in the waters of the North Sea. But there's no use in it. It won't help us. So don't let's do it!" they may have argued.

British and American seamen felt as if their own profession was being held up to ignominy and they themselves indirectly compromised.

Admiral Beatty had taken over command of the German fleet before it left Kiel on its final voyage. By wireless he ordered the German Admiralty this way and that, and the enemy obeyed. I have seen all that wireless. Take an example.

"Admiral commanding Grand Fleet to cruiser Koenigsberg: You will stop using your wireless till further orders."

Torpedoes Can Follow. "German Admiralty to Admiral Beatty: Regret one submarine of latest batch to sail for internment. Has not her torpedoes aboard as stipulated."

Reply from Beatty: You will send on the missing torpedoes by the next transport."

Again after the Germans had reported the sinking of a U-boat on its way across to internment, Beatty wirelessed back: "You will forward a full report of the sinking, as it appears that same was avoidable."

When a destroyer sank on the way across Beatty signalled: "You will forward a vessel of the latest type in place of sunken U-31."

Occasionally the Germans sent out a wireless about mine fields. Beatty would direct them on a clear course. Once they were a couple of hours behind time at a rendezvous, Beatty wanted to know the reason why. They were sailing around one of our own mine fields," was the answer.

"That's an 'right' signals back the British Admiral. "We swept that field up long ago."

Was there ever such humiliation? "Want to know why many officers and men are coming in each ship," says Beatty. "You will report this by 9 A. M. tomorrow."

Beatty's Role Supreme. For a whole week this wonderful wireless drama went on across the waters of the North Sea. How Marconi has recast human intercourse! One might say, figuratively speaking, that not a man went to bed that week at Kiel without Beatty's permission.

Moving Picture News



GERALDINE FARRAR AND THOMAS SANTSCHI IN "THE HELL CAT" AT MAJESTIC THEATER.

TODAY'S FILM FEATURES. Majestic—Geraldine Farrar, "The Hell Cat." Star—Mary Miles Minter, "Rosemary Climbs the Heights." Sun set—Charlie Chaplin, "A Dog's Life"; Fatty Arbuckle, "The Cook." Liberty—Lila Lee, "Such a Little Pirate." Columbia—Wallace Reid, "Too Many Millions." P o p e t e s—Dorothy Gish, "The Hope Chest." Globe—Dustin Farnum, "The Virginian." Circle—"Old Wives for New."

Liberty. A story of pirates bold, of buried treasure, of a slacker who tried to evade government service by stealing a ship from a fine old sea captain, and a beautiful and spirited little girl who saved the situation—these are the chief features of "Such a Little Pirate," Lila Lee's latest Paramount picture, which opened an engagement at the Liberty yesterday.

The story is unusual and dramatic in its development and it introduces Sinbad, an exceedingly clever orange-outing actor, who shows considerable histrionic ability while acting with Miss Lee and Theodore Roberts. Roberts, veteran character actor, has one of the best roles of his career in this part of old Captain Obadiah Wolf, the lineal descendant of "Bloody" Wolf, a notorious pirate of history.

Miss Lee acquits herself charmingly in the role of Patricia and Harrison Ford is excellent in the role of Rory O'Malley. The story is full of romance, adventure, and thrills, and has been produced with the highest quality.

I went aboard the Texas on the afternoon of the 19th. The five United States battleships forming the sixth battle squadron of the grand fleet, New York, Texas, Arkansas, Wyoming and Florida, clearly distinguishable from all other dreadnaughts by their lattice masts, lay in the Fifth of North, very nearly under the giant bridge spanning that waterway. As far as the eye could see in every direction there were dotted warships, while in and out coursed pinnaces and launches. Arrived at the ship, the executive accommodations ladder the executive officer led me to the Admiral's cabin—there being now no Admiral aboard.

Scene Recalls Waterloo. "Make yourself comfy and then come right along to the war room. We're expecting a score of officers, British and American, 'bunny-bugging' to a piano. Instead I came upon a score of pretty English women, officers' wives and daughters, 'fox-trotting' with British American officers to the strains of a jazz band. In one corner lay spread out the most ravishing pre-war tea of cream and sugar and butter and white bread and delightful cakes and dainties.

And we trotted to jazz for the rest of the evening, on the Texas, while the Germans, in one winding cortege 20 miles long, were mournfully finding their way toward us, now guided clear of British mine fields by wireless, now hesitating at mine fields of their own long since swept up by us.

The Duke of Richmond's ball at Brussels the night before Waterloo was nothing to this. One lived each moment of each minute. The dramatic note was apt to be intense. What were those Germans doing, saying, thinking, out of the North Sea that night as we toasted "Der Tag" at dinner, and then repaired to a cinema show aboard? To get the angle one must bear in mind that the ship is his home, his life, his all. The sailor's attitude to his ship is one of affection; his primitive instincts impel him to defend her like a Honess bear cub.

And here were the Germans sailing on, on, on to surrender, to degradation, to Nemesis—while we jazz-trotted in unconcern.

Blackboard Is Offensive. In the wardroom I asked a Lieutenant not long left Annapolis for his impressions. You ask me what we officers think of it? Why, just that! And he pointed to a little blackboard hanging on the wall opposite and marked "4 hours." We want to see that damned thing taken down. And as soon as we get these fellows interned up at Scapa it will be taken down. For ten months, ever since the American battle squadron arrived here, we've been kept at four hours' notice to proceed to sea. You won't appreciate just what that means. It means we've been tied to this ship by both feet and arms all that time. It'll be a different world when that little blackboard comes down. Get me?"

We discussed the Anglo-American naval entente.

Beatty Takes No Risks. Beatty never been anything quite like it," observes a tall Commander. "Hoist any old flag above us. We'll carry on together."

"The best part about it," chimes in a Lieutenant, "is that it's been done on land water! Friendship that can stand that test is going to last some!"

Texas Gets Bulldog. A great bulldog ambling in interrupts the flow of conversation. A score of hands stretch out. "Come on, Jimmy, Good boy!" "Jimmy's our mascot," explains my neighbor. "Got him from Beatty. One night the commander-in-chief suddenly flashed out from the Queen Elizabeth."

"Have bulldog for distribution. Will give him to first ship to pick up my message."

"Got him," flashes back the Texas, first of the whole fleet. That's how we got Jimmy. Mighty proud of him, too."

Next day, the eve of surrender, the World representative was the guest of Admiral Rodman on board his flagship, New York on the occasion of the visit of the King, the Prince of Wales and

produced with an artistry that adds to its attractiveness. "The Village Chestnut," a brand-new Keystone comedy, is another excellent feature on the programme.

Jazz Band Makes Hit. The Sunset Theater's "Victory Joy Jazz" band, which was presented to fandom yesterday as a special New Year's week musical feature, made an instantaneous hit. The personnel of the band is: Emma Croso, the leader, who presides at the piano; Pres Ludwick, xylophonist; Charles Walrath, violinist, and N. C. Parrish, who plays the drums and traps.

Screen Gossip. Tom Ince opened his magnificent new studios at Hollywood on Christmas day with many of the celebrities of screenland on hand to assist in the festivities.

The motion picture is to be extensively used in a campaign to increase the livestock supply, so diminished by war.

A big producer wired to a certain big star: "I desire you to play the star part in my coming production of—"

"You are alone in your desire," was the laconic "collected" message of the star.

Claire du Bry seems to be in demand these days. She is now featured playing with Dustin Farnum than she went over to Goldwyn to play heavy in a Tom Moore production.

Now it's Fatty Arbuckle who is planning to move his studio. However, he won't leave Southern California, which is almost the exclusive center of film production these days.

Admirals Beatty and Sims. Admiral Rodman has gained a name in these parts as a war, and he kept the King in undignified mirth throughout as the latter inspected the ship, though it is not known if he greeted his Majesty as he once greeted Beatty on returning from a dangerous cruise to Norway and back—"Here we are, sir, all clean and sober!"

Rodman, showing the King the Royal Ensign flying for the first time in history above the Stars and Stripes, then asked:

Entente Worth Keeping. "And now, sir, what are you going to do with us? Send us back home? We've learned your lingo, but can't just get you used to the tune."

The King replied: "Of one thing I'm certain. We must keep up this naval entente so wonderfully begun. We must get the British and American year to your fleet, and you must return the compliment."

The King chimed in, as the camera and cinema men began to bombard the King: "This is my show, sir, and you're getting all the limelight."

Later Admiral Rodman received me in his cabin. A thick fog and haze lay over the Fifth. It had rained so 11 days. "You're a guest," says Admiral Leveson, commanding the five greatest ships in the British navy, "pray like hell for fine weather."

What does he want with fine weather, anyway? breaks in Rodman, we're going to write about this. He doesn't want to see it. Why, once in Japan I wanted to get a scoop on an eclipse, so I wrote two accounts before the event, one for clear weather and one for clouds, sent them on to New York, and then on the day wired "Use account A," or "use account B," as the weather turned out. I think it was clouds."

At nightfall the great fleet still lay at anchor, the darkness twinkling with myriad lights and flashes as one ship signalled to another. One, in particular, from Beatty on the Queen Elizabeth, was of wide interest. It warned the officers and men of the Grand Fleet that the methods in which the late enemy had waged war were never to be forgotten for an instant during the coming months of internment, and that no intimacy of any sort would be tolerated as between Germans and Britons or Americans.

Then operation order 22 was circulated. In most formal language it told us of the morrow's bloodless Trafalgar arranged according to plan.

A sufficient force will proceed to sea to take over at rendezvous X those ships of the German high seas fleet selected for internment."

Beatty Takes No Risks. Operation order 22 showed that Beatty was taking no risks, and that he had tied the Germans down to a very definite navigation programme.

"What we fear mostly is a stunt by a submarine manned entirely by officers," explained a young American officer. "They might easily get a couple of our ships before being detected themselves. Any battle squadron that should be attacked has orders to scatter. The rest of the line will continue as if nothing had happened. But if a solitary gun turret moves on the German surface ships, why the whole darned lot will be blown out of the water."

The whole business makes you want to sit up and rub your temples. First people I've ever met who couldn't be even kicked into a ditch."

Five minutes later were watching "A Princess of the Blood" on the cinema and discussing movie stars. But this night of nights it was impossible to get away from the business in hand. "One of our patrol boats has picked them up 150 miles east of May Island, New York on the occasion of the visit of the King, the Prince of Wales and



IDEAL guardians of the home!

Paris, Oct. 3.—A cable from America says that instead of turning swords into plowshares, the manufacturers are turning radiators into grenades and shells. Apartment and home dwellers earnestly hope that after the war the American Radiator Company will return to making boilers and radiators, which are equally hot stuff.

Iron was so greatly needed for munitions for Our Boys that we stopped pushing the sale and manufacture of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators. Now with the ending of the War, coal economy again becomes the most urgent need and duty of all.

AMERICAN & IDEAL With IDEAL-AMERICAN RADIATORS & BOILERS to burn high priced coal heating there is no need

IDEAL Boilers hold enough coal to last 24 hours. All IDEAL Boilers are or may be fitted with an ARCO Temperature Regulator which automatically controls the draft and check-dampers—giving you little to liberal amount of heat to suit quick weather changes. Stops all fuel waste and saves "mind-bending fire," poking, and the fussing that is the aggravation of old-fashioned heating devices.

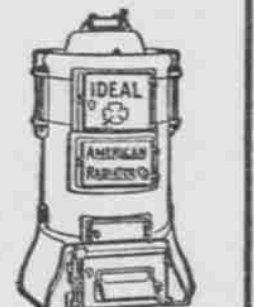


The ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaner is cellar- and piped from floor to floor. Put in any new or old home without tearing up. Now also made in two sweeper size for apartments, hotels, office buildings, etc. Fully guaranteed. Lasts for years. Sold on Easy Payments. Send for catalog.

Today's ideal bargain in heating

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators free you from the ancient pests of hot-lifting, fire-poking, ash-sifting, coal-gas breathing, blackening, annual storing, repair bills, fire-risk, etc. In all the world they have no equal—hence their use in over a million stores, schools, churches, offices, public buildings, farm and city homes, old or new, at home and abroad. Money put into these outfits is an investment—not an expense. Accept no substitute! No higher than asked for ordinary makes. Fully guaranteed.

To secure 5700 winter hours yearly of IDEAL heating comfort and economy, and to guard your home forever, ask for book (free) "Ideal Heating." Phone your local dealer today for estimate. Put in quickly without tearing up or disturbing present heater until ready to start fire in the IDEAL.



IDEAL Boilers have large fuel pots in which the air and coal gases thoroughly mix as in a modern gas or oil mantle or burner, thus extracting every bit of the heat from the fuel. Easier to run than a stove.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Sold by all dealers. No exclusive agents. Public showrooms at Chicago, New York, Boston, Providence, Worcester, Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Newark, Wilkes-Barre, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Albany, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Grand Rapids, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Louisville, Atlanta, Birmingham, New Orleans, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, St. Paul, St. Louis, Kansas City, Des Moines, Omaha, Denver, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland, Toronto, Branford (Ont.)

Write Department P-13 Yeon Building Portland

thoughts go wandering again. Here was the Kaiser's dream vanishing every minute into the Scottish mists. A dying navy—a navy that had kept Europe from sleeping peacefully in its bed for high 20 years—a navy built for trouble, complete from its intricate U-boat microphones to its pretty women agents dotted around the cap-

itals of Europe. And this was the end—staring methodically toward us out of the night in complete surrender.

So dawned The Day—a bloodless Trafalgar in which 47 battleships and battle cruisers, 35 cruisers and light cruisers and 200 destroyers of the proud fleet, totaling perhaps 100,000 personnel and covering a stretch of water 40

miles long by six wide, received the capitulation of 13 German battleships and battle cruisers, 6 light cruisers and 49 destroyers—manned by perhaps 17,000 officers and men under the nominal command of Admiral von Reuter, the real people in control being the lower deck.

The first ships left the Fifth of North in the chill mist of 3 A. M., and for the next four hours we were passed out to sea in one incessant stream. Beatty bringing up the rear, and weighing anchor on his flagship at 6 A. M. Throughout those memorable hours the commander-in-chief kept the

(Continued on Page 5, Column 1.)

COLUMBIA ALL WEEK. Advertisement for Columbia Pictures featuring Wallace Reid and Bill Parsons.

LIBERTY TODAY AND TUESDAY ONLY. Advertisement for Liberty Theatre featuring Lila Lee and Theodore Roberts in "Such a Little Pirate".