

PEACE IS SIGNED: GREAT WAR ENDS

Germans Put Signatures To Document First.

CHINESE DON'T SIGN

Final Surrender of Huns Made in Presence of World's Most Distinguished Personages.

Versailles, France, June 28.—The peace treaty was signed this afternoon in the historic Hall of Mirrors by the German peace delegation and their conquerors, formally ending the world's greatest war—a four-year struggle between the Teutonic auto-crates and 27 other nations.

The credentials of Dr. Hermann Mueller and Dr. Johannes Bell, German plenipotentiaries sent here to sign the treaty of peace, were approved this morning.

The peace treaty was deposited on the table in the Hall of Mirrors at 2:10 o'clock this afternoon by William Martin, of the French foreign office. It was enclosed in a stamped leather case.

Premier Clemenceau entered the palace at 2:20 o'clock.

A few minutes before 3 o'clock the 15 enlisted men from the American, British and French armies entered the hall amid decorous cheers.

President Wilson entered the Hall of Mirrors at 2:50 o'clock. All the delegates then were seated except the Chinese, who did not attend. The Chinese reiterated their intention not to sign.

The Germans entered the hall at exactly 3 o'clock.

Premier Clemenceau called the session to order at 3:10 o'clock.

Premier Clemenceau in opening the session said:

"The session is open. The allied and associated powers on one side and the German commission on the other side have come to an agreement on the conditions of peace. The treaty has been completed, drafted and the president of the conference has stated in writing that the text that is about to be signed now is identical with the 200 copies that have been delivered to the German delegation. The signatures will be given now and they amount to a solemn undertaking faithfully and loyally to execute the conditions embodied by this treaty of peace. I now invite the delegates of the German commission to sign the treaty."

Premier Clemenceau put the direct question to the Germans whether they were willing to sign and execute loyally all the terms. The other delegates did not arise when the Germans came into the hall.

The treaty was signed by Dr. Hermann Mueller at 3:12 and Dr. Johannes Bell for the Germans at 3:13 p. m. The American delegation signed in this order:

Secretary Lansing, Henry White, Colonel House and General Bliss.

The other delegations headed by the British signed after the American plenipotentiaries in the order set forth in the treaty.

General Jan Christian Smuts, one of the delegates representing the Union of South Africa, signed the treaty under protest. He objected to certain territorial settlements, making a lengthy statement.

General Smuts said that the indemnities stipulated could not be accepted without grave injustice to the industrial revival of Europe. He declared it would be to the interest of the allied powers to render the stipulations more tolerable and moderate.

All of the plenipotentiaries having signed the treaty, M. Clemenceau declared the session closed. (This paragraph was not timed at Versailles. It was received in Washington at 11:20 a. m.)

The protocol was signed by all those who signed the treaty. The Rhine arrangement was signed by the Germans, Americans, Belgians, British and French plenipotentiaries.

Mutiny on Front Denied.

New York.—Reports of a mutiny on the Archangel front last March among members of the 339th Infantry were vehemently denied Tuesday by Major J. Brooks Nichols of Detroit and Captain H. G. Winslow of Madison, Wis., commanding company I, the unit said to have been involved. Both officers returned on the transport Von Steuben, which brought back the first complete units to return from service in the Archangel sector.

STANDS FOR ALL TIME

Famous Phrase of Thomas Jefferson as True in This Year 1919 as in 1776.

"GOVERNMENTS are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." This famous phrase was written by Thomas Jefferson, in the preamble to the Declaration, on July 4, 1776.

"Mr. Jefferson," wrote John Adams in his autobiography, referring to the events of 1776, "had been now about a year a member of congress, but had attended his duty in the house a small part of the time, and, when there, had never spoken in public. During the whole time I sat with him in congress I never heard him utter three sentences together. It will naturally be inquired how it happened that he was appointed on a committee of such importance. Mr. Jefferson had the reputation of a masterly pen."

The committee which was appointed to prepare the Declaration consisted of Benjamin Franklin, aged seventy; Roger Sherman, fifty-five; John Adams, forty; Thomas Jefferson, thirty-three; and Robert E. Livingston, twenty-nine. Franklin was the patriarch of this immortal body, and Jefferson and Livingston were both young men, with their lives practically before them.



Thomas Jefferson.

"I gave Jefferson my vote for chairman of the committee," said Adams, "and did all in my power to secure the votes of others. I think he had one more vote than any other, and that placed him at the head of the committee. I had the next highest number, and that placed me second."

"A committee was appointed to prepare a 'Declaration of Independence' wrote Jefferson in his notes. 'The committee was J. Adams, Doctor Franklin, Roger Sherman, Robert E. Livingston and myself. . . . The committee for drafting the Declaration desired me to do it. It was accordingly done, and, before approved by

Philadelphia Lawyer Architect of Building Where Immortal Declaration Was Signed.

Independence hall stands not only as the place of rest for the Liberty bell, but as the old Pennsylvania statehouse, and the building wherein the Declaration of Independence was signed in 1776, with John Hancock at its head. It is still in excellent preservation, and its quaint red and white front and brick belfry give it an air of romance and antiquity.

For many years it was unknown who was the designer of the old statehouse, now better known as Independ-



ence hall. But the discovery about forty years ago of the identical design, now in the Pennsylvania Historical society's collection, set the question at rest.

It was none other than Andrew Hamilton, who not only held high office in the province, but as a lawyer made the reputation of the Philadelphia bar. This was accomplished when he was invited to New York to defend the printer, Zenger, and contended successfully for the liberty of the press, the first time the subject had been settled in a court of law in this country.

Nation's Great Destiny. Our country is a fact so fast, so tremendous in its import and bearings, that the mind can hardly grasp it. It reminds us of the Almighty. It suggests omnipotence.

And yet it may be truthfully said that the nation has scarcely begun its career. Great as it is, it is but an infant compared with what it is destined to become.—Rev. T. B. Gregory.

Continental's Dark Days. In the first part of the Revolution the states were taxed to provide money for feeding the army, but later they were required to send the food itself instead of money. It was then that things were at the lowest ebb for the Continental armies.

An Urgent Celebration

By Willis Brooks.

My father was Marshal one Fourth of July,
And made a long-lasting impression,
With his sash and his sword and a plume waving high,
As he gallantly rode a gay thoroughbred by
At the head of the gorgeous procession.

In a garlanded chariot next to the band
My mother was Liberty's Goddess;
With a cap on her head and a sword in her hand,
Beguined in the stripes of our glorious land,
Set off with a star-spangled bodice.

You see, this was ever so long, long ago—
Before they were known to each other;
And, of course, since he wasn't so much as her beau,
Neither one of them had any reason to know
That they were my father and mother.

Now the Marshal, you know, is expected to ride
Up and down the whole length of the column;
And the Goddess is always supposed to preside
As the guardian of Freedom, America's pride,
With a dignity stately and solemn.

For a Marshal is one who's appointed to see
That the marchers are all in their stations;
And a Goddess, of course, is expected to be
So far above earthly enticements that she
Will indulge in no human flirtations.

But I've heard people say 'twas the talk of the town
That this Marshal was so patriotic
He pranced and cavorted his steed up and down
Within sight of the red, white and blue of that gown
As if held there by fetters despotic.

And that Goddess, I'm told, without turning her head,
Saw each of these purposeful prances,
And reflected her colors from cheeks blushing red
Under temples of white; and her eyes, it is said,
Were bright with the blue of her glances.

So, that's how it comes that the Fourth of July
Provokes me to glad celebration.
If the Marshal and Goddess had let it go by
And taken no part, who the dickens would I
Have been in the scheme of Creation?

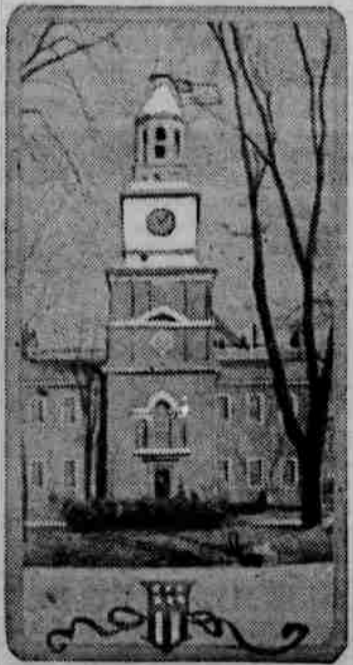
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DESIGNED FAMOUS OLD HALL

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The Son of Tarzan

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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KORAK PERSUADES HIS BABOON FRIENDS TO HELP HIM HUNT MERIEM—THEY RAID BLACK VILLAGE BUT GET NO TRACE OF HER

Synopsis.—A scientific expedition off the African coast rescues a human derelict, Alexis Paulvitch. He brings aboard an ape, intelligent and friendly, and reaches London. Jack, son of Lord Greystoke, the original Tarzan, has inherited a love of wild life and steals from home to see the ape, now a drawing card in a music hall. The ape makes friends with him and refuses to leave Jack despite his trainer. Tarzan appears and is joyfully recognized by the ape, for Tarzan had been king of his tribe. Tarzan agrees to buy Akut, the ape, and send him back to Africa. Jack and Akut become great friends. Paulvitch is killed when he attempts murder. A thief tries to kill Jack, but is killed by Akut. They flee together to the jungle and take up life. Jack rescues an Arabian girl and takes her into the forest. He is wounded and Meriem is stolen. The bad Swedes buy her from Kovudoo, the black. Malibhu kills Jensen fighting for the girl. Bwana comes to the rescue and takes her to his wife.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

He persuaded them to aid him in rescuing Meriem and attacking the village of Kovudoo, calling to mind how he had saved their king. And so they came, upon the second day, to the village of Kovudoo. It was mid-afternoon. The village was sunk in the quiet of the great equatorial sun heat. The mighty herd traveled quietly now. Beneath the thousands of padded feet the forest gave forth no greater sound than might have been produced by the increased sighing of a stronger breeze through the leafy branches of the trees.

Korak was in the lead. Close beside the village they halted until the stragglers had closed up. Now utter silence reigned.

The king of the baboons was anxious to revenge himself upon Kovudoo, and so the band was quickly organized. Korak, creeping stealthily, entered the tree that overhung the palisade. He glanced behind him. The pack was close upon his heels. The time had come. He had warned them continuously during the long march that no harm must befall the white woman ape who lay a prisoner within the village. All others were their legitimate prey.

Then, raising his face toward the sky, he gave voice to a single cry. It was the signal.

In response 3,000 hairy bulls leaped screaming and barking into the village of the terrified blacks. Warriors poured from every hut. Mothers gathered their babies in their arms and fled toward the gates as they saw the horrid horde pouring into the village street. Kovudoo marshaled his fighting men about him and, leaping and yelling to arouse their courage, offered a bristling, spear-tipped front to the charging horde.

Korak, as he had led the march, led the charge. The blacks were struck with horror and dismay at the sight of this white-skinned youth at the head of a pack of hideous baboons.

For an instant they held their ground, hurling their spears once at the advancing multitude. But before they could fit arrows to their bows they wavered, gave and turned in terrified rout. Into their ranks, upon their backs, sinking strong fangs into the muscles of their necks, sprang the baboons, and first among them, most ferocious, most bloodthirsty, most terrible, was Korak, the killer.

At the village gates, through which the blacks poured in panic, Korak left them to the tender mercies of his allies and turned himself eagerly toward the hut in which Meriem had been a prisoner.

It was empty. One after another the filthy interiors revealed the same disheartening fact—Meriem was in none of them. That she had not been taken by the blacks in their flight from the village Korak knew, for he had watched carefully for glimpse of her among the fugitives.

To the mind of the ape man, knowing as he did the proclivities of the savages, there was but a single explanation—Meriem had been killed and eaten. With the conviction that Meriem was dead, there surged through Korak's brain a wave of blood-red rage against those he believed to be her murderers. In the distance he could hear the snarling of the baboons mixed with the screams of their victims, and toward this he made his way.

In the distance Kovudoo was gathering his scattered tribesmen and taking account of injuries and losses. His people were panic-stricken. Nothing could prevail upon them to remain longer in this country. They would not even return to the village for their belongings. Instead they insisted upon continuing their flight until they had put many miles between themselves and the stamping ground of the white demon whose hordes had so bitterly attacked them.

And thus it befell that Korak drove from their homes the only people who might have aided him in a search for Meriem and cut off the only connecting link between him and her from whomsoever might come in search of him from the dour of the kindly Bwana who had befriended his little jungle sweetheart.

The white man's wife, whom Meriem had christened "My Dear" from having first heard her thus addressed by Bwana, took not only a deep interest in the little jungle waif because of her forlorn and friendless state, but grew to love her as well for her sunny disposition and natural charm of temperament. And Meriem, similarly im-

pressed by like attributes in the gentle, cultured woman, reciprocated the other's regard and affection.

And so the days flew by while Meriem waited the return of the head man and his party from the country of Kovudoo. They were short days, for into them were crowded many hours of insidious instruction of the unlettered child by the lonely woman.

She commenced at once to teach the girl English without forcing it upon her as a task. She varied the instruction with lessons in sewing and deportment, nor once did she let Meriem guess that it was not all play. Nor was this difficult, since the girl was avid to learn.

Then there were pretty dresses to be made to take the place of the single leopard skin, and in this she found the child as responsive and enthusiastic as any civilized miss of her acquaintance.

A month passed before the head man returned, a month that had transformed the savage, little, half-naked Mangani into a daintily frocked girl of at least outward civilization. Meriem had progressed rapidly with the intricacies of the English language, for Bwana and My Dear persistently refused to speak Arabic from the time they had decided that Meriem must learn English, which had been a day or two after her introduction into their home.

But, docile as Meriem was in these matters, there was one thing that she insisted on during her entire stay with the kind white folk, and that was her personal freedom to make excursions into the jungle, attired very much as she had been when with Korak, whenever she chose. Bwana and My Dear got used in time to finding her room empty and to have her turn up hours later, flushed and radiant, after a wild romp through the trees and jungle.

Thus it was that, despite the civilized boots she wore and the confining feminine garb, the soles of her hard little feet and the palms of her capable hands remained exceedingly serviceable, nor did her grace and agility suffer.

The report of the head man plunged Meriem into a period of despondency, for he had found the village of Kovudoo deserted, nor, search as he would, could he discover a single native any-



He Wound His Trunk About the Ape Man's Body.

where in the vicinity. For some time he had camped near the village, spending the days in a systematic search of the environs for traces of Meriem's Korak. But in this quest, too, he had failed. He had seen neither apes nor ape man.

Meriem at first insisted upon setting forth herself in search of Korak, but Bwana prevailed upon her to wait. He would go, he assured her, as soon as he could find the time, and at last Meriem consented to abide by his wishes. But it was months before she ceased to mourn almost hourly for her Korak.

It was about this time that a runner brought a letter that, when she learned the contents, filled Meriem with excitement. Visitors were coming! A number of English ladies and gentlemen had accepted My Dear's invitation to spend a month of hunting and exploring with them.

The Honorable Mr. Baynes meets Meriem and falls in love with her. She is threatened with an old danger in a new guise.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The White Sea. The White sea in northwestern Russia is a branch of the Arctic ocean extending into the provinces of Archangel. The sea is about 100 miles wide between the Kanin and Kola peninsulas, but it narrows to less than 50 farther south, widens again and forms three gulfs—the Kandak gulf, that of Archangel, into which the River Dwina falls, and that into which the River Onega falls. The sea-route into the White sea was discovered in 1553 by Richard Chancellor, a daring English sailor, who was brought up in the household of the father of the famous Sir Philip Sidney.