

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 autocracies 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 2:19 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.

Drugs Taken From Boat.

Seattle.—Federal customs officers, it became known Monday, while searching the Blue Funnel liner Cyclops Saturday found opium and cocaine said to be worth over \$200,000. The liner arrived here Saturday from the Orient. Efforts were being made to find the smugglers who attempted to bring the drugs into this country. Officers said the seizure was the largest of its kind ever made in the United States.

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



Thomas Jefferson.

ed 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.

"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 R. Livingston and myself. . . . The committee for drafting the Declaration desired me to do it. It was accordingly done, and, before approved by



I am very respectfully,
Yours most affectionately,
John Adams

them, I reported it to the house on Friday, June 28, when it was read and ordered to lie on the table."

Amid all the changes in the phraseology of the Declaration before it was finally adopted, the sentence of the headline remained intact, and just as Jefferson originally presented it.

The paragraph which led up to the quoted words is always worthy of being printed, and never more so than now:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

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,
Begowned 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 graces
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

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 Independence Hall.



Independence Hall.

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.

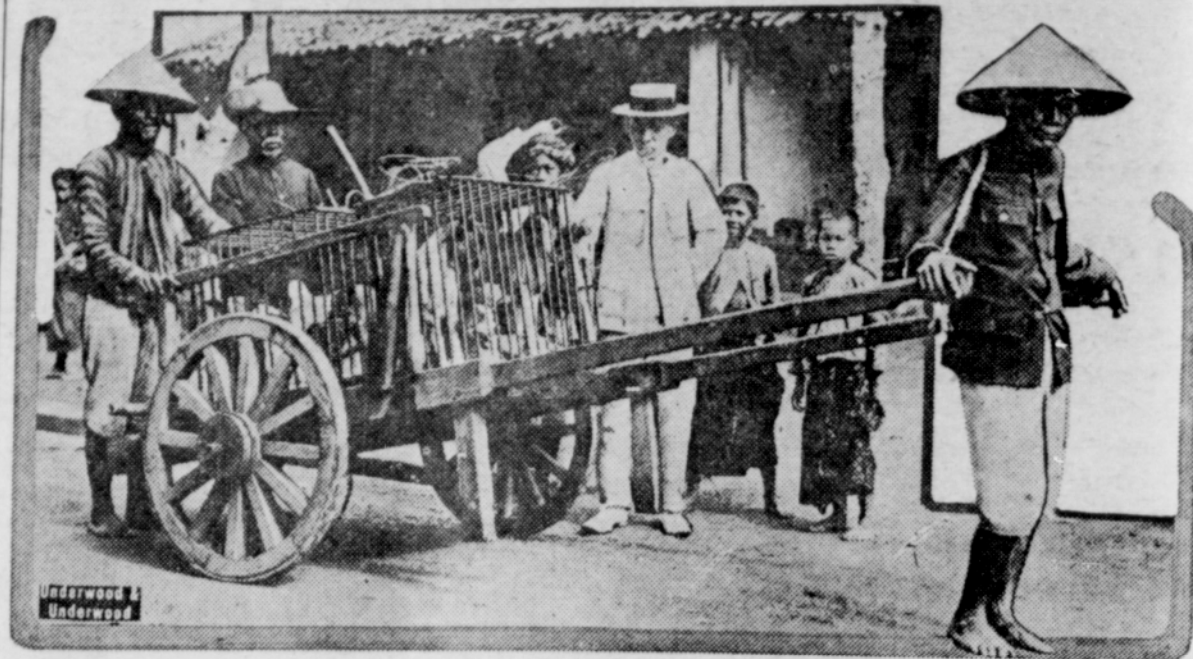
It was none other than Andrew Hamilton, who not only held high office in the province, but as a lawyer made the reputation of the Philadelphia bar. This was accomplished when he was invited to New York to defend the printer, Zenger, and contended successfully for the liberty of the press, the first time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

WHERE VOLCANO KILLED THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE



This is the dog catcher of a town in that part of Java that was devastated recently by the eruption of the volcano of Kalut. Some 45,000 persons are said to have lost their lives. The dog catcher in that region is important because the natives are fond of roast canine flesh.

SEEING BATTLEFIELDS AND RUINED AREAS OF FRANCE FOR FIRST TIME

Writer Describes Sensations Experienced at First Sight of Devastation Left in Wake of War—Admiration for the Wonderful Spirit of the French People—Abandoned War Material on All Sides.

By C. S. CLARK.

Paris, France.—Standing amid the ruins of Fort Douaumont, just beyond Verdun, and surveying the spectacle of ruined villages, the tortured earth, the wasted and shell-torn regions—the awful destruction and desolation stretching league after league in every direction—one does not feel that the peace terms handed to the German delegation at Versailles are too severe. One cannot look upon this work of fiends and feel that any punishment or any indemnities are too great for the nation responsible for the scenes that are everywhere apparent throughout the northern part of France and Belgium.

We followed the road taken by the second and third American armies on their way to the Argonne and Chateau Thierry sectors. Over hills, through valleys and quaint villages runs the road, as straight as an arrow for over a hundred kilometers, (about two kilometers to a mile) bordered on both sides by trees, which when their foliage is out, forms a complete archway of the road. So straight are the roads constructed by the government that frequently you can see the next town at a distance of ten miles, usually with the cathedral standing apparently at the head of the street. Villages nestled on the hillsides or perched on the crest of a hill, come into view and disappear as we speed along an almost perfect "rue nationale" which connects the principal cities of France.

Scenes of Great Beauty.

These picturesque villages, with their houses of cement or stucco, red-tiled roofs, upon a background of green, present a scene that would enrapture the heart of an artist. The colors of the scenery and the sky in France are incomparable.

Passing through Claye, Meaux and Montmirail toward Châlons, there are acres of farm land on both sides of the roadway. Hundreds of acres are under cultivation and one wonders where the men and women who till the land come from, for often there are no houses in sight for many miles.

At the inn of the "Gallant of the Green Castle" in Montmirail, we stopped for the night. The inn had not been heated for months and, of course, the bedding was very damp. Otherwise our rooms were most homelike and we spent a comfortable night.

While the dew was still upon the grass we speeded toward St. Menes and Verdun. Soon we came to within sight of the first grave—it was that of an aviator—in the center of a wheat field. The soldier had been buried where he fell. We passed hundreds of such graves during the next few hours.

The roadway was becoming more uneven where the shell holes had not been filled up, and we found it necessary to reduce our speed. Entire villages were deserted, and gaping shell holes in the houses, the shattered roofs

and the devastation needed no explanation. We passed abandoned airplanes, army trucks, camions and guns of every description.

We passed numerous German prisoner camps. Eight hundred thousand prisoners are being utilized wherever possible in repairing the buildings, roadways and the part of the damage they have done.

The Debris of War.
Nearing Verdun we came upon many storehouses filled with ammunition—shells, hand grenades, and other war material—that has never been removed from the containers. What to do with the tons and tons of this ammunition is one of the after-war problems.

Miles and miles of narrow-gauge railroad lines were constructed over which the ammunition and supplies were sent to the front. These railroad tracks, for many miles, are still undisturbed.

Not a single entire house remains standing in Verdun, at one time the home of 25,000 civilians. Where once there were homes is now only a mountain of stones, brick, rubbish and gaping walls. The fort is intact—at no point did the German guns penetrate the walls. We walked through four miles of tunnels under the forts, in which the inhabitants lived with the soldiers during a part of the time the city was under fire.

Fort Douaumont, ten miles beyond Verdun, is merely a heap of stones and debris, entirely surrounded for miles by torn and tortured earth resembling a plowed field, excepting for the craters made by exploding shells. Here were the bones and skulls of dead Germans, empty shells, helmets and gas masks. Some of the dugouts remain in the hillsides. This is a most desolate spot on the earth excepting possibly "No Man's Land" between Châlons and Reims.

Reluctantly we retraced our steps and returned to St. Menes. Here we found an inn where we put up for the night.

Bright and early with the sun at our backs we started on a 70-mile ride to Reims. By noon it was snowing hard. The road between Châlons and Reims had not been put in as good repair as in some other sections. Shell holes forced us to proceed cautiously.

Desolation Everywhere.
We followed the Hindenburg line, which we crossed and recrossed several times during the morning. Miles of barbed-wire entanglements, dugouts, trenches and abandoned huts stretched along the roadway. No Man's land stretched before us for miles. We reached Fort de la Pompe shortly after noon. The fort had been leveled to the ground, but we were able to proceed 70 feet below the ground and along the tunnels leading to No Man's land. The bones of dead bodies and horses are still buried. Here we found abandoned tanks and guns.

Reims, a city of 125,000 before the war, with many fine public buildings, including the cathedral, now has less than a dozen buildings standing and a population of 7,000 people. Refugees are just beginning to come back, and a few shops are being opened. The beautiful cathedral with its wonderful stained glass windows where kings have been blessed, is a mass of ruins with nothing but the walls standing. German prisoners were removing the stones, bricks and mortar from where the roof had fallen to the auditorium below. It was estimated that it would take a hundred prisoners weeks to remove the debris.

German prisoners are being used to repair the parts of the buildings that can be used as temporary quarters and in rebuilding the sewers and water systems. It was here we saw Germans hitched to wagons taking the

place of the horses they have killed or stolen.

Work of Fiends.

The members of our party shuddered as we gazed on the spectacle of this ruined city. Could this be the work of men or of fiends? Can such wounds be healed? Can the Germans who inflicted this destruction ever obtain forgiveness?

To those in America whose only interest in war has been a desire to get over here "before everything is all cleaned up," I can send the message that they need not fret if they are delayed a year or two. Their children's children will still look upon the ruins of invaded France.

With the sun of spring but a few days old, it already begins to smell bad in western Belgium and north-eastern France. Bones of men and horses are all about unburied. Great piles of ammunition and lines of trenches lie just as if the troops had marched away yesterday. No progress has been made in the restoration of homes, factories or stores.

Mile after mile we sped through wrecked towns and villages in which civilian residents are just being permitted to return.

Vicious Desecration.

We stopped at a once famous country villa. The beautiful home had been occupied by German officers. When we went from room to room and found filthy pictures and obscene poems scribbled and scrawled upon the walls, when we found priceless tapestries with spikes deliberately driven through them, when we found statues deliberately knocked about with rifle butts and everything movable carried away, we wondered what sort of men had dwelt therein.

Just as it seemed our hearts could stand no more, we came upon a little group of laughing, kissing country folks—one of our party caught enough of the conversation to learn that mamma goat had just successfully increased the population with a baby goat—and France could even smile with so little assistance.

We returned with increased admiration of the French nation and a greater appreciation of the hardships that had been endured so heroically.

Martyrdom of France.

No more pregnant emotion can grip the human soul than those inspired by the scene we had beheld. Here men fought for empire and left their mark on nature. These ruined villages, this tortured earth, this awful desolation—stretching for miles in every direction—unite in showing what men will do when they put on the livery of imperial militarism.

We know now what France has suffered, and we know that all she has lost is a loss to the whole world. Her awful martyrdom, her heroic endurance, her indomitable fortitude cry aloud from these heaps of stone which were once peaceful homes or the centers of industrial prosperity, now stilled for a brief time only. In this war the spirit of evil sat upon the throne and sent his slaves to challenge civilization. In the providence of God the end was certain. That end we saw on the battlefield, for there despotism died and the new justice for France and for the cause of right was born.

We returned to Paris through Chateau Thierry with the conviction that not a tenth of the devastation, destruction and looting has ever been told or ever can be.

I have since read the peace terms with a new understanding and I do not wonder at their severity.

SPIDERS "CUT IN" ON CABLES

Insects Interfere With Telegraphic Work in South America by Causing Short Circuits.

Buenos Aires—Spider webs are working havoc with land ends of cable communication from Argentina, Brazil and parts of Chile to the United States, as well as interfering with interior telegraphic routes in South America.

The ground spider spins a heavy web which the wind sometimes wraps around the wires. These masses become very damp during a humid spell and short circuits are caused.

Large forces of linemen are following the wires across the pampas and the mountains, removing the accumulations.