TRAGEDY REVEALED BY GERMAN'S DIARY

Story by Hans von Tuebinger Tells of Sinking Ship With His Sweetheart Aboard.

RECORD SAVED BY STEALTH

to explain the attraction which we feel toward one whom we regard beautiful more than toward one whom we turn away from as homely," I said.

"You are mistaken," replied Sven.

"Beauty in a woman is put there by nature for the very highest purpose—namely, to attract. And why attract? For the very purpose for which nature produces all of us—to perpetuate the various species and preserve them in their normal condition. That is why short women love tall men, fat women lean men, weak women strong men, and vice versa, cach appearing beautiful to his or her opposite. If big women loved only big men, fat women only fat men, and so forth, the human race would be thrown out of balance. We would be thrown out of balance. We would become bigger, fatter, more herculean or smaller, weaker, leaner than nature designed us to be. Hence, again, Hans, I say, adaptability to the end is the sum and substance of beauty."

Sven's sister re-entered the room. I did not think the turn our discussion had taken would be understood or appreciated by her, and so, telling Sven that I would try to chew, swallow and digest what he had told me, I asked his sister to play something for us on the plane.

the plane.

No coaxing was required. Morely saying that she would in return for her compliance look to an induigent criticism for whatever shortcomings I would detect, she at once sat down and played. After several popular airs the played, at my further request, a considerable portion of Beethoven's "Kreutser Sonata," which has always beep my favorite. Somehow, whenever I listen to that wonderful world dream of sound I feel as if the whole universe was passing in review before my imagination. While nothing definite is "spoken," yet there is a something in the sounds that conjures up a world vision with all the different thrills, passions and emotions which fill the human heart. The girl played well. I was enraptured.

1914-5 April.

tongue? With the heart ready to dissolve, melted by the heart of affection, why should a man become a poltroon and fear to speak his mind to her for whose lightest word and faintest smile he was yearning?

Welf, I was afraid and I performed some of the most ludicrous things in my efforts to hide from Minna the love which I was longing to disclose. In almost everything I said I would "put the cart before the horse," and at times I would utter thoughts for which I would blush when I woke up at night and began pondering them—they seemed so absurdly silly for one who was past his 22d year.

Two weeks ago, Minna, Sven and I went to a concert. I was so absentmined that I could not follow the programme with anything like an intelligent interest. How often had I reproached others for being distracted during performances or white some body else was speaking in their presence. And now here was I listening to exquisite flusie yet searcely hearing it, attending only to the tumultuous exquisite flusie yet searcely hearing it, attending only to the tumultuous vurging of my heart, which was yearning for the love of Minna and yet prompting me to ineptitudes, the least of which might have turned from me with contempt even a friend.

"Could Lissat himself have played that rhapsodie better" commented Minna.

"Wretched, wasn't it?" was my reply.

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Almost immediately I saw the mistake I had made, and only made it worse by trying to wriggle out of it. "It you liked it." I said, "It undoubted! must have been beyond all praise."

Minna laughed merrily, which only made me the more wretched. Sven, too, seemed to be greatly amused.

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"My treasure?" I neked rather estranged and wholly unable to comprehend the meaning.
"Where one's treasure is, there also is his heart," said Sven, quoting from the Bible, then adding, "let us at least hope that she who is capable of luring your mind away from such wonderful music is as attractive a personality as our imagination would like to picture

I wondered whether Minna, too, be I wondered whether ainta, too, be-lieved that another woman was the subject of my thoughts. "I must plead absent-mindedness," I said, "but I hope you will believe that, although my mind was away 'gathering wool,' as the saying is, my heart at least remained right here."
"Bravely said" raplied Syen, "but

"Bravely said," replied Sven, "but when, pray, and by what express are you going to forward your heart to her for whom your thoughts had gone out

Transfer From First Vessel Welcomed, as Members of Crew Are Declared to Like Their Business of Butchery Too Well.

——that is the secret of beauty. You, as an arthst, should know this."

I did not like to submit without a struggle. "But that theory falls utterly to explain the attraction which we feel toward one whom we regard beautiful more than toward one whom we turn away from as homely," I said.

"You are mistaken," replied Sven. "Beauty in a woman is put there by nature for the very highest purpose namely, to attract. And why attract? For the very purpose for which mature produces all of us—to perpetuate the various species and preserve them in their normal condition. That is why in the source of the very wonden to gather wool?"

"No. Sven, honestly, there is no such woman in my mind." And then, remembering that there was and that she was sitting right beside me, I began has told ne that she loved me, even when I least suspected it, almost from the beginning, and that is changed. Minna has told me that is changed. Minna has told me that is chonged more unhappy every moment.

But now all that is changed. Minna has told me that is changed. Minna has told me that is chought at the concert, and felt a keen pity for me.

Why are we not trained from child-hood to speak out our minds frankly concerning all our feelings? I wonder how that would work out in the end. I would have been spared much untappiness if I had been able to utter to distilusion the words that kept sticking my throat. But, on the other hand, would so much frankness not tend to distilusion the words that they would so much frankness not tend to distilusion the words that were giving me so much agony at the concert, and felt a keen pity for me.

Why are we not trained from child-hood to speak out our minds frankly concerning all our feelings? I wonder how that would work out in the end. I would have been spared much untappiness if I had been able to utter to distilusion the words that keep to sticking in the words that the produces all of us—to pe with a religious reverence and awe. Unless love is a religion it cannot but have an alloy of baseness. My affection for Minna has taught me this. My love for her is a religion.

> Busy all day and late into the night at the easel. Minna was here twice watching me daub for an hour each time. Dear child! She encouraged me, although I feel that there is something lacking — an indefinable nuance — the more or less of which differentiates

> Sven, too, was here and told roundly that he considers me an ass for doubting my ability to paint. "Why, just see how natural that dog looks,

"And that setting sun," added Minna. "Can paint do more?" asked Sven. But, flattering though this praise was the dream. to my vanity, I felt in my own heart that all I had achieved was what my

photographic camera, plus a little coloring, might have done. Art is not to copy, but to reproduce nature.

Fritz Launig, my brother art student from Munich, was here in the afternoon and was less lenient than Minna or Syen. Minna or Sven.

Minna or Sven.
"You've copied nature admirably,
Hans," he said, "but you have merely
shown an individual dog barking at an
individual cow."
"Well, was not that my purpose;" I

asked.
"An artist, whether consciously or unconsciously, always shows in his productions the thing nature aims at

much dandruff you may have. You will find, too, that all itching and

COMMANDER.

The most remarkable, the most fascinating document to come out of the war has been obtained for publication in The Sunday Oregonian-"The Diary of a U-Boat Commander." Love, romance, drama, tragedy are woven through the narrative in sequences that might have been the product of a Victor Hugo's Never more surely was proved the old epigram that

"truth is stranger than fiction." How many more Prussian submarine commanders are like Lieutenant-Commander Hans von Tuebinger, placed in charge of the U-13 just after the war began, is hard to say. Few, certainly. None, probably.

His death-he committed suicide-was described in The Oregonian several weeks ago. By accident Von Tuebinger had slain sweetheart when he destroyed her father's schooner. The girl's brother was killed by of the submarine's crew During the Summer the U-boat sank a Norwegian steamship in the North Sea and 10 of the vessel's complement were killed in the explosion. The day following. Von Tuebinger, cursing the Kaiser, Von Tirpitz and the war, jumped from the conning tower of his craft into the sea and was

After the submarine returned to its base the crew gathered together the belongings of their

his majesty, our Kaiser, Fritz' fist—a most ponderous weapon—shot out and, catching the Briton on the chim, felled him. The poor fellow is in a hospital.

To me it has always seemed silly to discuss either nationallty or religion with one who takes radically opposite views. Sven, too, shares my opinion.

"Whenever I hear anybody brag about the country to which he belongs," said Sven, on learning of the sinister turn the encounter between Fritz and the Englishman had taken. "I always make up my mind that he must be lacking in personal merits and, in order to count for something, has to fall back upon the reflected luster of instince."

acts which his sober, more leisurely reflection would never sanction. We always ought to remember the worries and woes and unhappiness which all of us are heir to, and then we would be more forgiving and sympathetic, and the world would be a more desirable place to live in and we would find our surroundings more tolerable."

"Well, then, why did you strike the Englishman?" Sven asked.

"You know my philosophy, Sven." replied Fritz. "Our mind is a function of the brain. It is born with the brain, grows with its growth and is subject to whatever alterations affect the brain, and when the brain perishes there is no legitimate reason to believe that the mind—the brain function—will continue to live any more than there is reason to believe that digestion—the stomach function—will continue after the stomach is gone. Nevertheless there are within us many feelings, emotions, passions which are altogether independent of the mind and which the mind merely serves to call into active play by presenting appropriate objects to them. For instance, when Hans sees a woman who is an entire stranger to him, do you think he experiences the same emotions as when he sees Minna? His mind shows him both girls, yet that within him which is capable of love remains unmoved in the presence of the stranger, while in the presence of Minna it flares up into a blazing flame. So far as his mind is concerned he is able to receive both impressions with unemotional impartiality.

"Now, that which loves and hates, which fears or hopes, which longs for or dreads, which fears or hopes, which longs for or dreads, which fears or hopes, which longs for or dreads, which fears or hopes, which longs for or dreads, which fears or hopes, which longs for or dreads, which fears or hopes, which longs for or dreads, which fears or hopes, which longs for or dreads, which fears or hopes, which longs for or dreads.

"Now, that which loves and hates, which fears or hopes, which longs for or dreads, which feels attraction or repulsion, is that which, for lack of a more comprehensive word, I call the will. This will is the primitive, unchanging element within us. It is utterly independent of our mind, except in so far as our mind brings before it the objects which serve as motives and cause it to react in accordance with its attraction or repulsion or leave the will unmoved if it entertains an indifference toward those motives. w. that which loves and hates,

leave the will unmoved if it entering the belongings of their commander, including the diary he valued so highly, and amusgled them to a close friend in one of the Scandinavian capitals. Today The Orgonian prints the first installment of this diary. Successive installments will be published on September 30 and October 7. The work was so large and covered such as wide range of observations that in editing if for publication only its more generally interesting portions have been used.

And Minna may never be aroused from the dream."

Fritz Launig sent for me early this morning. He was locked up in a police station. I had to enlist the interest of Capitain Lersen's most influential friends to persuade the authorities to accept ball. Eritz had met his English enemy again, and the original friends to persuade the authorities to accept ball. Fritz had met his English mem, and the original seems, Fritz took the initiative, and when his lordship spoke ansersingly of his majesty, our Kaiser, Fritz fist—a most ponderous weapon—shot out and catching the Briton on the chin, felled him. The poor fellow is in a hospital.

Today The Orgonian prints of the best proposition of the will published on September 30 and October 7. The work was been used.

Such as the crew gathered to such as the best proposition of the will published on September 30 and October 7. The work was so large and covered such as will be published on September 30 and October 7. The work was so large and covered such as wide in the first the first the first the first and propore the will often steps in and vetoes the mind recognizes a certain course of action to be right and proper the will memboys to show it the objects which it craves. When the objects whi

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feroclous and cruel? One French writer calls man 'the pre-eminently criminal unimal.' And, indeed, what other animal besides man, not even excluding the hyena and tiger, slays except in rage or to appease hunger? Man is the only creature that slays for a pastime—the only one that goes hunting to augment his pleasure. It makes my blood boil to see ministers of the gospel with the New Testament in one hand and the hunting-knife in the other; their tongues uttering words of mercy, their hearts lusting for the destruction of their fellow creatures; their brains

nation's fury may come to know no countries which are beginning it. All bounds and can be lulled only by mon. Europe will be afiame, and it would be

strous acts of revenge.

"And, my dear children"—Fritz is two years older than Sven and I, but 20 years wiser and better informed; hence the paternal tone—"that is why I look forward to another seven years' war.

Europe will be afiame, and it, would be astonishing if the other continents each astonishing is as the continents each astonishing is as the continents each astonishing is as the continents eac

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done greater emotional work than in this tense, quick-action play of blackmail, politics, love and intrigue. It's one of those "what will happen next?" dramas—logical, powerful, absorbing. Every character true to type, from the ward-heeler (Riley Hatch) to the clever little society woman (Fredericks). There's snap, action, life in this play of wits.

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