

Editorial Page of The Capital Journal

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GOVERNMENTS OF FOR AND BY THE PEOPLE

King Constantine has quit kinging and has gone house-hunting in Switzerland. He turned his old job over to his son, so as to keep it in the family as long as possible, which probably will not be long. The people of the whole world are learning that kings are not so by "divine right," but simply by the consent of the governed. They are discovering that governments are assemblages of people whose object is, or should be, the protection and happiness of the governed. It matters little what name a government may travel under so long as it is accountable to the people. England is practically a republic though it is called a kingdom; but the people rule and what they demand they get just as surely as do the citizens of a republic in fact as well as name. The "divine right of kings" is an exploded theory, there remaining but two examples of this kind in civilized countries and when the war ends there will be none. The German people do not understand it but it is a fact just the same, that this war will end when they have a government selected by them in place of the one that has brought the present terrible conditions upon them. Had the people of Germany had the deciding voice this war would not have occurred, and millions of the flower of their country would not now be rotting in graves made by bursting shells whose terrific explosions were the only funeral services.

There would not now be in Germany and Austria millions of hopeless cripples, thousands of sturdy men from whom the light is shut out forever. There would not be desolate homes from whence father and son have departed never to return. There would not be a debt which generations yet unborn must struggle to pay. There would not be sorrow in the homes of the German peasants where, before a government in which they had no part, ordered them to their deaths, peace and happiness were the rule where now is all darkness and despair. If governments are for the benefit and happiness of the governed, what a staggering crime the kaiser and his military advisers have committed against the people of Germany and of the world. Instead of using this great, his boundless powers for the good of his people, crazed by ambition and misled by the hawks and vultures of the human family, he has plunged a nation of seventy millions into the depths of despair. The kaiser has done this because he holds he is responsible only to God, and he considers himself a sort of partner with divinity. Had he been responsible to the people the war would never have occurred, for he would have known it would have cost him his place. All the allies want; all this country wants, is that the German people organize a government responsible to themselves, that the danger of another such war may be forever removed, and that at last the whole world may be at peace. The war is to make the world free, to give every government full and equal rights to live at peace, and this, whether they are strong or weak. To have the world ruled by what is right rather than by what might compels. When this is accomplished Germany can have peace, and until it is, there must be war, relentless, determined war.

It was a fine exhibition of loyalty and a beautiful expression of appreciation when Antone Wirth, an Austrian by birth, and an American citizen by adoption, appeared in the Ladd & Bush bank yesterday and subscribed for a liberty bond. He was born in Austria in 1826, and is therefore 92 years old. He took out his first papers in this country in 1857, and served through the civil war most of the time under Sherman. His eyes were shining as with laborious fingers he traced out his application for a bond, and he remarked to the person waiting on him that when he renounced allegiance to his native land and swore allegiance to this he meant it and made no mental reservations. He said he had a kindly feeling toward the land of his birth, but that this was his country made so by his deliberate choice and it was here his children and theirs would live, and so he wanted to do something to help his country. The venerable patriot resides with his son at 2056 Fairgrounds road, and came down town for the special purpose of putting up his mite to help "his country."

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LIBERTY BOND SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED

AN EVIDENCE OF "KULTUR"

A fleet of fifty German airships raided London yesterday and murdered nearly a hundred civilians. Among these were ten school children killed when a bomb struck the school house, and at the same time wounding some fifty other pupils. We use the term "murdered" advisedly, for it surely can be called nothing else, when soldiers deliberately attack and kill non-combatants, especially women and children. If these little ones had been killed because of their presence in a fortified town which was attacked, their deaths could and would be ascribed to the vicissitudes of war. There was nothing of this kind here. It was an attack deliberately made on a peaceful community. There was no advantage to be gained, nothing to be accomplished except what was accomplished, the murder of a number of women, school children and old men. The killing of these could in no wise help the German cause, or have any effect on the result of the war. It was done ostensibly to terrorize the people of England, but if that, as the German's claim, was the reason of these raids, then they are utterly futile, for they only serve to enrage the English people and make them the more determined to remove from the world the militarism that indorses and puts in operation such warfare. Not only that but it solidifies the sentiment of the civilized world against this peculiar kind of "kultur," and against kaiserism. It is the same barbarian practice that caused the sinking of the Lusitania, and other unarmed ships without warning, and the sacrificing of innocent lives ruthlessly. It is in accord with the Prussian idea of chivalry and of honor that permitted the German ambassador to plot against this government when it was at peace with Germany. It accords with the kaiser's "principles," who while protesting profound friendship for America was at the same time planning to attack this country just as soon as his enemies in Europe were conquered. It is the same keen sense of honor that is now trying treacherously to make a separate peace with Russia in order to be stronger to dispose of France and England, after which she would turn on Russia whom she had persuaded by false promises to assist at her own undoing. A nation that deliberately sends the forces to attack and murder women and children is without the pale of the law, unfit to associate with the balance of the civilized world.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

ALLIES

Since war against our name is written, I'm mighty glad we have the chance to aid and comfort brave old Britain, and lend a hand to dauntless France. For long I thanked the gods above us that we had peace—strife I abhor—and railed at men who tried to shove us into the noisome reek of war. But sometimes, in the stilly gloaming, when I sat by my figtree's trunk, all pensively my hand down combing, I thought our peace was rather punk. For principles we all should cherish the allied nations gave their best, and while they saw their children perish, we gloated o'er our treasure chest.



WALT MASON

Our starry banner flies for freedom—that's always been our pride and boast; when tyrants came along we tread 'em, and soaked them where it hurt the most. Yet tyranny was rank and raging, these later years, and still we dreamed; the worst of tyrants war was waging; our eagle rather cooed than screamed. And then we started from our slumbers, we saw the proper course at last, and patriots in joyous numbers, have nailed our colors to the mast. And I, who hate all strife and quarrel, now swing the sword and make it hiss; for peace is vicious and immoral in such a crucial time as this.

Pacific Coast League Standings

	W.	L.	Pct.
San Francisco	42	29	.592
Oakland	37	31	.544
Salt Lake	24	39	.380
Los Angeles	32	35	.478
Portland	29	35	.458
Vernon	26	41	.388

Yesterday's Results

At Portland—Portland, 3; Los Angeles, 2.
At San Francisco—Oakland, 6; San Francisco, 2.
At Los Angeles—Salt Lake, 2; Vernon, 0.

Wheat Market Dull Price Down One Cent

Chicago, June 14.—The wheat market continued dull today there being no sales in either future at the opening. Later wheat showed a loss of 1 to 2 cents from yesterday's close.
July opened at \$2.30, off 1, continuing at that figure. September opened down 2 1/2 at 12:05 and later gained half. Promise of several days of fair weather over the corn belt sent that grain down 7-8 to 2 cents. July opened at \$1.37 1/2, down 1-8, later going to \$1.34 3/4. September opened 3-8 off at \$1.30 1/2 and later lost 2 3-8. December opened up 1/4, but subsequently fell off 3-4 to \$1.11 1/4.
Oats were generally lower in sympathy with corn. July opened down 1-8 at 61, later losing half. September opened down 1-8, but later gained 7-8, going to 55 3-8. December opened 1/4 off, later

Stomach Troubles and Constipation

"I will cheerfully say that Chamberlain's Tablets are the most satisfactory remedy for stomach troubles and constipation that I have sold in thirty-four years' drug store service," writes S. H. Murphy, druggist, Wellsburg, N. Y. Obtainable everywhere.

losing 7-8 to 55 1-8.
Provisions were a shade lower despite an active hog market.
More parkings are being planted in the east part of the city of Coquille, the Sentinel says, while the beans and potatoes first put in are making a fine showing there now.

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SOME HORRORS OF

(Continued from Page One.)

phletries of "frighthfulness"—and calls murder by its real name.

Now that the submarines have been driven to attack ships submerged—using the torpedo almost exclusively—the murder roll is bound to grow. Frost explained. Most ships when struck by a torpedo, go down in two or three minutes, which gives no opportunity of escape to those below decks.

Some Recent Sinkings

Recent sinkings which came under his observation since the beginning of the ruthless warfare show this conclusively.

A freighter loaded with iron ore and convoyed by a destroyer went down in two minutes. Eighteen of her crew of twenty six drowned.

Another sank in two minutes after being struck. She was hit in daylight, but the submarine was not seen. Twenty eight of her crew of 32 perished.

The Abosso sank in three minutes and thirty women and children died.

"Sinkings of this sort from now on will be the rule—not the exception," Frost said.

"Only the larger passenger ships will remain afloat long enough to launch the boats and get off the crew and passengers; and those will not float so long if struck in vital spots by more than one torpedo."

The submarines are now so fearful of exposing themselves to the deck guns of slowly sinking ships that they seldom come up to question the escaping crews of passenger ships. Out of six passenger ship sinkings investigated by him, this happened in only one case—that of the *Lacania*, which was sunk near midnight.

Murder from Ambush

Hideous as this assassination from ambush is, it does not equal the wanton crimes committed in the days before "ruthless" warfare when the submarines came to the surface and attacked with gunfire.

The warning given in these cases was simply the beginning of the attack and sailors were often killed by the "warning shots," Frost said. This sort of warning was given only to save the expensive torpedoes—worth \$7000 apiece—of which a submarine can carry only a few. When the ship gave signs of surrender, the firing generally stopped and a boarding party from the submarine destroyed her with bombs.

The new tools to their boats. Unless picked up they were left to certain death by starvation or drowning as these attacks took place 150 and 200 miles off shore. It only one case did Frost find that the submarine offered to assist the victims by towing their boats toward the land. The sufferings of these crews who were picked up by patrol boats were terrible. Many of them were never picked up. The men probably went mad and leaped into the sea. In the case of the *Cairnball*, a British freighter with a crew of sixteen men, five of whom were Americans, the Germans deliberately gutted the lifeboat, took the provisions which the men had placed in the boat and threw them into the sea, emptied the water keg of fresh water and, to make their work complete, filled it with salt water. The boat's sails were taken off and that was practically the only hope of getting to land if the wind were favorable. She was attacked 150 miles out at sea.

Some Prussian Kultur

While the Germans were indulging in these pranks with the lifeboat, a bombing party was wrecking the ship, and the men were kept standing on the deck of the submarine. The German officers searched them. Most of them had little kitty bags or bandana handkerchiefs in which they carried a few bits of personal keepsakes such as photographs of their sweethearts, mothers or wives. These were taken from them and thrown into the sea. The first officer, Matthews, was kept below decks for an hour and put through the third degree as to the routes of other ships.

The Germans overplayed this little drama of frightfulness as they used up a whole hour in preparing the lifeboat as a torture chamber for the men who

were to be set adrift in it. A destroyer's smoke was seen on the horizon and the Germans made haste to escape. Matthews was thrust through the hatchway and the submarine dived with the 16 men still standing on her deck. They were left cloudering in the water to swim to the empty lifeboat as best they could.

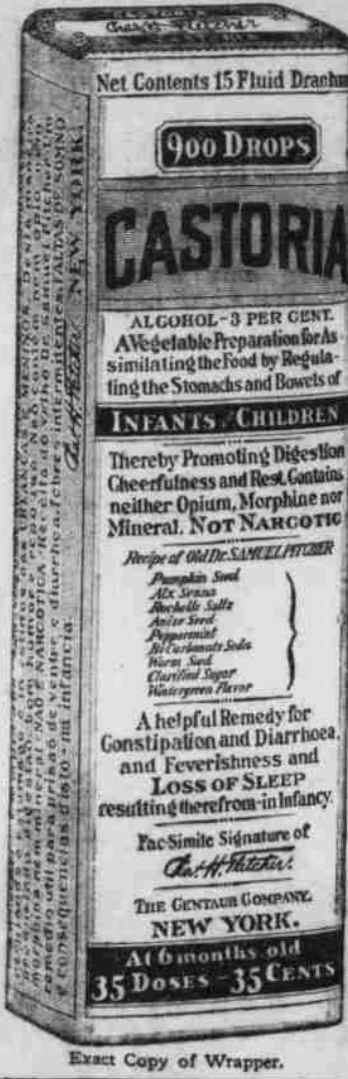
Crew "Disappeared"

The American schooner Woodward Abrams was attacked 300 miles off shore. Captain Van Nanne and his crew of eight were put in a lifeboat while the Germans set the lumber laden schooner afire with incendiary bombs. The American sailors drifted about the Atlantic for two days and two nights when they were picked up by another lumber schooner, the Norwegian *Anna Maria*. She was submerged 200 miles off shore and the men again took to the lifeboats. The crew of the *Anna Maria* were never seen again. After another 24 hours adrift, Captain Van Nanne and the Americans were picked up. They lived. The Norwegians died.

Frost believes from the evidence sifted by him that the submarine commanders are widely different. Some of them delight in making their work as fiendish as possible, Frost said. Some of them, when they can lose nothing by it, put on a little "gentlemanly behavior."

They were very polite to the crews they shoved off into the boats, expressed regret and hopes for a speedy rescue.

In no case, however, did this politeness affect their interests. It disappeared as the smoke of a patrol boat appeared, as another victim appeared. In such cases the mask was dropped.



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Intended Murder

A British stewardess and her husband, a sailor, who were taken below decks and questioned most politely at first, were taken to the deck and the submarine submerged, leaving them struggling in the water after they had refused to give up any information. In a very few instances there were signs of regret on the part of the submarine officers. One of these was related by Second Officer Kohlstatt, a naturalized British subject, who was allowed to touch off the bombs which destroyed his own ship.

In talking with the submarine captain, the latter expressed disgust with the work cut out for him. With tears in his eyes, he said that submarine captains had been put to death by slow torture in Germany for letting big passenger liners escape them.

Kohlstatt was asked by Frost if he really believed that.

"I don't know about it," he answered. "I am ready to believe anything of Von Tirpitz. But I do know that whether any men have been tortured to death or not the captain who was talking to me believed it and feared it."

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My Husband and I

By Jane Phelps

WAYS AND MEANS

CHAPTER LXX.

The next day Peggy called me into her room and said:

"See, I've been looking over my wardrobe. I haven't a thing to wear to your dinner. Father gave me some money, and I want to get a pretty dress. One not too dressy. Then I could use it for the theater and other things."

"Let's call Helen!" I returned, "she always knows just what to buy and where to buy it." Then, "I'll show you two she helped me select," and I brought out the blue, and then the rose colored one. The latter I had never worn but once, at Mrs. Henderson's, when I felt so overdressed. But the compliments of Mr. Blacklock made up for any uncomfortable feelings I had.

"Oh, how lovely!" Peggy exclaimed, as I held the rose one up in my hand. But it's awfully dressy. Sue; I never could do a thing with it out home unless I put it under a glass dome for a parlor ornament. But you must look perfectly stunning in it. Did you buy it at the place you spoke of, the one Helen knows about?"

"Yes, I got them both there," I replied.

Norah had called Helen, who just then came in.

"What is it, Sue?" she asked. Then to Peggy: "Isn't that rose dress wonderful?"

"Indeed it is! And we were wondering if you would help me select one for Sue's dinner party. Not quite so elaborate as the rose; more like the blue one. What do you think of a white dress?"

A Visit to the Modiste.

"Just the thing for you!" Helen replied, "it should be of some soft clinging material; and made very simple. Time enough for you to wear elaborate clothes after you are married."

"Will it be asking too much—taking too much of your time to go with us?" Peggy hesitatingly inquired.

"No indeed! I'd just love to go. We'll make it quite a party, and have tea at the Halldorf. You and Sue as my guests. When do you want to go?"

"We thought this afternoon. You see Sue will be awfully busy the first of the week; and then too, there may have to be alterations. Though Sue says often she finds things to fit perfectly."

"That just suits me! I haven't a thing to do. I'll run right up and change my dress; and when you two are ready call up."

"Isn't she sweet?" Peggy asked as Helen left us. "It is so unusual to take so much trouble for a sales girl."

"Oh, Helen is delighted to help anyone about clothes; so don't feel too highly honored," I replied. "She loves clothes; and really I think she enjoys buying them, even for others."

We hurried to dress, and in about half an hour, a gay laughing trio, we were on our way to the little French shop where I had bought my clothes, and where I still owed a bill that almost frightened me every time I thought of it.

Then too I thought that my taking Peggy might make them more lenient toward me. If I brought them a cash customer, they might mind less hav-

ing to wait for me.

A Lost Opportunity.

But I reckoned without Helen. Scarcely had we entered the shop before Helen said to the smiling saleswoman:

"I have brought you another new customer! Is madame in?"

"I will call her at once Mrs. Thurston," and in a moment the charming little French proprietress was bowing and smiling before us.

"What can I do for you?" she asked, looking from one to the other of us.

Once again before I could speak Helen said:

"I have brought you a charming young girl to fit out madame. What have you in a dinner dress suitable for her? She prefers white I think."

Madame left us for a moment then returned followed by a sales girl with several soft shimmering white dresses. We followed them into a fitting room, where Peggy began the trying on process.

All the time I was vainly urging myself to speak up; to say that Peggy was my guest, and that I had insisted upon Helen's accompanying us. But Helen kept up such a running fire of comments and small talk I couldn't get a chance until Peggy had decided upon a dress. Then I felt it was too late to say anything.

The dress Peggy had chosen was a soft white gorgonette crepe, made very simply, but it was enormously becoming to Peggy's piquant prettiness. Her black hair and sparkling eyes made her a perfect picture in the soft clinging affair.

Tomorrow—Tea at the Halldorf.