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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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NO WAR AFTER THE WAR.

At the annual meeting of the National Foreign Trade Council, consisting of the most influential financiers, manufacturers and steamship men in the country, James A. Farrell, president of the United States Steel Corporation, spoke convincingly against economic warfare after the war.

There are many people, here and abroad, who have been demanding a boycott against enemy nations, for punitive and protective purposes. Our organization has gone so far as to urge a "perpetual boycott" against Germany.

No doubt Germany deserves the severest punishment that may be imposed on her. Nevertheless, in the opinion of President Farrell and many other business men, a policy of drastic economic discrimination would be unwise. If it did not interfere with the collection of the vast indemnities the allied nations expect from Germany, it would be a prolific cause for ill-feeling and possibly a provocation to war. Most wars in the past have been directly or indirectly based on economic grounds.

The boycott is a powerful economic weapon for emergencies. It may be adopted by the League of Nations for emergency purposes, to restrain recalcitrant nations when other means fail. But Mr. Farrell does not think it necessary to apply it to the present situation.

"Our supreme duty," he says, "is to see to it that the peace terms render impossible the continuance of conditions sought to be corrected or prevented by economic warfare. If the peace be satisfactory, there will be no need for an economic warfare. It is for us then to devote our fullest efforts to insure the enforcement of a just, adequate peace. With such a peace we can then go forward in confidence to meet the complex problems of reconstruction."

It is rather tough on the American naval outfit which has just finished planting several hundred thousand square miles of salt water with anti-submarine mines to be obliged to start right in and rake them all up again. Still, they have the satisfaction of knowing that that remarkable feat is one of the things that drove Germany to surrender.

Looks like Marion county would furnish the next speaker of the house. And Seymour Jones will make one of the best presiding officers the legislature has had for a long time.

It is more than likely that proceedings at the peace table will be harmonious—unless the Irish question bobs up.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

HARD UP.

With winter knocking at the door I look my slim possessions o'er, and shed a brace of sighs; I'm needing bacon, meal and spuds, I'm needing shoes and hats and duds, and prunes and hooks and eyes. I'm needing cabbage leaves to smoke, I need the coat that is in soak, my need is urgent, sore; the shelves are bare of pie and cake, the icebox has no luscious steak, and winter's at the door. But peace is also at the door, so let my soul be sad no more, and let my heart rejoice; the dove of peace is overhead; and war's a thing that's done and dead, she says, in cooing voice. And if the dove has got it straight, that man's a rather yellow skate who hands out tears or sighs, though he may find his cupboard bare, no Hoover bread or doughnuts there, and no denatured pies. My shoes let in the wintry breeze, my pants have patches on the knees, they're shiny, aft and fore; but trifling things don't matter now; I smoothe the creases from my brow, for peace is at the door. The winter's coming, pretty swift, and soon the air cooled snow will drift, and rotten tempests roar; and if we have no grub or coal there'll still be joy in every soul, for peace is at the door.

A WELCOME FOR WILHELM.

Rumors persist that the Hohenzollerns plan to return to Germany, awaiting only the moment which to them shall seem most propitious for a triumphant re-entry.

It has been rumored, too, that these unworthy sovereigns would be welcomed and protected by the benighted people they dazzled so long with their spurious story.

"But by and by the people
Got open their stupid eyes."

First they saw the great bags of German gold going out of their debt-laden country to the kaiser, hiding in Holland. He did not mean to feel the sting and discomfort of the poverty to which he has condemned his nation.

Next, when his Berlin palace was searched, vast, white-tiled rooms were found piled high with canned goods, game and meats; all sorts of provisions and delicacies in quantities sufficient to last for years, while starvation stalks the German streets. The kaiser did not mean to starve.

It is this sort of thing which turns the hungry into the raving, which swerves a people to riot and bloodshed.

The blind are beginning to see and the betrayed to realize. Just a little more and Wilhelm, returning to his "faithful people" will find their hands outstretched not as he dreams, in welcome, but to tear him to pieces. If the allies wait the Germans will do it themselves.

Union men of Cleveland, Ohio, have forced the women to give up their jobs on the street cars, and the movement is spreading to other cities. What we would prefer would be a union of women who will compel the men to quit work, as a good many of us are only looking for some eligible excuse to begin loafing anyway. Those Cleveland fellows whose wives, daughters and sweethearts hold lucrative jobs seem to be acting just a little bit foolish.

Wilhelm's friends say he has not abdicated officially. Karl's friends say he has not renounced his throne, but merely stopped sitting on it. A little more such talk and there will be danger of revolutionary axes swung on royal necks.

Hearst and his man Brisbane seem to have been a vital part of the German propaganda in this country—if the testimony of the witnesses before the congressional hearings may be believed.

A successor to McAdoo has been named but it is extremely doubtful if there is another man in the country who could do the work he has accomplished in the past four years.

Strange to say, the "suppression" of another Mexican revolution fails to arouse any particular interest in this country.

Germany seems a sort of republic, all right; but we haven't heard much about Prussia. Is the one-winged Hohenzollern still king there?

THE WIFE

By Jane Phelps.

SUSPICION BECOMES CERTAINTY.

CHAPTER CIV.
The night before, it had hurt Ruth to keep what had happened at the shop away from Brian. The next morning that feeling had entirely disappeared. He would tell her nothing later; not even who had telephoned her at the house—the apartment for which she had paid the rent—she thought with the usual bitterness. Rarely did Ruth ever think of what she did as her share toward making them comfortable. It was the price she paid for immunity from disagreeable household work which she loathed, and which Brian would have her do instead of work outside.

At breakfast Brian remarked: "I have asked a couple of fellows to dine with me tonight—at the Lafayette. I expected to get in some money yesterday. It didn't show up. I expect it will come all right this morning, but I can't be sure. How much have you about you?" "About eighteen dollars and a little change."

"Give me the eighteen."
Heretofore when he had asked her for money Brian had been almost shame-faced, nearly bashful about it. Now his voice had a different tone. It was as though he had said: "I let you leave me to earn money; now hand it over."

It was Ruth who flushed instead of Brian, as without another word she emptied her purse upon the table. "Thanks!" was all he said as he picked up the bills, leaving the silver untouched.

"Shall you be late? I wish you had asked them home, instead of taking them down there," she felt like adding that it would have been cheaper as well and she would not then have been obliged to spend the evening all alone. His answer made her glad she had said neither.

"I don't care to have these fellows see that my wife works outside. They wouldn't understand it."
So that was it. Brian still felt an embarrassment of his work. She might have said they needn't know it, but

she would not so demean herself, her position, so she said nothing. "Are they anyone I know?" she asked presently. "No—but they are REAL fellows."

What did he mean by accentuating that word, that because they were real they would disapprove of her working? No, that couldn't be it; that would only mean that they were snobs. It must be that it was because Brian disapproved, and they believed in a wife doing as her husband wished her to do in such matters. Brian wanted her to stay at home. He could not hide that fact from whoever they were with. He feared these men would discover that she was going against his wishes; and rather than have them do so, he would dine them outside of their home.

Did they know of her position, they might also know the truth—that she earned more than Brian. "How complicated life is," she thought with a sigh. Brian was putting on his coat. "Shall you be late?" she asked again. "If you are, I believe I will go to show. I hate so to remain alone."

"Why don't you Mandel would probably be delighted to escort you?" The reply was so unexpected, that Ruth quivered with anger. She opened her lips, then closed them tightly. Was Brian so untrue, himself, that he took it for granted that she was also? "No, I shan't be late. So if you go out I'll probably be home first," and Brian without a kiss or even a backward look, left her.

"He didn't forget to take the money," she said with a bitter smile. "Neither did he forget to say unpleasant things. Then only thing he forgot to do was to be kind, to kiss me good-bye."

Sore at heart, unhappy, disturbed in her mind, Ruth started for work. It seemed to her that she couldn't face Mandel without letting him see she was miserably unhappy; that she longed for understanding and some of the joy she deemed hers by right. But when she reached the shop she found he was to be away for the day.

"He will be here tomorrow," La Monte told her. All her life Ruth was grateful that Mandel had not been in his usual place that morning. All her life she wondered if he had been there, she would have had both to have repulsed him as she had the day before. Fortunately she was not called upon to make any de-

REVELATIONS OF A

who, seoured and desperate as they were, yet contrived to defy him. The reason for his increased ferocity and almost measureless inhumanity, was not far to seek. The kaiser had placed him on his mettle. He had warned him, first, that any further attempt to intrigue against himself would be visited with dire consequences. Secondly, the kaiser had insisted that come what may no matter by what means, the subjugation of Belgium must be completed.

Starved Into Submission.
Rupprecht bent himself to the task with a dreadful, a hideous devotion that reminded me of the remorseless, because self-righteous, rigidity of the Inquisition. "My God, Schroeder," he said one day, "if nothing else will suffice to subjugate these people, I will make their land into a desert. The rook who flies above it, will have to carry his food upon his back, for not a bite of anything will he find below him; not a scrap, not a bite of anything will we leave to this cursed land—except," he added grimly, "the bodies of the men and women, who, if necessary, must be starved into submission. It is our duty to be thorough in this matter, and through I intend to be."

Alas, there can be no doubt but that he made good his words. Through he was in the work of sowing desolation, misery, ruin, among a people whose only crime was their helplessness, and whose rights and liberties we had sworn solemnly to protect.

When we failed, as often we did, against the Regulars of the Belgian and French armies we visited our wrath on the heads of the unoffending civilians. Innumerable instances of this occurred while I was on the staff of Prince Rupprecht, and a casual reference to my diary recalls one with terrible vividness to my mind.

At Gerberville, on the banks of the Mortagne, the population fell a victim to the fury of the "beautiful blonde beasts, avid for blood and slaughter," that our Nietzsche hailed as the superman of the future.

Sweeping forward with the frenzy of the frantic frenzy that always marked our advances, Rupprecht's vanguard had sought to rush the village at dawn. Ordinarily, the enterprise would not have proved very dangerous, but it happened that some sixty chausseurs-à-pied, skilfully posted on a woody upland that commanded the road offered a desperate and most effective resistance, with the result that they converted a bloodless operation into a prolonged and costly struggle, while even more galling to our pride was the fact that the chausseurs made good their escape, suffering themselves only a trifling loss.

Tragic and Ghastly Results.
Rupprecht was furious when he heard the news. "By God," he said, "somebody must pay for this. It is time that we taught these people the folly, the criminal folly of resistance. They have no regular officers, their franc-tireurs change from uniform into peasants' clothes, and vice versa day by day. We cannot operate under such conditions. If there is no other means open to us, we must exterminate the vermin, and we will begin with Gerberville," and he issued some orders by telephone, orders which were swiftly followed by tragic and ghastly results.

For, balked of the chausseurs, Rupprecht's Bavarians took a drastic vengeance on the civil population. From the moment of their entrance to the town they gave themselves up to a fiendish orgy of brutal excesses. Entering the houses with savage yells, they burnt the buildings, killed the covering men and women in them, and tortured the little children. Some they dragged into the fields to be shot, others they murdered in their houses, or struck down in the street, as they fled terror-stricken at the approach of the incoming horde.

Of the houses they left—so the Bavarian officer in charge of these operations reported—but 20 standing out of nearly 300. Many of their wretched inmates went mad, others tried in vain to hang themselves, and this, strange to relate, roused the Bavarians to further frenzy, and to the most furious excesses.

Rupprecht's orders had been specific. "Thorough," was the word, and thorough was the execution of the policy he had planned—a policy designed deliberately to reduce the Belgians to an expedition of abject, craven, apine submission—a policy designed to leave them, as Rupprecht himself had said, "with nothing but their eyes to weep with."

No, it was not the fault of our armies if their policy failed. Fiends from the lowest depths of hell could have done no more than they. The scenes I saw enacted that day haunt me still and cry out to Heaven for punishment. Passing down the winding high street of the little village that, but half an hour ago, had seemed so peaceful and content, the soldiers had knocked at the door of a house, occupied by one M. D.—

With him there lived, I subsequently ascertained, his wife and his mother-in-law, a poor old widow, close on eighty years of age. It was she who answered the door, and she it was whom the miserable brutes shot point blank with no word even of warning; shot her so that she fell back into the arms of the son-in-law, who ran up just in time to catch her as she fell back mortally wounded.

A Darning Witness.
She is a darning witness surely of the "thoroughness" that Rupprecht boasted. Her life had been the blameless, hard-working, self-denying existence that the peasant woman leads and has led through centuries. She might have posed, I thought, for one of the masterpieces of the great French painter, Millet, those peasants, bowing at the Angelus, or ploughing the fields, always have seemed to me to be the strongest, simplest, and most whole-

some types that Europe affords. No litch for meddling in politics had this woman. She was content with the greater task of rearing her family, ordering her house, husbanding her frugal resources, and discharging her daily duties with the strength of calm repose. But the kaiser and Rupprecht, and the rest of our War Lords, these great super-men had set their minds upon a scheme of well-politick, and she, and thousands more like her, were made to die in ignominy and anguish.

God! It made my blood boil when I later found her body reverently wrapped in a blanket, with a handkerchief over her face.

"She did not answer my knock quick enough, sir," the sergeant who shot her explained to me. "We Germans must teach these swine-hounds that it is death to keep us waiting," and with a salute that betokened at once respect for my rank, and unalloyed pleasure with himself, he swaggered off, a typical product of our Devil's culture, which has transformed us Germans, made in the image of God, into machines of destruction.

But that household was only one of the victims of our Bavarian fury that day. "We must shoot these women and children," I heard an officer say, "we must make an end of them."

Before I could ask him for an explanation, my attention was claimed by a voice calling out, "Mercy! Mercy!" and turning I saw an old man being half dragged half-pushed by the butt-end of the rifles of two Bavarians, into a barn—a barn from which already smoke was issuing, and which, two minutes later, when the old man had been forced inside, was ablaze with fire. I can hear the old man's screams now. They ring in my ears at this moment.

At The Bayonet Point.
But even that does not exhaust the story of Rupprecht's "thoroughness" that day. One family had taken refuge in the cellar of a house. The troops raised the trap-door, fired on the helpless victims cowering beneath, and then set light to the house. One workman was driven at the bayonet-point up the stairs of his house into a garret at the top, and then the soldiers set light to the building.

Another victim, one M. Leganty, an old man of 78, incapable of resistance, was shot through the jaw, and died in agonies.

But why prolong the tale! Hell, let loose in Belgium! These are the only words I find to indicate the fruits of "thoroughness" that I saw before my eyes: Am I for the men responsible can Hell itself afford a punishment? Will not its wardens say in the words of the great Shakespeare—

*** "What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford, false
Clarence?"

Aye, what scourge for the perjurer, who deceived Europe into a false security and then sprang on her, armed to the teeth, sprang at her like an assassin—to use an assassin's weapon against her!

Needless to say, I found no echo of these reflections either in Prince Rupprecht or the other officers of the staff, and when the hideous work of that dreadful day concluded we sat down to a cheerful dinner at the village inn.

His Highness was in right good spirits. The chef, who had been constrained to cook the dinner on penalty of death, had seen his mother, killed that afternoon. The landlord, whose daughter had been first outraged and then killed, had been warned not to let his private grief interfere with the preparation of the feast that had been spread that night for Rupprecht and the very hands of the men whose dearest and nearest had been butchered.

What matter that? What mattered the blackened countryside, whose buildings still blazed, whose maddened cattle lay dead in the streets, side by side with the men and women Rupprecht's soldiers had slaughtered, while up and down there wandered, as yet unslain by the drunken, revelling privates of his force, poor half-demented wretches, mad—mad beyond hope of recovery, mad from the stress of the awful ghastly sights and sounds that they had seen?

Out Them Down Like Grass.
But Rupprecht was in high feather. "We have taught these people a lesson at last," he said, draining his goblet of champagne. "One or two more punishments like these will bring home to them the folly and wickedness of opposing us further. They will see accepted the Pax Germanica," and he arose from his seat, in hand, to propose the toast, drunk with vociferous enthusiasm, "Deutschland über Alles."

"We must be more wary next time, gentlemen," the Prince proceeded. Our gains today have been incommensurate with the losses we have sustained. Our next duty is to give a lesson to the dogs of Villerte. It will prove a tough nut unless we are careful. We cannot encamp except at an enormous cost, and if we advance and rush upon it from the high road our men will be subjected to a cross-fire. But it seems that there is a good road leading thru the woods on to the back of the village from whence we could take the Belgians in the rear and cut them down like grass," and with a chuckle, eloquent of the blood-lust that was demoralizing his character, he pointed out the situation to us on the map.

"Our men will leave here at dawn," he said. "You, Colonel Walderstein, will be in command, and Colonel Schroeder will, at my request, accompany you. Once you are through the wood and on this side," and he laid his finger on the spot, "you can easily reach the rebel's position from the rear, and you remember our order of the 3rd of