

I Am The Newspaper

Born of the deep, daily need of a nation—I am the Voice of Now—the INCARNATE SPIRIT of the Times—Monarch of things that Are.

My "cold type" burns with the fire-blood of HUMAN ACTION. I am fed by arteries of wire that GIRDLE THE EARTH. I drink from the cup of every living joy and sorrow. I sleep not—rest not. I know not night, nor day, nor season. I know no death, yet I am BORN AGAIN with every morn—with every noon—with every twilight. I leap into fresh being with every NEW WORLD'S EVENT.

Those who created me cease to be—the brains and heart's-blood that nourish me go the way of human dissolution. Yet I live on—and on.

I am Majestic in my Strength—Sublime in my Power—Terrible in my Potentialities—yet as DEMOCRATIC as the ragged boy who sells me for a penny.

I am the consort of Kings—the partner of capital—the brother of toil. The inspiration of the hopeless—the right arm of the needy—the champion of the oppressed—the conscience of the criminal. I am the EPITOME of the World's Comedy and Tragedy.

MY RESPONSIBILITY IS INFINITE. I speak and the world stops to listen. I say the word and battle flames the horizon. I counsel peace and the warlords obey. I am greater than any individual—more powerful than any group. I am the dynamic force of PUBLIC OPINION. Rightly directed, I am a Creator of Confidence. A builder of happiness in living. I am the Backbone of Commerce. The Trail-Blazer of Prosperity. I am the teacher of Patriotism.

I am the HANDS OF THE CLOCK OF TIME—the CLARION VOICE OF CIVILIZATION.

I am the Newspaper.

From Address delivered by Joseph H. Finn, President Nichols-Finn Advertising Co., Chicago, before Associated Advertising Clubs of the World Convention, Chicago, June 22nd, 1915

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Jap.-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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—ASK FOR—

EDDY'S "Silent Parlor" Matches

GERMAN TORTURED BY MEMORY OF DEED.

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exemplary attack would be made against a certain transatlantic passenger steamer.

In the officers' quarters, even this evidently serious declaration was discounted by some as a simple warning to discourage the Americans from patronizing British vessels. I myself believed, and my views were shared by many of my fellow officers, that an attack upon a British transatlantic passenger steamer would be attempted less to inflict punishment on the British than for the internal, domestic effect.

For the unthinking folks in our country, who had an exaggerated faith in our naval prowess, were beginning to doubt our invincibility both on land and sea, when the enemy vessels were sailing the seas unopposed as though they had not heard of the great world conflict.

Our ruling element may dispute, or rather, deny this contention, but knowing our domestic feeling as I do, I assure you this is the primal reason of our submarine warfare that has shocked the entire civilized world.

Our Admiralty is desperate. It will have to prove, not to our enemies—for we do not care what they think—but to our own Germans, that we have not yet been exterminated in the North Sea. This is the vital point. You may readily understand its significance from the ferocity with which we are conducting this submarine campaign.

In the officers' quarters I have heard no less than six submarine commanders curse the author of such an order.

I have heard one commander stamp his foot and shout sternly, "I am a soldier, not a shag. I would rather sink my ship than execute such orders."

You still have my word of honor as a revolutionist.

The commander has not yet returned from his assignment of murder.

On the third day of May, nine submarine commanders were closeted with the commandant of our Heligoland base. They were in conference more than three hours. No other naval officer was permitted to take part in the secret deliberations.

After the conference the submarine commanders came out and marched straight to their vessels. I was stationed at the Point. I purposely stationed myself near the submarine landing.

The stern, tragic, pale-faced officers marched without speaking a word to one another.

The sight of those who were doomed to be their victims rather than these poor souls who had hearts but no individual courage. Yes, their hearts were just as tender as yours and mine, perhaps more tender than mine.

I do not think that eight men doomed to be hanged would have looked more affected than these eight unfortunate commanders who were being sent out to murder thousands

of innocent souls. I can hardly dwell upon the subject. I know many Germans, men and women, are being tortured thinking of this great shame.

The commandant accompanied them to the landing, and, with a forced smile, offered his hand to one of the submarine commanders, who offered to bid him bon voyage. His example was followed by the rest of the submarine commanders. The commandant stood there motionless, like a black statue.

I suddenly saw the future. I saw history sketching our fatherland as dark as that black figure facing the turbulent waves of the North Sea. For the first time in all my life I felt I should be ashamed to be a German.

Until the fatal day we all waited for news with nervous expectancy. You still have my word of honor as an internationalist.

We did not receive the sad and tragic news with rejoicing. Far from it. We whispered it. We murmured it. We discredited it. We denied it. Had the Emperor himself appeared on that day, he would have been hissed. Many of us felt wild. I feared I would lose my head. We all felt invisible fingers pointing at us, men, women, children, babes, young men, old men, sailors, and civilians, pointing at us and whispering, crying, and shouting, "They are not soldiers, they are murderers. They are murderers."

One of my brother officers walked back and forth in his room all night long uttering bitterly, "After the war, after the war! How can I ever face men of other nations and say I am a German!"

I was on board—when Lieutenant Hering, of U 21, arrived from his murderous assignment.

Taunts and Hisses.

There was a suppressed, restrained feeling among those who stood silently as the "successful crew" marched behind silent, statue-like rows of men.

Suddenly I heard whispers of taunts, and hisses.

These did not emanate from the common seamen. Had this been the fact, they would have been shot instantly.

The taunts and hisses came forth from the high ranking officers.

If you had heard these with your own ears, you would have certainly changed your estimate of our German soul.

In reality these taunts coming

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from our high ranking officials, brightened my own soul.

No, we are still human beings, hearts and souls which soon may cry out.

Later, when Lieutenant Hering visited the officers' quarters, one bold naval officer handed him a newspaper containing the account of the sinking of the Lusitania. Captain-Lieutenant Hering crumpled the sheets with fury, cast it on the floor and faced the insulter threateningly. The offender stood unmoved. The two officers faced each other for a second or so. Then the offending officer shook his head and, in a low tone, said, "No, not with you."

I could readily understand and appreciate how Cain must have felt. I questioned myself, "Would I have obeyed such an order?" Then I answered myself, "No, no, a thousand times, no!"

From that time on every man I met, from the common seaman to the highest ranking officer, appeared in a gloomy mood.

Our Admiralty is not so sure of every submarine executing orders similar to this.

Still later, when Captain-Lieutenant Hering entered a room where I was seated with many other officers, all but five left the room.

The poor, haunted commander, on seeing that at least five officers were not so cruel as to further insult an already suffering soul, walked to the small group and seated himself absently. I know he was under the strain of tremendous mental agony. He had a child's tender heart, but no head; and his very heart appeared to cry, and like that of a child, offered excuses for his act.

He did not raise his head, and, without encouragement, he murmured: "I hated to do it, but I felt that I must."

"Even discipline has its limitations," retorted one of his listeners. Lieutenant Hering seemed crushed. I truly pitied him from the bottom of my heart. And if you had been present there, you yourself would have pitied him.

He rose from his seat, walked slowly to the door, stood on the threshold for a moment or so, and then wheeled around and returned to the silent group.

I felt that at last he would deliver himself of his soul's burden. There were large tears standing in his eyes.

Although I did not write down as he spoke, yet I could not have missed one word of what he said, because every syllable of it sank into our very souls, and by this time there were more than thirty of us in the room. He said:

"I am not a monster. Every glance of yours is like poisoned arrows thrust in my heart."

"From the moment I received the Admiralty orders to proceed to the English coast and sink the steamer Lusitania, my soul became sad and gloomy."

"I wanted to shout loudly: 'No, but I could not.' My speech failed me."

"I beg you to believe me. I sincerely hoped, and then I deceived myself to believe, that some accident

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Let's Settle It—By Telephone.

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