

THE SUBMARINE CONSCIENCE



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After the Sinking of a French Boat in the Mediterranean

IT WAS while in military training that I first showed my aptitude for mechanics; and my superior officers, noticing this, placed me in a position to increase this knowledge, so that when I left military service I had an excellent understanding of gas and liquid-fuel engines—the branch of mechanics I showed most proficiency in. That is how I came to work in a small factory at Münster that made gas engines for farm use. Their output was small and supplied the adjacent territory.

Our family name is Thorwald, and for generations we have been farmers located in Westphalia not far from Münster. Our land was not very productive and it needed extreme care in cultivation to support us. The eldest son usually inherited the farm, and the others would seek other lands for their existence; and since they usually went to some foreign country our relatives became scattered, and frequently all trace of them was lost in time.

My father, who has been dead for ten years, inherited the land, and his brother Frederick left for the United States, where he has been very prosperous and has even been elected mayor of the city in which he settled.

Wilhelm is the name given in our family to the eldest son, so I, being the eldest, bear that name. My mother was left with five children—two sons and three daughters. Karl was eighteen years old and Emma, my youngest sister, was twelve. All attended school; but they were very industrious and helped mother on the farm whenever they could. Mother worked very hard to keep the family together; but I believe she would have failed had not Uncle Frederick been so generous; for never a Christmas passed after father's death without a substantial present from him.

After I became able to contribute to the family, conditions improved and mother enjoyed the luxury of hired help at times. We were very happy and my greatest enjoyment was to go to our home, which was about twelve miles from where I was employed, on Saturday night and spend Sunday with my mother. I must admit there was another attraction, the daughter of a neighbor; and I should have been married then—for I was sure of Theresa's love—but my family still needed my help and Theresa was willing to wait. I always respected her judgment, for she had had the advantage of a superior education.

Called to Serve the Fatherland

WHILE in military training I had hoped to see actual service for my country. Everyone felt at that time that war was not far off, for Germany was advancing too rapidly to suit our competitors in progress; and that sooner or later our Fatherland would have to defend herself against those envious countries that would hope to destroy us and our prosperity by declaring war upon us on some pretext or other. Our prophecy came true—our enemies wished to crush us, to stop our efficiency, to change us so that we would no longer be able to compete in the world's progress; yet I felt sure that in the end our Fatherland would emerge bigger, greater and mightier than ever.

I told myself: "The Teuton and his *Kultur* shall rule the world. Let our enemies beware—our

strength is known only to us and we cannot fail, for our government is invincible, and God is with us in this unjust war, as our beloved Kaiser has truly said."

Imagine my disappointment when, on reporting for duty, I was informed my services were not desired at the Front. My captain told me my card showed that I was for another service. What that service was he did not know. I detested seeing my company go to war while I must return to the shop and make gas engines, but I felt that my country knew best. Nevertheless, I was moved to tears while clasping the hands of my comrades as they were about to depart for service. They consoled me in the belief of the invincibility of our Fatherland, which knew of the capabilities of her children better than they did themselves. Though partly consoled, still there was a disappointment, for I had always hoped to serve my country in the field, and die, if necessary, for the perpetuation of Germania and Germanic institutions.

It was not long before the wisdom of our government was shown me, for the superintendent of our shop showed me a letter from the Interior Department ordering him to send me to the Diesel Engine Works without delay. I was the only one in the shop to go, but I believe I was the most

expert there, for I was always consulted when any difficulty arose, and besides I had made a study of the Diesel engine. I felt they were reluctant to let me go, but they never uttered a complaint.

Before going to the works I called upon mother. She was very much pleased at my promotion, especially so when I told her of the purpose of these engines—submarine work. We believed this was the only method to punish England. She was our most hated enemy, and was instrumental in causing all the trouble. She was jealous of our progress, for in the future her greatness would decline as we gained supremacy through our greater ability and superiority of government. England's aim was to destroy our progress by war, using other countries as tools, while she in the end would reap the benefits. This time she had made a mistake, for what she intended to do we should actually do, for we were invincible; and in the end our Fatherland would be where England had expected to be—and England would be no more.

I reported at the shop, and I was amazed at the wonderful system used there. Each man had his part to do, which made each very fast and accurate. Each man's capability was understood, and each advanced in proportion to his ability to learn more. My advance was very rapid, especially after my suggestion of an improvement in lubrication of the crank-shaft bearings was adopted. By this improvement the speed of the engine could be increased ten per cent without danger of overheating. This meant an increase in speed to our U-boats, which we were perfecting to a wonderful degree. These were our secrets and we felt it would not be long before the supremacy of the seas would be ours, and England and her hateful allies conquered.

Training as a Submarine Engineer

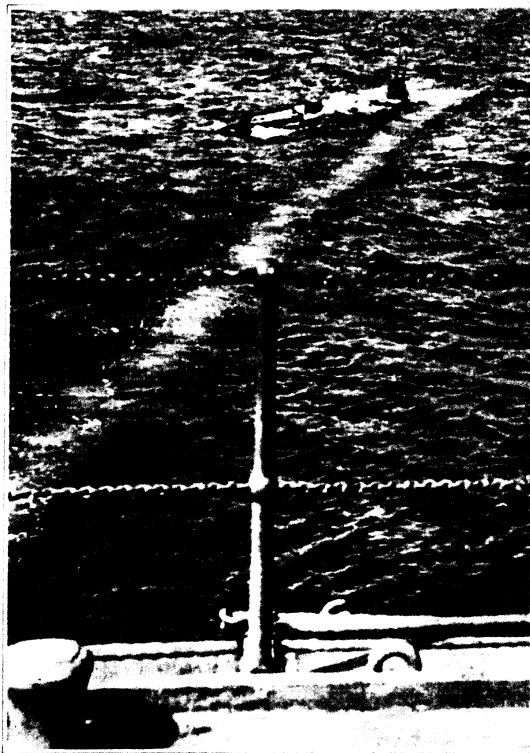
ISOON became assistant supervisor in the assembling of the engine, and it was from this position that the government selected men to act as engineers upon our latest submarines. I saw the wisdom of our government then, and that I should be of greatest service to her in my perfected knowledge of the Diesel engine.

My brother Karl had been at the Front for two months. I always believed he was mother's favorite child, for he was very good and more affectionate than I. Mother must have felt very lonely without him; and soon I was to leave, and thereafter my visits home would be few and far apart.

It was late one afternoon when my superior informed me of my promotion. Our shift had been looking toward the event, for it meant a general advance, and all were eager for the opportunity to serve their country on board the U-boats.

When the good news was announced a great shout went up; and later we sang. It was fortunate the announcement was made late, for there was little work done afterward. That night a number of my friends in the shop and I celebrated my advancement. All were very happy and all looked forward to the day when they could serve their country. How could we fail when such patriotism prevailed?

The next day I visited my mother. I found her sitting at the kitchen table, looking toward the door



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Submarine Coming to the Surface After Firing Torpedo

through which I entered. She evidently did not see me, for she paid no attention to me until I called to her. Then I clasped her in my arms and told her the good news.

We remained so for a moment; then suddenly mother took both my hands in hers and looking at me squarely, with an expression I never saw before, said: "Thank God! Now you can avenge your brother!"

I was shocked, for in my enthusiasm I had failed to notice Karl's trinkets lying there on the table. Our government had returned them to mother, along with the announcement of his death. I read over this announcement. It stated that my brother had died with honor upon the field of battle. The exact place of his burial was shown in a diagram marked with a cross. This showed the efficiency of our Fatherland there could be no failure with such exactness, and I was more eager than ever to add my knowledge for the benefit of our race, for now I had an added duty to perform. I swore a solemn oath to avenge my brother's death. Mother and I did not cry, for our grief was too great for expression. We concluded it was best not to tell my sisters, so mother hid my brother's trinkets.

Mother prepared our evening meal; meat was very scarce with us, but we had potatoes with a flour gravy, salad, milk, brown bread and butter. The bread was very poor, because of the flour. Milk and butter we had, because we kept a cow. I could see that the children were losing weight, but mother showed no change—she has always been thin.

Emma noticed my mother's sadness and asked, "What is the trouble?" Mother was silent for awhile and later answered, "Wilhelm has been called." My sisters were pleased, and they rushed over to me and hugged and kissed me. They did not know the truth, and I almost cried; but when I saw mother's immobile face I did not allow the expression of my emotion.

Our Trial Trip on a U-Boat

THE next day I called on Theresa. As we walked down the road together I told her of my promotion. She said nothing, and when I looked into her face I noticed tears. I took my handkerchief to wipe them away and she threw her arms about my neck and held me close, as if someone would tear us apart. Theresa had never shown such affection before; though I always knew she cared for me, I never thought she loved me to the extent that she did.

I left early the next morning. Mother did not weep—her face had the same expression, and her last words to me were: "Remember your brother!"

I arrived at Kiel and met Captain Kolberg. He had formerly been a captain on a transatlantic liner, but had become a commander of U-boats after German commerce was banished from the seas. He had been very successful



A French Liner Goes Down Without Warning One Hundred Miles From Shore

and was a worthy hero. He was very stern, had little to say, and I was told he must be obeyed to the letter. There was a story abroad that he had shot a noncommissioned officer who had questioned a command. This was supposed to have occurred shortly after he took command of one of the U-boats. From appearances he was not to be trifled with. He was very uncommunicative with me, and he introduced me to Engineer Stargard, who was to show me my duties.

I was amazed at the size of a submarine; even though I had read about our later U-boats I had failed to realize their size from their description. This was one of two sister U-boats, and they were going into commission together. Stargard had been in the submarine service for some time, and though he did not know the Diesel engine so well as I, he had a better knowledge of the actual performance of the engine while in service. He had a much better knowledge of storage batteries and generators and motors than I.

It did not take him long to find out my knowledge of the famous engines, so he devoted little time to them but spent most of it in instructing me in the knowledge of the electrical mechanism on board. I had charge of all working parts of the boat and had to see to their perfect working order. My main station, however, was often with my beloved engines, of which we had two of the latest monster type. These I had supervised in assembling and they were like brothers to me and bore my private mark.

The following day we were to start our first trial. Stargard was to go along and was expected to stay with me until my knowledge was perfect. About half of the crew were inexperienced men, but within two weeks it was expected that we would be perfect. That seemed almost impossible, but it must be understood that these men had

been previously trained as I had they were all selected men. Besides, simplicity of construction of the later U-boats had increased. The number of parts had been decreased—for example, we had only about half as many valves as formerly. These had all needed attention, and in their places we had placed automatic controls. Also, all the safety appliances had been made purely automatic. The air purifier was almost human in its operation, for when the carbonic oxide increased to a certain percentage, purified air was forced into the compartment below and the impure air exhausted above. This impure air was passed through potash solution and the carbonic-oxide gas removed; in this manner we could breathe the same air over and over. Also, fresh oxygen was added as required—all working automatically, upon the principle of the density of the various gases.

Stargard had been working on a semiautomatic diving apparatus. This, he explained, would be under control of the pilot, and it would do away with the use of a separate man to operate the diving rudders. Besides, it would automatically stop the engines and start the motor when submerging, and would thus eliminate the signals sent to the man stationed in the engine compartment by the use of various colored electric globes when the engine was to be stopped and the electric motor started. Even as it was, our diving apparatus was wonderful, for when fixing the position of the diving rudders we automatically exhausted air from our compression tanks and substituted water, so that we could submerge. With Stargard's improvement submerging would be a one-man operation, and could be done almost instantly.

Plans for Keeping Submarine Secrets

NEARLY all of our recent improvements in submarine construction are secrets known only to us; and they will remain so, for in case of capture each man has a specific duty to do, and our improvements are destroyed so as not to be of benefit to the enemy. I was told what I was to destroy, but I hoped the emergency would never come. When I thought of the wonderful advance in submarine building the brains of Germany had accomplished I could see the reason of our invincibility—no nation or any group of nations could stop our advance.

Everything was wonderfully compact on board no room had been wasted and everything had a place. Our sleeping quarters were bunks, one above another, while the crew slept in hammocks, close together and upon different levels, so that they looked like chickens at roost. We carried an enormous quantity of oil, water and ammunition. Twenty-four torpedoes were carried, four in the tubes and twenty upon racks in the torpedo compartment. We could remain from port thirty days easily, and forty if necessary.

Max Stargard, a nephew of my instructor, was my assistant. He would have had my place, Stargard explained,



Men Can be Seen Sliding Down Ropes and Swimming in the Water as These Torpedoed Ships are Sinking

but he lacked initiative. He was a competent engineer, but was unable to cope with an emergency. An emergency had occurred six months before, and poor Max had failed; so he was doomed to remain an assistant. He knew his failing and accepted his failure philosophically.

We, the inexperienced, were all keyed up for our trial trip and we hoped to make good. The order came to go ahead, and I started my engines in five seconds—a record. Stargard congratulated me. We were going ahead—but what a noise! The vibration was terrible. In the shop we did not experience this, but in that closed engine compartment it was terrific—a constant medley of noises vibrating against our eardrums. We could hardly understand the spoken voice, so constant were those vibrations, and other sound waves were lost.

We had been out but a short time when my electric light signaled me to shut off our engines and start the electric motor. This took a matter of a few seconds—in all, the operation of submerging takes less than a minute.

The contrast was wonderful, for now there was no noise; our motors were practically silent. I had noticed a phonograph in the officers' quarters, and with the noise I wondered what use that would be, but now I could see the use. We were to have music when submerged, and with the martial music of our national hymns we would punish our enemies—with the strains of *Die Wacht am Rhein* a torpedo would be sent on its way to add to the glory of our beloved Fatherland.

The order was for full speed ahead. The speed dial showed ten knots and our speed was increasing. A maximum of twelve knots was registered—a remarkable record. We could not maintain that speed long, for the batteries would become exhausted and then we should have to emerge upon the surface and start our engines so as to replenish our batteries. Everything depended upon the

officer in charge, for he alone knew our position—he had the only eye, the periscope. We below knew our speed, our direction and our depth, but we saw nothing.

There were three periscopes—two for an emergency. They were collapsible, one being the size of a brass rod, to be used in case both of the others were destroyed. After the enemy was sighted and the distance accurately gauged the periscope would be lowered and the torpedo sent on its errand, so that we should be invisible to the enemy and remain so until we could get well away from the scene of destruction. During these attacks we depended upon the gyroscopic compass for our position. For a long time this was a mystery to the enemy, and they thought their ships had struck floating mines. So they had, for we were surely floating mines.

While submerged I experienced a peculiar faintness, my head buzzed and I became drowsy. I explained this to Stargard and he smiled and said: "In a few minutes the air purifier will work and that feeling will pass over. You see, I am more accustomed to this and only experience it later; it is the carbonic oxide."

Shortly these sensations passed off and I felt natural again. Simply wonderful was the accuracy of the air-purifying machine. It had been set according to the susceptibility to carbonic oxide of those unaccustomed to its poisonous properties. Stargard explained that this was based on numerous experiments, and the danger limits were accurately gauged.

On this trip I also experienced my first seasickness. Though I had been on the sea before I never had had the experience of being inside of a cork before—for that is what a submarine is. I believe we were placed on all the possible angles, and in quick succession too. All the inexperienced men were sick, and some of those who were experienced as well. For this reason we had to carry extra men, especially

at first. Even with a normal crew we were cramped, so we were badly cramped on the trial trip. Captain Kolberg, it was stated, never was seasick.

I found our sanitary provisions poor, but they were the best that could be on a submarine. There was constant moisture below—the very seams perspired; and then there was always condensation present.

We had been out twelve days when we returned. On our return to port Captain Kolberg said nothing to us. Stargard said: "This means you are congratulated and he is very well pleased, for had Captain Kolberg said anything it would have been uncomplimentary."

To perfect a crew in twelve days seems marvelous, but we were all trained men before the trip, and the trip only sharpened the edges of our training.

We lay over in port two days for rest and recreation, and then we started on our maiden trip of destruction. I bade good-by to Stargard and thanked him for his instruction. He expressed his confidence in me and wished me success, for, as he stated, "Your success is the success of the Fatherland; the destruction of the enemy largely depends upon you, for each one of us must do his share, and we shall collectively destroy those monsters that hope to destroy us." We became very enthusiastic, and both called upon God to aid us.

As we left Kiel a crowd was present, and many of the notables of our government were there. Each of us was presented with flowers. A few short speeches were made and we were off. I felt the responsibility of my position, and knew full well what depended upon me for our success. There would be little sleep or rest for me on the trip.

I was informed we reached our station—the avenue of commerce—in a little over three days. I had lost all sense of time. This was the shortest time in which that distance

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STANNERTON & SONS

WHEN the Universal Farm Tool Corporation came into being, about 1891, Samuel Stannerton could have sold his plant in Hawley for two hundred thousand dollars. Twenty years later the trust would hardly have taken the Zenith Churn Company as a gift. They had wanted the time-honored trade-mark "Zenith" more than anything else. Failing to get it, they coined another name for the same line of goods, and then proceeded, with the trip-hammering power of advertising, to drive it deep in the farmer's mind.

"Unitools" went up; "Zenith" came down.

An old-established business does not die an apoclectic death. It does not suddenly totter and fall, and require an ambulance. It may be many years after the first pallor appears upon it before requiem services are held. Its death is a process of attrition. The first wheezes are usually mistaken for growing pains. There is an old-home week of germs taking place, but nobody suspects it.

The lungs of the organization, the sales department, show the first reaction. A specialist ear, placed at the back between the shoulders, can detect these signs; but there was no specialist ear in the Zenith plant. Then the nerve centers, which are located in the executive offices, get criss-crossed and rattled. The word "retrench" is heard—just when a good fee to Doctor Publicity might effect a cure. Last stage of all the heart, which is in the counting room, ceases to beat. Thereafter small boys peg stones through the sorrowful eyes of the factory, and the help moves on.

A change of climate might have done the Zenith Churn Company a world of good. The country was moving West—which meant that the Zenith plant was traveling the wrong way. When you are riding on a train you can say that you pass the telegraph poles or that the telegraph poles pass you. There is no vital change in the fact. It meant that the dairy country was no longer within shouting range of Hawley, but fifteen hundred miles away. It meant that selling expenses were jumping higher every year, while the cut-price retail houses were bearing prices down.

By Freeman Tilden

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. CRUGER



"I'll Assume That Contract; But Parley With Those Ingrates—Nearer. Open the Plant Again—Nearer!"

Samuel Stannerton had a little printed card over his desk. It remarked—attributing the sentiment to Emerson—that if you make a better mousetrap than anybody else the world will make a path to your door. Looking at it one way, the idea is noble. But Emerson, you can take your affidavit, did not go ambulating many miles to get his mousetraps direct from the Mousetrap King. He went across the street to the grocer.

The world of business had just quietly picked up its baggage and moved away from Hawley. The flood tide went out and never came back to that highest point again,

and left the Zenith whale stranded. But Stannerton kept on. His skillful workmen continued to make churns, butter molds, garden tools, scythes, and a hundred other necessities of farming and dairying. They made good tools because they didn't know how to make any other kind. From top to bottom in the plant there was a decent, plodding honesty that spoke in terms of wood and steel.

There it was, the Zenith plant, facing you as you got off the train at the sleepy station. Its two-story, mostly wooden buildings, trailing each other like afterthoughts, stretched out along the Hawley River. They Ajaxed the fire risk—and added a heap of insurance to the overhead. Piles of rough lumber, jumbled in a way calculated to drive a stock-taker mad, loomed in front of you. The canal, which furnished cheap power seven months in the year, made a little island of the plant, and was bridged by a structure that had for forty years threatened to fall, and still stood as bad as ever.

On the other side of the tracks lay the village. A hotel, six or seven stores, a town hall, two churches and a common fringed with big maples; and back of the center the neat dwellings of the workers, rising terrace on terrace as the roads slowly climbed the hills behind—this was Hawley. If you sat on a bench in the lovely common, in summer, you could hear cocks crowing in every blessed domestic back yard; you could hear an indolent hum of placid voices outside the post office; and the wind would come caressingly down from the hills, bringing the good odor of balsam to your nostrils. Except for an intermittent whiff of gasoline, you would dream of Elysium. This was Hawley. The principal grocer threw his rotten vegetables out back of the store, where they loudly proclaimed their presence. Unfortunately this was Hawley too. When the whistles blew at noon you would see a swarm of healthy workers issuing across the bridge from the plant going home to dinner. Distances were so short there was no need of the dinner pail. They were all Zenith people. They spoke about "the plant." There was no other plant. Another manufacturing business in Hawley was incredible. It was a one-business town. It was, indeed, a one-man town.

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get carried away like that on ordinary occasions. It meant something; but still I did not know. But I know now. So here I am—I—knowing, knowing that I love you; and somehow I believe that you—But never mind that now.

"I know other things—that I am sure of too. I know that when the good Lord made you he did not make you for this sort of thing; that he made you for something very different. I know that your mother trained you for something very different. In the old days men claimed they could change base metal to gold; but it was never done. Neither can gold be changed to base metal in modern times. I know little of your crusade; but I know much of you. As a leopard cannot change its spots, so cannot you change from the third woman, the last woman, to one of these—change from the girl I knew to a girl in jail. I know your heart isn't in it; I know you are tired and need comforting—need someone to take care of you; someone to take care of.

"Perhaps it is not I; perhaps it is someone more worthy. But, between us, it is as though those seven years had never been; as though you were telling me, as you told me that morning long ago, that I must forget what had happened, knowing that neither of us could forget."

If she heard him she made no sign. Her face was turned from him. He stopped the car at the roadside; but still she did not move or speak until, when he had waited a long time, he said "Edith!"

Then she turned toward him, and he saw that her eyes were bright with tears. Perhaps he saw more than tears, for he drove on again and at the first turn went off the highway. Then, stopping, he went round the car and opened the door.

"Come!" he said.

She shook her head and laughed—a poor, pathetic laugh—at him.

"You really expect me to believe that you want me to marry you?"

"Can I state it more clearly?"

"But you certainly don't expect me to do it."

"Women have married men before, and the day of miracles has not passed."

"You would expect me to love you if I agreed to marry you, wouldn't you?"

"Yes."

"And how on earth do you expect me to love you? It is too absurd for words! Two dances! Then seven years and more! How is it possible that I should love you?"

"Then it must be impossible that I love you."

"I should think so."

"But it is not impossible; for I do."

"Suppose I were to say that I would marry you, that I loved you; think what would be in store for you!"

"You mean that most of the women with you are married?"

"Yes; would you like your wife to do what they have done?"

"My wife, if she were you, wouldn't do it."

"How do you know?"

"In the first place, I wouldn't let her."

"Really!"

"And in the second place, she wouldn't want to."

"If she were I?"

"Exactly."

"How do you know?"

"One of your friends happens to be my cousin. You are not like her."

"How do you know?"

"I know her well."

"And me not at all."

"Well enough to marry you."

"But you don't!"

"On the contrary, I do; it may be a miracle, but it is so."

"Do you believe in Woman Suffrage?"

"I am indifferent. I think it will come, and make little or no difference."

"That is not so. We —"

"Please don't! I have heard Cousin Ellen on the subject, and her words have not interested me, nor her views."

"You are not willing to be convinced?"

"Not by Cousin Ellen. A woman who assumes a responsibility voluntarily and then evades it for something for which she has no personal responsibility; a woman who talks as fast and with as little respect for facts as she does; a woman who knows more law than her lawyer husband, and more medicine than her doctor father—is not one whose word or doctrine I respect."

"But I admire her immensely!"

"No, you don't. You admire, without thinking much about it, her willingness to sacrifice those things which you think worth while—her comfort, her home, the joy of training her children, her feminine modesty and dignity—for something intangible and in which you have, down deep inside you, very little interest."

"Really! And how do you know it has no interest for me? I should think that if you had an atom of sense you would know that nothing else does interest me."

"I know that is not so."

"And how, pray, have you, with your wonderful masculine mind, discovered that?"

"Simply by watching you. Why you have gone in for it I do not know; but I do know your heart is not in it."

"You believe that I am the gentle female kind, who has no use outside the home; who cannot think for herself; who has no intellect; who must cling to a man for support, for comfort and advice; who must take the first man who asks her, for fear he will be the last—a meek little woman, the fireside kind, who can cook and sew, and does as she is told. Women like that are of the past!"

"Quite so; but how soon do you expect to change the fundamental nature of women—and of men, for that matter?"

"What is your idea of the fundamental nature of women?"

"They are everything that men are not. I am speaking of women in general, not those few who have inherited in some twisted form the wonderful brains of their fathers or grandfathers. The difference between a great mind and a crazy one is very small. The most important thing in the world, the only really important thing, is the home. All other things—art, politics, war, automobiles, candy, religion—are secondary, and important only as they affect the home. If every home in the world were really happy nothing else would matter. A man gives half his life to making a fortune, makes it, and finds that, having neglected to make a home, he has no use for the fortune."

"Oh, yes; I know what you are going to say. If women could vote they would make happy homes; prohibition would come; child labor would go; immorality would be a thing of the past. Personally I do not think women can, by voting, make those things come and go one moment sooner than they will, anyway. There are mighty few women who would not vote as their husbands do, or failing husbands, as their fathers do. For every good man there is a good woman; for every bad man there is a bad woman."

"It is quite evident you know nothing of the statistics of criminology."

"I am not talking of criminals, but of homes. A woman who leaves the home she has made may be worse than a shoplifter."

"But how few do leave! They simply have expanded. They can take care of their homes and —"

"Spend a while in jail and make speeches from barrels to jeering crowds!"

"Simply incidents, items—infinitesimal items of the whole great revolution."

"Revolution against the men?"

"Men and the old scheme of society —"

"That I came here hoping to take advantage of."

"What do you mean?"

"Only as it has been from the beginning, that society is based on the mutual love of one man and one woman. I thought you and I might help society to that extent. I still think so and hope so. Of course I know that I am talking platitudes; that I have not the knowledge or the verbal ability to talk on the subject as you can undoubtedly talk. I can try only to convince you that you and I together have a chance to do good and a chance for happiness which we can never have apart."

"And you expect me to say that I love you; that something about you attracts me strangely; and that I know—something tells me—it is love! A fine state of affairs! You expect me to change from a woman of the world, a woman who has given her life to the fight for woman's rights, to change suddenly to the modest little flower, blushing when a man speaks to her! Then, the change having come about, you expect me suddenly to lose all my gentle bashfulness, not ask for the wooing the old-fashioned woman insisted on, and throw myself into your protecting arms—playivy to your oak! All that in an hour!"

Hamilton watched her as she spoke; and she was worth while watching. She was as beautiful and as graceful as ever; and as she spoke her face was covered with bewitching smiles.

"What—oh, what could have brought her into this mess?" he thought.

"Honestly," she continued, "tell me the honest truth: What brought you here? Are you amusing yourself? Is it an adventure? What is the joke?"

"I came because I love you. I came to get you, to marry you, and carry you away with me. If you don't believe me it is a very easy thing to prove. I am not asking you to marry me because you have money. I don't know whether you have or not; but if you have, and marry me, we shall not need it—unless you are very extravagant."

"You are a queer man! Are you telling the plain, Simon-pure truth?"

"I am."

The door of the car was open. She stepped to the running board and smiled. Never had he seen such a smile, such a supremely happy smile.

"Then I am all yours, Frederick!" she whispered.

Later, very much later, he said:

"I knew there was something wrong; but I don't know yet why you have been doing all this."

"Guess!"

"I haven't a single solitary guess."

"Then I'll tell you. It's all right to tell you everything now, isn't it?"

"It surely is."

"And you'll never, never tell?"

"I'll never, never tell."

"Then, the thing you knew yesterday — She hid her face in his coat."

"Yes; tell me!"

"I knew seven years ago!"

"Oh, Edith!"

"Yes; isn't it terrible to admit it? But I did; and I've been waiting all this time for you to come back. I knew you'd come, and I was afraid people would find out that I knew, and that you didn't; so I hid it by making a fool of myself."

"And to think I didn't know!"

"You're only a man, Frederick! And, Frederick, the third woman is to be the last."

"I expect to obey orders, young lady. I am told it is done."

Mrs. Knox had a wonderful time that day, and old Ty made a fine best man.



THAT is what almost every boy and girl between three and twelve years of age is saying and wishing.

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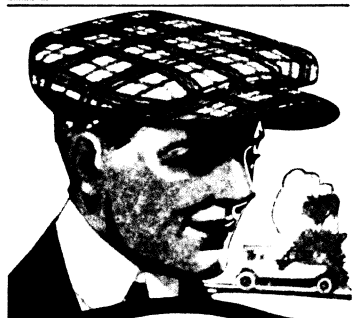
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THE SUBMARINE CONSCIENCE

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had been made, and had it not been for my sense of duty I should have become exhausted. That alone kept me up. We never washed and I was oil soaked and dirty, for our water had to be used sparingly. We expected to be gone thirty days, for all our torpedoes had to be used, and it was hoped effectively, before we returned.

The first day after we arrived at our station a torpedo was used. The crew shouted when the captain told of the result—a large English liner destroyed. No one saw this

but Captain Kolberg himself, for we remained submerged before and after the attack. I was anxious to see one sink myself—to see those hated English drown, those who wished to starve our beloved Fatherland! But we could not always emerge on the surface, as these boats carried guns and it would mean our destruction. We had to await our chance.

It was not until the sixth torpedo was used that the opportunity presented itself. I, with the rest of the officers and crew that

could leave their posts at the time, went on deck. We had just emerged after we had sent on our torpedo.

When going on deck from the dim light of the engine compartment the daylight blinded me for a short while, and one of the officers, seeing this, handed me his binocular with a sun-protecting attachment. This gave me a fine picture of the affair. I was amazed at the rapidity of the vessel's sinking, for it could not have been struck more

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than five minutes before I had this view of it. It was sinking bow forward with stern out of the water and was inclined on its side. Dense black smoke was coming from the stacks.

On the deck were a great crowd of people, among them a number of women and a few children. One woman carried a child, and she was attempting to reach one of the boats that was being lowered, but owing to its position she was having considerable difficulty, as she had to use her free hand to pull herself forward, holding to the rail. An elderly man was trying to help by pushing her.

I could see but three boats that had been launched, and they contained a large percentage of women and children. The crew were making frantic efforts to lower more, but in their excitement they seemed to me to lose time. I may have been mistaken in this, for I was hoping they could do quicker work and save more. A number of people were in the water; some were making frantic efforts to keep above, and others, better swimmers, were making attempts to reach the boats. A few were holding to wreckage and floating objects. Not many had on life belts; evidently because of the quickness of the sinking others could not obtain them. The captain was outside the rail, holding on and giving orders to the crew lowering the boats.

Something was wrong with one of the blocks, for one of the boats was tilting, causing some to fall out. They righted it though, and it was launched. One more boat was ready, but that poor woman with her child could not make it; she was struggling frantically, and the old man was no longer with her. The water was up to her knees when the captain noticed her. He evidently gave an order to a sailor, who went to her assistance. He had just time to grab the child and toss it over the rail in the direction of the lowering boat. Someone caught it, but the effort was useless, for almost immediately afterward the ship sank and the boat was carried with it.

Our Mission of Destruction

Nearly all on deck jumped overboard just before it sank; these were drawn under by the suction of the sinking ship. Only four boats got away. How successful they would be was problematical. They were overcrowded and there were many holding to the sides; several hundred must have perished. I felt like jumping overboard to aid them; and I stood on deck, horrified at the catastrophe. It was a neutral ship; there could be no mistake, for its name and the name of the country were only too plainly painted upon its side. So we were again sinking neutrals, and I was in part responsible for scenes such as this.

We could have saved many of those innocent lives, but we left, full speed ahead. The officers and crew waved their caps and shouted when the ship sank, but I remained silent, looking through the binocular at the place where it went down; and I believe I saw a small white object floating, that looked like the child in that mother's arms. I must have stood there a long time, because a brother officer tapped me upon the shoulder, which roused me, and I went below.

The officers and crew were jubilant. I was sad and said nothing. I relieved Max, but recalled him shortly, for I was incapable of duty. The scene of the sinking ship was constantly before me; and why I don't know, but that mother struggling to save her child stood out more prominently than the rest of the scene. It must have been that the mother and child stood out as a typical example of our ruthless destructiveness. What country would stand for this wanton destruction of her citizens! Our enemies would constantly increase, and our cause would suffer through our acts.

True, we had lost many lives, including that of my dear brother, but they were lost in battle. I felt sick and I was nauseated whenever I thought of that ship, but I had to go on. However, my spirit in this conflict was lost. I did not sleep for thirty-six hours; I could not. My thoughts wouldn't let me, and the strain was terrible. I was becoming hateful and disagreeable; Max suffered because of it, but he said nothing and was always obedient. Max was really a fine fellow and did not deserve this treatment. I could not help it. Others of the officers and crew showed the same disposition—there were frequent quarrels among them, occasionally a fight. If we hadn't returned to port shortly there would have

been bloodshed among us. Discipline could not be maintained with most of us in this condition of mind.

Some of the officers justified this act, in that the enemy was starving us, but I knew better, for we were far from starving.

Still, I tried to justify our act: They were supplying food and ammunition to the enemy. But how did we know this? Did this ship carry these or was it consigned to a port of the enemy? To all this I could find no answer; and I was sure our commander did not know when he ordered the torpedo discharged. What was worse, no warning was given—and what of the loss of the lives of those innocent of any wrong to our country?

I returned to my post, though still far from fit. Our mission of destruction still went on, and it was always merchantmen that we sank.

Thank God, we had used all our torpedoes at last, and were homeward bound. We reached Kiel, being out in all twenty-four days. Our return was made in three days; that left nearly eighteen days for destruction. All our torpedoes went home—twenty-four ships sunk. Our success was heralded by wireless before our arrival, and when we reached port a crowd was there to greet us with great shouting and waving of arms. We were carried, dirty and greasy as we were, upon the shoulders of the populace. A great victory was proclaimed—but I could see no victory, and I alone carried my head bowed as we were borne aloft upon the shoulders of our admirers. Not one warship sunk, and they called us victors! I felt like something else, for I saw a mother and a child.

I could not tell mother; and still mother might be like the rest—she might proclaim this a victory. Nevertheless, I would not tell her; neither would I ever see another vessel sunk, unless it was a man-of-war. The only mental rest I had was when I was thinking of our engines. I was convinced there was a way to eliminate the vibrations and noise. I had been on the way of a plan when I saw that horrible spectacle, and it was only after our return that I began where I left off.

We had a rest for twelve days. I arrived home, still greasy and dirty—the dirt and grime had penetrated my skin, just as the spectacle of the sinking ship had penetrated my soul.

Mother greeted me with open arms—she must have known the news. I told her of our success and she was happy. I saw that mother, like the others, would see only victory—even if I told her what I had beheld. Had this war turned our hearts to stone? What had caused this perverted reason? What caused this justification of means to the end?

Mother prepared a fine meal and I ate heartily, for I always enjoyed my meals at home. My sisters were at school. I had to sleep, and did so for twenty-four hours, so exhausted was I.

I awoke refreshed, and looked out of my window and saw the peaceful landscape before me. It was like a change into another world—away from the destruction and into the world of construction. Away from the horrors of sight and mind. No, not entirely from the memory of things, for the past still remained. If only I could forget what I had seen, could blot out the sight of those lives unnecessarily sacrificed!

Mother's View of the War

I called upon Theresa. She greeted me affectionately, and I could see love in every expression. She did not talk of war, but of the little interests about her—of the farm, the cows, the chickens, and a lot of small talk; all of which I was deeply interested in—everything so that it was not talk of war and destruction. We went out for a stroll, her little sister, aged four years, accompanying us. Long we walked, across fields that before long would be green with the wheat coming through the ground. God had been kind to us so far, for He had given us abundant crops. Into the forest we went and strolled about. Theresa's sister played about us as we walked along together, enjoying each other's presence silently. I was happy, for my thoughts were upon gentler things. I thought very kindly of Theresa, and pictured to myself how we might live happily together, having our children and our farm, and building future happiness. I told this to Theresa and she was very happy; she looked up at me, and her eyes showed a divinity I had never seen before.

Daily we made these little excursions into the forest, and they were my happiest moments. At home mother constantly talked of war and destruction of the enemy, the vengeance upon those that destroyed brother's life. I did not stay long at home, for when I was not with Theresa I took long walks alone. Whenever I saw a child I stopped and talked to it. An infant in arms I fondled, and talked to the mother about its health and age and all manner of trivial things, and wished the infant all success in life. I was drawn to them as if they were loadstones—trying to do something that would redeem my soul from the torment of that lost mother and her child.

When in silent communion with myself, walking along the road or across the fields, sometimes my thoughts reverted to my engines. During these silent walks I devised a plan to modify at least the vibrations and make the engine more silent. I believed that the idea was practical and determined to investigate more fully when on board.

My leave of absence expired, and how short it seemed—as if only a day had passed, one day of happiness marred only by my conscience, for the unhappiness I was causing! Theresa wept when I was about to leave, but mother did not; she still spoke of duty to our Fatherland, and looked to me as a means to the end for the glory of Germany and the revenge on those who destroyed her happiness. Little did she care how many I caused unhappiness, for I had surely done enough already.

Trying to Forget Our Victims

I questioned the wisdom of our government, and felt as if I was committing a sacrilege when I did so, but the question always returned and I implored God's judgment to guide me.

At port I met my fellow officers and held a conference. There was a change in plans; we were no longer to go on an expedition alone, but a number of submarines were to travel a short distance apart, with our U-boat as flagship with Captain Kolberg in command. It seemed the enemy was making some progress against us, and we were to travel together to render assistance to each other if necessary. We had invented a subsurface wireless and were able to communicate within a radius of nearly one hundred miles. This again shows the world the wonder of the German minds. The officers were enthusiastic, and looked refreshed from their rest—so different from their appearance when they left the submarine. They expected even greater success on this trip, if that was possible. Some of the officers and crew sang as we walked down the street, admired by the people, who greeted us almost with reverence as the saviors of our country.

For the time I failed to realize that we were about to enter upon another trip of destruction. This was probably because of the enthusiasm of the officers; but on descending into the darkened interior of the U-boat from the tower I experienced a sensation of horror, as if I were entering a pit, and I could see women and children there who were frantically making efforts to save themselves from drowning, grasping and trying to hold to the sides to keep themselves afloat, only to sink and disappear. Plainly I could see that woman and her child there; she was holding her child out of the water and attempting to get hold on the smooth surface that lined the pit. I stood there upon a ladder that descended into this pit, but out of their reach. I could have saved them easily by having the ladder lowered, but did not; and silently I watched them drown. Suddenly I was roused by a fellow officer shouting "Hurry on below!" and the vision passed, but the horror remained.

Max was in the engine room filling and tightening the many grease cups when I entered. He did not look well. I inquired about his health and he answered that he had just recovered from a sore throat. I felt that he should have reported ill, but did not because he wished to make the voyage.

I personally made a complete inspection of the engines, motors, generators and batteries and found them perfect. Our provisions were increased for this trip, for with the fleet of submarines we expected to stay away from port longer.

We left first and the rest followed, one hour apart. The fleet was to work over a radius of many miles, in a crescentic arrangement if possible, our U-boat to be in the center of the crescent. In this manner the greatest efficiency could be established, for thus the enemy could not evade us.

We had been out of port only a few days when I noticed that Max was incapable of duty. I ordered him to his bunk and informed the captain. Captain Kolberg examined him and gave him some medicine. The captain acted as our physician and surgeon, as we could not spare any from the front. I noticed that Max's face was pale and swollen. He showed me his ankles and they also were swollen; my finger pressed on to them left a pit. He appeared very sick to me.

We met with great success; four of the enemy's ships were sunk in the four days after we reached the zone, and some of the others of the fleet had been equally successful. We felt that soon we should strip the seas of the commerce of the enemy, and then victory would be ours—and it would not be long, at that rate. The weather had been good, so there had been less of that frightful seasickness than on the preceding trip.

We were compelled to remain submerged for longer periods though, during the second trip. Captain Kolberg and I conferred frequently on the ability of our batteries to hold under this strain. We tried short periods of surface speeding to replenish the batteries, with some success. The enemy was very alert and we were obliged to submerge repeatedly to escape detection. Sometimes we rested on the bottom for hours, for our microphones warned us of the presence of destroyers above.

Again we sank a neutral. Lieutenant Marburg, of whom I inquired with some concern whether any got away safe, remonstrated about my concern, saying, "They were warned to keep out of the zone; what difference does a few lives make, when our Fatherland is at stake?" The emphasis he placed upon "a few lives" made me feel how little a life really meant to him. I experienced a hatred toward the man because of this expression, but I said nothing.

This hatred of man for man was again appearing—the more we destroyed and the longer we were in close association with each other the more strongly this feeling was shown. It seemed as if we wished to destroy each other. I felt that I could kill Marburg when he so callously ignored the value of human life.

I went over to rouse Max and give him some medicine. He had been sleeping almost constantly at that time and it took some time to rouse him. This did not seem natural to me and I informed Captain Kolberg. He went below with me and examined him, noting his swollen ankles and face. He said his condition was serious and that he had nephritis. About three hours later Max developed a convulsive seizure, and Captain Kolberg administered chloroform to allay the severity of the spasms.

Illness Among the Crew

Max was quiet for about an hour after that and became unconscious, for we could not rouse him. Gradually he developed another convulsion, beginning with twitching of certain muscles. These movements became more and more severe, until all the muscles were involved in spasmodic movements. His face had a horrible grin. It was a pitiful sight to see, and chloroform seemed to be the only thing that would allay these spasms. I administered it from time to time, under direction of Captain Kolberg. The quiet intervals became shorter and the convulsions even more intense, so that he had to be under the influence of chloroform at all times.

Surely this could not last long, and I wished for the end to relieve this poor man of his suffering. Fortunately we were resting at the bottom of the sea during that time, so I could devote myself entirely to Max and give what aid I could, for he was a good man and faithful. If only I could have roused him I would have asked forgiveness for the harsh and brutal manner in which I had frequently treated him.

The end came during one of his severest convulsions. I was administering chloroform in rather large amounts as Captain Kolberg was directing me, when Max suddenly became quiet, his muscles relaxed and he ceased breathing. All this occurred in a few seconds, so, though expecting death, the suddenness of it rather shocked me. We placed Max's body in the torpedo compartment, laying him upon one of the empty torpedo racks.

Following the death the officers and crew became very quiet and grave. It was evident that most of us were ill. There was

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some complaint about sore throat among the men, and Captain Kolberg made an examination of their throats and gave them medicine. It was natural for us to have fever when the boat was submerged for any length of time, but evidently Max had carried contagion on board, so that an epidemic of sore throat was developing.

We had been submerged for twenty-four hours, most of which time we had been resting on the bottom of the sea, to conserve our batteries, which, however, were becoming weak. To save them we turned off nearly all lights. My engine room I kept in total darkness. This encouraged me to think, and I could devote my entire time to the improvement of the engines. I believed I had in part solved the problem of vibration, through a principle of nonconduction, for I could see no improvement upon the engine itself. The principle was in the building of the engine compartment walls and the engine base, which would in themselves take care of the vibrations and minimize the sound.

Thirty-six hours, and still our microphones told us the enemies were above us. Our fate seemed to be the fate of the other U-boats of our squadron; the enemy must have had a great number of destroyers above to patrol so great a radius.

Fight at the Bottom of the Sea

The condition of the men was becoming worse; many of them were confined to their hammocks and bunks. Captain Kolberg and I consulted on the advisability of going to the surface and using our brass-rod extension periscope for observation. This could have been done with safety if it had not been for the weakness of our batteries; but they would have become completely exhausted in a short time, so we concluded to remain resting at the bottom until such time as we could emerge.

Personally I felt that we should show ourselves and give fight with our guns. That had always appealed to me, whereas this sneaking way of sinking ships unseen I had abhorred. I suggested the open method to Captain Kolberg, who dismissed the suggestion with one word, "Suicidal!" Surely the destroyers would have given us a greater chance than we gave merchantmen.

The crew and officers were becoming ugly and sullen, quarreling on the least provocation, and some blows had been struck. I could not blame them, for they were all ill in mind and body. As for myself, I confined myself mostly to the engine compartment and my thoughts, away from the rest, so as not to be brought into any discussion, for after Max was gone I did not quarrel.

Poor Max—lying there in the torpedo compartment! The stench was horrible; it permeated all the compartments, even though the torpedo compartment was closed. In twelve hours after death Max's features were terribly swollen and discolored—a purplish black. This rapid decomposition was due to the intense heat, and it was a wonder we didn't decompose, even though alive. We couldn't stand it much longer—we must go to the surface for fresh air. If only our air purifier could have destroyed the stench as well as it did carbonic oxide our living would have been at least bearable. I really believe the stench was poisonous, for I was feeling quite ill.

At last it came—as I knew it would. I was roused from my thoughts while in the engine room by the noise of men scuffling. I hurried into the crew's quarters, and in the dim light I saw Franz Koenig, the big gunner, and my little battery assistant, Johann Metz, fighting ferociously. Koenig had Metz by the collar trying to pull his head away, and with his right fist was attempting to strike the side of Metz's face, while Metz had his teeth buried in Koenig's right shoulder and his hands upon the other's throat. The officers and crew were standing round in a circle, making no attempt to interfere. I tried to get through to separate them, but I was held by Lieutenant Marburg and one of the crew, while the rest cried "Let them fight it out!"

I shouted for Captain Kolberg, and he started to descend the ladder from the tower just as Koenig stumbled and fell over a chair. Koenig was up and at Metz again in an instant, who was backing away toward the table near the center of the compartment, and with his right hand was feeling over the table. Before Koenig could protect himself Metz had found the long thin carving knife that was lying on the table and had stabbed him in the left side of the

neck. Koenig stood upright an instant, his face looked puzzled and astonished, and then he dropped in a heap. The knife had entered and was withdrawn instantly, as if not wishing to inflict mortal injury, but with it came a spurt of blood that struck the side of the compartment.

Captain Kolberg was beside the bleeding man and had turned him over and immediately placed his thumb in the wound in the neck to control the hemorrhage, and at the same time called for the surgical case, which I brought him. We sorted out hemostatic forceps and ligatures, and he pushed a hemostatic forceps into the wound and attempted to grasp the carotid artery, but was unsuccessful, and had to resort to his thumb again for compression to control the hemorrhage. He then selected a lancet and enlarged the wound above and below his thumb down to the artery and was able to place hemostatic forceps below and above his thumb on the artery, controlling the hemorrhage.

Koenig during this operation lay quiet and was breathing in gasps, his face white, and he was attempting to mutter something that we could not understand. Gradually the gasps ceased and Koenig lay dead, his head surrounded by a pool of blood. Both Captain Kolberg and I were covered with blood, for Koenig was a big man and full blooded.

Without moving the body Captain Kolberg held court. He inquired of Metz the cause of the trouble. Metz stood there dazed, his small frame shaking under the physical and nervous strain. He talked in a tremulous voice. The cause leading up to the murder was insignificant—the bread was soggy. Metz, besides his duties as battery assistant, was cook, for such cooking as occurs on a submarine—which is really the preparation of coffee and the opening of cans. He had, however, charge of the supplies and he was blamed for the soggy bread; which really was no fault of his, but due to the ever-present moisture when we were submerged, which permeated everything, even the wax-papered bread. I myself had frequently heard the officers and crew complain, but as everyone complained about most everything I never thought that so insignificant a matter would lead to such terrible results.

It was really the condition of the minds of the men, and the slightest provocation produced malignancy of thought. So, little wonder the big good-natured Franz Koenig struck my timid battery assistant, Metz, after Metz, who had been abused and accused of negligence because of the condition of the bread by nearly all, retaliated with an oath when Koenig complained of the bread. This had precipitated the fight. The officers and crew had not interfered, but rather relished it; and even then they did not seem much concerned at the outcome, but rather glorified the fight in their answers to questions asked by Captain Kolberg.

Martyrs of Our Warfare

The inquiry was short, and at the conclusion Captain Kolberg said to Metz, who stood now in the center of the compartment, with lowered head, facing his accuser: "Do you know the punishment for the crime you have committed upon one of your countrymen, who was valuable to rid your country of her base enemies?"

"Yes—death," almost inaudibly answered Metz.

"Have you anything to say?" inquired Captain Kolberg.

For a moment Metz was quiet and then he raised his head and looked above him, as if looking at the sky, but his eyes could see only the ceiling dimly lit by the solitary electric bulb, whose dimness told us of our probable fate, and that we should probably follow him in a matter of hours. Slowly he spoke: "I pray to God that our Fatherland is victorious."

That was all. Captain Kolberg waited, but he said no more. He lowered his head and looked squarely at the captain, who gradually raised his automatic pistol, which, when his arm was outstretched, was but two feet from Metz's head. When it was on a level with his head Metz closed his eyes and the shot was fired. He fell back as if a force had pushed him and lay prone as blood flowed from his ears, nose and mouth. He also gaped, as Koenig had, mouth wide open, with frothy blood welling up and running down the sides of his cheeks upon the floor, so that both of their heads lay in a pool of blood, as if surrounded by a halo.

It was a halo, for they were martyrs of our submarine warfare.

We carried the dripping bodies to the torpedo compartment; the door was opened and the stench almost stifled us. We laid them in the empty torpedo racks, beside poor Max's body. We left the compartment quickly. Three of the six empty torpedo racks were now filled with our dead. How many more innocent souls had passed from this earth by those torpedoes that formerly occupied the resting places of our unfortunate countrymen?

I went into my silent engine room and fell upon my knees and prayed to God for the lost souls, lost upon this earth, but entering the Kingdom of Peace. It was only then that I experienced the sublime comfort of prayer and the communion with God. Formerly I had prayed as others had—for the victory of our Fatherland; but now I prayed for the individual, for those about me and for my own guidance; for I wished for the truth and wanted to see.

Submerged for Seventy-Two Hours

We could not last much longer, but still our microphones warned us. Nearly seventy hours, and still we remained at the bottom! Two of the fleet had escaped; also our subsurface wireless informed us of the loss of three submarines of the fleet, which had attempted to emerge and escape; therefore we had to remain—but how could we much longer? I wished I had been on one of those that had gone to the surface and that I had died fighting as man to man. That was glory, this was hell.

Seventy-one hours—and I again consulted with Captain Kolberg. We said little, but we both watched our microphone operator intently. He seemed on the verge of collapse. No sleep for seventy-two hours, but he would not trust anyone to his post. Suddenly he straightened up in his chair and smiled and said "No sound!" Then he collapsed. Captain Kolberg, paying no attention to the stricken man, loosened the receiver from his ear and listened to satisfy himself as to the correctness of the information. Probably it was only a few minutes but it surely seemed longer before he verified the information by saying: "Emerge slowly."

It was slow, though I did not wish it, but our batteries were almost exhausted. A few hours more and we should have lain on the bottom of the ocean, slowly dying. Our light would have gone out, and then the food would have been exhausted, and then death would have come; and one by one we would have dropped over and expired, until there would have been no more.

We emerged. I smelt something peculiar. It was fresh air, and as such I failed to recognize it, for it was so different from what I was accustomed to breathing. I started my engine and the lights became brighter and we were going full speed ahead. The crew were going up the ladders. Some of them could scarcely climb up. No one offered them assistance; the others climbed over them and they had to get there as best they could. I was obliged to stay with the engines until relieved, for I no longer had a helper. Captain Kolberg relieved me and I saw daylight and breathed fresh air.

How beautiful the sea and sky looked! I had never seen them so beautiful before. I was dazzled by the brilliancy of the sun as it was reflected upon the water. I closed my eyes to the beautiful sight, for from exhaustion I sank to the deck and held to the rail for support, as many of the crew and officers were doing; and I fell asleep.

When I woke the bodies of our dead comrades were lying on the deck. Two of the crew were upon the deck, evidently the ones who had carried the bodies from below, for they were sweating from exertion. Strange as it may seem, they were laughing. One was at the head and the other at the feet of Max. The one at the head was giving the word "Together!" Both stooped and lifted the body, and then both counted "One—two—three!"—and with the word "three" the final swing was made and the body thrown into the sea away from the boat, where it floated upon the surface, owing to the decomposition. The other bodies were cast away in the same manner. The two men then returned below, wiping their hands upon their clothing as they walked toward the hatch. The whole proceeding reminded me of a piece of labor performed, and with the same ceremony.

What had become of the hearts of these men? What had brutalized them? They were no longer human, for they had lost the

higher attributes that distinguish man from the animal. They were not alone; we all seemed to have lost our sense of humanity.

Soon we were homeward bound, and the sight of port could not come too soon for me. I was near exhaustion when we reached port, for I had been on duty practically all the time since we emerged.

There was no crowd there to greet us that time, for the report of our voyage had preceded us. So different from our first return! Still, we had suffered more on this trip, our efforts were greater, but we had not the success. Effort counts for nothing in this war—only success counts.

Taking everything into consideration, the people were right—our voyage was a failure, for the loss of the submarines was greater to us than the loss of the merchantmen was to the enemy.

Silently the officers and crew walked along, taking the narrow unfrequented streets. They felt the disgrace. They did not expect this cold reception. Personally I felt in better mental spirits than on the first return, for I had seen no victory even then.

As I walked along almost tottering from exhaustion my mind was active and I was almost cheerful at the prospect of the failure of our submarines. My thoughts were coming very fast, and I reviewed the entire submarine situation, past and future, and I saw gleefully the coming of some new monster of destruction that would destroy our submarines; I laughed aloud and held to the side of a house to keep myself from falling. Two of the officers following came up to me and supported and carried me, holding me up under the arms while I dragged my feet along. I was laughing constantly. They put me in bed in a hotel, and in a short time I was asleep.

I awoke and found myself lying in a clean bed, fully dressed with my grease-covered leather clothes, my face and hands black with carbon grease. I sat on the side of the bed and reviewed my actions of the day before. I could not understand my thoughts; I must have been mad to wish the destruction of our submarines, for that would mean the loss of the war to our country! It was a sacrifice to think as I did; still my thoughts were clear, and though I must have laughed hysterically the laugh nevertheless was real and I felt joyous at the prospect of defeat. Was it possible they were my real thoughts, unrestrained by my sense of duty—the soul speaking, gaining the supremacy over the tutored mind? A dormant conscience crying out to be heard?

Losing Faith in the Fatherland

What was I thinking of! I must dispel those thoughts, for they were treasonable. I could not think of defeat, for our country must be victorious. My mind was chaotic and I had to leave this place and go to Theresa, where all was quiet and I could dispel those thoughts by thinking of pleasant things.

I went by train to the Diesel Engine Works and placed before the superintendent my plan for the lessening of the vibration of the engines. I was there the entire day, and my plans were considered practical. The company officials were greatly encouraged at the prospect and praised me highly to the men, whom they called together. The general manager made a very patriotic speech and lauded me as a great benefactor of our country.

Many of the men I knew personally, and they came up to me and cordially shook my hand. They made a hero of me. August Frankel, a young man of twenty, told me joyously he was to take the next voyage as assistant engineer. He hoped to be my assistant.

I shook him by the hand and said, "I am sorry."

He looked astonished and said, "Why?"

"Nothing; only it is so much nicer here in the shop," I replied.

"I don't care for that," he said; "I shall be of much more help to my country on board the U-boat than here."

How much like my thoughts when I first heard of my promotion! I felt sorry for him. What kind of brute would he be changed into? I wondered.

Before leaving, I told the superintendent that I should like to supervise the construction of the new compartment and engine base, according to my plan. He assured me that would be my privilege and that he would notify me immediately when they were ready to begin work.

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I arrived home at the supper hour. Mother and my sisters were at the table. Mother's greeting had a coldness that reminded me of our entrance into Kiel. As she said nothing of my voyage I realized our failure was known to her. She had read; and I was to her a part of that failure. Somehow she believed I had not done my duty—that I could see.

All this did not hinder my relishing my meal, for the return to the food of my youth was a return to the thoughts of childhood. In the morning, when I was about to go to see Theresa, mother called me. We talked for a long time. I could not understand mother; she proposed that I marry Theresa then. That I would not consent to, for it would be an injustice to her; and I told mother so, explaining the possibility of my death. This I dread to mention, but mother urged the matter strongly, stating "The Fatherland demands offspring."

I knew mother was mad. I had heard this before, but I could not conceive mother's asking that. Germany was mad; our reason was becoming perverted.

Theresa and I went to our usual place in the woods. Her little sister searched for wild flowers about us while we sat together and talked. I had to have someone to whom I could confide my thoughts, and why not to Theresa, for she was about the only human I could confide in, and she had wisdom. I told her of my doubts as to the rights and actions of the Fatherland, and I was surprised that these same thoughts had entered her mind. She was more outspoken than I, though she confessed she had never expressed herself before.

She believed we were barbaric, and that our actions had hurt our cause, and that there had been no cause for war in the first place. Our army was a menace to our neighbors, and Germany wished to use it to increase her greatness at the expense of the happiness of other countries. What of the end? There could be no victory with this tremendous sacrifice in lives. And what Germany expected to do would fail, for the integrity of the land of our neighbors was as dear to them as ours was to us. For how different would we feel if our land had been invaded instead of theirs! This she said in a voice louder than was usual for her, and her manner showed her sincere conviction.

In all this I could not agree with her, for it was my conviction that Germany was forced into this war, and I so expressed myself. Theresa was impatient with me, and said that I could see only the one side. That may have been so, for a year before such doubts as I then had would have been impossible. Theresa may have been right, but I wanted something to hold to—to justify our cause.

We sat there in silence for a long time, and I believe Theresa was somewhat angry and impatient with me, but early convictions could not be overcome so easily.

Her little sister found a few early flowers. She ran up and placed them in my lap and then ran away, and I after her. I caught her and held her in my arms, and Theresa came up to us smiling, and I kissed her and was immediately forgiven. I told her of the prospect of my entering the shop again and the success of my scheme for lessening the vibration of the engine. She was very happy at the prospect and we planned together for the future.

The United States Declares War

When I arrived home mother showed me the weekly paper: "The United States of America has declared war on Germany." I could hardly believe that. The great country that Uncle Frederick had written of to us. The country in which he is so prosperous, born a poor peasant, and has been made mayor of a large town. How good he has been to all of us! What should we have done without his help when my father died?

Mother said that they declared war on us because of money, and that they thought only of money there. They had no patriotism for their country—money was their patriotism. Mother as usual was very bitter and was confident of victory against all odds. I could not have that impression of those people, from what Uncle Frederick had written us; but that was the reason stated in the paper. Why was our Fatherland so hated?

Daily I looked for a letter from the engine works, and every day Theresa asked me whether I had heard, but still no word. We both were disappointed but were still hopeful until the last day; and then our hopes

were shattered, for no word came to me, and I had to return to that nightmare on board the submarine. It was with a heavy heart that I left, knowing that I left happiness behind, and for never a day or an hour should I know of happiness until I returned.

I arrived at Kiel, and August Frankel was waiting for me at the train shed. He was very impatient; he wished to go aboard immediately for instruction. I told him to go ahead and I would follow later, for I wished to be alone until the last minute, and especially away from this boy and his chatter of his service to his country—as if the success of the war depended upon him. Probably I had been as arrogant and impatient as he, but by that time I was content to report when the time came.

I was informed we were to change our tactics. No longer a fleet of U-boats. We were to travel in pairs. Captain Kolberg was more sullen, if that was possible; and he had been criticized for the failure by the admiral, which probably accounted for it. He was also more severe in his criticism of the officers and crew.

Cutting Through a Steel Net

I gave Frankel his instructions. He was quite adept. He lacked the placid good nature of Max, but I could get along with him. We sailed as usual, and I felt no elation. Frankel had enough for us both. We arrived at our zone without mishap, though we had been very cautious. So often were we submerged that I had to caution Captain Kolberg to save our batteries. We enlarged our territory of operation so as to keep the destroyers off our track. If we sank a boat we immediately changed our course and lay in wait for our prey a considerable distance away from the last attack. In that way we were successful, though we could not sink more than one boat in two days, unless we were particularly favored in running into steamers.

Frankel was very anxious to see a ship sink. So far our attacks and retreats had been unseen by the enemy. His opportunity came in our eighth attack. All the new members of the crew seemed anxious and went on deck. They returned below in high spirits. Frankel was greatly excited and enthusiastic. It was a liner of our new enemy.

"They will see how we shall punish them, the money makers!" he said.

I inquired whether any women and children were on board.

"A few," he said.

"Any saved?" I inquired.

"Some boats got away, but she sank very fast," he answered.

He looked at me rather queerly, and later said, "You don't seem enthusiastic."

"No," I answered; "it has become commonplace with me."

Shortly after that we remained submerged, resting for twenty-four hours, which as usual had its bad effect upon us. Frankel was very ugly at times, making cutting remarks to me. They ended when I slapped his face and he was sent sprawling against the side of the compartment. He looked rather astounded, sitting there holding his face. I did use more force than I should, but he questioned my patriotism and said that I was more concerned about the loss of lives of our enemy than in the success of our country. He may have said the truth—sometimes the truth hurts.

It was when we were about to emerge shortly after this that we were caught by a steel net. This was our first experience, and I immediately knew the cause by the action of our engine. This meant quick work, and I was able to cut the submarine loose with the acetylene torch in less than thirty

minutes. It was perilous work, but I accomplished it. Frankel thereafter had little talk about my patriotism. I had always hoped to be able to do this, and I had some ideas as to how to accomplish this best. Captain Kolberg congratulated me, which was very unusual for him. I was able to bunch many of the wires by forcing them together with iron cables, thus lessening the time greatly in cutting them.

It was fortunate for us we did quick work, as our microphones warned us of the approach of destroyers, which were notified through wireless the instant we were caught, as the nets were all connected with stations.

I shall never know how it happened, for I was in the engine compartment; but the next day when we were about to submerge to attack a ship a strange vibration was transmitted through the U-boat. This I immediately recognized as the recoil from one of the guns in the tower. We had evidently been surprised by a destroyer in our attempted attack upon a merchantman. At last we were fighting—we were fighting as man to man. I knew this by movements of the U-boat, for we were maneuvering for the advantage, with our guns going in beautiful rhythm. If I could only have seen this! But my place was then more than ever with my engines. How the old Goth spirit in Captain Kolberg must have gloried in this conflict. In my imagination I saw him standing in the conning tower, cool and calm, observing and giving orders, watching for the advantage and sending telling shots at the enemy, as his ancestors did before him—brave and fearless, honored and feared for their individual fighting qualities.

It was glorious to fight this way, so different from the sneaking torpedo attacks. I was smiling and happy; our engines were working wonderfully well, responding perfectly to the strain of rapid changes in speed.

Twice we were struck by shells; this I could tell by the shock sustained by the boat. Evidently we had not been very seriously injured, for the fighting continued as before.

Frankel was white and his hands trembled as he attempted to fill the oil cup on the propeller shaft. I was amused at this, for this method of warfare was as displeasing to him as it was pleasant to me.

Our Last Duties on Board

Suddenly the boat sustained a tremendous shock and our speed was checked. We seemed to be lifted from the sea and then plunged forward, but the boat righted itself almost immediately. Water was, however, entering my compartment quickly and I knew the boat was doomed. We had been rammed by a destroyer. Without orders I began to wreck my beloved engines with a sledge. This seemed a pity, but the secrets of our engines must never fall into the hands of the enemy. The officers and crew below seemed stupefied by this sudden change of events and did not realize their duty, but the noise of my sledge awakened them, and quickly the secrets of our U-boat were safe from the enemy.

Captain Kolberg appeared descending from the conning tower and ordered the men on deck. Some of the men had evidently anticipated this order, for they had the hatch partly open, and almost immediately ascended to the deck. They ascended quickly but in good order until Frankel in his terror attempted to crowd past the other men. His terror affected others of the crew, and disorder would have resulted had not Captain Kolberg shouted orders, which quieted all but Frankel, who would continue to wriggle himself between the men to reach the ladder.

Captain Kolberg ordered the men to make way for him, and he reached Frankel as he was about to ascend the ladder and dragged him by the collar to the rear. He let him go and again Frankel attempted the same tactics. This time Captain Kolberg stopped him with a blow on the jaw and Frankel fell back unconscious in the water, which entered his open mouth as he lay upon his back. He was a victim of his own cowardice.

At the time I paid little attention to these incidents, for I was engrossed with my own thoughts. I had always been a firm believer in the hereafter, and the approach of death was pleasurable. I found myself smiling, for I was strangely happy. Death in action was my desire, and now I was to have my secret wish granted, leaving all this terrible conflict behind to become a subject of the Kingdom of Peace. My family gave me little concern, for I knew Uncle Frederick would see that they did not want. My only regret was Theresa, but later she would come to me and our souls would be united in love.

The last man had left the hatch, and still I stood beside Captain Kolberg, who, like myself, was engrossed in his thoughts. Water was entering the hatch from the waves that were sweeping over the deck, and we were sinking slowly.

Rescued by the British

Captain Kolberg suddenly observed me, for he said quickly, "Thornwald, why don't you go up?"

"I was waiting for you, sir," I replied, not wishing him to discern my motive for remaining behind.

"Go immediately; I will follow," he said. Slowly I mounted the ladder and reached the deck, while the water was starting to pour into the hatch, making the boat sink more rapidly. Captain Kolberg did not come up, and I knew then he had had no such intention, even though he said so. He would die as he evidently wished to, and as I had hoped to do.

I stood on the deck and noticed two boats of the destroyer leaving the scene. The crew of one of the boats had evidently seen me standing there, for they were stopping their boat and were going to return for me. They would be too late, and my wish for death was to be gratified. The end would be soon, for then I could barely feel the deck beneath me, as I stood there with uplifted hands praying to God to save Germany from herself. I was entirely in the water, and I closed my eyes and instinctively held my breath. My ears buzzed and I attempted to breathe, but the water strangled me and I lost consciousness.

I knew no more until I was awakened by shouting, and opening my eyes I saw the crew of the destroyer looking down at me as I lay prone in the boat that had rescued me and others of our crew.

It was a British destroyer and the triumphant shouting had roused me to consciousness. I was carried on deck, where I slowly regained my strength, but my constant coughing was very distressing, and I expected considerable thin mucus. I felt melancholy, for my cherished hope had been denied me.

They searched me before I was sent below and they retained my precious notes. I was huddled together with the rest of the crew, and our guards looked at us with expressions of fear and hate, as if we were some human-devouring animals caged for the present, but likely to escape and repeat our human destruction.

The next day we were transferred to another ship, which took us to port, where I was separated from the rest of the officers and crew and sent away. I arrived in a prison camp entirely occupied by officers of a high rank. They mostly bore the title of Herr Von, and I could see that I was rather ostracized because of my humble station in private life.

On the second day of my internment my possessions were returned to me, and with them my precious notes. I am thankful, for now I can complete my narrative at my leisure, as the rest of the officers play cards almost incessantly and talk of the glory of Germany; and though I have played cards with them, at times their unsportsmanlike manner does not appeal to me and I shall confine myself to writing.

Lieutenant Ayres, who has charge of this camp, has noticed this ostracism and has asked me if I wished to be transferred. To this I have readily consented, and I understand I am to be transferred to a camp situated in an agricultural district.

