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LAST MOMENTS OF A SUNKEN GERMAN SUBMARINE

Jean Constant's Graphic Word Picture of How the Commander of a German Submarine Regarded His Work of Torpedoing a Passenger Liner

REMORSE AND DESPAIR ARE HIS DYING EMOTIONS

Officers Barricaded Themselves Against Maddened Crew and Fortify Their Spirits With Champagne—Visions of Innocent Civilians Rise Before Them

In the literary warfare that is being waged by the poets and essayists of the embroiled European nations, nothing thus far printed had aroused much interest as Jean Constant's graphic word picture of the "Last Moments of a Sunken German Submarine."

Jean Constant, one of the most brilliant of contemporary French writers, evidently having the Lusitania in mind, pictures the terrible remorse of the commander of the "U-38," which he describes as rammed and sunk off the Scilly Isles. The officers have barricaded themselves against the maddened crew. They count the minutes of life left to them. They fortify their spirits with champagne, but in the very last moments the commander has visions of the innocent women and children doomed by his species of warfare, tossed by the waves and holding out their arms for the succor which he failed to give.

His ear assists the vision. A drowning woman calls him "Assassin!" Dreadful remorse and despair are his own dying emotions.

This is the picture which the people of Germany so resent, although it is painted by a Frenchman and their country's enemy. It is printed here for what it stands—a French view of submarine warfare as practised by the Germans.

BY JEAN CONSTANT.

The eminent French writer, Do you imagine, Gottlieb, that I am so wanting in common sense that I never thought of that means of escape? As soon as ever I recovered from the shock and realized that the U-38 was sinking my very first thought was to press the button which released the safety lines. Oh, no, nothing came of it. Probably their infernal torpedo, in ramming into us, managed to put the apparatus out of gear. What's to be done? Why, nothing. All that there's left for us to do now is to toss off this delicious champagne, which my cousin Kleist sent me from Rheims—and commend our noble souls to God. Of course, I know very well that for Gottlieb von Lienthal and for Otto von Shirmeck, this slow asphyxiation death in a coffin of steel is not exactly the glorious end of which they dreamed. Never mind. We are giving our lives for our Kaiser and furthering the glory of Germany....

I only ordered the manoeuvres to occupy the men's minds. As soon as ever the truth dawns on them that it is no good I will distribute alcohol among them—lots of alcohol. It would be absurd to give those brutes time to reflect; they would only disturb our last moments on earth by their futile regrets. In a few hours the accumulators will be played out—the lights will be extinguished—we shall be in the darkness—and night.

German Submarine Operations Called Piracy.

Do be sensible, Gottlieb. We have been torpedoed off the Scilly Islands, there or somewhere about. Hell, this very excellent map, published by the British Admiralty, gives a depth of about 200 feet to these waters. In ordinary times, even in spite of divers and floating docks, we should be lost to a dead certainty. How, do you think, then, that any one is going to trouble about us now? Who'll do it? Not the British Navy. I'll wager.

Just so. You are right there. God punish England! If it had not been for England's navy ours would have played a glorious role. Now that we are talking face to face, friend, I am going to confide something to you—something. I never dared tell you before.

You are just like a brother to me. But, with all the spying there is about, who can be sure—even of his own brother? Often a thoughtless word has been quite enough to ruin a career. Well, what I have to tell you is this—for them to give us that general order systematically to destroy everything that floats on the sea, friend or foe, from the tiny, inoffensive fishing smack up to the great ocean liner, for them to give us orders to sink neutrals as well as

enemies, makes me think that things are not going too well with Germany. I know I am right. The same idea has struck both of us. They are nothing but acts of piracy—the word is not too strong. And what is the good of them, except to excite the hatred of the whole world against us, and to tarnish for ever the good name of the Vaterland? You agree with me, don't you?

.....I call "Halt!" there. It is not for a soldier to discuss the commands of his chief. No, I was never one to evade the orders given by my superiors in command. All the same, there is nothing to prevent my being inwardly disgusted at having to carry out such frightful commands.

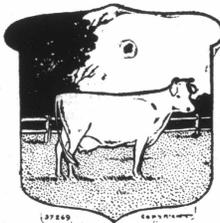
Now—yes, I'm almost ashamed to confess it—there was a time I used to delight in the work. I took a sort of satanic pride in being utterly merciless, in outraging the simplest laws of humanity, in killing for nothing—nothing but the mere pleasure of killing. I used to say to myself: All the ships that sail round these coasts of Britain, little fishing smacks as well as the great leviathans of the deep—all of them fly like the wind at the very sight of my periscope, just like a flock of buffalo before the tsetse fly. Their captains tremble as they eagerly scan the horizon, through their glasses; their sailors are for ever straining their eyes for any trace of my secret path.

I liked the power I had given me. I'd rise—rise—and like lightning I'd fly along between two waves, and

NOTICE

MEETINGS of the Canvassing Committee and the Sub Committees under Ward Commanders will be held each night at the Headquarters, 7.30 to 9.30. Executive Meetings each night at Headquarters, 9.30; and General Public Meetings of Voters every Monday and Wednesday night in the T. A. Armoury at 8.30 p.m. when addresses will be given by prominent platform speakers and workers.

P. G. BUTLER, General Secretary, St. John's Prohibition Com. oct20,11



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when I heard our men singing on the bridge our "Deutschland über Alles" I'd feel myself some brave hero of the Nibelungen, some cruel king ruling a great sea. And if, at times, just a little spark of pity managed to glimmer through the blackness of my soul, to ease my conscience I'd repeat to myself the famous words of our field marshal, "Warfare is not a 5 o'clock tea."

Yes, I'll confess it all. Every bit of my enthusiasm in the work has quite disappeared ever since we sank the great Atlantis.

That's quite true. You never saw anything of it. You were so tired out after your long night-watch and I had not the heart to awaken you. As for me—as for me, God! how can I ever blot out the memory of it! Oh, it was terrible! If you'd seen that great ship with her hundreds of drowning men and women and children, get drawn down under the waves! I can still hear the dismal wailings of the passengers, and the weeping women and children all huddled up together on the bridge—their useless appeals for mercy.

Then—they are all swept off into the sea, struggling, striving, snatching at anything, anything, anything at all; then being sucked down for ever, dragged down into the whirlpool of the great sinking ship. Then nothing on the sea. Oh, Gottlieb! to escape from that terrible nightmare I gave the order to plunge, and for several hours we remained hidden beneath the sea.... When we came up again at last what do you think was the first thing I saw?

The corpse of a woman, almost naked, holding tightly pressed against her breast a little child of two or three years old. Round her neck was one of the lifebelts of the Atlantis. And so, at first, I could not understand why that dead woman should be there, for we were miles away from the scene of the catastrophe. Then I noticed that her glorious golden hair had become entangled in one of our grappling chains, so we had pulled her down with us. In spite of her long stay beneath the water she was not at all disfigured. Her features were of the Anglo-Saxon type of beauty.

There was despair in them, and scorn, and anger. They looked into mine with a terrible stare; they seemed to menace me with an unending vengeance. I remember thinking at the time that the eyes of the Medusa must have been like that! Hans was very deeply impressed and he gently disentangled the floating hair from the chains, and the two bodies floated away. I know you'll laugh at me when I tell you, but just at that moment I distinctly heard a voice cry out, "Assassin!" Trembling all over, I went downstairs, and to steady my nerves I drank off at one gulp a whole bottle of champagne.

Last Moments In A Doomed Submarine.

Quite right Gottlieb. There is really nothing supernatural at all in it. All the same, you'll never convince me that the fair drowned woman did not bring us bad luck.

Gottlieb! I have just been having a last look at our men. They are all huddled up together—inanimate—at the other side of the partition. They have been trying to break it down....

Yes, igned, our turn next. We are just coming to the end of the last tube of compressed air. The oxygen will certainly give out before the light does.

I know, I, too, feel it's getting very difficult to breathe. It's awful, isn't it, to be so young, so full of life and health and strength, and to have arms crossed—and wait for death, Gottlieb! I'm afraid to die. Are you?

The Story Of A Goat Hand

Rocco Penna, a hotelkeeper of New York City, has not yet ceased mourning for his lost goat.

Rocco was giving a goat party—goats are the real delicacy in Little Italy—because of the engagement of his daughter Marie. The goat was being baked at the bakery of Frank Mappi.

After several courses of spaghetti, chianti, macaroni, vermicelli, tomato and potato, Rocco delegated a couple of friends to go get the goat. Mappi was astounded to see them, and told them that Rocco had got his goat some hours before.

The dinner party adjourned to see Mappi, and it looked as if murder would be done till the baker explained that someone purporting to be from Rocco had taken the goat early in the day.

There was a goat party in the Bronx that night, but it was not Rocco's. Detectives are looking for the goat getter that got the goat party's goat.

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To Boston (Plant Line).....	29.00	51.00	18.00
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