

## THE INTENSE DRAMA OF THE OPEN BOATS

Mr. Alfred Noyes Tells of the Frail Craft in Which Victims of U. Boat Outrages Have Been Cast Adrift

In the following article, the first of five, in the writing of which he has been granted special facilities by the Admiralty, Mr. Alfred Noyes casts an illuminating light upon what he calls the "intense drama, doubly significant because its horror is unseen," of the "open boats"—the frail craft in which victims of U-boat outrages have been cast adrift to survive as best they can. The article appears in Lloyd's Weekly.

For intense drama, doubly significant because its horror is unseen, drowned in the deep silence of the sea, it would be difficult to match the following passage from the log-book of a British merchant ship:

At this time and position we passed through a quantity of wreckage, apparently from a small vessel, and consisting of small lining boards, painted white, a small ammunition hatch-cover, a small ladder, several seamen's chests and a small empty boat. There were many tins amongst the wreckage, apparently petrol tins, floating deep. They had not been long in the water.

Then, in a single grim sentence, giving the key as with deliberate art, the log-book closes:

At 11.30 a.m. the master observed the top of a periscope.

The case of the *Dioned* would be pretty good evidence for the prosecution in that remote court of international law (at which most of us agree to scoff, and thereby lend immeasurable support to the tenets of Germany). The *Dioned* was a steamer of 2,000 tons, bound from Liverpool to Shanghai, with a general cargo. On August 22, when about 30 miles west of the Scilly Islands, a submarine was sighted about six miles distant on the port beam.

At about 11.45 a.m. the submarine opened fire. She was then three miles away. The shots fell short till 1.45, when they began to fall ahead of the ship, and eventually to strike her. They struck her very systematically. First they smashed up the stern, then the forepart of the ship, and then—lest any "place of safety" should remain—they began to break up the bridge. The submarine flew no signals. The third steward was dropped in a red lump on the forepart of the ship. The master and the quartermaster were killed outright on the bridge and the chief officer seriously wounded. The bridge now looked like a cross-section of a slaughter house and dripped with blood.

The crew swam round her, or clung to her sides, while the other starboard boat fought with its own difficulties. Just after it had reached the water there was a violent explosion in the engine-room of the *Dioned*, which threw up a great wave and half filled this boat also. The crew baled her as hastily as possible, in order to come to the rescue of the men in the sea. The maddening nightmare-like confusion of these moments can only be imagined.

At last they were able to pick up men who were swimming. Those who were clinging to the damaged boat were left, as they were "safe" for the time being.

The submarine rendered them no help of any kind. The commander looked at the men in the water and shook his fist at them, saying something in German. Then he closed the hatch, and the submarine submerged, leaving them to their own devices.

The second mate headed the undamaged boat for the Irish coast, and at about six o'clock in the evening he hailed a destroyer, which foamed through the dusk to the scene of the wreck. There, long after dark, they picked up the survivors on the capsized boat. But seven men had dropped off in sheer exhaustion and had been drowned, and five of these were neutrals.

The tale of the unarmed Anglo-

Californian, for instance, was illuminated for me by the exploration of a record of her wireless messages. These, in themselves, tell a tale which, in the days before the war, we should have dismissed as beyond the wildest dream of melodrama.

The Anglo-Californian was homeward bound from Montreal to Avonmouth with a cargo of 927 horses. She was chased and shelled by a submarine. She sent out wireless calls, and was answered by a man-of-war beyond the horizon.

The firing grew so hot that when the submarine signalled "Abandon ship," the captain decided to obey. He stopped the engines and two boats were lowered. One was fired on and both capsized.

A wireless message was then received, telling the captain to hold on as long as possible, and he decided to go on again. As soon as the ship went on the submarine opened fire on the bridge and boats. The captain and eight hands were killed, seven hands were badly wounded and 20 horses were killed.

I shall not attempt to paint that picture—the smoke, the confusion, the changes of command, the confusion, the neighings of the horses, the pounding of the engines. But with all that as a background, and the single statement that the wireless operator was in an exposed position just abaft the bridge, and remained at his post throughout, let the reader study for himself the amazing melodrama of the wireless conversation between the Anglo-Californian and the invisible man-of-war rushed up beyond the skyline.

"S.O.S., S.O.S., being chased by submarine N. longitude so-and-so, W. steering so-and-so."

"Go ahead. He is being led a dance, and it is O.K. to work for a few minutes. Now altering course to south."

"Are you the Cryptic? He is rapidly overtaking us."

"Can't. He is now on top of us, and I can hear his shots hitting us."

"That is impossible. We are being fired on."

"Now astern."

"Endeavor to carry out instructions. Important."

"Can't. He is now on top of us, and I can hear his shots hitting us."

"Did you get message from Cryptic?" This was an invisible destroyer speaking from a new point of the compass, 40 miles away.

"Don't know who he is; believe it is Spinx."

"No. Cryptic said something about approaching us."

"I can't hear him."

"Steer as much east as possible."

This was Cryptic resuming her long-distance instructions and cross-examination with the calm of a doctor addressing a nervous patient.

"If we steer east we shall have submarine abeam. We can't do it."

"Can see your smoke. Hold on. Punnel red and blue bands, with yellow star. We are making your smoke."

"According to your position, I am nine miles off you."

"Please fire rocket to verify position. What is position of submarine?"

"Right astern, firing at wireless."

"Let me have your position frequently."

"Now firing our rockets. Submarine signals, 'Abandon vessel as soon as possible.'"

"As a last resource, can you run?"

"She will then give in. Can you see my smoke N.E. of you?"

"No, no. She is too close. We are stopped and blowing off."

"Can you see distinctly?" called the Cryptic. "Am about south-west from you. Hold on."

"Yes, yes. He is running away."

"In what direction?"

"He is on the port side; we are between you and him. Hurry, hurry, hurry; he is getting abeam to torpedo us."

"I am coming."

"For God's sake, hurry up. Firing like blazes!"

"O.K. Keep quiet as though we were only coming to your assistance and nothing else."

"Keeping him astern. Hurry up."

"We are firing. Can you inform result?"

"Can hear you. Several being wounded. Shrapnel, I believe."

"Keep men below, or those on deck face down."

"All taking shelter in front of bridge houses. He is firing shell."

"He is still very close, within 200 yards. Captain wants to know if you will fire to scare him."

"Firing to scare him. Please head towards me."

"We can't. You are astern and so is submarine."

"Head far as in round about south. If submarine is only 200 yards astern get ropes astern and tow in order to foul his propellers. Can you see my smoke?"

"And again another ship anxiously repeats the question: 'Cryptic wants to know if you can see his smoke.'"

The Intense take five

"Yes, yes a long way off. Can see your smoke astern."

"Are you torpedoed?"

"Not yet, but shots in plenty hitting and broken glass all round me."

"Stick it, old man."

"Yes, you bet. Say, the place stinks of gunpowder. Am lying on the floor."

"Nothing better, old man. Keep your pecker up, old man."

"Sure thing. Is there anything else coming to us please?"

"Yes, I am Cryptic. Coming full speed, 33 knots."

"I have to leave phones. Yes, I say I smell gunpowder here strong and I am lying on the floor. My gear beginning to fly around with concussion. Smoke W.N.W. of me; there is a man-of-war on our star-



"I'm going to get married next month, Lizzie, if Jim can get leave from the front. I think he'll be able to; yer see, it isn't as if 'e was coming 'ome for pleasure."

### Not a Bite of Breakfast Until You Drink Water

Says a glass of hot water and phosphate prevents illness and keeps us fit.

Just as coal when it burns, leaves behind a certain amount of combustible material in the form of ashes so the food and drink taken day after day leaves in the alimentary canal a certain amount of indigestible material, which if not completely eliminated from the system each day becomes food for the millions of bacteria which infest the bowels. From this mass of left-over waste, toxins and ptomaine-like poisons are formed, feeling right must begin to take inside baths. Before eating breakfast and sucked into the blood.

Men and women who can't get each morning drink a glass of real hot water with a tablespoonful of Limestone phosphate in it to wash out of the thirty feet of bowels the previous day's accumulation of poisons and toxins and to keep the entire alimentary canal clean, pure and fresh.

Those who are subject to sick headache, colds, biliousness, constipation, others who wake up with bad taste, foul breath, backache, rheumatic stiffness, or have a sour, gassy stomach after meals, are urged to get a quarter pound of Limestone phosphate from the drug store, and begin practicing internal sanitation. This will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone an enthusiast on the subject.

Remember inside bathing is more important than outside bathing, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, causing poor health, while the bowel pores do. Just as soap and hot water cleanses, sweetens and freshens the skin, so hot water and Limestone phosphate act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels.

board side, and the submarine is on our port side. Submarine has divided."

"Report her trail at intervals."

"I hope she stops down there. It is getting hot here."

"We are coming. We are coming. Have you launched all boats?"

"Yes. Two ships coming. One abeam and one on our port quarter. Don't worry. He has gone. Destroyers are now alongside."

### AMERICAN SEAMEN RELEASED BY HUNS

Sailors of U. S. Captured on Steamer Yarrowdale Set Free

Washington, Feb. 16.—A despatch received from Berlin last night says:

"The American seamen who were brought prisoners to Germany on board the British steamer Yarrowdale have been liberated."

A peremptory demand for their release had been prepared by the State Department this afternoon and was to have been forwarded without delay. Their liberation disposes of the most pressing of the questions which arose immediately after the severance of relations between the two countries. There virtually is no hope here, however, that the hour of more serious trouble with Germany can be postponed much longer.

Many responsible officials of the Administration have come to the conclusion that unless there is a prompt and decided change in the general attitude of Germany toward the interests of the United States, the appearance of President Wilson before Congress to ask authority to afford protection to American lives and property is only a matter of days.

### WAR HORSES WELL TREATED AT FRONT

Chargers are the Pets of Their Masters and Live Under Best of Conditions

HOSPITAL SERVICE Saves Many Wounded Animals; Fatal Diseases Almost Wiped Out

With the British Armies in France Feb. 16.—It would be difficult to find a more pampered lot of beings than the war horses. In the stress of battle they suffer with the men, but the number of equine "casualties" among the hundreds of thousands of horses employed is really very small.

There are veterans among the horses who have been three or four times wounded; there are even those who have suffered nervous breakdowns from the shattering shock of shells. If they were men in khaki, they would have gold stripes or honors upon their sleeves, but the faithful old horses go back to the front time and time again asking nothing in the way of rank or distinction.

What they get instead is the very best of food and plenty of the kindest of care and the keenest appearance and condition of the rider. Visitors to the battle zone invariably express amazement at the appreciation of the services they horses.

Just now they are snug and warm under the self-protection of their long winter coats. They are fat and strong muscled. They plod and splash contentedly through the mud in twos, threes, fours or twelves dragging guns and heavy wagons behind them with never the necessity of a harsh word or a whiplash from their drivers. The men come to love the horses. Officers who have been here from the beginning, and there are still a few left, say that in all that time they have never seen an act of cruelty toward horse or mule.

No Fatal Diseases

One reason for the splendid appearance of the horses at the front is the fact that the moment they begin to show signs of over-fatigue or debilitation he is taken out of service and sent back to a hospital to recuperate. Occasionally, too, the horses come down with mud blisters upon their backs, with an injured foot that may not have been noticed in time, or with some of the diseases that equine flesh is heir to. It is a great tribute to the veterinary services, however, that most of the old contagious diseases that used to decimate the ranks of horses in war time have been effectually stamped out and no longer give concern.

Glanders, for instance, once a dread scourge, is now a thing of the past. None of the horses in France are infected. Occasionally a case comes with a new shipment from abroad, but it is quickly eliminated.

At the end of two years of the South African war fully 90 per cent. of the horses had been affected by the mange. During two years and a half of the present war, with the number of horses engaged multiplied by thousands, less than two per cent. have been affected. The mules have been even less involved. As a matter of fact the mules are so tough and hardy they seldom enter into the veterinary statistics.

The hospitals provided for them by the army must, very nearly approach the horses' idea of Heaven. It is a joy to go into one of the convalescent "wards," especially at meal times. Sometimes the convalescents stand almost nose to nose, and if the horse across the way gets his hay first there is a terrific hullabaloo. A particularly nervous patient now and then will not only eat his own portion of hay but the rope net that surrounds it. A few nights ago, one had such a healthy appetite he tried

### NO STOMACH PAIN, GAS, INDIGESTION IN FIVE MINUTES

"Really does" put bad stomachs in order—"really does" overcome indigestion, dyspepsia, gas, heartburn and sourness in five minutes—that—just that—makes Pape's Diapiesin the largest selling stomach regulator in the world. If what you eat ferments into stubborn lumps, you belch gas and eructate sour, undigested food and acid; head is dizzy and aches; breath foul; tongue coated; your insides filled with bile and indigestible waste, remember the moment "Pape's Diapiesin" comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. It's truly astonishing—almost marvellous, and the joy is its harmlessness.

A large five-cent case of Pape's Diapiesin will give you a hundred dollars' worth of satisfaction or your druggist hands you your money back. It's worth its weight in gold to men and women who can't get their stomachs regulated. It belongs in your home—should always be kept handy in case of a sick, sour, upset stomach during the day or at night. It's the quickest, surest and most harmless stomach regulator in the world.

to eat the blanket off his nearest neighbor.

Fed Four Times a Day

All the horses in hospital are fed four times a day. The more debilitated ones are fed five and six times. When they are particularly run down and in danger of being mistaken for sort of bone-yard racks the patients get nothing but cooked foods, and they fairly revel in them. They have tonics too, and it is remarkable to see the improvement in their condition that a few weeks work. The diet for "debilitated" consists of oatmeal gruel, boiled turnips, and scalded oats. Later they get crushed oats and chopped hay, and almost before they know it are in the convalescent ward.

The operating rooms, with their big beds spread upon concrete floors as are cheery and immaculate as intended for human beings. For all except the most minor operations an anesthetic is administered.

The horses take the chloroform remarkably well," said the officer commanding one of the hospitals to the correspondent of the Associated Press. "I don't think we have lost but one patient in the last six months," he added.

"Patient" seems a most appropriate designation for the horses. They are very pictures of patience. Until they reach the stage of convalescence. Each patient has a little aluminum tag and a hospital card which tells his age, color, where he came from, what he shall have to eat and drink and take, when he shall have a nice hot bath, and various notations as to his condition and behavior. There is a personal touch about the treatment of the horses which in itself speaks the esteem in which they are held. Walking about the wards the "O. C." had a kind word or two for his patients. It seems particularly human thing to do. And he patted most of them and called them by name.

Lost Eye in Battle

"This old charger," he said of one "is a great favorite in the hospital. He has been one of the bravest of the brave, has lost an eye in battle, and so we call him Nelson. I am going to send to Paris and get him a good glass eye before he goes back to the front so none of the other horses will have a chance to 'swank' it over him. It won't really be a glass eye, because they are made of a composition not so fragile. The horses do not mind the artificial

eyes at all, and they look awfully well in them."

So thorough is the work of the veterinary service that if a patient develops a contagious disease all the horses in the unit from which he came are called in for disinfection and examination. So successful is the work that eighty-two per cent of all sick cases and "casualties" are returned to active service.

"If we were dealing with human beings," said the officer commanding, "we could run the percentage up to the nineties. But unfortunately, in dealing with horses we have at times to weigh their cases in the scales of pounds, shillings and pence. In other words, we have to decide whether it will pay to

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"If we were dealing with human beings," said the officer commanding, "we could run the percentage up to the nineties. But unfortunately, in dealing with horses we have at times to weigh their cases in the scales of pounds, shillings and pence. In other words, we have to decide whether it will pay to

save the animal. If he is too old to be of much service when he is cured, or will the course of treatment be so long and expensive as to outweigh the value of future usefulness? In striving for war efficiency and the highest potentiality of horse-power all these things must be considered. It is the old, old story again to the survival of the fittest. There is no other way."

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