



THE
Lusitania Crime

AND THE
Escape of the Orduna

ILLUSTRATED

By **A. H. ADAMS**, Survivor

Price 50 cents

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THE LUSITANIA CRIME

AND THE

ESCAPE OF THE ORDUNA



A. H. ADAMS.

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LUSITANIA CRIME

AND THE
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By A. H. ADAMS, Survivor

PRICE 50c

WINNIPEG
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PREFACE

THE Author, in relating these experiences, declares them to be true. He is a resident of Winnipeg, and will verify any statements here made, if necessary. Having told something of my experiences verbally to a wide circle of friends, they assure me that my story would prove interesting reading to the general public. Thus I have decided to make a record of them in permanent form.

Friday, 7th May, 1915, will be with me, as long as life shall last, a blot so big, so dense, so truly awful, and irradically imprinted on the walls of memory. So real is the horror of it all that I am tempted to say: "God give me the grace of forgetfulness."

In the hope that expression will bring relief, and that the healing touch of "Time's kindly hand" may soothe, in a measure at least, my over-wrought brain and nerve-racked body, I proceed to tell my story.

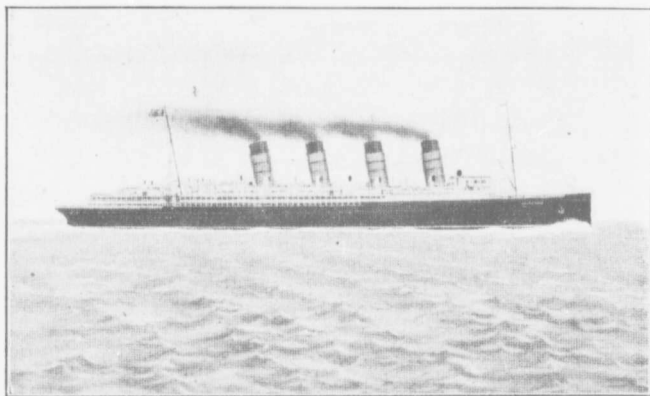
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THE LUSITANIA CRIME

CHAPTER I.

LEAVING CANADA.

In the early months of this year (1915) trade depression was very generally felt, especially in our Western country. A young country feels more keenly the effects of such conditions as we have been called upon to face during these past months, than a full grown, well developed country or people, industrially and financially secure by long years of growth.

I am an electrician by trade, and suffered through lack of work as my fellow-tradesmen did. On hearing the call for workers in my trade in Britain, I felt that there, in that way, I could "do my bit" for King and country, as the claims of a young family make active service on the firing line out of the question for me. Having decided to take this step, I started to plan my journey.

On making inquiries, I learned that the *Lusitania* was to sail from New York on a convenient date, and I was desirous of travelling on this palatial ship, as

I had worked in the capacity of electrician on her during her construction. It therefore seemed to me like finding a home from home when I planned to walk her spacious deck and renew my acquaintance with that modern marvel of comfort to the travelling public—which, alas! is now no more, thanks to the utterly unprincipled mode of warfare adopted by our enemies, who regard neither the laws of civilization nor humanity; to whom, the prayers and tears of unprotected women and innocent children are as nothing. God help us to remember His own word, which says: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay."



CAPTAIN W. T. TURNER (SAVED),
Who Was in Command of the Vessel. He Was at One Time
in Command of the Aquitania, Another of
the Cunard's Mammoth Liners.

CHAPTER II.
THE WARNING.

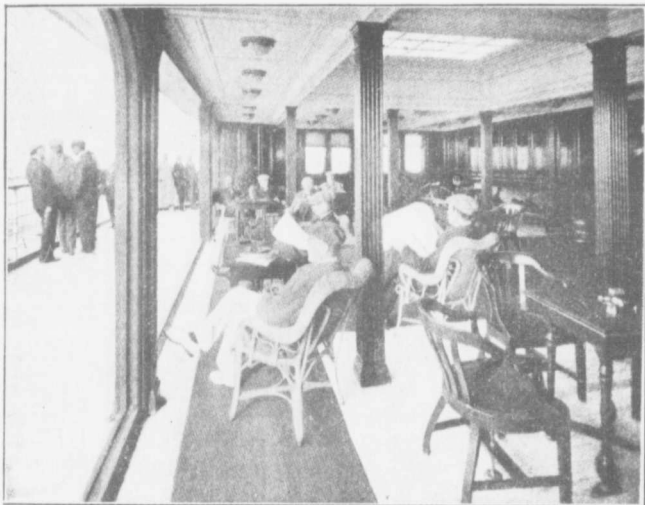
The *Lusitania* was due to sail from New York on May 1, so, in company with my friend, Mr. T. Sandels, I left Winnipeg on Tuesday, April 27. Our journey by rail was accomplished without accident, and we reached New York on Friday, April 30. In the morning papers of Saturday, May 1, we read the warning given to intending passengers, which will be found among the press notices in this volume. It was a beautiful summer morning; sunny skies and sunlit sea beckoned us to fare forth upon our trip. The noble, stately, floating hotel, as the *Lusitania* has well been called, never looked more inviting—especially to me, who had some knowledge of her wonderful mechanism and splendid construction—so, as true Britons and sons of the sea, we laughed at the warning and proceeded on our journey. All passengers in sight seemed to share our views, as we heard of none who were deterred by the warning. All was cheerful bustle and excitement, as is always the case when a great vessel prepares to leave dock. She was due to sail at 10 a.m., but as the *Cameronian* had been chartered by the British Government, the *Lusit-*

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ania was to take her passengers as well, which caused some delay, so at 12 noon we finally got under weigh. The last farewells had been said, and we stood on deck and strained our eyes to catch the last glimpse



VERANDA CAFE, LUSITANIA.

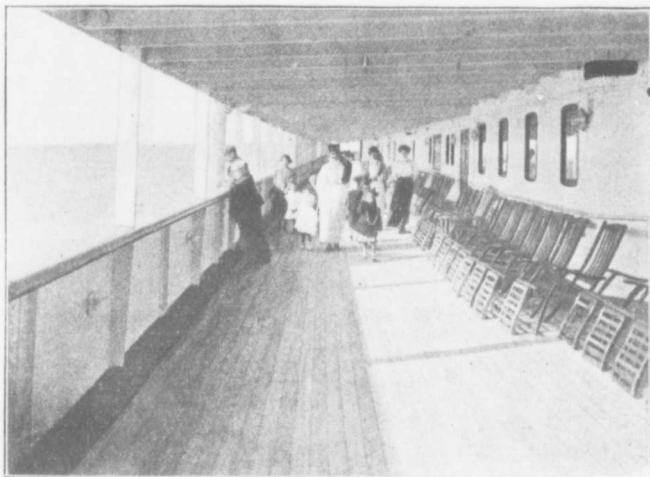
of the New World as we set our faces to the Homeland. How much that word means to the heart! Exiled for long years, maybe, in dreams again and again one has taken the trip—now at last it is to be realized. So the traveller turns from the scene of his labor and struggle; he looks back on his success—

or was it his defeat? That sense of detachment came to our minds, which is common to us as land dwellers when we fare forth on the bosom of old Father Neptune, and we felt our journey really was begun—the journey, alas! to many of us, although we knew it not, to that bourne from whence no traveller ever returns.

We got settled in our quarters, and life on board took on the usual camaraderie and good fellowship. Games and sports were very much enjoyed, and splendid concerts were held each evening. The weather was splendid, and everyone seemed to enjoy the trip, which was quite uneventful until we reached the war zone.

To me personally, there was one incident in my journey, which was a very impressive dream I had on the night of Wednesday, May 5. I don't think I am more superstitious than most, but in the light of subsequent events, I feel that this account would be incomplete without this reference. On the night in question, my dream (or was it a nightmare?) was this. It seemed to me there was great excitement on board, as we were being chased by submarines, but amidst it all I seemed to see a friend, dead and in his coffin, rise up and beckon me. The scene was so realistic that it took firm hold on my mind just then.

On talking it over with my fellow travellers, in the reassuring light of the morning, it assumed its true aspect as a dream, and so we laughed off the idea of any possible significance being attached to it. But



"B" DECK, LUSITANIA.

still it remains a part of that awful memory which is ever present with me. The person of my dream is still alive and well, in Winnipeg.

On the morning of Friday, May 7, I noticed that our gallant ship was not making her usual speed, which was about 22 or 23 knots, but was slowed down to about 18 or 19 knots. Life on board ship was as

usual, and the welcome sight of the shore-line of the Emerald Isle was ours. That led us all to discuss what would be our immediate plans on landing. One fine, big Irishman came along, and almost danced a jig for joy in his anticipation. "'Tis twinty years since I left thim shores," said he; "now I am back, how shall I find thim all?" 'Twas the last I saw of him. The pathos of it all. How and where did he meet them?

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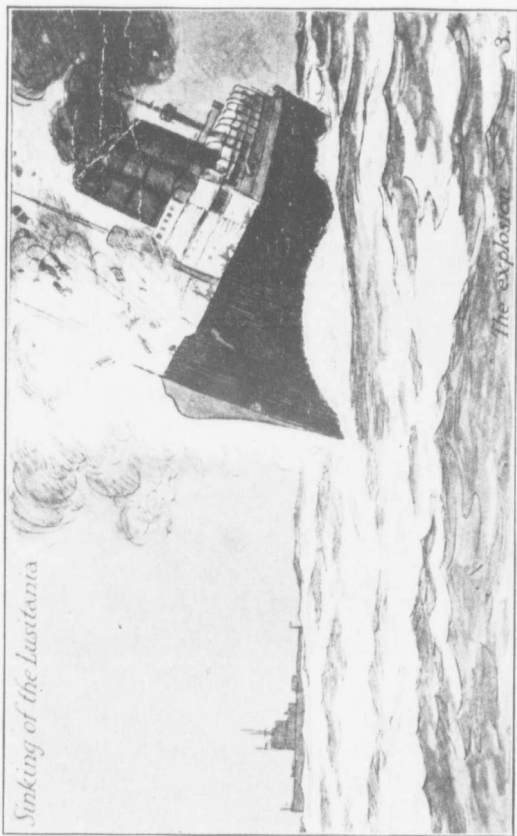
CHAPTER III.

TORPEDOED.

About half an hour after lunch, when some of us were on deck but many still below in dining saloon or cabins, a tremendous blow was felt, which seemed to shake the ship from stem to stern. Cold, icy fear gripped our hearts. Shivers of apprehension sent chills down our spines, and with blanched faces, yet courageously calm to all appearance, we heard the dread news—*We are torpedoed!*

The greatest order and discipline was observed when the order to "Man the lifeboats!" rang out. I went in the direction of the boats, and found that everything possible was being done to get them filled with women and children and safely lowered. The vessel, however, was listing heavily, so great care was needed in lowering the boats, and some were overturned in spite of all efforts. The difficulty being great, the deck captain ordered, "Everyone leave lifeboats; ship will float," then changed the order to, "All in lifeboats stay there, but take no more in."

Just then I realized that I had no lifebelt on, so I rushed off in search of one. The first-class quarters were handy, so I searched there, but in vain;



Sinking of the Lusitania

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they were all gone. On that errand I was unsuccessful in my quest, but on the way I was the witness of the bravest deed I ever saw, or hope to see. A woman passenger was distracted and quite beside herself with fear. She also was without a lifebelt, and could find none. She stood there crying pitifully, when up came a stewardess who had a lifebelt adjusted and ready to take a chance in the water. Seeing the passenger's plight, that noble woman took off the belt from her own body and fastened it on the other woman. My heart swelled with pride and deep emotion in the face of such sacrifice. I went and shook hands with her, saying, "God bless you, lass; you're true British!" That is one bright spot in the memory of that awful time, and such an action enriches humanity. If it is possible, I wish I could discover if that stewardess was rescued.

I returned to the deck and found that no more boats had been lowered. I awaited developments, and reflected that, being a good swimmer, it might help some in the coming struggle. Just then came the order to lower the boats. I got a place in the last one, which was practically filled with passengers from the third-class section. All were, of course, greatly excited, many praying God to save them, quite hysterical and not really conscious of their

actions. I tried to calm them somewhat, saying that once the boat was lowered we would be in comparative safety. Even that small consolation was denied us; for whether, owing to the acute angle to which the vessel now listed, or whether that last order, "Every man for himself," was given, I know not. Either reason is quite possible, for she was sinking fast. Anyway, our boat overturned ere it reached the water.

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CHAPTER IV.

IN THE SEA.

On coming to the surface I was quite near the ship, so that it loomed large and formidable, towering above me like some great monster of the deep. The noble vessel was fast disappearing, engulfed by those waves on whose crest she had so often, and so recently, proudly borne herself and her precious cargo of living souls. My first impulse was to put some distance between myself and the ship, as I feared being caught in the maelstrom which must succeed the final plunge. To that end I bent my mind and strength, and in a few minutes paused and looked back, just in time to see the funnels disappear. So sank the *Lusitania* to her grave in the bosom of the mighty deep.

That which had lately borne us on the water's surface had just gone from our sight; so next I looked for some means of support—a piece of wreckage, something, anything to which I might cling, and so harbor my strength for the struggle for dear life into which these scores and hundreds of others with myself were precipitated by the dastardly, low-down action of the Huns.

The time of immersion was one of horror. The hoarse voices of desperate men, the shrill cries of despair from women, and the pitiful wails of helpless children, together with the utter wantonness, the lavish, extravagant, criminal waste of precious human life, go to make a situation unthinkable—but one through which I, as a survivor, have passed, although by no means unscathed. The only thing with any promise of assistance in sight was a collapsible boat. Toward it I went, and found that there were about fifty people on it, and that it was partly submerged. In a few minutes we were joined by Captain Turner. He who had brought us safely across these many miles of water could do little for us now. He suggested that any who had pocket knives try to cut the ropes which held the sides, and so help to keep the frail craft afloat, for by this time the water had thoroughly penetrated the canvas, and we knew that soon it, too, would sink from sight. As it was, many had been forced to drop off, unable to keep a hold. One dear little girl, clinging to the captain, said, "Oh, dear, will I be saved? My daddy said this ship would take me to Liverpool." The captain had difficulty in commanding his voice to reply, but in a voice which trembled he said, "Don't cry, little girl; you'll be all right." Then to the rest of us, with tears in his eyes,

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he said, "She's sinking fast ; I cannot help in any way but to lighten the load. I will leave you now. Good-bye, all." So said that brave man, and with no other help in sight he prepared to leave us. Following this heroic deed, I said, "Captain, I'll do the same." There was this difference between us, that he had been successful in securing a lifebelt, while I had none. I dived, and swam around for a bit ; then saw a lifeboat which seemed only a short distance off. I started in that direction, but after using my best efforts to get nearer to it, it still seemed further off than when I first saw it. I looked around for something to which I might cling to conserve my strength, but the boat I had left was my only hope. Toward that I again set my face. I realized that there was now only about half the number on it which I had left there. The seas were now washing right over it. My strength was now pretty well gone, and the utter hopelessness of the situation seized me. I decided that my hour had come, that I could struggle no more ; so, saying "Good-bye" to wife and children, I commended my soul to God—and sank.

On coming to the surface, however, I took a long breath, and reflected, "After all, life is sweet ; so long as I am conscious I will fight ; I will struggle to the very end, if end this is." It just seemed as though

that momentary relaxation, when I decided all was over for me, had relieved the awful tension of heart and brain and muscle; so again I felt myself as something to be reckoned with, even against such fearful odds—the primeval instinct of man over matter, of right against might—and so I struggled on. All around, that which had been a scene of beauty, a veritable sea of crystal but a few short hours before, was now a scene of horror. Still, the only hope in sight was that collapsible boat, now just visible, and only one or two of the crowd which I had left still clung to her. I decided to try and reach her again. On the way my course was impeded by the dead bodies of my late companions, some locked together in deadly embrace; while the cries for help rang out from those who still fought for dear life. But no help came. On reaching the boat, I found there still the little girl before mentioned, now just able to keep a hold and no more; so I helped her up to a better position and tried to climb on myself, when the boat turned turtle and threw all back into the water. It acted on the same principle as an empty barrel, yet, being our only hope, we still struggled to get on top, with ever the same result, and ever our numbers grew pitifully smaller. One pretty little girl was borne off before our eyes. For some little time we could

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hear the sweet, clear, childish voice raised in a well-known hymn, but that soon ceased, and we knew that her soul had gone to Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." During the struggle to get a hold on the upturned boat, one poor fellow seized me round the neck. As he was in his death agony, it was impossible to release myself. I had a vision of we two soon floating, mere dead things on this waste of waters, such as we had for company all around. There was not an instant to lose. To think was to act. I made one desperate effort and dived deep, and so managed to escape that deadly grip. On reaching the surface I was very much spent; my strength was almost gone. When my late companion rose to view his struggle was over. At the next turning of our frail craft another poor chap was unable to let go his hold, and when he next came to the surface it was a dead man's hand which still held what had been his last hope. There were now only five of us left, out of the fifty or sixty whose only hope of escape had lain in that collapsible boat. Our case was indeed desperate. Besides our physical sufferings from shock and exposure, battered and bruised all over as we were, our mental condition was much worse, with such harrowing sights and sounds of which we were the unwilling witnesses, as one after another of our

unfortunate companions succumbed. By the aid of a dead man's leg, I once more managed to climb on top. Once there, gasping to recover my breath, I anxiously looked to see if there was any help in sight, only to meet with disappointment. All that met my gaze as far as eye could see on that dreary waste of waters, was wreckage—mostly human wreckage—precious lives wrecked by “man's inhumanity to man,” and the shining sun in the heavens seemed to mock me in my misery. To my nearest companion (one of the stewards from the ill-fated steamer) I said, “Let us end it; I can fight no more.” My last spark of consciousness went then. For me the end had come. I had been three hours in the water without even a lifebelt.

CHAPTER V.

RESCUED.

When consciousness returned to me I was being pulled on board the trawler *Blue Bell*. Her crew worked heroically in their attempts to save as many as possible. There were twenty or thirty of us laid out on deck when I was taken on board, many, alas! past human aid. Every means was used, by the aid of stimulants and respiratory measures, to restore vitality where possible. I was put to bed and well cared for. At 11 p.m., Friday, May 7, we were landed at Queenstown.

On our arrival there we were taken in charge by rescue parties, who took us to the Queen's Hotel, where we met with every consideration. About the first person I met there was Captain Turner, who came up and shook hands, asking immediately for the little girl who had been with us on the collapsible boat. I had to give him the sad news that she was lost. He said, "I wish I could have brought her with me." I was put to bed at once, and had my injuries attended to, as I was badly beaten and bruised. I was unable to get up till the third day after, my muscles being so badly strained I could not walk.

My brain came back to normal action again, and I wondered how my friend, with whom I had started out, had fared. Another survivor, who was not so sick as I, was looking after my comfort, and so I asked him to try and find out for me. That day he went out to do some shopping, and had the good fortune to meet the friend in question on the street. His first inquiry was for me, and hearing where I was quartered, he hurried right along to look me up. He was impatient to see if I was really alive, so on entering the hotel he could not wait to inquire my whereabouts, but shouted at the top of his voice, "Allan, where are you?" The sound of that voice seemed good to me; for remember, I did not know anything of how he had fared, not having seen him since before we were torpedoed, so, after a moment of glad surprise, I answered, "Tom, I'm here." Guided by the sound, he reached me in less time than I take to tell it, and we clasped hands in a silence more eloquent than words. Strong men as we were, our emotion mastered us, the lumps in our throats choked utterance, and tears of which we had no need to be ashamed dimmed our eyes, while we thanked God for our deliverance from a watery grave. After some little time spent in reviewing our position, he went off to see the Cunard agent about getting me some

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clothes, as I had lost all my clothes, ready money, and, more serious still, all my tools with which I had hoped to make a living. All went down with the ship. The agent gave permission for me to get a suit, and provided our fares to Liverpool.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LAST FAREWELL.

Before leaving Queenstown, however, we felt a melancholy interest in the bodies of our late fellow passengers which had been recovered, so we went to see them. After our late experiences, we thought there could be nothing worse. These scenes, however, capped the climax. Wives bemoaning lost husbands, husbands vainly seeking wives, parents demented over the loss of children, and helpless children, from whom had been snatched by the greedy jaws of death their natural protectors. Words fail me to adequately describe the scene. Which were most pitiful—those quiet, motionless figures whose struggles had ceased, or they who mourned their loss?

We started to complete our interrupted journey, travelling by rail to Dublin, then by boat to Holyhead. My nerves were so unstrung that on going on board I insisted on providing myself with a lifebelt, which I held during the journey, which was completed without incident. From that port we went to

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Liverpool, which was our destination. On our arrival there we were met by some officials of the Cunard Line, who took us in charge and looked well after our comfort. Our immediate wants were supplied by them at the North Western Hotel.

CHAPTER VII.

PUBLIC INDIGNATION.

In Liverpool, public feeling ran high against the Germans for their dastardly act, from the effects of which many are still suffering. Indignation meetings were held, and the people took the law into their own hands, mobbed all German establishments, shops and houses, and worked their will with them before the police could restore order.

My first business now was to see the shipping agents and find out what help I might expect from them, as my troubles were by no means at an end. I found myself stranded with only the clothes I wore—without money and without the means of earning any. As before mentioned, my kit of tools, which had taken years to gather and cost hard-earned money, now lay in the depths of the ocean. So I stated my case and was listened to with attention. I was informed, however, that they did not hold themselves responsible for effects lost on the ship. They inquired as to my plans, and on my stating that I wished to go to Newcastle, as I had a brother there and expected to find employment in that city, they

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gave me the sum of £2 (ten dollars) and also the necessary fare to get there.

On my arrival I was met and warmly welcomed by my brother and his wife, who felt I had indeed come back, as almost from the grave. Next day, feeling fairly well, I thought the sooner I got to work the better, and went off on my quest, which was successful. I was employed at Messrs. Armstrong & Whitworth's shipbuilding yard. The noise was too much for me, and to my regret I had to give up work.

CHAPTER VIII.

A ZEPPELIN RAID.

I could not sleep much, and slept very lightly, anyway. One night I was awakened by what seemed to be a great rattling of windows. I was sure something was wrong, and called my brother. He assured me it was only a nervous apprehension on my part. I was not satisfied, and could not rest; so got fully dressed and went into the street, where I found many other people who had been similarly aroused, and we saw at a considerable distance what appeared to be bombs being dropped from Zeppelins. The crowd seemed to manifest only an intelligent interest in these happenings. Anything approaching panic was noticeable by its absence. As I was feeling very sick, I consulted a doctor, who advised me that rest was essential to me, as my general health had suffered greatly and my nervous system was entirely disorganized.

After about two weeks' rest I decided to try a change, so I went north to Glasgow. There, also, I was successful in finding work. I tried my utmost to stick to it, but at the end of seven and a half hours I had to give in. My head swam, and the tools dropped

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from my nerveless fingers. The manager was very sympathetic when he saw my condition, as he knew my story. I walked the streets, trying to pull myself together. On my return to work, I met the manager, who said there was all kinds of work in hand if I could do it. I thanked him for his kindly consideration, but said that, in fairness to both of us, I had to admit I was not able to work.

Soon after I returned to Newcastle, where I was again employed by the same firm; and determined, if it were possible, I would not give up. Alas! for my good resolution. I was only at work three and a half hours when I was so sick that I was forced to quit. That decided me that further attempts to work, for the present, were useless; so my mind naturally turned to wife, family and home in Winnipeg, and a great longing seized me to see my dear ones again.

One bright incident in my life, about this time, came to cheer me when I was very discouraged. As I sat reading the paper one evening, at the home of my brother in Newcastle, a knock was heard at the outer door. On its being opened, there entered another of my brothers, one whom I had not met for fifteen years. The meeting was as pleasant as it was unexpected, our only regret being that the visit was a brief one, as this was his last leave ere going

to serve King and country at the front, his regiment being the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, in which he is a sergeant. When it came to the last, as we said "Good-bye," with the story of my journey and its awful tragedy fresh in his mind's eye, he remarked, "When I get near the Germans I shall remember the *Lusitania*."

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CHAPTER IX.

IN LIVERPOOL.

I had now quite decided to go back to Winnipeg. With this end in view I went to Liverpool, and again visited the Cunard offices, asking to see the manager. I was told that was impossible, but if I would go home and write to him my letter would receive consideration. This was on July 2. I complied with that request, and wrote accordingly. I waited three days for their reply, which did not come. I then went to the offices again, and was finally granted a hearing. In conclusion I asked that they give me a passage back to Winnipeg. They contended, however, that they were not responsible in any way for my plight, and it was no fault of theirs that the *Lusitania* had been sunk. I then stated that my resources would not take me back, I was quite unfit to work, and urged them to give me at least a passage to New York, thinking if I was once there I could get to Winnipeg somehow. They stated that this was quite out of the question, and I left the offices very much disappointed, convinced in my own mind that I had not met with fair treatment. My ready cash was

somewhat scarce by this time, as you will understand from the foregoing account of my two months' experiences, wherein suffering and hardship had come upon me; if not the fault of the shipping company, certainly not my fault. Yet I, and others like me, are left to bear the brunt, to sink or swim on the ocean of life, in much the same way as I had looked in vain for help during those dreadful three hours when I was buffeted by the waves of the Atlantic.

In any business undertaking, when the one partner reaches his wits' end, he turns to his partner, and together they seek a way through. "Two heads are always better than one," is an old saying, but often proven true. That is exactly what I did—go to the partner of my joys and sorrows. To my good wife I turned for help. With her help I found a way out. I sent her a cable, asking if it were possible for her to raise sufficient money for my passage. On her receipt of it, she went to the Cunard Shipping Office, Winnipeg, showed the cable, and stated the case to the manager there. He said it was certainly up to the company to see me back to Winnipeg. Not having the money to send, she replied by giving me that opinion. When I received her cable I at once took it to the Cunard office and put it up to them. The manager, after reading the cable and considering the

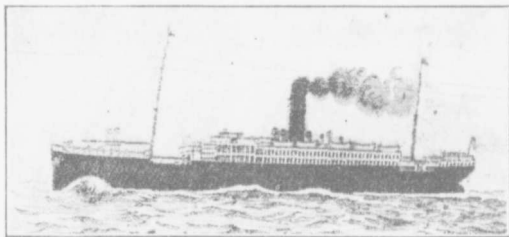
matter, finally said they would convey me back to New York, and asked when I wished to go, at the same time saying they had a ship leaving the same day, Thursday, July 8, the ship being the *s.s. Orduna*, so I decided to start at once.

MASSACHUSETTS

CHAPTER X.

ABOARD THE ORDUNA.

I went on board about 1.30. One of the first to meet me there was one of the sailors who had helped to care for me on the *Blue Bell*. We chatted for a few minutes, and he wished me better luck on this trip than on my last. During the afternoon, the



R.M.S. ORDUNA.

chief steward made it known among the passengers that boat drill would be conducted right after supper. At that time all assembled on deck. Every one was provided with a life belt, and initiated into its proper use. Each also received a ticket, with number indicating exact lifeboat accommodation for each person. This drill was practised. That evening all retired

as usual, but I slept very little. About 5 a.m. I went on deck, had a walk round, returned below, but could not rest, so went up again. Just then there was a cry from the man on watch of: "A torpedo!"

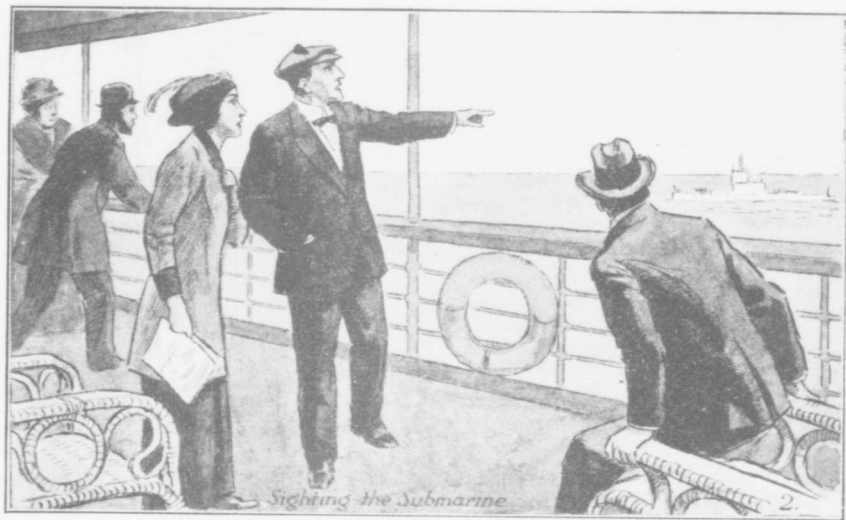
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CHAPTER XI.

CHASED BY SUBMARINE.

I rushed to the side, and just got there in time to see it miss us. It passed the stern barely ten feet away. In a short time a submarine appeared on the surface, looking for results. When they saw us apparently unharmed, we could see the activity of the sailors as they hurriedly mounted guns. This looked serious to me, and I at once went and got on my lifebelt, to be ready for any emergency. I also awakened a number of passengers and advised them of the threatened attack. When we reached the deck we each stood by the lifeboat to which we were allotted. Then the shell fire commenced. They seemed to try to wreck our Marconi apparatus, first of all. Meantime our brave operator was sending out S.O.S. signals in every direction, for our danger was very real. We all had to seek cover, as they had now got our range, and the shells were too near for our comfort. In all, there were about eight shells fired, the last two falling harmlessly in the water astern of us, which showed that we were out-distancing them in the race. I must here speak a word in highest praise of captain



SIGHTING THE SUBMARINE FROM THE ORDUNA.

and crew alike on board the *Orduna* during that time of peril. The seamanship displayed in handling the vessel was a marvel. A zig-zag course was pursued, which made it impossible for the enemy to get any accurate range for their torpedoes, and, as far as possible, we kept them astern, as the long, deep sides would have made an excellent target for their shell fire. Our captain then took a detour, considerably out of the usual course, to lessen the likelihood of our being the subject of further unwelcome attentions from these emissaries of the enemy. I understand that most submarines have their wireless apparatus, too, so that they can work in conjunction with others in the same area. We sighted various craft, some of which appeared to be sailing vessels. Having heard much of the deceptive craftiness of our foe, however, we took no chances and gave all comers as wide a berth as possible until we had left the war zone far behind.

CHAPTER XII.

SAFE.

Life on board then began to assume a more normal aspect, and most of the usual deck sports were engaged in; but when we sat around talking, at table, in sitting-room, we men in smokeroom, on deck, or anywhere, no matter how or on what subject the conversation started, it always veered round to the war and the small part in which we had participated on our journey. The *Lusitania* tragedy was also much talked of, and great indignation was expressed by all against a power who had made a pretence at being one of the great leaders in Christian civilization, and all that *should* mean. Such deeds have opened our eyes to the fact that the so-called Christian world has not yet begun to live out the life of which the world has had a great example in the Man Christ Jesus, who taught the fatherhood of God, and consequent brotherhood of man. When our most holy faith has a fair trial, such atrocities as have been perpetrated almost daily since the commencement of this great world conflict, and of which the wrecking of the *Lusitania* was an outstanding example, will be im-

possible; and, in the language of the inimitable Robert Burns, "Man to man the world o'er will brithers be for a' that." Truly that disaster meant the "Murder of the Innocents" in a very marked degree. MURDER in the first degree of FOURTEEN HUNDRED non-combatants, many of them defenceless women and helpless children, thrown in wanton sacrifice to the god of hate, without furthering the cause of the perpetrators in the slightest. Rather did this appalling deed open the eyes of the world at large to the awful, blind rage of our foes, and to the cowardly, low-down measures to which they had descended in their tactics.

We reached New York on Saturday, July 17, at noon, and were thankful indeed to reach the end of our boat trip in safety. As for me, my troubles were not ended. I still had to get to Winnipeg; but "how" was the question which seemed to interest no one but myself. The shipping company had generously (?) brought me so far. Being quite unable to help myself, I had to appeal to the generosity of a friend, who very kindly loaned me the needful cash, and I set out for Winnipeg the following evening, where I duly arrived on Wednesday, July 21.

In spite of my great joy in meeting my dear ones again, to whom I once thought I had said my last

good-bye on earth, yet, thank God, I found them all well—I say, in spite of all that, it was a sad homecoming for me. I had started out full of health, with good prospects of bettering my position. It had cost me my little all in ready cash, money spent and that lost on the ship, besides my tools, which were quite an item, my position nil, my health very much impaired. Yet these are days of sacrifice. Many are giving their all, even their very lives, in this tremendous conflict; so, as I started out to “do my bit,” may it be said of me, “he did all he could.” That the end of my adventure seems ignominious in no way detracts from the value of the experiences gained. We must and do believe in that wise “Providence which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will.”

Just a note in regard to the fellow traveller, who called on me recently, also a Winnipegger, Mrs. Burton by name. She was travelling with her baby. When the lifeboats were being filled, she had difficulty in finding a place anywhere, as they were very full. At the last, her baby was handed in, but they could not take her. In spite of her protests, she was separated from the child. Luckily, she did get a place in another boat soon after, and both of these were safely launched. After some time these two boats came within hailing distance of each other,

and after some considerable difficulty the anxious mother had her baby restored to her.

After a while they were met by some fishermen in a trawler, who started to make a bargain as to what the price should be of taking them to land. They wanted quite a bit, and would do nothing till it was promised. As their predicament was very evident they had to agree. Negotiations were nearly completed, when a tug came along and took them in hand. Now imagine it—these men in the trawler who would do nothing till the bargain was made, came right into port and claimed salvage. On her return voyage to Montreal by a C.P.R. steamer, the shipping company were very considerate to her, and gave her a good send-off when leaving Montreal for Winnipeg.

COMMENT

I am going to publish a few opinions I have formed during my visit to and from the Old Country, both from a personal standpoint. The first one I wish to comment upon is in regard to the sinking of the *Lusitania*, and that is, the entire absence of rafts on board. I am firmly under the impression that had there been rafts on the ship, the death-roll would by no means have been so large, because a floating raft will support between 30 to 40 persons; and the

reason I advocate the liberal use of these rafts is, they will FLOAT. That is more than can be said of the lifeboats, for with all their good points, once they are overturned they are of no more use. But the rafts are a support all the time, especially when the sea is calm, which was the case with the sinking of the *Lusitania*.

The reason of my publishing this criticism is that the above state of affairs was far different from that on board the *s.s. Orduna*, where there were plenty of lifeboats, also a very large number of these rafts.

I am giving you the benefit of my experiences with a view of helping the public to understand the dangers which beset them at sea; and a little advice I would give to all parties who may have to travel on the sea is, they should be able to swim, because I myself have to thank my knowledge of swimming for saving my life; and if ever they should be in a position such as the one I have related, and *cannot swim*, they should use their lifebelt in the proper way. There were people in the water who lost their lives owing to not using their lifebelts properly. What I mean is, when you have the belt on, it will keep you afloat, and if you keep cool and do not lose your nerve you stand a better chance of coming out safely. By treading the water with your arms and legs, you will

be able to keep afloat for quite a long time. As each wave comes along you should rise to meet it. You will find this quite simple when you have on the life-belt, but by all means *keep cool.*



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CHAPTER XIII.

STORIES OF THE RESCUED.

MR. G. KESSLER'S STORY OF HIS BATTLE WITH THE SEA.

A dramatic story of his experiences is told by Mr. George Kessler, the well-known American, who has a house at Bourne End.

He was the sole passenger out of a boatload of fifty or sixty to win his way to safety.

Mr. Kessler said to the *Daily Mirror*:—

"I was standing on the deck smoking. I saw no submarine, but I distinctly saw the wake of the torpedo as it came rushing at us. The time was exactly 2.5, for I had my watch in my hand at the time.

"I felt no alarm, nor did any of the saloon passengers. We were living in a fool's paradise, disbelieving that torpedoes could badly injure a vessel like the *Lusitania*.

"We began quietly putting the women in the boats, but we did that under the spirit of convention. None of us believed it was necessary.

"There was a sudden list as I was helping some women into a boat, and I was thrown into the boat,

THE
LONDON
PUBLISHED
BY
W. & A. GILBERT

which was not yet lowered, being about 50 ft. above the water.

“But when we reached the surface of the water,



T. SANDELS, WINNIPEG, SAVED; AND A RESCUED CRIPPLE,
SAVED BY HIS LIFE-BELT.

about a minute and a half afterwards, the *Lusitania* was only about 20 feet out of the water. Hardly had we got the boat clear of the falls than she slipped under the water with a horrifying suddenness.

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"When I came to the surface, not a trace of my fellow-occupants of the boat could be seen. I swam on and on for more than half an hour. Then I reached a collapsible boat in which were eight men, six of them stokers.

"I climbed in, but the boat was a ramshackle thing and half full of water. When we tried to bail her she would capsize and throw us into the sea. Nine times in three hours I had that experience.

"The six stokers were strong men in the prime of life, but when we were picked up all were dead in the bottom of the boat, killed by exhaustion and drowning."

FRANTIC PASSENGERS RUSH TO BOATS.

Mr. D. A. Thomas, the Welsh coal magnate, who, with his daughter, Lady Mackworth, had a remarkable escape from the sinking *Lusitania*, told a thrilling story of the disaster.

Lady Mackworth was picked up unconscious after three hours' immersion in the water.

"My daughter and I," said Mr. Thomas, were just leaving the luncheon-room when the first torpedo struck the *Lusitania*. We had been assured over and over again that the great ship was unsinkable.

"It did not, of course, take me long to realize that

the situation was very serious, so I made for my cabin on B deck, where we had lifebelts handy.

“For some reason I failed to find one, and had to turn back to A deck. The scene by this time, although only two or three minutes at the most had elapsed from the moment we had been struck, was one of indescribable confusion.

“Steerage passengers were rushing desperately about trying to reach A deck on the port side so as to get to the boats, and everywhere there was the screaming of women and the bewildered cry of children.

“In the meantime word had been passed round asking the passengers to remain as calm as possible, as there was no danger of the liner sinking. I don't know the source of this assurance, which, however, seemed to have little effect on the struggling mass of humanity.

“I saw that it was unlikely that I should succeed in obtaining a place in a boat after the women and children had been secured, and feeling none too safe in my inflated lifebelt, I made another effort to get at the two much safer cork lifebelts which I knew to be in my cabin.

“I reached the cabin, but found the two lifebelts

gone. Later I learnt that one had been secured by my daughter.

“There was no question of the courage of the officers and crew, who did their utmost for the safety of the passengers. There were many instances of the greatest heroism by officers and men, but there was absolutely no discipline or organization. There was some excuse for this owing to the rapidity with which the steamer was settling down.

“The first ship’s boat that was filled did not include more than two or three women. Most of the occupants were male steerage passengers, and the boat broke away from the davits and smashed as it fell into the ocean, drowning most of the occupants.

“The second boat, also heavily loaded, suffered the same fate. The ship had so listed that many of the remaining boats on the opposite side turned inwards, and I understand that some could not be launched. The vessel went over to the starboard side, and soon the sea was practically level with the top deck on this side.

“Just about this time I found myself near a boat which was already three-parts filled with women and children and men. Quite near me two women and a child were standing helplessly. One of them with

the child overcame her hesitation, and, taking a flying leap, landed safely in the boat. At this the other woman became hysterical. 'Let me jump in!' she shouted wildly, but she had not the courage to do so.

"I went to her, and it seemed an eternity before I succeeded in inducing her to make the jump. When she was safe in the boat, I also jumped, and landed safely. The boat was then got away, though not without a great deal of difficulty, but we had no sooner moved off from the fast-sinking ship before we were in great danger of being struck under by one of the liner's giant funnels, which seemed to come right over our boat. How we escaped it I don't know."

SEA MURDERERS' TOLL OF THIRTY LITTLE BABIES.

"I saw one terrible picture—a picture of haunting horror—at a temporary mortuary at Queenstown. A number of babies—I should say about thirty—were laid out there stiff and stark. I hope these tiny mites will be fully avenged."

So said Mr. Oliver P. Bernard, resident scenic artist at Covent Garden Theatre, in an interview. In recounting his experiences, Mr. Bernard said:—

"The last passenger to whom I spoke before the vessel went down was Mrs. Mason, a young American, who was on a honeymoon trip to England. Mrs.

Mason rushed up to me, exclaiming, 'Have you seen my husband?'

"I then made for the funnel deck, and the last person I noticed particularly, because of his demeanour, was Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt. He was looking quite happy and perfectly composed. He was chatting to a friend. In his right hand he held a purple leather jewel-case.

"I reached the funnel deck and crossed over to look at the starboard side. There I came across the two Marconi operators. They were sending out their 'S.O.S.' The explosion had disorganized the main wireless room, and they were working the emergency apparatus. I asked the wireless operators how they were getting on, and at that precise moment they received an answer to their call. A moment later the apparatus was smashed. One of the operators offered me a swivel chair to go down into the water, where we were picked up by one of the lifeboats.

"I might tell you I served before the mast in a Norwegian barque, and I want to say something about the launching of the boats. The crew, if I may say so without being harshly critical, were somewhat indifferent in this respect. I mean that they were not up to the standard one looks for on a great liner.

"There was an exciting scene while the boats were

being lowered. An alien tried to jump into a boat before it had been lowered to the deck level, where women and children were waiting. A seaman standing by dealt promptly with this cowardly act, and gave the man a rough time of it. I am not sure whether he was thrown into the sea, but he was certainly flung head over heels out of the boat."

NAMES OF PASSENGERS.

Amongst a list of passengers on the *Lusitania*, were the following names of well-known English and American people:—

Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt, Mr. Charles Frohman, Sir Hugh Lane, Lady Mackworth, Miss Jessie Taft Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Montagu T. Grant, Lady Allan, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Crompton, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Hodges, Dr. J. O. Orr, Major and Mrs. F. Warren Pearl, Mr. D. A. Thomas, Commander J. Foster Stackhouse, Mr. Justice Miles Forman, the novelist and playwright, and Dr. F. S. Pearson, the American financial magnate. Sir Hugh Lane is Director of the National Art Gallery, Ireland.

Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt, the American millionaire, was going to London on a visit. Since the previous August Mr. Vanderbilt had been on a pleasure tour in the United States.

It was reported that Miss Ellen Terry had sailed in the *Lusitania*, but it transpired that she sailed a few days previously in the American liner *New York*. She had told her friends that she would feel quite as safe as on the *Lusitania*.

Reuter's Agency was informed that Mr. Herbert Stone, son of Mr. Melville Stone, general manager of the Associated Press of America, was one of the passengers on the *Lusitania*.

Among the passengers were Mr. and Mrs. J. Frankum and their three children, of Aston, and Miss Pattie Lakin and Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Henn, of Dudley Port.

Among the passengers on the *Lusitania* was Mme. de Page, wife of the Chief of the Belgian Army Surgical Staff.

CAME ALIVE OUT OF LINER'S FUNNEL.

Wonderful almost beyond belief was the escape of a *Lusitania* passenger named Mrs. Gwyer, who, when the liner sank, was thrown out of a boat into the sea and sucked down into one of the vessel's huge funnels. As the *Lusitania* went deeper down she was shot out by the rush of steam and air, and landed in one of the lifeboats.

She is the young wife of the Rev. H. L. Gwyer, of Mirfield, Yorks, who was returning with her from



MISS GWEN ALLAN (DROWNED).



MISS ANNA ALLAN (DROWNED).

Canada, where he had been working for five years as a missionary. The couple had only been recently married. When the *Lusitania* began to sink Mr. Gwyer succeeded in getting a place in a boat for his wife. There was no room for him, and he remained on the ship, calling messages of love to her, for the *Lusitania* was going down rapidly.

"I thought it better," he said, "to take a chance in the water free of the vessel than to have a few seconds more of a footing and then to be drawn down into the vortex. So I jumped, and someone, taking pity on me, gave me a place in a boat."

When the liner's masts and funnels struck the waves the impact caused such a tumult of waters that the engulfing of the boat seemed certain. The boat in which Mrs. Gwyer had a place was tossed high in the air, and waves crashed all round it, some curling high over it and breaking over the passengers' heads. Mrs. Gwyer was whipped over the side of the boat by one huge billow, and fell into the boiling waters.

Then the *Lusitania* made her last plunge with her funnels flat on the water. Torrents of water poured into the four smokestacks of the *Lusitania*, and Mrs. Gwyer was swept away on the flood, and, to the horror of all who saw it, disappeared down one of the funnels.

children, and as he brought them to Mr. Vanderbilt the millionaire dashed to the boats with two little ones in his arms at a time. When he could no longer find any more children, he went to the assistance of the women, and placed as many as he could in safety. In all his work he was gallantly assisted by Ronald Denyer, and the two continued their efforts until the very end.

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CHAPTER XIV.

LUSITANIA WAS NOT ARMED

TWO WARNINGS GIVEN.

Two warnings were sent to the *Lusitania* by the Admiralty, it was stated in the British House of Commons, the second message being received by the liner very shortly before the vessel was attacked.

In reply to a series of questions concerning the *Lusitania*, Mr. Churchill said under no circumstances was it possible to make public the naval dispositions along the coast. The resources of the Admiralty would not enable them to supply an escort for merchants or passenger ships. The Admiralty had a general knowledge that Germany had issued a warning announcement. Acting on that and other information, they sent a warning to the *Lusitania* and directions for her course.

The shocking exception of the *Lusitania* should not divert the attention of the House and the country from the fact that their entire sea-borne trade had been carried on without appreciable loss.

No exception was made in the *Lusitania* case to the regular methods by which sea-borne vessels were

safeguarded. He had no knowledge of the number or size of the submarine or submarines which attacked the *Lusitania*.

Mr. Churchill added that the Prime Minister had handed him a warning letter from Lord Charles Beresford which had been carefully studied at the Admiralty. So far, the warnings having been unheeded, a great many of the suggestions had been applied on the largest possible scale.

In reply to Mr. Bonar Law, who asked whether the warning had been received by the *Lusitania*, Mr. Churchill said that both messages sent had been acknowledged, one very shortly before the attack.

“MURDER MOST FOUL.”

“Germany, having failed to secure the sympathy of any part of the neutral world, and knowing that she cannot secure it, is determined to terrorize it.”

Mr. Bonar Law, in a stinging indictment of German savagery, used these words at Westminster when making a presentation to Captain Bell, of the *Thordis*, for sinking a German submarine.

“The Germans,” he said, “have reached a degree of infamy which it is simply hopeless to attempt to describe.”

He characterized the destruction of the *Lusitania* as murder most foul and most unnatural.

What would happen now? The great and proud nation, the United States, was the neutral country most closely affected by this latest outrage. The simple fact was that citizens of that great country had been barbarously murdered.

Mr. Bonar Law said it was not for him to say what their action ought to be, but he felt sure that the United States would be guided not merely by the monetary interests of the country, but by the feelings as to what was due to a great nation among the other nations of the world.

within the danger zone between Fastnet and the time of the accident."

"Did you receive any message with reference to submarines being off the Irish coast?"—"Yes."

"What was the nature of the message?"—"I must refer you to the Admiralty for an answer to that question."

Although the *Lusitania's* normal speed was twenty-five knots, during war time they went at twenty-one, and at the time of the disaster they were running slowly so as to arrive at Liverpool Bar two or three hours before high water, so that he could go in without waiting for the pilot.

"Was a look-out kept for submarines?"

"Yes, a double look-out."

"Did you see any submarines?"

"None whatever; not a sign of them."

NO CONVOY.

"Was any warship convoying you?"

"None whatever. I did not see one."

The Captain described how the ship was struck, and the Coroner asked: "I take it you remained on the bridge?"

Witness: "Yes, sir, all the time. I went down with her about eighteen minutes after she was struck."

FUNERAL OF VICTIMS.

The coffins containing the victims were brought from the town hall on all kinds of conveyances, down to the most primitive bier ever seen.



SOLDIERS DIGGING GRAVES FOR THE VICTIMS: IN THE OLD CHURCHYARD AT QUEENSTOWN.

During the work of transference in preparation for the funeral the route was lined by units from the Fusiliers and the Connaught Rangers.

A Requiem High Mass was celebrated in the Cathedral.

OCEAN GREYHOUND THAT CREATED A RECORD.

A huge, steel-built "floating hotel," measuring 790 feet in length and 88 feet in breadth, the *Lusitania*

was one of the fastest and most luxurious liners afloat. She was launched eight years previously at Clydebank, and made her first voyage to New York about twelve months later. Never has a transatlantic liner created such world-wide interest as the *Lusitania* did on her first journey to America.

Since that time she had travelled regularly to and fro from New York to Liverpool, accomplishing some thirty-two trips a year, or, roughly, 100,000 miles per year.

The *Lusitania* broke all records for speed on her maiden voyage. She travelled at a uniform rate of twenty-three knots, or, approximately, twenty-nine miles an hour. She reached America from Great Britain in the record time of 4 days 19 hours 52 min.

The highest day's "run" made by any ocean liner up to that time was 601 knots, which was accomplished by the *Deutschland*. The *Lusitania* easily surpassed this with a day's "run" of 617 knots, giving an average of 26.7 knots.

She was eight stories in height.

Her turbine engines could develop 68,000 to 70,000 horse power.

Travelling in the *Lusitania* was like staying at a luxurious, first-class hotel.

SAVED FROM KARLSRUHE'S CLUTCHES.

The sunken *Lusitania* seemed fated for an adventurous career. Just after war was declared, the giant liner had an exciting escape from the *Karlsruhe* in the North Atlantic. She owed her escape



ALL THAT WAS MORTAL OF ONE OF THE AMERICAN CITIZENS
LOST WITH THE LUSITANIA: BEARING THE BODY
(COVERED WITH THE STARS AND STRIPES)
AT QUEENSTOWN.

from almost certain destruction owing to the quick wit and cleverness of Captain Dow, who was then in command.

The *Lusitania* had left New York some hours, and, with her lights dimmed, was steaming on her usual northward course. Captain Dow was on the bridge.

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SAVED BY A MIST.

Suddenly, as the darkness dissolved a little, he made out a black hulk on his starboard bow. Closer inspection proved it to be the German cruiser *Karlsruhe*. The *Lusitania* made a half-turn and ran south. Meanwhile she sent out wireless calls to the British cruiser *Essex*. As it grew lighter it was seen that the German cruiser was in pursuit. A string of bunting bore the flaunting message, "You are captured." The *Karlsruhe* was cutting along at a good twenty-four knots, but the British liner was holding her own.

A fog bank loomed ahead. In the meantime, Captain Dow had picked up the *Essex* by wireless. He was advised to head out to sea, as the *Leipzig* was waiting for the fugitive off the Atlantic "highlands."

Captain Dow realized that if he took the advice of the *Essex* he would be cutting across the course of the *Karlsruhe*. He decided to risk things and go straight ahead, and plunged into the fog bank.

When she reached the mist, which covered her like a pall, her engines were stopped and her watch bells silenced. She lay there still and dark and silent for some time. Then she slowly turned on her heel, and made off at full speed on her former north-eastward course. The *Karlsruhe* was not seen again.

Afterwards Captain Dow laughed over the incident. "I didn't think she'd sink us," he said, "but I knew she'd run us ashore if she got the chance, and the boat would then be a total loss."

FLEW AMERICAN FLAG.

The *Lusitania's* dramatic voyage from New York to Liverpool, when, as a reply to the sea Huns' policy of "frightfulness" she hoisted the American flag near the Irish coast, will be recalled.

A British flag was flown by the *Lusitania* all the way across the Atlantic, and then, without any announcement of any kind, the Stars and Stripes was hauled up in its place.

This action of Captain Dow met with the hearty commendation of Americans who had friends and relations aboard the liner. The American Government issued no official protest at Captain Dow's bold ruse.

UNDER THE RED ENSIGN AGAIN.

A Foreign Office statement, commenting on the "flag incident," said:—

"The use of a neutral flag is, with certain limitations, well established in practice as a *ruse de guerre*. The British Government has always considered the use of British colors by a foreign vessel legitimate for the purpose of escaping capture. Such a practice

not only involves no breach of international law, but is specifically recognized by the law of this country.

There is no law in America prohibiting the use of the American flag by foreign vessels.

On her return journey to New York, on February 14, the *Lusitania* sailed under the British Red Ensign. A large number of distinguished Americans were included among the passengers. "A stout British skipper and the British flag are good enough for me," was the comment of one wealthy American just before the boat sailed. On this voyage she carried 600 passengers.

OFFICIAL NOTICE OF MURDER PLAN.

The officials of the Cunard Line in New York, and all the passengers sailing in the *Lusitania*, had received indirect notice from the German Ambassador at Washington that the *Lusitania* was in peril, the intimation being that the German submarines would try to torpedo the gigantic liner.

The following advertisement appeared in the New York and other American newspapers a few days before the *Lusitania* sailed:—

"Travellers intending to embark for an Atlantic voyage are reminded that a state of war exists between Germany and her Allies and Great Britain and her Allies; that the zone of war includes the waters

adjacent to the British Isles; that, in accordance with the formal notice given by the Imperial German Government, vessels flying the flag of Great Britain or any of her Allies are liable to destruction in those waters; and that travellers sailing in the war zone in ships of Great Britain or her Allies do so at their own risk.

*“Imperial German Embassy,
“Washington, April 22.”*

When the saloon passengers boarded the *Lusitania* most of them were handed a telegram signed “John Smith” or “John Jones,” warning them that they would imperil their lives if they sailed in the *Lusitania*. Most of the passengers paid no attention to the wires.

Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt, member of the famous New York millionaire house, who lives in London, was a passenger of the *Lusitania*. He received one of the warning wires, but tore it up without making any comment.

The telegram which failed to frighten Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt read: “Have it on definite authority that the *Lusitania* is to be torpedoed. You had better cancel passage immediately.”

Passengers were also warned at the pier by men

speaking with a German accent, but none remained behind.

Other passengers who received the warning wires were Mr. D. A. Thomas, the famous Welsh coalmine owner, who was sailing with his daughter, Lady Mackworth.

AGENT'S CONFIDENCE.

When the Washington correspondents called at the German Embassy to get an explanation of the extraordinary advertisement which Count Von Bernstorff had inserted in the newspapers, they were told: "We did it to ease our conscience—lest harm should befall persons who were not informed."

The advertisement made the American newspapers furious, and the Press condemned the extraordinary action of the German Ambassador indignantly.

Mr. Charles P. Sumner, the New York agent of the Cunard Line, said that only a few days previously he received letters demanding £3,000 on pain of publication of advertising harmful to the line. Mr. Charles Sumner commented humorously on the German attentions to the *Lusitania*. "The truth is," he said, "that the *Lusitania* is the safest boat on the sea. She is too fast for any submarine. No German war vessel can get near her."

So far as was known, no passenger was deterred from sailing by the German threats. It was announced that the German Embassy advertisement would appear once a week for three weeks.

LATEST LUSITANIA FIGURES.

According to the latest figures available and issued by the Cunard Company, the number of passengers on board the *Lusitania* was 1,906, of whom 764 were saved. The details are as follow:—

Saloon	292
Second Cabin	602
Third Class	361
Crew	651
Drowned	1,142
Saved	764
Bodies Recovered	144
Identified	87

ALL GERMANS EXCLUDED.

“We won’t tolerate German-born subjects any longer!”—that was the new, determined spirit of City business men.

At both the Stock Exchange and the Baltic, members of German, Austrian or Turkish origin were excluded and formally forbidden to enter these places of business.. A special meeting was held among re-

presentative members of the Stock Exchange, and as a result about 150 German-born members received a note requesting them not to enter the "House" in future. Despite this request, a number of members of alien origin arrived at the Stock Exchange as usual next day. They found awaiting them at the doors a determined guard of British Stock Exchange members, who told them that if they had not sufficient sense to keep away they would be forcibly ejected.

At the Baltic the following resolution was passed:—

"That all members and clerks who are of German, Austrian or Turkish birth, although they may be naturalized British subjects, be suspended until further notice. This resolution does not apply to any member or clerk who is over sixty years of age or to any member or clerk who has a son serving with His Majesty's forces."

All Germans and Austrians, although naturalized, were excluded from the Liverpool Cotton Exchange.

RUSH OF RECRUITS.

"Can you take me! I'm not much over thirty-eight, and I'm a married man with a family. This

Lusitania business is the last straw. I want to go out and do my bit—and shoot a few of these devils!”

Recruiting sergeants in London heard this story all day long. Men, young and old, were joining, or endeavoring to join, the forces. The unspeakable crime by the Germans of murdering hundreds of innocent women and children proved the finest fillip to recruiting since the beginning of the war. Inquiries made showed that the majority of the men who were anxious to join the colors without delay were married men with families.

At the attractive recruiting office for the Royal Naval Division in the Strand, London, there was a steady stream of middle-aged men anxious to enlist.

“The crime of the *Lusitania*” seems to have made a tremendous impression on married men with children of their own,” said one of the naval officers. “Unfortunately, a good many of these men have been too old.”

ORDUNA ATTACK WAS DASTARDLY.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Morse, of Winnipeg, who were passengers on the *Orduna*, reached New York in safety. Mr. Morse said:—

“The attack on the *Orduna* was the most dastardly thing I ever heard of. Here was a peaceful ship,” he said, “with no war munitions of any kind,

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crossing the sea to America with twenty-one citizens of the United States and other innocent civilians, women and little children, asleep in their berths, when, without warning, a deliberate attempt was made to send them all to their graves."

"The call to dress quickly and hasten to the sheltered deck forward was the first warning I had of an attack of a German submarine," declared Mrs. F. M. Morse. "When I reached the deck designated, it was crowded with passengers, who were adjusting life preservers. There was no excitement. All watched the submarine as it pursued the steamer. There was very little danger from shells fired by the submarine, as we were protected by the upper decks. After the third shell, it could be plainly seen that we were fast drawing away from the German craft. We remained on deck long after the submarine was lost to view. The incident was the main topic of discussion during the remainder of the voyage."

RESCUED PASSENGERS TELL OF WONDERFUL ESCAPES AND
PITIFUL LAST SCENES.

Among the many striking incidents recorded by passengers rescued from the *Lusitania* are the following:—

Honeymoon Couple's Fate.—A young Boston honeymoon couple were among the drowned.

After Thirty Years.—A man returning home to Dundalk after an absence of thirty years was picked up dead.

Woman's Leap.—"I put on a life-belt and jumped from the deck into the sea," said Miss Lobb, of Bermuda.

Through Fields of Dead.—"It was just as though we were sailing through fields of dead," said Mrs. Pat Wilson, of Canada.

Lucky Number 13.—"Lifeboat No. 13 picked me up," said Mr. Grab, of New York, "and," he added, "it was a very lucky number for me."

Clung to Packing Case.—As the result of seizing hold of a large packing case and being able to thrust one leg into it, a passenger was able to keep afloat.

Lost His Reason.—"One poor fellow," said Dr. Houghton, of Troy, New York State, "lost his reason and jumped into the sea and was drowned."

Man Who Took Snapshots.—"On deck," said Mr. C. T. Jeffery, of Kenosha, Wisconsin, "a young man stood calmly, camera in hand, taking one snapshot after another of the scene as the crew were attempting to launch the boat."

Only Gun Fired.—"The only gun fired," said Mr. Brooks, "was that directed by a British auxiliary

craft at a lifeboat, the occupants of which had been taken out. The shot blew the craft to pieces." Evidently the boat was mistaken for a submarine.

"*The Whole Story.*"—Mr. Martin E. Payne, an Englishman, carried the lifebelt to which he owed his life over his arm. On it was inscribed these words: "The whole story. Royal Mail steamer *Lusitania* off Ireland, May 7, torpedoed 2.15 p.m. I landed Queenstown 9.30 p.m."

Concert Before Tragedy.—Mr. James Brooks, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, expressed grief at the fate of the two daughters of Lady Allan. "They were two beautiful girls," he said, "and I can recall them as they listened to a concert held aboard the ship only the night previous to the disaster. Little did so many of the women dream of the terrible fate awaiting them on the morrow."

WHO IS THE MAN?

It is hard to view clearly the true horror of the *Lusitania* massacre. A crime on a scale far greater than any the world has yet known is not soon realized by the world. But out of the welter of horror that the German has inflicted upon the civilized world in the past months one incident will stand very clearly. It is this:

Somewhere in the world to-day there is a man who has the distinction of being the greatest murderer in history. He is the commander of the submarine that sunk the *Lusitania*.

To normal minds it is almost impossible to conceive the state of that murderer. To do so we must reconstruct his crime.

Imagine him waiting hour after hour in his vessel off the Irish coast, the determination always in his mind to commit the world's greatest murder.

Do not forget that this man knew quite well that he was about to attack some 2,000 innocent persons. He was fully conscious that aboard the *Lusitania* were hundreds of women and children, many of them of a nation that was at peace with his own. In the moments immediately preceding that instant when he ordered the firing of the torpedo, all these things must have been clear to him. It was his intention to slay every soul aboard the incoming liner.

This man, who of deliberate intent sought to kill nearly 2,000 innocent people, skilfully brought his boat as near to the doomed liner as he dare, and then, without a word of warning, he gave the command. The torpedo was discharged, possibly a second followed it to make the filthy deed more certain. And then he watched the result of his action. He saw the

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giant ship heel over, he saw the rush from her decks to the boats, he saw most probably the struggling victims in the water—he saw men, women and children hurled to death.

What are that man's thoughts to-day?

His explanation—there can be no excuse—will be that he was acting under orders. He will say that it is his duty to obey blindly the commands of his superior officers. In other days the world called men who obeyed such orders by ugly names. Villains employed them, but even they felt shame at contact with such beasts. The bravo, the hired assassin of history, was an outcast. Will this man be an outcast among his own people?

It is most unlikely. More probably he will be feted and rewarded by his savage employers. His people will hail him as a hero; his Emperor will confer upon him a high distinction.

But how will his family greet him, we wonder? His wife, if he have one; his children; his mother? Will they honor this red-handed murderer?

He was not altogether successful—700 of his would-be victims escaped him. He only slew some 1,200. But, we wonder, does he feel proud of his work and his masters?

We do not yet know his name. Doubtless the

German papers will supply us with it soon. They will exploit him as a cherished example of that dishonored "good German sword."

When we learn the name, neither we nor civilization will forget it. There are some names the world never forgets. That of Commander Somebody, of, we are told, U39, of the Imperial German Navy, will be one of them. C. H.

CULTURE'S SUICIDE.

Neutrals were aghast with horror and indignation at the crime of the Huns, and the following brief comments, quoted by Reuter, show the deep impression which the outrage made:—

Italian—*Idea Nazionale*: There is a limit dividing like an abyss the soldier and the scoundrel. Germany crossed it yesterday.

Swedish—The *Nya Dagligt Allehanda* (a pro-German paper): This is an unpardonable crime against humanity. It is difficult to understand how an officer of the German Navy could consent to perform such an act.

Norwegian—*Morgenblad*: The Germans have meant to terrify. They have terrified their friends, and terror breeds hate.

Danish—*Vort Land*: Whenever in future the Germans speak of their culture, the answer will be: "It does not exist. It committed suicide on May 7, 1915."

A MILAN STORY OF THE U-21 AND THE LUSITANIA.

Mr. Gustave Herve's paper, *La Guerre Sociale*, of Paris, publishes the following remarkable story of the sinking of the *Lusitania* in the form of a telegram from Milan.

The writer is said to be a German Socialist, and the letter from which it was taken would appear to have been communicated by an American propagandist to a journalist representing American and Italian newspapers.

"The order to sink the *Lusitania* arrived on May 2 at Heligoland, where the German naval base was situated, and aroused the indignation of all the officers. More than one was beside himself.

"The order was, nevertheless, carried out by the U-21, which left under the command of Lieut. Hersing.

"The writer of the letter was on board his ship when Hersing returned from his expedition, and was able to take note of the contempt which all the officers manifested towards him.

"Without daring to lift his head, he muttered, 'It went against me to act as I did, but I could not do otherwise.' He was crying.

"He then told how none of his men knew the object of the voyage, and how several times he was on the point of letting them into the secret in the hope of seeing the crew mutiny.

"Arrived at the spot where it was to surprise the *Lusitania*, the submarine had a long wait. At one moment the idea of making off entered the commander's head, but he found that another submarine had stopped a short distance away.

"The *Lusitania* meanwhile was approaching. She could not escape her doom. 'I saw people gathered on deck,' continued Hersing. 'The ship was crammed with human beings. I caused the submarine to plunge, and the torpedo was discharged.

"I don't know whether it was this torpedo or the one discharged by the other submarine that struck the liner, but the latter's hull was ripped open.

"I tried to avoid witnessing the ghastly scene which followed, and made away from the torpedoed liner at full speed.

"Then I came to the surface. The sea was crowded with struggling wretches; even at that distance I could hear the shouts of the shipwrecked. I

had become a man of stone, incapable of moving or giving an order.'"—Central News.

HUNGARIAN REPROBATION.

A number of the prominent Budapest weekly, the *Pesti Futar*, reaches me, in which M. Sandor Nadas, an eminent Hungarian author and journalist, writes a most interesting article about the sinking of the *Lusitania*. It is very significant that an article of this tone should have been allowed by the Censor to appear in a Hungarian newspaper. I give a verbatim translation of it, for it is worth while to record what Germany's own Allies have to say about her methods of warfare when the Censor is absent-minded or—perhaps of the same opinion.

"I simply trembled when I read that the *Lusitania* was sunk," the article begins: "this great swimming city, which had her own streets, street corners, swimming baths, and tennis ground. She had everything on board but tramcars, and yet sank in twenty minutes. The German papers tell me I should rejoice over this German 'victory,' but though I have always heeded what the papers say, this time, somehow or other, I could not obey. I turned pale at the idea that an English-planned, German-made submarine had torpedoed the *Lusitania*, that two thousand

people were shrieking in the water as they tried to avoid the inevitable death.

“How could these unfortunate souls be blamed for going about their business? Why had they to suffer because there is a war between nations, and because a mad student murdered the Crown Prince of Austria, or because Austria deemed it necessary to begin a punitive expedition against Serbia? Why had these poor children to suffer because Germany hates England so much that words cannot be found to express it? Why had these children to be thrown into the water? They were not soldiers or marines. They were not trained and armed. Why could they not have been allowed to land?

“I know that there is war; that England wants to starve out Germany. Yet I cannot rejoice over the murder of 2,000 women and children. When God or Fate brought out the destruction of the *Titanic* one questioned the Divine goodness. When men do it we are asked to rejoice. I refuse to do so, even if the whole German Press shrieked it into my ears, for in reading the details of the sinking of the *Lusitania* all the horrors of death seem to pass before me. I could only weep over it and not rejoice. Whether the people were English or Americans, one can only think to curse the hand that brought it about.

