

TRAGEDY REVEALED BY GERMAN'S DIARY

Story of Hans von Tuebinger Tells of Sinking Ship With His Sweetheart Aboard.

RECORD SAVED BY STEALTH

Transfer From First Vessel Welcomed, as Members of Crew Are Declared to Like Their Business of Butchery Too Well.

(Continued From Page 7.)

said. "You assume that the nations are ethically no further advanced than they were before modern inventions and enlightenment pervaded every corner of the globe." "So-ho?" drawled Fritz. "So you still imagine that the degree of one's intelligence has an influence upon his moral character? How often must I tell you, Hans, that a bad man remains bad despite the highest culture; a brutal man brutal, though he have absorbed all that our much-boasted Kultur may boast of. I do not gainay the fact that education gives a veneer which enables its possessor to curb and conceal his evil side—until the evil in him becomes too overpowering. When this happens the dictates of reason are swept aside; the mind, though trained in every department of Kultur, serves merely to point the way to an easier outlet for the passions. A cultured scoundrel, in other words, is immeasurably more dangerous to society than a boorish scoundrel. Mind, the light-bearer, can do no more than widen the horizon within which lie the objects which may serve as a motive to our will, which, as I have often explained, is our true self—the real radical of our ego. And what is true of men individually is true of men collectively. Nations are but aggregates of individuals and have all the selfishness, baseness, meanness, brutality and fiendishness which are inherent in the individual. Do not deceive yourself; while there is no doubt that there are some disinterested, generous, spirited, noble characters, the great bulk of mankind is inoculated with the darker traits; just as there are but comparatively few intellectual giants and geniuses who shine out like stars amidst the common herd of shallow, flat-headed dullards." Notwithstanding Fritz's impassioned arraignment of humanity, neither did I nor I could take the same dark view. For my part, I feel that the expense involved and the frightful destructiveness of modern weapons make it utterly impossible to conduct a long war nowadays. Mathematicians have calculated that it would cost Germany alone ten billion marks a year, not to mention the almost unthinkable great destruction of life and property. So, rest quiet, my heart. I surely will be back within a month to claim my Minna.

1914—20 September.

The second time I take on fuel and supplies since I have been on U-11, and still no letter from Minna! Can it be that my letter to her has miscarried? But, even so, she knew that she could communicate with me through Kiel. It cannot be that she put me out of her heart so soon. She is too loyal, too noble-hearted and magnanimous to allow another to take my place in her affection merely because I am out of her sight. And yet, who knows? Oh, God, how this doubt torments me! Wounds, physical suffering and death are not the only agonies of war. Worse than these to a soul that feels is the wrenching of the heart, the wrenching through its enforced separation from the loved ones. It has embittered my life and filled me with disgust, even for those, my diary, though fifth in the series of little volumes which I first began to keep record of my doings! When has it happened before that I allowed so long a time to pass without recording a single act or thought in my patient, consolation-bringing pages? Oh, that this hellish murder business of war were ended! I still shudder whenever I recall the frozen horror on the faces of the poor wretches aboard the vessels we have sunk. My heart goes out to them, and every morning we fire seems to carry my own doom along.

On August 21 we sank the British armed boarder Duke of Albany. Of 100 aboard, 22 were lost. By a freakish current of the sea a cabin-boy clinging to a spar was swept clear to our craft and we took him aboard—a brave little lad of scarcely 12 years. He told me his father and three big brothers had gone with the British expeditionary army to France. "I was the only man left in the family," he said. "The only 'man'?" Poor child! I asked him whether he was not sorry to have left his mother. He probably had not had time before to give any thought to the question, for now it was brought to his mind he burst into tears and sobbed out his desire to go back home. He told me he had run away without thinking that his mother and two sisters would miss him much. "I wanted to be a sailor," he said.

"If I send you home will you promise never to do anything again to hurt your mother's feelings?" I asked. "Yes, sir," he replied. "I promise to do anything except—" "Well, except what?" I asked. "Except—except—well, except that I want to be allowed to fight those damned Germans!"

A boy of 12, and yet intrepid and truthful enough to tell me to my face that his gratitude to me for restoring him to his mother must not bar his right to fight us "damned Germans!" I could not but laugh heartily, although to tell the truth it hurt me to think that our good name and fame had suffered so complete an eclipse that even children had come to hate and detest us. I suppose, however, that the little fellow had learned his lesson in hatred from the men of the Duke of Albany.

I halted a Norwegian freighter the same afternoon and transferred the youngsters to her, obtaining the promise of the captain to land him in England. The captain said he would be glad to do so, as he was bound for London. The boy said his home was in Atterbury, near Banbury, the town which is famous in "Mother Goose" rhyme. I wonder whether he would spare at least one of "the damned Germans" if I ever fall into his hands.

I have just received notice that I am to have command of a larger submarine. Things are rather cramped aboard the 12. I shall have no regrets in making the exchange. Nor can I say that my heart will be heavy for bidding good-by to the crew of this boat. These fellows seem to like their business of butchery too well. They go at it so thoroughly "con amore" that it sickens me to have them call me Herr Captain.

1914—15 October.

The three days just elapsed have been among the most memorable in my life. Not only is U-34 much larger and more comfortable than the wretched tub I have left, but the crew

appears to be less brutal and, above all, I have with me, next to me in command, my dear Fritz Lasing. Wonderful what pranks fate plays with us! When I left Stockholm, Fritz had not yet received his summons to the colors. "If I receive a summons I will ignore it," he said. He denounced the war as "a revival of the savagery which is reaching out to plunder and destroy our tediously-built Kultur, the one flower of civilization's scarce budding tree." Pacifism had no stauncher advocate than he.

When I asked what had wrought the change in his mind he said, with characteristic naivete: "My mind is not changed. I still believe the war is all wrong. But does a swallow make a Summer? Can one man shout his convictions loudly enough to be heard around the globe? I felt that I was but one of many million cogs in the vast machinery called fatherland. It is a bad and worse than useless cog that refuses to do its 'turn' when the rest of the machinery is in motion. So here I am."

October 13 was a busy day. I was charged with conveying to England a message of the utmost importance. It was a cipher, but, although I was not entrusted with its exact meaning, I know that it related to the question of a contemplated blockade of England. According to instructions I delivered the letter to the captain of a Swedish steamship, which, I was told, would be 10 miles off Yarmouth. He no doubt had his instructions.

As the letter had to be in the captain's hands by 8 o'clock on the evening of October 13, and I had but five hours to accomplish the task, my new boat had to give a good account of herself for speed, and she did.

The last five miles of the trip will remain forever impressed upon my memory. A British patrol boat fired upon us, aiming apparently at the conning tower, but missing by a scant 40 yards. We submerged quickly and replied with a torpedo. It struck home, tearing through the side of the enemy's midship. The explosion must have wrought frightful havoc within the boat, for she sank within a few seconds. Only half a dozen of the crew appeared to have survived. I believe we fired the patrol boat's ammunition magazine, for it is inconceivable that the charge itself could have torn apart the bulk so effectively. One of the lifeboats had broken loose from its davits and was riding conveniently near the men in the water. In the circumstances I did not deem it wise to delay, and so left them to their fate. On our return we saw the lifeboat making for the shore. One of the men was huddled in the bottom of the boat. I would gladly have stopped to alleviate his suffering, but Fritz advised me against it. "There are times," he said, "when kindness may be worse than cruelty. You might soothe the pain of that poor fellow, but in doing so you would afford the others in the boat a chance to see something about our vessel which might betel in them an idea for a means of defeating our whole U-boat fleet."

At breakfast yesterday Fritz renewed the subject of "mercy and cruelty." He said: "You know, Hans, I could not sleep well at all because the face of that poor devil in the boat was before my eyes all through the night. Not that I reproached myself for advising you against helping him, for I still believe it would have been foolhardy and perhaps even unpatriotic to have done so. But even a sense of duty well performed cannot altogether stiffen the more human element within one. It was pity for the poor fellow that kept me awake."

"Pity is not rightly understood, Hans. Some even among the best-known thinkers are misguided enough to regard it as a weakness. In reality it is the true mainspring and fountain-head of every virtue. This may sound extravagant, but I can prove it to you."

"Perhaps to me, Fritz," I replied, "because you know how partial I am to you. But I'm afraid a more critical hearer might look upon you as a dreamer."

"Well, then, let us call into our conclaves Quartermaster Thiemann. He is a moderately well-informed man; not particularly a student; mediocre enough in natural gifts—a true exemplar of ordinary, every-day, ethically correct Philistine should be. If I can convince him, will you concede the victory to me?"

"I certainly will," I laughed and sent for the quartermaster. Thiemann is a man of about 28 years; sedate, precise in everything he says and does; as decorous a man as ever went to church regularly on Sunday or condemned a charitable work uttered in behalf of a sinner—a true Philistine, as Fritz had said.

After a few complimentary remarks about his satisfactory work I bade Thiemann be seated and asked him how the men felt over our victory of the preceding day.

"Elated," he said. "They were particularly glad that we did not get away with those six fellows in the lifeboat. Hans Eglau is the only one who thought differently. He thinks it's a moral duty to kill every enemy."

"It is not at all proud that his cognomen is the same as mine," I replied. "He is more akin to the brute than to man."

"Not necessarily," said Fritz. "He can be as tender-hearted as a convent girl, but spoiled by his training. Do you suppose Abraham of Biblical fame, was cruel and hated his son, Isaac, when he prepared to sacrifice him? Or Jephtha, the Judge of Israel, when he slew his daughter? Their hearts were good, their training faulty. They had been brought up in slavish fear of an idea. Now, when one becomes enslaved to an idea, whether you call it money, revenge, love, Moloch, God—one is willing to sacrifice to it every other thing in the world. Those men in all likelihood would gladly have murdered themselves rather than their children in carrying out what they regarded as God's behest. Hans Eglau probably is a patriot, and his patriotism is his loss; and to this he would sacrifice father, mother, children and himself to boot."

Thiemann confirmed Fritz's surmise in regard to the patriotic side of Eglau's character; and, after a few moments of reflection, said that it was really true that, in all matters which had nothing to do with the question of



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patriotism, the man was rather good-natured and kind. "I've seen him feed a hungry dog," said Thiemann, "and pet and fondle a tired little boy who had lost his way in the street and carry him nearly half a mile to a station house."

Fritz's face brightened up and he shot a glance of triumph at me. "Can anything be more lucidly clear, from the seeming inconsistencies in Eglau's conduct, than that his heart dictates one thing and his head another?"

"I never tire of trying to make it clear that we are compounded of will and intellect, and that the will is that which gives us character and makes us responsible beings; while the intellect merely enacts the role of spectator within us, and every virtue or vice which we follow the latter to make its own choice either for good or ill. Without having ever consciously expressed in the law itself infallibly makes this distinction; for, are not punishments meted out to those whose will is at fault? Who has ever heard of any one being sent to prison for having a bad head?"

"Well, what I am driving at is this: The will, which is the seat of love and hatred, hope and fear, joy and grief, and whatever other passions and emotions there are, is that which is the common heritage of all of us; of all—and this means brute animals and whatever else there may be that has feeling. It is the universal bond, the link which makes all mankind kin. Like the electric current, which is at the same time, one or a billion miles of wire, so the will, whether it animates a good man or a bad one, is the identifying principle in us all."

"Like likes like" is the homeopathic axiom; hence the feeling of sympathy which all feel for anyone who is suffering. Our sympathy for pity (which is but another word for it) is enlisted for sufferers because we, the will, which is common to all, is being crucified in those who suffer.

"Who would gladly injure one whom he pities? Hence from the feeling of pity springs the desire to be just, and from the feeling of justice, in turn, spring all those acts of goodness which constitute the code of morality. "Opposed to sympathy are selfishness and malignity. The latter two are the fountain head of all immorality. The selfish person is bad because he wants to engross to himself everything, including what belongs to others; the malignant person may be unselfish, but is fiendishly pleased with the infliction of suffering upon others."

"What's the point?" I asked. "It explains why I advised you not to aid that poor devil in the lifeboat yesterday and then felt such sorrow for him that it would not allow me to sleep. My training has taught me to love the soul; I happened to be born on, while my heart would fondly stray and take in all humanity irrespective of the place of birth—and training carries away the palm and leaves the heart defeated. I'm no better than Eglau. The only difference between us is that I know what ails me; he doesn't."

(To be continued next Sunday.)

John Kanopa, of Chicago, was instrumental in enlisting 187 young Poles who marched in a body to the Army recruiting office in that city the other day.

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