

BOATCREW ENJOYED BY U-BOAT CAPTAIN

Feeling of Pity for Victims Vanishes but Scorn Is Expressed for Deacons.

FIANCEE CAUSE OF WORRY

Tragedy in Life of Assistant Revealed When Halted Vessel Has Girl Who Jilted Him Aboard, Being Commanded by Rival.

TRANSFORMATION OF AUTHOR'S VIEW SHOWN.

The Oregonian today publishes the second of three instalments of the remarkable "Diary of a U-Boat Commander." This portion covers the first year of the war, and shows the art-loving aesthete, whose fate put him aboard a submarine, losing rapidly his pre-war characteristics and glorying in his work of butchery. The diary may be regarded as one of the most astounding psychological documents that has ever come to light.

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SECOND INSTALLMENT.

1914—15 October.

The E-3 is our first English submarine trophy! I was in the conning tower shortly after our midday meal today, experimenting with my new magnetic disc for the periscope, when it appeared on the disc and moved slowly in an easterly direction. Under the magnifiers the speck resolved itself into a periscope. My location chart indicated that no other U-boat was expected anywhere near that neighborhood at that time. The periscope was unquestionably that of an enemy.

I shaped my course so that our starboard torpedo should be directly at right angles with the Britisher when she passed us.

Scruples Not Shaken Off.

A feeling of anxiety took possession of me. I vainly tried to shake off the conscientious scruple which had arisen, it seemed so terrible to me to lie in wait, cold bloodedly, for the fellow who was approaching his doom, his boat hugging freight probably entirely unsuspecting of the trip which I, their executioner, was laying for them.

Constitution Is Held.

I rang for Fritz. He has become my crutch in everything. If I believed in reincarnation I would think that Fritz's soul is the same as that which animated the body of Socrates more than two thousand years ago. He is as good as he is wise. The crew regard him as a demigod. Theismans especially adore him since Fritz's disquisition on the overmastering influence of an idea upon one's will.

Attack Held Absolute Duty.

"What say you, Fritz? Is it just? Is it fair?" "I don't want you to make the banal reply of 'Would you hesitate to blow your own water if the situation were reversed?'" said Fritz. "If I were wrong to take such an advantage of an enemy the wrong would not be sanctified by the knowledge that I am doing it." "But, Fritz, you are not a defender, you are an executioner. You are not to take advantage of precisely such a situation as this. But, see, there's not a moment to lose. The periscope has traversed almost the whole breadth of the disc. Our friend the enemy must be pretty near!"

Mangled Survivor Picked Up.

The speck disappeared from the disc and almost simultaneously with its disappearance we heard a muffled rumble, followed by a distinct raring of our water. We emerged to the surface. The water was greatly disturbed, but of the enemy submarine there was no trace. Several hundred yards away, however, something appeared to be floating on the water. The glasses showed me a shocking sight! The floating object was the frightfully mutilated body of a man. He was still living, but unconscious. We got him aboard and Kaempfer administered artificial respiration. "He can't live," said the surgeon. "In fact, he hasn't enough left to make living worth while. I'll just keep him unconscious and free his poor pain until the end."

Declaration Is Held.

"What fools men are! A little ribbon of no intrinsic value bestowed by a government, to be held in so great reverence, to doubt, to receive a sanction, and thus, having therein marking to do homage to this valueless ribbon, as if it were of sacred import, governments, without much expense to themselves, scatter 'honors' (ribbons and medals) with a lavish hand, and men themselves simply regard this for their most heroic sacrifice!"

a result of our "victory." After the poor, mutilated body of the Englishman had been consigned to his grave, the sea, Fritz sent to his berth. I saw him again during the evening meal, but except for the conventional salutations we were both taciturn.

My disc substitute for the old manner of periscope observation has fully vindicated its usefulness. No longer need I stare for hours at a time, with head bent back and eyes strained and concentrated upon the periscope field. Now all I have to do is sit in a comfortable chair and look into a camera obscura, on the bottom of which, level with the sea, is reproduced the picture of what is actually going on outside our boat. The part of the arrangement of which I am most proud is the magnetic disc, or revolving table, which, like the compass, always points true north. No matter how our U-boat is headed, the picture on the disc is always exactly in its natural position in relation to the points of the compass. Distances, too, are indicated, as heretofore, by lines drawn across the face of the disc.

The thought of the swift, unforeseen destruction which came upon those luckless men of E-2 is made more somber by my heart yearnings for Minna. Dear Minna, do you ever think of me now? I have reproduced your sweet countenance four times in paintings. But, alas! what were even a Raphael's reproduction of your face compared with the reality which I am compelled to forget? Do you pray for me nightly as fervently as I for you?

Nothing short of a miracle saved us from destruction at the very threshold of the New Year. I thank thee, dear Lord, for this thy mercy, and also for the glorious achievement which at the same time thou has vouchsafed me. After having been all but run down by a British ship it fell to our lot to destroy that floating fortress.

I lacked a few minutes of 3 o'clock this morning when I relieved Fritz, who had been watching all night. I had been unable to sleep. Premonitions of some impending disaster—a disagreeable, apprehensive feeling which probably everybody has experienced now and then—kept me awake. Somehow I connected it with Minna and could not shake off the fear that some calamity had befallen her. Even prayer, that event and almost always effective panacea for illa not purely physical, failed this time to allay my anxiety.

Fritz was worn and gladly availed himself of my offer to let him get to bed. He had scarcely left the tower when I heard, faintly at first, but rapidly growing more and more distinct, a sound not unfamiliar to those who are at home in submarines—the whirring of the blades of the screw of a steamship. We were traveling slowly, barely four knots, submerged about 15 feet. I quickly sheered off away from the steamship, and the screw, outlined distinctly on the disc, could see the vast hull, which had barely missed ramming our boat.

Another instant and a torpedo was launched, striking our adversary amidships midway between the keel and the water line. This was at precisely 3 o'clock. Within half an hour the Britisher was a smoldering wreck resting on the bottom of the Channel.

My camera obscura showed me the indescribably chaotic scene during this exciting half hour proceeding from the side of the vessel. Fritz had come back and, standing silently near us, was also watching the remarkable picture on the disc.

Of four boats which were lowered, one, a barge, capsized, and many of her men were drowned before those in the other boats had appeared to realize the peril of their comrades in the water. When the latter had been picked up the three boats were crowded. How many lives were lost by the capsizing of the barge I could not say. Many must also have perished in the explosion, hundreds, probably. It was last October, when we sank an enemy submarine. Fritz also appeared to be elated and became more talkative.

"Congratulations, Hans," he said. "If you keep up this record of sinkings you will have to get a submarine trailer to hold all your medals."

servance. Christ said, 'Do this and do not neglect the other.' If their religion bids them to do this, let them honor that commandment, but let them also honor the other commandments of their religion, and then the world will be better. But religions fall in this, that they seem to condone violations of the more spiritual and ethical teachings while they hurl anathemas against those who violate the merely material, outward and really nonessential teachings. I hate religions precisely because they temper with the truth and because their ministers, low-down and sinners who are powerful."

1915—1 April. There is something exhilarating in this business of butchery. God! how I have changed! I remember what my soul agony I fired the torpedo which settled the fate of a British battleship and sent hundreds of men to perdition. Now no such spiritual qualms torment me. I feel as free as the air and to send forth a torpedo on its errand of death has become to me scarcely more than to hurl a ball over the top of a bowling alley. The toppling over of the pins when the ball strikes them is less exciting to me only in that it lacks the destruction of a warship and its crew.

Since the blockade of Great Britain there has been no dearth of adventure. God knows I have need of excitement of some sort. Minna is in my thoughts constantly. Nothing except the hunting and chase and fight with those hostile boats can ease my mind. Fritz says it is fortunate I am not addicted to liquor or I would be drunk all the way for twelve battles and my beloved diary I manage to keep my thoughts off the one tormenting the longer I strive to prevent me from becoming insane.

For a while, before the era of promiscuous U-boat carnage was inaugurated by Admiral von Tirpitz, there was plenty of leisure aboard our boat. For a while, to get rid of my haunting memories, I played cards. Fritz played once or twice to gratify me, but then declared that he would rather lie dead at the bottom of the sea than waste more time in that way.

"Unless a person makes a business of trying to win money at cards, or by any other mode of gambling," he said, "I can account in only one way for a desire to play: that is poverty of intellectual equipment. Anybody who has a mind of the right caliber and well stocked with knowledge will never suffer from ennui to such an extent as to need to banish it with cards."

"You see, Hans," the passionate gambler, the professional gambler whose avowed purpose is to win money, the men and women of society, who make their chief amusement of playing bridge or whist or other games of hazard, are intellectually bankrupt. You will remember that I told you that the will, the source of all our cravings, is lord and master of our being, while the mind is its servant. That this is so is shown hourly by most persons in the slavish subservience of the mind to the dictates of their will. Nothing that does not minister to the cravings of their will is of interest to their intellect. And in whatever pertains to the furtherance of the welfare of their will their intellect is amazingly shrewd and keen.

"Now, when a person of this sort has his nose to the grindstone, as the saying is, and has to toil for a livelihood, his mind is kept busy on the treadmill and life is full of interest to him. But if by chance he acquires wealth or at least a competence, and need no longer worry about the morrow, he loses its incentive for activity. The will no longer applies the spur and lash to keep the brain busy and the mind not only fails but actually falls asleep and stagnates. The will, however, does not cease to crave; but as the intellect no longer supplies the means, this craving is not rectified to any definite object, and a void, a dull, deadening ennui, results."

"To take the place of the legitimate motives which have ceased some ingenious fiends incarnate have invented gambling, and this now becomes the one all-absorbing motive to allay the cravings of the insatiable will."

"But it is not ennui with me, Fritz," I urged. "It is despair on account of Minna."

"Then paint her portrait again. Paint it a hundred times, each time to reflect a different phase of character," said Fritz. "Read, write—do anything but gamble. It is not a worthy occupation for a mind which I know to be far above that of the factory-made product of humanity, such as we brand as vulgar, Fobel, mob, hol polloi, canaille."

wait a few hours until dawn gives us a better view of the stranger? We can keep pace with her at a distance of, say, 5000 yards, and see all we need to see of her with the first streak of light, long before she can even suspect our presence."

His advice was adopted and even before the dawn the heavy black clouds that were piled up to the northwest by the wind, we were enabled to recognize the name Nora painted on the steamship. We came to the surface and a shot across her bows stopped the Norwegian. After cautiously circling around her, we made a dash for it, and she was not armed. I ordered her commander to come with his papers aboard and had 13 passengers aboard. The boat bore the name of only 31 passengers.

"That's so," he replied. "The purser evidently forgot to enter the name of the boat. She came aboard after we had left port. She boarded us from a tug."

"What is her name?" I asked. "Amalia von Tanneburg," Fritz replied as if a blow had been given.

"Is she aboard now?" he asked. Captain Foss appeared irresolute about his reply. He looked apprehensively at Fritz, then at me, and finally said: "Pardon me, but why do you ask?"

"I know the lady," said Fritz, who seemed to be beside himself with some emotion, the nature of which I was not able to decipher. It might have been anger or jealousy or fear.

"May I be allowed to search the Norge, Herr Commander von Tanneburg?" he requested, in a voice so changed that I scarcely recognized him.

I was perplexed. What was in Fritz's heart? I feared he might have some sinister motive in view and would commit an act for which, no doubt, when he was himself again, he would feel regret, but which might bring about some international complication with Norway and even with the rest of the neutral world. I took him aside and begged him to tell me the cause of his agitation.

"Amalia von Tanneburg was once engaged to be my bride," he said. "The night before the day fixed for our marriage she ran away from me with a scoundrel whom, at her request, I had befriended. I had never seen the man. He was a Scandinavian of some sort. I promise, Hans, that I shall do no injury to her, but I want to find out where the man is with whom she fled."

"Do you command this?" "No, I only counsel it. If you must go, Fritz, then go, in heaven's name; but on one condition—that you do nothing that either you or I might ever regret."

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"My first impulse was to attract her attention to me, but I was turned into a torrent! Amalia's indignation manifested itself in so violent an outburst that for the time I lost sight of my own grievance and only something akin to awe in the presence of so turbulent a passion. When she was exhausted she curled up convulsively. She had not directly said anything, but her reproaches that I should have lent ear to her pleading, inferentially, to a denial. And so great was my love for her that I grasped with avidity at this inference as a conclusive proof of her guiltiness, and kneeling begged her to forgive me."

"I hurried to Frau von Trontheim's house, intending to demand an explanation. Judge of my amazement when on entering the parlor I found Amalia sitting at the piano playing Strauss' 'The Blue Danube,' with a soulfulness such as I had rarely heard infused into even that most soulful of Waltzes."

"Well, as the woman you sought for, I asked, 'easily' 'She is, and I have forgiven her. And I also forgive Captain Foss.' The captain was almost paralyzed by my gift that he to Fritz for sparing him the time to see the tiny flare before it vanished."

"The fact that you did not love the woman and yet stole her from the man who loved her, and that you could refrain from laughing. This only added fuel to this blazing bonfire of agony in his craven heart."

"I thought I saw you in an automobile less than half an hour ago," I stammered.

"I did not see Amalia again until today. When I boarded the Norge I saw a woman hastening down the gangway. I left two of our men on deck and went after her. She had looked herself in a cabin, but at my impetuous bidding I opened the door. We stood face to face again. She looked so wan and haggard, and her eyes appealed to me so pleadingly, that I was gripped by her magnetism. She threw herself upon her knees and implored forgiveness. I assisted her to a chair and then she told me about her infatuation for King—that she had loved him long before she met me; that he had given her cold toward her and that she had hoped, by exciting his jealousy, to rekindle his affection. My boundless love for her afforded her the opportunity she was seeking. King, finding Amalia loved by another, and piqued to think that she reciprocated the feeling, turned to her again with greater fondness."

"I told Fritz about the fear Captain Foss had entertained that he might have to fight a duel.

"A duel with me is impossible," said Fritz. "I might kill a man, but I am a defender, not a murderer. I am in a battle with a patriotic duty, but in cold blood and with well-calculated deliberateness—never!"

THREE ASK FOR DIVORCE
Mrs. Rice Says Hubby Criticized Cooking Before He Tasted It.
Glady's E. Rice, in a divorce complaint filed yesterday, alleges that Floyd J. Rice criticized her cooking frequently, and that he having tasted the dishes, charges of cruelty are made against Rice, to whom the plaintiff was married at Vancouver, Wash., December 21, 1915.
Morris H. Shlaifer is seeking a divorce from Sophia Shlaifer on the grounds of desertion. They were married June 2, 1917.
"Alleged cruel and inhuman treatment is the basis of a divorce suit filed yesterday by Edith Wurtzberger against Andrew J. Wurtzberger. The marriage took place at Oblong, Ill., Sept. 27, 1916."