

ROAD TO WAR

Lusitania Sinking Brings War Close to America

● This is the third instalment of the amazing story showing step by step how America was drawn into the World war. In early chapters was related the evolution of America's idealistic foreign policy, the difficulties in Mexico, the start of Europe's war, and the launching of propaganda designed to speed American intervention. The story is resumed here on a late day in April, 1915.

By WALTER MILLIS

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I. WHILE the Germans were busy building an effective submarine fleet, our prosperity was rising in an ever-dizzier curve; by September, 1915, the steel trade had "never seen demand so overwhelming, with steadily rising prices"; by October the railway terminals were beginning to break down under a greater jam of traffic than had been witnessed in the most prosperous years of the past. But how was that bubble to be sustained? How were the Allies to go on paying for it?

They could not buy without dollar credits, and they were reaching the end of their dollars. It was a difficulty foreseen by our own patriotic bankers even before it was observed by the Allies, and as early as June J. P. Morgan & Co. had begun to be alarmed by a situation so menacing. Their solution, the \$500,000,000 Anglo-French loan of 1915, was of course only the forerunner of later and much larger operations. The device had been provided which permitted the Entente to call without restraint upon an American market; and the American market, by that very fact, became dependent upon the Entente demand. The two economies were for the purposes of the war made one, each entangled irrevocably in the fate of the other. Our neutrality was at an end. After that our actual military participation was largely a question of chance.

Moreover, the high tide of prosperity made the idea of war more tolerable. While the New York hotels were swarming with eager competitors for the unparalleled profits of death, the evangelical pacifists persisted in their extraordinary notion that the way to peace was to stop the export of war material, even to stop the war; and Jane Addams led a large delegation to The Hague in the spring of 1915, hoping to found a women's peace conference that would call the governments to their senses and end the conflict. But as the in-

satiable needs of the Entente spread its golden stream of war orders, such effort by visionary females were regarded with only more scornful amusement.

Henry Ford's efforts in behalf of peace also met only with laughter. Mr. Ford could not understand (and many today find it a little difficult) why, with so much talk of humanity, altruism, and peace, nothing definite was ever done. He therefore chartered the Oscar II. of the Scandinavian-American line and on Nov. 24 announced that he would take an expeditionary force of distinguished pacifists to Europe to "get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas." But the famous "peace ship" was launched on one vast wave of ridicule and the crusade became a catastrophe. In America the peace conference idea had received a blow as tragic as it was irreparable, and one of the few really generous and rational impulses of those insane years had been snuffed out with a cruelty and levity which are appalling.

II. Early in 1915 the Germans, proclaiming the waters around Great Britain a zone of war, declared that after Feb. 18 Allied ships would be sunk on sight and that neutrals must accept the risk of destruction thru mistaken identity. One reason for this stand was that English ships had been sailing under the American flag. Hence a note was dispatched to Great Britain energetically protesting the misuse of our flag, and another to Germany saying that we would hold her to "a strict accountability" for any violation of our neutral rights. It showed "our diplomacy at its best"—both sides having been slapped equally upon the wrist.

In the cold, gray waters off the west of Britain two submarines were working southward, tossed upon the great Atlantic seas. On April 28 one of them sank an admiralty collier off the Hebrides; next day she sank another off County Mayo; on the 30th her sister sank a third collier and a merchantman off the southwest corner of Ireland, just where the great steamer track from the United States led in on the way to Liverpool.

On the last day of April the pennants were flying at the submarine base at Wilhelmshaven as another U-boat slipped her moorings and passed down to sea, going to the relief of these two. Captain Lieutenant Schwieger conned her out through Borkum roads and prepared to take up the long, perilous journey to the western ocean. He was one of the ablest officers in the service and is said to have been one of the most popular—a youngish man of good education, afterward remembered by his friends for his gaiety, his "urbane courtesy," and his "kindness toward the officers and men under him."

The land sank and was gone, the escorting destroyers left them, and the U-20 wallowed on alone, under routine orders to raid whatever enemy shipping she might find. There is no evidence of more specific instructions; and apparently it was only by coincidence that at about the same hour compositors in the New York newspaper offices were setting up an advertisement for insertion the next day.

"Notice!" it said. "Travelers intending to embark on the Atlantic voyage are reminded that a state of war exists. . . . They set the signature: "Imperial German Embassy, Washington, D. C., April 22, 1915." Then they boxed it up in some heavy black rules and put it to bed beside the customary notice in which the Cunard line announced the sailing of the Lusitania on the morrow.

Next day, Saturday, May 1,



Henry Ford's famous peace ship leaving New York harbor.

there was the usual cheerful crowd at the pier to see her off. It was an ordinary sailing, like those of peace time. The crowd waved to the passengers as she backed into the stream, and the passengers—there were 1,257 on board—waved back. Many of them had seen Count Bernstorff's notice that morning, but few gave it any serious thought. They were warned, it had told them, that British vessels were "liable to destruction" and that "travelers sailing in the war zone on ships of Great Britain and her allies do so at their own risk."

It was just German bluff and swagger; it could not, anyway, apply to that great and swift ship, protected by her speed, her many bulkheads, her distinguished (and rather heavily American) passenger list, and by the power of the royal navy. Indeed, some who had taken the trouble to ask about the submarine risk when they bought their tickets had been readily assured there was none—the Lusitania would have naval convoy through the war zone.

On the 6th of May the Lusitania was beginning to smell the land. That day Captain Schwieger sank two more steamers on the Liverpool track. In the Lusitania the passengers were interested to note that the lifeboats had been uncovered and swung out.

About 8 o'clock that evening there was a wireless message



Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt. Capt. Lieut. Schwieger from the naval command at Queenstown to the Lusitania: "Submarines active off the south coast of Ireland."

She had her first warning. At 8:30—the passengers were taking their after-dinner coffee by that time—the wireless was busy again. This was a general warning:

"Avoid headlands. Pass harbors at full speed. Steer mid-channel course. Submarines off Fastnet."

In the quiet dusk on the Lusitania's bridge Capt. W. T. Turner acknowledged it and paid no attention. To have left the Irish coast altogether would not have been difficult, but would have involved many extra miles and some uncertainty in navigation. Besides, it was a general warning—just common stuff for the tramp captains, the master may have thought. They held on, intending to make the Fastnet their landfall as usual, though giving it a fairly wide berth.

The morning, May 7, came in foggy; it prevented their picking up the land and so determining an exact position. They knew they were somewhere off the Fastnet, just where the admiralty warnings placed the danger, but thought they were about twenty miles out. Captain Turner set his course parallel with the coast; because of the fog he again reduced speed—to fifteen knots, which was no more than the surface speed of the German submarines—and began to announce his presence with the foghorn. Less than a hundred miles away by this time, Captain Schwieger also found himself buried in fog. Ignorant of each other, the two vessels



The "heartrending photograph . . . showing Mrs. Paul Compton of Philadelphia and her six children, all seven of whom were lost."

were brought nearer and nearer through the fog with every turn of their propellers.

As the morning wore on the fog lightened and burned away, to leave a beautifully sunny day with a smooth, almost glassy sea. The Lusitania's speed was restored, but only to eighteen knots. At 11:25 there was another message from the admiralty:

"Submarines active in southern part of Irish channel. Last heard of twenty miles south of Coningbeg. Make certain Lusitania gets this."

At 12:40 there was still another admiralty warning:

"Submarines five miles south of Cape Clear, proceeding west when last sighted at 10 a. m."

This danger was astern and could reasonably be dismissed. The general instructions had been to avoid headlands and steer midchannel. Sighting Galley head at this juncture, Captain Turner's decision was to run closer in to the coast in order to determine his exact position.

At 12:40 Captain Turner had changed course to the northeast and stood in toward the coast. In spite of what ticket agents may have told prospective passengers, there had never been any thought of a convoy. There were no patrols upon the scene. Ten or fifteen miles away the little group of men on the low conning tower of the U-20 had suddenly made out the masts and four funnels of a "large passenger steamer" just appearing over the western horizon ahead of them.

It was a chance encounter. The U-20 was already on her way home. The steamer was crossing her bows, and so far away that it would have been impossible for the submarine to have caught up had the liner remained on that heading. Here, however, Captain Turner's fatal proximity to the coast again betrayed his ship. It was obvious to Captain Schwieger that the liner must soon turn toward him again in order to avoid the land. Five minutes later the U-20 had slipped beneath the surface; Captain Schwieger put her on a northerly course to intercept, and from that moment the single secret eye of the periscope never left the Lusitania.

For an hour the two vessels ran onward toward the coast. The Lusitania's passengers were now coming up from lunch, and forward on the promenade deck Elbert Hubbard and his wife were watching the low Irish hills approach. The Old Head of Kinsale was taking shape by this time—it was not more than ten or fifteen miles away. At 1:40 Captain Turner, now near



Five of the lifeboats that cleared the Lusitania as they appeared after survivors had reached shore.

forty or fifty feet above the water line was shattered. Captain Schwieger at his periscope observed the unexpected violence of the effect and noted it in his log:

"Shot hits starboard side right behind bridge. An unusually heavy detonation follows, with a very strong explosion cloud. (High in air over first smoke-stack.) Added to the explosion of the torpedo there must have been a second explosion. (Boiler or coal or powder.) The superstructure over the point struck and the high bridge are rent asunder, fire breaks out, and smoke envelops the high bridge."

The hit had come at just ten minutes past two. In the first crisis every one supposed that they at least had plenty of time. No one imagined that such a ship as the Lusitania could be sunk quickly by one torpedo, if indeed one hit could sink her at all. Captain Turner's first thought was to beach the vessel, and he ordered the helm put down. Some minutes were lost in this way; it was very soon apparent, however, that the damage was serious.

Already the Lusitania had taken a heavy list to starboard and was settling by the head. From below the crew were tumbling out upon the boat deck and preparing to lower away the lifeboats. There was no panic, but the passengers were now streaming up the companionways, hunting life belts, milling about in an increasing confusion. On the port side the women and children were already taking their places in the boats. Peremptory orders were cried from the bridge, however, not to lower and for the crew and passengers to get out again.

The officers shouted that there was no danger, that the ship would right herself; doubtless they still thought so, while Captain Turner afterward explained that he was afraid of the boats being lost thru reaching the water while there was still way on the ship. The result was that many of the crew simply abandoned the port side boats and went elsewhere; while when an attempt was at last made to lower them the list had become so heavy that it was impossible to get them down over that side. Of the eleven port side boats only two ever reached the water; one was so badly damaged on the way down that it filled and sank; the other was lost in some other way.

Perhaps five minutes had gone by. The ship seemed to hang for a few moments and then continued to heel over. Another five minutes or so elapsed. It was now clear to every one that the Lusitania was going with a fearful rapidity. On deck they were working at the starboard boats in earnest. The officers and many of the crew did their best; everything, however, was more or less hit-or-miss—there was discipline but little order. According to a survivor:

"One boat, full of passengers, was being lowered. The man at the bow was not lowering fast enough, and an officer shouted to him to hurry up. He threw off a bight, lost control of the rope, and the bow dropped, throwing the passengers into the water. A minute later a second boat, which seemed about to get safely away, also got out of control and fell upon the people struggling in the water. I can see that sight yet."

There was one invisible wit-

ness to the horror. In his log Captain Schwieger noted what he saw in the lens of his periscope. "She has the appearance of being about to capsize. Great confusion on board, boats being cleared and part being lowered to the water. They must have lost their heads." Schwieger had not supposed any more than the rest that a single hit would suffice to kill the ship, and he was apparently waiting until she had been abandoned in order to deliver the coup de grace with his one remaining torpedo. But at 2:25 he noted: "It seems that the vessel will be afloat only a short time." It was too much for him, he dropped below periscope depth and stood away. "I could not have fired a second torpedo into this thing of humanity attempting to save themselves." The submarine could have rendered no assistance, and he supposed that the naval patrols would be at once upon the scene.

A scant fifteen minutes had passed since the torpedo had struck. The passengers were clinging in helpless masses along the starboard side of the deckhouse, the towering funnels leaning far out above them and the water creeping rapidly along the deck from the now almost submerged bow. The foremost of the eleven boats on the starboard side had been cleared; two more had been lost in lowering, a fourth had been smashed by the explosion. As the water lapped back along the rail it began to float the after boats level with the deck, but the upper works were leaning dangerously down over them. One, filled with women and children, was afloat in this way, but the bow falls jammed and it was impossible to clear them in time. The head of the forward davit caught the boat as the ship settled, upended it, and threw the occupants into the sea.

The five aftermost boats were cleared, making six in all which were successfully launched, with a total capacity of about 360 persons, though there were probably fewer in them. As for the twenty-six "collapsiblees"—crosses between lifeboats and life rafts, which were stowed beneath the regular boats—it was impossible to do more than cut their lashings in the hope that they would float free. Many of them did so, and helped to save a large number of lives.

In her last moment the Lusitania simply subsided into the water, as if the whole after part had filled. Captain Turner, a strong swimmer, was floated off his bridge as the water came over. Looking back, he saw the tall funnels go under one by one; there was a great, groaning sigh, a last rush of steam and air above the funnel tops, the mastsheads vanished, and there was nothing but the placid and smiling sea, dotted over a great area with the immense mass of floating debris and the heads of swimming people, the few lifeboats riding among them. In just eighteen minutes after the shot was fired the Lusitania was on the bottom.

There had been 1,257 passengers and 702 members of the crew on board—1,959 souls in all—of whom 1,195 were lost. Of the 159 American passengers 124 perished. There were many harrowing details. There were 129 children on board; 94 of them were lost. Among these children there were 39 babies, of whom only 4 were saved. A heartrending photograph was widely published afterward; it was a family group showing Mrs. Paul Crompton of Philadelphia and her six children, all seven of whom were lost. Among the Americans, both Elbert Hubbard and his wife were lost. The

(Continued on page twelve.)

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CHICKEN CHOW MEIN

2 cups cooked diced chicken
1 No. 2 can FUJI CHOP SUEY
VEGETABLES (well drained)
1 cup diced celery
1 tsp. COOK'S MAGIC
1 tsp. FUJI SAUCE
1 No. 2 can FUJI CHOW MEIN
NOODLES (onions and mushrooms, if desired)

Cook celery (and onions) in hot greased pan until nearly done. Add diced chicken and Chop Suey Vegetables (except Bean Sprouts)—slicing Water Chestnuts and Bamboo Shoots. Add meat stock thickened with cornstarch, mix with Cook's Magic and Sauce. Gently fold in Bean Sprouts. Heat Chow Mein Egg Noodles, place in deep platter and pour above mixture over them.

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