

C. The Removal of Prof. Hugo Muensterberg

I DEEPLY regret to have to report to your Excellency that all effort in this direction has hitherto proved abortive. Attempts to embroil him with the authorities have been unsuccessful. As your Excellency is already well aware, he has been inaccessible to the persuasions of our agents from the beginning. I submit to your Excellency that it is useless to proceed on the present lines. Would your Excellency wish us to abandon the task, and to hope for the interposition of Divine Providence? General Delarey was hindered at the last moment from joining the rebels in the Transvaal at the beginning of the War.

D. The Diplomatic Situation

FEELING in this country is very strongly sympathetic with France; to abandon her would unite American sentiment against England as nothing else could do. On the other hand, there is practically no pro-Russian feeling; an understanding between

France, Germany and ourselves as against Russia would be popular, as tending to relieve the tension, and do away with the deadlock. This would be signally the case if it were concerted that after the fall of Russia, the next task were to be the humiliation of Japan. Such an arrangement need not, and should not, prove incompatible with the design upon America itself indicated above. Germany may be offered South America as compensation for acceding in full to such desires as France might express in reference to the terms of peace.

I hope that your Excellency may be pleased with the main results of this investigation, and pardon the frankness which I have deemed it necessary to use in making this communication.

I have the honour to remain,

Your Excellency's obedient servant,

L. P. 33. Y.

THE ARMED MERCHANTMAN "BARALONG"

By Herbert B. Mayer

(Formerly Editor of the New Orleans American)

HAD it not been that three newspapermen in New Orleans decided to change restaurants and eat at one further downtown, the chances are that the story of the massacre of the crew of a German submarine by officers and men of the British auxiliary cruiser *Baralong* would never have been known. On so little sometimes hangs Fate.

I may remark parenthetically here that while the story of the massacre of the Germans by the English was of uttermost news importance, every newspaper in New Orleans except the *American* refused to publish it for nearly a week, that one newspaper into whose office one of the muleteers walked before we discovered them, not only refused to print the story, but its management ordered the muleteer from the office.

But here is the story of the story of the *Baralong* and it may be interesting.

On the last day of September New Orleans was swept by a terrific hurricane. Some dozens of lives were lost in the city and vicinity and for two days afterwards all communication was interrupted. The *American* was a young newspaper and was operating short-handedly. My brother, Arthur P. Mayer, a reporter; George Cheney, another reporter, and myself, were thoroughly tired out, and so instead of dining at the restaurant near the office two evenings after the storm, we decided to walk about Canal street and then go to a more pretentious eating place.

The *American* office is on Poydras street and we walked down St. Charles street, and as we walked we discussed the storm and wondered when the wires would be open and the trains operating again. The city was still cut off from all land communication.

When we reached the front of the Crescent Billiard Hall at Canal and St. Charles, we saw two young men with grips in their hands. We decided to ask them where they came from and how they got in.

"Pardon me," said my brother, "when did you get into the city?"

The younger of the two men turned.

"Yesterday evening," he said.

"How?"

"We came by boat."

"Were you out in the storm?"

The young men laughed.

"Why I should say we were," he answered. "We were out in the middle of it."

"What boat?"

"The *Nicosian*."

I remembered having handled a brief cable dispatch some few weeks before telling of the attack on the *Nicosian*.

"Were you on the *Nicosian* when she was torpedoed?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered. "I saw it all. I saw all the Germans killed, too."

"Killed? How?" I asked for nothing concerning the sinking of the submarine had come in.

The Story of a Great Crime

Then he began to tell the story. He said his name was Hightower and that he and his companion had been on the *Nicosian*, and then he told how he had been cheated by the shipping contractor, how he had been mistreated on the boat and then he told of the attack on the *Nicosian*, briefly, but with powerful effect.

As soon as he told us of seeing the massacre, we grabbed him and his companion and took them to the *American* office. Both Hightower and his friend had been drinking a little and were somewhat reluctant to tell the story or go into any details of it. As we took them to the office we were followed by a party of strange men in another automobile, who seemed to take too much interest in the two muleteers, and when we reached the office I put all the surplus printers on guard at the doors with instructions to let no one in and allow no one out. At that time I was actually afraid another New Orleans newspaper might print the story—I found out my mistake afterwards.

Then Hightower and his companion told the story of the massacre of unarmed men upon the high seas. No stranger, no more horrible story has ever been told. Here is the way the story was told to a newspaper which would publish it.

Hightower and his companion sat opposite. First one would answer a question and then the other.

The substance of their story is now well known. They told how they had seen the German submarine come closer and described the puff of smoke as it let loose with its small bow gun. They told how the brave British Captain Manning of the *Nicosian* acted.

British Captain Frightened

"When the submarine fired on the ship Captain Manning ran up and down the bridge," said Hightower. "What am I going to do?" he cried. "What am I going to do?"

"The submarine had fired the first and second guns to warn him to stop, but the ship kept right on and then the submarine began to hit the ship. Captain Manning was pale and trembling and then the veterinary officer went up to him. 'You'd better stop the ship,' the veterinary said, and Captain Manning gave the order, and the ship stopped.

"The submarine then signalled to the ship for the crew to leave and the boats were lowered and we got in. When we got away from the ship the submarine began to fire again and the shots were striking the ship in the hull, when we noticed a smoke on the horizon, and as the little gun of the submarine fired, the smoke drew closer and we saw it was a fast steamship.

"Soon one of the boys saw the American flag on the ship and we all stood up and cheered. The stars and stripes looked mighty good to us then. Then the ship got very close and signalled (so the second officer of the *Nicosian* told us in the boat), 'May we stand by to rescue crew?' The submarine commander ran up the signal 'Yes' and then the boat came on quickly and drew around the