EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1916.

## hours. The strong, hearty pulsations of the engines, the regular thrashing of the screw, the steaddast onward plunging of the good ship through racing seas and flying scud, were cheery, confident and inspiring. Miss Deane justified her boast that she

was an excellent sailor. She smilled de-lightedly at the ship's surgeon when he caught her eye through the many gaps in the tables. She was alone, so he joined "You are a credit to the company-quite a sea-king's daughter," he said. "Doctor, do you talk to all your lady passengers in that way?"

passengers in that way?" "Alas, no! Too often I can only be truthful when I am dumb." Iris laughed. "If I remain long on this ship I will certainly have my head turned." she cried. "I receive nothing but com-pliments from the captain down to—to—." "The doctor!" "The doctor !" "No. You come a good second on the

tint.

In very truth she was thinking of the loe-carrying steward and his queer start of surprise at the announcement of her of surprise at the announcement of her rumored engagement. The man interested her, He looked like a broken-down gen-tleman. Her quick eyes traveled around the saloon to discover his whereabouts. She could not see him. The chief steward stood near, balancing himself in apparent deflance of the laws of gravitation, for the ship was now pitching and rolling with a mad zeal. For an instant she meant to inquire what had become of the transgres-sor, but she dismissed the thought at its inception. The matter was too trivial. inception. The matter was too trivial. With a wild swoop all the plates, glasses and cutlery on the saloon tables crashed to starboard. Were it not for the restraint of

the fiddlos everything must have been swept to the floor. There were one or two minor accidents. A steward, taken unawares, was thrown headlong on top of bis laden tray. Others were compelled to awares, was thrown headlong on top of his laden tray. Others were compelled to clutch the backs of chairs and cling to pli-lars. One man involuntarily seized the hair of a lady who devoted an hour before each meal to her colffure. The Sirdar with a frenzied bound tried to turn a somersault.

"A change of course," observed the doc "A change of course," observed the doc-tor. "They generally try to avod it when people are in the saloon, but a typhoon admits of no labored politeness. As its center is now right ahead we are going on the starboard tack to get behind it."

"I must hurry up and get on deck," said Miss Deane "You will not be able to go on deck until

the morning." She turned on him impetuously. "In-

deed I will. Captain Ross promised me-that is, I asked him-" The doctor smiled. She was so charmingly insistent. "It is simply impossible." he said. "The companion doors are bolted. The promenade deck is swept by heavy The promenade deck is swept by heavy seas every minute. A boat has been carried away and several stanchions snapped off like carrots. For the first time in your life, Miss Deane, you are battened down." The girl's face must have paled some-what. He added hastily, "There is no dan-ger, you know, but these precautions are necessary. You would not like to see sev-rent tons of water rushing down the saloor

eral tons of water rushing down the saloon

"The sale of the second second

shin affoat. Your father has always purship affoat. Your father has always pur-sued a splendid policy in that respect. The London and Hongkong Company may not possess fast vessels, but they are seaworthy and well found in every respect." "Are there many people ill on board?" "No, just the usual number of disturbed livers We had a nasty accident just be-

We had a nasty accident just be Hvers. fore dinner."

'Good gracious. What happened?" "Some lascars were caught by a sea forward. One man had his leg broken."

of affright. The lively fanfare of the dinner trumpet failed to fill the saloon. By this time the Sirdar was fighting resolutely against a stiff gale. But the stress of actual com-bat was better than the earle sensation of impending danger during the earlier hours The strong hearty nulations of difficult task. Her eyes wandered from the printed page to mark the absurd antics of her garments swinging on their books. At times the ship rolled so far that she feit aure it must topple over. She was not

WINGS of the MORNING

abnormally low pressure queue, the melancholy dense clouds which enhanced the melancholy darkness of the gale. For many minutes together the bows of the ship were not visible. Masthead and idelights were obscured by the pelting scud. The engines thrust the vessel forward like a lance into the vitals of the storm. Wind impotent fury.

At last, soon after midnight, the bar-ometer showed a slight upward movement. At 1:30 a m. the change became pro-nounced; simultaneously the wind swung

Tound a point to the weetward. Then Captain Ross smiled wearly. His face brightened. He opened his ollakin coat, glanced at the compass and nodded

coat, glanced at the compass and nonzer approval. "That's right," he shouted to the quarter-master at the steam-wheel. "Keep her steady there, south 15 west." "South 15 west it is, sir," yelled the sallor, impassively watching the moving disk, for the wind alteration necessitated a little less help from the rudder to keep the ship's head true to her course. Contain Rome sandwiches and

Captain Ross ate some sandwiches and washed them down with cold tea. He was

more hungry than he imagined, having spent 11 hours without food. The tea was in-sipid. He called through a speaking-tube for a further supply of sandwiches and some coffee.

some coffee. Then he turned to consult a chart. He was joined by the chief officer. Both men examined the chart in silence. Captain Ross finally took a pencil. He

stabled its point on the paper in the neigh-borhood of 14 degrees north and 112 de-grees east. "We are about there, I think."

The chief agreed. "That was the locality had in my mind." He bent closer over

he sheet. "Nothing in the way tonight, sir," he added.

"Nothing whatever. It is a bit of good luck to meet such weather here. We can keep as far south as we like until day. break, and by that time. How did it look when you came in?" "A trifle better, I think." "I have sent for some refreshments. Let us have another look before we tackle

them." The two officers passed out into the hurricane. Instantly the wind endeavored to tear the charthouse from the deck. They looked aloft and ahead. The officer on duty saw them and nodded silent comprehension. It was useless to attempt to speak. The

weather was perceptibly clearer. Then all three peered ahead again. They stood, pressing against the wind, seeking to penetrate the murkiness in front. Sud-

penetrate the murkiness in front. Sud-denly they were galvanized into strenuous activity. A wild howl came from the lookout for-ward. The eyes of the three men glared at a huge dismasted Chinese junk, wallow-ing helplessly in the trough of the sea, dead under the bows. The cantalu means to the charthouse and

dead under the bows. The captain sprang to the charthouse and signaled in florce pantomime that the wheel should be put hard over. The officer in charge of the bridge press-

ed the telegraph lever to "stop" and "full speed astern," while with his disengaged hand he pulled hard at the siren cord, and a raucous warning sent stewards fying through the ship to close collision buikhend doors. The "chief" darted to the port rail. for the Sirdar's instant response to the helm seemed to clear her nose from the junk as if by magic. It all happened so quickly that while

the ship had not a sailor, clinging to companion ladder, caught her as . the hoarse signal was still vibrating through whirled along the steep slope of the deck. the ship, the junk swept past her quarter. The chief officer, joined now by the com-mander, looked down into the wretched

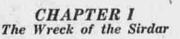
He did not know what had happened.

ADY TOZER adjusted her goldrimmed eyeglasses with an air of dignified aggressive-ness. She had lived too many years in the Far East. In

powers of mercuess inquisi-tion suggested torments long drawn out. The commander of the Sirdar, homeward bound from Shanghai, knew that he was about to be stretched on the rack

he was about to be stretched on the rack when he took his seat at the saloon table. "Is it true, captain, that we are running into a typhoon?" demanded her ladyship. "From whom did you learn that, Lady Tozer?" Captain Ross was wary, though somewhat surprised. "From Miss Deane. I understood her a

int ago to say that you had told her. "Didn't you? Some one told me this



Hongkong she was known as the "Mandarin." Her powers of merciless inquisi-

morning. I couldn't have guessed it, could I?" Miss Iris Deane's large blue eyes sur-veyed him with innocent indifference to

sale. There was mournful speculation upon the Sirdar's chances of reaching Singapore before the next evening. "We had 298 miles to do at noon." said Experience. "If the wind and sea catch us on the port bow the ship will pitch awfully. Half the time the screw will be racing. I once made this trip in the Sumatra, and we were struck by a south-east typhoon in this locality. How long do you think it was before we dropped anchor in Singapore harbor?" No one hazarded a guess. "Three days!" Experience was sol-emnly pompous. "Three whole days. They were like three years. By Jove? I never want to see another gale like that." A timid lady ventured to say:

want to see another gale like that." A timid lady ventured to say: "Perhaps this may not be a typhoon. It may only be a little bit of a storm." Her sex saved her from a jeer. Ex-perience gloomily shook his head. "The barometer resists your plea," he said. "I fear there will be a good many empty saddles in the saloon at dinner." "Well, thank Heaven, I had a good lunch." sniggered a rosy-faced subaltern, and a ripple of laughter greeted his en-thusiasm.

Iris stood somewhat apart from the speak-ers. The wind had freshened and her hat was tied closely over her ears. She leaned against the taffrall, enjoying the cool breeze after hours of sultry heat. The sky was

wide belt of brick red. She had never seen such a beginning of a gale. Iris shivered and aroused herself with a startled laugh. A nice book in a sheltered corner, and perhaps forty winks until tea-time-surely a much more menable proceeding than to stand there, idly conjuring up phantoms of affright.

times the ship rolied so far that she felt sure it must topple over. She was not afraid; but subdued, rather astonished, placidly prepared for vague eventualities. After the course was changed and the Sirdar bore away toward the southwest, the commander consulted the barometer each half-hour. The tell-tale mercury had borormally low pressure quickly created dense clouds which enhanced the melancholy datkness of the gale.

She was ariting now, they commune, it knots as hour, with wind, see, and curre it all forcing her in the same direction, drift-ing into one of the most dangarous pino w in the known world, the south China Bea, with its numberless reefs, shoals and isolated rocks, and the great island of Bor-neo stretching right across the path of the cyclone.

scione. Still, there was nothing to be done save

Still, there was nothing to be done save to make a few unobtrusive preparations and trust to idle chance. To attempt to anchor and ride out the gale in their present position was out of the question.
Two three, four o'clock came, and went, Another half-hour would witness the dawn and a further clearing of the weather. The barometer was rapidly rising. The center of the cyclone had swept far shead. There was and furious but steadler wind.
Tagtain Ross entered the charthouse for the swentlet file.
The had aged many years in appearance. The smilling, confident, debonair officer was changed into a stricken, mournful man. He had altered with his ship. The Sirdar and her master could hardly be recognized, so crue were the blows they had received.
The is impossible to see a yard ahead." The confided to his second in command. "The confided to his second in command." The confided to his second in command. "The confided to his second in command." The confided to his second in command. "The confided to his second in command." The confided to his second in command. "The confided to his second in command." The confided to his second in command. "The confided to his second in command." The confided to his second in command. "The confided to his second in command. "The confided to his second in command." The confided to his second in command. "The confided to his second in command." The confided to his second in command. "The confided to his second in command." The confided to his second in command. "The confided to his second in command." The confided to his second in command. "The confided to his second in command." The confided to his second in command. "The confided confided confided here here boys before the wind.

for resistance, drowned the despairing yells raised by the lascars on duty. The Sirdar had completed her last voyage. She was now a battered wreck on a barrier reef. She hung thus for one heart-break-ing second. Then another wave, riding tri-umphantly through its fellows, caught the

umphantly through its fellows, caught the great steamship in its tremendous grasp, carried her onward for half her length and smashed her down on the rocks. Her back was broken. She parted in two halves. Both sections turned completely over in the utter wantonness of destruction, and every-thing-masts, funnels, boats, hull, with every living soul on board-was at once en-suifed in a maelstrom of rushing water and guifed in a maelstrom of rushing water and

far-flung spray. CHAPTER II

The Survivors

WHEN the Sirdar parted amidships, the door of the saleon heaved up in the center with a mighty crash of rending woodwork and iron. Men and women, too stupe fied to sob out a prayer, were pitched headlong into chaos. Iris, torn from the terrified grasp of her maid, fell through a corridor and would have gone down with

strict accuracy. Incidentally, she had ob-tained the information from her maid, a "Well-er-I had forgotten," explained

the tactful sailor.

"Is it true?" "Yes, it is," said Captain Ross.

"How horrible!" she gasped, in unaf-fected alarm. This return to femininity soothed the sailor's ruffled temper. Sir John, her husband, frowned judicially. That frown constituted his legal stock-in-trade, yet it passed current for wisdom with the Hongkong bar.

the Hongkong bar, "What evidence have you?" he asked. "Do tell us," chimed in Iris, delightfully unconscious of interrupting the court. "Did you find out when you squinted at the

The captain smiled. "You are nearer the mark than possibly you imagine, Miss Deane," he said. "When we took our ob-Deane." he said. "When we took our ob-servations yesterday there was a very weird-looking halo around the sun. This morning you may have noticed several light squalls and a smooth sea marked occasion-sily by strong ripples. The barometer is failing rapidly, and I expect that, as the day wears, we will encounter a heavy swell. If the sky looks wild tonight, and espe-cially if we observe a heavy bank of cloud cially if we observe a heavy bank of cloud approaching from the northwest, you will see the clockery dancing about the table at dioner. 1 am afraid you are not a good sailor, Lady Tozer. Are you, Miss Deane?" "Capital! I should just love to see a real storm.

"Oh dear! I do hope it will not be very bad. Is there no way in which you can avoid it, captain? Will it last long?" enviously.

The politic skipper for once preferred to nswer Lady Tozer. "There is no cause or uncasiness," he said. "Of course. The politic skipper for once preferred to answer Lady Tozer. "There is no cause for uncasiness." he said. "Of course, typhoons in the China Sea are masty things while they last, but a ship like the Sirdar is not troubled by them. She will drive through the worst gale she is likely to meet here in less than twelve hours. Besides. I alter the course somewhat as soon as I discover our position with regard to its canter. Then the commander hurriedly excused

Then the commander hurriedly excused self and the passengers saw no more of

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"Ab, well." she resumed, "parents had different views when I was a girl. But I assume Sir Arthur thinks you should be-come used to being your own mistress in view of your approaching marriage."

If had a corross energy upon him. He gazed with flercely eager eyes at Miss Deane, and so far forgot himself as to permit a dish of water lee to rest against Sir John Tozer's bald head. Tris could not help noting his strangé be-havior. A flash of humor chased away her first angry resentment at Lady Tozer's intercogatory.

interrogatory. "That may be my habpy fate," she an-word gally, "but Lord Ventnor has not swered guily, asked me."



junk was burst asunder by the collision.

woman fastened upon her asp-like. Miss a sudden draught affected his scalp; the ice was melting. The incident amused those passengers

Lady Tozer knew these things and sighed

It had a curious effect upon him.

"Elvery one says in Hongkong-

nplacently.

woman famened upon her say nace arises fris Deane was a toothsome morsel for gossip. Not yet 21, the only daughter of a wealthy haronet who owned a fleet of stately ships-the Sirdar among them—a girl who had been mistress of her father's who sat near enough to observe it. But the chief steward, hovering watchfully near the captain's table, darted forward. Pale with anger he hissed— "Report yourself for duty in the second saloon tonight," and he hustled his subordiine since her return from Dresden three

years ago-young, beautiful, rich-here was a combination for which men thanked a judicious Heaven, while women sniffed mate away from the judge's chair. Mizs Deane, mirthfully radiant, arose "Please don't punish the man, Mr. Jones,"

Business detained Sir Arthur. A war-The said sweetly. "It was a sheer accident. He was taken by surprise. In his place I would have emptied the whole dish." The chief steward smirked. He did not know exactly what had happened; nevercloud overshadowed the two great divisions of the yellow race. He must walt to see how matters developed, but he would not expose Iris to the insidious treachery of a Chinese spring. So, with tears, they sep-arated. She was confided to the personal charge of Captain Ross. At each point of call the company's agents would be theless, great though Sir John Tozer might be, the owner's daughter was greater. of call the company's agents would be solicitous for her welfare. The cable's telegraphic eye would watch her progress as that of some princely maiden sailing in royal caravel. This fair, slender, well-formed giri-delightfully English in face and figure-with her fresh, clear complex-ion, limpid blue eyes and shining brown hair, was a personage of some importance.

"Certainly, miss, certainly," he agreed, adding confidentially: "It is rather hard on a steward to be sent aft, miss. It makes such a difference in the er-the little gratuities given by the passengers." The girl was tactful. She smiled com-prehension at the official and bent over Sir John now carefully polishing the back of his skull with a table napkin. "I am sure you will forgive him," she

whispered. "I can't say why, but the poor fellow was looking so intently at me that he did not see what he was doing." The ex-Chief Justice was instantly mol-

lined. He did not mind the application of ice in that way-rather liked it. In fact-probably ice was susceptible to the fire in Miss Deane's eyes. "My-approaching-marriage !" cried Iris, now genuinely amazed. Lady Tozer was not so easily appeased

"Yes. Is it not true that you are going to marry Lord Ventnor?" A passing steward heard the pointblank

The second secon

gan her indyship. "Confound you, you stupid reacail What are you doing?" shouled Sir John. His feelbe serves at least conveyed the informa-tion that something more pronounced than

cloudless yet, but there was a queer tinge of burnlahed copper in the all-pervading sunshine. The sea was coldly blue. The life had gone out of it. It was no longer inviting and translucent.

The crew was busy, too. Squads of lascars raced about, industriously obedient to the short shrill whistling of jemadars and quartermasters. Boat lashings were tested and tightened, canvas awnings stretched across the deck forward, ventilator cowls twisted to new angles, and hatches clamped down over the wooden gratings that covered the holds. Officers, spotless in white linen, fitted quietly to and fro. When the watch was changed. Iris noted that the "chief" appeared in an old blue suit and carried officiency over his arm as he and carried oilskins over his arm as he limbed to the bridge.

Nature looked disturbed and fitful, and the ship responded to her mood. There was a sense of preparation in the air, of coming ordeal, of restless foreboding. Chains clanked with a noise the girl never noticed before; the tramp of hurrying men on the hurricane deck overhead sounded heavy and hollow. There was a squeaking of chairs

that was abominable when people gathered up hooks and wraps and staggered un-gracefully toward the companionway. Alto-gether Miss Deans was not wholly pleased with the preliminaries of a typhoon, what-ever the realities might be.

Why did that silly old woman allude to Why did that silly old woman allude to her contemplated marriage to Lord Ventnor, retailing the gossip of Hongkong with such malicious emphasis? For an instant Iris tried to shake the ralling in comic anger. She hated Lord Ventnor. She did not want to marry him, or anybody else, just yet. Of course her father had hinted approval of his lordship's obvious intentions. Count-ess of Ventnor! Yes, it was a nice title. Still, she wanted another couple of years of careless freedom; in any event, why should Lady Tozer pry and probe? And finally, why did the steward—oh.

Still, she wanted another couple of years of careless freedom; in any event, why should Lady Tozer pry and probe? And finally, why did the steward—oh, per state of the torm of the top or old Sir John! What would have have to the steward—oh, per state of the top had slid down bis neck? Thoroughly comforted by this pleate stered a favorable opportunity to dart across to the starboard side and see if Captain Roms's "heavy bank of cloud in the northwest" had put in an appearance. Hal there is was black ominous, site some monistrous football. Around it the store to provide Mine Deane with ample account into purple, fringed with a

"Anything else?" The doctor hesitated. He became inter-ested in the color of some Burgundy. "I hardly know the exact details yet," he re-plied. "Tomorrow after breakfast I will tell you all about it." An English quartermaster and four las-

An English quartermaster and four las-cars had been licked off the forecastle by the greedy tongue of a huge wave. The succeeding surge flung the five men back against the quarter. One of the black sallors was pitched aboard, with a fractured leg and other injuries. The others were smashed against the iron hull and disappeared.

The captain fought his way to the chart-ouse. He wiped the salt water from his iouse. eyes and looked anxiously at the barom-

"Still falling!" he muttered. "I will keep on until 7 o'clock and then bear three points to the southward. By mid-night we should be behind it." He struggled back into the outside fury.

By comparison, the sturdy citadel he quitted was paradise on the edge of an inferno.

Down, in the saloon the hardier passer gers were striving to subdue the ennul of an interval before they sought their cab-ins. Some talked. One hardened repro-bate strummed the plano. Others played

cards, chess, draughts, anything that would fistract attention. The stately apartment offered strange

contrast to the warring elements without. Bright lights, costly upholstery, soft car-pets, carved panels and glided cornices, with uniformed attendants passing to and fro carrying coffee and glasses-these suroundings suggested a floating palace in which the raging seas were defied. Yet 40 miles away, somewhere in the furious depths, four corpses swirled about with horrible uncertainty, lurching through bat-tling currents, and perchance convoyed by fighting sharks.

fighting sharks. The surgeon had been called away. Irls was the only lady left in the saloon. She watched a set of whist players for a time and then essayed the perilous passage to her stateroom. She found her maid and her stateroom. She found her maid and a stewardens there. Both women were

weeping. "What is the matter?" she inquired. The stewardess tried to speak. She choked with grief and hastily went out. The maid blubbered an explanation. "A friend of hers was married, miss, is drowned "

to the man who is drowned." "Drowned! What man?"

"Haven't you heard, miss? I suppose they are keeping it quiet. An English sailor and some natives were swept off the ship by a sea. One native was saved, but he is all smashed up. The others were never seen again." She was moved to tears. She remem-

Were they not satisfied? This tragedy had taken all the grandeur out of the storm. It was no longer a majestic phase of na-ture's power, but an implicable demon, bei-ture's power, but an implicable demon, bei-

The second secon

With the instinct of self-preservation h veized the nearest support when the vessel raft. They could see her crew lashed in struck. It was the more impulse of ready a bunch around the capstan on her elevated oop. She was laden with timber, Al-ough water-logged, she could not sink if helpfulness that caused him to stretch out his left arm and clasp the girl's watat as

she held together. A great wave sucked her away from the she fluttered past. By idle chance they steamship and then hurled her back with irresistible force. The Sirdar was just completing her turning movement, and she were on the port side and the ship, after pausing for one awful second, fell over to starboard.

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> heeled over, yielding to the mighty power of the gale. For an appreciable instant her engines stopped. The mass of water that swayed the junk like a cork lifted the The man was not prepared for this a

CONTINUED IN MONDAY'S Evening And wenger



the iron walls.

bered the doctor's hesitancy, and her own idle phrase—"a huge coffin." Outside the roaring waves pounded upon