

# The DEEP SEA PERIL

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

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This is a weird story of a pseudo-scientific character that concerns the discoveries of an eccentric American naval officer, the faith of a young lieutenant in the soundness of his elder's mind, evidence of the existence of a strange race of undersea beings, amazing adventure during a submarine voyage, and a strong love interest. It is one of the weirdest tales put out since the days of Jules Verne. Our readers will find it a most gripping story.

THE EDITOR.

## CHAPTER I.

### The Mad Sea-Captain.

Lieutenant Donald Paget, emerging from the navy office in Washington in a state of high exuberance at having received command of a submarine, collided violently with a tall, elderly man of singular aspect.

The stranger was dressed in a quasi-nautical costume of his own devising, resembling nothing known to any navy in the world. His iron-gray beard swept down to his waist, giving him the aspect of a twentieth-century Noah; and just then he was very angry indeed, for, standing stock-still at the entrance of the building, he shook his enormous fist at one of the porters, whose black and highly shocked expression indicated his unhappy frame of mind at this breach of decorum.

"Confound you, sir!" exclaimed the lieutenant angrily as he recoiled from his impact upon the sturdy figure on which the collision had made no more impression than if he had fallen against the Washington monument. "Why don't you look—"

Then, catching sight of the long beard—"Why, Captain Masterman!" he exclaimed.

"Donald Paget!" cried the elderly man, grasping him by the hand. "Excuse my being upset, but these jacks-in-office will be the death of the public one of these days. I have just been trying to see the secretary on a matter affecting not only America—in which case his indifference would not surprise me—but the entire human race. What do you suppose they told me?"

"I am inclined to think that you got no further than the porter, captain," replied the lieutenant.

"Right, sir!" exclaimed Masterman, beginning to grow angry again. "And if I were not a man of superhuman patience, combined with inexhaustible tact, singular clarity of mind, and tenacity of purpose—in fact, an obstinate old mule—I should let the human race go hang!"

Lieutenant Paget took the irate old man by the arm. "I wouldn't do that, captain," he said, smiling. "Come and tell me all about it, and let us see whether we cannot devise some means of saving the race. You see, now that the navy department is so busy on account of the war, perhaps a little leniency with its shortcomings might be in order, eh?"

"The war? What war?" demanded Masterman.

"Why, our few words with the Germans, Masterman."

"What's that? War with the Germans? You don't mean to tell me we are at war with Germany?"

"Do you mean to say you don't know that America and Germany are at war?" demanded Paget incredulously.

"No, sir! And, what's more, it doesn't interest me. How the deuce should I know all the gossip and frivolities of the day when I only returned to the capital yesterday?"

"But, my dear captain—gossip and frivolities!" exclaimed the lieutenant. "Surely you have seen newspapers, or heard people talking about it?"

The secretary's confession duly appeared in a newspaper article, and the cartoonist illustrated it with a drawing showing him as a sea serpent with three heads. In the course of his explanation, Masterman consigned the entire staff of the navy department to that place where brimstone is unmoltened with molasses.

That ended the secretary's career, and it would have ended Masterman's if his had not been ended already.

After that the old man became known as a bore who buttonholed public men and tried to induce them to subscribe to the fitting out of a new deep-sea exploration expedition. For years he haunted the lobbies of the capitol and the clubs, growing more dogged and obstinate and vituperative as he met with disappointment after disappointment.

Then, when his case seemed hopeless, he had succeeded in interesting an American millionaire, with whose aid he had fitted out an expedition to the Shetlands and Faroes, from which he had apparently just returned. Lieutenant Paget gathered from his rambling words that he had lost his ship, and had returned, the sole survivor, in one of the ship's boats, which he had rowed for several hundred miles across the stormy waters of the North Atlantic.

"But I brought my specimen home with me, lad!" he exclaimed, clutching at his companion's arm. "Think of that, lad! She didn't want to eat. They don't eat after they're mature, Donald. That simplified matters considerably. And so I brought her, and I got her safe to my home, Donald!"

The old man's voice failed him. He began muttering to himself absently again. No doubt his terrible experience had unhinged his brain. Lieutenant Paget had always known Masterman to be a natural eccentric, but never before had he talked like this about the safety of humanity, and some awful and imminent danger which only he could avert. The lieutenant could see that the old man's cheeks were sunken; his eyes were wild, and under his long coat the faded blue uniform was shrunken and stained with sea water.

Lieutenant Paget felt well disposed toward the whole world just then. He had been summoned home from service with the Atlantic fleet to receive his commission as commander of the F-55. And Miss Ida Kennedy, the daughter of the American consul general in London, whom he had met there the year before had written him that she was sailing in company with her aunt by the Beatin for New York.

At such a time, when his professional and personal interests were being served so well by fortune, Paget felt that late had played a wretched trick upon Masterman, whose lifework had utterly failed of recognition owing to his defects of temperament. Though he was sure that the old sea captain was crazed, he admired him as a daring seaman and an original genius of a high order.

"My dear lieutenant, I am extremely glad to have met you. Nothing could have been more fortunate," said Masterman, recovering his equanimity with a suddenness that surprised his friend. "Can you find the time to come into my club and have a little chat with me? It's the inventors, but they call it the 'March Hares,' I believe, because of some of the queer characters there. In fact, between ourselves, I believe that I am the only member who is entirely sane. I joined it for professional reasons—that is to say, we have an organization and a magazine, for the purpose of getting into touch with people who are interested in our projects. But it's queer company, Paget, for a common-sense man like myself, with no nonsense about him."

"A little trying, I can imagine," Masterman said Paget diplomatically.

"Trying, sir? It's a confounded bore to listen to them! For instance, there's Brum, who has just been refused a patent for his eighth perpetual-motion machine. And Halford, our president—he had to resign from three

other clubs because he insists that Shakespeare was really James I. "Yes, it's a queer world, Kestenant; and the oddest thing of all is that when one has something of the utmost importance to the human race to make public, not a single man will take the least interest in it. I can't induce a single member to listen to me. However, we live and let live; and, as I said, the organization helps. But can you dine with me?"

"I've nothing particular to do this evening—for the first time in years."

"Then do come in and have dinner with me," said the old man eagerly. "I won't pretend that I'm not going to try and enlist your aid to save the human race in spite of those benighted, besotted, blind-as-a-bat blasters in the admiralty office, because I am. But I believe that Providence has sent you to me, and if I can't make you believe me, at least I don't want it said that Jonathan Roderick Masterman went down into his grave without warning the human race of what was coming."

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"Sir, if the public knew a tith of what I know, they would make peace with France—Germany? Thank you)—and arm themselves against the most relentless enemy that ever threatened mankind. Sir, you will yet live to see old Jonathan Roderick Masterman's statue in gold, standing in front of the capitol."

Paget, now quite convinced that his old friend was raving mad, followed him into a queer little building, apparently a combination of club and hotel. The smoking room, which was situated on the ground floor immediately behind the clerk's desk, was crowded with members, all talking at once at the top of their voices. As the captain paused to enter his guest's name in the book, Paget looked in through the drifting smoke clouds.

A dozen men had the floor, and were gesticulating furiously.

Captain Masterman, having entered his guest's name, touched him upon the arm.

"They're all mad, my lad, said the old man, surveying the assemblage with a look of pity. "No doubt you wonder how I can associate my name with theirs. If it wasn't for our magazine, in which our articles appear, and our excellent organization, I couldn't bring myself to it."

"Who edits the magazine?" inquired Donald.

"That was a matter of some difficulty," replied Masterman. "It proved impossible to find a member sufficiently broad-minded to consider the others and allow them space, and nobody would accept my own offer to become the editor, simply out of professional antagonism. Each wanted to utilize the entire available space for his own crazy ideas. So we drew lots for it. Fortunately, I won the editorship last month. Here is a copy," he added, picking up an attractive little publication that lay on the clerk's desk.

"But I am not going to talk to you in the smoking room," continued Masterman, "for that atmosphere would prejudice you against believing what I am going to say. And I must convince you, my dear boy, because those lunatics are utterly beyond the bounds of reason, and much is at stake. A cataclysm is impending which will inevitably destroy humanity unless we devote our common energies to the maintenance of our lives, our liberties and our civilization."

Captain Masterman explains to Lieutenant Paget his theory of the existence of a strange race, the existence of whose species, he asserts, menaces the human family.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CASE OF BROTHERLY LOVE

New King of Greece Once Hurdled Challenge at Crown Prince, But Latter Declined to Accept.

A good story is told concerning the new King Alexander of Greece, between whom and his elder brother, Prince George, there is not, nor ever has been, any love lost. One day shortly after his father's accession to the throne a shoot was in progress on the royal estates near Athens, and during the luncheon hour a discussion arose on accidents at shooting parties.

# What Well Dressed Women Will Wear



Captivating Morning Coats.

Whoever thought up the morning coat, or breakfast coat, added a new joy to life. It has taken its bright place in our midst and is welcome to stay, and destined to do just that, for the rest of time. It will take a great inspiration to create something equally captivating to replace it.

The morning coat is a gay and pretty garment, made of light-colored taffeta, on the lines of a regulation coat. It is dignified enough to appear at the breakfast table and frivolous enough to be charming. It is long, reaching almost to the bottom of the lacy peacock coat that is its companion for life. It has a coat collar and a belt and fastens at the front like any other coat. In the matter of sleeves it is wayward, refusing to go further than elbow or three-quarter length.

In the coat shown in the picture there are pockets at each side edged with shirred bands of taffeta. This finish is used on the sleeves and down the front of the coat and the buttons are covered with taffeta. They fasten through cords, made by covering cables with the silk instead of shirred bands, full box-platings made of narrow strips of silk, frayed out into fringed edges, make a lovely finish. Almost anyone could make a coat of this kind if it were worth while to spend the time, but they are so inexpensive ready made that there is nothing to be gained by doing the work at home.

Of course nothing could look better with a breakfast coat than the little lace cap that has a remote resemblance to a sunbonnet with its cape of lace behind and frill over the face. The ribbon that extends across the top of it ties at the nape of the neck in the back and is of the same color as the coat. The finest chiffon flowers are set in little clusters on it. Pink, maize, blue, lavender and light green are all used for these coats with the preference at present for pink and maize.



"Forward" March! Say Millinery Styles.

All millinery minds appear to travel to an inevitable goal, no matter by what road they go. When they negotiate with fashion concerning the matter of mid-winter hats, fur and velvet, fur and metal brocades, fur with metal embroideries, fur with metal cloth, appear to be the end of their imaginations. One might think it contrary to the constitution, in the realm of style, to leave out fur; for it is everywhere. But, if the designers haven't fur then they use fabrics that suggest it, and feathers.

Very small neckpieces made to match, account partly for the partiality shown to fur. Just a touch of fur on the hat, and a high collar, like a small muffler of the same fur, to be worn with the hat, leaves no doubt in the mind as to the smartest thing in winter millinery. The neckpiece may be a scarf or cape, and both it and the hat that goes with it may be of cloth and fur. Designers have made many variations on this theme and all of them successful.

Three new arrivals in millinery are shown in the group above. Something between a cap and a turban at the center of the picture, is made all of caracul and it is draped up at the center of the front revealing a glinting bit of silver brocade on a black ground. This red is soft and furnished with a chin strap of the fur that extends from side to side and fastens with a snap fastener.

Very few hats are stiff, but there are many in which only the crowns are covered with taffeta. They fasten through cords, made by covering cables with the silk instead of shirred bands, full box-platings made of narrow strips of silk, frayed out into fringed edges, make a lovely finish. Almost anyone could make a coat of this kind if it were worth while to spend the time, but they are so inexpensive ready made that there is nothing to be gained by doing the work at home.

Crepe to Be in Vogue.

There is a prediction that crepe of many sorts will be decidedly fashionable next year. And for that women are thankful. They have all learned of the charm of crepes of various sorts in the last few seasons, when georgette and other crepe fabrics have been in such vogue. Perhaps one of the chief charms about crepe is that it clings and falls in such soft and attractive folds and lines. Moreover, it is eminently practical, for it does not show wrinkles.

are soft. The pretty hat at the lower right is of this description. It is made of taupe-colored velvet embroidered with silver threads. The coronet is edged with moleskin and the soft crown is finished with three small pompoms of this fur set where the velvet drapery is fastened down.

The hat at the left is of brown haters' plush with the brim smoothly covered and the crown draped with this beautiful material. It dars to be furless, inasmuch as the plush is much like a glossy fur, and is trimmed with a handsome flat band of feathers that extends across the front of the brim.

Veils Have Magic Lure.

The lure of the veil is second only to the lure of milady's eye. For motor use the veil is of thick substantial chiffon almost too coarse to claim recognition to its parent stem, and preferably in taupe, beige or gray, though some of the darker brown veils are excellent and the high colors are permissible for those who like to flock the grim winter landscape with a touch of color. Where the veil is attached to the motor cap usually it matches. For the separate veil the style that is liked is square—about three and a half by four yards or even longer, and is cleft at one end or both for a short ways to admit of close draping in helmet effect about the head and face.

Stylish Coat Sleeves Snug.

The smart coat sleeves fit the arm snugly from shoulder to wrist and there should be a turnover cuff of white satin or muslin at the edge. The sleeves for bodices, shirtswaists and one-piece frocks are cut much longer than the arm and the length pushed back by a tight cuff. Evening gowns, formal and informal, have long, full, transparent sleeves that are attached by one or two points to a light bracelet at the wrist.

# INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. F. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

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## LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 11

LESSON TEXT—Nehemiah 1. GOLDEN TEXT—"Whoever we ask, we receive of him, because we keep his commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in his sight."—1 John 3:22.

Some twelve or fourteen years after the revival of the worship of Jehovah under the administration of Ezra, Nehemiah led a company to Jerusalem to restore the city walls and civil authority. The walls and gates of the city had lain in ruins ever since they were broken down by Nebuchadnezzar. In this condition the remnant of the Jews who had gone back to Jerusalem were exposed to the dangers of assaults from the surrounding enemies. Not only was this exposure detrimental to the peace and comfort of the people, but it was a matter of severe reproach to them (v. 3). Nehemiah was a man of strong character. Though occupying a position of high honor and responsibility in the very center of the great heathen capitol, the desire to honor God was uppermost in his heart. He is an example to all young men, demonstrating to them that it is possible to be true to God regardless of the environment in which he may be compelled to live. In order for a man to thus stand, his life must be rooted in Christ, and these roots—our faith—must be watered and kept alive through vital communion with God in prayer and study of His Holy Word.

1. Nehemiah Learns of the Affliction and Reproach of the Returned Remnant in Jerusalem (vv. 1-4).

1. The time (v. 1). It was in a winter month, November or December, in the 20th year of Artaxerxes. He was engaged in the performance of his accustomed duties as cup-bearer to the king, when the news came to him of the deplorable condition of Jerusalem and the remnant who had gone there.

2. The occasion of (v. 2, 3). The visit of Nehemiah's brother and certain men of Judah made it possible for him to inquire concerning the state of the remnant and the conditions of Jerusalem. They informed him that they were in great affliction and reproach.

3. The effect upon Nehemiah (v. 4). He was greatly moved by the story of the distress of his brethren. Though occupying a position of honor, and enjoying all that heart could desire, he keenly took the misfortune of his brethren to heart. He not only shed tears of sympathy, but took these burdens in prayer to God. This is the proper way to sympathize with the unfortunate. It is mainly to weep with those in distress, and to pray for those who have need. Jesus wept over Jerusalem and prayed for his own people. Nehemiah exhibited the spirit of true patriotism. The affliction and shame of his own people went close to his own heart. National and racial solidarity constitutes the real basis of patriotism. The reproach and affliction of a nation is the reproach and affliction of every member thereof.

4. Nehemiah's Prayer for Israel (vv. 5-11). We are taught that in the midst of affliction, we should pray Nehemiah in this early time practiced this New Testament direction. A study of his prayer is most helpful.

1. It was earnest (v. 4). He fasted and prayed for several days. When men are willing to desert from food and turn aside from their occupations to pray to God, they are unmistakably in earnest. This is true fasting. Merely abstaining from food is not necessarily fasting. It is when our hearts have entered into sympathy with God and his people and the desire for food is removed, that there is fasting which is worth while.

2. The ground of (v. 5). He pleaded covenant relationship and the faithfulness of God in keeping his covenant. It is a good thing always in our prayer to plead thus with God. He is delighted when we come as children pleading for the things we need on the basis of our relationship to him.

3. Unselfish (v. 6). He has as his supreme object the welfare of Israel. His personal interests were not affected, either for better or for worse by the condition of the Jews in Jerusalem. Many prayers do not count with God because they are self-centered. They display the utter selfishness of the one who offers them.

4. Penitent (vv. 6, 7). He acknowledged that the state of Israel was due to disobedience to God's commandments and their corrupt dealings with God. So completely had he identified himself with his people that he included himself with Israel as having sinned.

5. The prayer of faith (vv. 8, 9). He believed the word which God had spoken to Moses touching his willingness to restore and bless his people though he was obliged to severely judge them. In our praying, we should be able to point to some definite promise in God's word, as we plead with him. Faith takes God at his word and holds him to it.

6. Definite (vv. 10, 11).

a. He prayed to the specific people as those redeemed by God's powerful hand.

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