

THE DEEP SEA PERIL

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

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PAGET SINKS A GERMAN CRUISER AND IDA KENNEDY ENTERS THE STORY.

Naval Lieutenant Donald Paget, just given command of a submarine, meets at Washington an old friend and distinguished though somewhat eccentric scientist, Captain Masterman. Masterman has just returned from an exploring expedition, bringing with him a member of the strange race, the existence of whose species, he asserts, menaces the human family. At the club, the "March Hares," Masterman explains his theory to Paget. The recital is interrupted by the arrival of a lifelong enemy of Masterman, Ira MacBeard, and the former is seized with a fatal paralytic stroke. From Masterman's body Paget secures documents bearing upon the discovery and proceeds to the home of the scientist. Paget proceeds to sea on his submarine, the F55, and encounters a German cruiser.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

At first the hum of the electric motors dominated all other sounds, but gradually it became blended with a medley of noises. Placing his ear a moment against the plating of the hull, Donald could hear a steady though faint pounding, which came, not from within, but from the bearings of the distant warship, transmitted under water. Somewhere, too, Donald fancied that a destroyer was speeding toward them, for there was a faint and almost imperceptible whirring, as of high-speed machinery. Mixed with the throb of the screws there came the sound of their suction. At times the sea, breaking over the periscope, obscured his vision. Sometimes, too, the cruiser shifted outside her arc; then the periscope motor started anew, and slowly she would swing back, growing more discernible. Below, the men, who understood that an enemy ship was near, waited in suppressed excitement.

"We'll have to try her at a mile, Clouts," said Donald to the lookout. He carried only three torpedoes. He would have liked to close in and make sure of his prey, but a shot at almost the extreme range seemed preferable to hazarding the vessel and the lives of his crew.

"Aye, sir," answered Sam Clouts. Clouts was a man of about forty years, hook-nosed, and a square jaw under a square, bristling beard. When off duty he was perpetually plinking a mouth-organ, and Donald could not help smiling to see his hand stealing covetously toward his pocket even now.

The German could hardly have been more than a mile away when she suddenly changed her course to westward. Donald had been approaching her head on, with the object of maneuvering, when within striking distance, to send a torpedo amidships. The new course of the vessel was a bitter disappointment to him.

Donald realized that she was nearing the Shetlands and endeavoring to make the passage between mainland and Fair Island. That was the most hazardous part of her journey. Once beyond the straits, she would be free in the open Atlantic.

He gave the order to rise. The tanks were blown, the rudders and diving planes adjusted; the F55 began to mount upward. A green translucency appeared. The electric lights went out. The hatches were opened. A gust of fresh air drove the stale atmosphere away. The petrol motors took up the task of the electric ones.

Donald ordered full speed. The vessel drove high through the waves, achieving 12 knots. A shadow edged the misty horizon. It was Sumburgh head, the extreme southern point of the Shetlands. Here the cruiser was due to turn.

"Smoke to port, sir!" said Clouts. The German had evidently seen it at the same time, for her speed began to diminish. This meant that she was steering cautiously to gain the shelter of Sumburgh, behind which she might lie unobserved for observation. It was an English battle cruiser that was approaching, the ship would be hard put to it to escape. It was not likely that the oncoming ship had sighted her smoke through the increasing haze.

Another second passed. Then the F55 went reeling under the terrific force of the explosion. She spun round under the waves and thrilled as if she herself faced disruption. The bilge-pumps cleared her diving tanks. She rose, nose upward, scenting the air; her stern followed, and she lay awash in the water once more. The hatches were removed.

Not a vestige of the cruiser was to be seen. She had sunk in less than three minutes. But hard by, not three-quarters of a mile to port, a pillar of smoke, lit up by flame, curled out of the Beotia's hatches. Deeming her the submarine's decoy, the cruiser's gunners had riddled her with shells from the two 12-inch guns at the bow.

She seemed to stagger through the smoke that wreathed her. She was dying by fire and water, too, and the twin elements, in their eternal conflict, reeked nothing of her human freight. And Ida was there—Ida, doomed to perish, if she were not already dead, unless help speedily came!

Donald took the helm. The F55 rushed through the waves in the direction of the Claude liner, which listed hard to starboard. Two boats had already been launched, and bobbed ridiculously beside her; others remained high up in the air, impotent, because the list prevented their being lowered, and dashed themselves to pieces against the hull as they swung from the shattered davits.

As the F55 drew near the ocean seemed to open. Silently, softly, the convexity of the hull slipped down and was lost to view as the sun's edge goes into the horizon. A swirl and eddy in the sea, and nothing remained except the two boats and some tiny, doll-like figures that bobbed in the water.

A gasp of horror went up from the throats of the seamen, clustered upon the deck of the F55, as the swirl sucked down the boat that was the nearer to the mainmast of the wreck. It sucked down with all its living freight, and spewed it forth into the air again, end on—empty.

The engines stopped. The submarine glided in. The single boat seemed empty. No! There was a woman aboard, and a man pulling wildly upon one oar. Donald took in the situation instantly. He turned to his aid, Davies, a little, keen-faced middy who was making his first voyage in command of men.

"Tow us, or run for Fair Island!" he cried. Then, flinging off his coat, he leaped. A few strokes carried him to the whirling boat. And now he realized that he had known all along that the girl in it was Ida, miraculously saved out of the great company of those who had died. His heart beat a pean of joy; at the sight of her his love awakened, and he knew that this was no transient passion, but an enduring one.

But just as he reached the boat he saw the sailor at the oar stagger blindly toward the edge. It seemed as if he were being dragged overboard against his will! He whirled his arms and plunged into the deep with a hoarse cry that rang out far above the waters.

Paget, attempting to rescue his sweetheart, encounters a horde of noisome creatures and finds himself in desperate plight. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

PRISONERS WENT ON STRIKE Refused to Go Back to Jail Until One of Their Number Was "Fired" by Workhouse Superintendent. Perhaps the queerest strike on record was that of workhouse prisoners in Delaware county, Indiana, recently, when they refused to return to jail unless one of their number received his freedom. And it was not that they desired him to be free, either, but because they wished to be freed of his presence.

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"I had my gang of prisoners way out by Yorktown, working on a country road that needed repairing," said James Cole, workhouse superintendent, according to the Indianapolis News, "when I noticed, about time to load them into the automobile and bring them back, that the prisoners were hanging back and talking among themselves. Finally one of them came to me with the story and his demands.

"The boys here won't go back to jail with you unless you fire Danny, there," said the spokesman. They won't ride back in the machine with him because he has vermin in his hair and on his body. You either let him go or more jail for us. We've agreed to make a run for it if you don't, and you can't catch all of us."

"Of course, I had no right to allow the man his freedom," Cole continued, "but the fellow jumped up and ran away just then and I'm bound to admit we didn't try very hard to catch him. Anyway, that broke the strike."

ONE RESULT OF AN AIR RAID ON LONDON



This mass of ruins and destroyed dwellings is but one of many such mementos of "air raid week," in which the Germans paid visits of destruction to London. The German aviators dropped bombs throughout the Metropolitan district.

GERMANS INJURED IN PRACTICE FIGHT

Diary Exposes Carelessness of Teuton Gunners With Their Own Men.

REHEARSE FOR BIG BATTLES

Realism Carried to the Extreme by Germans in Preparing for Trial of New Strategy—Says Human Strength Is Powerless.

With the French armies.—It is now pretty well known that both the French and Germans frequently rehearse their battles, under conditions as realistic as possible on specially prepared maneuver grounds. But, whereas the French on these occasions take great care that no men shall be injured, the Germans have carried realism to such a point that each exercise of this kind costs them a number of wounded. The fact is attested by the following extract from the notebook of a German captured lately at Hill 304, near Verdun:

"Yesterday just after midnight we went up to the first line. The march was terrible. We were shelled from every side and the night was black. We got lost and had to wander two and a half hours in the open. After difficulty of every description we finally reached our shelter. And what a shelter! The entrance and the exit were half caved in. I hope the shells won't finally block them, for escape in such circumstances is not to be thought of. Our safety depends only on divine aid; human strength is powerless.

"Next day, 9:30 a. m.—I have just got up. In spite of the violent bombardment of shells and torpedoes I succeeded in getting more or less sleep. But we have gone without eating or drinking, as the supply men have not been able to get through the barrage fire. I still have a piece of bread and a little to drink; I will retain myself as long as possible. Who knows when we shall be reevicted?"

Why He Could Not Write. On the day following the same soldier wrote a letter which was found on him when he was captured. I give this extract: "Thou hast been waiting a long time for news of me, my dear Gertrude, but I can send thee nothing because the artillery fire is generally so intense that the supply men who take our letters cannot get to us. Last night, or

On the 21st we were put in place at 8:15 a. m. From 9:30 to 10:30 the artillery and the trench mortars fired. We were given each fifty explosive cartridges, while the men of the first and second waves were given each, respectively, six and two loaded grenades. From the start, during the firing of the trench mortars, men were wounded by splinters. At 10:30 p. m. our companies were assembled for the goose step parade on the Hochwalsch-Waldersdorf road. This parade also took place before the duke of Wuertemberg. The exercise, it appears, satisfied these gentlemen entirely. So it will not be long now before we enter into the hell. Unhappily, several men were wounded, one seriously. It is really sad to see exercise of this kind carried out with real artillery and trench mortars. Aside from the fact that it costs a great deal of money, men are wounded almost regularly. So it is not enough that we should risk our lives when we are at the front, we must even be exposed to danger when we are supposed to be at rest."

And here are some extracts from the

MRS. THOMAS F. RYAN



Mrs. Cuyler, a prominent society woman, who recently married Thomas F. Ryan, the noted financier.

TO BAKE PERSHING'S PIES

Appeal From General for Pastry Cook Is Heard by the Salvation Army.

Chicago.—"Mary Sheldon's making pies for Pershing." This is the expression common at Salvation Army headquarters here. When General Pershing landed in France, Maj. D. W. Agnew, in charge of the Salvation Army here, cabled asking him what the Salvation Army could do that would be most appreciated by the commander of the American forces in France. "Send me someone who can make an apple pie," was General Pershing's request, and Ensign Mary Sheldon forthwith was dispatched. Ensign Sheldon gained fame here showing mothers of Chicago slums how to cook.

rather today, we went to gather what the others threw away when they ran, and had some success, otherwise we would have had nothing to eat or drink. To suffer hunger and thirst, thou seest, is terrible. Every one says: 'If the French come now it's all up.' Thou seest in what a state we are.

And then the French did come.—Paul Scott Mowrer in the Chicago News.

"TANK" BRINGS IN PRISONER

Mires Down Between the Battle Lines on French Front, but Takes Wandering German.

London.—This is the way a British tank crew took a prisoner. "Our tank mired down in the mud between the lines," said the lieutenant, "and we skipped out into a nearby abandoned trench. We saw a Fritz wandering around all alone, apparently dazed, and yelled to him to come in. There was such a row of the guns he couldn't hear so one of the men went out to bring him in out of danger. He was in an awful state—trembling all over—but we gave him some cigarettes and he buckled up."

CUT OFF HAIR AS SHE SLEPT

Story of Seventeen-Year-Old Girl Confuses Detectives of Brooklyn Police Department.

New York.—Detectives of the Sixth branch bureau are confused by the case of Miss Anita Brown, seventeen years old, 1014 Fortletch street, Brooklyn, who told a story of a person entering her room at night and cutting 18 inches from the end of her long black hair. The hair was found lying on her pillow. The doors of the house had been bolted and her parents were certain that no one escaped through the basement. The girl said she did not see anyone in the room.

BARON VON STEUBEN FRENCHMAN, IS CLAIM

Indianapolis, Ind.—That Baron "von" Steuben of revolutionary war fame was properly named Baron "de" Steuben and was a Frenchman and not a Prussian, is the claim of A. B. Gardiner, secretary general of the Society of Cincinnati, in a statement made public here.

Baron "de" Steuben was of German birth, but renounced Prussia and owed allegiance to France when he came to America to help the revolutionary cause, according to Gardiner. He asserts that Steuben expatriated himself after making a glorious record in the seven years war, but says the full reason for his expatriation himself probably will never be known.

SUBMARINES NOW HAVE A HARD TIME

Activity of Destroyer Convoys Producing Most Satisfactory Results.

S MOST EFFECTIVE WEAPON

Diaries Taken From Captured U-Boat Commanders Furnish Documentary Evidence of Effectiveness of Destroyer's Perfect Convoy Work.

Base of the American flotilla in British Waters.—Diaries taken from captured U-boat commanders furnish documentary evidence that the destroyer is the most effective of present weapons against the submarine. "Avoided destroyer" is the oft-repeated entry. In fact, these logs show conclusively that the submarines are having a hard time of it.

HOW GERMAN SAYS "TANK"

"Schutzengrabenvernichtungsaufwolle" Is Fritz' Word for English Monster.

Washington.—Thirty-five letters are required to spell one word which, in German, is the equivalent of the four-letter English "tank" or land battleship, which has worked such havoc in the present war. The German word, as it appears in official dispatches received here, is "Schutzengrabenvernichtungsaufwolle," which, freely translated, is "a machine for suppressing shooting trenches."

Sneeze Breaks Glasses.

Rochester, N. Y.—Dr. D. J. Corrigan of Webster is in St. Mary's hospital, where efforts are being made to save the sight of one of his eyes. He was returning home from Fairport early in the night when, in sneezing, his face came in contact with the steering wheel of the automobile he was driving. His eyeglasses were broken and a piece of glass entered the eyeball.

Safety by Surrender

By Rev. B. B. Sutcliffe, Extension Department, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.

TEXT—Let him take hold of his strength.—Isa. 27:3.

The passage from which this text is taken is a call for the Lord's strength. It is a call for the Lord's strength. It is a call for the Lord's strength.



Where can we find safety? Not by fleeing away but by standing near. Not by opposing him but by yielding to him. To the sinner of the backslider the Lord appears an enemy. To yield or surrender any enemy seems like folly, the thing into danger. But yielding to the Lord means safety. And so this surrender to the Lord is also a call for the exercise of faith in the Lord, the protector from his own sinning judgment. To human rescue escape would seem to be impossible. How can we escape the righteous judgment of God after having incurred by our own conduct? It is not possible with man, but with God all things are possible. Failure is not in him, but in imperfect yielding to him.

A Possible Thing.

The text says: "Let him take hold of my strength." There is no doubt to be overcome except the inherent belief of the human heart. Each of us is afflicted with this. It is the thing that opposes all safety, certainty or enjoyment. It is the one common sin of which all are guilty by which all the more or less lose it. It is the sin which so easily besets us. But it is possible to overcome. When we come to the place where desire exists to escape the judgment of God, there are no real hindrances; may if we will, take hold of his strength and in it find safety.

A Personal Thing.

"Let him take hold." I live for myself and not another. I sin for myself. I am judged for myself. And if I find safety, if I escape the judgment, I find for myself and escape for myself. None else can get it for me. It is a personal matter. In the end my own will lies the answer as to whether I shall go down to eternal death under the judgment of God, whether I shall rise superior to all future holds of wrath. I go down opposing myself to God; I rise yielding to him. I find eternal life by fighting him; eternal life by surrendering to him. It is my own choice which I shall have.

A Peculiar Thing.

"Let him take hold of my strength." I cannot take hold of my strength. I let go of that which I now hold. The things I have relied upon to me safely through the judgment I relinquish. I must have no hope in my good deeds, by religious exercises, my moral code, my high resolutions—yes, I must have no hope in self. Like Job of old I must come to the Lord saying, "I am undone." Like Paul, "There dwelleth no good in me." Myself and my good deeds my weapons against him. I must let them down and in full and unconditional surrender of myself to him will find safety in the surrender. It is therefore, as was said above, a matter of faith in him. He can free me from bondage, guard me from harm and protect me from certain disaster until I trust him. Until I do so I will that he cannot do any work on my behalf because of my unbelief. It is belief which erects the barrier. In case of the army facing certain annihilation, only one thing remains to be done, and that is surrender if it is not preferred. As long as the weapons are used and battle offered, destruction is certain. The sinner's certain perdition—he fights against judgment and wrath of God. There is no escape, and can be none save the way of surrender. When the surrender is made, he finds that the supposed enemy is really a friend, what was thought to be the worst thing is seen to be the best. It is of God desiring to injure, the fulfillment of God's desire is to protect from injury. How strange that the one who would guard the sinner from the wrath of the injury.

A Powerful Thing.

With man's strength it would be possible, but the text says, "Let him take hold of my strength." It is God all things are possible. There is nothing too hard for his performance. He has omnipotence, for he is deep for his understanding, for he is omniscient. Nothing too far for him to reach, for he is omnipresent. He belongs unto God and he is in every way engaged, to exercise on behalf of who will cease fighting him and surrender themselves to him. How shall we escape if we neglect so great a thing?

Temporal and Eternal.

We love things temporal before we have them, more than when we have them, because the soul when she has them cannot be satisfied with them, but things eternal, when they are possessed, are more loved when desired, for nothing can be believed, nor hope expected, nor charity shown, until the soul comes into possession. There is no soul in the world, but every man ever thinks itself here, but his apprehensions beyond what he sees here.—St. Augustine.