

The Deep Sea Peril By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

For, like a fury, the queen rushed at him, and Clouts, at first solicitous about striking a woman, soon found himself hard put to it to maintain the upper hand...

"It's all right, marm!" he pleaded. "I'll ask him if he'll see you, if you'll only not lose your head. I didn't mean to put you outside, but orders was orders. I'm only obeying orders. There ain't no need for them hysterics. Now—now, marm!"

He was still fighting madly when suddenly her strength seemed to leave her. Clouts became aware of a spectator of the combat. He glanced aside hastily, to see Ida standing beside him.

"What is she, Clouts?" whispered Ida. Clouts scratched his thick head. "I don't rightly know," he answered. "But it's all right, marm. I was just strolling along, casual like, when I met her. She ain't no friend of mine, marm. Nor of the captain's," he added, with sly emphasis.

He turned to the queen. "If you'll take my arm, marm, I'll take you a ways and ask the captain if he'll see you. I can't do no more," he muttered in an audible aside. "I've done the best I know how for the captain, and now he'll have to make his own excuses. And I can't leave a lady in this here place alone, with all them goings on and jugglings with the water like—like Pharaoh."

Five minutes later the little middy, seated on deck, saw Clouts and Ida, apparently re-enters from the deck, approach the F55. Between them he fancied he saw a gossamer form that scintillated in the sunlight.

There was a space of only a hundred paces between them and the boat when suddenly the ocean appeared convulsed. A wall of water bore down upon the flanks of Fair Island. It rolled toward the submarine, fifty feet high, its mighty crest upheaved.

"Run!" shouted Davies. It was a frantic race between the oncomers and the sea. They gained the submarine with hardly ten seconds to spare. Davies drew them aboard and clasped the hatchways down. Next instant the boat was lifted bodily from the beach and spun round like a top.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Unheeded Warning.

On the evening of the same day London was stirred by a sensation which eclipsed even the interest in the progress of the war. The evening newspapers contained, in full, Donald's narration of the approaching ruin of the world.

The second sea lord, receiving Donald's name, came to the conclusion that matters of the most pressing moment had brought the unknown young American naval officer. He rose from his desk and shook hands with him cordially. "Sit down, Mr. Paget," he said warmly. Then he noticed that Donald was dressed in a nondescript diving suit and that his looks were decidedly wild.

Donald sat down and plunged instantly into the story of the world danger. It did not lose its dramatic interest in the manner of its telling.

"You must stop the war at once," Donald ended. "Unite all nations of the earth, for that is the only way to save the human race. It is a matter of hours, perhaps. Even now these monsters may be speeding southward."

The second sea lord had been unable to interpose a word by reason of the torrent of impassioned speech that poured from Donald's lips. At first he listened in amazement at what he considered an impudent booby; then in anger; then, after a brief glance at Donald's face, with absolute passivity.

"I thank you, Mr. Paget," he said, rising, when Donald had ended. "You have done notable work, and England will not forget it. And now, sir, you must be conducted to the prime minister at once, that you may apprise him of these startling events."

He touched his bell, and his secretary, a dapper, alert little man, at once appeared. "Excuse me one moment, please," said the second sea lord to Donald.

He whispered to the secretary, whom Donald perceived to glance toward him in a rather apprehensive manner. The secretary came forward, making a preposterously low bow.

"I will conduct you to the prime minister at once, Mr. Paget," he said. "No time must be lost. I am going to have a taxicab called."

Donald addressed the second sea lord again. "I understand," he said, controlling himself with an effort of will. "Very well, my lord, I shall say no more at this time. On you will rest the responsibility. And you will repeat this bitterly within a day or two."

And he walked quietly out of the office, leaving the second sea lord and the secretary staring at each other. He was at the bottom of the starway before they had recovered their self-possession. Then the sea lord snatched up his telephone.

A curious haze was creeping up from the Thames, spreading perceptibly from corner to corner. It blotted out the redness of the evening clouds and hung overhead like a great, smoky pall. A newsboy rushed past, shouting. Donald saw the contents of the placard that swung before him. It mentioned a series of local explosions which had been occurring along the coast of England.

Donald was trying to locate a hotel. He groped his way from corner to corner, clinging to the railings of areas and pillars of houses.

He had reached some open space, which he imagined to be Trafalgar square, but it was impossible to cross. Carts, carriages, omnibuses, stalled by the fog, loomed up on every side. Horses stood snorting invisibly, a few inches away. Drivers struck out with their whips promiscuously. Men were shouting, women screaming. Panic had begun. All knew that this was not one of those rare black fogs that descend upon London.

Then it was that the news of the man-monsters began to filter through the crowd.

A man announcing himself, through a megaphone, to be the police commissioner, ordered all to remain still until star bombs could be set off. Nobody heeded him, and his efforts to stay the panic were unavailing. The mob had begun to flow in one direction, sweeping all before it.

Donald had been swept along with it, and then left, stranded and jammed by the human torrent, into a small recess. In front of him he felt a parapet. He tore himself away and was lost in the crowd. Donald hoisted himself to the parapet, scrambled to the outer coping, and clung there. The shrieking mob rushed past and never touched him. Then there came the sound of a mighty explosion, a long volume of resounding thunder. It went rolling down the river like the discharge of a thousand cannon.

And then, as a flood from a hose-pipe, a burst of water from the skies deluged the city. It boiled through the air with hissing lashes, as if the portals of the firmament were broken open. The grinning face of the moon broke through the smoky pall. Suddenly the stars appeared. And it was calm, clear weather.

A roar of relief seemed to go up from the throats of the multitude. And very slowly the traffic began to resume its course again.

What had happened, as scientists afterward surmised, was this: The hydrogen, increasing until it attained a certain chemical relationship to the oxygen of the atmosphere, had exploded where it was densest, on contact with fire, as in a laboratory. But the explosion instantly generated water as the two gases met. Hence followed the deluge.

But as yet the government was only dimly beginning to understand that this was some unknown natural force and not a contrivance of the enemy. They did not know until Donald presented himself in the office of the second sea lord at nine o'clock.

The second sea lord grasped him by the hands. "There isn't time to say more than that I apologize," he said. "The government has been searching for you since daylight. We've cabled Washington, and they have placed you at our disposal. You are the prime minister wants you immediately. And that's no joke this time!"

CHAPTER XV.

The Battle of the Dogger.

Within the next three days a series of phenomena occurred which left no doubt as to the dangers which were menacing the human race.

Before noon messages began to pour in from all parts of the country and from the fleet. The admiral in command of the home squadron wired that a torpedo-boat destroyer had approached him under a flag of truce, with the singular statement that the ocean had receded all along the Baltic littoral, leaving a vast swamp of muddy sand, in which ships were embedded. The Zuyder Zee no longer existed. A spur of land extended from the dogger bank nearly to Ostend. He proposed a temporary armistice.

By evening reports were telegraphed that an army of the monsters had landed upon the shores of Lincolnshire and Norfolk, had crossed the Wash, which became first a swamp, then an inundation, and was moving along the river beds toward Cambridge, stripping the land of vegetation.

By nightfall all communication between London and the eastern counties

was cut off.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PULLED THEIR COLLARS OFF

If Paris Women Were Too Large a Neck Piece Other Women Forcibly Removed Them.

In Paris, at one time, the people dropped their extravagance, and if a woman ventured to wear too large a collar, the other women would pull it off. Henry VIII—as he did with everything he set his mind to—interfered with the dress of his subjects to some purpose and brought forward an act against wearing costly apparel.

A few years later the law became more stringent still. Philip and Mary compelled attention not only by fines, but went so far as to send offenders to prison. Elizabeth saw that the people were reckless with their money, and caused an act to be passed which declared that anyone who sold foreign apparel to persons having less than £3,000 a year in land or fees, except for ready money, should forfeit every penny of the price.

Ladies wore hoods, hats and caps of every conceivable shape. They were careful as to their hair, and they had a fine assortment of wigs at hand. Elizabeth herself sometimes wore fed hair, and then reverted to black for a change. It so happened that trade in the cap line fell off considerably because caps went out of fashion.

His Only Solution.

Richard was playing with a toy machine. His mother heard an unusual commotion and hurried to the room. On entering she found poor Pete, his doll, with a broken head. In reply to her questions as to what had happened to Pete, Richard only shook his head and mumbled each time: "Ritche, ruff-neck."

Many Can Answer Her.

Will you tell me what way I can get rid of my character—Lady Gregory.

by the waves, nevertheless held fast. The locked rudder prevented her from submerging.

Within the messroom the queen of the swarm was housed securely. She was almost invisible, and not at all visible by daylight. A silver, phantom figure, she created fear and awe in each of them. They did not know what her connection with the swarm might be. They knew she had not human intelligence.

From his position upon the highest point of Fair Island, MacBeard saw the swarm vanish at sea. He saw the F55 start in their wake, and threw up his hands and raved. "Forward as he was, he could not let his last hope slip from him like that."

He was the loneliest man in the world, as he had always been. But he had not known it or cared. He had rebelled against the human race. He was the modern Cain; he had plotted the ruin of the world, over which he was to rule, godlike. But that was before he had set eyes upon Ida Kennedy.

The thought of her renewed his courage. He found his motorboat upon the shore, uninjured by the inundation, since the point of rock had acted as a breakwater and protected it. Within a few minutes he had filled his great gasoline reservoir with a supply sufficient for several days, and set out in pursuit of the herd. He knew that he could easily outdistance the submarine.



He Saw the F55 Start in Their Wake.

Presently he came upon the monsters. Their first wild dash had taken them in all directions, so that little vapor had formed, but now they were beginning to congregate, and a wall of black cloud, rising in the distance, indicated their direction.

The monsters made no effort to molest him, but they would not, at first, heed his tuning fork. Later, however, he managed to assemble a small bodyguard about him.

MacBeard pursued them down the east coast of England. His boat, hidden in the cloud, remained undetected by the patrol vessels.

It was not until the second morning that he guessed where the herd would make its main rendezvous.

It was a simple deductive process, though nobody else had thought of it. It was the Dogger bank, swarming with fish, which would provide the monsters with food.

He believed that, once the first dash of the monsters was over, they would obey his call again. And his first summons proved successful beyond his expectations. Exhausted by their dash southward, numbers of the herd congregated about the motorboat to the G sound, which was perceptible to them for a much greater distance than the tone carried to the human ear.

From within a radius of twenty miles a cloud rolled in upon the motorboat, until MacBeard, invisible in the heart of its blackness, like some arch-devil, controlled his devil crew.

This cloud was quickly seen by the rear-admiral's patrol vessels, while it had this disadvantage—it prevented MacBeard from discovering the F55 as she slipped past on her way southward.

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MY VALENTINE

Who fills my thoughts from morn till night, Imbuing them with love and light, Till even cheerless ways seem bright? My Valentine!

Who turns life's Winter into May, Makes labor wear the guise of play And charms parterres from sterile clay? My Valentine!

Who loves me for myself alone, Scorns gold and never yet has known To want a dollar for her own? My Valentine!

Who patiently hears me rehearse My little ventures into verse, And never says: "It might be worse!"? My Valentine!

Who makes me play the scaramouch? Who pulls me off my Sunday couch, And screams with joy when I cry, "Ouch!"? My Valentine!

Who twists my hair and plait my beard, Until I look both fierce and weird, Then chuckles when I'm rudely jeered? My Valentine!

Who robs me of all dignity, And, though she's only just turned three, Like a Czarina ruleth me? My Valentine!

VALENTINES by Clarence Moore

In the morning of St. Valentine's day the borders at Mrs. Munson's gathered around the long table with perhaps an unusual interest in the morning's mail. But the postman was late and breakfast lagged. Once or twice Mrs. Munson had thrust her sharp nose into the room and had even asked Mr. Root if there was anything more he wished.

Second helpings of anything being rare at the Munson table, Mr. Root's fellow boarders grinned appreciatively when Selma thudded heavily in with a second cupful of a muddy mixture, politely called coffee.

"Expecting a valentine, Mr. Root?" asked mischievous Ethel Raymond, the little stenographer, who was to be married at Easter.

Mr. Root blushed furiously and looked into his coffee. "I am looking for an important letter," he said severely.

"Valentines are important," teased Ethel, for she liked the quiet little gray man who had been bookkeeper for twenty-five years in a downtown warehouse. Mr. Root's bachelor quarters at the top of the house had been spoken of as a model of comfort by the men of the Munson boarding house but the women would have it that the little man must be lonesome, and among themselves they had secretly decided that it would be a fitting romance if Mr. Root married Miss Ida Wingfield, the schoolteacher who sat at the end of the table.

Miss Wingfield, once pretty, now pale and tired, with rather a distinguished air lent by her abundant gray hair, always played Mr. Root's accomplishments when he brought his violin down to the parlor.

"There's the postman now!" cried Ethel Raymond eagerly. A loud knock came at the basement door and Selma plodded slowly to take in the handful of letters.

Ida Wingfield picked up her valentine, broke the seal with a reverent finger and pulled out a charming concoction of lace paper and golden hearts and lying cupids. There were roses and forget-me-nots and arrows scattered everywhere.

"Ah!" breathed the excited table as Miss Wingfield replaced it in the envelope. "You are satisfied, Mrs. Munson?" asked Mr. Root in a rasping tone. "I'd like to know who sent it," sniffed Mrs. Munson as she went out and banged the door after her.

"Impertinent—insufferable!" gasped old Mrs. Dodd, as she followed the schoolteacher out into the basement hall. "I wouldn't remain here a day longer only Mrs. Munson is an excellent cook and as neat as wax—personally she is impossible!" She pounded her gold-headed cane on the stairs as she mounted.

Ida Wingfield slipped into her warm cloak and went out into the snowy streets. The wonderful valentine burned against her heart; she was conscious of its proximity all day. It took away the sting from the comic one she found in her desk, and it upheld her through a trying day with her pupils.

Night found her coming home to the boarding house and her dull room with star-like eyes and flushed cheeks. She looked positively lovely. Romance was not dead after all. Mrs. Munson came into the dining



"Valentines Are Important."

room," said Mr. Root confidently, although this was not only news to himself but to Ida Wingfield as well. "Tell them—are you, Ida?" whispered Mr. Root eagerly.

"Why—yes—of course!" murmured Miss Wingfield shyly, and that was the only proposal of marriage that she received from the bookkeeper; but when Easter dawned there were two weddings from the Munson house and one of the brides was Ida Wingfield.

To My Old Valentine.

In many a golden twilight of the year, Sweet Friend, across the miles that intervene, When sun and star the west incarnadine I think of you and wish that thought might go On thought's fleet wings to greet and tell you how Life's loneliness would vanish were you here. Friends long forgotten in the world's rough race Come back sometimes in transient dreams to me. The dear, dead days like phantoms flittingly Pass and the smile of greeting turns to tears; But your sweet presence through the changing years At my heart's hearthstone ever holds a place. —W. J. S.

Temperance Notes

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

"NO. NOTHING." From the Morning Olympian, Olympia, Wash.:

"What's the matter with you fellows on the force? Are you all asleep that you never throw any one in these days?" asked a restaurant cook of the Olympia police force. "The past two months I have not had orders for enough meals at the city jail to remember I had a city contract. In all my years in Olympia I never saw the like, and I've cooked many a meal in my time and made good money. But it's not even pennies for me now from you fellows. You're a bum bunch."

"You know why, don't you?" asked the police officer addressed. "No, only that it's rotten business. What's the matter?"

"No booze!"

"No! Is that a fact?"

"Take it from me. She went dry some months ago, didn't she—bone dry? Well, where there is no whisky there is less trouble, and I've never seen it fail. No drunks, no disorder, no old-time 'rolling, no scraps, no nothing. There is no chance to jug the law-abiding Americans of Olympia today."

"Switched if it ever struck me, but that sure is the case. I guess the jail meals business is shot for good."

And later that afternoon Police Judge Crosby reported he hadn't had one case of drunkenness in police court during the entire month just past. "In the old days I used to dread to come down to the office in the morning, for they would be there waiting, six to a dozen strong," said the magistrate.

PRUSSIAN AND RUSSIAN.

Once upon a time—before the war—a Russian gentleman of great import was dining with a Prussian gentleman similarly distinguished. As was usual on such occasions, wine and beer flowed and the guests became more and more untroubled, much to the disgust of the Russian, who was of a highly refined and intellectual cast and particularly prejudiced against beer and the grossness which attends its use.

In a state of hilarity the Prussian poured a great glass of beer and presented it to his Russian guest, saying: "You must empty this to the health of our kaiser."

"The Russian took up an immense joint of mutton from the table and, laying it upon the Prussian's plate, said: "You must eat this to the health of our noble czar."

"What?" cried the Prussian in astonishment. "Do you think I am a wolf that I could gorge myself on an enormous joint?"

"Do you think," replied the Russian, "that I am a swine to pour that rotten mess into my stomach?"

FROM HIGH AUTHORITY.

In a form letter sent out from the treasury department at Washington, making suggestions as to the sale of Liberty bonds, was this significant statement: "With the higher wages paid to workmen and with the larger returns to capital, the savings of the people, despite the high cost of living have increased enormously. The growth of prohibition has also stimulated thrift and helped materially to increase savings deposits."

THE RUM RATION.

Yes, we know that the pernicious practice of giving small doses of rum to soldiers in the trenches has prevailed in the British army. Also, we know that thousands of soldiers have been picked up out of shell craters in "No Man's Land," dead because their power of resisting shock had been lowered by rum poisoning. To the man who must endure wounds hours before he receives attention, the rum issue is a stab in the back.

GIVE US THE SOLID.

It discourages the most of us from trying to get fat on "liquid bread" when those scientific fellows come along with their demonstration that one must drink 54 bottles of it to get the same amount of nourishment contained in a single loaf of the other kind of bread. We really cannot afford it, since beer has gone up to "two for a quarter" in some places.—American Issue.

WORK FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

Since the United States entered the war the W. C. T. U. of the country has furnished between 300,000 and 400,000 comfort kits for the soldiers and sailors. Kansas W. C. T. U. alone made and distributed nearly 6,000. A tremendous amount of other war relief work is being done by the organization, including the making of surgical bandages.

MEN FROM PEORIA DISTILLERIES.

"Peoria's manufacturers will snap up every available man Monday morning," said a conspicuous Peoria (Ill.) business man. Between 1,500 and 2,000 men will be put out of employment in the distilleries, but there is a place for every one of them in the tractor factories, the implement works, and in other Peoria industries. We can use every ounce of coal, and are glad to get it, that the distilleries have been requiring. Industrially, Peoria, will never know that the distilleries have been closed.—Chicago (Ill.) Tribune.

Value of Smallest Thing.

Count nothing small. The smallest thing may be a link in the golden chain which binds a man to the divine Master.—A. F. Schaeffer.

Investment Pays Big.

"There is no investment that pays larger dividends than cheerful smiles and kind words."

Worth All They Cost.

Diplomas from the school of experience are generally worth all they cost.

Costs Less and Kills That Cold CASCARA QUININE

Cuticura Soap is Easy Shaving for Sensitive Skins

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Eight Sons in War.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

Urge Eating of Oysters.

Why He Liked Church.

Encouraging Contrast.

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