

# IT REQUIRES HOURS TO TRAVERSE TEXAS; STRANGERS CONFUSED

## Easterners Don't Realize That New York-Chicago Distance Is Tied.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

In reading news of the Mexican border troubles those who live in the east and north have little or no conception of the magnitude of distances in Texas, and of the stupendous undertaking General Funston was facing in patrolling even the Texas-Mexican line with the 5,000 to 7,000 troops he had available before the war department came to his assistance.

It really seems that persons of those sections regard Texas as a narrow strip of land lying along the Mexican border, with every square mile of it in constant danger from Mexican raids. While, as a matter of fact, there are points in Texas where Texans feel almost as foreign to the Mexican border as do Canadians.

A young man from Chicago, a few weeks ago, was in a position in Houston, Tex. His relatives, reading in the Chicago newspapers of the raids in the Big Bend country of Texas, wired him to come home immediately and keep away from the border. They did not take the trouble to ascertain that the young man was 18 hours on the fastest train in Texas from the nearest available point to the border—Del Rio.

### 31-Hour Trip.

The actual time consumed in going from Houston to El Paso is 31 hours, a distance of 832 miles by the nearest rail route. This distance is only 114 miles less than the distance from New York to Chicago—947 miles, which is made in 18 hours on the Twentieth Century Limited.

Those going from Houston to St. Louis make the trip eight hours quicker than those going from Houston to El Paso, although the latter trip is on a direct line and the former is over three or four different railroads.

### Travel 994 Miles.

The distance from Echo, Tex., the most eastern point on a direct railroad route to El Paso, is 924 miles, or three miles less than the distance from New York to Chicago.

It requires eight hours of travel to go from Houston to San Antonio, and it takes 11 hours to make the trip from Dallas to San Antonio. The distance from Houston to San Antonio is 213 miles on a direct railroad route, and from Dallas to San Antonio is 268 miles. The latter trip is also made on a direct railroad route.

The distance from Brownsville, Tex., on the gulf coast, the easternmost point on the Texas-Mexican border, to El Paso, the western terminus of the border, is more than 1,200 miles. When it is taken into consideration that this distance is greater than the distance from New York to St. Louis by 140 miles, it can easily be seen that the stupendousness of General Funston's undertaking is appalling.

Another wrong impression among people not familiar with conditions on the border is that the Rio Grande should be sufficient to keep the Mexicans on their side, if the bridges were taken away. The Rio Grande is called a river at certain times during the year purely through respect for its condition at other times. Just at this particular time, when the dry season is at its height, at many points, and, in fact, almost all along the Texas-Mexican border, the stream is narrow enough for a child to step across.

## Europe's Crushing War Debt.

From the New York World.

Exclusive of Bulgaria and Turkey, the nations at war in Europe have contracted debts during the two years of conflict aggregating approximately \$40,000,000,000. The total population of these six nations before the war was 498,500,000, and their aggregate debt then was \$36,190,000,000, or \$74 per capita.

Debits thus have almost doubled within two years for war purposes exclusively, and their grand total of debt now stands at about \$187 per capita. This is exclusive of local public debt. The total public debt of the American people, inclusive of municipal debt, is about \$50 per capita.

This does not tell the story in all its impressiveness. Russia still has a small debt per capita hardly more than \$50.

But the figures given in detail show for Germany a war debt already amounting to almost \$200 per capita on the basis of the ante-bellum population, and Germany started the war with a per capita debt of \$75. They show for France a per capita war debt of over \$150, with an added per capita debt before the war of \$100. They show for Britain a per capita war debt of over \$200 (part of her allies), with a per capita debt before the war of \$80.

And the war goes on. This unprecedented mountain of debt will be piled still higher. No one of these nations as yet shows signs of financial collapse. No one of them is likely to in the fever of conflict or until such where all hope of victory has vanished. But the day of reckoning on this score will come soon or late.

## No War Economy For Him.

From the Boston Weekly.

They were two poor little slum lads, badly battered and torn in appearance, and their thin, bare legs and feet were all splashed with mud as they trudged along through the narrow, evil-smelling side streets. They shivered for France a pet cap and lighted mania thoroughfare and came to a halt in front of a large provision merchant's shop.

Then the older of the two handed his small companion the modest sum of two-pence, and, admonishingly, "Nah, man, Albert, don't you go in and ask for margarine. Just say, 'I want a quarter of a pound of butter.'"

Do the Same Thing.

From the Christian Herald.

"Father, my brother dropped in a hole when he was in the line, and now he limps. Would you do in a case like that?"

## "POISONED MY DOG."

By Roy A. Monilton, Atlantic, Ia.

In the wee small hours of morning I heard a pitiful whine on my front porch. I went down to investigate. I found lying there a few feet from the door my little innocent pup.

His eyes were already glassy and he was crying like a baby. He could barely raise his head, his agony was beyond description. He seemed to know his time had come, for he looked up into my eyes as though he wanted to tell me something before he passed away. My heart made me understand. He said to me: "This is a strange world, after all. I've lived my best. I have not intentionally harmed a soul. I have been jolly and helpful among the children, by romping with them and we were such good pals, and I most regret that their little hearts will break when they awake in the morning and find me gone."

But my little pup has not been lived in vain, for in my dying I told my master that there lives in this neighborhood a person so low down and vile in character that he would poison a dog.

I told my little pup to tell me to beware of this man, for anyone so degenerate that he would poison a dog would not hesitate to take the life of a child.

Then he breathed his last—a martyr—reading of the more depravity of some human beings.

From a Debtor to a Creditor Nation.

From the New York World.

The Anglo-French loan of \$900,000,000 placed in this market a year ago rested wholly on the joint credit of the two governments, and the proceeds were equally divided between them. The present additional British borrowing of \$250,000,000, like the recent additional French borrowing of \$200,000,000, is further protected by collateral security of American and Canadian stocks and bonds and the bonds of a number of neutral governments of the loan.

This brings the total British war borrowings in the American market up to \$550,000,000. Canada's borrowings here since the war began total \$120,000,000. Some \$430,000,000 has been loaned to France, \$220,000,000 to Russia, \$25,000,000 to Italy, \$100,000,000 to Germany, and \$27,000,000 to neutral countries. The grand total of European war loans in this market to date is \$1,422,000,000.

Since January 1, 1915, we have sold abroad \$2,722,000,000 more of merchandise than we have bought abroad. We have so far received in payment for this amazing trade balance these foreign evidences of debt to the amount of \$1,422,000,000. We have received in gold a net sum of over \$200,000,000. The gold exported to us on July 1 last an unsettled balance of \$50,000,000, which probably in most part represents the amount of foreign held American securities sold here in the open market during that time, additional to the very large amounts sold before the war broke out.

Our net foreign debt two and a half years ago was around \$5,000,000,000. It cannot be half that figure today, and the balance is melting away rapidly under the continuing vast excess of exports. So swift a rise of the nation from a debtor to a creditor position would be beyond all belief were not the facts so clearly beyond all dispute.

## Why Gasoline Is High or Low.

From the Oklahoma City Oklahoman.

The Oklahoma City man may not understand why gasoline costs 20 cents here while in Chicago it sells for 16 1/2 cents. Fortunately a pellucid explanation is at hand, submitted by a gentleman connected with the Magnolia Petroleum company. He tells us, rather solemnly, too, that the gravity of the Chicago product may not be so high as ours. Besides, Chicago's marketing conditions may be quite different from Oklahoma City's.

But why fasten on Chicago? The Magnolia Petroleum man suggests a trip to Cheyenne, the gateway of Wyoming's fields. Gasoline rages through town's arteries. Push a button anywhere in Cheyenne and up bubbles a gallon of gasoline. But at the Chicago price? Or Oklahoma City's figures? No, indeed. The Cheyenne tariff is 26 cents and adds to 28. It is a gasoline and a gas. The remedy seems to be this: In pondering your gasoline bills, do not gaze dejectedly at Chicago. Concentrate on Cheyenne.

And if this fragrant Magnolia brand—a-bra falls, as in some instances it may, suppose we turn from the theological to the technical. Let us begin by contemplating the crude—by looking unflinchingly at a full round of barrel of crude oil. What do we find? Or an analysis submitted by one of our local dealers, we find 50 per cent fuel, 30 per cent kerosene and, if fortunate, some 15 per cent gasoline. The trouble is the abundance of kerosene, which, when seen in a barrel, makes people have sworn off on kerosene. Hence the admittedly high price of gasoline, compared with Chicago, or the bargain rates compared with Cheyenne.

This is the technical explanation. Possibly a touch of analogy will help. Suppose, if you can, that it were fashionable to wear eyebrows. You can see at a glance how the price of lawnmowers would necessarily be stimulated or depressed, as the case may be. So with gasoline.

## They're All Veterans Now.

From the Washington Times.

The recent magnificent fighting of the Italian soldiery on the Isonzo front has astonished many people who had been disappointed by the earlier performances of these forces. It had seemed that Italy was not proving a very effective factor on the allies' side. Now, however, General Cadorna's program unfolds, and it appears that he is prepared to rush matters and gain his objective before the war concludes.

Consequently, the Russians have come back in similarly splendid fashion. They fight Austrians to victory, and Germans to at least a standstill.

The Austrians, in turn, have since the end of the first year's war proved themselves hardly inferior to any other breed of fighters. The French have demonstrated themselves, man for man, at least, equal to the Germans; and lately the British have been showing the same quality that in other continental campaigns won for them the encomiums even of Napoleon, who said with British troops and French officers he could defeat the world.

They are all veterans now. Trained, skilled, hardened and fit, they stand for the last word in the preparation of men to make war under modern conditions: the hardest and most grueling that flesh and blood ever faced. Every week that the struggle continues brings it more nearly to a matching of numbers against numbers. The best soldiers when it started were doubtless the Germans and the French. But those veterans of the earliest campaign have had their numbers diluted by great masses of new men who have all had the same training, whether German or French, Italian, British or Russian. They have all been through the same school, and know its lessons equally well. It is more evident now than ever was before, that the victory will go to the side with the best economic staying power, the strongest, the most numerous, the greatest number of men, and the largest ability to enlist the world's factories and machine shops.

## "HARD MAN, WHO?" IS MOST STRENUOUS SPORT

Next to war, the most strenuous game played by civilized men is known as "Hard man, who?" It is played by the Scandinavian lumbermen of the north woods of Wisconsin. A Washington lawyer who witnessed the game on a visit to the lumber camps describes it as follows for the Washington Star:

There are generally about 100 lumbermen in each bunkhouse—great one-story office buildings, banked with earth, and with bare tables set round with three-legged stools, and here a few of the lumbermen beguile the hour of recreation before bedtime with a game called "Hard man, who?"

We strolled over to a bunkhouse one night and there found the Scandinavians gathered into seven or eight groups of a dozen each. Lots were placed in a hat and every man of the party drew a lot. The man who got the black lot was it.

He was forthwith blindfolded tightly, and a stool being brought forth, he leaned forward and placed his hands with palms flat on the seat. The palms flat, remember; therefore, since the stool was low the victim had to bend over considerably.

The victim being thus in sacrificial posture, the remainder of the party now drew lots again. The lucky man who gets the highest lot then pulls off his coat and from the coat brings forth what would be called in law the "gist of the action."

It is a formidable weapon fashioned from a slab or outside cutting of saw-log, about three feet long and about six inches wide by three inches thick at one end. The other end is whittled down to form a comfortable handle for the person officiating at the ceremonial.

He now implements this sinister implement by the business end thrusting himself away behind the luckless victim bent prayerfully over the stool, lifts his terrifying bludgeon high over his shoulder, and with a swing like the stroke of a pilerdriver, lands upon the Norseman with a resounding whack that echoes like a shot from an elephant gun.

I looked to see the spinal vertebrae of that poor mortal driven out through the roof of his skull as, under the terrific impact, the victim and stool were driven sprawling some dozen feet away, out, to my astonishment, the invulnerable Scandinavian leaped unhurt to his feet and bawled out:

"It's Ole Hansen!"

Howls of ghastly laughter greeted this remark, when I gathered that the stricken one had failed to guess the name of the striker. Again the hapless bludgeon went stolidly over the stool, palms down, and the victim, who wasn't Ole Hansen, crashed his head against the weapon and, now warmed up to the work, dealt a blow that would have felled a Texas steer, and again the stricken one, picking himself up from the dirt floor, cried out:

"Ha, it's Lars Orndorff!" he exclaimed this time.

But alas for him! Shouts of boisterous glee, rising above the noise of numerous other games in progress through the long room, told him he had guessed wrong again. With the philosophic calm of Sidney Carton the unfortunate subject took his place a third time and once again faced death backward. As he arose a third time in somewhat disheveled condition, he cried out:

"That bane Leif Carlsen!"

Then there was a roar from all the players except the man with the murderous look, for he had guessed right this time. The much-battered and now whipped off his blindfold and took his place with the others, while the unhappy Leif placed the bandage about his eyes, his late victim seeing to it that no loophole for sight was left. Lots were again drawn for the office of executioner and it fell to the man lately blindfolded. He declined the honor, however, as under the rules, he had a right, fearing lest the temptation to guess his name would be too strong in his breast.

In this he showed his foresight, for as Leif picked himself from the floor, whether he had been driven by a sledge hammer blow at the hands of Orndorff, he bawled out:

"It's Olesen, it's Olesen!" the name of the late victim.

And I chimed in with Olesen when he led the cheering over Leif's failure; he'd certainly earned a right to gloat over that Leif.

For when I stood and watched those fellows hammer each other in that way that in any other company would have meant a long list of killed and wounded—all in the name of playful sport! Three times the unlucky Carlsen went to the sacrificial stool. Yet, when it was over, he challenged Hansen to a wrestling match and flung him to the earth with a jolt that would have knocked the wind from a hippopotamus; after which he smoked a placid pipe and played a game of cards, yawning, stretched, said he was sleepy and went to bed.

## WORK AND ENJOYMENT.

From the Milwaukee Journal.

Some people are striving from day to day to get rid of work. Often they really work harder to avoid work than if they took hold of the job before them. Perhaps it was a punishment to Adam to "earn his bread by the sweat of his brow," from the soil cursed for his wrongdoing, but many generations since his time have found no punishment, but a blessing and a joy.

Constant pleasure seeking clogs. Luxury makes a man so soft that it is hard to please him and easy to trouble him, until his very pleasures become a burden. The monotony of idleness renders life insipid.

Work gives appetite for pleasures, as well as for food; it is conducive to health of mind as well as of body. Whatever one's work may be, the getting of a meal or putting house in order, making a garment, cultivating the soil, working at machinery, any kind of honest labor well done gives a certain satisfaction to the soul. Work, by diverting the mind, helps us to bear our sorrows. Leisure hours never give so much pleasure as when earned by labor.

To do things, to work, is the natural inclination of the child. To be kept still is his punishment. Wisely directed in his attempts to "do," a child will easily become a useful man and far happier than the idle child can ever be.

To keep at work is an aid to delaying the incipience of old age. Keep mind and body employed. "The man who has little to do is the best man to touch to touch it with his hands."

## A National Affliction.

"Poor Gladys is having a terrible time." "What is the matter?" "She wants every opportunity of showing her enthusiasm for the allies, and yet nothing is becoming to her complexion but neutral tints."

## Pack Blooded at Last.

### Young British Naval Officer, Feeling "Writey," Sends a Brilliant Story of the Battle of Jutland.

London Special in New York World.

The following letters were written by a young officer of the navy who took part in the battle of Jutland, and are published with the permission of the admiralty. The young officer is the son of a distinguished man, well known to both Americans and Englishmen.

The mail has just left with my letter to mother, but I will continue to yourself, and you will get it a day later. It is Sunday afternoon, and what can I do better than write to "My Papa," especially as I am feeling "writey" and purposely ate a light luncheon, lest I might feel sleepy!

Well, I wrote you rather a glum note, which I enclosed in C's letter, but on our return we were under orders to use only postcards. I am no good at writing postcards.

To resume, it was a glum note, but remember that I was still under the influence of seeing two British battle cruisers blown up just like a child's squib, and that as far as we then knew, we had played a game with the enemy with ships as chips, and had forfeited six to his none. But since then our news has come to hand—tales of sunken battleships (we lost none, you know) and shattered battle cruisers; eye witnesses' descriptions of sunk light cruisers that I had not even seen; a circumstantial account from our revered leader as to her torpedoing of one of the enemy's finest battleships, and the effect of the blowing up of the Invincible and Queen Mary has worn off considerably.

It is rather like what the schoolmaster said of the children who watched our fireworks and cried from tiredness: "They will remember the fireworks and forget the tiredness."

### Saved Cruiser Go Down.

I remember lots of things. I remember a light cruiser lying stopped right in the path of our battle fleet, steam pouring from her funnels and flames spouting from her decks; shells still bursting on her and the sunlight playing on her well kept side. "He's not going to get away on the just and on the unjust!" She was only able to avoid our battleships by the primitive and not wholly satisfactory method of banking.

I remember a sight that will last as long in my memory as that of the sinking Mainz and the death of the Invincible. As those were the essence of shattered matter, so this was the essence of triumphant spirit.

"A little British destroyer, her midships rent by a great shell meant for a battle cruiser, exuding steam from every pore, able to go ahead but not to steer, coming down diagonally across our line (which was rather congested just there), unable to get out of anybody's way; likely to be rammed by any one of a dozen ships, her shells whizzing. 'Let me through; make way for me, great fallen vessel, dressed in lifebelts, ready for her final plunge—and cheering wildly as if it might have been an enthusiastic crowd when the ship passes.'"

Perfectly magnificent! Thank God I am an Englishman! You will be glad to hear that she is now, after all, safe in port. The Invincible had just blown up the Queen Mary 10 minutes earlier; she had just been a "submarine" in her reply—perfectly spontaneous cheering from her crew.

I remember, too, dashing out from where we had been to strafe the Hun destroyer, and saw it was a destroyer bottom up. None of ours had been near there.

### Met Foe's Battle Fleet.

I remember dashing out again to strafe destroyers, and finding their whole line of battle in a harbor, and, but, too, it was one of life's cherished moments when we had returned "to the fold" and a thumping great battleship made a signal: "Who is firing at you?" and we replied: "The enemy's battle fleet."

There was also that Evening Star Shell, descending like the dove of peace over the troubled waters, about which I wrote to mother. I would not have missed that for the world.

"Now, judge ye! The Huns say they 'went north on an enterprise,' that they encountered the British fleet and returned to port. 'The Huns were excited; 'enterprise' is that a victory? The Huns have repeatedly 'come out to look for the British navy and not found it.' What did they do the time they found it? What good their escape! Is that a victory? The Huns have had to remain in their harbors, save for furtive excursions from time to time, and they have today. Does victory bear such fruit?"

The Huns met us just off their own coast, on May 31. June 1 saw the British fleet searching for them just outside their main harbor, and furious at missing their hands—over what? Over a victory? Not but because they had escaped with their lives. We got an idea from all this as to why Germany and the Germans describe "victories" in this way.

Add to this that they lost no ships and we lost six. But we know that they did lose ships of their best; that those that went back were much more battle scarred than ours which came back. The "triumphant" Hun just chuckles because he has met us and has not been annihilated.

We indeed are not triumphant. We are very unhappy because we were not able to annihilate him as we had hoped to; but be quite sure that if we had got him at a clear day, if we had sighted him at 4 p. m. instead of at 4 p. m., on that day, it would be a very small run.

## The Mystery of Gasoline.

From the New York World.

After rising like a rocket to a figure nearly triple of a year ago, the price of gasoline is now coming down, slowly, it is true, but under conditions of equal mystery with those which marked its rise.

But why does gasoline suddenly become cheaper after as suddenly becoming dear? That is the price puzzle of a system of price fixing, any kind of honest labor well done gives a certain satisfaction to the soul. Work, by diverting the mind, helps us to bear our sorrows. Leisure hours never give so much pleasure as when earned by labor.

Work gives appetite for pleasures, as well as for food; it is conducive to health of mind as well as of body. Whatever one's work may be, the getting of a meal or putting house in order, making a garment, cultivating the soil, working at machinery, any kind of honest labor well done gives a certain satisfaction to the soul. Work, by diverting the mind, helps us to bear our sorrows. Leisure hours never give so much pleasure as when earned by labor.

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## A Victory in Defeat.

Defeat may serve as well as victory. To shake the soul and the glory out. When the great oak is straining in the wind, The boughs drink in new beauty, and the trunk Sinks down a deeper root on the windward side. Only the soul that knows the mighty grief Can know the mighty rapture. Sorrows To stretch out spaces in the heart of joy. —Edwin Markham.

now, counting not the ships that we had lost but the few that remained to him. Do not think that I am talking big. I know of what I speak. We hope only against hope that she will be encouraged by Wednesday to come out and give us battle. But seeing that he is run by intelligent men, who know exactly what their losses were, and whose only mistake was that they were, by inadvertence, caught at sea by us when they did not expect us—caught by us and not by the Wolff bureau—we very much fear that we may have seen the last of them for a long time to come.

It interests us to know that the morale of the Hun sailor is good. We don't talk about either our morale or our women's honor, but the British sailor's morale is good; but if you are thinking at all about these things, you may well remember that little shattered destroyer, her head held high, her guts hanging out, and cheering as she came.

Also, you will perhaps be edified to hear that our greatest consolation for our deep sorrow that some of us should have been taken from our midst, is, "Hardly anything. Those Harwich crew were not there; they missed this show."

We have been chronically jealous of the Harwich brigade, who have had all the fun of the war; and now at long last we have come by our own. We are as cock a hoop as a girl who has been to a dance which her sister has missed. Do you think that such is the spirit of a man who feels sore? No! But I don't deny the disappointment.

## Pack Blooded at Last.

We are fed up with that those dear ships should have been captured. I for one would 40,000,000 times rather have that action over again, just as it was, than not at all. The pack is blooded at last, and is spoiling for a fight—even their own that it knows what a real fight is like.

Perhaps it is that we feel that we have not done ourselves full justice; it is a feeling that nobody who has ever played a game in his life, or the speaker who has made a speech; I suppose, has escaped at some time; and it is usually due to untoward circumstances—this time to fog. Next time I am sure we shall have luck—and victory, too.

And for you at home, who feel about the lost men, remember that we are not quite like the army, where almost every man nowadays is a simple soldier, come out like a dog, to do a bit and save the world. We are most of us here of very early malice prepense, and because long before the war we thought an adventurous life on "the rack" would suit our style of beauty.

We are real professionals, all the same gladiators. We rejoice at the opportunity given us to put in some good work on our own job, and to justify our existence; but we are not quite in the category as the poor fellows who have jumped out of civic life and forsaken all to follow the bloody path of duty.

We are just pursuing our ordinary avocation, and if any girl is made to one of us—well, she married with her eyes open. We were sacrificed years since on the altar, not of Hyman, but of Mars; the sacrifice is but consummated in the case of our dear fellows on my old Invincible.

## Worth the Sporting Gamble.

It is a fine life while one is at it; not, indeed, this rotten poking about in port and patrolling on winter seas; but the genuine thing is, and worth the price paid—certainly well worth the sporting gamble. If I am selected next time, my dear pa, you will be sorrier than I, for I at least shall have seen the goddess, and albeit she is fickle and her back is not to be trusted, I am prepared to chance her frown, if I chance to see her face and her smile.

I am developing, I fear, into a fighting man! But there it is. No, there are no prizes which you could not see, though they must be, and I would not see a Boche battleship go up in a 2,000,000-pounder holocaust, why, I would be almost prepared to pay cheerfully for such a show my 150 pounds of flesh and blood.

Life is a gamble—this particular life the greatest gamble of all, which makes it so attractive. To you may come a non-romantic sea and have nothing to pay for it, as with me this time, the piece was not of the very best time, for the villain escaped; the great dramatist has blundered in the plot. Gloomy but yesterday, I am today, it seems, full of beans. Well, perhaps.

P. S.—Here is the king's message to the fleet. I think no letter from home ever gave me greater pleasure. My personal feeling for him now is one of actual love! Are we wounded? Well, perhaps; but he has poured balm into our wounds.

## Letter to His Mother.

An extract from a letter to his mother, dated June 3, reads:

I have seen a real naval battle, and it was not in the least like what I had expected, and it was rather a awful shaking. I had always drawn a mental picture of the two fleets, in line ahead, pounding away at each other, with us (light cruisers) looking on, seeing all that was happening from back to rear, and everything obvious as a cricket match.

I might have known from Heligoland that circumstances alter cases, but somehow I never thought of a general action in which my own fleet, let alone the enemy's. But so it was, and vast forms loomed up out of the mist, firing like Billy-o at other ships that were perfectly invisible.

I saw the Invincible—my old Invincible—blow up like the Bulwark right alongside us, hardly a mile off; a great crimson rose of flame 100 feet high and perhaps 200 broad, that rose leisurely, contentedly, with an awful, majestic dignity, to a good 400 feet, and then an immense bulk of ship's plating, and many lesser bits. Then the deep red faded out, and there remained only a black pile below, merging in the general pall that the many ships' smoke, as full speed was creating; and above, a new billowy cloud added to the others in the sky, and only to be distinguished by its greater height. Eighteen minutes later (we had altered course back in that direction during that time), a gentle shower, like the first of a snowfall came drifting down about us from her.

## End of a Great Ship.

The pall cleared from about her in a few minutes, sufficiently to enable one to see her bow sticking up above the water at an angle, her red bottom under her gray side, her stern equally sticking up at an angle, red uppermost. There they stayed till we passed out of range of vision, the British fleet passing by on either side, going into action.

The enemy signalled his final retirement, the day done, with a really lovely star shell, which quite warmed my heart toward him—I who have always loved fireworks; and after all the furious displays of pyrotechnics we had been treated to, for over three hours, this gentle, cool, pure white silent star of Bethlehem was quite like the spirit of peace coming to brood over us. That was actually the last we really saw of the enemy, for although some of the others got heavily engaged that night and sank a first class Hun, we at least, got no more work.

There is no more to tell. No one stopped firing when the Invincible blew up as they did at the battle of the Nile when L'Orient did the same; we moderns have got beyond all these courtesies. Nor did we notice the noise of the explosion, which seems to suggest that there was a pool, or a sea of other strange noises—indeed, was the case.