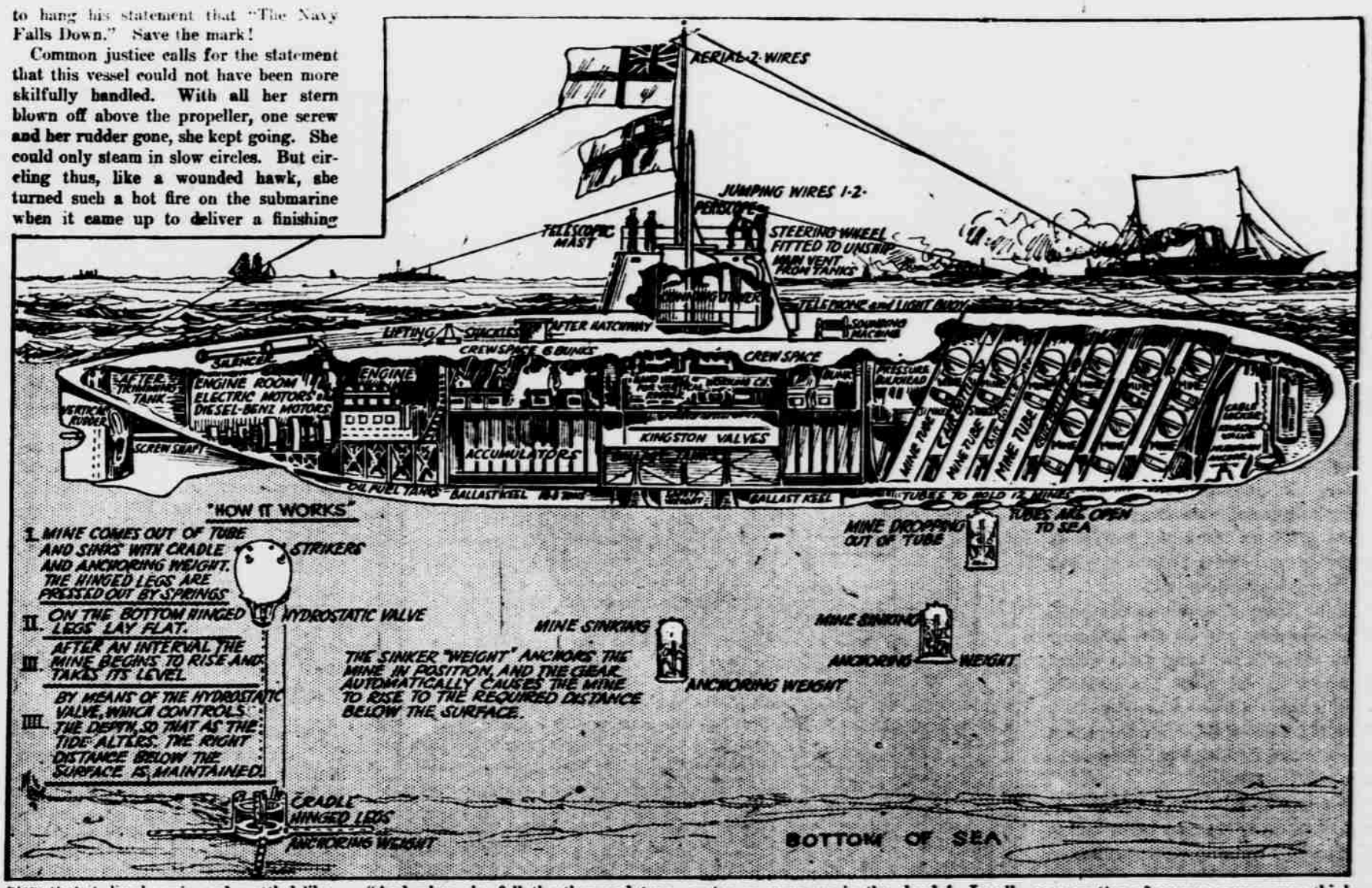
to hang his statement that "The Navy Falls Down." Save the mark!

Common justice calls for the statement that this vessel could not have been more skilfully handled. With all her stern blown off above the propeller, one screw and her rudder gone, she kept going. She could only steam in slow circles. But circling thus, like a wounded hawk, she turned such a hot fire on the submarine when it came up to deliver a finishing



blow that it dived again and scuttled like a scared crab from the dangerous vicinity.

Great seamanship was shown in getting that vessel back to port, but it is a tale too long for my space. Sufficient that, combined with the gallantry displayed by the officers and crews of both vessels, the courage, fortitude and seamanship displayed by all, these casualties are raised to the ranks of achievements worthy to go down in the history of our navy.

Surely we expect casualties. Our officers and crew do. As one sailor lad put it, "We never know when we'll kick over a mine."

On the occasion when I went out with part of the fleet we manœuvred for two hours in waters that we found out afterward had just been mined by a submarine. All in the day's work—and taken as such by the fellows who do it. And if they are willing to accept the risks, they to whom a torpedoing or the "kicking over of a mine" means death, surely we landlubbers who live at home at ease ought to try and emulate their spirit.

The ever present danger is, however, the least of the destroyer sailor's troubles. He thinks more of the incessant hardships to which he is exposed. The vessels go out and stay out in all weathers, and let me tell you from experience that there is nothing in the way of motion on earth at once so insidiously sickening and yet so violent as that of a destroyer in a heavy sea.

Vessel Plunges Indescribably.

Take the worst of the dizzy whirls and roller coaster plunges at Coney Island; add the violent pitching of a small yacht in a dead roll; throw in a stiff suggestion of a Western bronco's best buck; mix all with a few individual shivers and shakes that are a destroyer's very own; finally add the driving force of fifteen thousand horse-power engines thrusting this knife blade of a vessel head on into huge seas, and you get a motion that will make a sailor who has been going to sea for thirty years as sick as the ordinary novice who is a bad sailor.

The boat on which I cruised was once out for nine days in a howling gale, and the chief executive officer gave me the following description of it:

"You could neither lie down, sit up, stand, walk nor sleep. I was thrown off the ward room transom eight times one night.

"She was going over on her beam ends at each roll and every time I dropped almost plumb for twelve feet and hit the opposite locker. It was dangerous. I might just as well have fallen down a well. I was so bruised after a while that I gave it up, though I was dying to sleep. There was nothing to do but hang on to a stanchion and stick it out.

"By day the seas were a wonderful sight. The boat reared up under a charging wave and stood on her heel as it passed on with two-thirds of her length exposed. It was a wonder that she did not break her back. We always expected it.

"And when she fell the thousand tons of her would strike the water a tremendous blow. She'd quiver like a shaken lance, tremble like a frightened horse for ten minutes afterward. The waves were enormous; bases dark green, tips light jade against the sky and so clear that we would often see porpoises shooting through like fish behind the plate glass of an aquarium.

"We couldn't take any sights; had to run by dead reckoning through four or five knot tides. Often we were practically lost; had to hail a lightship to find out where we were at. We couldn't signal each other.

"We'd perhaps got a couple of letters from a destroyer only two or three hundred yards away, then down she would go, even to the tips of her masts, out of sight in the trough of a wave. It made a fellow feel mighty small to be tucked away like that in a little crevice of that roaring ocean. After nine days of it we were completely exhausted."

Small wonder if they were! Nine days hanging on to a stanchion, unable to stand, sit down, eat, sleep! Nine days and nights with the vessel's nose under water or away up in the clouds! In all that time never a bath, wash or shave; usually half or wholly seasick! Yet through it all doing their duty as in the mildest weather.

A son of mine happens to be on this particular ship, and this is the description he gives of a more recent storm:

"We were caught in a howling gale; the worst storm I ever saw in the eight years I have been to sea. The wind blew with a velocity of 110 miles an hour; the ocean was one huge mountainous sea.

"Our decks were swept clean of all movable objects, tool chests, boats and so forth. All of the living compartments were flooded with water; everything was wet, and to make it worse, the thermometer registered away below freezing point. For thirty-six hours we lay hove to, riding it out, before we could go about our duty."

"Some weather!" Before the war it would have been considered impossible for a destroyer to live through it. A commander who sent out a ship in a gale like that might have been court-martialled for imperilling the lives of his officers and men. But now they go out and stay out as a matter of course; never even thinking of trying to come in.

More comfortable, the fogs that drop a thick gray blanket over the seas are far more wearing on the nerves. Imagine half a dozen destroyers guarding a thirty-nine vessel convoy. At night a fog bank closes around them before they can scatter, and from an exact science navigation degenerates into the blind groping of a blind navigator over blind seas.

Not a commander in our fleet but has collected an assortment of nightmares in such weather to last him the rest of his life. Not a sailor that cannot relate hair raising experiences such as these:

"Out of the thick pea soup fog a huge black freighter suddenly rose on our bows. As we swung on our heel with one screw reversed a destroyer came shooting at us from the opposite quarter. Avoiding her we almost ran down another steamer. I tell you, for a while gray hell was loose there on a black sea," &c.

They have not always escaped, either. Fogs have caused casualties, but so far, thank God, no fatalities! Nevertheless their dangers, in summing up our fleet's work, have to be added to storm and tempest, mine and submarine.

It may be said in conclusion that their work at the present juncture is the most important of the war. While the European armies lock in a death grapple and the British and German fleets stand at stalemate, a decision is being fought out on the sea by the allied destroyers and Hun submarines.

Supply Stream Is Vital.

For if the latter could cut off the stream of supply ships from neutral countries and American ports the Allies would quickly be reduced to that point where Germany could claim, if not victory, at least its equivalent, a draw. This is already perceived.

It will be seen still more clearly when, the war over and the obscuring battle clouds swept away, the future historians sift the evidence and render their verdict. Be certain in that day the American destroyer flotilla will receive full credit as one of the deciding factors in this greatest of wars.

In the meantime, in order that the decision may be sooner reached, let us spend no effort or time in foolish criticism. Our sailors are going every day to face fogs and storms, cold and frosts, imminent dangers of the seas. Among them, as before said, is a son of mine—perhaps one of yours; if not, then a relative or friend.

We are glad to have them go, though we know that some of them will never return. Theirs the hardships and dangers; ours loyal support. In order that they may do their best they must carry in their hearts the knowledge that the home folks stand stoutly behind them. In that case they won't mind the hardships, the dangers. And cheerfully they will go forth, with old Farragut's watchword on their lips:

"DAMN THE TORPEDOES! STEAM RIGHT AHEAD."

War and Trade and Economy

THE man in charge of the decorating department of a big store was talking.

"This war certainly has created some funny situations in our business," he said. "Not long ago one of our customers came into the shop and announced that she needed some new rugs. This woman had been an excellent customer, so I went with her personally to the rug department. She looked at rug after rug, and finally decided that nothing there quite satisfied her. Finally she demanded that we show her some Austrian rugs.

"'But we have none, madam,' said the clerk.

"'Why not?' asked the customer.

"'Why, on account of the war, madam,' I broke in.

"'What utter nonsense!' snapped the woman. 'Austrian rugs are what I want and Austrian rugs are what I mean to have, war or no war!' and turning on her heel left the department with the impression that we were deliberately doing her out of her rugs.

"Another day. Another woman. This one wanted window shades. I had the clerk show her the quality of shade known to the trade as Austrian shades. This woman's indignation knew no bounds. She would see the superintendent at once. She would have her husband see that the proprietor knew that his clerks were trying to foist on the patient, long suffering American customer German or Austrian goods. We in the department felt lucky that we were not shot at once for spies.

"In another part of the store through which I happened to be passing there was a woman purchasing some sort of necklace. It looked to be rather pretty, and evidently the woman thought so, for she had taken out her purse and was instructing the girl where to send it, when somewhere in the goods she saw the name Germany. She threw it down as though it were poison.

"'I'm sorry,' she said, 'but I have changed my mind,' and walked out of the store with the exalted air of one who had done a noble thing. And doubtless that was the way she felt.

"'Ain't she the crazy gink?' said the shop girl."

THINGS that some people throw away may be of value to others.

Here was a thin, spare, rustily attired old woman pulling over the contents of a refuse can standing on the sidewalk by the curb. She had found in it a small, square wooden box, which now she held in the bend of her left arm, while with the other hand she calmly continued her delving in the can.

What use she could have for that simple wooden box one could scarcely imagine, though perhaps she was going to use it for a jewel box; poor as she was, she may have some trinkets that she treasures.

Also she had fished out of the can a pair of long, black stockings. These she had hung side by side over the edge of the can, leaving them there to be gathered up later, after she had finished her exploration of the can's interior, into which she was now slowly, calmly, digging deeper and deeper.