raiders in the South Atlantic. It was a nasty, stormy night as at full speed the cruiser followed up a rumor that the Kronprinz Wilhelm had been seen that day in such and such a latitude and longitude. The night was as dark as indigo and the men on the bridge could barely see the phosphorus of the seas as they came pouring over the bow when she'd stick her nose under. It was creepy as she plunged on, with not a light breaking the gloom, not even from the heavens.

Suddenly, as she shot over the crest of a roller, there was a crash which seemed like the crack of doom. Those up were flung to the deck and those in their bunks were flung out of them, and instead of sticking her bow into the next wave as she should have the cruiser seemed to straddle the hollow between the crests.

Immediately after the crash the piercing yells of human beings in the throes of terror were heard, and then thump, thump, thump along the cruiser's bottom as if Father Neptune was pounding on her. In fact, one wag suggested they might have run into the old man and he was swatting them with his trident as if the ship were an annoying fly. It all happened quicker than you can say "Jack Robinson," and was so terrifying and shrouded in mystery that every man Jack on that cruiser to this day is quite sure his length of life was materially shortened by the experience.

A hurried examination showed the cruiser would eventually sink if she couldn't be got to port. Fortunately, she wasn't far distant from a neutal port which had a dry dock large enough to take her, and thither she limped. When the water fell away from her and revealed her bottom, all hands could but wonder at the queer turn of fate by which she hadn't sunk immediately. For under water her forefoot was pushed back like a bellows so that forty feet of ship occupied but a quarter of that space. The plates of the bottom were dented and cracked, yet, strangely, nothing was torn or ripped.

In the rush through the blackness of the night, as she came over the crest of one wave, the cruiser apparently had come down on a low lying tramp steaming at right angles to her course. The tramp at the moment happened to be in the trough of the sea and the cruiser had crushed the vessel beneath her bows, her speed driving her on so that the tramp in sinking bumped along the cruiser's bottom.

The identity of the tramp is not known to this day, for, though the sea was searched for survivors, none was found, nor any wreckage which might give a clue. The conclusion reached is that the tramp had been one of the stool pigeons which the Kronprinz Wilhelm and the Prinz Eitel Friedrich were known to have.

The facilities at that particular port couldn't cope with the situation in the matter of permanent repairs and it was evident she couldn't steam 6,000 miles as she was to a shipyard which could permanently repair her. So the marine engineers set to work and furnished her with a false forefoot made out of wood, which they bolted over the damaged one crushed up like a bellows.

Then in the double bottom they built in tons of wood to strengthen the damaged plates, ribs, &c., floated her out of dry dock and started her on her way. Any ship meeting her at sea never would have suspected her injury, and so well had the temporary repairs been made that she stayed out on patrol and it was four months before she was dry docked again. In fact, it was even suggested she shouldn't be repaired at all, for permanent repairs would be necessarily a delicate job, as the removal of damaged sections which extended into the sound portions of the hull would have to be accomplished with the imminent danger of the entire vessel collapsing.

Nearly 200 new bottom plates and as many ribs and floor beams had to be replaced. Section by section the new ones were worked into her, no one section being removed until the one under repair had been completed. As for the bow, when the false forefoot and the damaged one were removed, the cruiser had an appearance not unlike that of the gaping mouth of a fish. Nothing like the job had ever been undertaken, and that it was completed in ten weeks shows what can be done.

I was standing at my office window the other day watching the array of camouflaged ships steam seaward. There was envy in my heart, I admit, not only of the boy who is bound "over there," but of the man who paces the bridge. The merchant ship commander standing beside me somehow seemed to sense how tough it is on a fellow who's bred to the sea to be declared technically unfit for war and compelled to stay ashore, for he in his bluff way tried to cheer me up, and finding he was failing on one tack switched to a new one by calling my attention to a particular ship which was passing.

I scrutinized her, noting her graceful lines and appreciating that she belonged to the period when they built a liner as a lady and not as a freight house. There was something strikingly familiar about her, and yet she couldn't be the ship I thought she was, for that ship had been one of Capt. Haddock's famous dummy squadron and was afterward sunk for a breakwater. Puzzled, I turned to my companion.

"Yes, it is she—the old ——." He mentioned a name I'm not free to give.

"But, good Lord, man!" I exclaimed. "You must be wrong! Why, only the other day the New York papers had pictures of her as she lay half sunken at Kephola with a bad list to port."

He laughed, or rather it was sort of a wise chuckle. "Those pictures were taken over two years ago," he said. "That's she there now before your eyes, once more doing her bit as effectively as she did it as a dummy battleship and as a breakwater; a smart piece of work."

I could hardly believe either my eyes or ears, as I appreciated what a frightful condition a ship gets in after lying just awash on the bottom for a few years exposed to all the fury of the elements. Furthermore, I knew the dummies had been filled with rocks and cement ere their seacocks had been opened and it seemed unbelievable that such a solid weight had ever been got out of the old ship without destroying her.

"I was at Kephola right after she was refloated," my companion said, "and I never saw a more dilapidated spectacle. In making her into a dummy Haddock had built on wooden superstructures here and there and filled up well decks to give them a straight sheer fore and aft. This false work, of course, remaining above water the sea had pounded it till it clung to her in shreds, and as she floated, with barnacles and sea grass covering her hull nearly to the top, she really looked as if she had the mange."

"But how in the name of Sam Hill did they ever get that concrete out of her so she'd float?" I asked, watching the friend of my youth and wishing her luck on her voyage over seas.

"By blasting."

"Blasting! She's so old I'd have thought it would have split her apart."

"It did with some of the dummies which weren't as well built as the ——. Of course, they didn't get it all out, as some of her deck beams, stanchions and ribs were cemented in and to blast round them would be fatal. Yet they got most of it out and I'd rather be on her when Fritz was around than on most ships."

Naturally, I asked why and was informed that my old friend was now pretty nearly a concrete ship with an outer plating of steel. And questioning the skipper for further tales of salvage, I learned of the timidity with which a certain famous ship had been floated.

I have a picture of her lying on her side, half out of water, and can see the shell holes in her deck, made by the cruiser which finished her meteoric career as a raider. That she was ever righted and floated after lying there filling up with sand as the surge of the sea and the fury of the elements beat upon her for three years is hard to understand.

In the first place the boilers had to be gotten out and the engines as well, for, never meant to be suspended in space at a 90 degree angle, they had broken from their bed plates and become a jumbled mass on the side which was bottommost. Through the upturned side they had to be hoisted, and as that side was frequently like a half tide rock, never clear of the sweeping seas, a caisson was built on it to protect the workmen. And sometimes for days during a gale men would be marooned inside the caisson wondering at what moment their barrier would be smashed around them or, as once occurred, a U-boat would appear and land a well directed shot in their vicinity.

Yet they plugged away and one day turned the big ship over on her own bottom, floated her and started her on her thousand mile tow through the Danger Zone to a dry dock, only to lose her when complete victory was nearly theirs. The feelings of every man who had risked his life and suffered hardships to salvage her were such that any one of them would gladly have throttled the U-boat commander who was so unsportsmanlike as to fire the fatal shot. Though she is lost now beyond recovery, the unbelievable had been done and there's some comfort in that.

Finest Rhinoceros Group Is on Exhibition

NEW and UNUSUAL SPECIMEN of WHITE RHINOCEROS, SAID to be the FINEST in EXISTENCE, RECENTLY ACQUIRED by the AMERICAN MUSEUM of NATURAL HISTORY.

BIG game hunters, naturalists and others, as well as the members, have shown great interest in a recent important addition to the exhibits of the American Museum of Natural History. A specimen received and set up last week completed a habitat group of the white rhinoceros of Africa that had been in the course of collection for several years.

Of chief interest in the new group are a splendid bull rhinoceros from Central Africa and a cow of the same species. The exhibit has been placed on the second floor of the museum, along with a number of authenticated photographs showing native African porters bringing the skin and skeleton from the jungle. The record bull has two horns, the longer of which is forty-two inches from tip to base, the shorter about thirty inches. The female specimen has a horn thirty-six inches long from tip to base.

The acquisition, successful transportation and mounting of these two rare specimens have cost the directors of the American Museum of Natural History much time and money.

At the beginning of the last century the white rhinoceros was common in South and Central Africa, but the rapid progress of civilization has brought about its virtual extinction until only a few are left on a preserve. The white or as it is frequently called the square lipped rhinoceros is the largest of the five species and differs from the others in having a square, truncated upper lip. From its old haunts in South Africa it has practically disappeared, although ten were reported from a preserve in Zululand in 1902 and a detached colony was known to exist near Lado on the Upper Nile.

In 1900 Major Gibbons unexpectedly discovered some of these rhinos far northward on the left bank of the Nile in the Lado territory, between the Belgian Congo and the Sudan, and during his famous African trip Col. Roosevelt shot specimens, two of which he presented to the American Museum. J. P. Morgan and John H. Prentice also have made gifts of white rhinoceros material. No specimen of the species has been brought to Europe alive.

It frequently happens that hunters make terrific inroads upon such rare game as the white rhinoceros, and while the Belgian Government forbids sportsmen to shoot more than a single specimen, the natives were permitted to slaughter them for food without restriction. The Congo expedition, maintained in Africa for six years by the American Museum of Natural History, had the opportunity of gathering bones and skins from the natives; and in this way acquired the largest and most complete collection of skulls and skeletons of white rhinoceri in existence.

This collection shows not only the gradual development from the single horn of a newborn calf, weighing only an ounce, to the heaviest pair, weighing thirty-eight pounds, but also a great variety in form, from the perfectly straight horn to the almost semi-circular.

The collection now on exhibition at the museum was used during the Congo expedition as proof of the necessity of better protection for these animals from native hunters.