

through the steel walls of the big ship

the faint sound of distant firing, and

when he had bounded up the forward

crash and a jar of the whole huge fab-

ric told him that one ship of the en-

There was no time for sightseeing.

The bridge was above him, and the

slipped on the hard steel roof and,

with a force that deprived him of

breath, was pressed sprawling on his

face. But a deafening roar of sound

the force came from below from the

an Airship.

twelve inch charges, perhaps the whole

Hardly had his dazed faculties grasp-

darkness, and he was clinging for

weight with one hand, very curiously,

as he then thought, weighing very

Something hard and rigid brushed

him on the shoulder, and in a moment

he was torn from his support to find

himself clutching a smooth, round rod

of what seemed to be steel or iron.

It was perpendicular, and soon he

er. Looking down, he saw a long plat-

form, to the edge of which the rods

He slid down the stanchion to the

deck and faced a man in the darkness.

"How'd you get aboard?"

what they were shooting at us."

found himself bound hand and foot.

tional elongated gas bag, with car and

motor, rudder and screw. Nor was it

suspended in the air by wings or

plane, unless the long, concave roof

above, toward the edge of which the

stanchions led, performed some such

function. Amidships were a vertical

and a horizontal steering wheel, aft a

ncisily buzzing engine, and behind it

in the darkness presumably were the

screw and rudders that propelled and

guided the craft. Symmetrically dis-

posed about the deck were long steel

cylinders that doubtless contained the

compressed gas or air that worked the

engine, and through and between them

all a system of pipes, valves, levers

fittings of an engine room. The com-

mander was at the wheel amidships,

another man at the engine, and the

rest of the crew, seven in all, were

"There she is," said one, suddenly

"I see her," said the captain, peer-

"You see, young man," he said to Fel-

ton. "we had to rise so suddenly to

fodge that turret top that we lost

"In you mean to say," answered

lifting his head. "Ahead and to port."

ing down and shifting the wheel.

keeping lookout.

eght of her"

"The side of the Lord."

ing of distant gunfire.

ret roof.

of an airship!

with the roof."

emy had the range.

The Last **Battleship**

Remarkable Tale of a Battleship, an Airship and a Submarine

From Success Magazine, New York.

T was nearly midnight, and the battleship Argyll, stripped to bare steel was drifting with banked fires, but a full head of steam, waiting for daybreak to discover the enemy.

Aft on the superstructure a group of officers off duty discussed the possibilities of future warfare and the coming place of the battleship under the menace of the bomb dropping dirigible balloon and the invisible submarine with its deadly torpedo.

The discussion finally had narrowed down to a wordy combat between the highest and the lowest of the commissioned officers, Mr. Clarkson, the executive officer, and young Mr. Felton, temporarily the torpedo lieutenant. Mr Felion had become dogmatic in his assertions, which is excusable at sea only in the young.

"But, Mr. Felton," said the executive officer slowly and earnestly, "have a little common sense. Can't you see that conditions must change; that the battleship, like the steamship, has almost reached the limit of its He Was Clinging to the Stanchion of size and development, while the airship and the submarine are in their infancy?"

"But there must be a center, a nu- magazine in the depths. cleus of the fleet. How can you preserve the line of battle without such ed this fact than another was borne a backbone? Where will you put the in upon him. Gripping tightly the handadmiral?"

things."

"And be seen too and shot at." "Felton, an ordinary gas bag can travel faster than the speediest water a moment the dim, bulky outline of craft ever constructed. We cannot the ship below; then it faded into hit a destroyer at full speed. How can we bit an airship high above us? Gun sights are useless at such eleva- of armored steel, until, as it assumed, tions, even though guns could be a perpendicular, he was holding his pointed."

"All a matter of mathematics. Design new ones."

"And suppose a few bombs come down on deck or down the funnels. What'll happen to the boilers?"

"Armor the deck and do away with funnels. We will soon have internal combustion engines, anyhow."

"And for submarine attack? Armor made out another and beyond anoththe bottom too? Felton, a battleship will cease to be a battleship. With that weight of armor she could only led. He was clinging to the stanchion carry the guns of a cruiser without a cruiser's speed."

"But she would still hold the line of battle.

"Until she was further reduced. Then she would not be even a cruiser. Final- [know I'm alive. My name is Felton, ly she would sacrifice some of her armor-side armor, we'll say, because unnecessary-then, with enemies only above and below, she would lose it all, seal up and dive or take wings and fiv."

"Oh, Mr. Clarkson," said Felton wearily, "you are a visionary and theorist. The battleship is here, a perfected aghting machine."

"But she cannot grow much better, while the flying machine and the submarine have just begun. Imagine the three types starting together. Which would be chosen?"

"It would depend upon the judgment, experience and gray matter of the choosers. I"-young Felton threw out his classt-"would choose the battle-

"Because you never hit one. There goes eight bells. Turn in, Felton, and carried him. It was not the convensleep at off."

Amid the laughter-for Mr. Felton as torpedo officer had not yet scored a hit in his department-of the listening officers the group dispersed to stand watch or sleep until four hours later, when the striking of eight bells would again bring a change on the watches.

It was Felton's turn in, and he went to bis berth; but, hot and excited over the discussion, he remained awake, tossing and rolling and mentally arguing with the impractical "first luft," until one bell had struck, then two and finally three. Then he dozed off and was sound asleep when the familiar stroke of the bell again rang in his

and indicators, as complicated as the ears. "Clang clang. clang clang." "Only four belis," he murmured, sinking back for another two hours of sleep. But be had hardly lost conmess when the gunroom orderly

tapped at his door. "Going into action, sir," he said. You were called, and I thought you had wakened. All hands are at sta-

tions, sir." Felton sprang out of his berth Unth the enemy was within the "cruising radius" of torpedoes his station was on the bridge with the cuptuin be ran slong the gun dock he hour! understand the temper of these men. 'that you can dodge anything?" "We can dodge or outrun a shell or

anything else big enough to see. But it was dark, and we didn't see that turret coming at almost hit us." "What is your lifting power, captain?"

"The centrifugal force of the earthpartly, inconvenient in one respect, for we rise at a tangent. We descend by its opposite and balancing force, gravitation, which is more direct."

"How do you tap this centrifugal force?" asked the amazed Felton. 'How do you overcome gravitation?" magnetism. In magnetism repulsion equals attraction. By reversing our polarity we are repelled from the earth companion steps to the main deck he at the speed of a falling body, but, of could hear the singing of shells. A course, at a tangent."

"It's beyond me." said Felton. "Of course that tangent would take you westward at the speed of the sun.' "In a succession of jumps, ves."

"But how do you change your polarquickest road to it was ' way of the asked Felton, becoming interturret, from the top of h he could swing himself up. He mounted the

"There is your ship down there, neariron ladder bolted to the turret, but ly beneath us." And the interest was crushed. The engine now accelerated its speed,

increasing its volume of noise, and this noise must have been heard on the battleship. A sudden illumination was from within the turret told him that seen-like a flash of heat lightningthen came the singing of a projectile. "Oh, fudge!" said the captain gently

and pityingly. "Go ahead, boys." It was now light enough for Felton to examine the faces of these men. To his surprise, they were young, almost boyish. They were not in uniform. Their dress and faces were as commonplace as could be found in a factory, only the tall, thin young captain showing in voice and expression the signs of study and thought. He twirled the wheel, manipulated levers and valves within reach and watched, downward through the slits, the big craft beneath.

The sun was rising in the east, and Felton could make out the details of the ship below, his own ship, with its familiar bridge, turrets and superstructure, and an enormous, gaping hole forward where once had been the twelve inch turret.

They lifted a pointed shell, baned like a dynamite projectile, held it poised until the captain gave the word and dropped it. It went down true as a plummet and went out of sight. But its effects were soon seen in an upexplosion of a shell and one or more lifting of the quarterdeck close to the stern and the rising of a cloud of yellow smoke.

A six inch gun on the superstructure was barking away, and shells still screamed upward, but none came near hold of the turret batch and choked the airship.

with gas fumes, he felt that he was whirling through the air with the turmander said, taking out his watch and slightly changing the course and speed. As it turned in air he could see for "Stand by." They poised another shell, and at

the word "drop" down it went. The commander pocketed his watch and dear life to that slowly canting disk said: "Now for the rest of her. After turret next." Felton heard, but was watching the

descent of the shell. It went out of sight like the others, but soon he saw the uplift of deck, the yellow smoke of explosion and a dismounted gun flying overboard.

'My God, captain." he exclaimed, "is this legitimate warfare? What chance has she? She can't hit back!" "And she cost about four millions,

didn't she?" answered the captain de-

Felton said no more, but watched while his ship was picked to pieces. and when the whole expanse was an uneven tangle of riven plates, twisted rods, smashed boats and uprooted ven-



"Now, you dog, take it!" he growled,

launching his fist. tilators the funnels came in for attention. Three open ten foot tubes leading to the vitals, water tube boilers and steam connections, one after another belched upward a mighty white

"I say, there," called the captain to Felton, "What blew up that forward turret? No gun fire can reach a magazine, and it wasn't I that did it." "How do I know? Perhaps it was

something else like you." snapped Felton. "Do you think" - and the commander's face took on an anxious expression

"that it might have been a subma. ine's torpedo?" "Find out." "That's what I'll have to do. We'll

go down and see." One of the men, a big, lumbering fellow with a dull, moonlike face, came up to where Felton lay and kicked

"Don't talk, like that to the boss," "Curse you!" yelled Felton.

kick a man bound and down. Loose my hands, if you dare. Loose my hands! I won't need my feet."

oncernedly, "Give him his way!"

The man stooped and unfastened the ord which held Felton's wrists, then wen as he scrambled to his feet, he cleased his ankles.

"Now, you dog, take it!" he growled. taunching his fist at the man's face. It landed squarely, and the man went lown, bleeding. He arose, but instead of resisting or making any attempt to strike back stood placidly in his tracks while the angry man struck him again.

Once more he went down, to rise again and tranquilly face his assailant. l'elton hesitated, while his anger cooled a little. This kind of fighting was "Gravitation is only one phase of new to him. But the kick in his ribs flashed into his mind, and the anger came back. "Fight! Fight!" he growled and again knocked the fellow down. "Any one else here who wants to kick me?" Felton said.

No one answered. They were all looking down, and even the victim joined in the scrutiny. "Do you think." asked the captain,

raising a troubled face, "that there are any submarine craft around?" "How do I know?" answered Felton

"I don't feel easy at all." "How the devil," exclaimed Felton,

can a submarine hurt you?" The captain did not answer. The airship had descended to less than a hundred yards from the sea and hung poised, not over the floating scrap heap that had once been a battleship, but to starboard. One look was enough for Felton. He saw men writhing among the wreckage, unable to crawl to the rail and end their agony. Smoke was coming from every aperture, and here and there a small tongue of flame shot up and fell back into the smoke. Nauseated with horror, he closed his eyes, changed his position and opened them on the placid sea on the other side, away from

the Argyll. Far over a movement on the surface caught his eye. It was a triangular arrangement of ripples such as is made by the cutwater of a boat moving The apex of the triangle slowly. pointed toward the Argyll, and it was coming toward her. As it drew near Felton made out the cause, a short length of pole extending about three feet out of water.

"There's a submarine for you, captain!" he called grimly. "See the periscope tube?" "Where?" yelled the captain excit-

"Where is it?" edly. He sprang to his feet. "Oh, God help us!" cried the captain

mournfully as he saw the tube and the shape beneath. "Jump-jump for your lives! Jump, you!" He pointed at Felton and sprang toward him.

"Why should I jump?" asked Felton wonderingly and prepared for defense. The others cam ing his loudest: "Jump, jump for your

Ufe! Overboard with you! Quick, you fool!" Then one sprang to the rail, poised a moment and threw himself out into space. Another followed and another. "Jump, will you?" yelled the captain, gesticulating earnestly. "I'm in com-

mand. I must be last to go. Over with you! Over with you all." They were crowding to the rail, where one after another the rest of the crew took the leap. With no further thought about the matter, Felton reached the rail and, without looking airship. down, drew a deep breath and leaped.

a victim of suggestion. Three hundred feet is a long jump. He turned over twice in that terrible descent, and once, looking upward, he saw the sprawling form of the captain

and above it the quiescent airship. With consciousness nearly gone he struck the water feet first and was almost split in two by the impact, but the cold shock brought back his lapsing senses, and he found himself feea dim glow like diffused sunlight, but a spark, a point of yellow, that grew beside it, fainter and crescent shaped. On the other side appeared a third, and, dazed with physical agony that a look." reached from lungs to brain, he recognized the dead lights of a submathe hull beneath and saw it, a dark blur that was growing in size.

It came swiftly at him, and just as he was reaching out to ward himself from the pointed nose there was a coughing thud, and something brushed by him in a blast of bubbles and knocks on head, ribs and knuckles, he was sucked with the inrush of water squarely into the open tube that had just discharged its torpedo. He heard a clang behind him, the shutting of the forward tube door, then a whistling

he crawled and hitched along the tube, you." and men reached in to him. They he fell to the floor, breathing in deep.

convulsive gasps. A man brought a bottle, lifted his head and poured a generous portion of some stimulant down his throat. Felton had just strength to swallow, sat up and, being a torpedo expert, had little difficulty in assimilating his first impressions.

The craft resembled the conventionwas this difference that he noted when able to turn his head: The boat was stiffened with upright stanchions o about the size and length of the stan

at his first glance around, and he won dered why he had not remarked it in goes.' the airship-the air flasks, trimming tanks and spare torpedoes arranged along the sides occupied the same relative positions as did the steel cylin ders in the other, while the steering you on?" gear of both was amidships and the motive power aft.

"What have you caught this time Bill?" called a voice from the wheel a strangely familiar voice. "Dunno," answered the man with the flask. "It's a sheep, I think, or

maybe a dog, but it looks something like a horse. Have another drink and tell us what you are." Felton did not refuse a second draft.

It brought him to his feet. "I'm a man," he answered, with spir-

it. "Are you guying me in this ex igency? I'm near dead." "He says he's a man, sir," called the man.

"All right. Send him aft."

Felton was pushed rather than led to the man amidships. "How do you do?" he said kindly "So you thought you'd visit us.

catch all our fish this way." "My God, captain." answered Felton, "I'm not visiting! I jumped out of an airship and was sucked into

your tube. I'm glad I'm alive." And then-was the liquor affecting by shot or shell, but she can be seen his brain?-the captain's face, line for



Pictured on the Lens Was the Dismantled Wreck of the Argyll.

line, feature for feature, was the face of the captain of the airship, whom last he had seen sprawling above him in midair. Had he beaten him down and been picked up first? It seemed impossible.

"How-what-how"- he stammered, rubbing his eyes. "How did you get here, captain? You jumped after me." "I jumped after you? You are wandering. I saw you all jump through

the periscope, but I was here." "Then it's the closest resemblance I ever saw. You're the living image of the airship's commander, or else it's the liquor. My head feels queer."

"No doubt, but it's not the liquor. he had first observed as anomalies in You've had a terrible experience. It's a submarine now served their legitiwonder the jump didn't kill you

well as affect your mind." planation. It was a strange and strik- peared in a mist. "They've drugged ing resemblance, nothing more, and me." he was about to say as much when a with an oil can. He was the duplicate in face and form of the man he had pommeled, but without the contusions. tle, and his crew answered. Felton blinked in amazement, then looked at the others, whom in the agitation of his entrance he had not closely observed. Man for man, nine room." in all, they duplicated the crew of the

"My God," he stuttered, "am I mad or drunk? You've drugged me," he her.' yelled insanely. "Every man here is

a double of another." "Steady-steady, now," said the captain. "You're not drugged. You're a little off your balance, and the drink was too heavy. Every drunken man

sees double. Isn't that so?" This seemed logical, and Felton stammered assent. It was a terrible jump -300 feet. He had escaped death by bly swimming, in which direction he a miracle. Men had gone insane un-Suddenly a light appeared. It was not two drinks of a powerful stimulant. door creak into place behind him; then He would be all right in time-after a little sleep. The captain was peering larger and became a disk. It was apinto the periscope, the nonmagnifying proaching, and now another appeared telescope which gives a view of the

"Come up here." he said. "and take

Felton climbed to the small platform on which the captain stood. Just berine's conning tower. He looked for fore him was the eyepiece of the periscope, and at a sign from the captain he peeped into it. Pictured on the lens was the dismantled wreck of the Argyll, down by the head, a helpless, sinking wreck.

"She's floating on five compartments," said 'the captain. "I just filled the went on. Then, with many sharp sixth, and I think we'll fill two at once this time. By the way, what did you fellows butt in for? It was my fight. I hit her last night and blew up the forward magazine. Then I lost her in the dark."

side are you on in this mix? You blew came the voice of a man: The pressure had nearly burst his up the turret, you say, and the airear drums before the tube was emp ship destroyed her. But the crew of open." tied of water, and the inner door was that airship displayed mortal fear of opened. With a gasping call for hely you and jumped overboard at sight of

"Exactly. They would have gone off pulled him out into the lighted han at a tangent if they hadn't. It's bet- breath and immersed in water. Then, dling room, where, too weak to stand, ter to die on your planet than to become a comet for all eternity." "Like the airship. I see. But how

did you do it, if I may ask?" "I reversed his polarity; that's all. See that? look and listen." The captain turned a lever, and a

and it warmed and aroused him. He dynamo near by began to revolve, orderly tapped at his door. while an arc lamp suspended from above glowed, glistened and sparkled off.

"Merely an alternating current through an arc," he explained. "But take? Darn a dream, anyhow!" the electric impulses sent out by that chions in the airship and placed in singing arc are of a wave length and about the same position along the frequency produced by no other means Minerd's Liniment Cures Dandruff

Felton cautiously, for he did not yet "Loose him?" called the captain un- sides. Another similarity struck him They are just right to turn his two magnetic poles into one, and away he

> "I don't understand. Yes, I under stand that you might reverse his polarity or combine it, as you say, by some wireless method. But which side are

"The side of the Lord." "Look here, captain," said Felton angrily, "that is the answer your double gave me when I asked him the same question last night. It means nothing. I am either a prisoner of war or a guest entitled to consideration. Why do you treat me like a fool?"

"Because you are a fool. You be-

lieve in the invulnerability of the battleship. Well, there is one of the best. Look at her."

"I see. Destroyed, but not by you; by an enemy of yours, one who feared

"Yes, as mediocrity fears intelligence, as the child fears the dark, the savage the gun of the civilized soldier, humanity as a whole the unseen, the unexpected, the invisible. The airship is potential, but not final; she can be "And shot," said Felton doggedly.

"Did that battleship hit your airship? You know that she could not. The airship's limitations are contained in her visibility. She cannot be hit and projected into space."

"Granted, but suppose she dropped a bomb on to your back before you

saw her?" "She could not, except in the dark; then she would have to strike a knife edge, and it would be an accident. one chance in millions. We are constructed like a razorback hog to deflect fail-

ing bombs." "But you cannot deflect horizontal torpedoes," said Felton, looking up at the dome of the submarine. It looked curiously like the dome shaped roof of the airship. "I know well," he went on, talking as was his wont among his fellow officers, "that if I could see your periscope tube with a telescope I could hit you with one of my torpedoes.

"Your torpedoes?"

"I am torpedo officer of that battleship. I was on the turret top when you blew it up last night and went up with it. I landed on the airship."

"You are a member of that battleship's crew?" "I am." Felton dropped his eyes at the menace in the captain's voice. On the way his glance took in the curving walls of the submarine. They had become semitransparent, and even as he looked they vanished, leaving a clear view of the sky and horizon with its string of fighting ships, pursued and pursuing. He was again in the airship, and the upright stanchions that

mate purpose of supports to the roof. "The drink," he murmured, while his Felton was not satisfied with the ex- brain swam and his soundings disap-

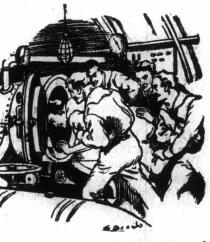
"You belong to that battleship?" man came forward from the engine roared the captain, but Felton had sunk to the floor, incapable of voluntary action. The captain blew a whis-

"Back to the battleship!" thundered the captain. "Load him into the tube. Expend that torpedo and make

Men sprang to the tube and turned levers. The captain sprang to the peri-"Right," he said. "I'll finish

How an airship could fire a torpedo was beyond Felton's benumbed faculties at the time. He was struggling weakly, trying to strike, but unable to, pounded on the face and body by the implacable victim of his fists in the former fight, helplessly borne along toward the tube. now emptied of water. "Back to the battleship!" they cho-

rused. "In with him!" Powerless to resist, he was jammed could not tell, for it was pitch dark. der less pressure, and he had taken head first into the tube. He heard the



Powerless to Resist, He Was Jammed Head First Into the Tube.

he felt the impact of cold water. Then, "But, say," answered Felton, "which faintly as the voice of a telephone, "The forrard door's jammed; it won't

"Hammer it," came the captain's

voice. "Get a top maul." An age or two went by while Felton lay imprisoned in the tube, holding his faintly as the voices, came the sound of a heavy hammer on the walls of the tube:

"Clang clang, clang clang." Felton awoke in his berth as wet with perspiration as though still immersed in that tube. The gunroom

"Eight bells, sir," he said. "All right." he answered. "Eight as the current passed through the car- bells." he murmured to himself. "I bons. Soon it began a curious, mu- heard the first four of them-let's secal submarine that he knew. But there sical buzzing, and the captain shut it about twelve hours ago. Twelve hours of experience between the fourth and fifth strokes. How long does a dream