

We had turned in about 10.30 o'clock at night, after turning over our money in honor of the new moon, and were just indulging in a nice little beauty sleep when, shortly after 11, we were awakened by the clanging of bells, the scraping of moving portables and the scrambling and heavy tread of rushing feet. There were 166 passengers aboard and 400 cases of benzine. The latter were promptly thrown overboard, and what might have been an awful calamity was prevented by the coolness and promptness of the officers. But the scene was one not easily to be forgotten. The loss of the steamship *Hilaria* of the same line, some years previously, when many lives were lost, was recalled and men and women fell on their knees and prayed. A few wailed and screamed, but the pluck of the officers, two of whom went into the hold where the fire was raging and brought out a quantity of kerosene, saved the day and calmed the disturbed. I had only just recovered from an attack of gastritis and was weak and, of course, anxious, but I was told afterwards that I acted with coolness and was able to quiet the fears and alarm of others.

On another occasion at Crewe, Lancashire, I had won the English amateur championship ten-mile cup, and as I thought then, and think even now, had covered myself with glory. At the close of the meet, we, my party, consisting of my life-long friend, Tom S. Sinnott, then Secretary of the National Cross-Country Union and member of the Amateur Athletic Association; Gordon Innes, member of the Amateur Athletic Association, and myself, hailed a cab to take us to the station. All of a sudden we realized that the vehicle was travelling on two wheels and skidding with lightning rapidity down a hill, the frightened horse galloping for dear life. You can bet it was a trifle exciting, especially as we were about dashing into a thickly populated business street. We had no desire for breaking records just at that particular moment, but we were clearly