

some people slept in their clothes last night and probably more will to-night, but what's the use. We just make sure our life preservers are handy and tie on our pockets of treasures - and go to sleep.

I'm going to pack now; to-morrow there'll be too many interesting things to see and do to take time for that.

Same Evening - We had our ship's concert to-night - the most unique one I've ever heard. I told you our steerage is full of Poles; well to-night they gathered on deck and one or two people sang for them. One of their own Officers played pretty well on the violin and they all sang Polish songs in chorus. Can you get the scene? Every light covered, the ship plunging ahead with a good deal of motion, a dark sea except for the phosphorescence in the foam and scattered white caps, moonlight nearly obscured by broken clouds, a crowd of passengers watching and listening from the upper deck the Poles gathered around the singer down below, and through everything the feeling that perhaps - somewhere - out there - the submarine was lurking that would send us to the bottom. Wasn't that a unique concert? And wouldn't you gladly swap the usual stuffy saloon boredom for it?

Not that that submarine idea goes very deep. I've seen one sick looking woman who shudders; there's nothing but serenity every where else. We were amused though when the concert broke up with a three times three for the singers from the Poles. Any boat within a couple of miles might have heard that.

There are rumors now that we'll spend tomorrow night on board and catch the day train for Paris on Friday. I'd so much rather do that than take a night train, but maybe we'll miss even that and have to take the Friday night train. This wavy progress of ours must decrease our mileage considerably.

I think I'll stop this letter now. I have to mail it on board because we're not allowed to take mail ashore. That may mean a delay in getting it back to you but I can't help it.

Just think! In just a day or two now I'll know just where I'm to wash dishes I do hope we won't have to wait long in Paris.

Dearest love
Mildred.

P.S. I'm quite sure I've left just the things you're pining to know, but I can't think of them.

Thursday morning -(and!
another P.S. Well if I didn't get any other new experiences this crossing would be worth a lot. It's been pretty wonderful all the way over. The atmosphere I mean.