

By this time the gradually cooling pedal extremities of the other "jacks" had dropped about 200 or 300 degrees Fahrenheit, and instead of "carrying on" they followed the captured petty officer and his captors to the aft cabin of the main deck. In the meanwhile one of the petty officers made his way to the door and nervously locked it.

Soon the whole ship's company was awake and about three-quarters of the once bold mutineers sneaked back to the safety of their bunks. The other quarter did not wish to carry on the job with so few men, so the mutiny ended a dismal failure and the fearless petty officers regained their dignity and thanked the stars for their delivery. Thus the affair which had been planned with minute care went up in smoke and the bold pirates and the commanding crew retreated to their bunks. They thanked heaven that the night was over and that they would soon be back again with nothing before them but a little school work, etc. In after years, no doubt, some of these brave, bold mutineers with their grandchildren on their knees will tell of their courage on their last night on the good ship "A. I. T." and what they would have done if the war had only "lasted" longer.

A MUTINEER.