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AN EMINENT MAN.

("During the past few weeks many Eminent Men have become merely Notorious," says President Schurman, of Cornell).

He was an Eminent Man
In a circle of eminent dubs,
With an eminent face and an eminent place
In a dozen eminent clubs.
And Sunday morning the whole world knew
The sermon preached at his eminent pew.

He held an Eminent Job—
Position of "great respect."
And his every act, 'twas an eminent fact,
Was eminently correct:
For who would expect an unscrupulous plan
To emanate from an Eminent Man?

So, in his eminent way,
He started an eminent deal,
And he graced the same with his eminent name,
(For Eminent Men don't steal),
As he blessed the world with his eminent smile,
And lived in a princely pre-eminent style.

But a light on his Eminent Life
Revealed to the scoffers thrifty
That many a quirk in his eminent work
Was eminently "nifty"—
Could His Eminence be dropping the swag
In his eminently respectable bag?

So a jury of Eminent Men,
They sat on his eminent case.
In order to spare their eminent frere
From an imminent disgrace;
"For honor," they said, "should be now and then
Shown among Thieves and Eminent Men."

So he still is an Eminent Man,
Whose shadow covers the globe,
While the meek revere the occasional smear
That clings to his eminent robe—
"For what is Fame?" said a Saint to me,
"But an Eminent Notoriety?"

—Wallace Irwin, in Life.

When the Air-Line Jammed

By ALBERT W TOLMAN

THE little building in which Charles Hamilton, the diver, kept his outfit, stood on the extreme end of Morton's wharf. In the dock beside it were moored his wrecking-scow and steam-launch. Whenever Hamilton was not away plying his trade, he could generally be found in this shanty on the pier end, making repairs on his diving apparatus or "swapping yarns" with some long-shore friend.

Inside the house was a curious assortment of articles used in his profession. A long spike upheld the great brass helmet with its wire-guarded lights and dinted crown. Close at hand hung the thick diving-suit of canvas and rubber. A pair of lead-soled shoes stood on the floor, and a weighted belt was suspended from the wall above them. Everything spoke of the strange life under water.

I was fortunate enough to find Hamilton alone one August afternoon. We talked of various matters concerning his work, touching finally upon its dangers. Thereupon he told me the following story:

"On the 25th of May, the fourth season after I began to dive," said he, "I received a telegram from Boston, asking me to come in a hurry. The fifteen-hundred-ton British East Indiaman, Queen of Sheba, inward bound with a cargo of tea and spices, instead of tying up safely at her consignee's wharf, had found a most unwelcome haven at the bottom of Massachusetts Bay, about ten miles from the city. While under full sail she had struck upon a ledge, and shortly after had foundered in twenty fathoms, giving captain and crew barely time to take to the boats.

"It was a mild, beautiful morning, the 27th of May, with the ocean as smooth as a polished floor, when I put on my diving dress and slipped over the gunwale of my boat on the way to bottom. I soon stood beside the vessel. She lay upon her bilge, her deck slanting at an angle of about thirty degrees. Before going on board I walked about her. Except for a big ragged hole in the planking under the starboard bow, she seemed in perfect condition. It was a pity that so fine a ship should have come to such an end.

"But there was plenty of work before me aboard. I pulled myself over the Sheba's rail, and dropped upon her deck. My first duty was to make a careful examination of her cabin. The principal object of my quest was a chamois bag containing two hundred British sovereigns, the private property of the captain. He had offered me a commission of ten per cent. above my regular pay, if I could recover this gold for him.

"Passing along between the rail and the cabin, I soon reached the stern. Then I climbed up the sloping deck to the entrance of the companionway, and looked down.

"It was absolutely dark, a most unInviting place to enter. But it was my duty to go down, and I had been in just as unattractive holes before. So I pressed the button of my electric lantern, and shot a wavering ray of light down the gloomy stairs. Then I descended. At the bottom an open door on the right led into the cabin. I sent an inquiring gleam ahead, and stepped inside.

"Above water you naturally look for the furniture of a room in its proper place on the floor. But in a sunken vessel you will find tables, chairs and other buoyant articles hard up against the ceiling. As I have said before, the Sheba lay upon her bilge, and her decks and floors had a slope of about thirty degrees. Hence everything movable had floated into the upper corner of the cabin, near the entrance. As I stepped within I was obliged to stoop low and thrust aside with my bar the miscellaneous flotsam that blocked my way. My motions created currents in the water, and set the chairs and tables bobbing, disturbing the equilibrium that had not been broken since the ship settled.

"I made a careful examination of the different staterooms, sending one object after another floating out to join the collection in the main cabin. From under a berth in the first room I entered, I dislodged a flat cask about a yard long, and twenty-five inches across the heads. It shot quickly out into the cabin, rolled across the ceiling, and joined the mass near the entrance. I paid no special attention to it at the time, but went on prodding and poking everywhere, seeking for valuables.

"At last I reached the captain's room. Here was the principal object of my search, the bag of sovereigns. I stepped inside, turning my lantern this way and that. In the corner to the right of the door two chairs and a small stand floated in the water close to the ceiling. Beneath them was the captain's mahogany desk, screwed to the floor. I got rid of the stand and chairs by thrusting them out into the cabin. Then I could approach the desk more freely. Its top lay open, just as it had been left in the hurry of departure. I pulled open two or three drawers; the papers within were a mere mush of pulp.

"The captain had told me that the gold was in a small secret drawer in the left side of the desk, near its top. It took me some time to find the spring that opened this compartment. After considerable experimental probing, I finally discovered it. I pressed hard, but it refused to work; apparently it had been rusted by the action of the water. After several minutes of fruitless effort, I was on the point of smashing the mahogany to pieces with my bar, when suddenly, in response to a final jab of my thumb, a little drawer shot out.

"Inside was the chamois bag. I picked it up eagerly, and even through my diving-mitten could finger the hard, round edges of the sovereigns. I felt good. That morning's work would be worth while. There were, I knew, two hundred pieces of gold in the bag, and by the captain's offer twenty of them would belong to me.

"As I stood congratulating myself on my good fortune, I was all at once conscious of an unpleasant feeling in my head. What could be the matter? It seemed as if my supply of air were running short. I was surprised at this, for my assistants above were experts, and knowing the difficulty I must encounter at such a depth, they would naturally be careful to send down an ample amount of oxygen.

"I waited a moment. No, I was not mistaken. There was surely some trouble. A dull pain shot intermittently through the back of my head; my temples were beginning to throb; there was a pressure upon my chest. This could not last. Either I must be able to breathe more freely, or I should be obliged to abandon my task.

"Finally my head became so bad that I felt it unsafe to remain longer in the cabin, and turned to retrace my steps to the companionway. The chamois bag I had carefully placed in a rubber pouch suspended from my neck.

"I had not taken three steps from the stateroom door when I was faced by a chevaux-de-frise of table and chair legs. Everything that I had dislodged had sought the highest part of the room, which, as I have said, from the way the floor sloped, chanced to be near the entrance to the companionway. If my worst enemy had deliberately set himself to barricade the doors and block my egress, he could not have done it more ingeniously or effectually.

"Sweeping my bar about, I succeeded in separating the mass before me into its component parts; but as soon as the force of my thrust was spent, the articles drifted back to their original places. At last I hit upon the expedient of pushing them one by one into the staterooms. This cleared the main cabin, and I could see that I was making progress.

"All this time my head had been growing worse. I felt as if I were slowly suffocating. I must get out of that hole at once. Soon the last chair was pushed back into the captain's room; then I saw what the trouble was.

"Right in the upper part of the companionway door hung the cask I have previously mentioned. It filled the space exactly, leaving no room on either side. Between its edge and the top of the door-frame my air-hose had become caught. The buoyancy of the barrel held it tightly against the lintel, and between the two my hose was jammed so tightly that the volume of air sent down to me was seriously diminished.

"It did not take me long to understand the situation. To-day the air-hose is so strong and stiff that it would be almost impossible to squeeze it hard enough to check appreciably the flow of air. But in those days the operator's outfit was not so carefully made.

"I raised my bar and struck the cask, thinking to push it through the door; but my blow only served to wedge it more firmly into the frame. What was I to do? The foul air inside my helmet was already affecting me. Unless I could get relief, it would not be many minutes before I must succumb to suffocation.

"Leaning my bar against the wall, I reached up with both hands and tried to pull the barrel down; but it was wedged so tightly that I could not move it. My position was desperate indeed. It was apparently impossible for me to remove the obstacle; and so long as it remained where it was, I certainly could not get out without severing the air-hose, a thing that would mean sure death.

"My only hope lay in my bar. Grasping it again, I rained a shower of blows upon the cask, hoping either to push it through into the companionway or to break it up. But neither project seemed likely to succeed. Its diameter was too great to allow it to pass through the door; and its staves and heads were apparently so thoroughly swelled by the water that it seemed impossible to make any impression on them. Yet I must break that barrel in pieces, or else my life would pay the forfeit.

"I abandoned my attack upon the staves, and began as quickly and strongly as I could to beat a tattoo upon the lower head, punching at it desperately with all my strength. It was a terrible experience—that fight for life down in the gloomy cabin, a hundred and twenty feet below water-level.

"Suddenly, for some reason I have never been able to explain, my lantern went out, leaving me in almost pitchy darkness. There was merely the faintest glimmer below the cask in the direction of the companionway. This capped the climax of my misfortune. My courage was fast failing. I dealt blow after blow upon the head, but it resisted stubbornly.

"At last, as I struck, I felt something give way. The steel point had broken through the wood. Then one of the parts bent in and collapsed entirely. Here was my opportunity. Again I showered blows upon the remaining pieces. Weakened by the loss of the supporting section, the others yielded quickly, and soon the whole head was gone.

"I now attacked the staves. But little strength was left me, and it seemed hardly possible that I could succeed before unconsciousness came on. But I struck as hard as I could. Finally it did not seem to me that I could deal another blow. Still I mustered my powers for a last effort, and sent my bar against the staves. Then the whole barrel collapsed into a mass of loose pieces, and the way to escape lay open.

"There came an instant rush of fresh air into my helmet. The change was almost too much for me. I became faint for a moment, and was obliged to lean against the door-casing. Soon I recovered sufficient strength to make my way slowly up-stairs and out upon the deck. Once there, I gave the signal to be hoisted up. It took an hour in the open air before I was sufficiently recovered to descend and resume work.

"That night I gave the sovereigns safely into the hands of the captain, and received the twenty he had promised me. But a hundred times that number would not tempt me to pass again through my experience in that gloomy cabin, twenty fathoms under water."—Youth's Companion.

More by Mail.

A traveling man received the following telegram from his wife: "Twins arrived to-night. More by mail." He went at once to the nearest office, and sent the following reply: "I leave for home to-night. If more come by mail, send to Dead-Letter Office."

Japs Locate in Texas.

A Japanese syndicate has bought a tract of land in the San Antonio region of Texas, upon which 300 Japanese families will locate for the purpose of cultivating tea and silk—it having been demonstrated that the tea plant and the mulberry tree flourish better in Texas than in Japan.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

A faintly luminous mist in the bulb and on the fingers has been noted by Professor Sommers on rubbing electric light bulbs that have not long been in use. No satisfactory explanation has been given.

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The layer of the sea taken up by the clouds each year is now estimated at fourteen feet in thickness. The winds carry the clouds to land, where the water falls as rain, to find its way in due time back to the ocean.

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A remarkable effect of pile-driving was lately observed at Rotterdam. On withdrawing some piles that had been rammed through quicksand by 150 to 200 strokes per minute, the points were found to be charred by friction, and they ignited spontaneously on contact with the air.

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Balloon soundings have shown surprisingly low temperatures in the upper air. At St. Louis, in December, 1901, A. L. Rotch recorded 122 degrees below zero at 48,544 feet; while at Vienna, R. Nimfuhr, on March 2, 1905, obtained a record of 121 degrees below zero at only 31,872 feet.

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Late statistics show that a Spaniard lives less than two-thirds as long as a Norwegian. The average duration of life is, in Norway, fifty years; England, forty-five; Belgium, forty-four; Switzerland, forty-four; France, forty-three; Austria, thirty-nine; Germany, thirty-nine; Italy, thirty-nine, and Bavaria, thirty-six.

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In radium, we are told, has been found the philosopher's stone of the alchemists' dreams. It may not transmute the baser metals into gold and silver, but it seems to have opened the gate to the secrets of nature's laboratory, showing us that uranium may be a parent substance, and that radium itself breaks up into helium and perhaps lead.

The Greatest Menace of the Sea.

Fire is frequent on all vessels, from the proudest greyhound to the humblest tramp, or wind jammer. But the records show that they are more frequent, or at least more deadly on oil laden craft. There are two types of oil carriers; the full rigged ships and barks, both of which carry oil in cases, and the tank steamships, which carry oil in bulk. The last oil ship to burn in the vicininty of the Middle Atlantic coast was the Commodore T. W. Allen, which took fire off Fire Island on the morning of July 8, 1901, says the American Illustrated Magazine. She had 75,000 cases of crude oil aboard and the glow of the flames could be seen in New York City.

She did not last very long and even to-day parts of her charred remains wash up on the island beach in a northeast storm. Just previous to the loss of the Allen, the oil ship Ariadne was destroyed in about the same place.

She was a beautiful sight as she made past Fire Island with every sail bellying, and the marine observers watched her with admiration until they saw a sudden puff of smoke shoot up from the midship section. The next instant, before their very eyes, the upper deck and the masts and sails flew high in the air and a heavy boom floated over the waters.

Four days and four nights the Ariadne lay heaving on the water, as tier after tier of case oil burned or exploded, and on the fifth day with a hissing plunge she disappeared.

The Legal Rights of Rubbish.

A strange lawsuit involving property rights in rubbish has just been settled in a common sense manner in an English court.

Thomas Caradoc Kerry, a wealthy man volunteered to take charitable gifts in his yacht Pandora to the Isle of Tristan d'Acunha, where distress and want were reported among the inhabitants. He was inundated by a flood of the rubbish sent on such occasions by people who like to feel themselves benefactors at the price of giving away something no longer useful.

Mr. Kerry has a hot temper, as the Judge of the Old Bailey Court decided when Mr. Kerry was haled before him charged with theft in not having delivered all the articles contributed. Apparently he had failed to see the value of old shoes too far worn for "tapping" and moth eaten swallow-tailed coats to the sixty inhabitants of a far southern isle, and had much of the stuff thrown overboard.

Kerry was exonerated by the Judge's decision that there was no case against him. He knew what the islanders needed and there was no proof that he had failed to deliver anything of use to them. Charitable workers in New York must often be tempted to follow his example.—New York World.

Strives to Stimulate Farming.

Italy has cut transportation rates heavily on agricultural machinery to stimulate home agriculture.

Ignorance of the law is no excuse, unless you have a pull.

SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE PLANTER, STOCKMAN AND TRUCK GROWER.

Nuts on the Farm.

The following is from The Peach Grower:

The nut industry is new. So completely so, it scarcely has a nomenclature. Occasionally in the past there appeared on the market an unusual hickory nut, a chestnut of good size, but indifferent quality; a pecan, long, but thick shelled; and so on. But now this line of work is assuming the importance of an industry.

And just as soon as we realize that nut trees will afford not only pleasure in their care, but also considerable profit, their worth as a cultivated crop will be appreciated and careful attention will be given them.

Nuts and raisins! What dish is more wholesome or delicious, or healthful? What food have we that combines flesh materials and energy producing material so cheaply, so completely?

And now nut trees can be well combined with farming. Think of the road-sides, often for miles devoid of trees. I can think of nothing that would add more to the value of a farm than nut trees of various sorts along the fence rows and the road sides. Aside from the shade they would make, the improved appearance they would present, would come the commercial value of the crop. Of course this phase would not bring the financial reward that a cultivated, specially formed nut grove would. Still its importance should not be overlooked.

The old road-sides and permanent fence rows and old creeks and branches would be ideal so far as location for walnuts, pecans, chestnuts and hickory nuts.

If you do not care to get nursery stock, plant the nuts, but look after them a little. Keep the weeds down; dig around the young sprouts once or twice a year. A bit of fertilizer will tickle the roots, and a little breeding in this way will bring about a faster growth and a quicker full harvest. Then don't neglect an occasional watch over the young trees as they grow. The caterpillars are enemies; burn them out. Trimming will pay by making a better appearing tree.

By caring for trees in this manner you can expect rather quick returns. In more Northern climates, native walnuts, pecans, and hickories will usually bear when they are twelve to fifteen years old.

Chestnuts come in at a still earlier age. In the Southern States most nut trees that have been given care and attention will produce crops in five or ten years.

The commercial orchard should receive attention similarly given to the apple, the peach or the pear; that is, the orchards should be plowed and cultivated; the soil improved in a physical way through the use of legumes, cowpeas and clover. Fertilizers should also be added to feed the tree; and what else is needed to make good, vigorous, healthy growth should be done.

What is said here, is not a discussion about the commercial nut orchard; different treatment is needed there. There is a plea for nuts on the farm; a side issue that will mean good results in many ways. It means a larger idea of the farm. We have looked too long on the farm as corn or wheat or cotton producer. Let us look on it as the great American institution and let us grow nuts to help make that institution complete.

Tests With Cowpeas.

The Arkansas Agricultural Experiment Station in bulletin No. 70 gave the result of valuable tests with cowpeas. The bulletin is summarized as follows:

1. The cowpea is thoroughly adapted to all soils of the State, serves a greater variety of purposes, and may be more profitably grown than any other legume.

2. It is affected less by drouth and heat than any other crop grown on the Station grounds.

3. It is the surest crop and the cheapest source of nitrogen.

4. The wide variation in their habits of growth and in the time required for maturity multiply the purposes for which they may be grown.

5. Upon soils deficient in the bacteria peculiar to the cowpea their growth will not be as satisfactory the first year as in subsequent years.

6. The proportion between peas and hay in different varieties varies from 22.4 pounds of peas to 100 pounds of hay in Red Ripper to 128.2 pounds of peas to 100 pounds of hay in Old Man's.

7. The per cent. of hay in total weight of plant varies from 36.62 to 76.49 per cent.

8. The per cent. of peas in hulls varies from 65.6 to 75.6 per cent.

9. Twelve and a half pounds of seed sown per acre gave heavier yields of both hay and peas than 18.75 pounds or more. Ten to twenty pounds of seed per acre are recommended for peas and thirty to sixty pounds for hay, ensilage, pasturage, or plowing in.

10. The proportion of hay is greate[r] from heavy than from light seedin[g] and the proportion of peas greate[r] from light than from heavy seedin[g] while the gross yields of both a[re] heavier from light seeding.

11. Cowpeas sown at the last plow[ing] of corn had no appreciable effe[ct] upon the yield of corn, but increase[d] the yield of the next year's crop [of] corn 3.2 bushels per acre.

12. The value of two successiv[e] crops of corn without cowpeas sow[n] in them was $21.10, while the valu[e] of two successive crops of corn, pl[us] the value of a crop of cowpeas sow[n] in the first crop, was $33.54.

13. Cowpeas sown in June and Ju[ly] produced more than twice the qua[n]tity of hay and more than three tim[es] the quantity of peas than when sow[n] in August. It is usually profitable [in] the latitude of Fayetteville to s[ow] cowpeas as late as August 15.

14. Plowing in cowpea stubble ga[ve] a greater increase in the yield of whe[at] that followed than was secured fr[om] plowing in the whole cowpea plant.

15. Plowing in large quantities [of] green cowpeas (or other plants) has [an] injurious effect upon grain sown so[on] afterwards.

16. The whole cowpea plant ga[ve] better returns than plowing in o[nly] the stubble when the next crop [of] grain was sown the following spri[ng].

17. Oats following cowpeas yield[ed] 57.5 per cent. increase over oats f[ol]lowing corn, and 86.1 per cent. [in]crease over oats following sorghum.

18. The whole cowpea plant plow[ed] in as compared with plowing in o[nly] stubble gave 39.6 per cent. increase [in] oat hay, 43.6 per cent. increase in gr[ain] and 2.2 per cent. increase in prop[or]tion of grain to straw.

Shipping Away Wealth.

The editor of the Southern Fa[rm] Magazine says:

The constant shipment of cattle [to] Cuba leads the Florida Times-Un[ion] to estimate the impoverishment of [the] soil thereby, and to urge the slaughter[ing] of cattle and the utilization [of] skin, bones, horns, etc., within [the] limits of the State. It makes [the] point that every full-grown steer [sent] out of Florida carries in his bones [as] yond recall an appreciable quantity [of] that which is the very bone of [the] land in the shape of phosphates [of] lime. It says that with one hand [it] sends forth beef, with the hides, bo[nes] and offal, constituting the most v[al]able source of fertilizer, and with [the] other it purchases from the N[orth] dressed beef, prepared fertili[zers] shoes and other articles made of le[ath]er. It shows that the hides could [be] converted into leather on the [spot] with tannin derived from the red [oak] grove, that the slaughtered be[eves] would supply all the plasterer's [lime] needed in several States and [the] quantities of glue and that the e[st]lishment of factories dealing [with] these materials would attract ca[ttle] the breed of stock would be impr[oved] the value of grazing lands would [be] enhanced, and the population of [the] State increased. These are wise [sug]gestions, and apply to other States [be]sides Florida. But how soon are [they] to be adopted? How soon will [Ala]bama, Mississippi and other S[outh]cease to ship their young stock [to] Kansas to be fed there and bro[ught] back to the starting point in the [form] of dressed beef, boots and [shoes] whips, saddles, harness, combs, [but]lar buttons, glue and divers [other] products? When will they appl[y to] cattle the idea of whole hog [rather] than one-third hog?

Endowed Newspapers.

Dear to the heart of the soc[ial] former is the idea of an endowed [re]paper, a pure and lofty publicatio[n] need not work for its living, b[ut] lieved from the grinding necess[ity] making ends meet, is at liberty t[o] an unenlightened public by the [way] and lead it in paths of righteou[s]Commercialism, we are told, [has] the press and prevents its highe[st] velopment as a power for edu[ca]and good morals.

It is assumed that a newspap[er] did not have to bother with su[ch] did details as circulation and [adver]tising could be more useful th[ings] conducted as a business ent[er]Until some philanthropist mak[es] experiment the question must s[till] settled, and it might not be [so] even then. But one thought o[f] itself, a paper published solely [for] mental and moral elevation [of] readers might, if it had readers [at] and of the right sort, be a v[ery] advertising medium. In that [case] would need no endowment to [keep] going. If, on the other ha[nd] endowed paper did not comp[are] vorably in interest and practic[al] with its mercenary contemp[orary] people would not read it and the [time] spent on it would be wasted. [The] advocates of endowed newspap[ers] in mind the old saw about le[ading] horse to water.—Fourth Estate.