

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

By GORDON ARTHERTON

ON JUNE, 1892, the United States steamship Visitor sank on a reef off the southern coast of Florida with all on board. Half of the passengers were saved by efforts directed from land, and the bodies of half the remainder were found. But one-fourth of the people of the Visitor lay undiscovered and unburied in the waters of the Gulf.

A few days later divers were sent down with a view of raising the steamship if she were found to be in good enough condition. Among these divers was one Joel Vaughton, a hardy, worn veteran with scars of the Civil war on his body and the signs of toil and hardship on his rough, honest face. Vaughton was forty-five possibly a bit over. He did not know, but he remembered enlisting in '63 as sixteen years of age. He had not brilliantly distinguished himself in the war—as so many thicker ones had, but he had fought hard and well. No opportunity had been given him of leading a desperate charge or of capturing an enemy's flag. He had been twice wounded at Bull Run and at Gettysburg. The surgeons had decided the best thing that he was to do, and they had given him up. But he had determined to live, and by he did. He was discharged from the hospital just in time to join Sherman in his march to the sea. After that war he drifted around doing odd jobs and yet doing something. There was no occupation that he did not try his hand at, and there was none that he did longer than a week. Finally he drifted south, and in '82 started for a small steamer that was to be used for exploring the coast, and he took to it for seven years, making a modest income thereby. But it was too, too uncertain for him. He looked for an excitement, which he got when he was ordered to go to the coast. He became a diver. He was well fitted for it, especially with his sound heart and his good eyes, but he made a success of it only once.

Three days after the Visitor had sunk off Vaughton and one of his companions were pulled into their suits and lowered down to the wreck. Vaughton, not long ago over the stern in his despair and the sickness that he had suffered by divers, and he was ordered to go down when he was low, and to be pulled up when he was low. He was ordered to go down when he was low, and to be pulled up when he was low. He was ordered to go down when he was low, and to be pulled up when he was low.

His inspection of the forward part of the ship showed him that it was in no condition to be raised. The bow had been shattered by the contact with the reef, and the grinding had worn away the entire planking of the forward decks. He returned slowly to the stern of the vessel and climbed over the remains of the rail down on to the supply bottom. Then he walked along the stern of the ship, keeping a sharp lookout for any damage done in that direction.

As he did so he beheld a sight that, not a veteran as he was, caused him to utter a cry and to step quickly backwards. Staring at him through the porthole, his face livid and sunken, his eyes bloodshot, and gleaming with excitement, his hair matted over his forehead and his lips moving in what must have been outcries or entreaties, was a living, breathing man. Vaughton, at first, thought that his senses had left him, and he turned away to see if the apparition would have gone when he next looked around. But no—the pale, excited face was still there, and this time the hand was beckoning wildly to him and the eyes supplementing the movements. Then, as soon as he realized that he had attracted Vaughton's attention, the man disappeared, only to show himself again with a sheet of paper covered with writing. This he held up against the porthole, motioning Vaughton to approach and read it. It ran as follows:

HELP! When the ship sank I went down with it, locked up in this water-tight compartment. I have had hardly anything to eat, and the air is giving out. I cannot last an hour more. If you open the door, however, I shall be destroyed by the water which will rush in. FOR PETTY'S SAKE, HELP ME SOME WAY! I AM STARVING FOR FOOD AND AIR!

The words were written in a fairly legible hand and Vaughton had no trouble in making them out. But the question was, what to do. How should he save this man? There seemed to be no means of doing it, unless the entire ship were raised, and this, as he had seen by his inspection, was impossible. Then, suddenly, another plan flashed through his brain—a plan that was really the first thing that should have occurred to him. Why couldn't the man trust to his chances of reaching the surface before his breath gave out? He, himself, could take down a rope and tie it around his body while the

men above hauled him up by it as quickly as they could.

Vaughton motioned to the man, who had been gazing anxiously at him, and, nodding to assure him of his assistance, gave the signal to be hauled up. As soon as he was above the surface and had been stripped of his helmet, he told the men, as briefly and as quickly as he could, the strange sight that he had seen. A long rope was secured and Vaughton wrote out his plan on a piece of cardboard, so that the man might understand exactly what was to be done.

Then he dived down a second time, taking with him the extra rope. He found the man occupying the position he had left him in, only staring upwards, watching for the help that he knew was to come from above. Vaughton held the sheet of cardboard close up to the porthole, and, as the man within read, his face lightened up in comprehension. Then, upon a signal from Vaughton, the prisoner threw open the door of the compartment, and, quick as a thought, was bound around the waist with the rope. The sign was given to the waiting men above, and he was hauled up as fast as human sinews could do it.

The stranger reached the surface in an unconscious state, but was soon revived, and, after having eaten all the sandwiches that were to be procured, he showed great willingness to tell his remarkable story.

"I was sleeping," he said, "at the time the ship rounded, and it was by a miracle that the door of the water-tight compartment was closed, else I would not be here to tell the tale. You may wonder at the fact that I slept so soundly that the hurry and confusion on the decks did not awaken me. I will answer that simply by telling you that I regularly roll off my bed at night and never wake up. When I did wake up, however, imagine my astonishment upon glancing out of my porthole to find that I was entirely surrounded by water—water to left of me, in front of me, above me, and to right of me. At first, as you may surmise, I could not realize what had happened. Then, gradually, it dawned on me that I was at the bottom of the sea. This idea was immediately strengthened by the sight of a couple of lazy fish, swimming up and down in front of my porthole. I believe that no one has hitherto equaled my adventures. No human being that I have ever heard of, has lived for two days, clad in his ordinary costume, at the bottom of the ocean, except, of course, in a submarine boat. Well, to continue. About the second day I realized that my supply of air was giving out—the compartment was not very large—and I became oppressed in breathing. It was lucky that I was the only one down there to use up the air. Finally, it occurred to me that divers might be sent down to the ship and prepared the sign that I showed in the porthole. If it had not been for your timely assistance, I should have been a dead man by this time."

Inventions That Came From Women's Brains

Who invented the over-on girl? The Whitney has received the credit through the years. However, the cotton gin was invented by the wife of General Greene. She gave it to Whitney and he patented it.

Who invented the loom that weaves every stitch you wear? Her name was Mrs. Jacquard.

Who invented the sewing machine? Ask any schoolboy and he will answer "Elias Howe." Elias Howe did take out the patent in his own name; but his wife invented the machine. Howe struggled for 14 years trying to work it out and failed. Finally Mrs. Howe decided if something were not invented pretty soon they would starve to death. In two hours she invented the sewing machine. Howe acknowledged it to Russell H. Conwell during the Civil war.

Who invented the mower and reaper? A West Virginia woman invented them. Mr. McCormick, in a confidential communication published some time since, so reported. After McCormick and his father had failed a woman took a series of shears and fastened one sheaf of each rigidly to the edge of a board. Then she attached a wire to each movable shaft and by pulling one way she opened the series and by pulling the other she closed it. The mowing machine is a lot of shears, and a woman used her own tools to cut man's hay.

Who invented the great iron squeezers that lay the foundation of all the steel mills and millions? A woman invented them, according to the statement of Andrew Carnegie.—Los Angeles Times.

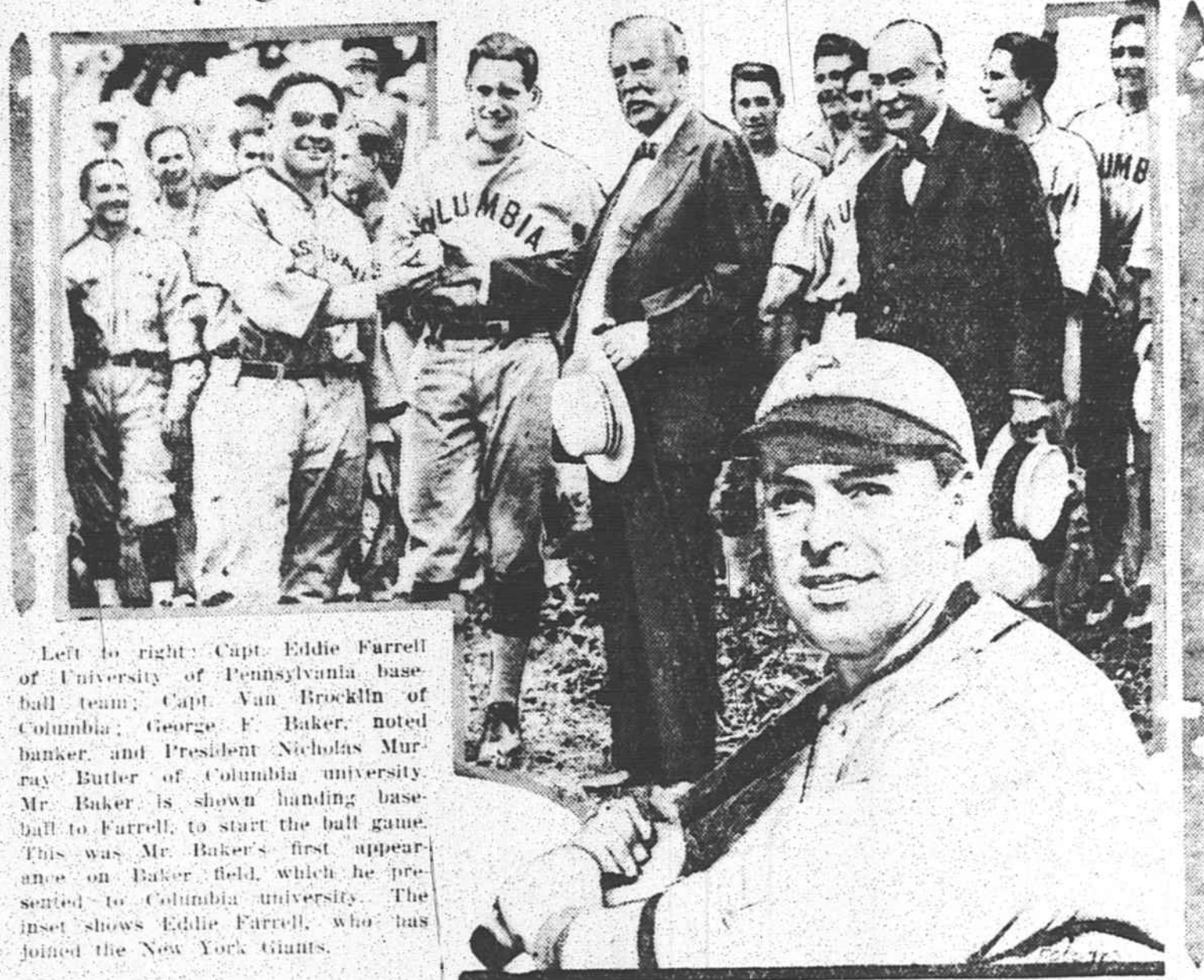
Admission to the Bar

Admission to the bar is formal recognition by a court that a person is qualified to practice law in that court. A lawyer may be ever so able and yet if he is not admitted to the bar in a certain state he cannot practice his profession there. Usually a person is admitted to the bar upon examination and by motion of a lawyer who has known him for some time. The qualifications for admission to the bar are different in different states.

General Timing

"That was a very fine sermon," said an enthusiastic church member who was an ardent admirer of the minister. "A fine sermon and well timed, too." "Yes," answered his unadmiring neighbor, "it certainly was well timed. Fully half of the congregation had their watches out."

George F. Baker Presents Field to Columbia



Left to right: Capt. Eddie Farrell of University of Pennsylvania baseball team; Capt. Van Brocklin of Columbia; George F. Baker, noted banker, and President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia university. Mr. Baker is shown handing baseball to Farrell to start the ball game. This was Mr. Baker's first appearance on Baker field, which he presented to Columbia university. The inset shows Eddie Farrell, who has joined the New York Giants.

DIDN'T LIKE NAME OF YANKEE TEAM

Watson Couldn't Stand for New York American League Club.

The recent release of Pitcher John Watson by the New York Giants recalls an interesting yarn Watson was wont to tell pertaining to the way he dodged a possible chance to play with the Yankees.

Watson was playing with Fort Smith when a Yankee scout dropped into Tulsa, Okla., where the Fort Smith team was to play a series. The word came to Watson that the scout wanted to see him pitch and had a contract ready for him to sign if he stowed the right amount of promise.

Watson, born and raised in Louisiana, had seen or heard little of the world since he began to play baseball and carried an inherent hatred of the word "Yankee," inherited from his ancestors of Civil war days. So he decided he didn't want to play with a team bearing that name.

This failed to reduce more than a half or two off him in four innings. Watson started to figure out some other way of disposing of the story.



John Watson.

Suddenly he had a bright idea. He sat down on the bench after the next inning, calmly took off his shoes and socks, and with them in his hand walked across the diamond, through the exit gate and on to the hotel, a few blocks away.

The scout saw him go. Later, when Watson sat in the lobby of the hotel, the scout gave him the once over with an odd expression on his face, then checked out and headed for the depot. Watson saw him go and followed him to the train to make sure he had departed.

Later on Watson got a chance to show his stuff to one of Connie Mack's scouts.

Sporting Squibs

Anherst college has added basketball to its major sports program.

Philadelphia and St. Louis will enjoy outdoor wrestling bouts this summer.

It is understood that Mr. Dempsey's visit to the battlefields of France will not be at government expense.

Charles Watson 191, 1927, of Philadelphia has been elected captain of the Yale teams team for next year.

"The ordinary American city," says a foreign architect, "is only an overgrown country town." And a home run is only a long bun.

Many men have dispensed with the "This Is My Busy Day" sign on their desks. They have on their golf suits, which serve the same purpose.

Manager Rogers Hornsby



International Film Service

Rogers Hornsby, famous slugging second baseman of the St. Louis Cardinals, recently appointed manager of the team to succeed Branch Rickey, continues to slug the ball as hard as ever. Rickey was made vice president of the club.

BASEBALL NOTES

It looks as though Bentley of the Giants was in for his best year.

It takes nine men to win a ball game, but one of them can lose it.

Outfielder Thrasher from Worcester, was obtained by Pittsfield from Worcester.

The Athletics, Connie Mack's clever baseball machine, average 22 years of age.

It is being demonstrated again that the winter is no time to win a baseball pennant.

E. R. Jester, '26, shortstop, was elected captain of the baseball team of the University of Illinois.

We may expect to see a great race for base stealing between Washington and Chicago this year.

W. F. Christman, '26, has been re-elected captain of the varsity baseball nine at Northwestern university.

Manager Eddie Oastow of Providence has cut loose two pitchers, a right-hander, and Murray, a southpaw.

Harry Kelly, recruit pitcher with the Washington Senators, has been sent to the New Orleans club of the Southern association.

Leo J. (Happy) O'Connor, who is at present a relief tinker in the Pacific Coast league, has signed a contract as a regular member of the staff for 1926.

Babe Ruth got his nickname when he was in Baltimore because of his youth and, sarcastically, because of his size.

Spencer Abbott, former manager of the Reading club of the International league, is now head scout for the Robins.

The record for throwing a baseball is held by Sheldon Le Jeune. He threw it 426 feet 9 1/2 inches on October 12, 1910.

On what has been accomplished to date New Yorkers have no reason to revise their early opinions regarding the Giants' chances for winning another pennant.

ONE-BASE HITS

By JACK SIMPSON

The Catcher's Box. Few ball players, especially catchers, know they are restricted to a certain territory behind the home plate. The catcher's box is triangular in shape, formed by the extension of four lines as the sides, the corner of the plate nearest the catcher as the apex. A line ten feet from the corner of the plate forming the extended foul lines marks off the catcher's box.

The catcher is supposed to work in this box and can be penalized just the same as the pitcher if he operates outside of it at certain times. The catcher, during an exciting part of the game, will forget himself and start his wind up before the catcher has returned to his box and given him his signal, thereby committing a balk. Catchers must be alert at all times to help a pitcher when the going is rough to prevent this situation.

How often have you noticed a catcher step up in front of the home plate to receive a badly pitched ball on which a base runner is standing home? He committed two offenses, a balk and an interference. The balk was made when he stepped out of his box to receive the ball and the interference was made when he obstructed the batter from hitting the badly pitched ball. The base runner on that score and all base runners advance one base, while the batter is called first base. The proper play for the catcher to make in the above situation would be to remain in his box until he received the ball and then he had a legal right to step up and block the runner off the plate. If the batter interfered with the catcher blocking the runner, he (the runner) would be declared out for such interference.

When a pitcher is intentionally passing a batter, the catcher must remain directly behind the plate and not move out of this position prior to the time the ball leaves the pitcher's hand. If he does, all base runners are entitled to advance one base. This rule was made to prevent a catcher from adding a pitcher to give an intentional pass.

Tad Jones as Golfer



FOOTGRAPHS

With the football season far, far away, Tad Jones, famous Yale football coach, can devote his time to other things, especially to improving his game on the links.

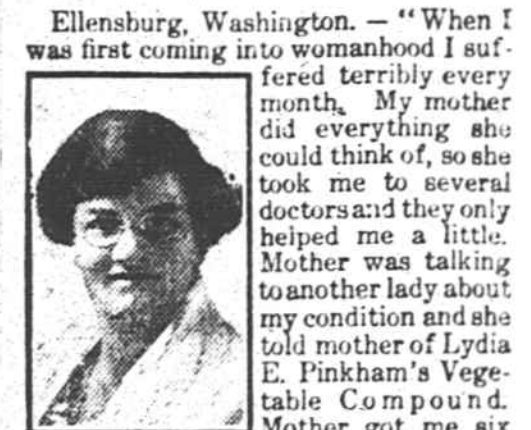
Not to Enlarge Yale Bowl

Prof. Clarence W. Mendell, chair man of the board of athletic control at Yale, has announced the Yale bowl will not be enlarged either by the addition of rows of seats further back or by the erection of a second tier of gallery, according to the Yale alumni weekly.

It is impossible Professor Mendell says, to satisfy the desires of both the graduates and the public, and an additional 25,000 seats would be insufficient to fill the demand at the big games.

TWICE IN THIS WOMAN'S LIFE

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her from Sickness to Health



Ellensburg, Washington. — "When I was first coming into womanhood I suffered terribly every month. My mother did everything she could think of, so she took me to several doctors and they only helped me a little. Mother was talking to another lady about my condition and she told mother of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Mother got me six bottles and at the end of the first month I was much better, so I kept on taking it until I had no more pains. When I got married and had my first child I was in terrible pain so that it was impossible for me to do my housework. I thought of how the Vegetable Compound had been of so much benefit to me when I was a girl, so I went to Perrier's Drug Store and got six bottles. It sure did help me and I still take it. I am a well woman today and I can't say too much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I will answer any letter that comes to me to answer about what your medicine has done for me." — Mrs. WILLIAM CARVER, R. F. D. No. 2, Ellensburg, Washington.



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