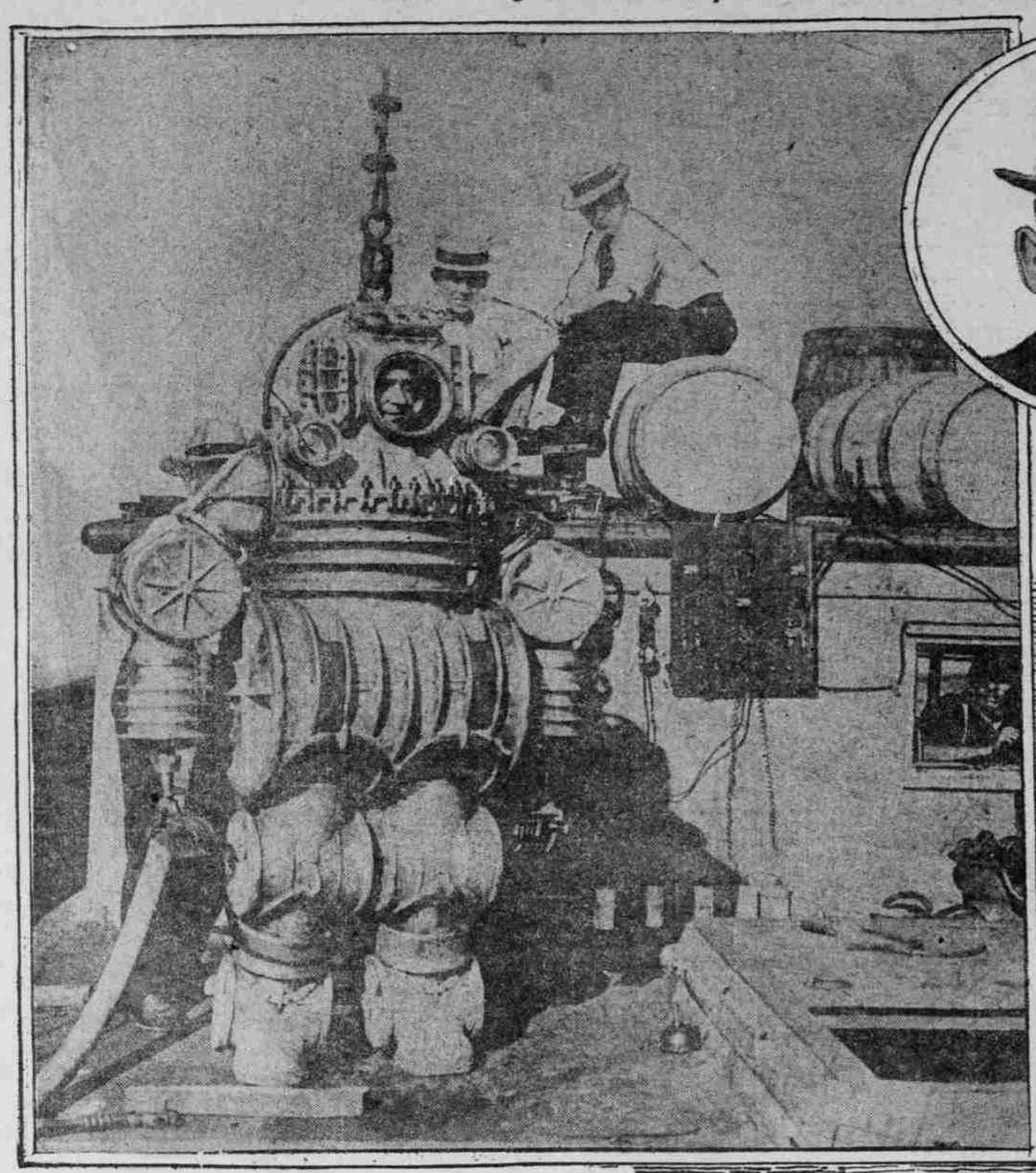
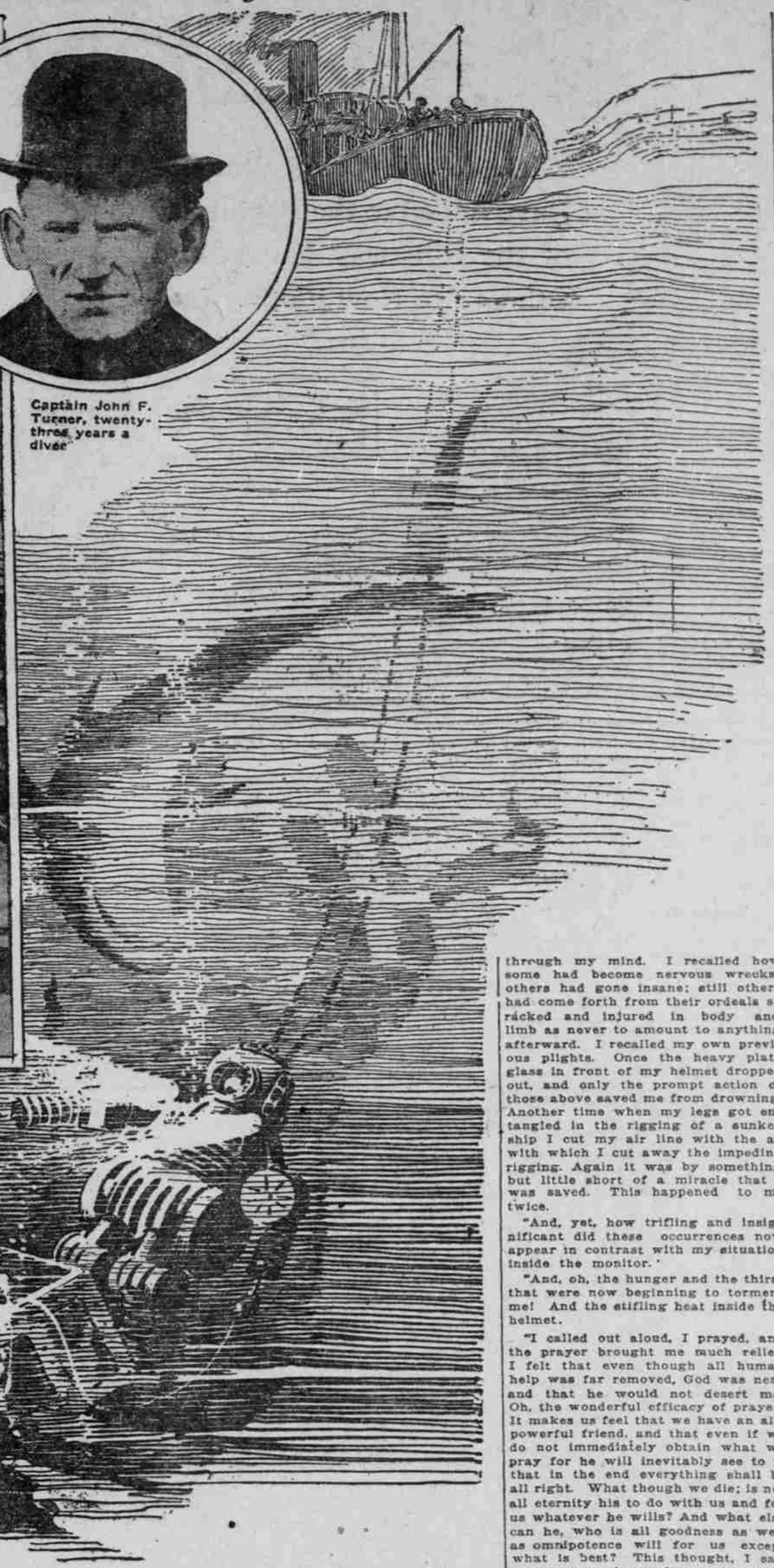
27 HOURS ON OCEAN'S FLOOR MENACED BY MONSTERS

Trapped by Falling Hatch, a Deep Sea Diver Lives an Eternity of Horrors Until Rescued by His Companions, Who Realized His Plight When He Failed to Signal



The heavy steel armor with which a diver clothes himself for working at great depths so that he may breathe air at the same pressure as at the surface. The diver works huge clamps with his hands inside the armor, and there are powerful electric lights on his shoulders to guide him in his work of salvaging treasures in sunken vessels.

Captain John F. Turner, twenty-three years a diver



FEW men ever have had as harrowing an experience as Captain John F. Turner, a Philadelphian, who in a diving suit spent 27 agonizing hours imprisoned within the hold of a sunken monitor, many fathoms below the surface, leered at by many hideous monsters of the deep and with hunger, unappeasable even if food had been within reach, gnawing at his vitals.

Captain Turner is a professional diver. He has followed this calling 23 years, and, strange to say, he is not able to swim and says he has an insurmountable dread of deep water. He claims to hold the record for deep diving.

His frightful experience in the hold of the foundered vessel occurred off the coast of Bermuda. The monitor, which belonged to the British navy, had been sunk in navy target practice, and, sold for junk, was being salved by the purchasing company.

Captain Turner says he felt strange forebodings while preparing for his descent that day.

"Somehow I couldn't get rid of the feeling that something disagreeable was going to happen," he said, "but I tried to shake off this feeling as but another manifestation of the chronic dread which I have always had of the ocean.

"I put on my rubber suit and prepared to get into the water. I tripped and nearly fell; and this served only to add a sinister warning which almost made me change my mind about going down. But I overcame this fear.

"Nothing unusual happened after that until I reached the monitor and went through the hatchway into the interior of the vessel.

"I had not proceeded more than 10 feet from the companionway when the lid of the hatch closed and fouled my signal line, so that it became useless. The air tube, fortunately, was not injured.

"At first, although badly scared, I did not think that I would have much trouble forcing the lid back. But when I tried to do so and found that it would not yield by so much as the breadth of a hair, even when I used a long bar of steel, which tapered to a chisel-like edge at the end, it occurred to me that, as I was more than 80 feet below the surface, the weight of the water which kept that lid battened down was equivalent to 50 pounds pressure on every square inch.

"I was seized with a frenzy of fear that the weight would eventually press together the air tube and that I would be suffocated. To prevent this I wedged in a number of pieces of metal, fastening them so securely that they became, so to speak, incorporated with the very ship itself. In fact, it was by the almost miraculous plugging in of a piece of loose timber, which was floating out of the hatchway as I entered, that the air tube was not crushed altogether at the very outset. But while the timber had done me this service so providentially, it had, on the other hand, caught the signal line and put it out of commission.

"After the first paralyzing attack of fear subsided, I began to look around my prison. My electric flash lamp enabled me to get a fairly good view of everything within a radius of 12 or 13 feet from the foot of the companionway. The length of the air line left me no greater circumference to get around in; for I was afraid to tug at the air line, dreading that it might spring a leak, as even with all the wedging, it was tightly caught in the hatchway.

"Now and then I thought I could discern a shadowy something, which my imagination clothed with a hideous form, floating by just beyond the reach of the rays of my flashlight. I would shake the bar at the shadow and gradually it would recede out of sight. I never discovered just what this gruesome shadow was. But it sure did haunt me and filled me with fears which were almost as gripping as those which were born of the feeling that my air line might any moment be crushed and leave me to suffocation; or be cut by a swordfish and consign me to drowning.

"I thought of the folly of my having stuck to a calling which brought me into constant association with an element which I had always dreaded. I had always considered that I was engaged in it in a sort of temporary way, just to get enough money from it to enable me to get into some other still more profitable business. But now it flashed upon my mind that this interim sort of living was, after all, the substance and web and woof itself of my life. And that's the way most of us live. We think we'll do our real work at some future day, when we have acquired what is necessary for engaging in it. And, lo! when we stand at the end of our career and look backward, we discover, too late, that what we considered merely preparatory was in reality the very thing we were living for.

"I tell you there's nothing so calculated to make one philosophical as being pent up in the hold of a ship, way down on the ocean's bottom, with the almost certainty of death staring one in the face. What good would it record depth-diving honors. For I made one descent of 157 feet in a rubber diving suit and another descent of 376 feet in a suit of armor. In a series of experiments made by the British admiralty two naval officers descended 210 feet, and this, according to the Encyclopedia Britannica, was the record up to that time. James Hooper, salvaging the wrecked steamship Cape Horn off Pichidanque, South America, was down 204 feet. What is all that compared to my record? And, yet, what good was this to me now, imprisoned as I was in that coffin of a monitor at the everlastingly silent bottom of the sea?

"All that happened to other divers in even less harrowing plights passed do me, I thought, that I had gained the move one foot beyond the tether allowed me by this line the latter would part and my fate would be sealed inevitably.

"And that I was going mad was very apparent, for I began to see things which I had not seen before. The spaces beyond the sheen of my light began to be peopled with all sorts of enormous shapes. Dogfish of frightful size and more hideous aspect than I had ever seen; ballast fish, and even big codfish with ravenous maws, kept coming at me. I parried with the big iron bar, which had not once left my hand in all the seemingly interminable time that I had been imprisoned, and the attacking swarm vanished.

"Clearly I could see that I was becoming insane. Another hour and I would no longer be master of myself and would be at the mercy of the hungry fish and the gravelike silent water.

"And then a mist came before my eyes and it seemed to me that the hatchway began to open in the center, and that this opening gradually grew larger and larger. And I felt rather than heard thuds, and presently I saw a terrible form coming through the opening and groping its way toward me.

"As it drew close I recognized that it was another diver. Thank heaven! rescue had come at last!

"Within another minute I was being drawn toward the surface; and when I reached there and was disencumbered of my diving suit I felt a rush of blood to my head and fell in a faint."

Captain Turner says that so far from abandoning him to his fate when they received no signal from him while he was pent up in the sunken craft, his companions above immediately sent for another diver. It was not, however, until twenty-seven hours had elapsed before they could find one possessing a sufficiently adequate outfit to attempt the rescue.

Not until the year 1240 or so was there any real improvement in devices for diving. In the latter year Friar Roger Bacon is said to have invented the diving bell.

Asked when the first diving suit was invented, Captain Turner said:

"Well, that's hard to tell; but in 1511 a book was published, on the title page of which was the picture of a diver in a regulation diving suit with a helmet over his head and a long leather pipe leading to a bladder floating on the surface."

"But that's a long way from the finished product, as diving suits go today, is it not?" he was asked.

"Yes, indeed," replied Captain Turner. "Like everything else that was merely in a rudimentary stage little more than a few years ago. Diving suits have been improved to such an extent that the sight of one of them would probably take away old Aristotle's breath with surprise. Why, nowaways, we have a telephone outfit in our helmets, and can carry on a conversation not only with out helpers on the surface, but with other divers at the bottom of the sea.

"Besides, we have, in addition to the rubber suits for near-the-surface diving, suits of armor with which we can reach the greater depths. If any diver in a rubber suit were to try to descend to 376 feet, the record which I have established, he would be crushed to death."

He also told of the "self-contained" diving dress, which goes with a knapsack-like steel cylinder containing oxygen compressed to a pressure of 120 atmospheres (1800 pounds) to the square inch. Within one of the chambers of this cylinder is caustic soda or caustic potash, through which the air exhaled by the diver passes. During its passage through this chemical this vitiated air loses the carbonic acid which it has accumulated during respiration and is carried back into the man's lungs revivified and fresh as any salubrious zephyr that is wafted across hay-mown fields.

Captain Turner is 41 years old. He married 16 years ago, and his wife has occasionally made diving descents with him. She has been down 28 feet in a rubber diving suit. They have a daughter 12 years of age and their home is at Newburyport, Mass.

Captain Turner is regarded as one of "the bright particular stars" of his profession. He has worked in almost every part of the western hemisphere, from Halifax to Patagonia. This summer he is busy along the northern Atlantic coast.

CHEERS GREET REVIVAL OF MOZART MUSIC, IN DISCARD IN FRENCH THEATERS SINCE 1863

Opera "Cosi fan Tutte" Given Before Enthusiastic Audience As Benefit Performance in Paris, and Will Have Run Next Fall Because of Success in Premier Offering.

PARIS.—One of the prime events of the musical year here took place at the Opera Comique—the revival of Mozart's opera bouue "Cosi tutte" ("So Do They All"—the last two words being of the feminine gender). The occasion was quite special—a matinee for the benefit of the pension and emergency funds of the Opera Comique. The work will not be repeated until next autumn, when it will constitute one of the new season's chief additions to the repertory of the Opera Comique.

Performances of "Cosi fan tutte" are rare enough anywhere to make this revival singularly interesting. The extreme demonstrativeness of a representative musical audience, which applauded in and out of season and several times burst into cheers, augurs well for the success of the revival in the autumn.

The last previous revival of "Cosi fan tutte" in Paris in any form took place in 1863. After 18 performances it was withdrawn. I do not know the history of the work in Italy or in England, if it has ever been given in either country at all. I believe there has been no performance in America—unless long, long ago in an extremely garbled version. For many years it was produced at the annual Mozart festival in the little Residenz theater in Munich.

Once upon a time, some 18 or 20 years ago, when Sembrich, Emma Eames and Fritzi Scheff were all members of the company at the Metropolitan opera house together, there was talk of a Mozart cycle there, which should include, besides "Le Nozze di Figaro," "Don Giovanni" and "Die auberfloete," productions of "Die Entuhrung aus dem Serail" and "Cosi fan tutte." Sembrich and Eames were to be the fair sisters in "Cosi fan tutte," the vivacious Fritzi Scheff, their effervescent serving maid. But the production got no further than Emma Eames acquiring a magnificent green gown, which she later wore in concert when singing one of the airs from the score.

"Cosi fan tutte" had as librettist, like its predecessors, "Le Nozze di Figaro" and "Don Giovanni," the Abbe da Ponte, who later came to New York, where ultimately he died and was buried, though the most scrupulous research has been unable to locate his tomb. But the good Abbe was less successful with this book than with the others, not having comedies by Beaumarchais, Tirso de Molina and Moliere to back up his work.

Briefly, the intrigue is as follows: At the instigation of an elderly cynic, two young men determined to test the constancy of their affianced brides, fair Neapolitan sisters. They pretend to depart for the wars, but really return in short order, disguised as wealthy Albanian merchants. The Albanians pay court to the ladies and finally, after particular resistance on the part of one of the sisters, obtain the promise of their hands in marriage. These machinations go on under the auspices of the elderly cynic and the sprightly serving maid. The latter even goes so far as to disguise herself as the officiating notary.

Finally, the wedding with the Albanians is about to take place and the marriage feast is spread when word comes of the approaching return of the fiances. Immediate confusion and the precipitate departure of the Albanians! Naturally, the two sisters find themselves in great dismay, and the arriving fiances appear highly enraged at what meets their eyes. But the elderly cynic explains the ruse to the ladies, there is a general reconciliation, and the betrothed couples proceed to their marriage. The conclusion of it all is that this test will have taught fidelity, even where fidelity was a little lacking before! Cosi fan tutte

Fable Did Not Seem Too Absurd.

About the basic morality of this fable I have nothing to say, but, as played at the Opera Comique, it did not seem unduly absurd—opera is the land of the absurd—nor was it boresome. Indeed, it acted in a decidedly more diverting manner than many another lyric comedy I could name. And yet one of the striking things in the history of "Cosi fan tutte" is the numerousness of the attempts to adapt the music to modified or entirely changed librettos. Many such revised versions have been staged in Austria, in Germany, in France. "Cosi fan tutte" was first produced at the Burgtheart in Vienna, January 26, 1790, a little less than two years before Mozart's death. There were ten performances. The revival in 1794 was already in a modified version, according to an arrangement made by Gieseke and entitled "L'Ecole de l'Amour."

The production at the Opera Comique is authentic. The "dry" recitatives which that theater discards in the cases of "Le Nozze di Figaro" and "The Barber of Seville" are retained to a harpsichord accompaniment. The orchestra, directed by M. Messager, was yesterday one of the best elemtns. M. Veuille sang well as the elderly cynic, but of the singing of the rest, Mmes. Ritter-Ciampi, Vallandri and Favart and Messrs. Gazette and Audoin, I prefer to say nothing, save that it shirked no difficulties. The acting was capital.

There is no need of my saying much about the music, for, if we don't hear it performed in America, it is perfectly easy for us to examine it in the score. The part of Fiordiligi is of excessive difficulty, calling for exceptional range and her chief airs, like the stronger airs in "Don Giovanni" and "Die Entfuhrung aus dem Serail," are cast in the heroic mould. The quintet of parting in the first act is one of the divinest things that even Mozart ever penned.

As a whole, the music has less singularity, less profile than the music of "Le Nozze di Figaro" and of "Don Giovanni." At times, in view of the cynical lightness of the story, one misses the spicy irony of Mozart's great Italian disciple, the Rossini of "L'Italiana in Algeri" and "The Barber of Seville"—his comic raillery, the boastful frankness of his epicureanism. The gayety of Mozart, here as always, is idealized. Here and there the music is tinged with the Mozartean melancholy, like unto no other, his "sense of tears in mortal things."

GREEK, ARMENIAN REFUGEES CROWD INTO ISMID, TURKEY

Onrush of Turkish Nationalists Recalls Slaughter of Thousands of Christians in 1917.

ISMID, Turkey, June 31.—With the onrush of Turkish nationalists toward the Gulf of Ismid this historic old city was filled to overflowing with Greek and Armenian refugees, who were being shipped on to Constantinople as fast as transportation was available. Tales of the incoming refugees recalled the terrors through which the local Christians passed in 1917, when all the Armenian section was burned, thousands of Christians were slaughtered and others fled into the mountains.

This ancient city, which was called Nicomedia in biblical times, was the capital of Bithynia and under the Roman empire became one of the chief cities of Asia Minor. Pliny described it in his letters to Trajan as having a senate house, an aqueduct, a forum and many temples and other public buildings. Diocletian made Ismid his residence and began the persecution of Christians which the Osmanli continued when they came into possession in the fourteenth century.

Now its population has been swelled by crowds fleeing before the nationalist advance and by British troops camped among the ruins of the old Roman and Byzantine walls on the mountain side, which now bristles with barbed wire entanglements and are converted into machine gun shelters.

Shabby Turkish soldiers, the remnants of the Sultan's forces which remained loyal to the Constantinople government, killed Scots and turbaned Sikhs drag ammunition carts through the streets and make ready for the forces of Mustapha Kenal which occupy the mountains which enclose the head of the Gulf of Ismid on three sides.

Many of the Armenian orphanages established by the Americans and British in interior cities have been evacuated through Ismid to points between here and Constantinople less liable to attack by the nationalists. There is no peace for the Armenian and Greek children. Many of them have been moved scores of times since they were rescued from the Moslems and the stories of their sufferings are almost incredible.

Official figures show that 88,000 Armenian children have been recovered up to date and about 66,800 are still in the hands of the Turks or Arabs.

Many of the Armenian girls who passed through Ismid were tattoed on the forehead, cheeks and chin in such a manner that their faces will always bear the marks. Some of the older girls were taken as wives by the Turks and Arabs, and the refusal of their Armenian associates to forgive their shame makes their rescue seem almost as great a tragedy as their life in the harem.

Armenian children captured by Turks were so thoroughly frightened by the Moslems into denial of their nationality that many of them still insist they are Mohammedans. Frequently they have been provided with falsified birth certificates and family records, so skillful was the effort to Islamize the Christian children.

Since the foregoing was written the Turkish nationalists have made several attempts to take Ismid but were defeated by British and Turkish government troops.