

A DIVER'S STORY

By HOWARD C. BEACH

There are two situations either of which is calculated, when one is in it, to chill one's blood. One is up in the air, the other under water.

I have never been up in the air, but I have been under water many times. I am, or, rather, I was, a professional diver. I didn't adopt the calling because I considered it dangerous, for when properly done diving in armor is not dangerous. The same may be said of aviation. I became a diver in order to make a living. I ceased to be a diver after receiving a shock under water.

I was hired to go down to examine a yacht that had been overturned and sunk in a gale with a view to learning where the chains were to go under her to lift her. I was told that the owner was a scientific man, a great student, an investigator. He had invented a number of scientific devices that had made him a great reputation. The wrecking company told me that he was determined to go down with me, rather for the sensation of breathing under water than for being of service.

When we stood on the wrecking boat putting on the diver's uniform I cast a glance at my diving companion, on whose head they were about to put the helmet. Why I did not then and there refuse to go down with him I don't know. I suppose it was a dislike to do something unpleasant. Singular that I should have been willing to risk a horrible death rather than do something unpleasant. However, I presume it is the same feeling that compels a man to expose himself in battle to certain death because he is expected to do so.

Mr. Cheney, my diving companion, went down by one ladder, I by another some twenty feet distant from his. The water was clear, and the sun was shining upon it, so that I could see about me to a comparatively long distance. I kept an eye on Mr. Cheney, who struck the yacht at the bow, I amidships. She had settled on her keel, and her masts were nearly perpendicular. I was about to drop over the side to hunt for a place to get a support under her when my attention was attracted to Mr. Cheney. He had mounted the gunwale and stood with one hand on the ratlines. Then he began to go up hand over hand. He stopped a short distance from the surface and began to drop, sliding his hand along the upright ropes.

This was certainly not making investigations. It seemed to me that he was amusing himself as a child might do going up and down, being nearly balanced by the density of the water. Not liking his actions, I stood where I was, and when he had gone up and down a few times he let himself down on the deck and came toward me.

Divers usually carry a knife, since there is a probability of needing one. At any rate, I had one in a pocket in my diving suit, and Mr. Cheney had been provided with one. He was obliged to move slowly through the water, and meanwhile I was wondering what his intention was in coming to me. As soon as he reached me he gave me a push and at the same time made a grab for my signal line. In the tussle that followed I lost it, and he grasped it.

I would not have believed that so much strength and agility could be utilized under water. My antagonist got his arms around my body and,

Cloverdale's New Presbyterian Pastor



Rev. Joseph A. McVeigh.

pulling his knife from his belt, cut the rope connecting my waist with the men above. Then he began to dance about on the deck, evidently delighted that he could jump so high and come down so gently.

I was some thirty feet under water, with neither life nor signal line, at the mercy of a madman, for his actions confirmed that glitter in his eye I had noticed just before his helmet was put on. Why the others had not noticed it I do not know, except that there are things which, though plain to some, are invisible to others. The only article connecting me with the world above was the air pipe. I was getting plenty of air, but the maniac had proved himself stronger than I—probably on account of his madness—and if he interfered with the supply of air I would suffocate.

Having danced to his satisfaction, Mr. Cheney started for me again. I could see by the way he held his head that he was observing my air tube to see where he could cut it, for he held his knife still in his hand, evidently quite pleased whenever a beam of sunlight glittered on it through the water. I drew my own knife, determined, if necessary, to save my life by killing him. When he came within a few feet of me he jumped and, catching the tube above my head, severed it.

He must have pulled on his signal line, for I saw him rise rapidly. There was enough air in my helmet to prevent instant suffocation. I saw above me one chance for escape, the feet of my would-be destroyer. I was just in time, by a spring, to reach an ankle with one hand. He tried to kick me off, but I not only hung on, I clutched the other ankle with my other hand. With a death grip I was drawn to the surface.

That is all I knew till I came to myself on the deck of the wrecking boat,

my helmet removed and a number of anxious faces bending over me.

Mr. Cheney is now in an insane asylum. I am a retired diver. I have never since been under water.

Hens Will Lay in Winter If Properly Handled

Why don't hens lay at this time of the year?

They do if their owner is on to his job.

It is about as natural for a hen to lay in the fall and winter as it is for roses to bloom at the same season.

But the expert poultryman nowadays with his modern methods of breeding, of feeding, of housing and of handling has his hens to lay 200 or more eggs per year and to lay a goodly number of these in the winter, says the Kansas Farmer.

Can an ordinary farmer or small poultry keeper get a good winter yield of eggs?

He can if he will have a properly built house, not meaning an expensive one, but a house that poultry use and live in and can't be kept out of.

He can if he will feed the modern way or feed all grain in litter; feed beef scraps, fish scraps or milk—animal protein—heavily; feed dry mashes and perhaps wet mashes.

Feed plenty of grit and oyster shells. The digestive apparatus of a chicken demands grits. The feeding is the big element in governing the egg yield.

Two Foes.

Two well known but unheeded factors that anxiety is no baker and bakes no bread; that worry is no tailor and makes no clothes.

Inspiration Miscellany

Making a Friend

Often you come across people who complain that they have but few friends. They will point to other persons who have many and wonder why such a distinction is made.

The matter is easy enough to explain, for, as some one has well said, the only way to have a friend is to be one.

For friendship cannot possibly be a one sided matter. Just as it takes two to make a bargain or a quarrel, so does it take the same number to make a friendship.

No one can stand aloof from others waiting to be sought without experiencing keen disappointment, this because friendships are not made that way. People do not look you over as you stand off by yourself and say:

"Now, there's some one I'd like to know. I'll make a point to draw him or her out and take all the pains possible to establish a friendship."

That's not the way it happens in real life, although some still imagine that it is. What really happens is this: Two persons meet, and gradually they find points of congeniality, gradually each does little favors for the other, gradually a feeling of affection takes root in each heart. Neither one is thinking of what can be gained from the acquaintance; rather, each is thinking and planning to give instead of take. In other words, each is trying to be a friend unselfishly. And, lo, it is the very thing which makes their friendship.

Bear that in mind if you happen to be among those who lament their scarcity of friends.—New York Telegram.

A Man's Work.

A man's work—to be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and spend a little less, to make, upon the whole, a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation, and above all, on the same grim condition to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and dexterity.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Miske Looks Like a Corner.

Billy Miske of St. Paul, who recently outpointed Battling Levinsky of Philadelphia in a ten round bout in New York, is a rangy young chap, strong, game and a good, clever, aggressive boxer. His showing against the veteran Levinsky was the more remarkable for the fact that he was outweighed more than ten pounds. He scaled 170½ pounds, Levinsky 181. In height Miske was the taller, and he also had a corresponding advantage in reach. His fight showed that he is worthy of a rating with all the light heavyweights. He is a factor in the division that must be reckoned with.

THE IDEAL.

The ideal is in thyself. The impediment, too, is in thyself. The condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same ideal out of. What matters whether such stuff be of this sort or that, so the form thou givest it be heroic, be poetic?—Carlyle.