

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

By GORDON ARTHURTON

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IN 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 toll 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 luckier ones had, but he had fought hard and well. No opportunities 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 last time that he was to die, and they had given him up. But he had determined to live, and live he did. He was discharged from the hospital just in time to join Sherman in his march to the sea. After the war he drifted around doing nothing, and yet doing everything. There was no occupation that he did not try his hand at, and there was none that he tried longer than a week. Finally he drifted south, and in '82 started farming on a small scale. This evidently proved the exception to the rule, and he stuck to it for seven years, making a modest income thereby. But it was too monotonous for him. He lacked the excitement which hitherto had never failed him, and in '89 he discovered the work that suited him. He became a diver. He was well fitted for it physically, with his sound heart and his good lungs, and he made a success of it almost immediately.

Three days after the *Visitor* had sunk, Joel Vaughton and one of his comrades were fitted into their suits and lowered down to the wreck. Vaughton had long ago got over the singing in his ears and the sickness that is first incurred by divers, and he was steady as a rock when he was lowered cautiously on his rope. Looking down he saw the deck of the *Visitor* looming up beneath him. Already it was covered with weeds and green with slime. As his feet touched the boards he gave the signal to stop lowering, and, slowly and cautiously, made his way to the forward hatchway, tugging care to lay his rope and supply-pipe in such a fashion that they might not become entangled in the stray wreckage, of which there was a great quantity.

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 plankings 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 sandy 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, cool 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, but 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 watertight compartment. 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 PITY'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 foundered, and it was by a miracle that the door of the watertight 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, I 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, equalled my adventure. 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 I prepared the sign that I showed at 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 cotton gin? Eli 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? A woman 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 unassuming neighbor, "it certainly was well timed. Fully half of the congregation had their watches out."

Edmund Lowe



Edmund Lowe, a popular leading man in the "movies," was born in San Jose, Cal. He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall, has brown hair and dark eyes. He has been seen in some of the most prominent productions.

Your Health

By ANDREW F. CURRIER, M.D.

DIABETES

IN THIS disease the common opinion prevails that its chief symptom is sugar in the urine, this latter being enormously increased in quantity. But there is a variety in which, though the quantity of urine is large, there is no sugar.

This variety often occurs after middle age, but it is not infrequent in children, and it may occur in a family, generation after generation.

In such families there is usually a highly developed nervous system with tendency to excitability, hysteria, brain tumor, and other nervous disorders.

It may follow injuries to the head and may be preceded by the form of diabetes in which there is sugar in the urine.

It may also be produced by excessive use of alcohol, worry, emotion, and infectious diseases of different kinds.

Thirst is intense, and the great volume of urine passed is as colorless as rain water.

It is also marked by constipation, indigestion, dry skin, excessive flow of saliva, headache, slow pulse, dizziness, vomiting, and loss in weight.

In the second variety the urine is abundant, has a sweetish odor and is somewhat sticky in feeling.

Its specific gravity is high and its content of sugar large.

Sugar is the product of the digestion of starchy material in the small intestine, when acted upon by the secretion of the pancreas. It is absorbed from the intestine, carried to the liver and thence is carried over the body by the blood and distributed to the cells, where it is decomposed and used to produce heat and energy.

But it can be utilized in this way only to the extent of one or two parts per thousand, and if the blood contains more than that, it is transported by the blood to the kidneys, which eliminate as much of it as they can in the urine, the remainder circulating with the blood as a poison.

It is more common in men than in women, may be hereditary, and often occurs in those who are fat, who have gout, or who are intensely nervous. It may follow grippe, typhoid, and other infectious diseases, and may be caused by worry, grief or injury, especially to the head.

Diet is usually more important than medicine, and it often happens that some of the sugars and fats of the diet may be retained with advantage.

Such fruits as oranges, peaches, apricots and prunes are usually allowable.

Olive oil and cod-liver oil may be used, also meat, fish, oatmeal, cocoa, milk, cream and butter.

It must always be remembered that this disease is not to be treated by any rule or formula, but by the individual requirements of each patient.

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A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

LIVING

WHEN hurricanes arise, impending me, I think of sailors tossed upon the sea. Who, eager, seize on winds of every sort. And on their wings ride onward into port. I think upon the mills that swiftly spin. Amid the raging tempest's screaming din. And from the trials of the stormy morn. Gather the strength with which they grind the corn. (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

THE GLAD GIRL

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

YOU know the girl—all laughter, fun, The life of every party, who Can always answer everyone, Dares do what anyone will do, Who sings when all the rest are dumb, And—well, the girl who makes things hum? Young man—I want to ask you, sir—She's great, but would you marry her?

Life's rather serious and sad, It has its problems, has its woes, And more defeats a man has had Than victories in life, I know; And then a man will need a mate Still undiscouraged, what his fate, Who walks beside him up the hill And bravely takes the good or ill.

A wife, it always seems to me, Should have some depth of character; Whatever need his need may be, A husband ought to find in her, Faith, courage, judgment, tenderness, That is the sort of wife to bless, The best of wives for both their sakes—And that's the kind the glad girl makes. (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Among the NOTABLES

JOSEPH LEIDY

JOSEPH LEIDY was one of the foremost naturalists of America, the more remarkable because he was self-taught. Practically every bit of his wonderful knowledge of plants and minerals and animals, he acquired himself without the aid of a teacher.

He was born September 9, 1823, in Philadelphia. It seems that he had quite a talent for drawing and might, had he followed his first ambition, have become a well-known artist. At sixteen he left school and took a position as a drug clerk. While he was not waiting on customers, he began studying botany and mineralogy and comparative biology and such things and learning so rapidly that he was admitted to the University of Pennsylvania and took his degree as a medical doctor when he was only twenty-one.

He went abroad and came to notice, first, by his studies of terrestrial gastropods, which, translated into everyday language, is the form of animal life that crawls on its stomach. He made some valuable additions to science by his work on fossil horses and was the only American author to work on extinct vertebrates.

According to recent professors, his most important paleontological contribution to the knowledge of the world was a paper on some vertebrate remains discovered in the phosphate beds of South Carolina. In spite of the dry-dust sound of his work, his researches led him into many interesting and romantic discoveries of dead forms of life. He died in 1891. (© by George Matthew Adams.)

WHO SAID

"Generosity is the flower of justice."

THESE words of Nathaniel Hawthorne have a striking resemblance to that famous speech delivered by Portia in the court scene in "The Merchant of Venice."

Portia is asking Shylock to be merciful, and when he asks why, she replies:

The quality of mercy is not strained, It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven Upon the place beneath; . . . And earth's power doth then show likest God's: When mercy seasons justice . . .

Nathaniel Hawthorne, one of the leading American literary figures, was born in Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804. He received his education in Bowdoin college and graduated from that institution in 1825.

His literary work is the result of the most careful study. Following his graduation from college he lived a life of retirement and devoted much time to writing tales and sketches. Few of these suited him and the majority of them were consigned to the fire. The survivors appeared in the magazines and newspapers of the day.

Hawthorne's romance "Fanshawe" was published anonymously in 1832, and in 1837 his "Twice-told Tales" appeared in book form. This work received its title from the fact that it was a collection of articles that had previously been published in periodicals, and thus was literally being "told" for the second time.

Hawthorne's political offices consisted of being the customs officer of the port of Boston; surveyor of the port of Salem; and American consul to Liverpool—an appointment he received from his old college chum, President Franklin Pierce.

Some of the best known works of this author are, "Mosses from an Old Manse," "House of Seven Gables," and "The Scarlet Letter." Hawthorne died at Plymouth, N. H., May 18, 1864.—Wayne D. McMurray. (© by George Matthew Adams.)

Saying it with bombs in the Communist manner makes a most unfavorable clatter around the world.

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Fruit Trees on Highways.

Thousands of miles of highways in France and Germany are shaded by rows of fruit trees planted on either side of the road. Some of them are state-owned and others are privately owned.—New York World.

Heartbeats in Trees.

Sir J. C. Rose, the famous scientist, declares that the life activities of human beings and plants are exactly alike, and that every tree has, like the higher animals, a heart which throbs incessantly.

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Queer Acoustics.

In St. Alban's abbey, London, the tick of a watch can be heard from one end of the building to the other. In the Gloucester cathedral the gallery of octagonal form conveys a whisper 75 feet across the nave.

Length and Age.

The Great Wall of China is the longest but not the oldest wall in the world. It was built about 214 B. C., but the walls of Jericho were built fifteen hundred years before the birth of Christ, and are thus about 3,500 years old.

Rare American Coins.

The half-eagle of 1797 with 16 stars is a very rare coin. At a recent sale in New York one of these half-eagles brought the highest price—\$470. The next highest amount was \$250 for a 1792 eagle with 13 stars. — Boys' World.

Flatterers and Friends.

A flatterer is said to be a beast that biteth smiling. But it is hard to know them from friends, they are so obsequious and full of protestations; for, as a wolf resembles a dog, so doth a flatterer a friend. — Sir Walter Raleigh.

Highway, Canada to Mexico.

The longest continuous paved road in the United States is the Pacific highway from British Columbia to Mexico, the only break in the hard surfacing being a short distance in northern California.

First English Almanac.

The earliest known almanac was "John Somer's Calendar," which was brought out at Oxford university in the year 1330. The first printed almanac in our language was published by Richard Ynson in 1497.

Wholesale Family.

A peasant girl in Italy, who was the twin daughter of a woman who was one of triplets, presented her husband with six sons at once. The following year she became the mother of five more.

Twins and Disease.

Similar twins not only resemble each other in appearance and character, but are likely to have the same sorts of disease due to inborn defect or weakness.—Science Service.

Words of Br'er Williams.

Prayin' fer one partuilar blessin' is all right ef you's sho' you only needs one, but you jes' ex well ter ax de good Lord ter make it a full dozen, whilst you's at it.

Harvesting Corks.

Cork trees of Algeria are stripped once in nine years after the age of fifteen and give an average of 15 harvests of 100 pounds each.—Science Service.

Art.

You find works of literature which may be said to be pure art. A little song of Shakespeare or of Goethe is pure art.—Huxley.

Brother Williams.

No doubt dar's money in de river bank but mighty few people will take de fisherman's word for it.—Atlanta Constitution.

What Really Happens.

Politicians aren't actually read out of party; they are merely kicked out from under the plum tree. — Detroit News.

Favorite Economy.

The kind of economy that everybody favors is the kind that does not prevent his getting what he wants.

The Real Art.

"There is no difficulty," says the steward of Moliere's miser, "in giving a fine dinner with plenty of money; the really great cook is he who can set out a banquet with no money at all."—Macaulay.

Name of Greenland.

Greenland was named by the old Scandinavian navigator Eric the Red. He gave the place an attractive name because he wanted to induce colonists from Norway to settle in the new country.

Now.

For now the fields were spread with growth, and the waters clad with sunshine; and light and shadow, step by step, wandered over the turgid cleaves. —Blackmore.

Mammoth Loaf.

A loaf of bread, said to be the largest ever baked, was made recently in Minneapolis. It was 60 feet long and contained more than 400 pounds of flour.

Nation's Frog Center.

Oshkosh claims to be the frog center of the nation. About 2,000,000 frogs are said to be shipped from the frog farms near there each year.

Relic of Old Warfare.

Devil Dyke is an earthwork in Cambridgeshire, England, which is of prehistoric construction about twenty feet in height. It is supposed to have been erected as a defense against enemies advancing from the Fen country.

Greenland Currency.

Animals mark the denominations of a Greenland paper currency issue of this century. The elder duck, saddle-backed seal, reindeer and polar bear denote different denominations.—National Geographic Society Bulletin.

Cut Them Out From Herd.

A mother of 17 children, experienced considerable difficulty in getting her large brood safely to bed, until she hit upon the expedient of parading them in single file and counting them off as they passed her.

Capitals Built to Order

Two European capitals, Petrograd and Madrid, were built to order. The former by Peter the Great, the other by Philip II, who chose the lofty site because of the asthma from which he suffered.

Star-Spangled-Banner Flag.

In the Smithsonian Institute at Washington is the American flag that inspired Francis Scott Key to write "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Where Everybody is Boxed.

An undertaker has recently suggested that his profession should be given a more attractive name. Why not call his shop the Box Office?—London Humorist.

Still Alive in Pictures.

A naturalist says the American eagle is becoming extinct. We should worry so long as they continue to strike off good copies of it.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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