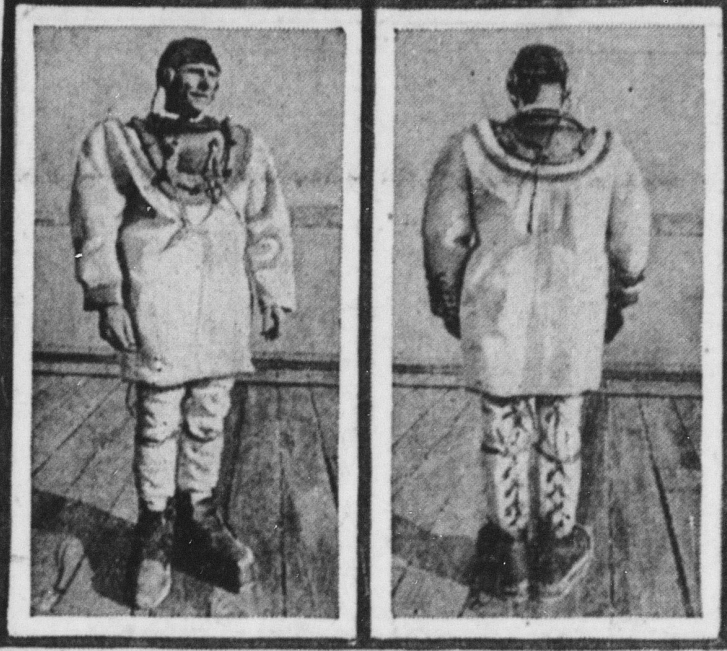


A Good Man You Can't Keep Up



Adjusting a Diver's Shoe



Front and Rear of Diver Partly Dressed



Tom Eadie Gets Medal of Honor

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

HE city of Newport, R. I., claims as one of its citizens a man who is living proof of the fact that the old saying "You can't keep a good man down" should be revised to read "You can't keep a good man up." For that man is Tom Eadie, chief gunner's mate in the fleet naval reserve and deep-sea diver, hero of a hundred desperate adventures under the water and famous for his work during the raising of the sunken submarines, S-4 and S-51, which won for him the Navy Cross and the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Tom Eadie likes diving. He says so in a book which he has written, published recently by the Houghton Mifflin company. Its title is "I Like Diving." He starts off the story of his career thus:

I like diving. There is always a thrill in it. I felt it before I ever made a dive, and I feel it now when I have been diving for nearly twenty years. You have to like it, or you don't stay at it, for it is no boy's play. There's a heap to diving besides putting your head under water. It means the hardest kind of work—real manual labor—under the most difficult conditions, and sometimes under conditions of great distress.

Take a job when the ocean water is down to the freezing point of fresh water and when you can't do work in gloves. To get an idea of it, just sit in a boat in your war overcoat and stick your hand over the side into the salt water. Hold it there for five minutes in that freezing brine, and then try to think what it would feel like if you kept it there an hour.

It isn't easy to explain the thrill you get out of diving. It isn't exactly the love of adventure, though every dip is an adventure, or may be one before a man comes to the surface again.

Certainly it isn't the thrill of facing danger, though a diver's life is really in the hands of the man on the top-side tending him, and any one of a lot of little things may in an instant reduce a diver's chance of seeing his family again to a one-to-ten shot.

Certainly it isn't the thrill of a new experience. One dive would satisfy that craving. There is something more that makes men keep at it and become divers. I suppose it just happened to be one of those men that have that something more, though sometimes it seems to me as if I couldn't be anything but a diver.

Whatever the thing is, it makes diving a profession instead of a trade— for I take it that a profession is an occupation where the work is more interesting than the pay. Not that the pay isn't good—for some divers at least. With nothing but my pay I have managed to acquire a good home of my own; I have a car, and I live along with the other millionaires and navy men in Newport.

beat be judged from the fact that when the Commandant was endeavoring last fall to bolster up the force of divers, which was then inadequate, by hiring civilian divers, the best offer he could get was the loan of four divers by a commercial salvage company at the rate of \$1,300 per day for the four men, or in other words, \$1,300 for the use of one man for four days. Such an offer was, of course, declined. It is interesting to observe that the expedition had the services of a diver who is believed to be without a peer anywhere in the world for a period of three months at practically the same cost as one ordinary commercial diver for a period of four days.

Yes, Tom Eadie "likes diving." He first enlisted in the navy in 1905 and during his second enlistment of four years he received instruction, at his own request, in the profession which he has followed ever since. When he says in his casual way that in that profession "any one of a lot of little things may in an instant reduce a diver's chance of seeing his family again to a one-to-ten shot" he is understating the case about as far as it can possibly be done.

Here is one incident in his career when he had gone down to salvage a torpedo which had gone to the bottom during torpedo practice. He writes: One day I found the torpedo I was hunting for standing on the bottom on end. I had to climb up on it to make the strap fast for hoisting. The thing was thoroughly greased or oiled, and as I was working up it, my foot hit the starting lever and we were off for the surface.

Of course, if I let go the torpedo would go up, and as the propellers reached me they would rip me open all the way to my breastplate. So I hung on with my arms around it, slipping back toward the propellers all the time, and managed to stay with it till I came to the surface. Then it floated, and I was safe.

Another time, he records: When you have to go down into the mud for a torpedo you wash it clear of its bed with a stream of hose water. One torpedo I salvaged was 22 feet down in the mud. . . . It had gone down on a slant, and I unwisely undertook to charge the hole round it, and all of a sudden the mud caved in on me. . . . I kept my head, for I realized that I had the means of my own salvation in my hand—the hose. I was pressed down into a little space as possible, but I found I could bring the nozzle up close to my helmet alongside my escape valve. I knew I must get and keep that clear of mud or the air would build up in my suit.

Then I worked the nozzle slowly back and forth in front of me, cutting away at the mud overhead to give myself every chance. It was long and slow but I finally cut through to the open water and back along my line.

They knew on the topside that something was wrong, of course. But they didn't haul me, luckily for me; the line and the hose wouldn't have stood the strain they would have put on me, to say nothing of the chance that they would probably have hauled me apart. They signaled to ask if I were all right, of course, but with my head buried in the mud I couldn't feel their signal. I didn't signal to be hauled up either, you bet. As soon as I was clear, I went to work again, and this time I didn't try to make any short cuts, but hosed the whole thing out. I finished that job the long way.

Early Spanish explorers, it is recalled, found Indian tribes that bred guinea pigs and prized them above wild game.

Words

Debt and doubt were once spelled dot and dout, just as they were taken from the French, but the scholars of the Renaissance, anxious to show the ultimate derivation from the Latin stems "deb" and "dub," inserted an entirely unnecessary "b" into the words. The word sport is an abbrevi-

ation of "disport," a French word meaning "to carry oneself in a different direction from that of one's ordinary business."—Exchange.

American Indian Music

Among the Indians of the Southwest notch sticks, which are rasped together or on gourds, bones or baskets to accentuate the rhythm, and rattles, too, are common. The Maldu Indians of California have a musical bow possessed of great religious importance.

Community Building

Bird Sanctuary Gives Town Distinctive Touch

In a charming little American town, with wide green lawns, beautiful shrubbery, a profusion of flowers and fine old elm and maple trees arching many of the streets, the citizens have set aside a certain wooded area as a bird sanctuary. In that region, birds are safe from human molestation. Although the grounds of the sanctuary cover a limited area, its influence appears to have spread through the whole town.

In many yards there are bird-feeding stations. Trees along the main streets have little feeding platforms nailed to them. Bird baths are almost as common as hitching posts used to be. The visitor there sees a regular parade of lovely birds, some rare, some common, all a little less shy than usual. Natives speak familiarly of warblers and of varieties difficult to identify except for the true bird lover. Wild ducks swim on a pond not a stone's throw from the highway and take afternoon stestas under the shrubbery of private homes and even in the school yard.

If the author of "Main Street" has never visited such a town, he has missed something really fine in American life. There are more such friendly and beautiful communities in this country than the average person realizes.—Evansville Courier.

Highway Beauty Matter of Highest Importance

The highways in many parts of Europe carry their appeal to the traveler not simply as public improvements of great utilitarian value but as works of art, if such an expression may be applied to a public thoroughfare. Through a beautiful line of trees, between hedges or attractive fences of stone or other material, the highways run and lure the traveler on. It is an idea which is being caught up in America and turned to valuable account. It is now being applied, if on a limited scale at first, in Missouri. The trees, shrubs and hedges now being planted along the principal roads under direction of the state highway commission is an enterprise that promises to give Missouri a return, hither-to denied, on its heavy investment in these improvements. The selfish effort to capitalize on that investment has lined the highways at many points with ugliness. It is a procedure the public should resent, and the best way to do it for the communities throughout the state to aid the highway commission in what it is now undertaking.—Kansas City Star.

Plan Wisely Before Start

Building a house without blue prints and specifications is the easiest way to waste money. Properly drawn blue prints, with accurate specifications, are simply a detailed plan for the spending of your money. It means that you have things planned out in advance of building and that all expenses have been anticipated. You know what you are going to get from the beginning to the end. Accurately prepared blue prints and specifications are worth many times more than they actually cost, for without them time is lost in trying to study out how the different parts go together, and there are endless opportunities for the making of changes and substitutions with an accompanying greater expense and probably cheapening of the quality of materials.

Why Sacrifice to Speed?

Over in Mill valley is a beautiful, tall, redwood tree that worries those who drive automobiles too fast. Unless people who love permanent beauty more than fleeting thrills object forcibly, that tree is almost certain to come down.

And why should that tree—or any other tree in a residence district, anywhere—be cut down? Speed in a home neighborhood is never essential, but beauty is. Warnings can be posted at that way, but nothing can be done to restore the magnificent beauty that dies by the ax. The Redwood league might say a word in this case, as it says many for the sake of our mountain trees.—San Francisco Call and Post.

Title to Countryside

The prize winner in the national wayside beauty slogan contest, "This is your country—beautify it," ought to help in clearing up a good deal of misunderstanding. Heretofore, the highway traveler usually has been made to feel that the country belonged to the billboard, hot-dog stand and other interests which were out to make the wayside as ugly as humanly possible. If the ownership of the country along the highways can be definitely established and a reasonable pride in it can be built up, there will be possibilities in the promotion of attractiveness.—Kansas City Times.

Red Tape Involved in Lease of Public Lands

Uncle Sam has a quantity of perfectly good grazing land going to waste and wants to do something about it. It seems that the answer to the question would be to lease it out. This sounds simple, but before anything can be done about it four bureaus of the Department of Agriculture will have a hand in making the arrangements.

First off, the Forest service, under whose jurisdiction the land comes, must take action. Primarily the areas involved are forest reservations or vital watershed sections. These must be protected in their first intent above everything else. Erosion and overgrazing must be guarded against as well as types of plant life which might poison stock.

The bureau of animal industry, the forest service, the bureau of plant industry and the bureau of agricultural economics will combine in the work.

Very Likely

Judge Ben E. Lindsey said at a Denver dinner: "Some people, when I tell them that marriage ought only to be entered into with deliberation, with thought for the future of the species—well, some people retort that love matches are the only right and proper ones.

"These people set love, or what they call love, too high. They are like the woman—twice divorced, by the way—who quoted in an argument against eugenics: "'Tis love that makes the world go round.' " "Very likely," said another woman, "for there's no crank like a lover."

Small Church, Big Organ

Mr. Carnegie's first gift of an organ to a church was made to the little Swedenborgian church in Allegheny (Pa.) of which his mother was a member and which he attended as a boy. When it was installed, the pipes were so tall it was a current joke that the organ that Mr. Carnegie had given was so big that it had blown the roof off.

Ancient Inscription

The famous Behistun rock in Persia, on which is carved the triumphs of Darius the Great, is 300 feet above the highway. Sir Henry Rawlinson, an Englishman, discovered these inscriptions in 1835, 23 centuries after they had been carved there.

Precariously Placed

"It is high time you were insured against accidents, sir."

"Why?"

"You're sitting on the boxing champion's hat."—Lustige Blaetter, Berlin.

Why Not?

The young naval officer was showing the pretty girl over the ship. "Awfully interesting," was her verdict, "and tell me, do they close the portholes when the tide rises?"—Pearson's.

You Know Her

"What kind of a woman is his wife?" asked friend hub.

"Well," snapped friend wife, "when you talk to her you don't need to use anything but your ears."

Sure Enough

"These chickens were hatched in an incubator!"

"My goodness! They look just like real ones."

Next

"I had a prospective chicken dinner today."

"Oh, you mean fried eggs?"

Quick Remedy

The sting of a bee is said to be a sure cure for rheumatism. Also for inertia.

Crisp county, Georgia, claims the only county-owned hydro-electric dam in the United States. It cost \$1,250,000.

FREE FROM FLIES!

2 EASIER WAYS TO KILL INSECTS

KILLS—Flies—Mosquitoes—Bedbugs—Roaches—Moths—Ants—Fleas—Waterbugs—Crickets and many other insects

Write for educational booklet, McCormick & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Bee Brand Insect Powder or Liquid Spray

If your dealer cannot furnish, we will supply direct by Parcel Post at regular price

Liquid—50c, 75c and \$1.25. Gun—30c Powder—10c, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 Gun—25c

Fletcher's CASTORIA

FOR QUICK, HARMLESS COMFORT Children Cry for It

FOR CONSTIPATION, DIARRHEA, FEVERISHNESS

Letters That Will Bring You Results: I write them; promptly; discretion; send details in any language; enclosure \$1 per letter; MISS ROBE, 133 E. 45th St., New York.

Boys! Girls! Make Money Selling Article every housewife buys. Live wires \$3 daily. Also M-cycles, diamond rings, 30c gets samples and instructions. Burns Laboratory, Cincinnati, O.

Tractor Mills and up to 25HP can trade in their old saw on a new one that will hold its teeth, run lighter and cut hardwood. On trial; if not the best return (our expense) we give you terms.

J. H. MINER SAW MFG. CO. MISSOURI, MISS. SHREVEPORT, LA. COLLEEN, ILL.

Health Giving Sunshine All Winter Long

Marvelous Climate—Good Hotels—Tourist Camps—Splendid Roads—Gorgeous Mountain Views. The wonderful desert resort of the West

Write Geo & Chas. Palm Springs CALIFORNIA

Shark's Confidence in Pilot Fish Cost Life

A pilot fish failed miserably in its duty and came to grief the other morning, when according to the fishermen, it piloted a 300-pound shark into the seine on the fishing schooner Alden, off South Shoal Lightship, Nantucket shoals. Pilot fish and shark, together with a catch of mackerel, were hauled aboard the schooner. The shark was killed and the pilot fish was brought to the fish pier and probably sent to the museum of comparative zoology at Harvard.

Fishermen at the pier said that they could not remember ever having heard of such a catch being brought in here, and expressed belief that the shark and the pilot were following the mackerel from southern waters. The specimen brought in is eighteen inches long, weighs about two pounds and is of an amber color, transversely banded with darker stripes. The pilot fish is so named because it is often seen swimming with a shark, and sailors are of the belief that it is the shark's constant companion.—Boston Transcript.

American "Royalty"

On account of their great wealth and the generous benefactions, the du Pont family has been called "the royal family of the United States." There are 74 individuals in this name in Wilmington, Del., all of whom, either by their present holdings or expectations, are millionaires.

CAN NOW DO ANY WORK

Thanks to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Denison, Texas.—"I think there is no tonic equal to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for nervousness and I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and the Pills for Constipation. I can certainly praise your medicines for what they have done for me and I wish you success in the future. I can do any kind of work now and when women ask me what has helped me I recommend your medicines. I will answer any letters I receive asking about them."

—Mrs. Emma Garzo, Route 3, Box 63, Denison, Texas.

W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 35-1029.

Guinea Pigs Good Eating

Your menu of the future may list one of the oldest American dishes, but one which you probably have never tasted—guinea pig. The Farm Journal reports an increasing interest in raising the little animals throughout the country and points out that they are as appetizing as either rabbits or squirrels, and that, since they are entirely vegetarian in diet, their flesh is among the cleanest of domestic ani-