

THE DEEP SEA PERIL

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

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CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"Now, my plan is this: We must leave the airlock one by one, with rather a light weight of metal on our feet, calculated to enable us to walk, and yet not to keep us down. We shall then simply climb the slopes of Fair Island under the water."

"I think it is the only feasible plan, sir," said Davies briskly.

"How do you feel about it, Ida?" asked Donald in a low tone.

Ida put her hand into his. "I am ready to do anything you wish, Donald, dear," she answered.

"I'll answer for the lady with my own life, sir," said Clouts heartily.

"Then we're decided," said Donald. "Now, follow me in single file, hands on the shoulders of the one in front of you. All ready?"

He led the way through the darkness, down the ladder at the base of the conning tower toward the storage room in which the diving apparatus was kept. Then he lit a candle.

The Siebert apparatus possesses the merit of simplicity. Donald, as he adjusted it on each with the aid of Davies, did not think it necessary to explain the mechanism. It consisted, first, of a waterproof uniform, then of a glass mask and copper cylinder, the latter covering the upper part of the body and fastening about the shoulders. It contained a supply of compressed oxygen for several hours. The carbonic acid exhaled passed into a receptacle containing caustic soda, which purified it, thus liberating the oxygen, while the nitrogen could be hauled over and over again.

There was also a single sleeve attached by wires to a little storage battery worn on the neck, in which, when the apparatus had been properly adjusted, a small electric light could be made to burn by the pressure of a button.

They waited a moment while Ida put on the waterproof uniform; then all followed suit. Donald and Davies dressed themselves after Clouts, and attached the weights about the feet of each and to their own. Finally, when all were in readiness, Donald snuffed the candle and lit his electric lamp, which was inclosed in a specially devised glass, calculated to resist a great pressure.

Each of the party was now sealed from all sound. They saw each other's faces very dimly through the glass masks.

Donald indicated to Davies that he was to bring up the rear, his hands upon the shoulders of Sam Clouts in front of him. He placed Ida in front of Clouts, and, raising her hands, put them upon his own shoulders, himself leading the procession.

He made his way into the conning tower again. He opened the inner chamber of the airlock, admitting Ida and himself, and closed it again. He knew that Clouts and Davies could take care of themselves.

The airlock, built to be used for escape in just such an emergency, was meant for one temporary tenant alone. But two could just manage to squeeze in, and Ida could not have undertaken the plunge alone.

They were breathing the stored oxygen within the copper cylinders. They were safe for the present. The transit was not especially perilous in itself, but there were dangers to face—the possibility of being too heavily weighted and sinking into the ooze; that of being too light and losing balance. These had to be met.

Through the glass mask Donald saw Ida's face. She was composed, and, in spite of the distorting medium, he was sure that he saw a look of trustful love in her eyes.

He started the compressed-air apparatus to keep the sea water out of the lock, and opened the outer door. They looked into the nothingness of the ocean bottom. The wall of inky water was hardly illuminated by the faint light that shone from their sleeve-lamps.

Donald pressed Ida's hand. He felt her fingers flutter in his. She understood what she was to do. She placed her head and shoulders within the aperture.

Donald raised her feet and pushed her into the sea. He saw the night of water swallow her.

And, choking down his fears, he plunged in after her.

CHAPTER IX.

On the Sea Floor.

He struggled for balance as the sea depths enveloped him. He groped in the water as in a fog. The swirl of bubbling air from the oxygen apparatus in the lock carried him some distance from the submarine, and then he felt himself sinking.

He sank very slowly, and as he sank he groped for Ida. He could not find her. The submarine had disappeared completely.

He waded to and fro clumsily. He was like a dead man who wakes in an uninhabited purgatory of desolation. There was nothing anywhere—nothing. Only the yielding water, at which his fingers clutched fruitlessly.

He began to walk for six paces in every direction, calculating that in this way he could bound a parallelogram and return to his starting point. But he saw nothing, and he did not know that he had returned to the place from which he had set out.

He started wildly backward, believing that the submarine lay behind him. As he walked, dragging his weight like a convict's chain and ball, suddenly the outlines of the F55 appeared before him.

He realized that she was lying with her bow higher than her stern. At once he grasped the situation. She had sunk with her bow toward land,

and from this end, therefore, he must start on the ascent of Fair island's subterranean base.

And this discovery renewed his courage. Of course, the others were endeavoring to make the ascent, while he had gone floundering in the wrong direction, downward toward the heart of the crater.

He made his way parallel with the submarine's bow, keeping well within sight of the elusive craft, which would disappear momentarily before his eyes, and suddenly appear again, almost within arm's reach. Suddenly he stopped. He stared at the oozy floor. His light had cast his shadow in front of him.

But that was impossible. It was no shadow. It was a flattened man, a dwarfish figure, ridiculously misproportioned, resembling an image seen in a curved mirror. It approached slowly and uncertainly. For a moment Donald felt his heart stand still with fear. It was a nightmare figure, terror incarnate. A little glow flashed from its arm. They drew together.

They stood looking at each other, peering through their thick masks. But in that vague medium recognition was impossible.

Donald saw only the blurred features behind the thick glass that covered the face, distorted and twisted by the refraction. He surmised that it was not Davies. Davies could have made himself known by any of a number of symbols of the seaman's Freemasonry. But then, it could not be Clouts either.

He caught at the figure's hand and raised it to his sleeve-light. It was a woman's hand—it was Ida's.

They knew each other. Donald took her fingers in his, and together they started on the ascent.

To his horror, Donald perceived that the water was becoming opaque.

It presaged the appearance of the sea monsters. They were in this air, and this substance was no food, no plankton that those devils pushed forth before them like a veil, but a material designed to shield them from the filtering sunlight.

Donald grasped Ida's hand and fought his way through the clinging mass. As he swung his free arm, upraised, it struck against a rocky barrier overhead. The ooze underfoot had yielded to solid rock.

He thrust out his arms on either side, and still found rock. He realized

that they were no longer ascending the mountain, but had struck a cave. Donald stood still, reflecting. Did Ida understand? There was no way in which to tell her.

He was about to retrace his steps when he perceived, a long distance in front of him, a tiny glimmer of light. At first he hoped that it was daylight. But that was impossible.

Ida raised her hand and pointed. She, too, had seen it, and had placed the same interpretation upon it.

At every step the light grew clearer. It was not stationary, but swung to and fro slowly from side to side, rising and falling, yet seeming to retreat slowly as they advanced. Donald strained his eyes through the mask, expecting every moment to see the form of one of his comrades.

The light stood still immediately in front of them, upon a level with Donald's eyes. He leaned forward, put out his hand toward it.

Suddenly Ida leaped backward, dragging him violently with her. There was a sense of sound, or vibration, rather, like the closing of a trap's jaws. They seemed to snap together hardly a foot from Donald's head.

And he saw suddenly, as if it had at that moment only become visible, the shadowy form of some vast monster lurking within the recesses of the cave.

It was one of the giant forms of deep-sea life, perhaps holding the same relationship toward the sea beasts as tigers do toward men. It might have followed the swarm when they assembled in the submarine crater, preparatory to their emigration southward.

It was not one of the monsters that had attacked the boat, for Donald could discern a fishlike body and a huge head with gleaming eyes, and a pair of binged jaws that gaped wide as if to search for the prey that had eluded them.

The light was a phosphorescent lure used by the creature to draw its victims within the cavern in which it lurked. The sluggish monster remained quiescent, and again the lure

appeared, dangling between the jaws from the snout above them.

Donald pushed Ida before him and fled out of the cave until he trod upon the ocean ooze again. And they continued to crawl at the bottom of the sea, two helpless human creatures, unbelievably helpless, while around them the fierce, predatory swarms sought their diurnal food.

Donald had found the slope of the island when the water began to grow thick again.

Presently a phosphorescent patch appeared in the distance. It became less hazy, it seemed to concentrate. The ocean suddenly became like transparent jelly.

And, facing him, Donald saw the outline of one of the sea monsters, visible now and horribly magnified. The eyes opened upon his own. They were not currantlike in that medium, but expanded to the full, great orbs like sunflowers that glowered on their prospective prey, larger than the eyes of any beast created since leviathan and behemoth.

However, the creature made no move toward him as Donald, almost paralyzed, remained confronting it. He saw the gorilla form, with its short, budding limbs, the trunk of gorilla's thickness, the narrow flippers, and the triangular head.

He felt as some primal man might have done when he looked into the face of the mastodon.

The creature did not pursue him, but stood, swaying gently, dreadfully human. Donald snatched at Ida and tried to run. He tripped and fell.

He dragged himself to his feet again. He became aware of a barrier between the monster and himself, which had, perhaps, saved them. He had stumbled upon a spiny substance, a coralloid growth that proved to be the outpost of a submarine forest. It was a field of crinoids, the yellow lilies of the sea.

Beautiful plants with branching arms, they bent and swayed before Donald's eyes as they drew in the minute forms of life on which they subsisted. They were vegetable octopods, carnivorous scavengers of the deep, which feasted on the small fish that they entangled in their waving branches, and drew by the ciliary movements of the lining of their tentacles toward the central stomach.

Donald saw one of the waving arms sweep down toward him. He tore at it with his fingers. To his surprise, the brittle branch broke loose and settled slowly in the ooze, there to become the embryo of a plant. From every quarter the tentacles, as if apprized of their presence, came swooping slowly toward them.

Donald saw Ida grasped in their clinging clutch. Madly he tore at the graceful, shrinking forms, until he had cloven a wide swath before him, and the arms, balked and baffled of their prey, withdrew.

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What Well Dressed Women Will Wear



Evening Frocks Obey War Orders

We are under orders as to evening gowns; the edict is that they must be simple. This is dictated by good taste in deference to the mood of the public. Designers are not expected to sit down in dull apathy and do nothing as long as war lasts, and on the other hand, they must not seem to forget the grim business that occupies so much of the world. The evening gown appears not to have suffered from this restraint in being gay. Designers have exercised so much cleverness with the means at hand that there is room for thoughtfulness.

Velvet is greatly favored for one-piece frocks that do duty for daytime wear by the addition of a glimpse of lace or embroidered net, or an underbodice with long sleeves of satin. This type of dress meets with the readiest approval.

The evening gown, pure and simple, is developed in the usual materials, of crepe georgette, crepe-de-chine, net, lace, light-colored satin and metallic tissues. Chiffon velvet, in more or less liberal quantities, is used with all these, in combinations that add dignity to the evening frock. It is surprising how little of it can be made to go so far, like the little touches of fur

that spell luxury in all sorts of garments. It is their power of suggestion that give velvet and fur their value in toning up fabrics.

In the pretty frock pictured an underbodice of net, with sleeves of net-top lace and corsage of silver tissue, is veiled with crepe georgette. The skirt of the georgette is worn over an underskirt of satin. Any of the fashionable light colors will look well in this design and silver tissue is made in changeable effect with all of them, so that the metallic corsage bears out the color scheme. It will be noticed that the skirt is longer than is usual; this and the peculiar sleeves, small at the top and flaring widely to the wrists, give the design novelty and dash.

To brighten up the dark colored frocks for evening and for wear with other dark frocks, strands of bright colored beads have a special value. They are selected to emphasize touches of color that appear elsewhere in the costume, or to redeem one-color dark frocks from somberness. Chinese beads are proving the most interesting, but strands made to order for special frocks draw their inspiration from many sources.



Adaptable and Popular Furs

The aptitude for wearing clothes in the right way has more to do with successful dressing than the style of the clothes themselves. American women have earned a reputation for a fine sense of style and fitness—that is—a "sense of clothes." Perhaps this is the reason they have taken so kindly to the capes and flat scarfs of fur that have proved, by a long way, the most popular furs of the season. These flat neck pieces are adaptable and easy to adjust.

Furs that may be worn either to muffle up the throat and shoulders, or worn warm coats out of doors, or to be thrown about the shoulders indoors, do not fall to please. Whether any inquisitive draft of air finds its way to thinly clad shoulders or not, the fur piece is a most becoming guard against it.

At concerts and club meetings, dances and restaurant dinners, coats are discarded but the fur neck piece sees its duty and does it nobly. It stands by the bodice or blouse of crepe, makes the uncovered throat plausible and tones up whatever costume it happens to be worn with.

At the center of the group of fur pieces shown in the picture, the shape most popular in capes appears. This

style is made up in all the soft, flat furs as mole, ermine, seal, kolinsky, squirrel and mink. In its picture it is developed in chinchilla. The cape women have earned a reputation for a fine sense of style and fitness—that is—a "sense of clothes." Perhaps this is the reason they have taken so kindly to the capes and flat scarfs of fur that have proved, by a long way, the most popular furs of the season. These flat neck pieces are adaptable and easy to adjust.

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The cape at the right is of Hudson seal with black collar of ermine with the show points—or tall tip—that are shown in the muff. This cape is full enough to ripple a little and is longer at the front and back than over the arms. It is lined with soft dark brown satin.

All kinds of fur are used for the flat scarfs that are wide enough to form capes for the shoulders. They are usually about a yard and a half long and are sometimes discovered to have pockets inconspicuously placed in each end. Just what they are there for is to be solved by each woman for herself.

Sometimes the skirt is plaited, with wide box plait panels at front and back, narrow sash of the plaited stuff, faced with bright-colored silk that echoes the dominant color in the plaid, adds an attractive touch to such a frock.

A Spring Forecast.

Gingham silk frocks are to be quite the rage the coming spring. They are to have full gathered skirts and snug, well-fitting bodices coming well down below the normal waistline.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of the Sunday School Course of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)
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LESSON FOR JANUARY 13

JESUS BEGINS HIS WORK.

LESSON TEXT—Mark 1:2-22.
GOLDEN TEXT—Repent ye, and believe in the Gospel.

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL FOR TEACHERS—Matt. 4:1-11; 8:13-22; Luke 4:1-38; Heb. 4:14-16; Acts 9:1-9; John 1:1-38.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Jesus chooses four helpers.
MEMORY VERSE—Come ye after me.—Mark 1:7.

INTERMEDIATE TOPIC—Overcome temptation.
MEMORY VERSE—1 Cor. 10:13.

SENIOR AND ADULT TOPIC—How Jesus faced his task.

I. Introduction (vv. 12, 13). Mark dares votes little or no attention to the early incidents of the life of Jesus, and only suggests the events immediately following his baptism. Indeed, for the record of the Temptation and the Sermon on the Mount, we have to look to the other Gospel writers. In teaching the lesson we must not, however, overlook making some reference to these two outstanding events in the life of our Lord.

II. John the Baptizer (vv. 14, 15). This section not only disposes of John as having been put into prison, but immediately plunges Jesus into his public ministry. Jesus' entry into Galilee was a part of his connection with John, inasmuch as he withdrew himself to that place (See John 4:1-3) and made Capernaum his headquarters (Matt. 4:13). The message here recorded as proclaimed by Jesus was the identical summons which John the Baptizer had uttered. Jesus speaks of this new kingdom as being already come, referring, of course, to his own person and ministry, but in its actual establishment it was not really "at hand" until he shed his blood upon the cross and the Holy Spirit descended on the day of Pentecost, when there was opened the fountain for sin and uncleanliness for the world at large.

III. His Helpers Called. (vv. 16-29). In this record, we have the call of four of his helpers: Simon, Andrew his brother, James and John his brother, the latter being the sons of Zebedee. Luke tells us (5:3) that Jesus was teaching. Those called were certainly at work and God all ways issues his call to those whose time and effort are being occupied even though perhaps for selfish purposes. There is no place for an idler in the spiritual kingdom. This call was to "come ye after me" (v. 17), the purpose being that they might be come "fishers of men." Notice he began upon the common, familiar ground of fishing, something mutually and thoroughly understood, and led them from that to a spiritual truth. In this we see a good pedagogical hint and a wise suggestion to the preacher and teacher, viz., that we must begin to teach our lessons through the medium of past experience and of present interests. Simon (Luke 5:5) appears to have been a doubter when Jesus called him. Nevertheless, he was willing to try Christ at least once, and at his word, he let down the net. The evidence of obedience is found in verse 11, and Matthew (4:8) also Luke (5:11) tells us that when they left their nets, "they left all."

IV. His Helpers Trained (vv. 21, 22). The result of this call was (see v. 21) that as they went into the city they entered into the synagogue where Jesus taught them. The inference, of course, is plain. Whenever God calls a man into his kingdom, he begins at once to teach him the duties and responsibilities of the kingdom. Notice that in becoming fishers of men, they began close at home. Brother sought brother. This was not the first time that Jesus had called these brothers. (See John 1:40, 41). In the call, as recorded by St. John, we are led to believe that John (the unmentioned disciple) first sought an interview with Christ. The question of harmonizing the various calls which Jesus gave to his disciples is an interesting one and one which has given rise to a good deal of discussion. The one recorded in the first chapter of John occurred in Judea; this one occurred in Galilee. As to whether this is the one recorded in the fifth chapter of Luke, there seems to be a general opinion that it is not the same, though we can with profit compare the two callings in teaching this lesson. The probabilities are that there were three calls: First, the one recorded in John 1:35-42; second, that one recorded in Matthew 4:18-22; and the third and last was that which occurred just before their appointment to become apostles, the one recorded in Luke five.

Conclusion. When Jesus faced his great task, he did not face it alone. He had first of all the approval of God the Father. He also had the anointing of God the Holy Spirit, and he called in the co-operation and help of human agents. Jesus met his temptations and his tasks not in his own strength, but in the strength of the Spirit of God. At the same time being God, he called to his side those who in turn were to become fishers of men, leaders of others. His call to these disciples was three-fold; (a), to discipleship, namely, they were to become learners; (b), to fellowship, for they were to enter into and have a part of his toil, tasks, temptations and sorrows (Phil. 3:10); and (c), to service. They were to go out as his ambassadors and representatives. The world always demands the busy man. The fact that these men had hired servants indicates their position in life. Jesus called to be his disciples men who were busy with the common daily tasks, but who with prompt obedience left those tasks to learn of him and who then went out to turn the world upside down.

The liquor men are establishing a new battle line of defense in the "beer and wine" to be substituted for brandy and whisky." Let us keep the issue clear. "Camouflage" is well understood by the W. C. T. U. For years the liquor men obscured the issue and deceived the very elect. Today, however, the American people have no illusions about alcohol. The light of scientific truth is shining. Alcohol is a poison, beer is an alcoholic drink. Its manufacture destroys valuable grain. Patriotism—the safeguarding of this and other nations—demands prohibition of the manufacture and sale of beer.

The man who indulges in whisky has a "rye" face, and all his actions turn awry.

During the war prohibition agitation in congress working men of the country were grossly misrepresented by the anti-prohibition petition signed by 2,000,000 men presented to President Wilson. In many prohibition states federations of labor declare they never wish to return to the saloon system. An analysis of the signatures to the petition would doubtless show the names of brewers, distillers, saloon men and their down-and-out victims largely in evidence. Such men do not properly represent the labor interests of the United States.

SING A SONG OF DOLLARS.
Sing a song of dollars
Spent in buying booze,
Children home a starving
Mother has no shoes.

Sing a song of dollars
Spent in manly way,
Everybody happy
All the living day,
—Good Government.

WOUNDS DO NOT HEAL.
I dread the task of operating on a drinker.—Sir William Paget, M. D.

Temperance Notes

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

THE PATH OF PATRIOTISM

It is the Path of Prohibition—(Excerpts From Address of Miss Anna Gordon, President National W. C. T. U., Before the Forty-fourth Annual Convention of That Organization Held in Washington, D. C., December 2-7, 1917).

We praise God for the prohibition victories rising Phoenixlike from war's awful gloom and overwhelming anxiety. Listen to the patriotic prohibition roll of 1917:

Prohibition for the District of Columbia; prohibition for Indiana; prohibition for Utah; prohibition for New Hampshire; prohibition for New Mexico; prohibition for Alaska; prohibition for Porto Rico.

A decade ago four white prohibition states gleamed on our map of the United States; today there are 27, and the District of Columbia, Alaska and Porto Rico. At the 1918 general election we expect Minnesota, Missouri, Florida, Wyoming, Kentucky, California, Texas and Nevada to bring us within one of the 36 whose legislatures should be safely counted upon to ratify the prohibition amendment to the national Constitution.

The stock arguments of the liquor trade have no value today. Great cities have adopted prohibition with no disturbance to banks, groceries, real estate or hotels, except on the right side of the ledger. Unprecedented prosperity has silenced the liquor men's prophecy of "miles of empty stores and decreased bank deposits." Increased population and additional throngs of summer tourists have forever quieted the liquor men's groan that "summer travelers and prospective home seekers avoid prohibition centers." Even the circus performers prefer dry to liquor localities—on the plain proposition of larger profits. The nation today needs the able-bodied men who make and sell liquor. Useful and constructive jobs are awaiting those who by the coming of prohibition would be "thrown out of employment." Hundreds of avenues of urgent work beckon the seller of distilled liquors and the men engaged in the brewing and vinous trades.

To the liquor dealers the defeat of suffrage always means a victory for their interests. The trade expends thousands of dollars each year in promoting publicity against votes for women. "Woman suffrage in New York state," predicted one widely distributed circular of the liquor trade, "would kill the malted industry of the United States." Woman suffrage in the Empire state has arrived! The malted industry must go!

The pathway of prohibition for many years has run parallel with the pathway of woman suffrage. Today brave women who have blazed the way for suffrage or prohibition are jubilant as together they press forward on the broad highway of Christian citizenship and exalted patriotism.

Total abstinence and prohibition can only be recommended to the American people as articles not "made in Germany." It is true that in the years ago the kaiser, desiring to maintain autocracy and conquer the world, advised his naval cadets to abstain from alcohol. But the chapter of horrors familiar to readers of war news proves that German officers and men demoralized by drink have committed unspeakable crimes against womanhood and childhood—the blackest page in the world's history of inhumanity. The kaiser ought to have long and serious thoughts concerning his prophecy that "the nation which takes the smallest quantity of alcohol will win the battles of the future." Autocracy and alcohol will both be overthrown. Democracy and sobriety will win.

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Mother has no shoes.

Sing a song of dollars
Spent in manly way,
Everybody happy
All the living day,
—Good Government.

WOUNDS DO NOT HEAL.
I dread the task of operating on a drinker.—Sir William Paget, M. D.