

# The Nugget's Department for Children

## Deep-Sea Diver's Tales.

It was a bright, sunny afternoon, and the old diver was sitting dangling his feet over the end of the wharf. He had been serenely silent for some time, when a boat load of young men pulled by singing and shouting in merriment. One of them noticed him and shouted "Have a drink, old boss!"

The philosopher of the under-sea sniffed with as much irritation as his equable nature could display, and he muttered, half to himself, "You'll get your drink, young man, if you and your friends are not more careful with that dingy—and it will be a longer drink than you're reckoning on, too!"

He followed the boat with frowning eyes until it disappeared behind the long dock. Then he again broke silence:

"A man can't drink and get far, diving. There may be businesses where the chap who takes more than is good for him is just the sort they are looking for, although I haven't yet happened on any myself. The big bankers and railroad presidents and steamship owners, for all I know, may feel like putting up notices in their offices:

"If you want to succeed with us, take a day off once a week and get drunk! Maybe they feel that way about it, and maybe they don't. But I know just this: you can't drink and dive."

"They say marrying always finds out the weakest side of a man, and the same is true of the deep sea. A pressure of twenty or twenty-five pounds, laid alone one of fifty or sixty, goes feeling over a man like an insurance doctor, and sure as death it'll put its finger on that link in the chain of his make-up that's going to be the first to break—and often enough it'll break it, too."

"If you haven't a sound heart and lungs, if you've been sunstruck or have had your brain affected in any other way, you can't go down safely. But above all—both for his own sake, and for the sake of his fellow divers, too—a drinker can't afford to try it—and for a lot of good reasons."

"I don't need to say anything of the plain likelihood of a muddle-headed man getting his valves out of kilter, or giving the wrong signals, or fangling himself in his lines and hoisting tackle. But take the matter of the effect of pressure alone. Deep water acts on a good many of the clearest-headed men exactly like laughing-gas, and when a man's brain is afire with spirits to begin with, it makes a fool of him in no time."

"Whatever state of mind he's in is exaggerated tenfold; and whether he almost laughs his head off or wants to do murder is only a matter of how much he's been drinking, and accordingly how he's feeling when he goes down. If he's in an ugly temper to start with, the fact that he's soon making a fool of himself under sea—circling round a mast till he's tied himself like a call to a tree, or going down one hatch and trying to come up another, or getting hooked to his own derrick cable and being pulled up like a cork on a fishing-line—isn't going to make him any pleasanter to work with."

"Most likely before he's through with his spree he'll go clean blood-mad and run amuck on his diving partners. That's what happened with me once, and I was as near done for as I want to be. If I've been giving you a temperance lecture, I've good personal reasons for it."

"The man's name was Feally, and he was a big, swarthy giant of a fellow, hailing from Baltimore, I think. The job we met on was a simple enough one, getting the cargo out of a Sound schooner that had foundered in five or six fathoms; and the boss had left Feally and me to work ahead with no one above but our tenders, the derrick-hands and the engineer."

"Well, I don't know how he got it, but the second day after we were left alone Feally showed that he had liquor with him. Now if it was any one's business to speak to him, it was mine, for I was senior in the gang. But when a man's working alongside of you and drawing pretty near the same pay, you don't feel like venturing to stand him up against a mast and preach him sermons, so I didn't say anything."

"Besides, when we were up on the tug, there was really nothing to betray him but his breath. I found it awkward to say to him, 'Feally, you've been drinking, for when I get close enough to you I can smell it.' I'd have seemed to him like the worst sort of a meddler."

"But once we were down—oh, there wasn't any need to get close to him for evidence then! For the pressure, even at five fathoms, just brought you're lifting out a carege, sometimes it will take you as long a time out all over. For the first few days, when he wasn't talking much, it only made him funny. He wanted to live things up by larking. He'd keep trying to trip me, or he'd hit me a whack on the top of the helmet every chance he got, or try to leap-frog over me, or play pranks with my lines. I could fancy I heard his silly laugh at every lunny trick."

"As for his work, his hoisting cable wasn't half 'fed.' He didn't send up one case to my two. But the derrick men, even if it had been their business to concern themselves about it, couldn't know that he wasn't doing what he ought to. For when you're lifting out a cargo, sometimes it will take you as long a time over one case as it will over the next ten. So Feally went on his way pretty much untroubled."

"But one day, though, about the end of the week, I thought the end of his work on that job had come, for without any warning one afternoon the boss came out to us. Feally had just been hauled up, and by rights needed an hour's rest; but his tenders, who were really kind-hearted chaps, seeing that he was a good deal worse than usual that day, were nervous lest the boss should notice the state he was in if he stayed up above; and crowding him back into his suit, they sent him down again as quick as they could."

"I wondered at his returning from his 'off spell' so soon, and particularly because he wasn't funny any longer. He kept fumbling at the hook of his cable—he was past being able to do anything for himself—and looking at me kind of appealing. But

turned loose on Feally, and told him if he touched liquor again that trip one of us would quit the job, and I didn't intend it should be me. "He was humble enough, and promised all sorts of reform—was going to take the pledge as soon as he got on shore, and what not besides. He kept to it for about a week, and then there came a day that put an end to his diving career in that neighborhood, and almost finished mine for good!"

"I don't know why I was fool enough to go down with him that afternoon. Any one could see that he'd been making up for the week he'd gone dry. His tenders certainly were not slow to notice it; but being an easy-going, irresponsible lot, they took it only as a better joke than usual, and made all sorts of fun of him. 'Would he take his pipe with him?' 'Did he want his air-hose screwed on, or would he go without?' 'And—as we were taking down hammer and nails to do some bracing between decks—hadn't he better carry the nails in his mouth, and take the hammer to break his faceplate when he wanted to use them?' He made no answer to any of their nonsense, only shuffled his feet and looked sullen and ugly; but what they said stuck in his mind, as you'll see later."

"I went down first, and a few minutes afterward I saw his legs coming through the hatch. Half-way to the bottom he slipped and went plunging down on the lumber we'd piled there. But the tumble sobered him so little that he put his hand up to his helmet to feel for the bump! Although I was angry with him, I couldn't help grinning at that, and when, after two or three tries, he got to his feet again and started to drive nails, I burst into a roar in spite of myself."

I took hold of him, pressed my face-plate close to his—which is the only way divers can make each other hear—and told him he'd better get out of water till his hand was fixed and he was sobered up."

"For answer he grabbed me about the body and swore he'd go up in his own good time and before he went he was going to do for me. The whisky inside him and the pressure outside to treble the effect of it were working with a vengeance; he was a long way past the funny stage now."

"I shouted at him not to be a drunken idiot, and tried to wrench myself free. But he had twice my strength and held me easily. We wrestled and strained for a good five minutes. From being only exasperated, I began to be nervous and anxious, and I own it was soon worse than that with me."

"The 'tween decks of a foundered ship is a gloomy enough place at best, and fighting a madman didn't add to its cheerfulness. And Feally, as he gradually worked himself into a frenzy, made it worse by shoving his helmet against mine every few minutes, and yelling that I'd see whose face-plate would be smashed with the hammer and whose mouth would be filled with nails. His voice came to me roaring and bellowing like a wild beast's, and his face glared through his glass open-mouthed and distorted."

"I hadn't long to wait to see that he was in deadly earnest about smashing my plate for as soon as he had his right arm free for a minute, he struck—at me again. The blow was high an inch or two, or my suit would have been full of water in twenty seconds."

"I made a desperate twist and clutched for the life-line. But dropping the hammer, he had me by the wrist with one sweep and pinned my arm by my side again. And, indeed, as our tenders had known we'd be circulating around considerable, and had given us yards of slack, to draw the line taut and signal in the same second would have been impossible, anyway."

"For a minute we stood there at a deadlock, both of us breathing hard and I tightening my muscles and wondering what his next crazy move would be. I found out almost before I could think what he was at. His grip dropped from my waist to my legs, and in a trice he'd lifted me off my balance. I had just presence of mind enough to fling my arms up around my face as I went down."

"I knew what was coming, then. What he couldn't do with the hammer he was going to try to do with his lead-soled boots. And in spite of the resistance of the water, and the difficulty he had in keeping himself balanced, his kicks were brutally hard ones."

"Every time my wrists were struck I thought the bones were broken in a new place; but some way or other I kept my face-plate covered and flattened myself on the floor."

"After his fifth or sixth try had come to nothing he stopped. I thought that perhaps the madness was beginning to work itself out. Instead of that, it was only making him slyer and more calculating, for, suddenly bending over, he tried to hold my arms down and use his boot while my glass had no protection. But he couldn't stoop and kick at the same time, and after a stubborn struggle, he stopped once more and drew off."

"Although I was in mortal fear lest he'd think of the knife I had under my belt—it was my salvation that he didn't carry one himself—I dared to hope again, and peered out from under my hands. He was giving my slack a turn around the nearest stanchion!"

"I think the cool deliberation of the brute maddened me. Anyway, as he came back, I let all caution go, and flung my arms around his ankles. It was the wisest thing I could have done, for it took him unawares, and I had the purchase of the under man, too. Using all the shoulder strength I had, I shot him head first over my back. In the water a diver weighs only a few pounds. He went easily, and he went a long way."

"I snatched at my line—fortunately for me its thickness had kept it from drawing too tight about the stanchion—and started up the ladder. But I no more than had my head out of the hatch than I felt Feally's grip on my hose again."

"I had only a moment to think, but the first thought to come was the right one. I was already pretty full of air, and if free from my eighty pounds of leaded belt I'd go to the top like a bubble. I braced my back against the hatchway and tore at the belt buckle; my knife I whipped loose as the weights dropped from me."

"In a jiffy I was half upside down, and pulling at Feally like a balloon. Then I took the risk, a diver's last resort, and slashed at the hose. The

cut went through clean. I closed my thumb over the end in the same second, and in one big rush of bubbles went straight up."

"Two minutes later my tenders were unscrewing my face-plate. I told them between gasps to haul up Feally, and then lay back completely played."

"Feally left that day. He didn't give any reasons, and as for me, I didn't go into any unnecessary explanations. He came to his end finally when diving in Port Elizabeth; and although it was hushed up, enough leaked out to tell what had been his undoing. Well, it's every man's privilege to follow his own theories of what's wise and what's foolish. But this is a long way past being a theory: You can't mix drink and the 'under sea.'—Youth's Companion."

## The Valley of Gems.

By Chester Whitman Tennant.

Dear Children, — Now you must keep very quiet while I tell you about a valley filled with many kinds of glittering gems and how sorrowful the little men and women are that live there; for though they may have all of the gems that they want, they are not happy, for they may not be happy as long as they remain in this valley.

"Yes, you must keep very still or you will not be able to hear what the people are saying that live in this valley and you must watch, too, very closely, or you will not see these little people that live there, for some say that it is a long way off, while others say that it is really very near to us now, and that we may see it too, if we try very hard and are not rough in our play and love our little playmates and brothers and sisters, and must love the little birds, too, without harming or frightening them."

Now little folks you must not think that this is queer, for a very wise

man tells us it is true and if we want to take a peep into this valley we see and hear the people talk that live there we must love the flowers, the birds, the animals, our playmates and all the things in God's beautiful world, for we must have love in our hearts for everything first, for love is the first thing that opens our eyes wide so that we can see ever so much better than before and we better than many of the people can see that we meet upon the street every day."

If we love to help those that are in trouble and wish to show the right path to those who have lost it, then we may enter this glittering valley of gems and help the little men and women that live there, for even though they are little they are very, very pretty, too, and when you see them you love them and want to help them, for, even if they live in a beautiful valley full of glittering gems that shine like stars, they are very unhappy and have lost their way and cannot get out of the valley unless they leave all of the gems behind them. They do not want to do this and so tramp about day after day, picking up more bright stones as they walk and fill many bags with them, tying them about their necks and arms, and when night comes upon them they sink down tired and cry for the load is heavy and the gems glitter so brightly that their eyes are blinded and they cannot see the way out, or what it is that makes them so tired."

Now a little man one day was walking in his fields and meadows where the flowers grew very thick; it was called the field of flowers, and at noon he sat down under an apple tree in the cool shade, while a bird in the branches above him sang sweetly. He loved to hear the bird sing for he loved them and they loved him, I think, and liked to sing when he was near. While he sat there he thought he heard some one crying long way off and the little man stopped his singing in the branches of the tree and the little man looked

at the man who was sitting under the apple tree and he saw that the man was crying and he thought that the man was in trouble and he wanted to help him. He went to the man and asked him what was the matter and the man told him that he was in a valley full of gems and that he was very unhappy because he could not get out of the valley. The little man thought that he would help the man and he showed him the way out of the valley. The man was very grateful and he gave the little man a bag full of gems. The little man took the bag and went home and he was very happy because he had helped a man who was in trouble. (Continued on page 4.)



"WE WRESTLED AND STRAINED FOR A GOOD FIVE MINUTES."

as I knew that he was drunk, and knew that he was well aware of it, too, I didn't feel called upon to go out of my way any on his behalf."

"But when, after half an hour or so, I went up for my own rest spell and found the boss there, that opened my eyes. And furthermore, when the boss remarked that Feally seemed to be having a difficult grip to make and needed help, I answered up—pretty ambiguous, I own—that he did need help, and I was going back to give it to him right away. The boss would have given him his time in a minute if he'd found out that he'd been drinking, and except for that, Feally wasn't such a bad sort."

"So I got back down to him the quickest I knew how, and for the next hour I did his work as well as my own. I made fast his tackle, gave his signals and all, and it kept me busy. But I couldn't do anything else, for he didn't seem to have either sense or strength in him—only stumbled about and got in my way."

"Fortunately, when we had to come up at last—and we were both well-tuckered by the long siege. He'd had it—the boss was gone. He'd made remarks to the derrick-hands about our slowness, though, and that made me mad, for I had a fairly good conscience in the business. I

"You see, the way light is slanted in the water keeps things below the surface from being where they really ought to be; it's so hard to get any proper force with the hammer that in ordinary simple fairness the nails ought to act straight and right, but they don't. An old diver, though, uses his hammer by instinct. He can nail as well with his eyes shut as open. Consciously or unconsciously, he makes his calculation with every blow."

"But with the liquor in, all Feally's instinct for nail-driving was well out; and when he'd made three wide misses—he stood directly in the hatchway light, and I could see him plainly—and had got wrathier and wrathier at every whack, the fourth time he made a full arm swing, like a crazy man with a sledge, and mashed his left-hand fingers flatter than a rivet-head."

"I stopped laughing right then and started over to see if I could help him any. Well, he just caught up his hammer again, and gave it to me with all his strength square on my head piece."

"For one dazed jiffy I thought he'd gashed my helmet, but he hadn't bruised my shoulders along the line of the collar was all the harm he'd done, and as soon as I was sure of

## Unalaska and Western Alaska Points

U. S. MAIL

# S. S. NEWPORT

Leaves Juneau April 1st and 1st of each month for Sitka, Yakutat, Nutchek, Orca, Ft. Licum, Valdes, Resurrection, Homer, Seldovia, Katmai, Kodiak, Uyak, Kerluk, Chignik, Unga, Sand Point, Beikofsky, Unasaska, Dutch Harbor.

FOR INFORMATION APPLY TO—

Seattle Office - Globe Bldg., Cor. First Ave. and Madison Street  
San Francisco Office, 30 California Street

## Japan American Line

Carrying U. S. Mails to Oriental Points.

### Steamer Every 2 Weeks

For Japan, China and All Asiatic Points.

Ticket Office - 612 First Avenue, Seattle

## Pacific Packing and Navigation Co.

Successors to Pacific Steam Whaling Co.

### Copper River and Cook's Inlet

YAKUTAT, ORCA, VALDEZ, HOMER.

FOR ALL POINTS in Western Alaska Steamer Newport

OFFICES SEATTLE Cor. First Ave. and Yester Way. SAN FRANCISCO No. 30 California Street