SUNKEN SEA TREASURES.

Deep Sea Salvage Company Would Raise Lost Gold.

Within two days came the announcement of the formation of two companies—the Inter-Ocean Submarine Engineering company, and the Deep Sea Salvage corporation—to raise ships sunk in the ocean in depths not too great or to get out of them the riches they hold. The Inter-Ocean company has among its shareholders some of the wealthiest and most influential men in finance in New York. H. L. Bowden, of Bayonne, N. J., is head of the Deep Sea Salvage corporation.

Sunken treasure always has had a fascination. It was inevitable that the German fad for lining the floor of the ocean with wrecks would stimulate interest and thought in this subject. The New York people say that with their present equipment they can work at a depth of 300 feet. They expect later to go much deeper. Mr. Bowden says he has apparatus with which he can work at 600 feet depths. In addition to stating that an average of 100 vessels a year are wrecked along the coast of the United States annually and that the value of the vessels and cargoes lost on the British coast each year is $45,000,000, Mr. Bowden gives this partial list of the treasure he hopes to rescue:

Merida, sunk in collision with Admiral Farragut, May 12, 1911, sixty-five miles east of Cape Charles in 300 feet of water; has cargo, $500,000 in silver bars, $300,000 in gold and about $200,000 valuables in purser's safe.

Oceana, sunk off Beachy Head, March 16, 1912, in 210 feet of water; had $5,000,000 in gold and silver, part of a loan to China.

Lusitania, torpedoed May 7, 1915, twelve miles south of Kinsale, Ireland, in 270 feet of water; about $1,000,000 gold and jewelry and several millions in securities aboard.

Islander, sunk in 320 feet of water near Juneau, Alaska, with $2,000,000 in Klondike gold.

Pewabiac, sunk in Lake Huron, 160 feet of water, with $800,000 in treasure aboard.

General Grant, wrecked on coast of Auckland Islands in 1866, in eighty feet of water; carried $15,000,000 in gold bars and bullion.

Alphonse, sunk off Port Gando with $400,000 in Spanish coin.

Skyro, sunk in 240 feet of water off Cape Finisterre with $500,000 in silver bars.

Hamilla Mitchell, lost on the Lenconna Rock, near Shanghai, with specie worth $700,000, part of which has been recovered.

Flagship Florentina, lost in Tobermory Bay, off west coast of Scotland, with $15,000,000.

Mr. Bowden also referred to the Spanish galleon Santa Margarita, which in 1597 sailed from Santo Domingo with $7,000,000 on board and was wrecked in Mona Passage near Porto Rico. Her location was discovered in 1908 and a group of Harvard men sailed on a yacht they brought to salvage her. They were wrecked in May, 1908, in almost the same spot, and gave up.

He said his attention was also upon the famed fleet of seventeen Spanish galleons which in 1702, conveyed by French and Spanish warships, took from South America and the West Indies accumulated treasure of $140,000,000. The Dutch and English fleets set out to capture the galleons and attacked the treasure ships in Vigo Bay, Spain. The Spaniards sank the galleons. Six of the galleons, Mr. Bowden said, being in shallow water, were raised and about $20,000,000 recovered, but the other, containing $120,000,000, being sunk in more than 200 feet of water, still rested at the bottom of Vigo Bay.

Surely that list is enough to fire the imagination of anyone possessed of an adventurous spirit and a diver's suit. There are persons who will doubt the ability of anyone to work in 600 feet of water. The deeper you go the greater pressure. In and about New York there are many divers. They work in the sea, in the harbor, in the rivers and at times are summoned to the great lakes. They have been called at times to go down into flooded mines. On the authority of the master diver of America it can be stated that the greatest depth he or any person he knows has worked in was less than 120 feet. It is a fact that a much greater depth was reached by the divers who went down to the submarine lost in Hawaiian waters and the pearl divers are said to reach depths of more than 100 feet without the aid of diving apparatus, but the professional diver will tell you the conditions must be different there to what they are here.

Unless the waters are very clear and the bottom of the sea perfectly clean the diver works as does a blind man—by sense of feel. He sees nothing in murky waters. He must be a master of many trades or he can accomplish little. He must know how to cut through iron or steel. He must be a carpenter. He must be a rigger. He must know ships of every class and kind. He must have a sound heart, powerful lungs and unusual courage.

Science always is advancing. It may make it possible for men to work at depths of 300 or 600 feet in the sea. Men who know the way the pressure increases the deeper you go are skeptics.

If the men behind these salvage enterprises have done nothing else they have reopened and revived a great field of adventure, one that should provide many tales picturesque, romantic and delightful, for about the sunken treasure of Vigo Bay alone enough has been written to fill ten score large books.—Commerce and Finance.

FEEDING GREAT ARMIES.

Germans Show the Greatest Ingenuity in Replenishing Stores.

Soldiers in war must be well fed no matter what happens to the population at home. With all that we read in the newspapers about the suffering multitudes of Germany nobody intimates that the German soldiers are hungry.

The importance of the commissary department has long been recognized and the best fed army is usually the most cheerful and courageous. The German general staff is probably the most systematic and abundant provider of viands in the world, but the British are not far behind. Only the other day a contract was awarded to a Canadian packing house for 600,000,000 one-pound cans of beef stew for the British Tommies.

Men who have been along the British front say that not even the impossibility of getting a drink causes as much grumbling as does the lack of strawberry jam. The issue of jam is an institution in the British service. All the armies use a vast quantity of chocolate in one form or another—usually highly sweetened. Coffee is the soldier's drink the world around, but the Britisher substitutes tea on many occasions, and the habit is said to be spreading to his French comrades. Russian soldiers are inveterate tea drinkers, as is everybody in Russia.

The Germans have shown the greatest ingenuity in replenishing their food stores. It is said that they were even able to trade the Turks ammunition for foodstuffs, although Turkey was short of eatables before the road was opened from Berlin to Constantinople. In all the vast area of territory that the Germans have taken they have not missed anything in the form of food. Northern France has contributed its quota. Being a fine fruit country it has helped to make up the equivalent of the English jam. Even Serbia, impoverished by three wars, contributed 90,000 pigs to Germany's depleted stock.

Men leading active lives, largely in the open air, are usually big eaters, and soldiers on duty must be in the best of health, therefore, any army rations must be liberal in size as well as varied in composition. The consumption of food in war time is therefore increased, and much is wasted. That is one reason why the prices of food have soared in all the European countries, though another reason may well be that on the average people have more money to spend now than they did before the war.

When we consider the vast quantities of food taken for army use—when we remember that there is only one standard ration for all soldiers of any nationality, and that the poorest laborer who has responded to his country's call is just as well fed as the duke's son who has shouldered a rifle—if any such thing has happened—and that this average or universal ration is far above the average ration of all the population in times of peace, both in quantity and quality, we do not have to be possessed of vivid imagination to picture what is going to happen to food prices if the war lasts a year or two longer.

Trials of a Teacher.

Miss Hitch was having some trouble with a little fellow in her spelling class at Claysville.

"B-e-d spells bed," she explained over and over again; "b-e-d, bed. Do you understand?"

"Yes'm."

"Now, then, c-a-t spells cat, d-o-g spells dog, and b-e-d spells—what did I tell you b-e-d spells?"

"Dunno."

"Don't know? You don't know what b-e-d spells after all I've told you?"

"No'm."

"Well, once more, b-e-d spells what you sleep in. Now, what do you sleep in?"

"My drawers!" triumphantly exclaimed the urchin.—Country Gentleman.

One hundred dollars a ton for a proposed vessel was recently asked by a Japanese shipbuilding yard, and Consul General Scidmore, of Yokohama, reports that the surprised customer withdrew his order. The cost before the war was $60 to $77.

DUMPING AT SEA.

New York Debris is a Menace to the Harbor.

The debris of the city of New York, which has been deposited in the ocean outside the harbor or in Long Island Sound since 1890, amounts to 320,274,742 cubic yards, or more than all the material which has been excavated for the Panama canal. These figures are contributed to the annual report of the chief of engineers to the secretary of war by Capt. A. S. Halstead, U. S. N., supervisor of the port, to show how important is the work of the government in superintending the disposition of this mass of material so that it will not block up the navigable waters of this part of the coast.

In all seasons and at all hours the federal authorities keep up a patrol to watch the garbage scows and see that they do not dump their loads too close to the shore. It is maintained by five steam tugs, the Cerberus, Lament, Scout, Nimrod and Vigilant, and one naphtha launch, the Lookout. But of these Capt. Halstead says only the Cerebus is fit for duty outside and prolonged tours of sea duty, although the Vigilant may be used freely for long inspection runs.

Four vessels, says the report, are employed in patrolling the harbor mouth day and night, Sundays and holidays, and two are always on duty. One station at the Narrows collects permits from the town as they pass out to sea, and stamps upon them the hour at which the barges pass out. Then it keeps an eye on the two until it comes under the surveillance of the outside patrol boat, which has its beat from three to five miles outside the Scotland lightship on the regularly authorized dumping ground. This outer patrol makes a note of the condition of the barges as they reach it, and if there is any discrepancy between its observations and those made by the patrol at the Narrows the skippers of the tugboats are asked to explain and to show that they did not dump any refuse too near in.

The Scotland lightship also makes a report on the movements of the scows, and one of the supervisor's boats is continually moving along the water front of the city making notes of what dumpings is going on, while the naphtha launch plies along the Staten Island hills, Newark Bay, the Passaic river and other shallow waters to see the law obeyed.

One of the most troublesome duties of the harbor patrol is the prevention of the casting adrift of heavy logs and large timbers. Floating in the open they may, says Capt. Halstead, do great damage to the propellers of steamers, and it is absolutely forbidden to set them in the water. This involves the pier owners in considerable difficulty. When they are building an extension or renewing their piers they have old crib work and spiles to throw away. They are quite useless and under the law the owners are required to bring them ashore or raft them. As a matter of fact, Capt. Halstead suggests, many pier owners wait until it is dark and then illegally send the logs adrift, confident in the difficulty in detecting them. When the patrol boats meet a dangerous log they are supposed to tow it away from the neighborhood of the fairway.

Capt. Halstead lays emphasis on the fact that his men must keep the seas whatever the weather. It is when it is rough that the skippers of the tows are most likely to dump their loads in prohibited waters, and so the patrol can never relax its vigilance. The tows, says Capt. Halstead, venture to sea when they have merely a chance of making the dumping grounds, but they are willing to risk it rather than leave the dredges idle for a considerable time.

In the next few years it will be necessary for the patrol to be more active than ever. It is probable that a large quantity of the material excavated from the two new subway tubes under the East River will be towed out to sea for final disposition. It would make admirable filling for the reclamation of land, but to handle it is so expensive that the contractors may be willing to throw it into the ocean.—New York Sun.

The Link.

When the storm clouds piled between us
In the dark and chasmed hour,
When we struggled for a rebirth of our souls
And of our love for one another,
One thing held me to you.
It was not the expanding structures of love
That we had builded together;
It was not vows,
Nor inner promises of eternal fealty,
Nor our common purpose in life,
Nor the clenching grasp of passion—
It was the battered little coffee-pot
That we had bought together for five cents
From a ghetto push-cart,
That would not let me go.
—Clement Wood, in April Poetry.

Its the baby that lives that counts.