we had some very good times; and a few hopeless
men regained their hope and became good decent
citizens.

I found in my talks with them, that not many of these
men ever really wanted to do anything which was very
wrong. Three main reasons accounted for their being
in jail. (1) Strong Drink. (2) Gambling. (3) Un-
controlled Tempers. Remember this and fight against
these three evils. If you don’t, they may crush you.

One young man I knew when he was in jail, had been
a very successful newspaper reporter for one of the
biggest newspapers in New York City. He drank too
much and lost his job. One day, while he was drunk,
he stole a typewriter to write a short story to get some
money to buy more drink. He was caught and spent
two long years in gaol. When he came out he came
back to my people who helped him get a job. He
was a man again. When I last heard of him he was the
Secretary of the Y.M.C.A., in one of the biggest cities
in America.

Now I’ll have to finish off this part of my story.
Maybe you didn’t like it much. Well, if you didn’t,
I’m sorry. I’ll try to do better next month. There is
something you can learn from it, you know. For one
thing, you can get a terrible lot of real fun trying to
make somebody else’s life happier. Just try helping
someone who is having trouble of some kind. Don’t
expect to get paid for it. When you get paid for a
job, it becomes a lot harder to do, and it is not nearly
so much fun.

Be waiting for me next month. I’ll take you to India
and Ceylon. On the way, we’ll stop over and see New
York City.

Divers Don’t Fear
Deep-sea Monsters

Diving has its perils, but modern divers have
concluded that the monsters of the deep so feared in an
earlier age are the least of the dangers.

Sharks and barracudas, it has now been reliable
established, seldom if ever attack swimmers except when
they are near the surface and so appear to be some sort
of disabled fish.

Even large octopi retreat from a man moving
purposefully over the sea bottom, says the National
Geographic Society.

Perhaps the largest octopus yet met beneath the water
was one with eyes “the size of saucers” seen by a
reputable diver off Piraeus, Greece. The man,
courageous as are all inveterate deep divers, admitted
he was frightened, but said the animal beat him to the
retreat.

A British diver working in Japanese waters said he
was annoyed with octopi. Small individuals clustered
so thickly on his suit that he could not see through the
helmet eyepieces.

There may be huge creatures at the depths to which
men have not yet gone that will prove to be dangerous.
No diver, for example, has yet met a giant squid
(Architeuthis princeps) face to face. Weighing up to
30 tons, this carnivorous beast lives normally at depths
greater than the 540 feet thus far attained by any suited
diver. Like other squid, the giant has ten arms to the
eight of its relative, the octopus.

Even without ferocious fauna, divers sometimes
have weird and terrifying experiences. Working on
the bottom of Sebastopol harbour after the Crimean
War, a diver was horrified to encounter a drowned
battery of field artillery with skeleton horses still in the
traces and skeleton Russian soldiers still in the vicinity.
One gunner remained in his saddle, caught by a stirrup.
The explanation was simple: British guns had sunk a
small boat ferrying the battery across the harbour.

Grisly practical joking lay behind the shattering
experience of a diver in the German battleship
Hindenburg, scuttled at Scapa Flow after World War I.
Entering a stateroom, he found a bristle-bearded
uniformed figure in a flooded bunk. It was the body of
a seal, tucked into the bunk by other divers.

Not the denizens, but the attributes of the sea are
the diver’s worst enemies. Pressure or its after-effects
can kill or cripple him. Air must be efficiently furnished
him below lest he suffocate. And even air’s ingredients
—oxygen and nitrogen—will poison him unless mixed
in proportions that differ both from the earth’s
atmosphere, and for each depth attained.