

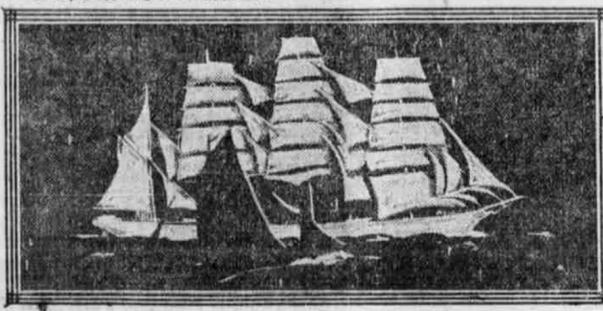
# GHOSTS of the SEA

**H**AS the reader ever heard the voice of the night-shrouded sea? Has he heard the wild wail of the raging hurricane and the weird whispers of the ambrosial calm? Has he seen ships creep out of the night when they blot out the stars with their darkling silhouettes, or when the sea and sky are one save for the gray patches of froth left trailing in the wake of breaking seas; has he seen great gray sails ooze out of the fog, or ships stealing across the "moon glade" athwart the glitter of silver cast upon the waters by the imperial votaries, when the rays pierce the sails so that they become gauzy films?

If he knows these things, who shall blame him for not scoffing at the superstitions of those who go



THE FLYING DUTCHMAN



upon the deck and cursed the Deity, swearing that he would round the cape if it took him till the day of judgment. Thereupon came a fair wind, he squared his yards and set off, but although his ship plowed through the seas he made no headway, for the Deity had taken him at his word and doomed him to sail the seas for ever.

parition was significant—the ship was never heard of again.

The rocky coasts of New England are haunted by many ghost ships. The Palatine is the best-known specter. The coasters and fishermen of Long Island Sound will tell you that when a sight of her is gotten, disastrous and long-lasting storms will follow. The Palatine, a Dutch trader, misled by false lights shown by wreckers, ran ashore upon Block Island in the year 1752. The wreckers, when they had stripped the vessel, set her on fire in order to conceal their crime. As the tide lifted her and carried her flaming out to sea, agonizing shrieks came from the blaze, and the figure of a woman who had hidden herself in the hold in fear of the wreckers stood out black amid the roaring blaze. Then the deck fell in and ship and woman vanished.

The whaling in Nantucket, as you will remember, was in its palmy days carried on almost entirely by Quakers. One Sunday evening a meeting was in progress; the simple service seemed as though it might pass, and the spirit moved none of the company. The elder Friend was just about to offer his hand to his neighbor in the closing of the meeting, when a stranger rose and declared that the Lord's wrath was upon a certain whaling ship, and that he had seen her in a vision descending a huge wave from the hollow of which she never rose. The meeting closed hurriedly, but the speaker could not be found, and the ship was never heard of.

Some of the best ghost stories are those which the writer has heard from the simple folk of the salt marshes. It is hardly possible to describe these dreary districts, for when one has said they are flat, stretching for miles, and rather subject to mists, one has said pretty well all that is to be said—the rest must be felt. However, just as there is a call of the sea, so there is a call of the marshland. You shall go into the saltern and feel its moist breath upon your cheek and the breath of its salty winds and the ozone of its calms. You shall be lost in its vastness, and, threading its innumerable twisted narrow waterways, which lead to nowhere, ye shall tread its carpet of scentless flowers. You shall go to its very edge where the sea comes oftenmost, and where the flowers decaying leave their rust-colored remains. There you shall meet mud, and the cry of the curlew shall mock as you founder in its filth. The moon shall come up refracted by the mist into unrecognizable shape, which shall be blood color. You shall be a gray shape, differing little from the common things that are there, for you shall be enshrouded by fog; nay, it shall sink into your very soul, until you are not flesh and bones, but a particle of fog yourself. You shall listen to its alliences; you shall be told things by them, and, strong man that you are, you shall be afraid.

Is it to be wondered at, then, that these simple Essex marsh-dwellers remember such tales as that of the young skipper, home from a long voyage, whose haste to embrace his wife, and the babe he had not yet seen, bid him to go the nearer way of the marshes? The tale has it that in crossing a narrow gutway, near Pitsea, he sank in the mud. So deeply did he sink that he could not extricate himself; the more he struggled the deeper he sank, and with the horror of knowing that the tide was rising and would come stealing up the creek, he shouted. As the tide rose higher the louder were his screams. The salterns near Pitsea are lonely; the cries were heard only by a half-witted peat-cutter, who often in his less sane moments heard such screams and thought no more of the matter. So the shrieks became gurgles, and by the time the tide had lifted the peat-cutter's punt they had ceased.

The older folk at this stage of the story assume a mysterious air, and, with large-eyed glancings athwart their shoulders, will tell you that the skipper's shrieks are heard on starlit nights as the tide glides up that creek.

So here are my ghost stories, and if I sometimes believe in them when I sail all alone on the midnight deep, you will not laugh at me.

## In the PUBLIC EYE

### CRUSHED AN EMPIRE IN FOUR DAYS



Military experts are eagerly looking up details as to the career of Savaoff of Bulgaria, conqueror of the Turks. In four days, out of the shadows of the Balkans, he has risen to eminence among European military commanders. His campaign in Thrace, leading southward in a series of desperately fought and brilliantly maneuvered battles to the gates of Constantinople, has written a new chapter in the science of warfare.

The great "turning movement," the speed with which he moved his forces, his marvelous success in keeping his heaviest artillery abreast with infantry and cavalry are all separate chapters of a dramatic war yet to be written.

Turning to the man himself, there is the most meager information concerning him. The situation called for one of his abilities and he responded. All that is known of him is that he is yet a young man, being only forty-two years old. He is a native Bulgarian, a graduate of the Bulgarian military school, who later took special courses in military science at St. Petersburg, Paris and Berlin. He is of medium height, dark like all Slavs, lithe, sinewy, endowed with tremendous energy, impetuous and gallant.

### ASQUITH DEFINES ENGLAND'S POSITION

Speaking at the new lord mayor's inaugural banquet the other night, Prime Minister Asquith made the emphatic statement that he believed it to be the general opinion of Europe that the Balkan states should not be robbed of the fruits of their victory.

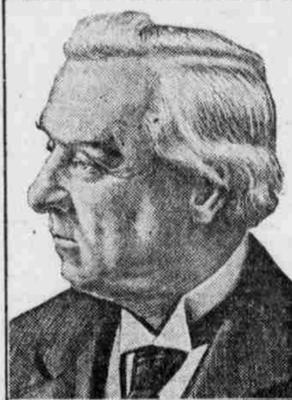
Premier Asquith referred to the unsuccessful efforts of the powers to prevent the conflict and to the great changes the war had made in the map of Europe, and continued:

"In these anxious times it is satisfactory to be able to announce that the relations of England with the other powers, without a single exception, were never more friendly and cordial.

"The great powers are working together with a closeness of touch and a frankness of discussion which is remarkable and which may seem almost unintelligible to those who believe that because, for certain purposes, the powers have been and are ranged in different groups, they must, therefore, in a time of European crisis, be arrayed in opposite camps.

"The map of Europe will have to be recast, and nowhere is there a disposition to belittle the magnitude of the struggle or dispute the decisiveness of the result."

"England has no direct interest in the exact form which the political and territorial redistributions may ultimately take. The special relations of the other powers, geographical, economic, ethical and historical, with the scene of the conflict, are such that they cannot be expected not to claim a voice when the time comes for a permanent settlement."



THE GHOSTLY SHIP OF BERNARD FORBES

down to the sea in ships? Will he not rather give an ear to the tales of strange things seen and believed by sailor-folk?

It is the writer's pleasure to waste time sailing the sea in a small craft, usually alone. Upon one of these voyages, having anchored upon the edge of the Nore Sands, he awoke in the middle of the night to find himself enshrouded by a thick fog—eerie enough, the uninitiated reader will doubtless think. Upon looking out at the black woolly wall of fog that surrounded him, he distinctly heard his own name hailed across the water. No other craft was near. This struck him as being so peculiar that he mentioned it to a friend when he arrived at one of the little anchorages, and the skipper of a barge, chancing to overhear, said: "That's the ol' gentleman of the Nore! Often of foggy nights ye may 'ear 'im a-yelling aht in a kind o' 'elpless way, but sometimes 'is language is something horful. They say as 'e was a first mate wot dropped overboard and swam to the sands, where 'e walked about until the tide rose an' drowned 'im."

Upon another occasion I was sailing along the coast of France, under the cliffs upon which stands Gris Nez lighthouse, which is about the most powerful light in the world. It was a very dark night, and the revolving rays of the lighthouse kept flashing upon the sails of my boat, lighting them like a powerful searchlight, until proceeding along the course I got out of their range. The strange effect had been forgotten, only to be remembered in time to prevent me from becoming a firm believer in ghosts. There out at sea a ghostly ship was sailing; she was rather too modern, perhaps, to be a real ghost, for every sail set like a glove—ghost ships were never particular in this respect—indeed, she was one of those fine ships out of Glasgow which are the last words in sailing craft.

From apparently nowhere a ship had come—a ship uncannily glowing with an unnatural light. Her sails were surely cobwebs and her ropes were spider strings!

Strange sights and sounds frequently come the way of seafarers.

The grovelling hissing sea, breaking through the night. Its appearance is ghastly gray; it comes from nowhere, it fades away soon after. What could not the imagination weave it into? Shape or sound of spirits chased by the Evil One, the dying wife with arms outstretched, or sound of mother's voice. Moreover, such messages as sea sounds give have frequently come from the dead; the howl of the raging gale, or the murmur of the gentle breeze through the halcyons, have borne the departing message in words that were exactly those the lost one whispered last.

To the mind of one who knows the sea, it would seem strange that sailors are not more superstitious than they are, and there are certainly many reasonable excuses for their belief in such stories as that of the Flying Dutchman. A patch of swirling vapor through the rigging of his ship upon a dark night. Imagination does the rest; he has seen the Flying Dutchman.

Cornelius Vanderdecken, a Dutch navigator of long ago, was making a passage from Batavia. For days and days he encountered heavy gales and baffling head winds while trying to round the Cape of Good Hope. Struggle against the winds as he would, he lost as much on one tack as he gained upon the other. Struggling vainly for nine hopeless weeks, he ultimately found himself in the same position as he was in at first, the ship having made no progress. Vanderdecken, in a fit of wrath, threw himself on his knees

Superstition has it that the appearance of the phantom ship leads to certain and swift misfortune.

Old sailors will tell of the ship of the Flying Dutchman bowling along in the very teeth of the wind, and of her overtaking their own ship which was beating to windward. Some of them say they have seen her sail clean through their ship, the swirling films of her sails and rigging leaving a cold clammy feeling like the touch of death.

Cornwall in the old days was remarkable for its wreckers, and its rock-bound coast was the scene of many evil deeds. The Priest's Cove wrecker during his evil life lured many vessels to their doom upon the cruel shore by means of a false light hung round the neck of a bobbed horse. To this day the good Cornish folk will tell you of the phantom of the wrecker seen when the winds howl and the seas rage high, carried clinging to a log of wood upon the crests of the breaking seas, and how it is sent crashing upon the rocks, where in the seething foam it disappears from sight.

The wide stretching sand-choked estuary of the Solway has many a ghost story and more than one phantom ship.

The "Spectral Shallop" is the ghost of a ferry-boat which was wrecked by a rival ferryman while carrying a bridal party across the bay. The ghostly boat is rowed by the skeleton of the cruel ferryman, and such ships as are so unlucky as to encounter this ghastly pilot are usually doomed to be wrecked upon the sands.

No money would tempt the Solway fishermen to go out to meet the two Danish sea-rovers whose ships, upon clear nights, are seen gliding up one of the narrow channels which thread the dried-out sands, the high-curved prows and rows of shields along the gunwale glittering in the moonlight. These two piratical ships, it seems, ran into the Solway and dropped anchor there, when a sudden furious storm came up and the ships, which were heavily laden with plunder, sank at their moorings with all the villains which composed their crews.

Among the rocks upon the rugged coast of Kerry was found one winter morning, early in the eighteenth century, a large galloon, mastless and deserted. The Kerry wreckers crowded aboard, and wild was their joy, for the ship was laden with ingots of silver from the Spanish Main. They gradually filled their boats until the gunwales were almost down to the water's edge, and hastily they pulled to the shore in order that they might return for further ingots before the tide rose and floated the ship away. Nearing the shore a huge tidal wave broke over boats and ship, and when the wave had passed, the horrified women watching on shore saw no sign remaining of boats, men or ship.

Wild horses would not get a Kerry fisherman to visit the scene of this disaster upon the anniversary of the day the grim tragedy took place, for only bad luck has come to those who have seen the re-enactment of the affair, which Kerry folk believe takes place upon that day.

The Newhaven ghost ship signified her own doom. A ship built at Newhaven in January, 1647, having sailed away upon her maiden voyage, was thought to have been lost at sea, when one evening in June, during a furious thunderstorm, the well-known ship was sighted sailing into the river mouth—but straight into the eye of the wind—until she neared the town, when slowly she faded from the sight of the people who crowded on shore to watch her. The ap-

### WOULD PENSION ALL U. S. MOTHERS



That each woman who bears a child shall receive a pension of \$25 is one of the provisions of a bill which Mrs. Ellen Spencer Mussey, the dean of the Washington College of Law—the only exclusively women's law school in the country—is advocating before congress.

Mrs. Mussey's bill contains a number of unique provisions, all putting a premium on motherhood. She would provide the mother not only with \$25 for every child born, but would have the government allow mothers \$2.50 a week for three months before and three months after the birth of a child. In addition to this a woman forty-five years old with six children should also get a pension, the amount not yet being named.

Mrs. Mussey, in discussing her bill, said that much of the blame for the white slave traffic in this country could be laid to the failure of mothers to properly instruct their growing daughters.

The sponsor for this bill is one of the most prominent women in professional life in the United States. She has been a practitioner before the Supreme Court of the United States for fifteen years, and she was at one time a member of the school board of Washington and was the most prominent figure in that board.

### DR. EMIL HIRSCH FAVORS PORK CHOPS

Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, preaching to the young Jews of Chicago, who are "departed from orthodoxy and lacking religious anchorage," under the auspices of the People's Synagogue association, created a sensation when he denounced the devotion to "superstitious observance that characterizes orthodoxy in some of its manifestations, and said:

"I urge you that, instead of pondering about the observance of the dietary laws, abstaining from certain foods, you lead lives of righteousness and help to spread our religion among the people. We believe in one God and that God in spiritual form. Let us carry his word to our brethren.

"The Reformed Jewish church has nothing to do with obsolete forms of religion. It has to do with the unification of the peoples of the earth under one God, and the koshering of meat is far less important in our scheme of things than the rescue of human beings from moral, intellectual and spiritual chaos.

"The pork chop is just as much your meat as your man's meat. The only thing I have against pork chops is their price. No superstition that taboos pork has any terrors for me or any other reformed Jew.

"We have nothing to do with ancient and abandoned tribal Juju. We do not believe that the hog was the ancestor of any branch of the Jewish race, and this is the basis of the superstition that taboos pork in orthodox circles."

