GIN AND TURTLES SAVED SCHOONER

290-Day Trip from Manila One of Storm, Calm, Cold and Hunger.

SKIPPER'S SON, TWO, HERO OF VOYAGE

Shivering Filipinos, Ready to Quit, Kept at Work on 15-Minute Drink Schedule.

When nine half-frozen Filipinos brought the 161-foot schooner A. J. West to anchor off Quarantine in a near blizzard yesterday afternoon they completed a 290-day voyage from Manila whose thrills ranged from the terrors of Pacific typhoons to the temporary excitement of visits in Mexican ports. For weeks on the Pacific the men had nothing to eat but sea turtles they caught and rice, the only part of the provisions not ruined by the water pouring through the ship in heavy storms. Skipper I. V. Chapman, the American master of the schooner, had his wife and two infant sons with him on the long cruise.

Little Charlie, the skipper's younger son, is the hero of the voyage. He's not two years old, but shiver 'is timbers if he isn't the finest seaman of the lot. And why shouldn't he be, when he first learned to walk on board during this trip? His sea legs are the only ones he knows. Charlie used to stand in the bow and pipe the turtles with the bo'sun's whistle. When he sighted one floating lazily on the surface, it was over with the dory and heave ho, lads, for the next day's food.

To the Collector of the Port the most interesting point about the schooner is that she is the first ship under Philippine register to enter this harbor. There may still be legal technicalities to settle about her right to fly the American flag.

Hit by Three Typhoons.

Port authorities at Honolulu thought of several when the ship touched there last August. They argued with the captain about them for a solid week, then decided to leave the matter to New York officials and let the ship pass. It would be hard to say, they admitted, just what flag a Philippine ship could fly if not the Stars and Stripes. Perhaps the skipper could run up his pocket handkerchief in lieu of a more official flag.

The A. J. West sailed from Manila on May 30 with 525,000 feet of Batman mahogany worth about $100,000. Her four masts seemed to rise straight from her deckload of lumber, for the schooner is built with a freeboard of only a few feet. The wood on deck was sealed and calked until it was virtually part of the hull.

Skipper Chapman had four white officers on board and a crew of nine Filipinos. From the time they reached open water until they dropped anchor in New York Bay they were either fighting their way through the fiercest of winter storms or lying flatly becalmed with the auxiliary gasolene engines chugging the schooner along at a hair-raising rate of about ten knots a day.

The real trouble began in July. In less than two weeks three typhoons swept down on them. Every inch of canvas that could not be reefed in time was carried away. For days at a time the schooner, none too large for ocean travel even in ordinary weather, staggered along under the crushing seas.

Time and again the deck load threatened to shift when one of the retaining cables or chains snapped with a sudden lurch of the ship. When this happened the skipper would run before the wind until the crew could crawl out and make fast again the timbers that threatened to carry away the rigging in these wild thrashing.

Honolulu Sighted.

When the skies finally cleared they smiled on a badly waterlogged vessel. Every seam in the hull had been strained and all hands labored night and day at the pumps. From July 28 until August 8 they struggled on, knowing they never could live through another storm. Then the mountains of Hawaii rose on the horizon, and they put in for repairs at Honolulu. While the skipper argued about his registry the crew got its first rest for weeks. They had travelled 9,700 miles on a course of only 4,800 miles.

With the ship finally patched up and the skipper's arguments ended, the schooner cleared from Honolulu on August 26. The next adventure was a flat calm which was encountered off Socorro Island. For thirty-seven days the A. J. West was almost as idle as the well known painted ship upon the equally celebrated painted ocean. She differed from the craft in the Ancient Mariner's rime only in that she had an auxiliary engine. But in the whole thirty-seven days she made only 300 miles with its aid.

The calm was abruptly ended by a hurricane which struck about 700 miles west of Punta Arenas. The waves again came tumbling on deck, and this time worked their way into the galley, ruining all the stores except the rice. From that time the crew had to rely on the turtles for food.

Spotting turtles was where Charlie Chapman, the skipper's younger son, starred. He came aboard the ship at Manila in his mother's arms, and his first lessons in walking were on the schooner's pitching deck. His big brother, Ira, who is two and a half, had learned to walk on shore, and could never quite attain Charlie's real nautical swagger. On calm days when the deck was not running water Charlie would climb up in the bow and watch for the big green turtles.

The crew harpooned the turtles at first, but later learned the trick of stealing up on them in the water and flipping them over on their backs before they had a chance to dive. One turtle would last them several days.

The ship stayed at Punta Arenas from November 28 to December 24 for further repairs. It was here that Charlie had his first walk on shore. He gave it up after that first try, for the ground had the most persistent way of coming up and hitting him in the face. Walking the slanting decks of his schooner home was the only kind of locomotion he knew, and navigation on shore was a landlubber's trick that was beyond him.

Reaching Balboa on New Year's Day, the Morse pushed on after the steamship Newton through the Panama Canal, and was the last vessel to pass through before it was closed. She discharged her cargo at Colon and left there for New York February 18, encountering more storms all the way up the coast. At Colon one of the quartermasters who had sworn to American citizenship left the ship. When the man appealed to the German consul to get him his pay Skipper Chapman wearily chalked up Teutonic tangles along with his long list of other troubles.

If it had not been for a supply of Old Tom gin which the skipper thoughtfully stowed away at Colon at 22 cents a bottle, the schooner might still be floundering off the Jersey coast. The cold weather of the last three days was too much for the Filipino crew, who had survived all the other hardships.

They draped themselves in all the movable coverings on board, and were still too cold to work. But the resourceful skipper conquered this difficulty, too. He had the crew work in ten-minute shifts on deck, alternating with five-minute watches below—in the 22-cents-a-bottle department. The ship got in. She will dock in Newark Basin to-day.

JEROME LIVENS UP BARNEY TRIAL

Starts First Day on Case with Jest at Expert.

More testimony to prove that Mrs. Jane E. Barney, who left about $500,000, was not rational when she made her will was introduced yesterday in the Surrogates' Court at the trial of the will contest. Seventeen cousins of the testatrix, whose husband was a member of H. B. Claflin & Co., are the contestants. Mrs. Barney left most of her property to Louis V. Ennis, a cousin, cashier of the Security Bank.

Expert testimony was given by William J. Kinsley, handwriting expert, who declared that the signature of the decedent, who was more than eighty years old when she died, was unusual.

William Travers Jerome appeared for the first time yesterday as counsel for the proponents, including Ennis. He spent much of the time that Kinsley was on the stand out of the room. When it came time to cross-examine he returned.

"Was this story you just told any different from the one you usually tell?" he asked.

"Yes; it does differ," said the expert, "for you never heard a story just like this one in your life."

"Then I take it you are not sure this time?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Jerome, I am sure, but I don't pretend to be infallible."

"Are you so sure that Mrs. Barney did not write that signature that if three respectable persons known to you should say that they had seen her sign her name you would think they lied?"

"I would not say that she did not sign her name there. I can only say that it does not look like her other signatures. It is hitchy, jerky and like patchwork. But I am not firmly of the opinion that Mrs. Barney did not write the signature."

BOY SCOUTS of AMERICA
N.Y. CITY COUNCIL
50 MADISON AVENUE
HEADQUARTERS NOTICES.

SCOUTMASTERS' BULLETIN NO. 16

1. An extraordinary international athletic meet in the 69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Avenue, near Twenty-seventh Street, on Saturday evening, March 18, 1916, under the auspices of the Nippon Athletic Club.

The object of the tournament is the introduction by native Japanese of ju-jitsu and other Japanese athletic work, as well as various Japanese dances, drills, etc.

The admission charged is 25 cents, but the Boy Scouts of America have been invited as the guests of this Japanese club. All registered scouts in good standing and in regular uniform, showing their certificates, will be admitted free. This will be a great event for the scouts. Scoutmasters are expected to be in charge of their troops. Deputy Commissioner Frederick H. Wilson will be in general charge.

In response to the numerous requests of scoutmasters for a Manhattan-Bronx rally, plans and arrangements are being made for such an event to be held in the 71st Regiment Armory, Thirty-fourth Street and Park Avenue, on Saturday, April 1, 1916. Troops will report at 1:30 p. m.

Governor Whitman has definitely promised to review the troops, and a large group of prominent citizens will accompany him in this review.

Programme of rally, Saturday, April 1, 1916: Troops assemble, 1:30; review of troops by Governor Whitman, scout oath and law in unison; demonstrations, competitions, (1) scout portable tactics, (2) truck cart race, (3) home and rider tournament sports.

The American Museum of Safety in its work for safety has prepared an illustrated lecture for children showing the hazards of the streets. The views illustrate in a striking manner the dangers of attaching on cars, sules or wagons, playing on skating on street, etc. The local scout troops are invited to arrange lectures at their own headquarters, where an 110 direct current electrical outlet is available for the lantern, the museum providing lecturer and lantern.

Scouts who have helped from time to time as guards at the lectures to the blind are invited to attend a lecture by George N. Chardle on "With Roosevelt on the River of Doubt," at the Museum of Natural History on Friday evening at 8 p. m.

The camera will meet on Saturday, March 18, at 8 o'clock. Mr. Bonnalie, who is in charge of the photographic work of the Western Electric Company, has kindly consented to act as assistant scoutmaster of this club.

Eastern District Notices.

On March 10 Troop 5, N. Y. C., gave its annual "at home evening" at the Spring Street Neighborhood House. Troop 5 gave an excellent performance of its play, "A Day at Camp," under the efficient direction of Scoutmaster Wright. The troop was inspected by Scout Executive Jerome W. Hanks. The following appointments and promotions were made: Meyer Kasner, assistant scoutmaster-surgeon; Karl Hoegitz, assistant scoutmaster-director; Harold Sherman, signal officer; Eddie Goldsmith, acting assistant surgeon, and John Tzach, assistant patrol leader.

After the scout play friends of the troop took part in a dance. Headquarters compliments Troop 5 and scoutmaster.

On February 29 Deputy Commissioner A. T. Newman, of the Eastern District, gave an examination to the new troop at Temple Beth Israel. The following candidates were passed: Jacob Weber, Albert Batus, Reuben Aaronfeld, John Greenbaum, and Herbert Cooperman. Milton Westfield failed on knots only. These candidates were passed on the condition that six more boys be brought up to the Deputy Commissioner for examination at once. Acting Scoutmaster Max Lichman, Scout White and other sentinels assisted.

By order of Deputy Commissioner Newman, badges may be issued to this troop with the understanding that no certificates will be given out by the Deputy Commissioner until six more boys take their examination.

On March 3 Deputy Commissioner Newman held an examination at the new troop, at the Swedish Methodist Episcopal Church, Fifty-second Street and Lexington Avenue. The following candidates were passed: P. W. Nylander, R. Bernholz, C. Sjogren, G. F. Erickson, J. E. Erickson, T. W. Erickson and W. C. Dahlin. The scoutmasters will hold the certificates of these scouts until five additional candidates have passed. F. T. Erickson, scoutmaster, P. W. Nylander, assistant scoutmaster, and R. Bernholz, assistant scoutmaster.

Commissioner A. T. Newman will conduct tenderfoot examinations only when application blanks are filed at Manhattan headquarters, 50 Madison Avenue, with the required twelve names filled in. A. T. Newman, Deputy Commissioner.

Troop Notice.

Eighteen members of Troop 110, Harry E. Smith, scoutmaster, enjoyed the relics of the American Lafayette Exhibition on Saturday afternoon last, after which the troop took a hike to Central Park, where a snowball fight was fought.

GHOST OF PLATT STALKS AT FEAST

Old Political Skeletons Trotted Out at Dinner for Quigg.

WHITMAN NOT THERE, BUT GETS PANNED

Wigwag Signs for Silence from Committee Fails to Shut Off Speaker.

The ghost of Tom Platt, the old state Republican boss, stalked in the offing and the political skeletons of twenty years ago rattled a bit at an unusual "testimonial dinner" given for Lemuel Ely Quigg by "his old personal and political friends" at Reisenweber's last night. A hundred of Quigg's old friends foregathered to pay him a tribute. A dozen Republican district leaders of to-day were there, but beyond that the diners were mostly the leaders and fighters with Quigg in the old days.

Theodore P. Gilman, chairman of the dinner committee, and its members explained that the dinner had absolutely no political significance, and was not held in any sense as a "vindication" of "our honored guest" in the light of Mr. Quigg's recent notoriety in testifying before the Thompson committee as counsel and accelerator for the Interborough Rapid Transit.

Governor Whitman was not present. It was regarding the Governor that Mr. Gillespie wrote, in a letter read before the Thompson committee, that no one was closer to him than Mr. Quigg. Some members of the dinner committee declared Governor Whitman had not been invited. George Fentrick, secretary of the committee and one of Mr. Quigg's old district captains, seemed to belie the other's denials when he said:

"Charles S. Whitman is the son of a minister. Let us hope this son of a minister will not advance further politically. Why is he not here to-night? Is he ashamed that he was once a district captain? Did he not use that place for his advancement? Mr. Barnes was right when he said he made a mistake in putting him up."

Members of the dinner committee sat across the room and wig-wagged with their heads in a desperate effort to shut off the old-time captain. Some of them afterward took pains to explain that Mr. Fetrick had no right to say anything of the kind about the Governor, because he had not been invited.

Fetrick kept going, and rattled some of the old political skeletons. He told how Mr. Quigg had personally offered the nomination for Governor to Colonel Roosevelt and how the Colonel, after he was elected, "broke all the pre-election pledges he had made to Mr. Quigg and the organization, just as he later broke the Republican party."

It was at first intended to hold the dinner behind closed doors. The reporters were turned away by a representative of the committee, who said that it was a strictly private affair. The committee later relented and let the reporters in. The members of the dinner committee were Theodore P. Gilman, George Fetrick, Richard Shepard, Charles O. Maas, Julius H. Seymour, J. Van Vechten Olcott and William J. Smith.

Those at the guest table besides Mr. Quigg included John G. Saxe, former counsel to Governor Glynn; Martin Saxe, State Tax Commissioner; Charles H. Murray, Mr. Olcott, Surrogate John P. Cohalan, William M. K. Olcott, Edward R. Le Fetra, Theodore P. Gilman, Charles W. Van Heusen, Robert R. Moore and Sheriff Alfred E. Smith.

Primary System Denounced.

Mr. Maas, who was toastmaster, declared that the dinner grew from the magical circle of friendship, without political grievance or bickerings, and that the old friends of Mr. Quigg had "got together" to pay tribute to their "truest, most loyal and red-blooded friend." He declared that Mr. Quigg was the most violently abused and most misunderstood man of his day and generation. Mr. Olcott declared that he was "for the morals of Lemuel Ely Quigg, and regretted that the old conditions did not survive when "we had real leaders and didn't care if the papers called them bosses." He denounced the primary system and advocated a return to the old convention.

Louis Runkle, an oldtime district leader, paid a high tribute to the guest of the evening. Joseph Levenson, Republican leader of the 2d Assembly District, described Mr. Quigg as the best county chairman the Republicans ever had.

The district leader said that the dinner had no political significance, that Mr. Quigg was not looking for office, either as Governor or in any other office. To be frank, he said, Quigg couldn't get a nomination if he wanted it.

Mr. Olcott presented to the guest of honor a silver watch pitcher from his friends, properly inscribed. Mr. Quigg seemed deeply effected. He referred to his old activities in politics, and said he had always done what the people around him thought was the right thing to do whether it afterward met with favor or disfavor.

"I know why you are here," he said. "There is no politics in this. I love you, and I know you love me no matter what they say. It is a tender tribute and words fail me in reply."

TEST QUESTIONS FIND COPS READY

All Know What They'd Do if They Saw Burglar and Fire at Once.

"If you had to send in an alarm of fire, and, after finding the fire box out of order, were running to the next box when you fell into a defective coal chute, becoming so wedged that you could not reach your pistol or whistle, and your shouts were heard only by foreigners, who could not speak or understand English, what would you do?"

This question, with a number of others, is put to New York policemen as "Late Tour Problems" in the March issue of the department official paper, "The Police Bulletin." Last night East Side, Harlem and West Side patrolmen were unable to agree.

Up in Harlem they hold no foreigner is too stupid to realize that a man is in distress when found wedged in a coal-hole.

"If they didn't understand me," one said, "I'd make signs to show there was a fire and that I wanted to get out of the hole. Or I'd make them go to the nearest door bell and ring until some one who did understand me showed up."

On the East Side, where the policeman's every hour is spent with foreigners, all agreed they would "keep on hollering until some one who could release me came along."

Burglar or Fire?

One of the West Side guardians of law and order said he would wiggle into the cellar, and another was confident of his ability to make a foreigner, no matter how stupid, "lug me out."

Another question which has called forth numerous answers, none of them alike, is:

"If you were on patrol at 3 a. m. and saw a burglar jimmying a window, and at the same time saw flames gushing from a tenement house window across the street, what would you do?"

"If I knew I could capture the crook in five minutes," one Harlem man said, "I'd get him and then rap for assistance." "And I would drag the burglar to the nearest box," another added. "If he didn't want to come peaceably I'd knock him unconscious and let him lay there until after I turned in the alarm."

"That's all right," said another, "but I would not risk the lives of the people in the tenement by wasting time. I'd turn in the alarm and get back to the building as soon as I could to get the crook."

Inspector O'Brien was in a downtown precinct when the question was asked him. All the men about him agreed they would get the thief and then get assistance for the fire.

"You haven't the right angle on that," he broke in. "The best answer to that is an occurrence of last night. Cahill, of Oak Street, discovered a lighted bomb in a tenement hallway. A man was running away. Cahill stopped to put out the fuse, probably averting a disaster. He then went after the thief, who shot the cap from his head and escaped."

Good Answer from Harlem.

The next question: "If while arresting a gunman after a shooting he threw his coat, containing the gun, down a sewer, what would you do?" brought the best answer in Harlem.

"I'd summon my side partner or a reputable citizen," one said. "After turning over the prisoner for safekeeping I'd lift the sewer cover. If the coat had been carried toward the main I'd get to the nearest main cover. I'd go down the ladder there and wait for the coat to be carried to me. Of course," he added, "there's the danger from sewer gas. But one has to take some chances."

The East Side and West Side patrolmen were sure they would not let the gunman get away, and after they had received assistance would recover the coat if possible.

The last question and most important to the public was: "If you found a person violating an ordinance, and after asking him his name and address you discovered you had no summons with you, what would you do?"

All the policemen agreed they would compel the offender to identify himself and that the next day they would serve the summons. One East Sider said he would call his side partner and borrow one. All were certain that if the offender did not satisfy them as to his identity they would place him under arrest.

Broker Buys at Riverdale.

Frederick O. Zenke, cotton broker, has acquired a large site at Fieldston, the home development in the Riverdale section, owned by the Delafield estate. The property is at the southeast corner of Livingston ave and 246th st., and measures 125x75 feet. Mr. Zenke will probably build a home. He resides on Ocean ave., Brooklyn.

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