

MEETING VISITORS OF THE SEA AT THE CITY'S DOOR



Ships of every description are seen these days.

By JEANNE JUDSON. THE Trenton, tender to the pilot boats of New York harbor, lay just off shore at Stapleton, Staten Island. We, the artist and I, came on board at half past 5 of the fairest and calmest of August afternoons.

We had come across on the ferry and taken a little train for Stapleton, escorted by three pilots. They assured us that steering two "lady reporters" was a far more dangerous task than steering an ocean liner into port in a heavy fog. Nevertheless, they assumed their duties with a certain amount of complacency and no little alacrity, and told us about the boat on which we were to embark on what was to us a brave adventure, but all in the day's work so far as they were concerned. Of all the innumerable craft that throng the harbor none is more exciting to the fancy, more surrounded by the atmosphere of romance and adventure than the pilot boat.

Years ago, before the New York and New Jersey Pilots Association was formed, when any man who had a pilot's license could engage in the business, there was keen competition between the men who made their living by guiding big ships in and out of the harbor. They all had sailing craft then and speed was an important factor, for the first pilot to reach a ship was the one to get the job of bringing it in.

Sometimes, to be the first to reach a ship, they would travel far out to sea—hundreds of miles beyond the stations where the pilot boats now wait for customers. Often their tiny boats were lost in fogs or wrecked in rough seas. Often, too, the pilots led each other astray by means of the blue lights which the ships put out as a signal that a pilot was needed. All was fair in love and war—and commerce in those days.

That is all changed now. There are no more independent pilots. They all belong to the association. There are no more fleet sailing schooners; the pilot boats are all small steamers, and even the tender Trenton, which was once a flying fisherman—the fishing boats were the fastest built in the sailing days—has had two gasoline engines installed and no longer uses sails.

The Trenton is 100 feet "over all" and 21 feet 6 inches beam and draws 18 feet. We went out to her in a small boat. Aboard we found more pilots. They were expecting us, but they were surprised that we were girls instead of men. They had been disappointed in

the fair weather, for they take great pleasure in permitting reporters to go out with them and watching men who "never met sea-sick" succumb to a combination of small boat and choppy sea. However, when they saw girls instead of men, they became reconciled to a tame voyage.

Most of the pilots were past middle age, some of them were men of 60, and a very few were young, but every one had had the same training. The boats change, but the men are the same—every one a sailor who has cleaned decks and had his turn as apprentice and as A. B. on the high seas. At first they were diffident, but as the Trenton moved out they began to talk. The sun was going down and lights were beginning to flash from the shore. It was the hour for pipes and conversation, and even two "lady reporters" couldn't stop them. They told stories of other guests who had been more unwilling than we were.



Let me take the wheel for a while.

There's Plenty of Romance Left Among the Pilots Who Guide the Great Ships In, Although the Storied Day of the Fleet Schooners Passed as Sail Gave Place to Steam

There was the Irish woman and her daughters who were going on a picnic. They got on an ocean liner instead of the excursion boat, and the mistake was not discovered until they were beyond Quarantine. The pilot was the only man on board who was going back, so at Ambrose lightship, where the Sandy Hook pilot boat is stationed, they were taken off in a small boat, put on board the Sandy Hook and finally taken back to New York in the Trenton. It wasn't the sort of excursion the women had planned and they were terribly frightened, not at all like the old woman who had wanted to go back to the Fatherland without a ticket. She had been taken off in such rough weather that the Trenton did not go back to New York for three days and she had to stay on board the Sandy Hook until the weather cleared. The boat was being tossed about like a rubber ball in a fountain, and the old lady was sick every minute, but she was game. The men were sorry when she left them.

Then there were reminiscences of the days before they had become pilots. In their enthusiasm they called each other "old barnacle." Little knowing that their conversation was giving us more delight than a pirate story afforded. John Peterson told how he had gone around the Horn in the Tree, the smallest sailing vessel that ever made that dangerous voyage. The Tree was in command of Capt. Nelson, who now has the steamship Ecuador.

"He wrote a story about the cruise," said John Peterson, "and put me in it. He called me 'Jerry Driscoll.' It's strange how men can write stories about things like that. It all came back to me when I read the book, but I wouldn't have remembered half the things he told."

They all agreed that it was wonderful how people could make stories out of everyday affairs like trips around the Horn in sailing ships.

Capt. Carr has been a sailor for forty-six years, and Steve Cooper, one of the "old barnacles," has been a sailor longer than that. They know the parts of the world and the ocean trails that lead to them, but they have never considered anything they have seen or done worth putting in a book. We were approaching the Narrows. The light was still strong enough to make out the names of neutral ships.

A mile or so off don't you love those neutral words? We could see the Commodore Carpathia, also approaching the Narrows. She would soon pass us and we were curious about the long string of light-colored flags attached to her rigging. The pilots explained that these flags spelled the name Carpathia in the international signal code. They were hoisted as identification for the United States torpedo boat destroyer which has guarded the Narrows since the beginning of the war. The destroyer was showing the N, T, B flag of the code, which signifies "proceed on voyage." No boat passes through the Narrows without this permission.

As soon as an incoming ship arrives at Quarantine the destroyer shows the Z, O, B flag, which means "Have you wireless?" If the ship answers "Yes" a boat is dispatched from Quarantine and the wireless is sealed before the ship enters the upper bay. It is kept sealed until the ship is out in the open sea again. Just then one of the men came from below to announce that dinner was served. It was a welcome relief in more ways than one, for they had just begun to discuss my age with the privilege that belongs to middle aged men, and I was nervous. The dining table filled all of the cabin that was not occupied by berths, but even so there was not room for all of us to eat at once. As guests the artist and I belonged to the "first table." There was no flattering scramble among the pilots to be the ones to eat with us, but at last hunger triumphed and the table was surrounded.

It was quite dark when we went up on deck again. We were in the lower bay, rapidly approaching the open sea and the end of the journey. All around lay the dark water as still as glass—a bell buoy was ringing with dolorous loneliness and there were innumerable lights which meant other ships or lightouses, each one of which the pilots knew by name.

They let me take the wheel for a while and we learned that when one is told to "port the helm" the wheel is turned to starboard instead of to port. This is all because the wheel is a comparatively new thing. It came in with steam navigation and old names were retained with new methods.

Then they told us how the Sandy Hook, at the Ambrose lightship station, provides pilots for the European steamers; how the New York, stationed at Scotland lightship, takes care of the ships from South America and the West Indies, and how the Bar station is for outbound ships.

When Captain Appleby of the New York Pilots Association told us that we might go on the trip he made only one provision. "Don't write us up as heroes," he warned. "There are pilots all over the world doing the same things that we do, and there's nothing heroic about it." So we promised, and, much as we

regret it, we can't indulge in any eulogies on the heroism of pilots. All they do is to go out in the Trenton, distribute themselves on the pilot boats and wait for incoming steamers. They go out on fair days and foggy days, days calm and days stormy, and they work all night. Sometimes the fog is so dense that they cannot see the lights on the steamers until they are very near and have to answer the signal of a whistle instead of the blue light. No matter what the weather, they get into the tiny yawls and are rowed to the side of the steamer. If the weather is very rough indeed the big ships will sometimes drop all hands overboard to break the crest of the waves and enable the men to get near enough to catch hold of the swaying rope ladder over the side of the ship by which they board the craft. When they reach the bridge the sailing mas-

ter is only too glad to put his ship into their hands, confident that it will be guided into port safely, no matter what the weather. Sometimes the small boats are capsized and lives are lost, but the pilots are not heroes. No, indeed. They all told me so. They are just doing the day's work.

We had reached the open sea, far enough out to "watch the dock lights die," and we wanted to go out in a small boat and board a steamer with the men. Unfortunately there wasn't any steamer coming in just then, but they were anxious that we should see the Sandy Hook.

The Sandy Hook was once a yacht belonging to H. A. C. Smith, Dock Commissioner of New York. When a pilot boat was wrecked by a collision with a frigate in a fog a few years ago Mr. Smith sold his yacht, the Privateer, to the pilots' association for the insurance on their old boat, and the name was changed to Sandy Hook.

From the side of the Trenton to the small boat was only a short drop, and we accomplished it with perfect safety and a fine display of feminine awkwardness. It seemed strange to be adrift in so small a craft with nothing

but water and a few mysterious-looking lights in sight. No shore, no hills, nothing but dark, smooth water and here and there a bobbing light. Even in this smooth water it was no easy matter to get the small boat directly under the ladder which had been let down the side of the Sandy Hook, but finally it was accomplished, and one by one we climbed to the upper deck. We were shown all over the ship from the hot engine room to the coal locker. Everything was marvelously well equipped and shipshape; the cabins furnished just as they were when the Sandy Hook was the Privateer—the white bathrooms (four of them), the smoking room, the roomy kitchen with its big icebox, and the dining room, with the funny frames on the tables to keep the dishes from sliding off. The pride of the pilots in the Sandy Hook is entirely justified.

It was now half-past nine, and if the "lady reporters" were to get back to New York by midnight it was high time that they were starting. So we got forth in the small boat again and got on board the Trenton. The pilots had all been distributed to their posts and a new group, relieved from duty, had come on board during our absence. The Trenton started back through the black water, moving eight knots an hour (a knot is a sea mile) and we all sat up on deck wrapped in enormous oilskins. We didn't need them, but they looked impressive and helped to turn the harness Trenton into a pirate ship of most sinister design. It was too dark to see the faces of the pilots and no one could prove that they didn't have scars on the left cheek and red scars would round their heads. Back through the Narrows we went, and into the light jeweled circles of the upper bay, past ships of every description, slipping silently out to sea like huge black ghosts.

We passed two vessels at anchor whose sails have not been set for a long time. Two years ago the Mahadani was carrying tobacco to Bremen and the Indra had a cargo of nitrate, which she was taking from Valparaiso to Hamburg. They had both gone a long way on their journey when they heard that Germany was at war and that both port and land took refuge in New York harbor. They are German-owned and they are still here—waiting.

We went ashore at Stapleton, our heads filled with the subtle difference that distinguishes berths from bunks, and the difference between the schooner, which had been explained on the way back. These things were forgotten almost as soon as they were told, but the smell of the sea, the sight of the harbor lights and the motion of the small boat remained and made us give eager attention to an invitation to come again in February, which was more exciting, if less pleasant, than the first.

Going aboard at night.

Dr. Gibbons went to the rescue of the Holland, which will find a place in the Museum of the Peaceful Arts, to which Mr. Schiff recently gave \$100,000.

Commercial Museum in Philadelphia. The Government decided to sell her and transfer her to an old metal dealer, Walter A. Hall of Elizabeth, N. J., who was of the original crew of the Holland, heard that the boat was about to be scattered for the sake of the bronze and the steel that was in her. He informed Dr. Gibbons.

Negotiations soon resulted in the purchase of the craft for a sum, which still remains confidential. The Holland with all the experiments made to perfect her cost at least half a million dollars, but the amount for which she was finally disposed was entirely on the old metal basis. It has been estimated that even at junk prices there is \$2,000 worth of steel and bronze in her.

As soon as the announcement of the purchase was made deep interest in the Holland was shown on every hand. City after city desired to claim the honor of giving her a resting place. Baltimore, which had welcomed the first undersea freighter of peace, the Deutschland, applied through the Commissioner of Parks for the privilege of displaying the Holland in historic McHenry Park.

Elizabeth, where the vessel was built, claimed the distinction of receiving the Holland back again. A committee was formed for consulting with the purchasers as to the best manner of giving due honor to the inventor by displaying the Holland in an appropriate public place. It included Henry Swan Manning of New York, who had years ago furnished oil engines for the craft; Mr. Hall, who had been of the pioneer crew; Ambrose McManus of the Elizabeth Board of Trade; Arthur L. Bush, who had been superintendent of the yards where the Holland was built; and Vane C. Roberts and William Bidway, also of Elizabeth. The committee last Wednesday afternoon canvassed the situation thoroughly and decided to accept the offer of the museum and of the exposition despite the fact that it leaned so much in the direction of Elizabeth.

The Holland is to be delivered to the Museum of the Peaceful Arts without cost by the new owners. She will be brought to this port on the deck of a steamship and transferred on a special car to the Bronx grounds. As she weighs twenty-eight tons and is sixty-eight feet long and eleven feet in diameter at the largest part, for she is spindle shaped, the task of delivery will be no easy one. She is still in good condition, and indeed some cynics have even remarked that she remains to this day the only real submarine in the United States navy, as many of her successors have not shown nearly the qualities which she possessed.

Not only is a remarkable example of marine architecture, but also as the memorial to a man of wonderful talent

and of sad and romantic history, the Holland will be seen by generations to come with deepest interest. Her inventor, John Philip Holland, was born somewhere in Clare, Ireland, in 1842 or in 1844, for there is an element of uncertainty about his early life. It is probable that his name was originally Houlthall. He certainly had in his veins none of the blood which flowed in those of the race which gave Admiral von Tromp to the world, another worthy whose belief was that he could sweep the fleets of England from the seas. A writer in a recent number of the Irish Review who had looked up the pedigree of the family in county Clare says that it was not uncommon for the clan of the Houlthalls when going to England or the United States to use the name Holland.

Mr. Holland was an ardent Irishman and a devout Catholic. He had intended his submarine to be a weapon of offence against the naval power of Great Britain. While he was teaching mathematics and mechanics in the '60s in a monastery of the Christian Brothers at Drogheda he read of the

achievements of the American Monttor, the so-called Yankee chessboard on a raft, which with its low freeboard suggested the principle of all modern fighting ships. He believed that his countrymen might move for the freedom of Ireland if they could have built a craft of war as effective as the Monttor, using gun or torpedo, which at the same time was entirely submersible.

Holland, in 1873, came to the United States, where he worked as draughtsman for a few months in Boston. He fell ill, and when convalescent accepted a position as instructor in the St. John parochial school at Paterson, N. J. He had in the meantime come in touch with American sympathizers with the Irish cause, who advanced money for his experiments, and a small submarine was built based on his theories, which were essentially new at the time. There were numerous trials, and many rumors gained currency about the effectiveness of this new engine of destruction. There was a quarrel among two factions of the friends of the cause, the upshot of which was that the craft was towed

through Long Island Sound to New Haven one fine night. What became of that craft is uncertain, but it is believed that she was for many years concealed on a pier in the Connecticut town.

The United States Government in 1877 took up submarine construction seriously, and advanced money to Holland to aid him in his experiments. For the most part, however, the inventor had a hard time of it, and struggled against poverty while he worked on his problems. He perfected another boat, which was frequently seen about the harbor of New York, and was called by the ship news reporters the Fenian Ram.

By this time Mr. Holland was well on his way as an inventor of the modern submarine. Strangely enough, he was working in the same region then as did Bushnell, the American who, in the War of the Revolution had tried to sink a British frigate by using a globular kind of craft, which he called a double turtle. The Bushnell submarine was operated by one man, who worked paddles with his feet and guided the

vessel under the cover of night as he peered from a small conical tower. The Bushnell type carried on the outside a bomb or torpedo, which was to be attached to the side of the vessel by a screw driven into the hull. A trail was made with this "fish invention," as the British called it, but owing to the fault with all the earlier types of submarines was that they could not be quickly submerged. The method described in Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" depends upon the filling of ballast tanks with water and thereby reducing the specific gravity of the craft. This is all well and good, yet it must be considered that the submarine must not stand long on the order of its going.

Other engineers were working on the problem when Holland was developing

his ideas for quick submergence. The Holland submarine has ballast tanks to be filled as quickly as may be, yet at the same time it has such steering apparatus that it can quickly be steered downward and held down as long as the power is going full tilt. Fixed weight and a fixed centre of gravity are obtained by an ingenious orbital arrangement of the tanks so that the water which is let in will not shift about and destroy stability.

In his final experiments Holland was associated with the Swedish inventor of guns and submarines, Nordenfalk. The two inventors disagreed, and Holland, getting capital of his own, built the first really successful submarine, the Holland. She was accepted by the United States in 1898. The Navy Department, however, refused the offer of the inventor to take her down to Sanitago to operate against the fleet of Cervera at anchor in the harbor.

The submarine was now coming into her own when it came to the rescue of the Holland herself. The inventor, however, refused the offer of the inventor to take her down to Sanitago to operate against the fleet of Cervera at anchor in the harbor.

Despite the sanguinary plans which

he had originally toward Great Britain, the extensive rights for the building of the Holland type of submarine in Great Britain were sold to the Majesty's Government. This, the Admiralty is not given to public knowledge, but it is generally known that the submarines which it now operates are based largely on the Holland model. How far they deviate from it, and what modifications have been made, is difficult to say.

The Germans were slow in perfecting their submarines despite the success which they have recently had. The U boat is a combination of the styles of undersea craft, but as far as the German Government is concerned, the submarine is dominant. She owes much too to the Simon Lake ideas and the threat of the Bridgeport inventor to proceed against the Teutonic owners of the sub-surface cargo carrier, the Deutschland, shows a colonialist's opinion that there has been much to be gained on the part of the German Government in the American navy and served as a training craft for many submarine crews. The inventor, meanwhile, developed the submarine in many ways.

These who are interested in the architecture will find in the old Holland the essential features of the undersea vessel of the present. The wonderful performance of the up-to-date submersible is indicated by the fact that the Holland herself was used for John P. Holland must have done much more for the submarine than had the benefit of the practical experience of the present conflict. He passed away on August 12, 1914, only a few days after hostilities began.

FEARS ABUSE OF PATRIOTISM

"ALTHOUGH my patriotism has never been put to the acid test," said an American of the fourth generation, "I feel quite confident that it will compare favorably with the best brands on exhibition in this great and glorious republic; yet I want to enter my solemn protest against public demonstrations of it as demanded by all sorts of insignificant occasions. I refer particularly to the standing up business whenever and wherever an audience is gathered and somebody or other who wants to make a patriotic splash passes the word to the hired hand to play the well known 'Star Spangled Banner.'"

"On proper occasions it is eminently correct for an audience to rise when the national anthem is appropriately offered and I am always glad to show my faith by my works in this upright manner. But in cheap places of amusement where bands are part of the attractions, or at other times where bands are in action in crowds and the amusement managers find there is a lack of interest and being

desires of starting something on the band leader to wave his arms and haul the assembled people to their feet. I think the patriotism possessed is overworked and I protest heartily."

"On several occasions lately I had to stand up in a restaurant, and I was told that there was no reason for it then for a call to the repel submarines or Zeppelins, and never would have happened except for the causes I have mentioned, and some patriotic individual, who was as near as Blarney to the mark, has had an opportunity to make a speech which would have secured applause in any other way than by an appeal to the object."

"These conditions existing and likely to grow, I believe that some resolutions should be generally adopted whereby undemonstrative patriotism is protected and be authoritatively informed as to when they should rise and when not at the playing of the 'Star Spangled Banner.' It's a grand old flag, but that is no reason why it should be flung out of fashion by any sort of irresponsible person not to make a show and advertise his pertinent patriotism."



The Holland.