

TALES OF FO'CS'LE AND CABIN THE STORY OF A STOWAWAY



The skipper and mates were bound.

WHAT was that story about, the Roberta Bumpstead? Inquired one of a little circle at the Ship News office of the New York newspaper. The question was asked of Skipper Tom Branch, who with his curly white hair, his ruddy and smiling face and his lively eyes has covered ship news for more years than most sea captains have trod a quarter deck.

Skipper Tom's face lit with the joy of reminiscence. "Well, I'll tell you what I know about it," he said, "if you care to listen while we're waiting for the tug."

There was a unanimous shout for the story. The tug which was to meet the incoming Cunarder would not leave for half an hour yet. Every one lit up except Skipper Tom, who does not smoke, chew or use strong waters or language. To this he attributes his prolonged youth.

"The Roberta Bumpstead," he began, his voice piping pleasantly through the clouds of smoke, "was a fine, full rigged ship which spread twenty-three sails in a twelve knot breeze and whose Welsh skipper insisted on rigging a spanker out of an old foretopmast stay-sail. He had been sailing in and out of this port of New York for years and years, in the days not so far back, when craft like her had no trouble at all to find cargoes. She used to tie up at Coenties slip and form one of a great line of square riggers whose benefits made an arch over South street. The crews used to play hob with the old Belt Line horse cars. They would run out on the bows and with a shriek that made you shiver drop rapidly down the mizzenmast and land on the roofs of the cars. As it was against the city ordinances for passengers to ride on the roofs the driver would yell, 'Whoa!' and the conductor would step out into the street to leech the wild men of the waves to descend and ride in proper fashion. Sometimes they did, sometimes they didn't."

"But here, this is getting away from my story. The Roberta Bumpstead, commanded by the fiery Welsh skipper, was in the harbor of Cardiff, Wales, some time in the '70s, when she got a most unusual charter to take a curious cargo to a spot in South America. It was some town up the Amazon River. I can't remember the Portuguese name it had. A number of Socialists, probably all there were in the United States at that time, had decided to found a colony at this spot on the Amazon. Now, if any one says they weren't Socialists I shall be mad clean through. Maybe they called themselves something else, but at any rate they believed in owning all property in common and in a government of moral ideas and one in which the use of force was to be forbidden entirely.

gether all the money they could manage and had invested it in the purchase of the necessary supplies for starting their South American colony. They had apparently made the requisite arrangements with the Brazilian Government, which was anxious to get colonists and probably had its own opinion of the fate of the colony as a separate political entity. The communists had bought portable houses, screens, agricultural machinery, food stores for seventy persons for six months, building materials, medicines for the trip, books and I don't know what else. But at any rate, Capt. Evans, peering amazedly at the stuff as it was dumped into the Roberta Bumpstead's hold, told his mate, Mr. Bloomer, that the shipment included a sample of everything known to civilization, except human folk who were absolutely fit. I don't know how far the things had been hatched before the Roberta Bumpstead sailed, but at any rate, when she was two weeks out the crew mutinied and started to seize the ship, announcing that since the hold was full of everything needed to set their little group up in life they purposed to have the lot of it themselves.

"In a body—there were thirteen of them and that should have warned them better—they came aft to the break of the poop and sent word by Mr. Bloomer that they wanted to see Capt. Evans. Of course he came out unprepared, thinking it was some usual grievance. They all talked at once and it was some time before the impetuous Welshman could make out what they were saying. When he did understand he told the men that he would consider the matter and let them know that evening. This was a nice—be he had to gain time if possible to arm himself and his mates if he could not do anything else—and it very nearly succeeded.

"The crew had no real leader. It was just an idea they had hatched among themselves. They were going to sail the ship down there and land the cargo. Then they were going to set up life for themselves, and as for the colonists who might come running down afterward, why, the devil take the hindmost in this affair as in anything else. What they wanted now

hitherto been furnished are now being used against our people and soldiers. "Its permission to Carranza troops to travel across the border into the United States instead of gaining the friendship of the Carranza government has bred its contempt and the savage hostility of Villa, and the permission to invade our soil is a derogation of the dignity of our nation without any adequate compensation. Its blind disregard of repeated warnings as to the unprotected state of the border has led to the murder in one instance of nine American citizens on American soil and in another instance the burning of Columbus, N. M., with the murder of twenty-six Americans on American soil.

"Now look briefly at the history of our present invasion of Mexico. When Villa struck at Columbus it was manifestly the thing to send a boot and saddle excursion of say, five hundred men in immediate pursuit, but as we were not prepared eight days were lost, and then we invaded Mexico with five thousand men in pursuit of one. "These troops, after they crossed the Rio Grande, marched for 500 miles across the sands of the desert in sight of railways built by American capital, the use of which was denied our troops by the Carranza government, until they finally reached Parral, which is about the extreme southern line which I recommended to the President when I resigned as Ambassador to Mexico to which American military occupancy should be extended for the pacification of the border, only to be attacked, in an attempt at mas-

was to get the ship's officers out of the way somehow. They didn't meditate violence unless it were offered them, and if Capt. Evans and his mates could think of some way of getting out gracefully and letting them put through their plan, the men were disposed to let them do it.

"That is, most of them were; but there were one or two fellows of a suspicious nature who were not satisfied with Capt. Evans's pacific answer and wanted some promise from him, right on the spot, that he would not put obstacles in the path of the mutineers. As the captain turned to go back into his cabin, these fellows seized his arm. At this his excitable Welsh temperament burst out and Capt. Evans knocked two men down.

"In an instant there was a free for all fight going on. Mr. Bloomer was set upon and contrived to throw off his assailants, but he was not so lucky as to be able to get away from him manfully. Capt. Evans was in the thick of the melee and the second mate, a youngster from Yorkshire, ran out of the cabin, saw what was happening, ran back and emerged again with a pistol. He fired several times, wounding two of the crew, but not killing anybody, before he was jumped upon and overpowered.

"In a few minutes the skipper and the mates were prisoners. They were taken forward and bound and the

come to Demosthenes, although nowadays they have to struggle with names like Zyzoski and Kobiemainen in the sporting world. Or perhaps he got the shorter name by his fighting, which was certainly terrific and well merited the appellation. Demosthenes would have been a world's champion in any other generation than that of John L. Sullivan. Last attack was the main thing. He came at you like a whirlwind when you least expected it and was infighting while you were still making the outer defenses.

"Just about the time you thought it would be advisable to force a clinch, Demosthenes shot his left fist up in a sort of parabolic curve and followed it a fraction of a second later by a hyperbolic movement of his right. That was the only clinch he knew and it invariably clinched the entire engagement. They brought you to gently, so that awaking memory should not feel too swift a jolt.

"After retiring from the ring on his well earned gains Demosthenes began to look about him for something swift and earnest in an intellectual way. That is how he became one of the communists. I have told you about. Yes, he was one of their little group. And the group had no more fervent member. He accepted all their doctrines until he came to the principal one—the prohibition of the use of force. Asked to believe that the world, or

some water in the lazaretto, and the only thing that bothered him in the first part of the voyage was the rather close confinement.

"When the mutiny occurred he had been on the verge of showing himself anyway, having found the darkness and lack of ventilation below decks irksome. Now when he heard the sounds of a first class shindy above him he determined that he must take part in it. Then he heard pistol shots and the scuffle ended before he could grope his way to the bulkhead. He listened a while longer, and although he heard excited voices on deck and the tread of men going about rapidly he realized that the fight was over and that he had missed it. The thought made him profoundly sad.

"A certain prudeness exercised its sway over him also. As a stowaway his status was very uncertain. Under ordinary conditions he did not know what would happen to him; being unfamiliar with sea usage he supposed that he might be thrown overboard at sight unless he was able to prevail on the skipper to be merciful. Now if the skipper had had to shoot a couple of men he would be short handed and would probably be glad to welcome the advent of so much muscle as Demosthenes could put on a forebrace.

"The Demon found the boiler and crept up it. The boiler was merely shut down, not fastened, and he lifted

as the Demon's fists made repeated contacts with their bodies. They swarmed about him. They climbed upon his back and were shaken off with a shrug of his magnificent shoulders. They tried to pull his legs from under him and only got trod on for their pains. They tried to bite chunks out of him, but found him too sinewy for easy mastication.

"The Demon proceeded swiftly, yet deliberately, wasting not a single stroke. In about fifteen minutes he had polished off the deck with ten of the crew and the three other men were hiding in various parts of the Roberta Bumpstead's rigging. The petty officers had meanwhile hastened to liberate Capt. Evans and the mates, and the captain, advancing with a curious air of sternness and relief, inquired of the Demon who he was and how the daah blank he came to be where he was, adding an expression of thanks for the Demon's remarkable services in the cause of order and ship's discipline.

"The Demon hung his head, but was able to explain matters without much trouble. When Capt. Evans heard about his rejection by the communists because of his advocacy of force in settling disputes the skipper threw back his head and roared.

"And now, sir," Demosthenes assured him, "I may still be wrong, but I believe in the exercise of force more

goods entirely to the Demon's physical prowess. Apparently the active exercise of force, even though it saved the colonists' belongings, was the final thing needed to turn them completely against the Demon. Myself, I have always thought that the leaders of the colony, who were rather feeble looking, spectacled fellows with long beards, were afraid that if they admitted the Demon to their settlement he might rise in his might some day.

"Work might have been different. I dare say they were entirely wrong and that had they let Demosthenes in he would have been the mildest and most tractable person in the whole outfit. Be that as it may, the final rejection made him so angry that he swore he would make his former friends for good and all. He did. He went back to New York and thence to South Africa. There he was with the looters for a while, his name being split into two syllables—Rorke.

"After several years of farming and hunting, with a little fishing of the Demosthenes, I never saw a mention of his creature's achievement, the remnant of the full rigged ship Roberta Bumpstead, seized by mutineers on the high seas."



The colonists sang communal chants while the ship was getting ready to leave.

Roberta Bumpstead, delivered completely into the hands of the mutineers, sailed serenely on into the tropics, her sails filling with the north-east trade and her decks filled with excited, gesticulating and bleeding men.

"The petty officers did not put up a fight. The boatswain, the carpenter, the sailmaker, the cabin steward, had all held the fray from a little distance. It was of course, their duty to go to the aid of the cabin, but the spectacle of the three superiors, made captives and dragged forward after a mystifying struggle lasting not more than five minutes, had daunted any further exercise of physical might. "So they threw him out. They pleaded, they argued, they scolded Demosthenes for his little faith in moral ideas as a social compulsion, and at last the communists told him that he could not belong to their circle any longer, holding such a backward and axonal view of the human race as he did. Demosthenes was very much affected. It is said that at the scene of his expulsion he wept for the first and only time in his celebrated existence. When he heard of the communists' plan to found a colony in South America, he came to them in and treated them to let him no as one of their band. He declared that he would hold his view of the necessity of force as a strictly abstract principle. He promised not to put it into practice at any time or in any way whatever.

"But the communists were obstinate, and at last in desperation Demosthenes crept aboard the Roberta Bumpstead and hid himself in the lazaretto one dark night as a stowaway. He chose an excellent place. There was plenty of food and even

even a commode, could be successfully covered without fear and easily by the efficacy of physical might. Demosthenes rebelled. All his life he had seen and tested the potency of the strong right arm. And he could not get it through his head that when it came down to hard facts anything or anybody could be governed without the exercise of physical might.

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then ever. These words, uttered in a low Irish brogue which I shall not attempt to imitate, tickled Capt. Evans immensely.

"After that there was no more trouble about discipline on the Roberta Bumpstead that passage. The only trouble indeed was to nurse back to health a sufficient number of the crew to do the necessary ship's work. For a time Capt. Evans feared that his stowaway had permanently crippled his hands, but eventually they all came around all right. The Roberta Bumpstead made the mouth of the Amazon in good time and sailing up to the designated spot unloaded all the materials for the founding of the new settlement. The colonists went out on their next trip from New York, a special passenger license having been secured to enable them to be transported in the Roberta. Their colony lasted for some months and then gradually disappeared from the face of the earth. The lazaretto and disinfection of some of the leading members to do some physical labor played an important part in its disintegration."

"But what became of Demosthenes?" inquired several of Skipper Tom Branch's hearers, as he showed signs of having concluded his story. "He wasn't allowed in the colony after all," grinned Skipper Tom, in spite of the urgings of Capt. Evans, who told the colonists to their faces that they owed the safety of their

charge of our diplomatic and consular establishments to the representatives of other Powers.

"Third—By the massing of our fleet in overwhelming proportions, aided by effective marine reserves, at every Mexican port on the Atlantic and Pacific.

"Fourth—By the massing of our army, fully equipped for invasion, at every strategic point lying on the border States, and the calling out of the reserves in all the border States.

"Fifth—By the appointment of commissioners, one of whom should be the Ambassador, another the General in Chief of the army, another the ranking officer of the investing fleet, and another a member of the Committee on Foreign Relations of the Senate. The duty of this commission would be to seek by a preliminary action a reconciliation of all the contending forces in Mexico, with the understanding that their duties should be urgent, execution and not delayed by any dilatory methods, and with a further understanding that they should follow in the path of invasion, reestablishing the rule of law and dispensing justice and order in the name of the United States.



The Demon advanced along the deck.

maker, stick to the last" for a long time put an end to his plans for becoming a weaver. While he was recovering he attended school, but as soon as he was able poverty drove him back to work. As a journeyman shoe maker traveling from town to town he sought to learn the shoe business from top to bottom.

In the spring of 1865 he left the lure of the West and with his knowledge of cobbling as his only stock he arrived in Denver, after a 600 mile walk behind a plowing ox team. His first job was as day laborer in a lime kiln, but a week later he had secured a position as a bootmaker in Black Hawk, Col. He had a few dollars and sent for him. From his bootmaking he turned to the finishing touches of bootmaking and soon acquired a wide reputation, and even established his own store. Later he started a boot and shoe store with another young man, but he heard the call of his home and went back to Massachusetts.

In 1876 Douglas borrowed \$75 and started a factory and employed five workmen. This little 30 by 60 factory could be placed in the smallest workshop of the present plant with its area of 23,350 square feet which turns out 17,000 pairs of shoes a day. At the start of his venture Douglas was not any his own lawyer, cutter and maker but also his own expressman. Old residents of Bradford tell of seeing him coming from Boston with rolls of leather under his arm and going back laden with finished shoes to sell.

Prosperity came, but it did not arrive fast enough for the young manufacturer and financier. He looked about for the means of increasing it. The method he chose was extensive and unending newspaper advertising, and the 1400 successful from the first, has grown more and more remunerative. By judicious newspaper advertising Douglas not only outlasted his factory until in 1892 the present huge plant was constructed just out of Boston.

Concerning the 4,000 employees of the Douglas factory, they form a sort of Ethiopian community, whereof he is the father. As an expert on the subject of making a shoe, Douglas has provided with their feet, and in numerous other ways they are made to feel his personal interest. The later question never assumes the harsher features in the Douglas plant, as he has always shown a willingness to arbitrate. As a legislator, he helped to frame some of the most important labor laws, including plans for arbitration, and as Governor he was able to settle some of the most difficult strike situations by his forceful personality. His victorious campaign for the Governorship of Massachusetts was such a judicious new era in the State. His wide use of newspaper advertising was easily the most striking feature of his spectacular campaign and contributed in no mean degree to its success.

ing course until he got to China. There he fell in with a trader who told him of the fate of the communal colonists on the shore of the Amazon. The Demon, very much struck by the story, decided to go to South America again. He landed in Buenos Ayres and went up the river, fetching up in Paraguay. Paraguay suited him first rate. He bought some land and turned ranchero.

"The Demon's real career as a publisher began at this point. He was very popular with the Paraguayans and eventually rose to high political office—Minister of War, I believe, and I should imagine he made a good one. He died at the age of 80 and there were long and elaborate obituaries in some of the South American papers. They referred proudly to his pacifistic career and his South American successes, but in all the published accounts of the life of the lamented Demosthenes his Excellency Don Patricio Rorke, at one time widely known as El Demosthenes Rorke, I never saw a mention of his creature's achievement, the remnant of the full rigged ship Roberta Bumpstead, seized by mutineers on the high seas."

Soon any one will be able to step into one of the Douglas shoes, located in every city and hamlet in the United States, and get an illustrated biographical sketch of "The Boy Who Pegged Shoes," which contains the intimate story of one of the most interesting personalities in all New England and his hints for making a million. That story of his life, although it has been told many times, is so filled with inspiration and encouragement that it deserves to be told again.

It was in ancient Plymouth, scene of the Pilgrims' landing, that W. L. Douglas was born in 1845. His was a pathetic and hopeless childhood as Dickens ever pictured for his David Copperfield. That Douglas rose from it to any later position whatever speaks volumes for him. In 1876 he came to his mother that the breadwinner of their large family had been drowned at sea, so two years later the hard pressed mother "bound out" one of the brood, a precocious boy of 7, to his uncle, a shoemaker, who set him at once to pegging shoes. The little fellow was not tall enough to reach all the tools and sometimes had to stand on a box. It was a life of hardship and drudgery, working from dawn to dark, with no holidays, no letup and no wages.

One biographer says of him: "The seven-year-old boy was carrying unduly heavy weapons in his life battle, he argued, and sometimes had to stand by a further understanding that they should follow in the path of invasion, reestablishing the rule of law and dispensing justice and order in the name of the United States.

TWO PLANS SUGGESTED TO END MEXICAN TROUBLE IGNORED

It endeavored to persuade American financiers to furnish financial assistance to the new government; it accredited an Ambassador to it; it permitted arms and ammunition to go freely to the Carranza government, but denied them to other Mexicans; it permitted large detachments of Carranza troops to travel across the border into the United States to points on the Mexican border; it granted permission to the Carranza government to invade the soil of the United States—thus extending the area of disorder to our own land and among our own people—in spite of the protests of border States and Governors of border States. It maintained a weak and ineffective force on the border, thus inviting the contempt of Mexico and border incursions.

Recognition. "Recognition under the present circumstances cannot be made with the same effects and the same results as immediately after the assumption of power by the new Administration. It would be misconstrued, now, as a yielding to pressure and force, and

would result in the loss of great prestige. "If recognition is accorded it should be done in the following way: "First—By a preamble, recognizing the remarkable and unprecedented situation in Mexico, the desire of the United States to contribute to the restoration of order in a neighboring and friendly State, and the necessity, in the interest of the United States, for if it is admitted that in the beginning the President's intentions in Mexican matters were good, it must also be admitted that experience has taught him nothing and that almost from the beginning the trend of our policy toward Mexico has been inspired by a narrow but very real regard for the prestige lost in initial dealing with the problem.

"This much is certain: We landed eight thousand troops in Vera Cruz to enforce a salute to Huerta to our flag and that the flag was not saluted; that we have despatched five thousand men into northern Mexico in pursuit of one man, Villa, and that he has not been caught."

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