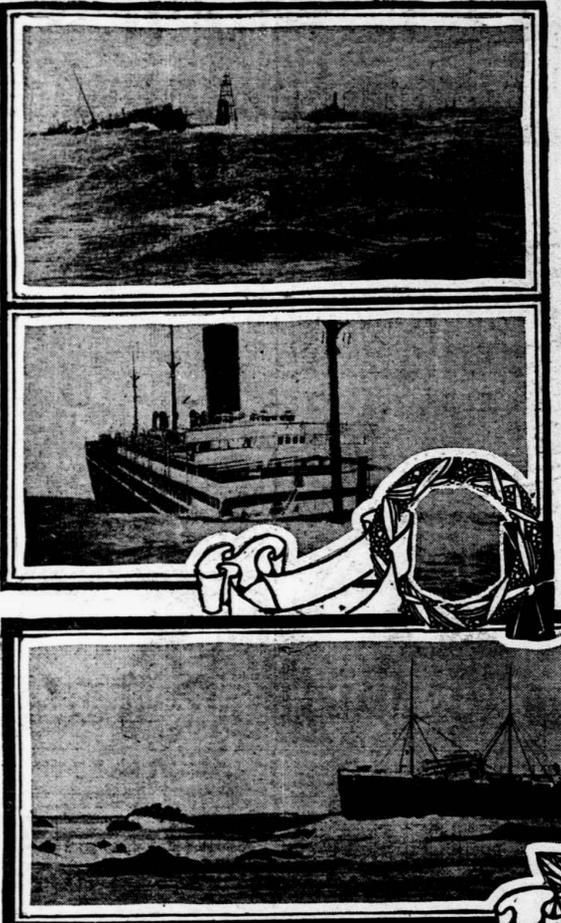


MANY LIVES AND MILLIONS OF DOLLARS LOST BY SHIPWRECKS IN THE FIRST FOUR MONTHS QF 1907



Upper Picture Shows the City of Berlin Wreck. the One Below the Dakota Resting on a Reef and the Last the Suevic on the Rocks.

Old Neptune is in a rage almost without precedent. Since the first of the year 1907 shipwrecks have succeeded each other in such rapid succession that it has been almost impossible to keep track of them. In the brief space of four months no less than 537 lives and a money loss in excess of ten million dollars has been the terrible price paid to sea navigation.

of passengers frozen stiff in their night clothes. Equally shocking was the loss of the City of Berlin, which sank only in the face of the terrible sea, saw 200 unfortunate later. This ship left Horwich, England, for Rotterdam, Holland, and had almost made harbor in Hook of Holland, during a freezing gale, when she foundered.

Powerless to Aid. Lifesaving crews, powerless to offer any aid, unable to make headway in the face of the terrible sea, saw 200 unfortunate drown. Prince Henry, the consort of the Queen of Holland, set a noble example of bravery, but was unable to rescue any of the ship's company, though subsequently a few sailors were taken off the wreck.

Right atop of this the French cruiser Kleber crashed into the American steamship Hugonita, at New Orleans, and sent her to the bottom. Crew and passengers were saved, but the loss of the ship amounted to a sacrifice of a quarter of a million dollars. The same amount was sent to the bottom of the Mediterranean Sea in February when the Imperatrice, an Austrian steamship, sank off the Isle of Crete.

By way of getting a good start in March, the Dakota was dispatched to Davy Jones' locker. This was one of the Great Northern railroad's steamships to oriental ports, and was one of the two great steamships carrying the American flag.

The wreck took place off the coast of Shikha province, some eighty miles from Yokohama, at about 11 o'clock in the afternoon of March 3. It was broad daylight, and the passengers were on deck taking snapshots of the coast without a thought that disaster impended. There was no apparent excuse for the wreck save that the ship had gone in too close to a treacherous rock-bound reef. The Dakota was within a mile

of the shore at a point where five miles is not thought too wide a berth. The Devil's Sea. The fishermen of this section stand in such dread of the dangers of navigation that they call the place "Devil's sea." Even before the Dakota struck, these sailors knew that an accident was certain, and fishing boats went out to her, and took off many of the passengers. The Dakota struck the reef, listed to one side, and her bow was completely submerged. The passengers all got ashore and rescued what luggage was in their staterooms. Then the ship was completely submerged. The time rescuers went out to go over the ship, it was found that several boats had been blown away.

The Congo and the Nerissa, two steamships, the latter German, came together in the mouth of the Ems river, and the Congo struck the Nerissa. Several lives were lost, as well as the ship.

Then came the fearful blowing up of the Japanese steamer, the Ruyong, which sank off the coast of the Philippines in the month of February 15, 1906, when the Maine was blown up. One hundred and twenty sailors, and a great number of passengers, were killed by cutting the ship in two, the larger section could be towed ashore, and by the addition of another section the loss could be reduced to only a trifle more than a million dollars. This was done, the work of breaking the hull being accomplished by the use of dynamite.

The money loss of the Dakota had been estimated by the insurance companies as meaning a matter of five million dollars. Another million was added to the list when the Suevic of the White Star line ran on the rocks near the Lizard lighthouse, in Southern England. Every passenger got ashore, but the ship was at first thought to be another wreck similar to the Dakota. Then a genius of an engineer discovered that by cutting the ship in two, the larger section could be towed ashore, and by the addition of another section the loss could be reduced to only a trifle more than a million dollars. This was done, the work of breaking the hull being accomplished by the use of dynamite.

A British battleship of 11,400 tons, which went aground toward the end of April at Devil's point, a spit of land between Davenport harbor and Plymouth. She looked for a time a hopeless wreck, but an unprecedented tide set in, and on the rise of the water she succeeded in hauling the big warrior off, though it will cost not less than one hundred thousand dollars to put her back in the shape she was before the catastrophe.

April closed with the grounding of the Mongolia, a steamship of the Pacific Mail line, in the inland sea of Japan, off the Mayeda lighthouse in the province of Noto. This was the third misfortune that had overtaken this ship.

The saving of all the passengers and crew without loss of life to the fact that the beneficial year had not yet started.

BOB HAMPTON OF PLACER.

BY RANDALL PARRISH, AUTHOR OF "WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING."

CHAPTER XII. The Cohorts of Judge Lynch.

Hampton staggered blindly to his feet, looking down on the motionless body. He was yet dazed from the sudden cessation of struggle, dazed still more by something he had seen in the instant that deadly knife flashed past him. For a moment the room appeared to swim before his eyes, and he clutched at the overturned table for support. Then, as his senses returned, he perceived the figures of a number of men jamming the narrow doorway, and became aware of their loud, excited voices. Back to his benumbed brain there came with a rush the whole scene, the desperation of his present situation. He had been found alone with the dead man. Those men, when he came surging in attracted by the noise of strife, had found him lying on Slavin, his hand clutching the knife-hilt. He ran his eyes over their horrified faces, and knew instantly they held him murderer.

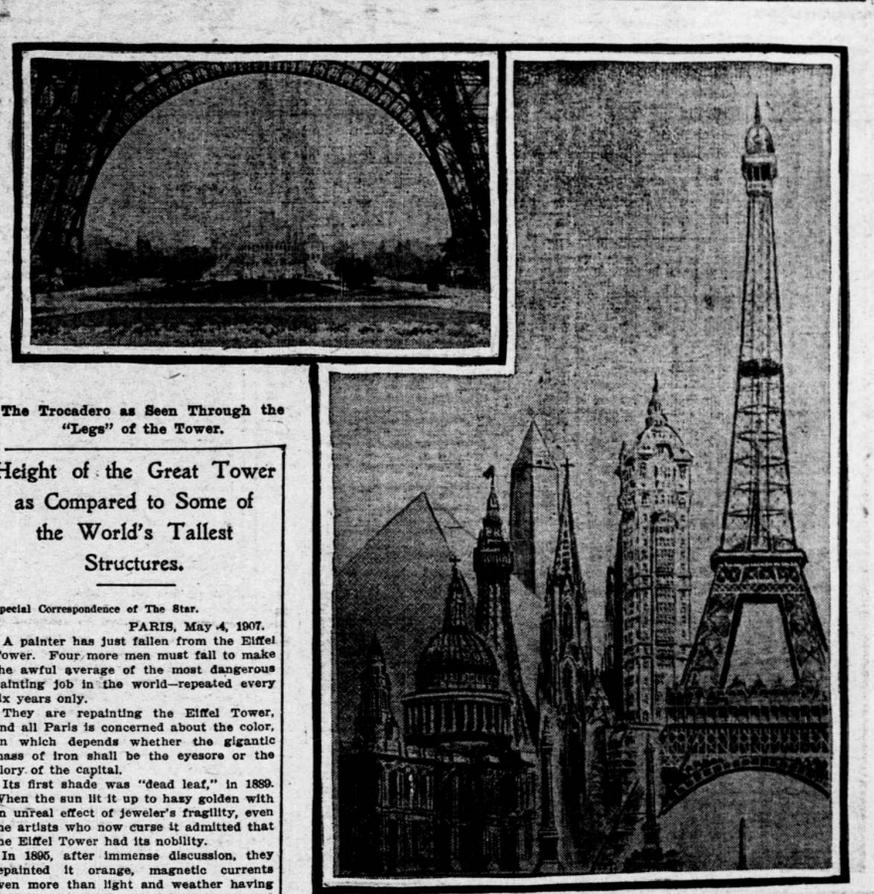
The Jebba, Showing the Rescuers at Work, and the Princess Louise.

were some cool heads among the mob leaders, and it was highly probable that negotiations would be tried before that crowd hurled itself against two desperate men, armed and entrenched. Both fugitives realized this, and lay there coolly watchful, their breath growing more regular, their eyes softening.

little hush sense into that bunch of cattle. That's 'bout the only thing yin kin do fer yin kin. "Hampton turned his face gravely toward him. "Buck, I don't know whether you'll believe me or not, but I guess you never heard me tell a lie, or knew of my trying to dodge out of a bad scrape. Besides, I wouldn't attempt to gain now, for I reckon you'll plan to stay with me, gully or no gully, but I did not kill that fellow. I don't exactly see how I can prove it, the way it all happened, but I give you my word as a man, I did not kill him."

MOST DANGEROUS PAINTING JOB IN THE WORLD

NEW COATS FOR EIFFEL TOWER COST MANY LIVES



The Trocadero as Seen Through the "Legs" of the Tower. Height of the Great Tower as Compared to Some of the World's Tallest Structures.

A painter has just fallen from the Eiffel Tower. Four more men must fall to make the awful average of the most dangerous painting job in the world—repeated every six years only.

The repainting the Eiffel Tower, and all Paris is concerned about the color, on which depends whether the gigantic mass of iron shall be the eyesore or the glory of the capital. Its first shade was "dead leaf," in 1889. When the sun lit it up with golden with an unreal effect of jeweler's fragility, even the artists who now curse it admitted that the Eiffel Tower had its nobility.

In 1895, after immense discussion, they repainted it orange, magnetic currents turned more than light and weather having given it to a dingy chocolate, heavy and obtrusive. In strong sun the orange showed gleaming copper or red gold. Oscar Wilde declared it magnificent. Pavis de Chavannes threatened to blow it up with dynamite. From this period dated the bad name the tower acquired as a colossal piece of engineering vulgarity, usurping the title of the city's nobility.

Then, for the exhibition, they painted it "sun color." In bright lights the tower became a thing of glory once again. "All depends upon the paint," declares the city's architect, Bouvard, "a fact which shows the utilitarian character of the Eiffel Tower. The pyramids of Egypt were originally cased with gleaming marble; but its present lack does not detract from the artistic appropriateness of the pyramids to their situation!"

The tower gleamed sun color seven years ago. But the atmospheric electricity received every hour since then by such an unprecedented rush of iron reaching into the air so high is insupportable. Conducting tubes a foot and a half in diameter lead it down the four piles to fifty feet below the top of the tower, and the effect on the paint is there for every one to see. It does not crack the paint off. The paint simply disappears, leaving the iron, the dingy brown of the oxidizing iron.

It is the tower's way of calling for new victims. Fifty painters, working continuously through the night, are at the summit hold 1,000 more. Add 3,200 persons mounting and descending the stairways and elevators, and the total "saturation" of the tower becomes 4,200 persons, more than the population of a good-sized little city!

The painting of the tower is a gigantic job by reason of its peculiarly open structure. The vast edifice weighs actually under 4,000 tons. This is by reason of its perfect mechanical form—lattice-work in iron. The total surface becomes 18,200 square meters, more than the population of a good-sized little city!