

## EIGHT DAYS WITHOUT WATER IN AN OPEN BOAT.



**H**EROES? Well, I guess we were a pair of about as unwilling heroes as you ever saw." So says Samuel Dutton, just returned from a cruise on the high seas in a small open boat, eight days in duration and without a drop of water. John Bauer, his companion in the terrible experience, says nothing at all, for the long fast with its awful thirst torture and the sufferings from exposure to the cold fogs of the Arctic have left him in such a state of exhaustion and prostration that he is still scarcely able to speak.

"We left Nome, John Bauer and I, on the morning of the 15th of September, heavily laden with provisions, bedding and mining tools, in a twenty-foot dory, intending to round the cape for a prospecting tour, and we thought we would touch shore again in a few hours and load up with water.

"Just as we were launching a strong wind started up, blowing off shore, and we felt a little leery about making the start, but we decided to risk it anyway, keeping a weather eye open and intending to put for land if it got too rough. We headed out to get around the point, as we were counting on prospecting along the west side of the cape and then going on to Topkuk.

"I had many times read accounts of being blown out to sea, even where people suffered untold hardships, hunger, thirst and starvation, but I had never appreciated the horrors and mental anguish a man can be put to when cast on the waves, utterly hopeless, utterly helpless, straining the eyes in every direction in the vain hope of seeing a sail, and always being brought back to a realization of the situation by the cravings of thirst, perhaps more horrible than hunger. Personal experience was what brought those things home to me, and I can tell you I do not care for any more object lessons on the subject.

"Well, we sailed along nicely under a stiff breeze until we reached the cape. There, in order to clear the reefs, we had to put out further to sea. This we did for about two miles or so. Then the wind came up in a gale, and, heavens, how she did blow! It was blowing straight out from the land, and to get back we had to face the dory about. That we found was no small job. It was one too many for us. We made about a half-dozen attempts at it, nearly swamping the boat each time. We were blinded by the spray and nearly swept off our feet by the wind, and could do nothing with our sails.

"Finally we were compelled to run before the gale, which was blowing with increasing violence, every hour sweeping us further from shore. We could just make out the lines of the cape, growing smaller and receding in the rear, and at last we could see nothing at all. Then we knew we were in for a voyage, but our bark was a trusty one, and even then we didn't think seriously of the thing. We thought the wind would slow up and we'd sail back, nice as you please. But the wind didn't see it that way. It never veered a point and kept up its pace, piling on a few knots with every hour. The mast was nearly bent double, but the dory behaved nobly. We took a reef in the sail and let her spin along.

"Well, the storm increased to a fury, and Bauer became panic stricken. He was only a little fellow, anyway, and had nerves. I saw him all huddled up in a heap, and I think he was praying. I said nothing, did nothing, for there was nothing to do. I just held my hands and waited.

"After a bit we got thirsty, and there



was no water. Then we began to count up the distance we were from land, and knew there was some trouble ahead. We got thirstier and thirstier, and that wind kept blowing harder and sending us farther out to sea. The waves were running high and the dory tossing round like mad. All that eternal day we rode along, helpless, and our throats parching for a drink. At night we took turns at the rudder, for I had got Bauer up and scolded common sense into him. The raving and thirst kept growing, intensified by the salt spray. When the dawn came creeping

over that mass of tossing water the wind was still blowing like mad from the same quarter, but when the sun came up it began to moderate, and when we would go over the top of a big wave

we could see a faint line of horizon, but the horizon was water, and we had the sea on all sides.

"The second day was a repetition of the first, with the wind slower until sun-

down, when it sprang up again.

"By this time our tongues were swollen and our lips cracking open. We had plenty to eat, but there was not a thing in our provision stock that had any moisture in it. We tried some dried apricots, and opened a can of sweet condensed milk, but with no satisfactory results. It was getting terrific. Bauer's eyes were bursting from their sockets and he was so weak and tremble he couldn't keep his feet, and was praying in a huddle most of the time.

"When the sundown wind came up we set sail in a northerly course as near as I could make out. All that night I watched and held the rudder, Bauer moaning and sleeping fitfully, crying for water all the time. My own thirst was something indescribable, but I tried hard to keep at the head of things.

"When the daylight of the third day came it showed us Kings Island, a long way off to the north, and I could also make out an outline of land to the eastward. I got Bauer up again and encouraged him, and we both worked hard trying to reach land. But we were so weak by that time that we couldn't make much headway. We were like a pair of helpless babes trying to run that boat—our limbs would not support us, and when we lifted a hand it fell back numb and useless. We tried to row, but couldn't either of us hold the oars, and then we had to lie down in the boat and give it up.

"The wind by that time had died out and left us drifting helplessly further away from land again, and not a sail in sight. All that day we floated, and the agonies of thirst seemed to increase, though that seemed impossible. Bauer had been muttering in German, but his tongue was now so thick that the sounds were unintelligible and it was plain the poor fellow's mind was going.

sail and let the dory drift. It was all we could do. I tried to sleep, but my eyes stared wide open, and the burning furnace in my throat would not leave me an instant's rest.

"At last I seemed to lose consciousness, and when I regained my senses again it was morning. I was wet and chilled to the bone. Bauer was a pitiful, muttering object, dozing and gabbling his thick-tongued German. I struggled to my feet and again saw land—many miles away.

"My knowledge of the north led me to believe we were in the Arctic Ocean. We saw two high mountains to the westward and some white forms in the foreground that may have been drift ice.

"I shook Bauer, and tried to make him understand, but he went off into his mutterings again. Pretty soon his mind seemed to clear again and when I proposed trying to make for the land, he wildly objected, saying that some parties who had landed about there some months before had been roughly treated by the natives, and he grew so excited and fierce in his objection, hindering me in my weak efforts, that at last I gave up and let the boat drift out again from a possible hope.

"I was momentarily afraid that Bauer would become a dangerous maniac, and dared not oppose him in anything. The poor fellow was shivering in the end of the dory, ravenously chewing and sucking dried onions, in the hope of extracting a drop of moisture, his face drawn and old and the gleam of idiocy in his eyes.

"In my own desperation I swallowed some extract of vinegar, but it burned my throat and choked me horribly.

"The night of the 4th is the last clear recollection I have. I remember seeing poor Bauer praying, or trying to move his lips in prayer, and whispering huskily that it was to be our last night alive. I myself was too weak to move, and went to sleep for a while. Later in the night I awoke, somewhat refreshed. The stars were clear and bright above in the sky, and a slight breeze was stirring.

"I crawled to the ropes and sought to

comprehension. At first the steamer moved steadily on her course, and seemed not to hear, but at last she veered about and came toward us. Then I knew no more.

"The next I remembered I was lying on the deck of the steamer Centennial, and the men were giving me sips of water. My hands were wildly clutching in the air, and I was begging for more.

"Poor Bauer was even worse than I, and it was many days before he regained his reason. He is still so weak and exhausted, and the painful memory is so indelibly stamped upon his brain, that his condition is most critical.

"Captain J. C. Eagles of the Centennial is a man to whom we shall both be indebted all our lives. After that horrible eight days of awful thirst, being buffeted about by incessant off-shore storms, the agonies of dread, the painful exposure and the dreadful succession of terrible experiences, one could well appreciate the sight of a fellow being, and those rough sailors were like angels from heaven.

"When the Centennial brought us into Seattle on the 8th of October I was pretty well recovered, but poor Bauer will have a long struggle yet. Even now he occasionally breaks out in delirium, with his pitiful call for 'Wasser! Wasser! Ich bin so schrecklich durstig!' ('Water! water! I am so terribly thirsty!')

"As for myself, the dreams still come to me at night, and I live over the agonies of those interminable days. Though time will take away the keenest of it all, I do not think I shall ever be able to forget. It is stamped upon my brain."

### Does Your House Get the Proper Kind of Light?

In these days doctors and other scientists are discovering all sorts of wonderful things about household hygiene. One of the latest things in this line to be discussed are the proper relations of the window, the room and the sun. M. Trelat of Paris, a well-known authority on hygiene, gives it as his opinion that the best light for a house is a slanting light. That sort of light, he asserts, has more vitality and health-giving properties in it than a horizontal or a vertical light. Of

make one more effort. I set the sails with great difficulty, dragging myself about and falling blindly. We had a land compass, but it was rendered defective by having become wet, and was useless. By aid of the stars I tried to shape a course. That is the last thing I knew. The fifth, sixth and seventh days are as a blank in my mind. Our sufferings from thirst were beyond description. Where we were we did not know; we were too weak to make any effort for anything, and it was now nothing but drift and hope against hope for relief. I do not know what it was that kept us from casting ourselves into the water. It seems to me now that that would have been the natural thing to do. I lay there breathing, vacant in mind, and only conscious of the terrible craving for water, with my crazed partner groveling in his corner, making inarticulate sounds, and trying to talk to me in German, which I did not understand.

"The eighth, and last terrible day, I was lying dazed and half unconscious, when something like a scream from the parched, swollen throat of Bauer roused me to turn my head.

"He was standing erect in the boat, one weak, gaunt hand uplifted, his eyes distended and his lips moving soundlessly. But there was the light of reason in his pinched, haggard face—the light of hope. At first I thought it was a new freak of his madness, but there was just life and curiosity enough left in me to prompt me to lift myself to my elbow, and then I saw what he had seen—the smoke of a steamer.

"That was a moment of joy and relief indescribable, and one that I shall never forget so long as I live.

"We grabbed the guns and began firing signals. Under the spur of the new hope we found ourselves able to move

course, the light descending straight from above could not be made available for household use generally, and the light which proceeds straight from the horizon at sunset does not penetrate into city houses unless one is fortunate enough to have a home on the Riverside Drive or on Columbia Heights.

Besides, M. Trelat holds that the horizontal light of morning and evening is far from pure, being vitiated by passing through layers of dust and vapors escaping from the soil. According to this view houses should be built so as to receive the light at an angle of 30 degrees, and to obtain this light houses should not be higher than two-thirds the width of the street. If a street were thirty feet wide, for example, the houses on either side of it should not be higher than twenty feet. As there are few houses complying with these requirements, the suggestion is made not to cut down the buildings, but to widen the streets, a suggestion upon which every one would be glad if the municipality would act, if the thing were possible to carry out economically. Bacteriological experts have shown that the air near the ground is loaded with microorganisms, the number decreasing as we ascend. The difference is most marked, even in the case of a five-story building, the air in the rooms on the top story being almost entirely free from bacteria, while the air on the ground floor swarmed with these disease-breeding germs. Now, if the light were admitted properly on all floors this would not be so. The lower floors would probably not have as pure air as the upper ones on account of the exhalations from the earth, but light is a great destroyer of germs, and if it were properly admitted into the rooms on the lower floors it would purify the air there to a remarkable degree.

It is a well-known fact that the actors of the Oberammergau Passion play receive only a moderate fee for their acting, and that, whether the part played is important and fatiguing or whether it is that of a "super" the remuneration is the same. But the community of the little village has done far better than was expected during the present summer, for the fees for tickets have been this year much in excess of any former occasion. Over and above the ordinary number of performances no less than sixteen extra performances have been given, and the amount thus realized reached the large sum of \$75,000, while an enormous trade has been done in photographs, wood carvings, rosaries and "holy" images. For picture postcards alone no less than \$750,000 has been taken, and it is said that the wood-carvers of Oberammergau have not a single article left "on stock." Thus it is plain to see that though the season in Switzerland and the Tyrol is said to have been a bad one, the little Bavarian mountain village has a golden harvest.

"Night brought on a cold mist and fog, and we nearly froze. The tide was against us, and so strong that we were rapidly being carried out to sea. The wind had died out, and we lowered the

about, and we even made pitiful attempts to shout. Bauer tied a white handkerchief to his gun and waved it, and I reloaded my rifle to repeat the signals.

"Our anxiety was something beyond