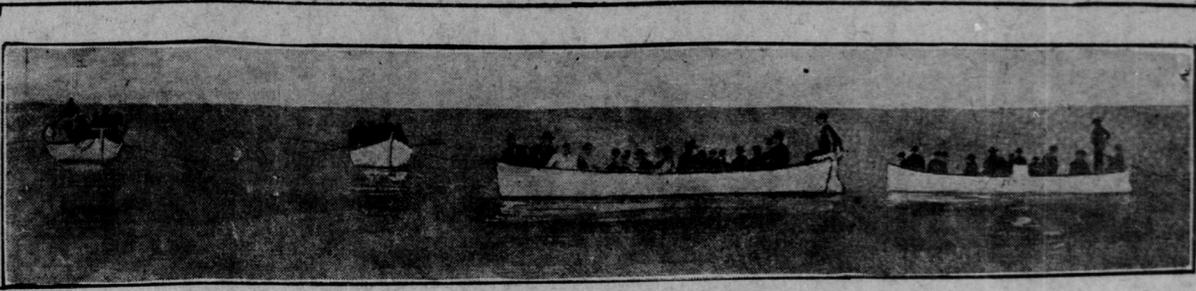


THE CAMERA'S STORY OF HOW PASSENGERS ARE RESCUED FROM WRECKED OR BURNING SHIPS



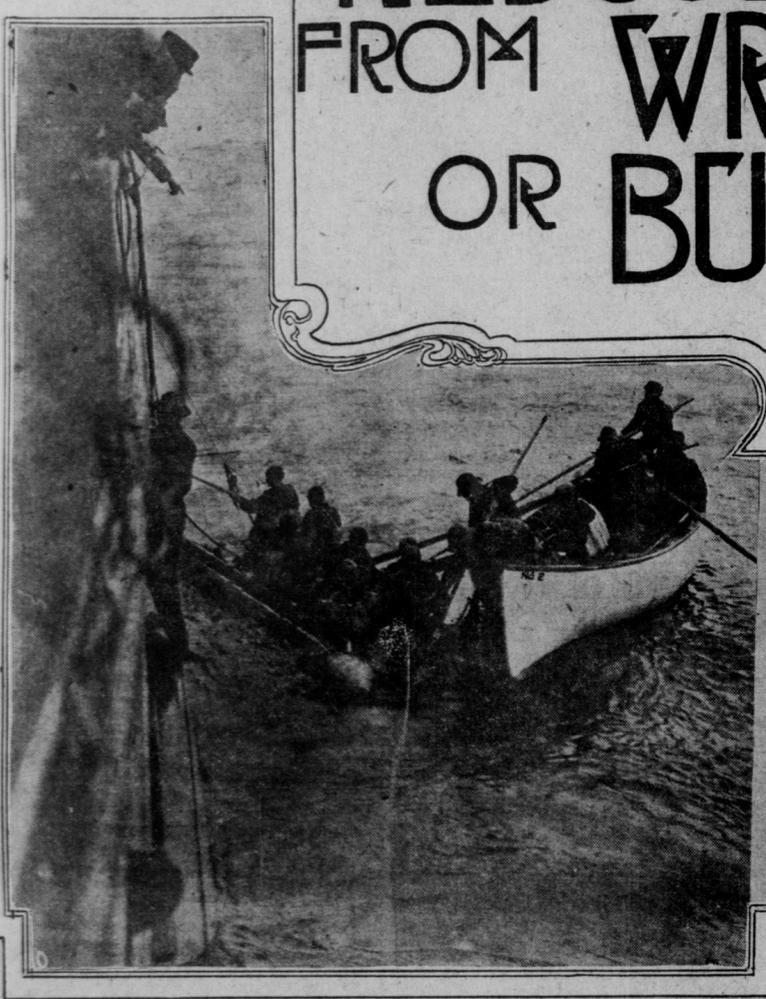
LIFEBOATS LOADED WITH PASSENGERS FROM THE LIT-FATED STEAMER ST. CROIX PHOTOGRAPHED BY ONE OF THE PASSENGERS.



CAPTAIN N.E. COUSINS, THE HERO OF THE FIRE ABOARD THE QUEEN.



EIGHTEEN SUPERVIVORS OF THE LIT-FATED STEAMER ST. CROIX PHOTOGRAPHED BY ONE OF THE PASSENGERS.



TAKING SURVIVORS OF THE VALENCIA WRECK ABOARD THE TOPEKA

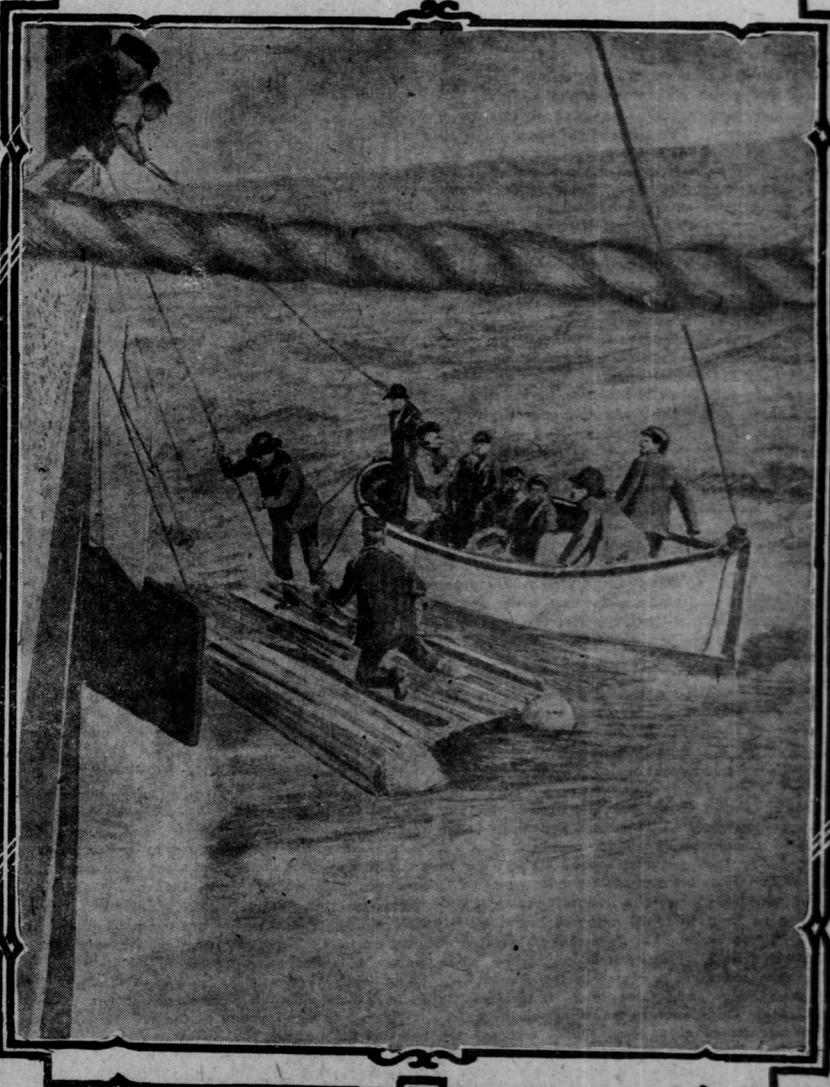


don, men fighting for their wives, who watched the scene from safety for the moment, but who knew not what the future might unfold. The sky was barely streaked with light and low hung clouds reflected back the furnace glow from the leaping, roaring flames. Sweating, half naked men, sailors and passengers shoulder to shoulder, made up a battle line that beat back the march of flames, that smothered sullen smoke and ember, that cheered with joy when the last glowing spark hissed and died out before the conquering hose.

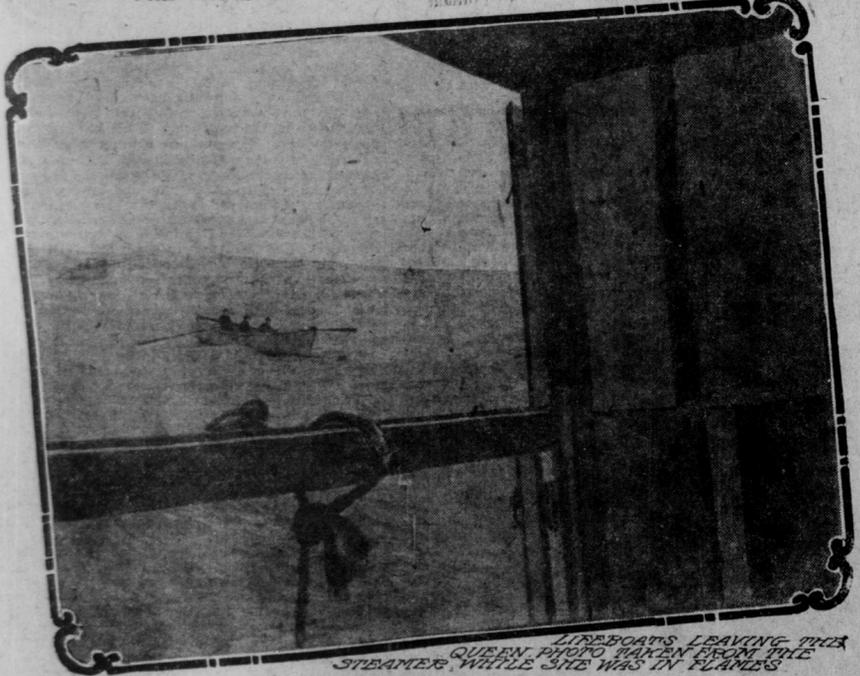
Among the passengers was one who had a camera, and when the flames had died the captain called on him to take some pictures showing just what risk attended the gathering in of the passengers who had gone into the little boats when the vessel was fire swept and thrall by flames that seemed resistless. This man, unused to fronting danger, had collapsed when the strain of facing death was ended, but the iron will of the captain brought him up again and probably the most remarkable pictures ever taken, showing the actual horrors of the scene, were made by him. Swung by the rising waves, the Queen plunged to and fro, rolling from side to side and casting spray mast high. Far down below the towering sides of the wave swept ship the small boats crept along, each man that made the crew with nerves and muscles tense. The terror of the fire gone, there raised up yet another danger, that of being crushed against the vessel's side. Life rafts were lowered and used to fend the small boats off from danger. Booms were run out and lines that ended in a loop were lowered down. Women and children seated in the loops and tied with rope ends were hoisted up and lowered down through the cargo hatch, where strong and loving hands received them. Several times the boats were capsized as they came in contact with the plunging ship in the heavy sea and several lives were lost. That the loss was not much greater was due to the skill of Captain Cousins and the cool work of his crew. The photographs taken at that awful moment showed exactly the condition of the sea and proved the only prize was due the commander of the Queen.

As with the Queen, the wrecking of the Valencia in the straits of Juan de Fuca is presented in pictures taken by cool headed men who wished to show the world just what the terror of a shipwreck was. Bound to Seattle from San Francisco, the Valencia in the dead of night ran on a rock. A fog had burdened her for hours and her screaming siren had waited out warning for other fog bound vessels in the straits, but when, without a moment's warning, there came a rending crash and jar, the basic principle of life, self-preservation, swept everything aside. Boats were swung outboard and lowered rapidly. The passengers, half dazed and less than half prepared to brave the terror of the cold and angry sea, were loaded in. The hungry waves rushed through the broken bow. What tales of horror marked the progress of the little boats, creeping like crippled things upon the angry sea, have only half been told. Life after life went out before the heat of hardship and the struggle against what seemed to be death inevitable was pictured by the camera, that shows an old man on a life raft, standing up, the central figure of a little group. Beaten by wind and wave, half clad and piteously infirm with age, his white beard blowing in the wind, he seems to be imploring heaven to bend in mercy over him and give him help. His party was rescued after drifting on the raft for several days.

Painters have painted shipwreck in its naked horror, painted the brutal dance of flame upon a vast and empty sea where small boats, gathering like motes adrift in infinity, fare forth to the unknown, but for the deadly touch of truth the camera is the ultimate resort. The wash of wave and roll of plunging vessel hanging high above the tiny boats is shown, the wan and weary faces of men, women and children, the strain of battling with appalling force are reproduced, and from the photographs the actuality of the horror looks forth.



RESCUING PASSENGERS FROM LIFEBOATS AND RAFTS OF THE QUEEN



LIFEBOATS LEAVING THE QUEEN PHOTO TAKEN FROM THE STEAMER WHILE SHE WAS IN FLAMES



FLASHLIGHT PHOTO OF PASSENGERS SAVED FROM THE ST. CROIX BEING FED ON THE BEACH BY NEIGHBORING RANCHERS.

THOSE who fare forth upon the sea in ships face dangers, and each year a toll of human life is paid to hidden rock, to sudden storms or flame that sweeps and surges as the billows roll. The throng of passengers that sailed on the St. Croix was different in no way from thousands upon thousands that have sailed before on other ships and other seas and bound for different ports; but when there came the burst of flame and roll of smoke the trip threatened a tragedy that thrall each heart and left a memory of horror in its wake. Just what the terror of the time was only those who trod the blistering deck while waiting for the launching of the boats can know; but since photography became an almost universal phase of our existence, there are pictures, pitiless in detail and in accuracy, that show the naked and unbending horror of the sea while it demands its toll of human suffering and life. Bound from Los Angeles to San Francisco the voyage had started with seas that smiled and purred as they swept past the ship and then, before the mind of man could frame or grasp the sudden change, there lifted up the dreadful fear of sudden and

tortured death. Piled in small boats, searching a landing place along a shore that thundered with the surf, each string of all the different emotions of the human heart was played upon and how the people looked and how they felt the camera has caught and pictured, pictured them in the tiny boats that crept along the shore; pictured them after landing, camped in a little canyon, half clad and hungry while the ranchers in the neighborhood played good Samaritan. The dreary monotone of hunger, cold and exhaustion that the pictures show makes a fit staging of the tragedy of shipwreck, but the ministering hands that gathered from the tiny nearby ranches relieves the horror of it all in that it marks a happy termination of a trying time, for the rollcall of passengers and crew showed that the fates had woven kindly and that not one human life had been demanded by the sea. For vivid picturing of the perils of the sea the photographs taken at the burning of the steamer Queen in 1904 off the Oregon coast occupy a place unique. At 4 o'clock on the morning of February 27 fire was discovered in the after saloon. Such headway had the flames made that it seemed as if

the vessel would be burned down to the water's edge. The sea was gathering strength and violence every minute before the sweep and beat of the uprising wind. The first thought of Captain N. E. Cousins, the courageous commander of the burning vessel, was for his passengers, and knowing that the danger incident to launching the small boats became greater with each passing moment he called the crew to quarters, ordered away the lee boats first, loaded with women and children, and while the frantic passengers were lowered to the tiny boats below he planned a campaign against the fire fiend that lacked no detail in preparation or execution, and was crowned with victory after a long and stubborn fight. Upon the bridge, as calm and cool as if the sea was smooth below a blue and smiling sky, he faced the greatest terror that the sailor knows. The after part of the vessel was a mass of roaring flames. There was no land in sight. At safe distance but clustering about the burning ship the small boats with their precious freight of women and children lay head up to the wind. On board the ship the battle with the flames was fought with utter despera-