

# TEMPEST AND SHIPWRECK

All the dangers and hazards to which humanity is liable, not one more quickly reaches the heart-strings or strikes a stronger chord of sympathy than shipwreck. The advance of science, it is said, has killed the poetry, the wonder and the romance of the sea, but it cannot, as we too often have occasion to deplore, eliminate its peril. The agony of suspense may not, indeed, in these days be prolonged, for the iron or steel hull breaks up more quickly than the fabric of the wooden ship, which oftentimes for days bumped and tore on the rocks or sands before it fell to pieces. On the other hand, the catastrophes incidental to the sea—collision, fire and its awful horrors, and stranding—are now on a more colossal scale. The ships are bigger, more powerful, more numerous, and the passenger ships race from port to port with the punctuality of the post. The seafarer, whether he lives in the fore-cabin or luxuriates in the stateroom, no longer has fighting for his life or property, nor is he subject to the discomforts, the stupidity or the brutality of those to whom he looks for a safe and pleasant voyage. The rude seaman who in olden times regarded his passengers with ill-concealed contempt, and in the moment of danger drove them below, battered them under hatchways and left them in the ill-smelling and suffocating hold, to suffer agonies of fear, longer exists. It will be remembered how Shakespeare's boat-swain in "The Tempest" roughly orders the passengers below and out of the way lest they impede the efforts of the mariners engaged in attempting to save the vessel. But the sea has lost nothing of its strength, its ferocity, its malignancy, and when the unexpected happens and the ship strikes it is, unfortunately, too true that, however staunchly built her skin, the attendant horrors are seldom wanting or the resultant calamity less direful than it was in olden days.

Almost all shipwrecks may be regarded in three aspects—the pathetic, the heroic and the picturesque. The cinematograph has not yet, so far as we are aware, recorded the various phases of a real shipwreck. The great liner, teeming with life, the microcosm of a big city; her people, expert of a fine and favorable passage, confident in the knowledge that those in charge are fully competent, hopeful that everything possible has been done for their comfort and security; then the fog or darkness closing in, uncertainty, uneasiness, the crash, the grinding on the rock. There follow the passionate sweep of the seas and the complaining echo of the surf, accompanied, perchance, by the raging of the wind and the terrible blast of the rain-filled tempest. Then tragedy, too frequently in sight of hundreds on shore who would be willing helpers, but are able to render little or no assistance. A few hours later and a raffle of wreckage on the storm-struck beach is all that tells the fearful tale. Yet photography can aid in the realization of such events, and, as the photographs reproduced with this article show, can, more especially when the deserted hulk is for a time preserved, indicate, if only inadequately, the fury, the misery and the desolation of shipwreck.

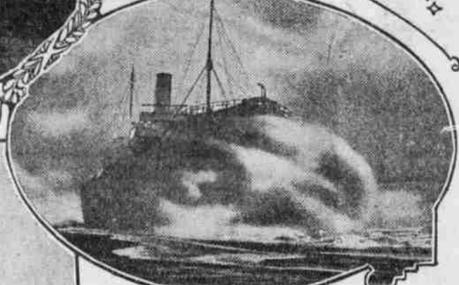
When fire is added to the other perils, then the spectacle becomes magnificent in its horrors. Describing the burning of the Queen Charlotte, of 110 guns, the flagship of Lord Keith, off Leghorn, in March, 1800, a spectator tells how the ship became enveloped in black clouds of suffocating smoke, from which here and there gleams of lurid flame arose. Then the fire became more vivid, rose higher and higher, grew brighter and brighter, crept quietly, but surely, onward and upward, enveloping the masts, the yards and all the delicate tracery of rigging and spars. The boats on the booms, the quarter-deck, the poop in one direction, and the fore-cabin, bowsprit and masts in the other, were each in turn enveloped in flames, amid the flickering of which the dark bodies of the gallant officers and men stood out distinctly as they attempted to smother the fire with blankets and hammocks, or poured streams of water upon the burning parts. In spite of their almost superhuman efforts, the flames rolled on, making the destruction of the ship inevitable, while to add to the striking effect the guns, as they became hot, exploded, threatening the approach of those who would have gone to the succor of the crew. At length the fire reached the magazines, and the vessel blew up, sending a dusty column of debris and wreckage high into the air. All that was left on board immediately sunk down by the stern; but when the ponderous contents of the hold had been washed away, the ship was suddenly seen to emerge almost her

whole length from the deep, and then, turning over, she floated for a few moments on the surface with her burnished copper glistening in the sun. Such was the fate of the Queen Charlotte, the second largest ship in the British navy of her day; and quite recently an effect almost as striking was described by those who witnessed the burning of the steamship Voltorno in mid-Atlantic. It is on the heroic aspect of shipwreck that one would prefer to dwell, when the awful peril impending gives opportunity for the exhibition of fortitude and bravery, and when the imminence of death brings out those noble traits of character which have ever distinguished the seamen. In the excitement of battle each man joins in the conflict, excited and encouraged by the cheers of his comrades and the hopes of victory. But it is when suddenly confronted by the danger of shipwreck, when neither the nimbleness, dexterity or resource of the sailor is of much avail, that the moment arrives for him to display his self-possession, his devotion, his courage, and seldom has he failed to prove his merit in these circumstances. Over and over again we may read of a gallant fellow who would not desert their companions in misfortune, of the intrepidity of officers who could not be persuaded to quit their ships while a man remained on board. Quite recently the British admiral named a destroyer in memory of Capt. Charles Lydiard, who, with a distinguished war record, was commanding the Anson, a fine 40-gun ship, in December, 1807, when in a hard gale, owing to the thickness of the fog, she ran ashore to the west of the Lizard. The gale was tremendous, and when the vessel took the ground many of the men were washed away by the huge seas which swept the deck. Many others were killed by the falling spars, the crashing sound of which, as they came from aloft, mingled with the shrieks of the women on board, was heard by the spectators on shore amid the roar of the waters and the howling of the wind.

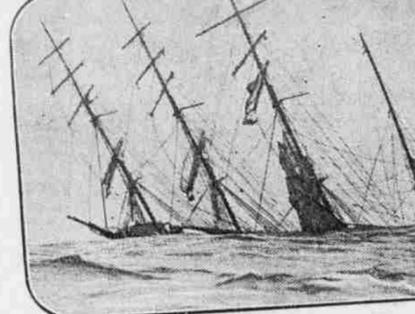
Calm and undaunted amid the terrors of the scene, Captain Lydiard is described as displaying in a remarkable degree that self-possession and passive heroism which has been so often the proud characteristic of the commander of a British ship of war under similar harassing conditions. He was able to restore order, to assist the wounded, to encourage the timid, and to revive expiring hope. By the main mast, which in falling overboard served as a communication between the vessel and the shore, the captain pointed out that there was a means, dangerous certainly, by which the land could be reached. It was fated, however, that he should not himself enjoy the reward of his humanity. When seemingly everyone had left the vessel, and he was about to undertake the passage, he heard the cries of someone in terror, and found a youngster, a protégé of his own, clinging in despair to a part of the wreck, without either strength or courage to make an effort for his own preservation. Captain Lydiard's resolution was instantly taken. Throwing an arm round the boy, with the other he clung to the spars and rigging and attempted the perilous passage ashore. But nature was exhausted by the mental and physical sufferings he had en-



WRECK OF THE NORWEGIAN BARQUE "CARIS" ON THE SCROBY SANDS



WRECK OF THE S.S. "GROCK" OFF GARDNESS, ABERDEEN



THE "QUEEN MARGARET" WRECKED OFF THE LIZARD

WAVES DASHING OVER THE S.S. "TRIPOLIANTA" WHICH WENT ASHORE IN LORCA-BAY

ured. He lost his hold, not of the boy, but of the mast, the waves swept over them and they perished together.

Or take, again, an incident which is related in connection with the cool heroism and gallantry of the midship who was detailed to guard the spirit room of the Abergavenny when that vessel went ashore. Some of the men, overcome by selfishness and fear in their panic-stricken state, came down determined to broach the rum casks, since they might as well die drunk as sober. "I know we die like men!" exclaimed the midshipman, "but let us die like men!" And he maintained his guard until the ship sank under him. It is unnecessary to relate the well-known example of courage and self-devotion shown at the loss of the troopship Birken head. From the captain downwards, without exception, seamen and soldiers all exhibited the utmost calmness and disregard of self. It has been said that the instinct of discipline was stronger in them than the instinct of life. And only recently we have another instance of fortitude and courage in the behavior of the bandmen of the Titanic, who, amid that last terrible scene, continued to play until washed from their feet as the ship went down.

There are few more pathetic pictures of shipwreck than that presented by the loss of the Halsewell, an East Indiaman, outward bound in 1786. She had for her captain a man named Pierce, one of the most popular and experienced of the company's commanders. When she drove ashore in a gale under St. Alban's Head the sea was running too high and with too much fury to afford any chance of getting away in the boats. Among the many ladies on board were the captain's two daughters, and he called his chief mate to the cabin to ask if he could think of any method of preserving the lives of the girls. "Morning may bring up a chance," was the reply; "there is nothing to be done tonight, sir." The ship lay with her broadside to the shore, under the high and almost perpendicular cliff, with her deck exposed to the overwhelming rush of the seas. All the women were assembled in the round house, where Captain Pierce, with his arms round his daughters, sat holding his girls to his heart, speechless with despair. The only lights afforded to these poor women were a few wax candles in glass lanterns. Out of 240 people only 74 survived, and the third mate tells the story of how the people perished in the round house. The morning was just breaking when he went on deck, grasped a hencoop, was washed overboard, awent against the vessel, and then washed away again on the strand.

### NOT COMPLAINING.

"So you don't think the high cost of living has made any difference in the family table?" "No," replied the very young man with a hearty appetite. "We don't have as much company as we used to and aren't afraid to ask for a second helping."—Washington Star.

### HIS STANDING.

Paying Teller—You must get some one to identify you before I can pay this check. Have you any friends in this town? Stranger—Not one. I'm the dog catcher.—Our Animals.

### HE KNEW THERE WAS.

"There's some good stuff in Lemuel." Lemuel's Roommate—I should say there was. He just finished eating a pound of fudge that Amaryllis sent up to me.—Cornell Widow.

appointed keeper of the federal prison of the District of Columbia.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Getting a Proper Start.

"I am to address an audience of woman suffragists," said an orator, "and I don't know exactly what to say." "Oh, that's easy," replied Senator Sorghum. "Your usual line of talk will do. Only don't forget and say 'friends and fellow citizens' instead of 'ladies and gentlemen'!"

## AFRO-AMERICAN COLLINGS

The evidences are many and gratifying that the people of the new south are realizing and meeting in a very high degree the obligation and duty they owe to the negro.

The negro problem is the south's greatest problem. It has passed through the era of passion, and is passing safely through the era of racial prejudices.

The idea which so long a time had currency in the south was that the negro had no qualification for living and competing with the dominant and superior race—that he complicated all their problems of industry and society, and that the wise thing to do was to help him to enter another country, where, after 200 years of contact with this people, he might work out his own destiny by their counsel and co-operation, but with absolute independence and in his own right.

That idea has entirely passed away. Every thinking man now believes that so long as our republic endures the white and black races will dwell side by side in the south.

It was therefore both logical and humane that the more advanced and better developed race must, as a matter of policy and prudence, help the negro and develop him along the best lines, and co-operate with him in every worthy measure, with helpfulness and consideration. They must build up the negro to the higher conceptions of his duty to himself and to them, and establish the understanding that since they must live with him, the white race must help him to be the worthier of citizenship and association.

More and more the northern people, whose philanthropy has been lavish and well directed, are holding off their hands and their money in the development of the negro, and are coming to trust the south more and more completely in dealing with problems looking to his welfare.

This feeling and spirit are entering the minds of both races, and it is safe to say that the relation between the two races of the south have never been more friendly and safer than now.

From April 25 to 29 of the present year, in Atlanta, the southern sociological congress, made up of leading university presidents, with other noted publicists and thinkers of the south, discussed with rare courage, great moderation and remarkable ability the religious, educational, hygienic, economic and civic conditions of the negro of the south and the white man's relation to him.

The speeches at the congress were epoch making because of the accuracy and abundance of data, and because of the startling frankness of stating the deficiencies disclosed in the program of the whites of the south in dealing with the negro problem.

An especially striking feature of the congress was the fact that the negro delegates were invited as a body, for the first time in the history of any program of a similar character, to seats on the floor in each of the seven different white churches of the capital of the south.—Editorial in the Chicago American.

The new money-washing machine has been installed in the Philadelphia mint by Burgess Smith, its inventor. It weighs 8,500 pounds, has a capacity of 5,000 notes an hour, and has two parts—one scrubs the note, the second gives it a cold-water bath.

Large deposits of sulphur have been found in southern Texas and are to be developed in a similar manner to the development of the Louisiana sulphur fields.

The Trade and Labor council of Danville, Ill., had about 700 negro members in the miners' union and 40 in the Brick, Tile and Terra Cotta Workers' alliance. The Springfield Federation of Labor included negro members in local unions of miners, barbers, hod carriers and cement workers.

While there is undoubtedly considerable discrimination against negroes when they seek work at profitable skilled trades, it is nevertheless the fact that this hostility is by no means universally employed among union men, and union leaders in many instances are making progress in overcoming such feeling among white workmen.

Because the tonnage over the famous Forth bridge in Scotland was 60 per cent heavier last year than in the year when it was opened, much of the structure will be rebuilt.

The total production of sugar beets in 1912 in the following countries, Prussia, Belgium, Bulgaria, Denmark, Spain, France, Greece-Slavoia, Italy, Roumania, Russia in Europe, Sweden, Canada, is estimated at 778,883,000 hundred weight, against 573,300,000 hundredweight in 1911, showing an increase of 35.9 per cent.

In an address before the National Conference of Race Betterment at Battle Creek, Mich., Dr. Booker T. Washington uttered these remarkably wise words regarding the treatment of the negro which are worth pondering:

"There are 10,000,000 colored citizens in this country, and they are here to stay. They will help or they will hinder. The white people can make the negro become a better citizen not only by being frank with him with reference to his shortcomings, but by praising him when he does well. Greater good can be accomplished if the strong points of the negro are emphasized and less stress placed upon the weak points."

That is sound common sense. We must recognize the fact that the negro is with us to stay and we must make the best of him. He can be of service or not, as he is treated. The white race, being dominant numerically and in civilization, must be tolerant and kindly.

It is not necessary to minimize the negro's shortcomings nor to be blind to the fact that he has faults largely due to conditions which surround him. But we must strive to eradicate these faults by proper education, by tolerance and by broad human sympathy.

In the meanwhile we must remember that discriminating praise and approbation constitute some of the chief elements of incentive to better effort, and we should not be stingy of these when the negro deserves them. Rather, we should seek occasions to bestow them.—Exchange.

A Russian is not of age until he is twenty-six years old. Until that time at least four-fifths of his earnings must go to his parents.

Southern money is flowing toward work for negro betterment. The students of Vanderbilt university are raising a fund for the industrial department of Nashville institute. A fashionable girl's school in Nashville, long noted for benevolence to foreign missions, but hitherto oblivious to the need of colored people at their very door, has this winter given \$600 to pay the salary of a director for the "Girls of the Forward Quest," an organization paralleling the negroes the white Camp Fire Girls.

Right here is shown the good faith of the negro in claiming equal, but not necessarily the same privileges with the white man. It was the north which took the responsibility of discouraging negro girls from organizing camp fires. Mr. and Mrs. McCulloch then set to work to devise a parallel plan, especially suited to the needs of negro girls, and one for boys to be known as "Boys of the Advance Guard." The way these separate organizations are welcomed marks the difference between the spirit of the north and the southern negro.

Good faith on the part of southern whites is evidenced by the action of the Federation of Labor of Tennessee, which since the meet of the Southern Sociological congress has opened its membership to negroes—a step whose industrial importance to the colored man it is difficult to exaggerate.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Egg production in the United States increased from 450,000,000 dozen in 1880 to 1,200,000,000 dozen in 1900 and to 1,750,000,000 dozen in 1912, the exports last year amounting to 19,000,000 dozen.

Social conditions in the United States are tending to develop in the negro a racial consciousness and to organize a negro nationality, declared Robert E. Park, professor of sociology of the University of Chicago, before the American Sociological society at Minneapolis.

Professor Park was speaking on "Radical Assimilation Within the Workers' Alliance." The Springfield Federation of Labor included negro members in local unions of miners, barbers, hod carriers and cement workers.

California vegetables growing is on a big scale. From one place this season 22 car loads of rhubarb and from another 34 car loads of fresh asparagus went east. One association canner packed 4,500,000 pounds of berries in 1912.

Before marriage a man has a theory about managing a wife, but after marriage he discovers that it is a fact and not a theory that confronts him.

Few turtles are being caught these days in the Bahamas, the annual catching having diminished for some time. Exportation of turtleshell may soon cease.

It is quite possible that the foreign missionaries would be more fully appreciated if we sent them canned.

At the fair held in Yakutsk, Siberia, last July, 46,946 pounds of bones of the mammoth were sold. Other articles sold were 20,000 white polar fox skins, 1,000 red fox skins, 10,000 ermine skins, 70,000 squirrel skins and 100 black bear skins.

Many a man who proudly boasts that every dollar he has was made honestly is worth about 98 cents.

Ghost Scared Railway Men. A ghost story, told by some railwaymen, is at present a live topic in the town of Strabane, County Tyrone, Ireland. The head constable has taken down the statements of those who claim to have seen the apparition. John Pinkerton, an engine-cleaner, describing the first visit of the ghost, says that it appeared in the cleaning shed knocking loudly at the door. It gave unearthly yells. Armed with a crowbar a signman made a dash at the spirit, but could not strike it.

Why He Gets It. Many a man remains a bachelor because by the time he gets over feeling he is too young to marry he begins to feel he's too old.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## The UNLOOKER

HENRY HOWLAND

## The WHINER

You hate to see others getting along; You are pained when your neighbor is winning; You look for slights and think all is wrong; Because you are skulking in gloomy ways; Because you sit in the dark and whine, You think the sun has refused to shine.



You think you are cheated when others win. You are glum when another has cause to smile; You hunt for trouble and drag it in, You are always sure that your luck is vile; In a cave that is gloomy and damp you hide, And think that the world is dark outside.



You grumble at fate and you call it chance. When others receive the rewards they earn; You call it the evil of circumstance. When your envy has done you a painful turn; You shut the sunlight out of your soul, And think that the world is a gloomy hole.



You feed your passions with selfishness. You coddle envy and hunt for slights; When you hear that your neighbor has won success, You imagine that he has infringed your rights; But the sun is managing still to shine, So come out of the dark and cease to whine.

### Dreams Do Come True.

"Have you ever had a dream that came true?" "Yes, I had one only a few nights ago that came true. I dreamed that I was going to receive a telegram which I would be afraid to show to my wife."

"And you got it? Was it from another woman?" "Yes."

"Say, old man, I never supposed you would be gully!" "Wait! It was from my mother who notified me that she was coming to visit us for two or three weeks."

### Satisfied.

He never grumbled when he ate; He took things as they came; When hash was piled upon his plate He gave nobody blame.

He did not kick when things were high, Nor fret when they declined; When others rose he did not sigh At being left behind.

He thought the world was simply grand; He looked forward to the day; His wife sang in opera, and She let him draw her pay.

### Consistency.

"Bacon is one of the most consistent optimists I have ever met." "Consistent? What do you mean by that?"

"He is always cheerful himself and willing to believe others mean it when they say they are satisfied with the kind of weather that happens to be prevalent."

### Not Much Relieved.

"I suppose you felt when you got back from Reno as if a great weight had been lifted from your mind?" "Oh, no. I really didn't notice much of a difference. You see he hadn't made any effort at all to get possession of the children."

### His Greatest Day.

"George, which do you regard as the greatest day of your life? The day your married me or the day our child was born?"

"The day I married you, dear. It did not seem as if my presence was needed then."

### The Advance of Culture.

People who are inclined to doubt that culture is making headway in this country should be reminded of the fact that nearly everybody knows how to pronounce Mardi Gras now.

### Eager for Particulars.

"We had two baronesses and a countess at our reception yesterday." "How splendid! Did they sing, dance, or merely talk about the crudity of art in America?"

### No Immediate Danger.

"I'm afraid we are drifting toward imperialism." "Oh, cheer up. The indications are that the drifting is going to be poor."

### Family Pride, Modern Style.

"She seems to be very proud of her family." "Yes. She is an only child."

### Extremely Difficult.

It is not often that a man succeeds in living up to the impression his wife tries to make.

### COULDN'T GO BACK ON THAT

President Tyler's Own Indorsement Used to Secure Good Office for Incompetent Friend.

President Tyler had a curious office seeking experience at the very beginning of his administration. Old Jack Dade, a character about Washington, who had been the president's classmate at college, went to the White House, and said he, "Jack, I want an office."

"You do?" said President Tyler. "What office on earth do you think you are fit for?"

"Why, one o' these 'sinecures,' I hear so much about—no work and good pay." Dade promptly replied.

"Well, Jack," said Tyler despondently, "you know that I am president now and must have some kind of warrant for making an appointment. Can you get anybody to indorse you? Could you bring me a letter of recommendation?" "Oh, yes," said Dade. "I've fixed for

that," and he produced a letter of four pages written by Tyler himself to President Harrison, whom he had just succeeded, urging the claims of his dear friend and classmate, Col. John W. Dade, for a good, fat office. "Cast your eye over that!" he exclaimed in triumph.

Tyler read the letter attentively to the end, folded it carefully and said: "Jack, your backing is irresistible. Come up here tomorrow, and I'll have a place for you."

The next day Col. John W. Dade was

appointed keeper of the federal prison of the District of Columbia.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Getting a Proper Start. "I am to address an audience of woman suffragists," said an orator, "and I don't know exactly what to say." "Oh, that's easy," replied Senator Sorghum. "Your usual line of talk will do. Only don't forget and say 'friends and fellow citizens' instead of 'ladies and gentlemen'!"

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