# More Public Interest Vital to Our Merchant Marine

## America's Great Opportunity in International Trade to Be Visualized at National Marine Exposition

WHAT do you really know about the nation's merchant fleet? Yes, of course, you are more or less familiar with the number of cargo carrying bottoms built here in the course of the last few years. But how much do you know about the problem, the possibilities, of using these craft effectively in the widening of foreign markets for our manifold products?

This momentous subject has been discussed fully and treated at length in the news columns of the press, yet it is reasonably certain our citizenry generally has only a hazy notion of the task that confronts us—a task that must be tackled robustly if we are to gain the position which the industry of our scores of shipyards has placed within our reach. The best of the situation is that the outlook is exceedingly promising, provided the American people as a whole become bent upon making fulfilment a fact.

**Exposition to Promote Interest.**

To the end that every one of us should be better able to visualize the splendid prospect, New York is to have during the week of April 12 a National Marine Exposition. It will be the first maritime show here in two decades, and the object is that the casual mood of the entertainment seeker shall be transformed into a determination to do his bes. toward making us lastingly strong and self-sufficient in the realm of international trade.

The exposition will be the visible climax of years of effort on the part of the National Marine League of the United States of America, two of whose inspiring slogans are: "Keep the Flag Flying" and "World Trade in American Ships." The lea_ue was organized nine years ago, and owes its inception to the forceful activities of P. H. W. Ross, whose previous experience in maritime fields aroused him to start a systematic campaign in behalf of a commensurate merchant marine. The need of making us independent upon the sea was brought convincingly home to him during the Boer war. At that time Mr. Ross was in the banking business in the State of Washington and was advancing money upon receipts for wheat raised by the neighboring farmers.

All went along prosperously and smoothly for a while, steamships carrying the "red ensign" sailing regularly laden with the grain despatched to ready foreign markets. Then suddenly Great Britain declared war upon the Government of Oom Paul, and immediately thereafter the Admiralty commandeered the nation's far flung merchant shipping, focusing a vast aggregation of those craft upon the coast of South Africa. The wheat growers of our Pacific States found themselves overnight without means of ocean transportation, and their grain became little short of a drug upon the market. No wonder, then, that a man of Mr. Ross's force should become vocal in behalf of a befitting native merchant marine, nor need we marvel that men like the late J. P. Morgan, August Belmont, Alexander Hemphill, E. J. Berwind and others of prominence should join with Mr. Ross in bringing into being a non-partisan, non-political institution intent upon encouraging the creation and maintenance of an ample American fleet of trade.

As Mr. Ross has expressed it: "Until the year of 1914 our country was mainly a producer; nearly all of its income was derived from growing or creating things. We either farmed, mined or by the process of manufacture changed raw material into usable articles. Then we sat at our various ocean gates and let the people of other nations distribute 90 per cent. of our exports to whomsoever might purchase them. But in that fateful year of the world war we awoke to the fact that those who control the transportation of our goods also control the price we would eventually receive for those commodities. The shock was a wholesome one, but the present need is to guard against a self-deceiving recovery. We have got to strike back, we have got to fight hard if we do not intend to pay henceforth heavy tribute to other peoples who may be strong upon the sea. Hereafter, for our own good, we must drive an economic span—we must harness Production with its proper team mate, Distribution.

"It is being dinned into us that the need of the hour, the solution of much of our unrest and the lowering of the cost of living depends upon stimulated production, but that is only half of the story. True, it will be to our benefit if, for a time, we increase largely our output and, taking advantage of the present rates of exchange, import an augmented bulk of foreign commodities. But it is vitally necessary that we see to it that we are finding steadily enlarged markets for our surplus goods; and we can achieve this only provided we have unhampered access to those markets through the medium of ships carrying the Stars and Stripes. If we don't offset our imports by an outgoing tide of our own products, our factories will have to slow down, close perhaps, and American labor will become idle. Our newly fashioned fleets give us one of the means by which we can avoid so grave a contretemps.

**Must Reexport to Succeed.**

"We shall not succeed in our revived foreign trade if we rely alone upon what might be called direct commerce, i. e., buying only what we need from alien sources and shipping to the foreigner nothing but our own commodities. We must develop in America the business of transshipping or reexporting upon a scale heretofore entirely unfamiliar in our commercial practices. For instance, we must use our ships to sell in the Far East goods brought to our shores in American bottoms and for which no demand exists among us. And let us suppose that the commodities in question will find a ready market in Java. How you will ask, will the Javanese be able to make prompt settlement? They'll do it in coffee, sugar, teak wood, tea, indigo and rubber. And in regard to the latter just this word of emphasis:

"Here in the United State we use eighty per cent. of the world's total production of rubber, and yet we control less than five per cent. of the original sources of supply of that material. Do you realize that seventy per cent. of the raw rubber of the world is directly under the control of the British? Consequently, every tire on every automobile here, every fountain pen, every typewriter, every air brake on every train, every porous plaster on every aching back in the United States pays toll to British enterprise which is founded upon forethought and bolstered up by the ships that fly the British ensign.

"We might just as well visualize American industry in its entirety as one vast department store. How long would a business house of that sort survive in a bustling city, with rival shops of the same kind, if the department store turned over the delivery of its sales to the vehicles of a competitor? It would be merely a question of time before that shortsightedness would compel the closing of the emporium's doors. I know that it will be asserted that we got along pretty well for quite half a hundred years without more than a handful of ships in foreign trade, but we must not forget that conditions have changed.

"The real basic reason why our merchant marine declined from about 1860 on to 1914 was because the maintenance of an American fleet of trade, in proportion to other things that our people had to do during that interval, was of secondary importance. Today the situation is all to the contrary, and without ships of our own to protect and to regulate the distribution of our products American mills, farms and manufactories will suffer tremendous loss. Our position is further menaced by the fact that we shall be obliged to accept untold quantities of foreign made goods in payment of foreign indebtedness to us; and unless we have our own ships in which to reexport these commodities native producers will be swamped by European competitors.

"The work ahead of us is clearly defined. Every citizen should realize that it is his duty to help to keep our vessels busy on the Seven Seas and to be equally determined no to allow the legislators of any other country to dictate how long we are to remain in the exercise of our maritime privileges.

"I know that it has been urged that we cannot compete with the low paid personnel of foreign craft. But let me remind you that the problem is not merely a question of wages of the seamen and officers; the crux of the situation is the quantity and the character of the work done. As a matter of fact, there is but little present difference between the scale of wages paid on American and European ships; and I am satisfied if we make the merchant marine service comparable as a source of livelihood with industrial activities ashore, and offer every reasonable inducement to the seafarer to look to the calling as a field of steady employment, presenting wide opportunities for advancement, we shall have no trouble in recruiting to the mercantile fleet youths and men of the right sort.

"To accomplish this end the Marine League urges national legislation in several directions. One measure would require that 'every man who enters the merchant service of the United States on voyages in foreign waters must enlist as a seaman of the United States.' That is to say, every man on a merchant ship operating beyond the three mile limit shall be pledged by his oath and obligated to his country and flag just as are his brothers who enter the army or navy. Again, because the circumstances of life afloat have changed with our dependence upon mechanical propulsion, it is desirable that a person be able to obtain his able seaman's papers after nine months' deck service at sea or on the great lakes, provided he can pass a suitable examination which shall be prescribed by the Department of Commerce.

P. H. W. ROSS, UNDER WHOSE DIRECTION NATIONAL MARINE WEEK APRIL 12-17, WILL BE CELEBRATED TO AROUSE PUBLIC INTEREST IN THE MERCHANT MARINE

## Shipping Authorities Declare the Nation Must Distribute as Well as Produce or Forfeit Prosperity

**Urges Wage Amendment.**

"As another means of promoting America's merchant marine personnel, the league is convinced that Section 4 of the Seamen's bill, which now permits a sailor to draw five per cent. of his wages every five days and fifty per cent. on reaching any port, should be amended. Objection to the present law is based on the fact that the foregoing provision encourages a serious lack of discipline and leads to frequent desertions. The league believes that something must be done toward safeguarding seamen against nautical hazards so that they will be placed upon a parity, as far as possible, with workers ashore. This, of course, cannot be done through the medium of added pay. Major August Belmont, chairman of the board of trustees of the National Marine League, has given this particular matter a great deal of study. Let me quote some of his conclusions and recommendations:

"'It would appear that no increase of wage is necessary or advisable if American shipping is to compete with foreign bottoms. The alternative is a form of old age pension or Government insurance, or a combination of these two ideas. There is no provision under any act of Congress or of the various States for either pension, compensation or insurance for American seamen on coastwise or ocean going vessels.

"'The compensation laws of the various States usually either expressly exclude masters and seamen on vessels engaged in interstate or foreign commerce, or limit compensation coverage to seamen injured while actually within the territorial waters of the State. Nor do the various seamen's unions or institutions provide adequate old age pensions or insurance.'

"Major Belmont's analysis of this question makes it manifest that much might be gained toward promoting morale and esprit among our deep sea workers if some form of national insurance be guaranteed and protection extended to the man afloat, no matter where he may be the world over, so long as he serves under the Stars and Stripes. Further, it seems to be very desirable that the merchant sailor be given a regular uniform, thus dignifying his service, as in the navy or army.

"It was the uniform that sufficed as a 'pass' during the war to the numerous clubs instituted for the men of our military organizations. The sailors of our merchant marine were thus unintentionally discriminated against.

**Suggests More Schoolships.**

"Finally, the league has drawn up a model nautical training act, which it is seeking to have adopted by all those States in which schoolships do not at present exist. The act contains suggestions whereby those States which have no sea front might still enjoy the advantage of nautical schools by combining with States which have a seaboard. For example, the man in Arkansas might send his boy to the Florida training school, or the man in Vermont might send his lad to New York, or the father in West Virginia might choose to have his son trained aboard New Jersey's schoolship. The States having schoolships at present are: New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Washington. Due to the efforts of the league, a strong movement is now under way in California for a State training ship. The league desires Congress to demand that the fifteen ports of the United States now entitled to the benefit of Federal assistance under the Federal schoolship act shall establish nautical schools within a definite time or forfeit their rights under that act so that the privileges may be given to other ports willing to undertake this training.

"To-day the league numbers about 10,000 members and it is significant that the majority of the enrolments are among our citizens in the middle West. These wide awake Americans are keenly alive to the fact that their continued prosperity hinges upon unfailing carriers for their commodities destined to ports overseas, and they realize they cannot do business profitably with foreign competitors unless they be able to send their wares broadcast in bottoms carrying their own flag. This attitude is spreading rapidly back in the national hinterland and right among the great agricultural fraternity. Only the other day, here in New York State, the dairy farmer suddenly found his export market closed, and in the main because he could not have the necessary oceangoing transportation. From now on he and his kind are going to insist that we have native ships in numbers enough to insure contact with the consumers abroad.

"There is not the slightest question about our being able to hold our own in foreign trade, but it is imperative that we as a people become 'ship minded,' and look upon a ship mortgage, maritime bonds, in much the same light that we view other loans and securities. Ships and shipping must be maintained, because without them American industry will be ruined."

# First Prize Fight in France a Comedy, but Crowd Didn't Know It

By STERLING HEILIG.

PARIS, SATURDAY.

SOME old Americans in France are still puzzled.

They look back on a time (it seems yesterday) when boxing had simply no existence in France; when the world's heavyweight championship could be fought at Chantilly as on a desert island. The eyes of all America and Great Britain were on it.

"Sullivan and Mitchell
Went out for to fight."

Yet to Frenchmen (in four newspaper lines next day) the match appeared eccentric, barbarous, incomprehensible, uninteresting and completely negligible.

That period lasted until yesterday—say, 1907. Yet in the spring of 1914 Paris considered herself the pugilistic centre of the world. And now—Carpentier!

Carpentier is all right. But has there been time for it to get into their blood and bones to produce great natural fighters? Remember, France was often misjudged before the war. France was not degenerate but pacific; and, unprepared with heavy artillery, she took those German shells on her bare breast and drove the Germans from the Marne.

But boxing seems different. Neither Bayard, nor Athos, Porthos, nor Napoleon were handy with the mitts. Where is their atavism of the "manly art," the grandsires who "put up their dukes" instinctively?

**First Knockout in France.**

The first knockout blow ever delivered in France was dealt by Louis Doerr, a Frenchman, who had lived in America and been favorably known in exhibitions before the Chicago Athletic Club. Up to recently he conducted a university boxing school around the Sorbonne. It was about 1906. Everybody supposed that Doerr's victim was killed. The police were preparing to arrest Doerr, while attendants made perfunctory efforts to resuscitate the prostrate man by working his limbs. (Which treatment, of course, was ineffectual.)

Louis walked carelessly to his corner, took a sponge from the bucket of water, and, elbowing through the chattering spectators encumbering the ring, dashed water into the fallen fighter's face. He repeated the operation just once, and the victim revived immediately. The crowd was thoroughly mystified; and M. Casteres, a then leading professor of the *savate boxe* (hands and feet) led Doerr to one side and inquired what he had done?

"I simply threw water in his face," was the honest reply.

"Remarkable, remarkable!" murmured the French specialist.

So, now, for how "le knock-out" came to Ax!

It was in 1910. I saw it. Two blue chinned tragedians, three pale youths, two reformed slapstick comedians and three women members of an all French aggregation missed the commercial hotel of the little watering place and fetched up at the more fashionable Quinconces, bubbling with summer boarders.

In my room, through the partition, I caught bits of mysterious rehearsal. The male force was hurrying into sparring tights and bathrobes (!), while the girls hammered on the door.

"Ah, close!" a cigarette voice whispered; "you can prink while I am knocking out Camille. Monsieur Rambo, tell him when and where he falls. He don't know yet! I'm tired of clinching and don't like his odor."

"Ta ta," came the soothing answer, "clinching is excessively American. Don't forget your infighting. I shall tell them Willie's kidney punch is terrible!"

"In America, they're goin' to bar it. Saw it in the *Auto*."

"Is that so? I'll tell them that, too. Now, attention! They are going down to dinner! Now——"

With "now" the stern phalanx stalked through the corridors and out into the perfumed dusk, with vast effect. "Brutes!" murmured the old Colonel. "Heroes!" whispered the bud roses. For three days the Casino billboards had announced:

"Battling Johnson Meets All Comers! Brogan and Hardy, Welter Champions! Ted Rickert, Bantam Wonder! Kid Sullivan and Willie Corbett! Le Knock Out Guaranteed!"

The box office took $214, and the nice families shuddered at the sponges, buckets, towels, fans, ropes and manager's brief allocution:

"Mesdames, Messieurs! The 20 centimes supplement stamped on each ticket, and which you have paid, constitutes your receipt for life and accident premiums of the evening. No pugilist's family can come back on you for damages. The Casino authorities are equally covered. Spectators of sensibility are begged to retire before a brutal but virile spectacle!"

Nobody budged.

**How the Crowd Was Thrilled.**

Time! It was Brogan and Hardy, also a true dog fight. Brogan rushed his man through the ropes and pulled him out and slammed him up against a bucket. Hardy flopped on his back, leaped to his feet, clung in a clinch, tore loose, then drove a left on Brogan's jaw, a right on Brogan's ear and butted Brogan in the chest. Bouncing back, exhausted, he lay on his back, and Brogan hammered methodically on his upturned face while the spectators 'Oh-ed!'" and bounced in their seats.

How report those rounds, the business with buckets and sponges! Brogan sported an enormous purple shiner suddenly after a sponging. Hardy nonchalantly pulled out two teeth and threw them on the floor—you could hear a tooth drop! Then the thing occurred which makes the buds of Beziers, the matrons of Montpellier and collegians of Cahors say so superior:

'Carpentier? Oh, yes; but you ought to have seen the fight at Ax!"

Hardy had gone flat from a right hander. Flopping like a toad, the gifted comedian was half up and wholly down six times in seven seconds (his idea had been to "make it ten and take the count"—by which he calculated he would "win the belt"). Brogan, out of breath and patience, folded his arms, and the flopping genius had the spotlight to himself.

He rolled over on his stomach. He leered up with blood stained features at the pitying ladies who composed two-thirds of the audience. "Hit him again!" whispered the referee. "No, the poor young man is resting!" whimpered the ladies. And to show he wasn't he sagged to his haunches; and while the Police Commissary started for the ring he got a final and perfunctory clout from Brogan, on the job again.

It was Hardy's cue to do a back fall, roll, kick, shiver and lie still, so that, just as the referee told off the rounds, the Commissary called out in a loud voice: "That the spectacle cease! The public is summoned to disperse!"

That is why they did not see Battling Johnson, Kid Sullivan and Willie Corbett, set complained not. And that is why, when Big Jim Johnson with an honest enough sparring outfit showed at Luchon there was disappointment at its tameness. "You should have seen the fight at Ax!" they said.

Paris, of course, was different.

When Tommy Burns, "heavyweight champion of the world," knocked out Bill Squires, "champion of Australia," and when Sam McVey, heavyweight champion of California, knocked out Ben Taylor, champion of England, the crowds, from 6,000 to 18,000 respectively at Bowling Palace and Hippodrome, half fashionables and femininity, paid from $30 down.

McVey was the Black Bison of the Boulevard. The night he put to sleep Herbert Synnett, the Australian Lemon, the boy manager, one Klegin, packed the programme with world events. Black Kid Davis, lightweight champion of Europe, knocked out Jimmy Caine, "champion of Sioux City"; Dick Green, "middleweight champion of Chicago," knocked out Ben Scanlon, "champion of Louisiana," and Bill Styles, "champion of Seven Dials," was tilled to lull to rest Bill Chester, "middleweight champion of South Africa."

For a moment the Australian Lemon had been a bigger man (in Paris) than Sam Langford. He had knocked out Scales, champion of Lambert; Shearing, champion of Tooting, and Wilson, champion of Putney.

Paris owed much to these pioneers, yet Paris is fickle. Homage is denied a fighter the minute he loses a battle. Hasn't he deceived them? He is *not* a champion!

More than one American boxer knew it to his sorrow. Walter Stanton was the fervent admiration of the Boulevard. In turn he knocked out four "middleweight champions of England"—Dick Bailey, Buster Brown, Jack Costello and Tiger Smith. But the moment Stanton lost to the American, Willie Lewis, he was dropped, even as a subject for comment.

**When Lewis Was a Lion.**

Willie Lewis in his turn deserved well of Paris—where for a long time he won every battle he fought, a young lion, taking on much heavier men. And wrote a book. Then Billy Papke came and murdered him in three rounds. Whence Paris concluded Willie had deceived them! Papke profited nothing. Too impatient, too direct to school himself in Paris ways, he heard it circulated he was *not* a champion and hit a little fellow, a non-pugilist.

Won by rumors of McVey's affluence, Willie Lewis and Joe Jeannette had come to Paris—signed up by a Frenchman. McVey was supposed to have 300,000 francs in the American Express. Jeannette after three matches beat him; and poor Sam, who had been so great in Paris, was a dead 'un. As to the 300,000 francs, it is not certain that anybody took them home to America. Not Jeannette—who says he is not crazy about Paris. Yet a very great deal of money was made over those matches.

Fashionable women could see Jeannette train in a livery stable yard at Neuilly on presentation of their ring side tickets; boxes, $60; ring side, $20. The spoiled beauties looked askance on Joe's honest routine brushing aside of Marc Gaucher and Willie Lewis. "Knock him out!" they pleaded. (Who? Anybody!) Until Jeannette, torn between duties, roughed a trifle for complaisance. Wasn't the good Marc mad!

"Now, hit him, Marc!" said the tactful manager. "Joe, throw down your guard!" The French champion sailed in, but instead of admiring the American mulatto's toughness, taking railroad spikes on the unguarded face, the fair creatures argued that the Frenchman must be weak! "No teeth broke!" they sniffed.

As the poet says, "Where are the snows of a year ago?"

Nor Jeannette, nor McVey, nor Langford, nor Jack Johnson are champions!

**Paris Knows It All.**

Paris knows. Paris has seen everything, read everything.

When Carpentier, "the premier flat of France," at London in 1913 "put knockout" Bombardier Wells in seventy-three seconds—after having done it in four rounds at Ghent—"just to see if he could"—he won the heavyweight championship of Europe.

At that moment he was middleweight champion of Europe by his knockout of Jim Sullivan in two rounds at Monte Carlo the year previously.

He is equally (they say) welterweight champion of Europe by his victory (London, 1911) over Young Josephs, who gave up in the tenth round after having gone down nine times.

In 1919, it is claimed, he accumulated a fourth championship of Europe, i. e., near heavyweight, by knocking out Dick Smith at Paris in nine rounds. (The French make the distinction of "mi-lourd.")

And again in 1919 (it was almost 1920) he defended his heavyweight championship of Europe against all comers by the knockout of Joe Beckett at London in seventy-four seconds. (He was six years older, it is to be remembered, than when he knocked out Bombardier in seventy-three seconds.)

Paris knows; this is the sort of thing that counts.

Paris knows the history of the ring. Some of its most notable battles have been briefest. Battling Nelson beat William Rossiter in two seconds. Dal Hawkins knocked out Martin Flaherty in four seconds. Terry McGovern finished Pedlar Palmer in sixteen seconds, and Sam Langford (right here in Paris!) knocked out Champion P. O. Curran, advertised as "never knocked down in his life," in just six seconds.

Now, about Carpentier.

He is the idol of Paris, because he is a champion. He hasn't deceived Paris. Champion? Champions! He is the more idol because he is so plural. He has not spilled any, so they claim them all for him. As is pointed out by the best authorities, Carpentier has made and maintained himself champions in four different classes on six occasions! He still is them, isn't he? You cannot take them from him by words.

**Also, brevity.**

GEORGES CARPENTIER *and* HIS BRIDE.