

TOWED BY MADDENED WHALE

Boat's Crew Has Marvelous Escape From Death—Experience That Veteran Fisherman Declares Satisfies Him for All Time.

"Lower away the boats and get after him! He's a big sperm bull, and too good a prize to lose!" shouted the captain as he ran on deck with his glass.

The men of the Gloucester fishing schooner Mary L. Betts sprang to the boats and down they went into the water. The Mary L. Betts is a fishing boat pure and simple, but on her last cruise had an experience which Thomas Marrow of Boston, a longshoreman, will never forget.

"We were about one hundred miles off St. John's headed nor'west when the man in the lookout shouted: 'There she blows!' he said. I had been an old New Bedford sailor and whalerman myself and the familiar call from above stirred my blood like the call to battle.

"I was in the forward of one of the whaleboats, and it came natural for me to pick up the long harpoon and stand ready for the deadly work that had so often done in the fights with whales off Hatteras when I was a seaman going out of New Bedford.

"Our boat had the lead by a long distance, and in half an hour we had overtaken the school and were drawing up to the monsters. I picked out the biggest of the whales and ordered the boat put over toward him, when all of a sudden right in front of us one of them rose to the top and lay wallowing in the swell. We were headed right for his tail, and it was necessary to back water with all our might to prevent striking him across the fluke. I had seen such strikes in my day, and had seen the boats smashed to kindling wood in the twinkling of an eye and the men all killed.

"The monster did not seem to notice us, but lay there, opening his great mouth and squirting the water in and out among his teeth as they do when they are after a school of herring. Ordering the boat about, I headed toward his nose, fully sixty-five feet away. As I drew up to him I had the spear poised aloft. In a minute the creature turned over in the hollow of the sea and exposed his great soft belly. In the twinkling of an eye I had hurled the spear for a point I picked out just back of the fin and under the heart.

"I do not know whether it was because I was long out of practice, or that the spear was dull, but it only pierced his flesh a little way, and hung there quivering. The smart of pain thoroughly awoke the creature, though, and he went down like a shot. His great fluke went high in the air and his head down, kiting up a torrent of water and splashing the great tail down upon the flat surface within ten feet of the boat. It nearly swamped us. It filled the boat half full of water and upset every man in her.

"These men were not professional whalers, but were Gloucester fishermen. They did not know what to do and for a minute all was confusion, while the line was reeling out with a sharp twanging hum that told of a mighty power at the other end of the line. My first thought was to get the ax in my hand and stand by to cut the line when it reached the end of the reel.

"Suddenly the whale stopped and rose to the surface a little way off. We could see the white of his foamy wake glisten with red blood as he lolled for a minute in the sunshine.

"Half the men were wildly bailing out the water with their hands, hats and with one or two wooden buckets. The rest were pulling toward the whale and still others were shouting orders. I think I was the quietest one among them. All of a sudden the whale seemed to see us for the first time. He came plowing his way through the water straight for us.

"Pull! Pull for your life!" I shouted. "If he strikes us there won't be a man alive to tell the story." And they did pull. It is wonderful what force men can put into the oars when their life depends upon it. It was a matter of life and death, and they knew it. We pulled out of his path, but the old sinner stopped and turned around toward us with a mighty swirl. It was such a swirl as the leap of a trout might seem to a fly in a willow leaf floating upon the surface of a pond. Again he came straight for us, but when he would have hit us with his great junk he went down suddenly and up on the other side of us. Then he lay still. We edged up with another harpoon.

"He seemed to be waiting for something to happen.

"I hurled the great spear with better marksmanship this time. He tore away to the south, dragging the boat after him at a fearful speed. The prow went down to the dead level of the waves, and on either side the green waters rose three inches above the gunwale as it rushed past. I reached for the ax to cut loose, when I found that it was not there. In the excitement it had gone overboard.

"What were we to do? The line was playing out and would soon reach the end and we should have to let the boat be wrecked. My knife seemed like a toothpick in the emergency.

"Suddenly the great animal stopped and began to go slower. But he held away to the south in a straight line. We could see the ship now about three miles away, making frantic signals for us to return to them. But

we could not. The forenoon was half gone by this time, and in the horizon a cloud was rapidly rising. It looked dark, like a thunderstorm. Things began to look ugly. We were being towed by a whale, and away from all help. I bitterly cursed my folly in entering the boat with a crew of fishermen instead of experienced whalers.

"The other boats that had put out had returned to the ship, and we could see them slowly getting sail on her with the intention, we hoped of coming after us. But the whale kept on, steadily putting mile after mile between us and our friends. I have often wondered how whales keep together, for here was this one going off on what was apparently a tangent and leaving his friends. But all of a sudden right in front of us rose the other four of the monsters. They went up to the fellow who was hauling our boat and made as if to play with him and then fell behind and began playing leapfrog in the water, sometimes almost leaping out of the water in their fun. And we were being hauled right through the school. One little blow of one of those great flukes would end us for all time.

lowed we were blown far away from the locality, and though we cruised back the next day, we never found our prize. But I am still lame from the force with which that reel struck my left leg as the wounded whale tore it out of the boat and wrecked the gunwale. I don't want another experience with a whale."—Boston Journal.

DIDN'T WANT TO CAUSE ALARM.

Small Boy's Caution to the Guests at His Mother's Party.

The mother of a small Philadelphia boy was giving a musical, and the youth had been put to bed even earlier than usual. The indignity rankled in

WANTED NO BETTER PLACE.

Surely This Illustrates the Limit of Patriotism.

Sir Thomas Lipton's friend William Fife, the designer of Shamrock III, loves his country profoundly, and he never tires of singing the praise of Great Britain.

On his recent voyage over a number of Americans endeavored, in a humorous way, to prove to him America's superiority over all other countries. Mr. Fife, however, was not to be convinced.

"I love my land," he said. "I love it so well that I suppose, when I come to die, I'll be like old Peregrine Dagnas, the shiphandler. Old Peregrine, as he lay on his deathbed, hated to depart. He bemoaned his hard lot. He seemed to want to live forever.

"But, Peregrine," his wife said, "you are going to a better place."

"Ah," he answered, "there's no place like old England!"

The First Life Insurance.

"I don't want to have my life insured," said the business man to the agent, "but I do want to know how life insurance originated. Can you tell me?" "I can," the agent answered. "It originated in 1706 in London. In that year there was formed the first



Some of the men stood up and prayed, the others swore, and one bit savagely at the line with his teeth.

"The reel was tangled in the forward seats and we could not stir it. Suddenly one of the whales ahead of us brought down the tip of his tail upon the lines with such force that it snapped them both and tore the reel and the seats out of the boat entirely, nearly breaking my leg in the meantime and throwing me bodily into the water. They pulled me out, a very wet and a very mad man, and to our surprise, back came one of the whales to smell us over. He came right up to the boat and blew water into the air as he looked us over. In my smarting anger I seized up the lance and ordered the boat forward. He had rolled upon his back and with all my strength I buried the lance in his vitals, being covered with warm blood as the boat withdrew.

"We afterward found that it was the same whale we had previously harpooned, and it was because he was wounded that he allowed himself to be lanced.

"A slight tremor warned us to get out of the way before the flurry of death should wreck us in its intensity. We were hardly out of range when he began to go around in a circle, around and around, lashing the water into bloody foam. Then in a few minutes it was all over. He lay rolling in the trough of the sea, and the schooner came up and hove to a little way off. But no sooner had we got on board than the rising wind made it necessary for us to desert our prize to handle the ship, and in the storm that fol-

lowed we were blown far away from the locality, and though we cruised back the next day, we never found our prize. But I am still lame from the force with which that reel struck my left leg as the wounded whale tore it out of the boat and wrecked the gunwale. I don't want another experience with a whale."—Boston Journal.

Changed Her Hose in Public.

Passengers at the railway station at Old Orchard, Me., were much amused the other day by the performance of a young woman who, for some reason, desired to change her hose. She seated herself in one corner of the waiting room on the floor and made the change with neatness and dispatch, apparently innocent of the thought that she was doing something extraordinary.

Several Varieties.

"Here comes old Zeke Crawford, reeling up the road. Wonder where he's been?"

"Why, he said he was going to town to buy a pair of suspenders."

"H'm! I bet they wasn't the only braces he got while he was there."

Too Much Billing and Coaling.

At a Bangor, Me., theater the other night the billing and coaling of a newly married couple in the audience attracted vastly more attention than the high kicking of the ballet girls, until a heartless usher put an end to the fun and escorted the couple to the street.

Extreme of Red Tape.

Dr. Gillet, an ex-deputy, entered the carriage of a train conveying the French mails to attend to a postoffice official who had been taken dangerously ill. As this was illegal he has been fined \$5 and costs.

Why Babies are Not Seasick.

As babies are accustomed to rocking they are not disturbed by the rolling of a ship, and therefore never become seasick.

OUR NATIONAL GAME

"Yes," said the Suburban Philosopher, as he watched the growing youth of the village trample down his grass plot, "all the world's a baseball game, and all the men and women merely players; they have their innings and their outs, and one man in his time makes many errors."

"That's so," said the next-door neighbor as he leaned heavily on the handle of the lawn mower, "life is a baseball game and some of us seldom score. Fate does the pitching, and it is sometimes a swift ball that is sent across the plate; one we cannot hit, and the umpire that silent voice within us that says 'Yes' and 'No' to all things, puts it down as a strike, and we go wondering and blundering along."

"Many's the time," said the Suburban Philosopher, as he brought out the family hose and began frescoing scallops in the dust, "we've been to bat and the ball wasn't slow. The ball, you know, is opportunity in our game, and sometimes fate sends it fast and sometimes slow. Many times it is tossed to us as if some child had pitched it in play. We lay back with the bat, hit it for all it is worth, and it goes right in the hands of some lucky fellow out in the center field of prosperity and we are down and out and back on the players' bench with the sweaters and the sponges."

"And again," said the next-door neighbor, as he carelessly tore down about three yards of the trailing honeysuckle, "we do make a good hit, send the ball of opportunity whizzing along through the grass past the second baseman, burning the shortstop's hands, and we manage to get as far as second base. Doing pretty well, established a nice little thing of our own, got the rent paid in advance, employing a bookkeeper, and putting money in bank and paying the interest on all our notes. It seems so nice. Then we get ambitious and we know so surely that we can get to the third base. Increase the capitalization and make the competitor across the street look like thirty cents. We think the

third baseman isn't looking, and we do know that the whole world, including the family, is perched on the grand stand. We make the run, the baseman sees us, we make a wild leap in the air, fall on the bag with all the skin knocked off our nose, blow the dust from our eyes, rise with a smile of victory, and then fall back to earth as we hear the umpire say 'Out! Life and baseball, it is all the same.'

"But again," said the Suburban Philosopher as he pulled some stray weeds out of the walk, "we sometimes do pass third base and even get to the home plate and score. The crowd on the grand stand goes wild and we go out and purchase a larger hat, come home and scold the children, and get mad with the wife because she does not seem to appreciate what a good man she married. Look at that fellow across the street with the freckled wife and six children. Been playing hard for years and never even scored. The last time he was at bat, made a foul hit and was out the first ball fate sent him. We got mighty proud over that one run we have made. It has tied the game and we have 'no others guessing. Great players we in the ball game of life. Got the other nine working like sin to get one run ahead. The game is fierce. We forget all about time, we are so busy batting at the balls of opportunity and making money. The sun goes down and the evening shadows come. We keep on playing. What do we care about the shadows. We have got to beat the other fellows. We must make more runs than they. We are going to do more business than the other fellow if it kills us. The shadows grow thicker, the ball comes fast over the plate, we strike at it, but we merely fan the air, and then that same umpire in a voice that is deep and sad calls the game on account of darkness and we are done."

"Yes," said the neighbor, as he took a seat on the bottom step of the porch, "in the game of life as in the ball game after all, what is the use?" —Wells Hawks.

Corn Valuable as Fuel

Substitutes for coal have for many years commanded attention and especially so during the eight or nine months in the United States when coal prices were at abnormal figures as a result of the anthracite miners' strike. Peat and briquetted sawdust, wood, oil and many other substances have been under consideration, and among them also corn, this last particularly having been spoken of as something quite new, though, as a matter of fact, corn has for a long time been used as fuel in the farming districts of the western sections of the United States, and that, too, with very satisfactory results.

In a general way, it was recognized there that when corn was abundant and cheap and coal was expensive, the former made a cheaper fuel than the latter, although no scientific determination of their relative efficiency had been made until a short time ago, when tests were made by the department of agriculture of the University of Nebraska, says Cassier's Magazine. These showed, among other things, that of corn, which, if burned, would yield from 22,512,000 to 45,024,000 units, not counting the heat that could be obtained from the stalk. Since a ton of good coal will give up from about 20,000,000 to 25,000,000 units, an

acre of ground is each year capable of producing fuel which is equal to 0.87 or 1.28 to 1.74 or 2.56 tons of coal. The stalk will probably increase this amount by one-fourth or one-third.

The experience gained from boiler tests with corn fuel made it appear doubtful whether corn would be a practicable fuel for the generation of power, unless it were burned in some special furnace that would insure the perfect combustion of the volatile matter which forms so large a percentage of the whole corn, and which is driven off at a comparatively low heat. Some form of automatic stoker would also be desirable, since the corn burns rapidly and must be frequently fired, making the work of the firemen very arduous, and at the same time tending to cause incomplete combustion by the excess of cold air entering through the fire door. Undoubtedly corn may, at times, be a cheap and economical fuel for domestic use. It is cleaner and more easily handled than coal and contains but a very small amount of ash. It burns rapidly with an intense heat, and this is apt to be destructive to the cast-iron linings of the stove. Here, again, therefore, some special form of fire-box, that will not be injured by the heat, and that will utilize as much of the heat as possible, should be used.

Fitted for a Minister

The high-school boy was delighted when the honors were announced and he found himself valedictorian of his class. He knew nothing about writing an essay, for rhetoric had not been one of his studies. He sat down with plenty of paper and some nice new pencils. He labored for two hours and chewed his pencils savagely. Then he announced that he had written his essay.

"First I said some general things about life," he explained to his mother. "Then I took a quotation book and looked under the word 'life.' Then I strung the quotations together in a paragraph, like 'In the words of Milton, or 'To use a quotation familiar to use all.' Then I took the class motto and preached a sermon with that as text. I wrote four pages on that. I

said something about it and then I said the same thing in a different way a little further on. I studied all the combinations of one expression and used every one of them. About every six sentences I would repeat the class motto, so they would be sure to know what I was talking about. The last six pages I devoted to farewells. I looked up quotations for these, too. I raked up anecdotes of a whole lot of touching farewells. I addressed the class in feeling words, every other sentence, and I hope I make 'em cry. Now, ma, can you think of anything else I might write?"

"No, my son," replied the mother. "You have solved a great problem for me. I did not know what profession you were most adapted to, but now I shall fit you to be a minister."

The Puget Sound Salmon

The man who has fished for brook trout all his life is apt to think that he knows at least a little bit about fishing, but he has only been going to kindergarten until he gets in the game with a big, lusty salmon in the bright, new end of a September morning on Puget sound. He needs a four-ounce lancewood rod, 300 feet of linen line and a large sized reel if he really wants to find out what a big salmon is good for. If he has never hung on to the business end of a rod while a salmon was doing ground and lofty tumbling at the other end, or has never been in the whale industry he wants to multiply all his previous experience by whatever number suits him best, for his work is cut out for him the minute that salmon finds that

the spoon he grabbed is loaded.

Anybody can get hold of a salmon or any number of them by going out to the sound in a rowboat as the tide comes in and any place in the bay is a good place, so no one can make a mistake until he hooks his fish, then—well, a good many men make a lot of mistakes from that time on because they cannot keep up with the antics of the party of the second part. That is the reason many folks want a 16-ounce rod out there and a lot of other things they think are needed to beat the game. They miss half the fun, though, for they do not let the fish have a chance, and just fight him with tackle that gives him no show at all, and think they are having fun.—Field and Stream.