

FEW RECRUITS FOR LIFE-SAVERS

Small Wages and Lack of Pension Fund Are Driving the Surfmens Into Less Hazardous Callings.



THE United States life-saving service is finding it increasingly difficult to fill gaps in its crews caused by death and resignation. The younger men of the coast do not seem as willing to accept the small salary and great dangers of the service as were their forefathers. It is still possible to find father and son serving in the same crew, and there are Long Island families that can boast of having every male member a coast guard; but these instances are by no means as frequent as they used to be. The surfmen are beginning to doubt the value of a service that pays, at most, a salary of \$1,104 a year, with no prospect of pension or indemnification if a man dies in the performance of his duty. Why should a man adopt such a life when he can do better and live safely as fisherman or oysterman, or combination carpenter and yacht-skipper in the summer months? Why, indeed?

Along the 10,000 miles of coast line there is no stretch that is so uniformly dangerous as the tenuous sand spit that runs along the south side of Long Island, projecting 120 miles into the Atlantic. The Great South beach, it is called, or Fire Island beach; but to men of the sea it is known as "the Graveyard of the Atlantic" because of the ships that have broken their backs on the shifting bars that dot its length.

Since the white man first sailed these seas, the Great South beach has taken its toll. Bluff-bowed Dutchmen out of Rotterdam; Spanish galleons from Cuba; high-pooped English merchantmen that traded to the loyal colony of New York; king's ships and fishing boats of the old days; stout clippers and ocean liners—all these and many more have driven in with the flying scud, setting their stems deep in the clinging sand that has so seldom let loose its prey.

You find evidences of them in the shattered timbers that line the beach from Fire Island to the Hamptons and beyond—stout spars, sections of planking, water-soaked timbers of many shapes and sizes; and off-shore, sometimes one catches a glimpse of a shattered hull, draped with the green seaweed or a sunken mass of engines and boilers and twisted pipes.

The government long ago recognized the peculiar dangers of the Long Island shore, with its menace to the liners that ply between New York and European ports, and measures to safeguard it were taken. At intervals of five miles along the most dangerous section, tiny stations are planted. There are 13 of them, each manned by eight men from the first of August to the first of June. Between these dates all the crews, except captains or keepers, go off duty—without pay. These are also the stations which do the greatest amount of work and bear the heaviest responsibility—a statement that casts no reflection on the remainder of the 300 stations.

Some of the men in these stations have performed noteworthy deeds of valor, but the most they have ever received in recognition has been a few medals, and in one instance the thanks of the New York legislature. Despite the undoubted hardship of their work, and the fact that they are called upon to risk their lives more often than soldiers or sailors, or even firemen probably, the government has not seen fit to raise their pay or increase the comforts of their surroundings. One wonders how long such an attitude will be preserved. It seems unfair and unwise, inasmuch as it has already begun to react by curtailing the supply of recruits.

It should be borne in mind that in all the history of the life-saving service there has never been an instance of cowardice—not once. There has never been a time when a captain had any difficulty in getting his men to follow him into the surf. There has never been a time when it was necessary for the captain to repeat an order. Now and then, men have been known to drink and neglect patrol duty, but even these have never showed themselves to be cowards. And perhaps, after all, that is the thing the service is most proud of.

"Yes, they do say it's a hard life," said old Capt. George Goddard of Lone Hill, when some one once asked him why he still stuck to his job at seventy. "Yes, it may be a hard life," he mused. "But I like it. Thirty-odd years I've been on the beach, for I was a middle-aged man when I joined the service. But I'm good for a spell yet, and then I've laid aside a little, so's I can live comfortable. They don't give us a pension, you know."

This last was not a complaint, but a fact. It was spoken, too, by a man who had reached three-score years and ten and who was still able to stand up in the stern of a big surfboat and handle a kicking steering-oar, with the seas piling in higher every minute and the North German Lloyd liner Princess Irene fast on the outer bar. His tones expressed a certain amount of surprise, but no

complaint. In fact, no member of the service complains about his lot, even when he resigns.

A man went to the captain of his crew not long ago—last summer, to be exact—and remarked: "I'm going to quit, Cap. Too much work feedin' the folks home, now we've got another baby."

The captain took his pipe out of his mouth and grunted. That was all. He knew perfectly well, as well as the man in front of him, that with a family of young children to be brought up and educated in these days of expensive living, it was impossible to get along on the coast guard's pay of \$65 a month and \$9 extra for rations.

If the coast guards are somewhat rough and uncouth outwardly, they are as gentle, and courteous as women. The visitor will find nothing too

class and calling—broad-shouldered, strong-limbed, with deep chests that have been developed by hours of tugging at oars that had to meet the undertow and bite of the surf. In a way one is sorry to see material like this wasted on the sea. But there is another side to the story. Is it wasted, after all? These youngsters lead courageous, healthful lives, out in the open air. The city means nothing to them.

Eddy Baker, who bossed the job in his father's absence when the Antonio Lopez came ashore near Point o' Woods two summers ago, and went out to her with a scratch crew of cottagers and bay men, was once invited to spend a week in town with some of these same cottagers, who had taken a fancy to his strong, simple nature. He was so dismayed by the confusion of civilization that he lost himself at

four tugs had unexpectedly dislodged her from the sand bar:

"I'd like to be aboard her," said a man, wistfully, as he thought of the long trip back to the city by boat and train.

"Why?" asked young Baker. "To go to New York? Shucks! What do you want to go there for?"

Some of the Lone Hill surfmen had been standing around when Baker made this remark and, afterward, in the messroom of their station, just after supper, and the "sunset" patrol had started out, the subject was brought up again. They were mildly amused by their visitor's inclination to return to New York and, finally, Jim Reynolds, who, as he said himself, had had more schooling than the rest, was induced to frame the philosophy of his mates in concrete phrases.



good for him. When you sit down to eat with them you are expected to forage for yourself. They take it for granted that every one does that at any table. Every man knows how to reach for the condensed milk can, according to the coast guard's viewpoint. But if they once get it into their heads that a visitor is not faring properly they will make amends. Any stranger who goes to a life-saving station and appears to be a decent citizen can have board and lodging and he isn't asked to pay, either. That part of the bargain is left to himself. Even if he does pay he won't be allowed to tax himself more than the cost price of everything. This is not said unknowingly; it is a fact. The life-savers of the Long Island coast have a code of hospitality as rigid as the American Indians.

They are of the purest American stock, often with a strong vein of old Dutch blood from the colony at West Sayville. In most cases they have followed the sea from father to son for from four to six generations. One is almost inclined to believe that they are born leather-skinned and able to pull the heavy fourteen-foot ash sweeps that row the surfboats and "self-bailers." Some of the Long Island fishing families have established enviable reputations for themselves in the service. Take the Rhodes family, the Bakers, the Reynoldses, the Raynors, the Seamans and many others. They have all furnished at least one hero.

Captain Baker of the Point o' Woods station has two sons in the service. The oldest, Eddy, is No. 1 man at Point o' Woods; the second, Wally, is at Blue Point, and the youngest, Jimmy, is already on the eligible list for appointment at Lone Hill. They are fine, husky, strapping boys, the best type of young Americans of their

Jamaica, where he had to change cars, and it took the police half a day to find him. He had never seen the inside of a big theater before his visit, and he went into ecstasies at the dinner table over some ice cream that had been frozen in fancy molds. But he could fry ham and eggs as deliciously as the best chef that ever handled a griddle, and he knew his way through the mysteries of spagetti, plum duff, and other dishes that form the life-saver's menu.

It was this same Eddy Baker, by the way, who summed up the whole viewpoint of his kind as the big Princess Irene headed for New York, after

"You see, down here, we've got the clean sea and the wind," he said. "Everybody knows everybody else. And the everybody's aren't so thick that we can't have lots of space and air and sunshine on all four sides of us, outdoors and in. Nobody down here is after your money. I don't need to knock the city. But down here they like you for yourself. Eddy Baker's right. I can't see how anybody likes to live in the city. Why, think of the breakers and the fights we have with them. Do you have anything like that in the city? No, sir; I guess not."

The fact is, these men do not mind the dangers and privations they undergo. They are nerveless, or practically so. They are not wholly ignorant of fear; they realize it in graduated degrees. Men like Captain Goddard of Lone Hill or the Bakers of Point o' Woods have reduced the apprehension of danger to a minimum. Although, it should be said, even Captain Goddard, staunch old veteran that he is, has been known to break down and cry.

For the Sake of Novelty

Small Girl's Excellent Reasons for Wishing She Might Be a Man, if Only on Occasional Sunday.

Out back of the house, on a grassy bank overlooking the chicken yard, sat Miss Thung and Margaret last Sunday. They were absorbed, especially Margaret, in watching the chickens.

"They scratch just the same on Sunday," observed Margaret reflectively, "as they do on weekdays. It's wicked, I 'spose."

"Oh, no, it isn't wicked," objected Miss Thung.

"My mother says that 'musment on Sunday is bad for the soul,'" remarked Margaret. "But chickens are not like little boys and girls, are they?" she questioned with a baby sigh.

"No, they are quite different." "They haven't got a soul, have they?" pursued the child.

"But don't you like to be mamma's dear little girl?" inquired Miss Thung in surprise.

"Oh, yes, I 'spose so," replied Margaret. "But," she concluded wistfully, "I think I should like to try being a hen for a while."

Fraternal Fractions.

Lodger—My brother is coming on a visit; have you a couple of spare cots?

Landlady—A couple? Is he so big as all that?

Lodger—No, but you see the fact is, he really consists of two half-brothers.

Accessories.

Bacon—A small piece of tubing fastened across the handle bars of a motorcycle will hold convenient small accessories for which there is no other place on a machine.

Egbert—By accessories I suppose it means arnica, witchhazel and court-plaster.

DOGS OF OLD ARE PRESERVED

South Kensington Museum in England Contains Many Specimens of Canine.

London.—The rush to Europe season is at hand, and visiting Americans and others fond of all the animals and birds on earth are advised to visit the South Kensington museum, which is the natural history branch of the British museum, London. The Kensington building is an enormous place and only a two penny fare from Charing Cross—virtually the center of the metropolis. The collection of everything with legs and wings is nothing short of wonderful. In an ordinary zoological collection many of the most interesting creatures are asleep or otherwise behind the scenes. At South Kensington, however, every dead beast and bird is very much "alive," and one can



Ancient Egyptian Greyhound or Zughl.

study its form and peculiarities with much detail and continued charm. All dogs are named and their breeding, owner and records given forth in plain lettering.

The day of stuffing animals' skins with tow is over. The model of the body is now made of plaster and the skin is fitted on to the prepared block of the proportions of the living dog. Already there is noticeable a considerable change of type, an evolution that can hardly be carried in the mind's eye among the dogs of quite recent times.

GIRL RESISTS HEAVY BOLT

Young Woman Unconscious Several Days, but Lives After Shock That Melted Steel.

Baltimore, Md.—Medical scientists are interested in the peculiar case of Josephine Jones, sixteen years old, who is slowly recovering at St. Agnes' hospital from a lightning stroke. Dr. Pierce Wilson says that one of the most interesting features of the case is the fact that for several days following the accident the girl was in a state of anesthesia caused by the terrific shock on the nervous system.

"For some days she was insensible to pain. There was no muscular paralysis, but the nervous system was numbed. On making an investigation I found that the depression made in the sidewalk where she was struck measured two feet in diameter and fifteen inches in depth. A tremendous impact caused the sinking of the earth. While in Europe, several years ago, I searched for unusual electrical cases, but this one is the most marvelous I have ever known. The body resistance of the young woman is what saved her life.

"The bolt melted her necklace and the steel rod of the umbrella she was carrying. The girl was burned the entire length of her left side, the wounds have not healed and may require a skin grafting operation."

SHOES DEFY TIME AND WEAR

Mount Joy (Pa.) Man Thirty Years Trying to Discard Them, Without a Peg Yielding.

Mount Joy, Pa.—Isiah Zug of Milton Grove is the owner of a pair of shoes and of a pair of boots that, in a way, are as out of the ordinary as the famous slippers of Cinderella. They promise to be everlasting, for the shoes have resisted for thirty years the efforts of Zug to wear them out, while the boots would fire the enthusiasm of former Governor Pennypacker, with their record of twenty-five years' wear.

The shoes are of the variety known in the rural regions as "Sunday shoes," while the boots are his "waddags," or workday footwear.

Both pairs were the production of Abraham Ebersole, now dead, who had a cobbler and shoe shop at Mastersonville. Zug and the shoes have never missed a Sunday at church in the thirty years since Ebersole made them to order for him.

WANTED "BROWN-EYED WIFE"

And Secret Service Man Arrested Applicant as Smuggler When She Answered "Ad."

Philadelphia, Pa.—The quest of "Acil Alexander," who is in reality Gomez Wilson, one of the government's shrewdest secret service agents, for a "brown-eyed wife" has ended.

Wilson, who posed as a seedy individual, sought a woman suspected of counterfeiting and smuggling. Her eyes were known to be brown. The woman, whose name is Christina Chandler, was found in Shamokin and has been taken to Duluth, Minn., where she is wanted.

Some time ago the government received reports of smuggling being carried on between Canada and the United States, and a description of the woman was placed in the hands of Wilson, who devised the scheme of advertising for a wife whose eyes were brown. The suspect answered and was arrested.

HARD FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

It's hard enough to keep house in perfect health, but a woman who is weak, tired and suffering all of the time with an aching back has a heavy burden to carry. Any woman in this condition has good cause to suspect kidney trouble, especially if the kidney action seems disordered at all. Doan's Kidney Pills have cured thousands of women suffering in this way. It is the best recommended special kidney remedy.



Get Doan's at any Drug Store, 50c. a Box Doan's Kidney Pills

Unmanageable. She—Can you manage a typewriter? He—No. I married one.

A CURE FOR FLIES. Cole's Cholinol stops itching and pain and cures piles. All druggists. 25 and 50c.

Reservations. She—Let me be the first aid to the injured. He—If you're sure it won't be lemonade.—Baltimore American.

Fitting Crime. He—I know who egged you on to this. She—Who egged me on? He—That old hen.

Hurry, Girls! Uncle Sam has just issued a little brochure on fattening calves. Hurry, girls, as the edition will soon be exhausted.—Washington Post.

Instinctive. "So you took your wife to the baseball game?" "Yes," replied Mr. Meekton. "Did she enjoy it?" "Only part of it. She thought they wasted a great deal of time running around the lot, but she thought the arguments with the umpire were quite interesting."—Washington Star

Births in the Air. The International Congress on Aerial Legislation, sitting at Geneva, Switzerland, is evoking a very detailed code of laws. One of its suggested paragraphs reads: "In the event of a birth occurring in an aircraft the pilot is to enter the event in his log book and must notify the fact to the authorities at the first place at which he descends."

Moving Pictures Popular. In a recent number of the Daily Consular Reports are collected memoranda from cities and towns in various distant parts of the world showing the universal quality of the popular interest which the moving pictures excite. England, Japan, Turkey, Mexico, India, Australia and the islands of the sea all have the same story to tell; wherever the cinematograph goes it finds an instant and sustained welcome.

How He Left. The servants were discussing the matter below stairs. "Master and mistress 'ad something of a row last night, I 'ear," said the butler ponderously. "You should have heard 'em," answered the parlor maid in a choked tone. "Scandalous is what I called it!" "They tell me 'e ran out, cranked 'is motor car and left in it." "No," said the maid, positively, "he didn't leave in his machine; I distinctly heard the mistress say he left in a huff."—London Answers.

WELL PEOPLE TOO Wise Doctor Gives Postum to Convalescents.

A wise doctor tries to give nature its best chance by saving the little strength of the already exhausted patient, and building up wasted energy with simple but powerful nourishment.

"Five years ago," writes a doctor "I commenced to use Postum in my own family instead of coffee." (It's a well-known fact that tea is just as injurious as coffee because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee.) "I was so well pleased with the results that I had two grocers place it in stock, guaranteeing its sale."

"I then commenced to recommend it to my patients in place of coffee, as a nutritious beverage. The consequence is, every store in town is now selling it, as it has become a household necessity in many homes."

"I'm sure I prescribe Postum as often as any one remedy in the Materia Medica—in almost every case of indigestion and nervousness I treat, and with the best results."

"When I once introduce it into a family, it is quite sure to remain. I shall continue to use it and prescribe it in families where I practice."

"In convalescence from pneumonia, typhoid fever and other cases I give it as a liquid, easily absorbed diet. You may use my letter as a reference any way you see fit." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.