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WIND JAMMING DAYS

AN OLD TIME MARINER'S TALES OF BRAVERY IN WRECKS.

The Case of Gallant Captain Nutman, Who Wouldn't Desert a Common Sailor—Pathetic Fate of Prince, a Noble Newfoundland Dog.

"Bah!" said the old and crippled mariner of the days of long ago to the young man who knew all about modern ships of steel and steam. "You have a lot to learn, young man. You have as much sentiment in your construction as this stick I carry."

"The idea of a youth like you trying to tell me that there is as much bravery and pathos attached to seafaring now as there was when I was master of a wind jammer! You probably believe that you are correct in your statement; but, man alive, you are making a fool of yourself. Here in these days you have lifeboats big and stout enough to carry an army of men. You have steam to manipulate the falls, patent davits to swing clear. No lowering away by hands and not getting them back over the side with every pound of flesh a-pulling. New fangled guns for throwing a life line, rafts that won't go to pieces in the first chop of a sea, cork jackets that need no instruction cards, but which go on like a man's vest; pumps that are rusty for want of use, seamless plates and dozens of other inventions in these days. Where were they in the old times?"

"Let me tell you something. I don't say but that there are many brave and gallant mariners in the business now. But the old shipwreck meant more in the matter of life taking than the shipwreck of today does. Did you ever hear tell of a sailor of the old school trying to get into a boat before the passengers were out of danger? You needn't say you have, because you have not. Why, the only ones who ever attempt anything of that kind are stokers and firemen and rowdies who have the impudence to call themselves sailors."

"I remember the case of a shore loafer named Holmes who tried a trick like that. He was afterward tried in the United States circuit court at Philadelphia and was convicted of manslaughter. He was one of thirty shipwrecked persons who took to the long boat, which was greatly overloaded and constantly in danger of sinking. Well, this beach rat Holmes and some more of Abraham's men threw overboard sixteen passengers, two of whom were women, to lighten the boat. The court held that a sailor is bound by law if necessary to sacrifice his life to save the life of passengers. Furthermore, the court held that while two sailors might struggle with each other for the possession of the same plank which could save but one, if a passenger were on the plank even the law of necessity would not justify the sailors in taking it from him. You do not think much of that law? Well, it is the law of God. It is also the law of duty."

"Did you ever hear of the case of Captain Nutman of the ship Aidar? He was a good sailor and a gallant master, and no matter what many may think, it is possible to be both. His ship foundered, but he refused to be taken off. Do you know why he refused to be taken off? There was an injured man on board, and while the old timbers were going to pieces under his very feet he knelt down and said to the man:

"I won't leave you, lad. On my honor as a sailor I won't."

"On his honor as a sailor he would not leave him. Have you ever heard of anything more touchingly honest? Captain Nutman went down with his ship, but managed to hold on to his man and to get to the bottom of an upturned boat, from which they were afterward rescued. It was a month or so after that when a townsman asked Captain Nutman what the name of the rescued man was.

"Why, I never inquired," he said. "He just signed articles in the regular way. I may have heard it then, but I do not know it now. He was a Swede, that's all I know of him."

"The friend shook his head in astonishment as he inquired:

"What! A Swede? Take all that chance for a Swede?"

"Why, yes, even for a Swede. I didn't care whether he was a Swede or a Laplander. He was a good sailor and would have done the same for me had things been reversed."

"Nor is that all, young man. There was another shipwreck I know about, but the name of the craft has escaped my memory. The crew took to one boat, which was overcrowded. A noble Newfoundland, the pet of the ship, swam alongside the boat. All the men turned their eyes sadly upon him, but they knew there was no room for him in that boat. The captain loved the dog better than he loved his life, and he stood up in the boat as he took off his coat and said:

"I cannot see him die like this. Give him my place in the boat. I can hold on to the plank, and he cannot."

"There was a chorus of dissent, and one of the sailors struck the brute over the head with the blade of an oar, while another pulled his sheath knife.

"Don't hurt him," said the captain kindly, but firmly.

"Order him away, then," growled several of the men. "He will swamp us all."

"The captain hesitated a minute, waved his arm in the air and said, 'Back, Prince!' and the faithful brute swam back in the direction in which the vessel had disappeared beneath the surface. Where do you find such pathos in the sea business now? Give me the old sailor every time."

MRS. HERMANN OELRICHS.

The Widow of the Noted Club Man Who Died Recently at Sea.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, who may contest the will of her late husband, the famous clubman and athlete, was Miss Theresa Alice Fair, daughter of the late Senator Fair of California, and she married Mr. Oelrichs about fifteen years ago. She is a sister of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and Charles G. Fair, who, with his wife, was killed in an automobile accident in France some time ago, was her brother. Mr. Oelrichs was in the steamship business and at the time of his marriage was supposed to enjoy an income of about \$100,000 a year. His wife inherited some \$6,000,000, and Mr. Oelrichs devoted a good deal of his time to the management of her estate. Of late years they had not spent much time together, Mrs. Oelrichs living in New York, Newport and Europe and Mr. Oelrichs being especially fond of the



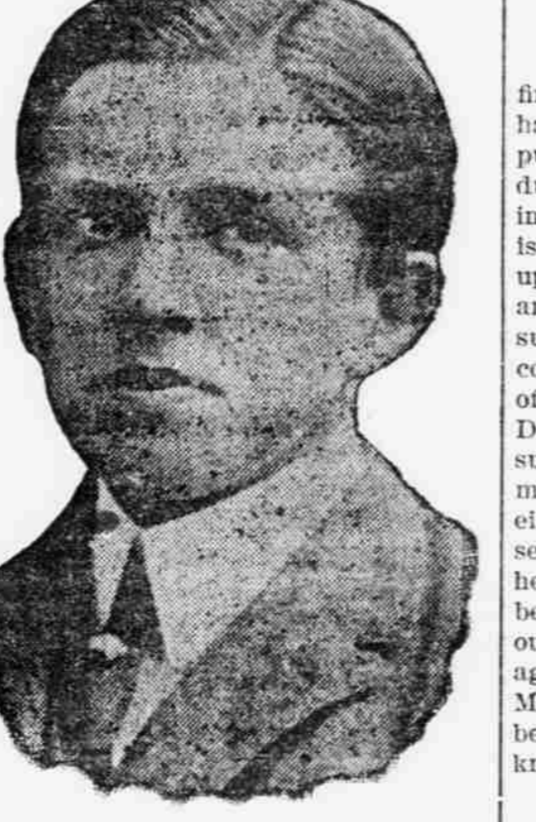
Pacific coast as a place of residence. He was in San Francisco at the time of the earthquake and went to New York afterward on a scrap of paper signed by E. H. Harriman. The Fairmount hotel, which was damaged in the fire following the earthquake, was built with Mrs. Oelrichs' money. Mr. Oelrichs made a will in 1902, leaving his wife his estate, but in 1906 made another giving it mostly to his brother, Charles May Oelrichs. It was said he did this because his wife did not need his estate and because his son, Hermann Oelrichs, Jr., was already provided for. However, it has been stated that Mrs. Oelrichs might contest the will in the interest of her son if she found that property was included in his father's estate which came from her fortune rather than from Mr. Oelrichs' own business enterprises.

Mrs. Oelrichs is a leader in society and noted for her interest in automobilism and motor boating, and since the death of her brother in a motor car accident she has given much attention to the possibility of constructing a "safety auto."

JAMES G. BLAINE 3D.

Grandson of Famous Statesman Is Now a Bank Clerk.

On the payroll of the Night and Day bank of New York is a young man who bears a name once on every tongue. He is James G. Blaine 3d, grandson of the famous Maine statesman who ran for president against Grover Cleveland in 1884. Young Blaine started work in the bank on Sept. 16 on a salary of \$6 per week. He is a bright and promising fellow, and those who know him detect strong resemblances between him and his noted grandfather, who so



narrowly missed the presidency. His mother is Mrs. William Tillinghast Bull of New York and Newport. She was Miss Marie Nevins, an actress and daughter of Colonel Richard Nevins of Ohio. Her marriage with James G. Blaine, Jr., proved unfortunate, and she secured a divorce from him, some years later marrying the distinguished New York surgeon, Dr. William T. Bull. Mr. Blaine also married again, his second wife being Miss Martha Tichborn, daughter of Rear Admiral Philip Tichborn. She did not get on well with Mr. Blaine either and took up her residence in South Dakota a few months ago with the view, it was said, of obtaining a divorce. James G. Blaine 3d did well in his studies while at school and is fond of sports, being noted as a tennis player.

AN ARCTIC CREVASSE.

Narrow Escape From Death In Its Fathomless Cavern.

Anthony Fiola, in his records of "Two Years in the Arctic" in McClure's Magazine, tells of his rescue from a deep crevasse on Hooker island. He was crossing an ice cap when the snow gave way beneath him. He began a frightful descent and then lost consciousness.

On recovering consciousness, he writes, I found myself wedged between two curves in the walls of the crevasse, the convex surfaces of which narrowed sufficiently to hold me between the breast and back. My left arm was bent over my breast and had prevented me from falling through the neck of the funnel. Beneath was a great cavern in which I could move my legs without finding the walls. Had I stepped three feet farther to the right I should have dropped in depths unfathomable.

The darkness was intense, but far above me shone a faint halo of blue with rays of light that came part way along a face of black, glassy ice. This told me where the men were. They asked how deep I had fallen. I shouted that I was about 150 feet down, for so it seemed to me. Just then I heard an awful sound in the crevasse. It appeared to come from below. My first thought was that a pack of dogs had fallen in with me. Soon the noise turned into articulate speech, and I learned that Steward Spencer, who had tried to save me, had fallen in too.

At last I saw above me the end of a rope, which gradually neared. My right arm was free, and at last the precious line was in my hand. I painfully made a bowline in the end of the rope, the fingers of my left hand being fortunately free. Slipping the noose over my right foot, I called to those above to haul away. I called to them to move the rope to the right and then to lower me, and after considerable difficulty in the dense darkness I discovered the steward, but could not rescue him on account of a projection of ice that interfered. I told him it would be best for the men to haul me up and then send the rope down again for him, to which he agreed. I was drawn to the surface just in time. I fainted on reaching the top. The steward was hauled up next. No bones were broken, but a cut on the steward's face required stitching.

On measuring the rope Seaman Duffy found we had fallen to the depth of seventy feet into the crevasse, a providential escape, for if we had fallen a short distance farther to the north, where the crevasse widened, we should have descended beyond the reach of help.

The Austrian National Hymn.

The Austrian national anthem is one of the most beautiful of Haydn's melodies and of national hymns. The words of the "Emperor's Hymn" were written by the Jesuit priest L. L. Haschka and were set to music by Haydn. On Jan. 28, 1797, Count von Saurau, governor of Vienna, issued a decree that "Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser" should be the Austrian national hymn, and on Feb. 12 it was by order sung in all the theaters of Vienna. In England it is familiar as the hymn tune "Austria." It is often sung to Newton's lines, "Glorious things of thee are spoken," and sometimes also to Kempthorne's "Praise the Lord, ye heavens, adore him!"

Haydn's affection for this beautiful melody is well known. He afterward employed it for the variations in the "Kaiserquartet," op. 76, No. 3, and when he was near death and too weak to stand he was carried across the room to the clavichord and solemnly played the tune three times, according to Herr Pohl, as his farewell to art. William Gardner, the Leicestershire stocking maker and musical amateur, sent Haydn six pairs of stockings woven with the air of "Gott erhalte" and other melodies.

The Pickwick Papers.

In 1836 William Hall of the London firm of Chapman & Hall, publishers, had in mind an idea for a new monthly publication in which were to be produced some humorous cockney sporting plates by Robert Seymour, an artist then in much repute. Hall called upon Dickens to talk the matter over and suggested that the latter should supply the letterpress, recounting the comic adventures and misadventures of the imaginary Nimrod club. As Dickens knew nothing of sport, he felt such a scheme would hamper him too much to allow of his doing justice either to himself or his publisher. To secure the unshackled freedom which he desired for his pen he said it would be better if the plates were to arise out of the text. This view being agreed to, Dickens says, "I thought of Mr. Pickwick and wrote the first number of the series now comprehensively known as 'The Pickwick Papers.'"

Skeptical.

There was elected to the city council of Chicago once a politician of local note by reason of his frank and absolute cynicism, frequently expressed, with reference to reform in politics. For reformers as a class the cynical Chicagoan had only a contemptuous but good natured jest. It is said that on the occasion of the retirement of a federal officeholder, an Illinois man who had long fed at the public crib, some one had observed to the councilman that the officeholder in question was reported to have resigned for the reason that he had tired of politics and of office. "After all," said the friend, "Blank's a pretty fine sort. Great church member. He says that he will devote the remainder of his life to doing good."

"That so?" lazily asked the councilman. "Who's this fellow Good?"

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