

# FEW RECRUITS FOR LIFE-SAVERS

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

**T**HE 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 their 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 ages; 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 the stations at New York's door. They 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 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 goin' 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 ors 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.

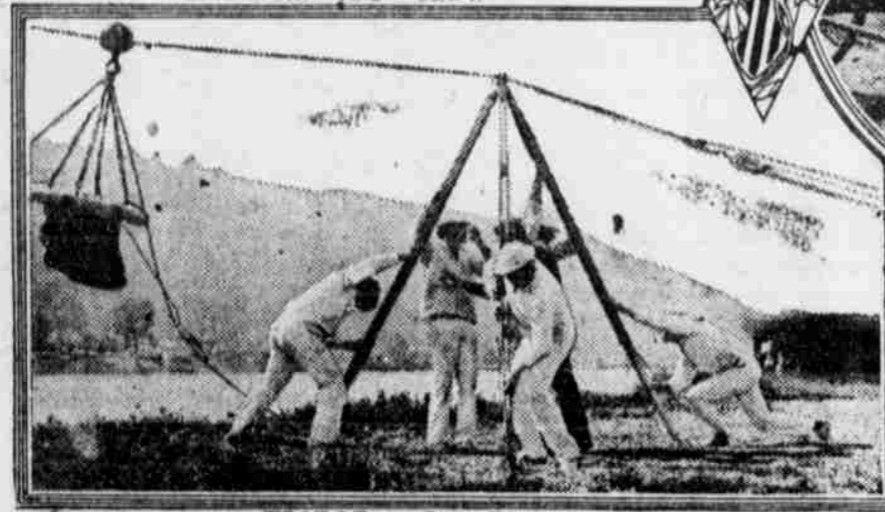
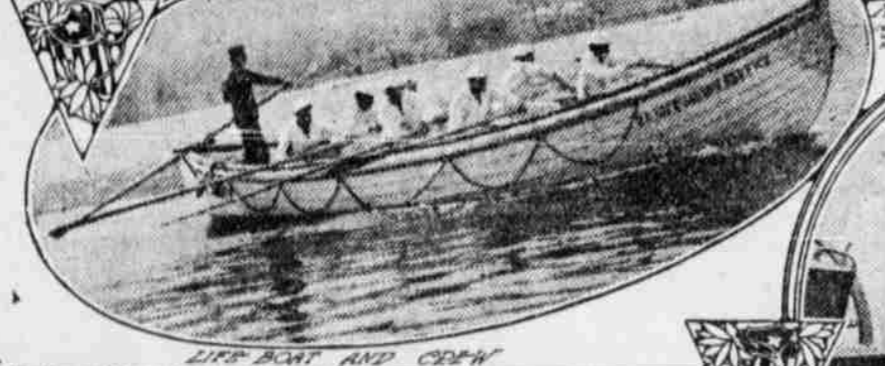
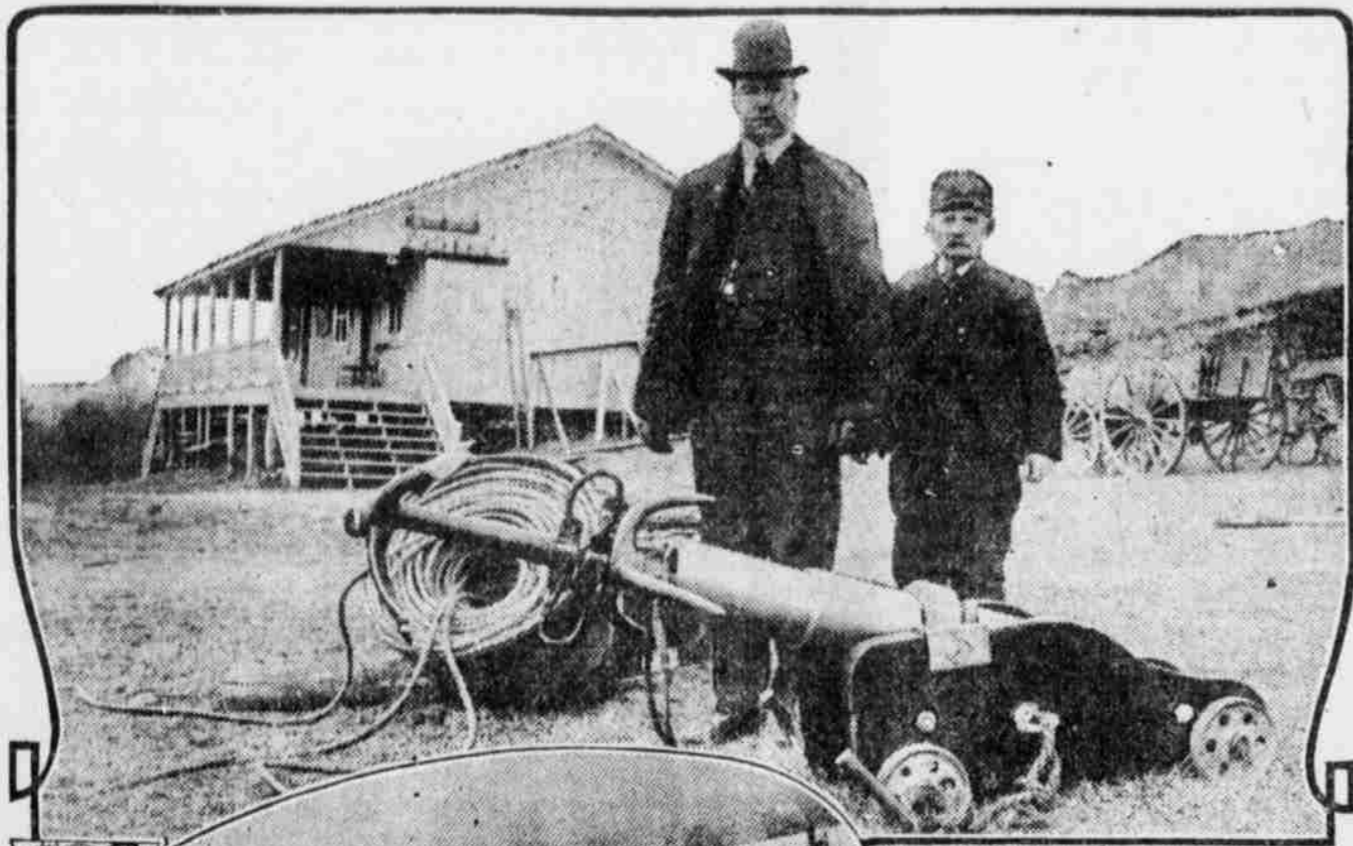
Eddy Baker, who bossed the job in his father's absence when the Antonio Lopez came ashore near Point o' Woods two summers ago, and went out to her with a scratch crew of cottagers and bay men, was once invited to spend a week in town with some of these same cottagers, who had taken a fancy to his strong, 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 a 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 Rhoadses, 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 delicately as the best chef that ever handled a griddle, and he knew his way through the mysteries of flapjacks, 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 everybodydones 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 nervous, 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 Hen, 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 s'pose."

"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.

"No."

Margaret paused long and reflectively. "I wish I was a hen," she said at last with decision.

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

"Oh, yes, I s'pose 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 coats?

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.

# In the PUBLIC EYE

## BHAVSINHJI, MAHARAJAH OF BHAVNAGAR



The publication of the history of the Rajkumar college of Kathiawar in western India has drawn into prominent notice the movement for the education of the chiefs and princes of India which was commenced half-a-century ago on the model of the English public schools. The work, which has been sumptuously got up, gives a complete record of the growth of the movement up to date and serves as a book of reference both with regard to the daily work carried on in that seminary and the two generations of youths who have passed through its portals. In this way it amply testifies to the success which has been achieved by the institution since its foundation, of which many of the reigning chiefs of western India themselves furnish living examples.

As a rule the present generation of these princes may be regarded as a notable improvement upon their predecessors of half-a-century back, for although it may not be possible by the methods of western education to inculcate in them a higher degree of the ordinary courtesies of life which are inherent in the oriental of the noble type they are doubtless better fitted than their forefathers were to realize and discharge the obligations that lie upon them as responsible administrators. As leaders of society in their own territories some of them have set noble examples in the way of social and educational reforms by breaking through old customs and superstitions which have cramped the lives of their women for centuries.

The compiler of the history himself has been one of them, and the bestowal of the coveted distinction of the crown of India on the Maharajah of Bhavnagar by his majesty at the Imperial Durbar was a fitting recognition of her husband's efforts to elevate the status of Indian women. Besides being a successful administrator the Maharajah Bhavsinhji is fond of literary pursuits as the history of his alma mater testifies, and he deserves to be congratulated on the many-sided proofs he has been giving of the benefit he derived from his training there. He is, moreover, a keen lover of music, a fearless rider, and an excellent shot.

## VICE PRESIDENT SHERMAN TO TAKE REST

Although the family and physician of Vice President Sherman declare he has so far recovered from his recent illness that his condition is no longer dangerous, it is certain he will not return to Washington during this session of congress and will take no active part in the campaign.

For the first time in thirty years he has been forced to give up all attention either to business or politics and is compelled to take a thorough rest cure.

For a time his family feared the notification of his nomination, which will take place at Utica, N. Y., August 21, would have to be deferred. This was after Mr. Sherman was stricken with heart trouble, the first time in his life there had been detected any weakness of that organ, at his summer home at Big Moose lake, June 26. He was removed immediately to his home at Utica, as it was believed the high altitude had an injurious effect.

For a time his condition was such as to alarm his friends, but for the last few days he has been decidedly better, and has been able to take automobile rides every day. He is permitted to see his friends, but it must be in the afternoon, and all business matters are taboed.

The local committee is going ahead with the arrangements for the notification, and if his improvement is as marked as it has been for the last few weeks, there is no reason to think the arrangements will have to be changed.

"I am not at liberty to say much about Mr. Sherman's condition," said Dr. H. Peck, his physician, the other day, "but I can say there has been a decided improvement. I see now no reason why the notification cannot take place on August 21, as arranged. That is a month from now, and there is every reason to believe he will be much improved. I shall, however, forbid him taking any part in the campaign this year."



## PRINCE KATSURA OF JAPAN VISITS CZAR



The present visit to Russia of the Japanese statesman, Prince Katsura, is a momentous development toward completing the final details of the defensive alliance pact between Russia and Japan.

The actual agreement between the former enemies was concluded some time ago and probably will be signed soon.

The agreement consists of two parts, one dealing with the delimitation of the spheres of influence of Russia and Japan in Mongolia and Manchuria, which is similar in scope and character to the Anglo-Russian accord of August 31, 1907, regarding Persia. The second part deals with the duty of the two nations for a joint defense in case either power is attacked.

The Russo-Japanese agreement of July 4, 1910, providing for the maintenance jointly of the status quo in Manchuria, was a direct result of the ill-fated neutralization scheme for the Manchurian railroads, and the present one was the outcome of a long entanglement which taught both nations the necessity for a close union of forces.

London advices assert that the new agreement is an exemplification of the treaty of Portsmouth between Russia and Japan. It is said that some of the articles will be expunged and restated in a form confirming to Japan her Liao-Tung peninsular lease, allowing both signatories greater military freedom in Manchurian development and sanctioning the building of a new strategic railway.

The opinion prevails that Japan will have confirmed all of her territory south of the parallel 44, east of longitude 116, giving her paramount influence over and enabling her to dominate Peking, while Russia will have complete liberty of action in all of the Chinese territory outside the great wall and west of the Japanese zone.

Also that Japan formally accepts the Russian twelve-mile limit in territorial waters and supports the construction by Russia of the Kiakhta railway in Siberia.