

REAL ROMANCES OF THE SEA

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

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BURIED away in the records of the American Seamen's society, the writer recently discovered a report made by the Captain of the bark Anjou (2,909 tons) upon his arrival in Marseilles aboard the liner Ernest Simons in 1906.

After a mysterious disappearance from the face of the earth for a period of many months, he reappeared. During this time not only had all trace of the captain himself been lost, but that of the Anjou with her crew and twenty-five passengers.

The scant, scenario-like report, undated further, follows in the captain's words:

"The Anjou, while on a voyage from Sydney to Falmouth, was wrecked on one of the Auckland group in the Pacific. We had left Sydney on January 20, and during a thick fog and rough weather on February 4 the ship struck on a reef. The masts fell and smashed some of the small boats, and there was a panic on board.

"Fortunately all escaped in the boats that remained whole, but many were only partly dressed and some not at all. After a terrible experience in a heavy gale, lasting for almost a whole day, we reached the shore of one of the deserted islands the following afternoon and, after a battle with the heavy sea, managed to drag our bodies up on the land.

"Naked and wounded, for what clothes we had been ripped off, we lay battered around, we looked like a band of phantoms marching on to the conquest of some infernal island.

"Almost starved, we lit a big fire with flint and attracted some seabirds which we captured and ate. Making clothes for ourselves out of long grass and leaves, we started out to explore the island. After a search that lasted three days, some of our party discovered a rude shelter, showing that shipwrecked people had been there at some time before.

"On the following days we killed, with rocks, a number of albatross and caught a quantity of shellfish, on which we subsisted. Also, we captured a small scow, which proved to be a decent eating.

"As a chance of making our condition known, we caught three albatross and set them free with bark cards tied around their necks, our flight in French and English. But day after day passed and help failed to come.

"We resolved to make the best of our condition, because we feared—and rightly so—that we might be left on the island for months, even years, before we could in some way or other attract the attention of a passing vessel. The vessels, we knew, gave the particular island were on a very wide berth.

"So we got up a little government all of our own and called ourselves the 'Ship-wrecked Kingdom.' We had a sort of king, or boss, a cabinet of advisors and all that sort of thing. Our 'army'—or exploration party—was dispatched into the interior of the island and the 'army,' consisting of eight men, discovered some wild sheep.

"On May 7, after we had been on the island kingdom for over three months, the New Zealand government steamer Hinomoa rescued us. This vessel had on board the two daughters of Mr. Mills, the New Zealand Minister of Commerce, who superintended most of the work of helping us back to our natural civilized state and, as a token of our gratitude, we gave them the cat that had been saved from the wreck of the Anjou and that had gone through all our troubles with us as mascot of our little kingdom."

At the end of the captain's report, there is the simple statement that ten large vessels before the Anjou had been wrecked at the same spot during fifteen years, among them the General Grant with a loss of seventy-five lives.

And there are scores of true tales like this that have never come to the eyes of the great reading world, actual romances and dramas of the deep that rival the attempts of fiction.

The Voyage of the Kerosene-Laden "Thornliebank."

A ship's fight against a storm, made more exciting by the fact that some dynamite happens to be included in the cargo, is one of the favorite and stock devices of the sea-fiction writers.

What would you think of a story concerning a leaking clipper ship, with eighty-six thousand cases of kerosene and benzine aboard, that went through



American Seamen's society, Mrs. Bates had more narrow escapes from the hoodoo fires that pursued her than Kate Claxton ever dreamed of. Mrs. Bates always went to sea with her captain-husband.

Their first trip was made in 1850, when her husband was in command of the Boston ship Nonantum. On July 27 Mrs. Bates left Baltimore on the Nonantum for San Francisco. The ship's cargo was a thousand tons of coal and a huge quantity of provisions listed for Panama. When the Nonantum reached the latitude of the Rio de la Plata fairs broke out in the hold and for twelve whole days Mrs. Bates, her husband and the rest of the crew stuck to the burning bulk and, by fighting desperately with the fire, finally managed to bring the vessel to the Falkland islands before the flames ate through its sides.

A mile from shore the fire conquered the fighters and the Nonantum began to fall apart as all hands got clear in the small boats.

After weeks of waiting, the party on the barren island were picked up by the Dundee ship Humayoon, bound from Scotland to Valparaiso. The cargo of the Humayoon was also coal, and, when the vessel reached Cape Horn, the "Bates hoodoo"—as sailors always called it—got in its work again and the ship went up in flames. Mrs. Bates and the others on the ship were compelled to take to the small boats.

The Liverpool ship Symmetry, bound to Acapulco, rescued them. It was learned that the Symmetry was laden with coal, as the other two ships had been, and Mrs. Bates and the sailors gathered on deck and offered up prayer that the "Bates hoodoo" would pass them by this time.

During the first three hours that Mrs. Bates was aboard nothing happened. But the crew of the Symmetry were so positive in their superstition that a fire would surely break out if she remained on the vessel, that Mrs. Bates and her husband were persuaded to transfer themselves to the Fanchon, that passed the Symmetry on its course to San Francisco. The Fanchon, Mrs. Bates learned to her horror, was also laden with coal.

On Christmas night, several days later, when the Fanchon was twelve hundred miles from land, the usual hoodoo-fire came about as sure as fate. Half of the crew was quickly ordered to go below and fight the flames and Mrs. Bates, donning sailor's clothes, gave the men her assistance, remaining below on watch for two days after the fire had been extinguished. Five days later the Fanchon struck the rocks of the Galapagos islands and Mrs. Bates was one of those who was hurled overboard by the shock of collision. Three hours after she reached the shore—her life having been saved by the merest chance—the flames burst out on the Fanchon once more and one hour later the vessel was a black ruin.

After living for weeks as Crusoes on the island, the shipwrecked colony was rescued by a passing bark. Mrs. Bates was then transferred to the steamship Republic, carrying four hundred passengers. Five days out, the old hoodoo again asserted itself. Another fierce fight with fire was in order, but this time with little damage.

In short, fire followed Mrs. Bates as a shadow, not only for years on sea, but on land as well. Shortly after her arrival in San Francisco that city suffered one of its greatest conflagrations. Six months later the hotel in which Mrs. Bates was stopping in Marysville was destroyed by fire and Mrs. Bates narrowly escaped death.

Mrs. Bates, "the fire woman of the sea," is regarded by American sailors as the most extraordinary escaper from death that they have ever encountered.

"He has very low tastes."

"Yes, and among them is one for highballs."

us that she goes with one whom her mother and I have learned to love and esteem as we do you. I hope you don't think these words unmanly. See you tomorrow evening, dear boy.—Puck.

Bernard Shaw a "Good Fellow."

At a luncheon of the Women's Municipal league in the Hotel Marlborough the other afternoon, Annie Russell, the actress, told of her personal experiences with Bernard Shaw.

"Mr. Shaw is a man of extreme kindness," she said, "and free from egotism, detaching himself from his work while it is being rehearsed."

To bear out her statements she read letters from Mr. Shaw written to her while he was rehearsing a part in "Major Barbara." In one letter he told her she could show him more about the part than he could show her. Again he wrote:

"Do as you like and do not think of the author. He will get more than his share anyway."

BIRDS THAT LIVE CENTURIES

Average Life of Australian Cockatoo Said to Be Hundred Years.

Melbourne, Australia.—Among the wild birds of tropical countries whose average life is said to be close to one hundred years are said to be the cockatoos of Australia, a handsome bird belonging to the same family as the parrot, and a species of bird which is readily tamed and taught to do tricks which many domesticated birds and animals are unable to accomplish.

The cockatoo, particularly the yellow-crested bird, is one of the most intelligent of the birds of the world, and while it may seem strange to some, it is a fact that by kindness and excellent treatment a cockatoo can be



Australian Cockatoo.

taught to accomplish almost any act that its owner wishes.

The birds are naturally fond of play and to combine play with instruction is said by Edward Montague, an old New Englander, to be the best method of training. Montague's ancestry dates back in 1668, when Richard Montague settled in Hadley, Mass., and all of his descendants, of whom there are more than five hundred in the United States, take pride in displaying the Montague coat-of-arms.

In addition to being proud of his ancestry, Edward Montague is extremely proud of his flock of trained cockatoos and some of his birds, doubtless because of his training, display almost human intelligence.

The cockatoo is found in immense flocks in the wild regions three hundred miles west of Melbourne, Australia, and there they are easily caught in traps. There are several species, but those with the yellow crest are the most beautiful as well as the most intelligent.

It is a strange feature of the breeding of the cockatoo that the mother bird hatches her young in a particularly torrid climate and then immediately flies away to some colder climate, where the young bird quickly attains its growth. Another feature of the bird is that the crest is a barometer of feeling.

When incensed, the crest is perceptibly raised, while when the bird sulks, the crest is correspondingly lowered. Naturally the bird is of a vicious nature and one pick from the sharp bill is sufficient to sever the end of a finger.

Training of the birds is an interesting vocation and usually extends over a period of two years. The individual bird must first be taught to perform and then similar instruction has to be given to the flock. The birds can be taught to dance, engage in chariot races, do stunts on the horizontal bars, perform on revolving balls and lastly to talk and swear.

The birds strangely pick up profane words much more quickly than words of any other type, and some cockatoos know more profanity than anything else.

They live to be more than one hundred years old, and some birds are in captivity which have exceeded the century mark. They do not require any more treatment to sustain life than a human being, and if they are fed regularly and kept out of draughts they contract no illness. But they dislike extreme hot weather, and those in captivity always grow restless when the hot sun shines upon them.

Tried to Return Marriage License. Vincennes, Ind.—After Herbert Smith had posted Miss Mamie Neiss to marry him for three years past, she finally consented, and they obtained a license. She balked before the ceremony took place, however, and the couple tried to have the license returned. She says she does not love him and never will.

Deepest Hole in the World. Slaughter Creek, W. Va.—What will be the deepest hole in the world is being drilled by W. E. Edwards on his oil fields. Its purpose is to determine the geological character of the earth. The depth now is 5,230 feet. The world's record depth is 6,001 feet, attained in a South American well.

Need 7,000 Steel Workers. Pittsburgh, Pa.—Seven thousand men are needed at the various steel mills here. There are unfilled orders for about 25,000 steel cars. Canvasers are on the streets looking for workmen, and wages have advanced 50 cents a day.

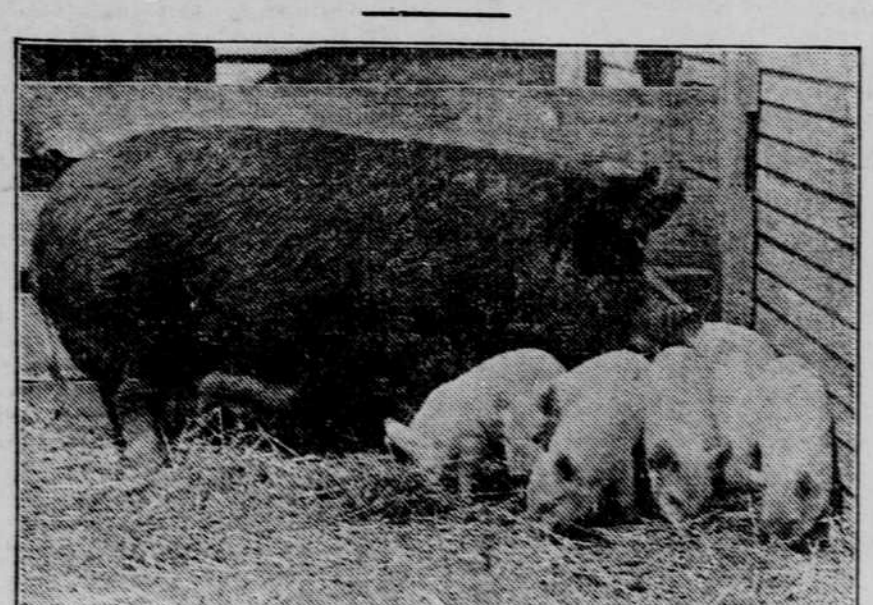
Guilty Man Pleads for Sen. Brockton, Mass.—When sentenced to seven years in prison for counterfeiting, Patrick J. McGrath pleaded with the court to spare his son, who is to be tried. He said the boy acted only under his orders.

Paint Figures in Divorce. Pittsburgh, Pa.—Because he had his automobile painted red without consulting her, Charles H. Bunting's wife deserted him, according to the story told by the husband in resisting her appeal for divorce.

Schoolgirl Selects Pall Bearers. East Sparta, O.—After selecting six schoolgirl friends, to act as pall bearers at her funeral, Eva Teeple, aged seventeen, shot and killed herself.

SEVERAL IMPORTANT FACTORS IN SECURING SUPERIOR HOGS

Too Much Stress Cannot be Laid on Selecting Breeding Swine From Sound, Healthy Animals—Cream Separator Has Greatly Reduced Scours in Pigs—Balanced Ration Best.



Excellent Brood Sow and Litter.

(By R. E. LARA.) The farmers of Denmark secure the best prices for their fancy bacon for the reason that they have established small packing establishments where they can haul their hogs and get their pay for the hogs according to their actual worth.

The man who has a lot of thrifty August and September pigs and gives them rational care until grass comes and has them ready for the market by the middle of June will make better money for his feed than he will on any bunch of pigs that he feeds during the year.

On each and every farm there should be some provision made for dipping hogs. This not only proves to be an easy and effectual way of disinfecting animals which are brought onto the farm but it also keeps them free from lice.

Possibly there is no other farm animal that can offer as poor an excuse for his existence as the scrub hog. He is an unprofitable animal any way you take him.

As an economical pork producer he is a failure. Even his ability to shift for himself does not recommend him to the people within the limit of his range as he has the reputation of preying upon neighboring corn fields when food is scarce.

His build naturally adapts him to his manner of living since he is long-legged, narrow in the chest, has a long, narrow snout. This adapts him to his manner of living. With the scrub hog it is "root hog or die," hence the long snout. His narrow body aids him in getting through small fence cracks and if he fails to find a place large enough to go through the fence he can soon dig under it with his long snout.

There is no standard of excellence for the scrub hog since he may possess almost any form except a beautiful one; he may be of any color.

He has the reputation of being able to stand all kinds of rough treatment and still survive.

He is regarded as being able to resist disease better than the improved breeds of hogs. We very much doubt whether this quality attributed to the scrub hog is true since we have noticed that hog cholera takes the scrub as well as the well-bred hog.

One thing is sure—that the scrub hog can consume more valuable feed and give less in return than any other animal that we know of.

A farmer who owns a herd of scrub hogs seldom needs any other corn crib than his hogs.

He never gets rich selling pork and in fact if he depends upon his hogs to make him money to buy better bred hogs he would never own better ones.

The scrub hog usually keeps his owner so poor that he is not able to buy better stock. In fact, this is the excuse usually given for his existence. Poor farming and scrub hogs are usually found associated together.

They are near and dear companions. Both make a rapid retreat before a progressive spirit and there is not a better evidence of the general progressiveness of a people than the absence of the scrub hog from a community.

Too much stress cannot be laid on selecting breeding swine from sound, healthy parents. Animals that are not strong in constitution cannot withstand disease as well as those which are strong in that respect. In case hogs are troubled with disease it is almost impossible to give them medicine or anything else that will prove very helpful. About all we can do is to feed a ration that can be easily digested and keep them in clean quarters, thoroughly disinfect the pens and let the disease run its course.

Whole milk is one of the best feeds for hogs that are suffering with disease of any kind. It is an excellent feed and has often been of great assistance in bringing hogs through spells of sickness.

There is no disputing the fact that corn is an ideal hog feed, but every practical feeder admits that better results can be brought about by feeding a ration that is composed of less than two-thirds corn. It is a mistake to think that we cannot afford to buy other feed to mix with the corn.

Ordinarily it is a mistake not to feed the hogs the liquid before the solid food.

Hogs will make from 10 to 12 pounds of meat, live weight, for each bushel of corn eaten, but because of this too many farmers feed too much corn.

The cream separator has greatly reduced scours in pigs because the skim milk can always be fed while sweet.

When the sow of good type has proven herself a prolific breeder, an economical feeder, and a good mother, it is a good plan to keep her several years.

The mature sow requires only food for maintenance, while the growing one needs food for growth. Furthermore the older one will have an appetite for waste that a young one would not care for.

Exercise will help make that streak of lean and streak of fat that is sired.

Watch for San Jose Scale. Watch the trees carefully for San Jose scale. This pest comes like a thief in the night and is so small that it is hard to detect at first. Under the magnifying glass, it looks like a clam shell, with a tiny little insect underneath, but it is hard to tell this insect from the Palmer scale.

Horse Axiom. A horse axiom: "Long muscles for speed, short muscles for power." To which should be added: excessive fat for neither, nor yet excessive lean.

CANADA'S PROSPERITY.

The New York Times of March 23, 1912, in an article dealing with Canada's progress, says:

"At the present moment eight shiploads of European immigrants are afloat for Canada, while there are signs that the outward movement which is customary with us during labor troubles will be marked this year. There is no such startling record of our loss to Canada. Our citizens quietly slip over the border in groups or trainloads, but their going is not advertised.

"There is no mystery why Canada is the 'good thing' the United States used to be. It is because Canada is following in its neighbor's footsteps that it is repeating the fortunate experience which its neighbor is enjoying, even while deliberately turning its back on the teachings of the past.

A fortnight ago the Dominion budget speech reported the unprecedented surplus of \$39,000,000, and on Thursday the Government passed through the Committee on Supply credits of \$38,000,000 for railways and canals.

With this assistance the railways themselves are both enabled and compelled to increase their facilities. Accordingly we find a single road allotting ten millions for work of its own. Naturally the Canadian newspapers contain announcements calling for fifty thousand men for construction work. This influx is apart from those

American who go with money in their pockets obtained by cashing in their high-priced American lands.

"A St. Paul dispatch says that within a fortnight two thousand carloads of farm animals and machinery have passed toward Canada, the property of men who expect to pay for their farms with the first crop."

"Silent Actors" Not Silent. Ten-cent grand opera is fast nearing a reality.

A patent was granted last week to C. Milton of London, Eng., for combining a phonograph and a moving picture machine, so that they will operate in absolute harmony.

As soon as this patent is placed on the market, it will in all probability mean that moving picture shows will soon have phonographs in their houses, and will reproduce the words or songs of the now "silent actors" at the same time that the film is being projected on the screen.

The Sham Battle. The militia was going through its spring maneuvers and many women had come out to witness the sham battle.

"Come out of that bush and surrender," yelled the captain to a private. "You are technically wounded."

The private shook his head vigorously.

"I may be technically wounded," said he, "but I can't come out. I've torn my pants on these pesky thorns."

When Caesar Crossed the Rubicon. Julius Caesar was about to cross the Rubicon.

"In an extreme case like this," he said, blithely, "I wouldn't mind going through the Hudson River Tube, even if I had to pay seven cents for the privilege."

The Paxton Toilet Co. of Boston, Mass., will send a large trial box of Paxton Antiseptic, a delightful cleansing and germicidal toilet preparation, to any woman, free, upon request.

The Flat That Failed. Howell—How do you like your new home? Powell—It is a flat failure.

A woman can remember how a man once made love to her long after she has forgotten his name.

More important than the choice of President is the selection of Garfield Tea as the remedy for constipation and biliousness.

Perseverance may be the mother of success, but the offspring isn't always just what it should be.

No thoughtful person uses liquid blue. It's a pinch of blue in a large bottle of water. Ask for Red Cross Blue, the blue that's all blue.

But a man who leads a double life never does two men's work.

WOMEN SHOULD BE PROTECTED

Against So Many Surgical Operations. How Mrs. Bethune and Mrs. Moore Escaped.

Sikeston, Mo.—"For seven years I suffered everything. I was in bed for four or five days at a time every month, and so weak I could hardly walk. I cramp and had headache and headache, and was so nervous and weak that I dreaded to see anyone or have anyone move in the room. The doctors gave me medicine to ease me at those times, and said that I ought to have an operation. I would not listen to that, and when a friend of my husband told him about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for his wife, I was willing to take it. Now I look the picture of health and feel like it, too. I can do my own housework, hoe my garden, and milk a cow. I can entertain company and enjoy them. I can visit when I choose, and walk as far as any ordinary woman, any day in the month. I wish I could talk to every suffering woman and girl."—Mrs. DEMA BETHUNE, Sikeston, Mo.

Murrayville, Ill.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for a very bad case of female trouble and it made me a well woman. My health was all broken down, the doctors said I must have an operation, and I was ready to go to the hospital, but I decided that I began taking your Compound. I got along so well that I gave up the doctors and was saved from the opera-

tion."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

is a safe and reliable remedy for all female troubles. It is made of pure vegetable ingredients and is entirely free from any harmful or poisonous substances. It is sold by all druggists and is also sold by mail for \$1.00 per bottle. Write to Lydia E. Pinkham, Lowell, Mass., for a free trial bottle.

WAS LAST OF THE FLOCK

Lamented Engagement of Last Daughter, Even Though She is Marrying Millions.

Mr. Shrewdry to His Wife—Say, Miranda, I have been looking up that young Henderson, and if our Ethel can lead him she'd better do it. I been looking him up, and Bradstreet has his father down for a round million, and he has a bachelor uncle who is down for two millions more, and his mother is one of old Bill Smitherson's girls, and old Bill is rated at four millions.

Young Henderson hasn't sense enough to come in when it rains, and Ethel can lead him if she tries. She's twenty-six and it will soon be a case of the last cut with her, so you better tell her to fix it up with Henderson as soon as she can. He's such easy fruit that some other girl will run him in if Ethel doesn't look out. Better have him to dinner tomorrow night and we'll clear out to the opera and leave them alone.

Mr. Shrewdry to Henderson, Two Days Later—So you want to take the