

A Modern Flying Dutchman

PHANTOMS of the deep—strange shapes that come in the darkness on missions of terror and death—these are among the visions that haunt the brain of every old sailor man. It is when the few remaining sailing vessels come into port from their long voyages that these tales are usually forthcoming. The bark Annie M. Reid of New York is the last vessel to bring in a tale of mystery.

"We were standing by the mizzen topsail halliards when the shackle broke and the yards crashed down," said the sailor who told the story.

"We came up into the wind and here he said it was at that moment that we saw the strange trader—at least we thought it was a trader, probably to the Western Islands, off which we were. We signaled for help, for we did not know how we were coming out of the squall. The strange steamship—a tramp we took her to be—was not more than an eighth of a mile away but she made no reply whatever and kept right on her course. If there had been anybody alive on the tramp he certainly would have seen us, as there was no fog to interfere. There are only two things to think of, either every soul on board was dead or we had seen one of those phantom ships they tell about. It couldn't have been a warning of death, however, for we came out of it all right."

A ship that sails by in the moonlight and does not answer when spoken, nor show any light or sign of life on board is an even stranger apparition of the deep than those phantom vessels which have loomed upon the sight of sailor men from out the fog or darkness. The crew of the Hengist, out of Liverpool, Captain Theonator of Liverpool, Captain Theonator of Liverpool in command, once saw such a specter. Capt. J. C. Norton, who was first officer of the bark Hengist, when the phantom ship passed her by, tells the story of the weird vision.

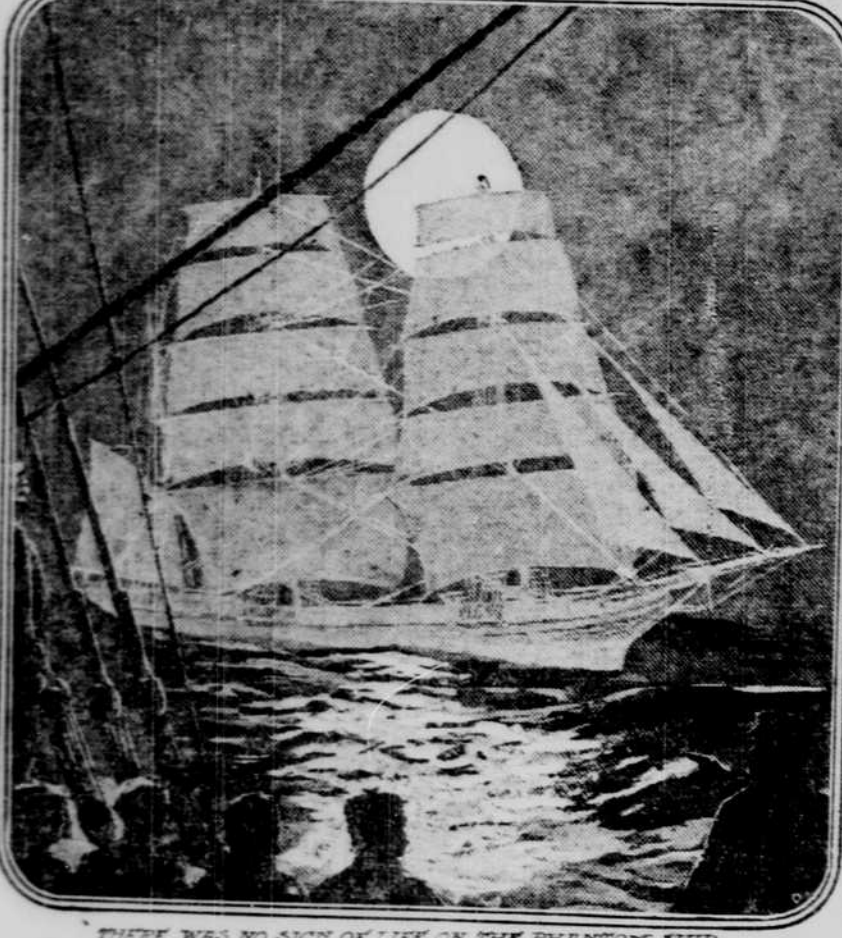
"It was in the Indian ocean that we saw her—the strange ship that I have never forgotten," said Captain Norton. "We were out of Calcutta, bound for New York, and although there was a haze the moon shone and the haze was so light that we could see perfectly well across the water. The haze was just enough to make a nice pretty silvery veil that made everything look sort of mysterious and interesting without closing us in at all.

"There were no lights on the vessel and we couldn't see a soul on board. We spoke to her, but she didn't answer. She passed right under our stern about a biscuit's toss away, and we thought she was going to foul us. She was so near that we could feel the wind of her sails as she passed, but not a sign did she make to all our signaling—just sailed away into the hazy moonlight. Next day we had a terrible gale, one of the worst that I remember while I was at sea, and everybody thought the phantom ship had come to give warning. Way we should have been favored I don't know; but, of course, there is always a reason why those ships are seen by one vessel and not by others. Sometimes they mean harm for everybody on board, and sometimes they come simply to give a friendly warning. There was one man on board who believed that our phantom ship came to warn us of the gale because her captain had been a friend of our own captain, and when his ship went down with all on board he continued to haunt the sea. Naturally, as he felt friendly, he would show himself or his ship before a storm. I can't say I believed all that myself. All that I know was that the phantom ship did come just as I've described it."

One of the most thrilling tales of the fatal appearance of phantom ships is told by a retired first mate, who in his youth sailed under Capt. John Stebbins on the steel tramp Maritima, bound from Madeira to Brazil. "Captain Stebbins was a bluff direct, matter-of-fact person," said the mate, "and he had little tolerance for what he declared was merely superstition, so the crew were not apt to speak over load of their supernatural experiences. That they had them, however, was sure enough, and as I was a bit more approachable than most men in my position, they were very wont to tell their stories to me.

"There was one fellow among them named Gould, whom I could not help watching because of the strained and almost hunted look on his face. I made friends with him on purpose to get at the reason for his queer look and one day when I caught him white and shuddering on the forward deck I got it out of him.

"It seemed that a couple of years before he had been on the bridge of a passenger vessel running between Kingston and New York when they had run down a ship in a fog. The ship had gone down with all on board before anything could be done to save them, and this man had seen the last of her crew leaning over the side and cursing at him horribly, just before he was sucked into the water.



THERE WAS NO SIGN OF LIFE ON THE PHANTOM SHIP

"He promised to find me out and to do for me wherever I should go," said the shuddering wretch, "and he'll do it, too. I look for him every night and I know he'll get me before long."

"I warned him to keep quiet about his fears and not mention his story to any of the crew, for as luck would have it, with such a captain, we had on board about as superstitious a lot as I have ever seen. Italians most of them, and so bound to tell their stories of apparitions that the captain had already caught one of them at it and had him flogged as an example to the others.

"My man didn't look any more contented as the days passed and I caught him more than once whispering with some of the Italians. I asked him what they were talking about and at first he mumbled that it was nothing, but at last he admitted that the sailors had seen several of them seen strange sights during the night watch. They all decided that again and again they had seen a figure with wildly waving arms appear from the darkness. The man was always cursing horribly, but he was gone in a second and they could not tell exactly what he said.

"I tried to comfort Gould with the idea that since the man had not appeared to him there was no reason that he should regard the apparition as that of the man he had run down, but he would not let this ease his mind in the slightest. It was just the night after our conversation when he was on watch that the climax of the thing came.

"I heard a terrific scream from the bridge, and so did everybody else on board. I was the first up there, but the poor fellow, who was whiter than any human being I have ever seen, could not tell me what had happened before Captain Stebbins had run up on the bridge and was shaking him, declaring that he had a relapse of the fever, which we all knew he had suffered after coming off the voyage when he had run down a vessel.

"The fellow had been too much startled, however, this time to be managed even by Captain Stebbins. "I did see him," he declared, "and he was cursing and waving his arms at me just as he did when we went down. The ship came up just like it did before out of the fog. There it was all of a sudden a great gray thing and there he was waving his arms and screaming curses at me. And then we kept right on, running straight through the ship."

"That was all of it, and so far as I know he never saw the apparition again and he had no more hard times than fall to the lot of most sailors. But there was the remarkable part of the thing. If he had been the only one to know that anything strange had happened, then you might think it just the figment of a brain overwrought with fever. But it wasn't only his scream that brought captain and crew running to his side. Just at the time when he saw the phantom ship and as our own vessel went through it, every man on board felt a peculiar sensation. It was something like an earthquake and something like the shock that might come from running a vessel down.

New York and Liverpool, that a specter appeared with such persistence that for a long time, until the vision vanished forever, no member of the crew ever consented to make a second voyage. The Nottebohm was one of the old Liverpool packet ships, which carried stowage passengers as well as freight. During one of her previous voyages the captain and several of her crew had had a terrific struggle, in the course of which the captain had been so injured that he had died as a result of his wounds. No matter what the skeptical might say, crew after crew which shipped on the Marianne Nottebohm after this tragedy left the vessel at the end of the voyage swearing that every night a spectral figure appeared from the pilot house and wandered over the vessel, seeking everywhere apparently for something or somebody.

There was a terrific storm one night and the apparition was for once in a way pretty well forgotten in the more pressing perils of the moment. The night was very black and no one felt any too secure as they slipped on through the darkness. Suddenly they felt the ship come about so swiftly that they knew something strange must have happened.

"Unusual as it was," said Capt. F. C. Norton, who tells the story, "we could not stop to find out about it that night, for every man was too hot on his own part of the work to pay much attention to any other's.

"After everything was all over and we could take time to talk about it the next day the helmsman told us that a spectral figure he had at first thought to be the captain had stood beside him, showing him how to lay his course. It was not until the helmsman had handled a charm his daughter had given him that he discovered his visitor was a spirit. The power of the wraith was broken at that and the helmsman put about just in time to avoid an uncharted reef the spectre had evidently been guiding him onto.

"But the Swede and his Italian mate must have seen something of the vision that night, also, for in the morning they looked like dying men and they could not be persuaded to ship again for the next voyage. Afterward we heard that they had been members of the crew which attacked the former captain of the Marianne. No doubt the murdered captain came back looking for some of his old assailants and when he found them sought to drive the vessel on the reef."

Cecil Rhodes's Eggs. Cecil Rhodes used to take a coop of hens on board to provide fresh eggs on his numerous voyages between England and South Africa. But those were three weeks' journeys, and not a mere five-day crossing of the Atlantic. Hence another prominent South African personage was asked why he did not follow Rhodes's example and provide himself with the luxury of new-laid eggs at sea. "Oh, I don't bother to take a coop of fowls on board," he replied, "but I tip the bos'un who looks after Rhodes's hens, and I get Rhodes's eggs."

Had Right to Select Place. "Bobby, my son," exclaimed the dismayed mother as she saw all her boy's belongings stacked in a corner of the closet, "haven't I tried over and over to teach you that you should have a place for everything? "Yes, mother," said the boy cheerfully, "and this is the place."

REVIEW OF FOOTBALL

One Upset After Another Startles Followers of Game.

Victory of Army Over Navy Climax of Season of Gridiron Surprises—How Teams Will Shape Up for Games This Fall.

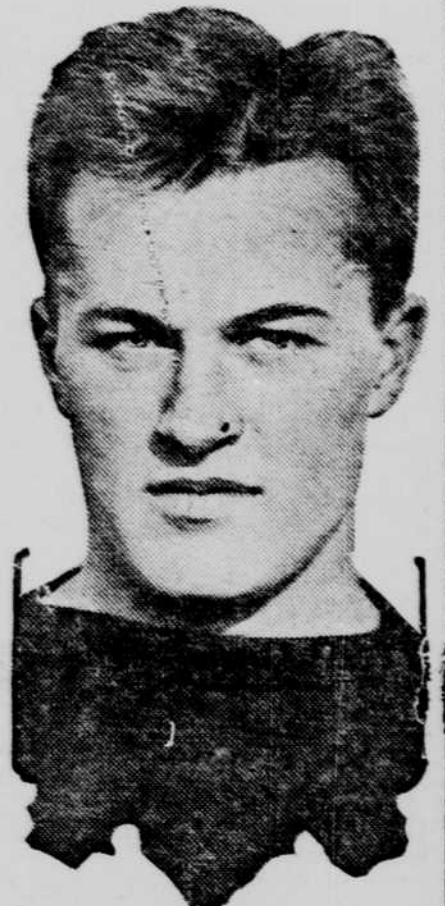
With the Army beating the Navy at the Polo grounds, another surprise for the football season, when the game ended, was registered. The midshipmen, with their brilliant record in the early season games, were the favorites, but they were toppled over as Dartmouth was at the Brush stadium when a favorite over the Indians.

These two surprises were as startling to many football followers as the showing earlier in the season by Colgate, and the showing the Tigers made against Harvard, which many thought would have an easy time disposing of the Orange and Black.

Then came the Cornell-Pennsylvania game, in which the Ithacans gave the average follower of the sport a jolt when they triumphed over the Quakers, gaining their second victory over the Red and Blue in the long series.

The Indians paraded through the season with a good record, and there are some who claim they are entitled to football honors in the east, but this is the honor Harvard men are claiming for the Crimson. Dartmouth, too, would have been out with a claim to that intangible aster title had the Green beaten the Indians. This was the only Dartmouth defeat of the season.

Gridiron dopesters, now that they can get no more surprises for a year in football, are figuring how the big teams will shape up next fall. Princeton and Harvard will be better off, so far as veteran material is concerned.



Captain Storer of Harvard.

than Yale. They will lose only three men by graduation in June. Yale, on the other hand, will lose six men in June.

Captain Storer, O'Brien and Hitchcock will leave Harvard on graduation day. As these men played on the line, the star Crimson back field of Brickley, Mahan, Bradlee and Logan will be left intact. The graduation of Captain Storer and Hitchcock will leave the two tackle positions vacant, and there are no substitutes who have won their letters in this position. Only three substitutes who have won their "H" will be graduated.

Captain Hobey Baker, Phillips and Emmons will be the men lost to Princeton by graduation, and while their loss will be greatly felt by the Tigers the coaches have some good material in the substitutes and from the freshman eleven to fill their places. Harvard may have to shift its line to fill the holes due to the graduation of Storer and Hitchcock, unless this year's freshman tackles show up well.

Yale will lose Captain Ketcham, Pendleton, Marting, Warren, Avery and Ainsworth, played on the line. MacLeish, Hubbard, Arnold, Brann and Way won their letter this year as substitutes in the line, and the coaches believe that they can be made into a strong set of forwards. Talbot and Carter will be the only regulars left in Blue's line.

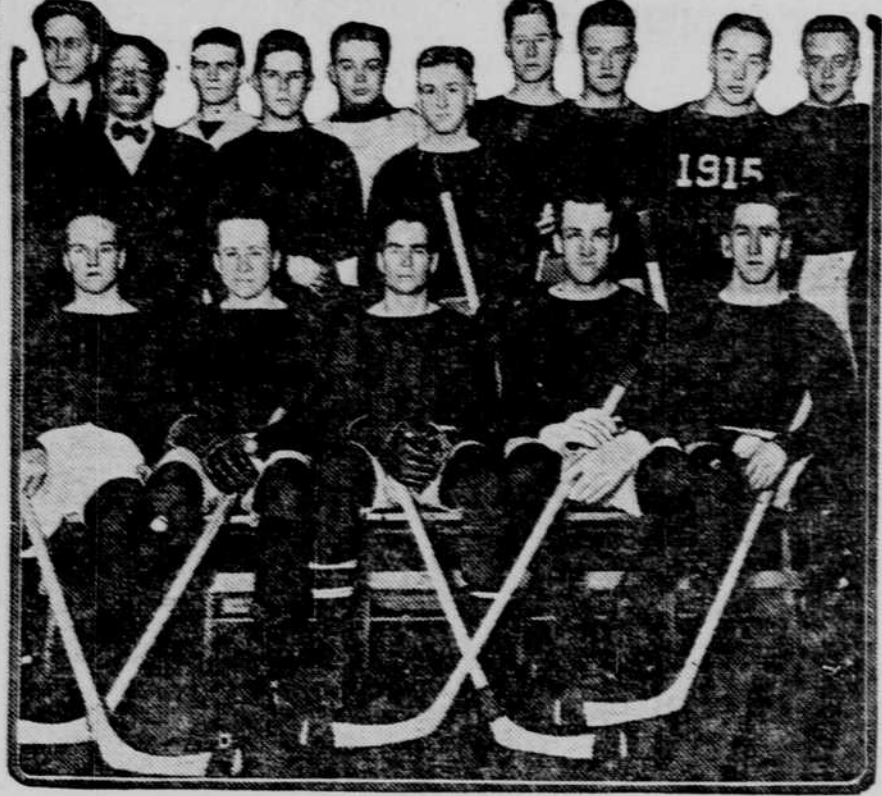
The back field will have plenty of material. Ainsworth will be the only man to be graduated, leaving Knowles, Wilson and Guernsey in their old positions. This trio will be reinforced by several strong men from last year's team who were unable to play this fall, including Pumpelly and Markle. Wheeler, last year's quarter back, will be the only substitute back field player to be graduated.

Offers \$10,000 for Player. Del Howard, former manager of the Louisville team, and now manager of the San Francisco team, announces that he stands ready to give the Chicago National league team \$10,000 for the immediate return of Outfielder Johnny Johnson, drafted by the Cubs last September. Howard is, of course, safe in his offer, inasmuch as it would be practically impossible to get Johnson, who now holds the world's record for stolen bases in a single season, out of the major leagues.

Will Teach Chinese to Run. James A. Hunter, the University of Illinois quarter-mile dash star, who was a member of the relay team which won the mile championship at the University of Pennsylvania relay races in Philadelphia last April, will go to Peking, China, to become director of intercollegiate athletics for the Young Men's Christian association.

Powelson to Captain Knox. Abram Powelson, left half back, has been elected captain of the Knox college football team for 1914.

INTERCOLLEGIATE HOCKEY CHAMPIONS



Yale's Star Hockey Players.

From all accounts Yale is going to play an important part again in intercollegiate hockey this coming season. A \$100,000 ice rink has been constructed at New Haven. The opening of the hockey season finds the Yale team, the crack players of the winter sport, who by defeating Harvard last year, won the championship honors, in fine shape.

Middle row, left to right: S. Coe, H. Sproul, M. Herron, W. H. Sweeney, Schiller. Back row, left to right: Coach Howard, Mudge, P. Swift, F. H. Bangs, M. W. Gans, Jr.

SKATERS TO DECIDE HONORS AFTER FRANK GOTCH'S CROWN

World's Championship Will Be Settled in Meet at Milwaukee in March—Many to Compete.

The first amateur and professional roller skating speed championship races ever held in the history of roller skating will be run off in the River-view skating palace, Milwaukee, during the latter part of March, 1914. Julian T. Fitzgerald, president of the Western Skating association, who has been promoting the event for the past 20 months, is the general manager of the meet.

Roller rinks throughout the United States were after the event, including those at St. Louis, Kansas City, Charleston, W. Va., Detroit, Buffalo and Cincinnati. The meet was awarded to Manager Joseph W. Munch of the Milwaukee rink for \$1,000. In April, 1912, a movement was started to raise money by popular subscription for the expenses of the amateur champions from the different states.

First prize for the amateur championship is a silver loving cup. Second, third, fourth and fifth prizes will be gold, silver and bronze medals. The winner of the professional championship will be awarded a diamond medal. Other prizes will be gold, silver and bronze medals. In addition, the professionals will race for a purse of \$500.

The champion skaters of England and France arrived in American a short time ago. It is estimated that at least 300 amateur and professional skaters will compete, making the event the first real championship meet ever held in this or any other country.



ANTIPODEAN HITS BASEBALL

Australian Cricketer Severely Criticizes American Game—Associated With Spirit of Bluffing.

Baseball as played in America is severely criticized by a member of the Australian cricket team which recently toured the United States and Canada.

A Sydney paper containing an interview with the cricketer on the return of the team to Australia has just been received here.

"Candilly," the Australian athlete is quoted, "I don't like baseball as played in America. Baseball in Australia is a fine game, played in the spirit of our cricket. But that spirit is not known in American baseball, which is a professional game and, associated with bluffing of a character foreign to the Australian and English ideas of sport."

"There is, of course, money in it, but if baseball is ever to become a big game here it will need to be divorced from the spirit which pervades its American atmosphere."

Hoffman After Franchise. Danny Hoffman, the veteran outfielder, who was with the Indians a couple of years ago, is reported to be after the Bridgeport franchise of the Eastern association. Hoffman is one of the few players of the old guard who have saved a part of their baseball earnings, and he is anxious to invest some of it in the game that made him a living. Bridgeport is Danny's home, and he believes he can show a balance on the right side of the ledger if he can secure control of the club. Billy Hallman, also a former Indian, is on the Bridgeport roster.

Growing Jealous of Baseball. Joseph Lally, of the Canadian amateur Athletic union, will endeavor to have special lacrosse sticks manufactured for the use of school children which will in the future do away with the cry that baseball was superseding the Canadian national summer game because it was so much cheaper to buy baseball bats than lacrosse sticks. He will donate 13 medals for the championship team of any organized school district in Canada.

Chesbro Seeking Job. Jack Chesbro, the man who invented the spit ball and the man who lost the American league championship for the Highlanders by a wild pitch, is again knocking at the door of baseball for a berth. He wants to become a manager. He has applied to the Federal league for a job.

INDIGESTION, GAS OR BAD STOMACH

Time it! Pape's Diapepsin ends all Stomach misery in five minutes.

Do some foods you eat hit lack-taste good, but work badly; ferment into stubborn lumps and cause a sick, sour, gassy stomach? Now, Mr. or Mrs. Dyspeptic, get this down: Pape's Diapepsin digests everything, leaving nothing to sour and upset you. There never was anything so safely quick, so certainly effective. No difference how badly your stomach is disordered you will get happy relief in five minutes, but what pleases you most is that it strengthens and regulates your stomach so you can eat your favorite foods without fear.

You feel different as soon as "Pape's Diapepsin" comes in contact with the stomach—distress just vanishes—your stomach gets sweet, no gases, no belching, no eructations of undigested food. Go now, make the best investment you ever made, by getting a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any store. You realize in five minutes how needless it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia or bad stomach. Ad-

Fiorelli Objects. "There is something pathetic about a deserted house that has fallen into ruins."

"Yes, indeed. And sometimes a pair of discarded suspenders will move a sentimental person to tears."

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CAS TOPIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

It's the unexpected that often happens, even when we bring it on our selves.

Only the ignorant ever try to act smart.

THE MAYOR SAYS:

In His Home No Other Remedy So Effective for Colds as Peruna.

Washington, Georgia. "I herewith reiterate my commendation of Peruna. It certainly has benefited our daughter in every instance when she was suffering from cold. I have frequently used Peruna in my family and have found it an excellent remedy for colds and also as a tonic. I often recommend it to my friends. Peruna seems to be indispensable in my family, as no other remedy has been so effective in cases of cold."

EVERY FAMILY wishing to be protected from cold should have Peruna in the house constantly. Also a copy of the latest edition of the "Tills of Life," sent free by the Peruna Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Those who prefer tablets to liquid medicines can now procure Peruna in tablet form.

Ask Your Druggist for Free Peruna Lucky Day Almanac for 1914.

Rheumatic Twinges

yield immediately to Sloan's Liniment. It relieves aching and swollen parts instantly. Reduces inflammation and quietest agonizing pain. Don't rub—it penetrates.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

Kills Pain. Sloan's Liniment is the best medicine in the world. It has relieved me of neuralgia. Those pains have all gone and I can truly say your Liniment did stop them. Mrs. C. M. Dwyer of Joliet, Ill. At all Dealers. Price 25c., 50c. & \$1.00. Sloan's Instructive Booklet on Horses sent free. DR. EARL S. SLOAN, INC., BOSTON, MASS.

GLOW WORMS ANESTHETICS

Before he begins to feast the glow worm administers an anesthetic writes Henri Fabre in the Century. He chloroforms his victim, rivalling in the process the wonders of modern surgery, which render the patient insensible before the surgeon operates on him. The usual game is a small snail, hardly the size of a cherry, which in hot weather collects in clusters on the stiff stubble and other

long, dry stalks by the roadside, remaining there motionless, in profound meditation, throughout the scorching summer days. It is in some such resting place as this that I have often been privileged to light upon the lampyris banqueting on the prey which he had just paralyzed on its shaky support by his surgical artifices.

"Heard" Applause Through Feet. Many persons in an assemblage recently addressed by Miss Helen Keller, marveled that this distinguished deaf and blind woman halted in her remarks and acknowledged applause at the proper moment, just as if she had been in full possession of her hearing, says the Boston Post. Miss Macy, the devoted instructor of Miss Keller, was approached by several after the meeting had adjourned, and she was requested to explain the "mystery." "Very simple," she laughed. "Notice

of the applause was carried to Miss Keller by the vibrations that she felt through her soft-soled shoes while standing on the platform."

Ancient Monkish Burial Ground. Skeletons in cowls were unearthed during the recent excavations in the Church of Clarendon, near Ramboillet, France. The workmen discovered a sepulchre dating from the eleventh century containing the skeletons of 20 monks still enveloped in their cowls and cassocks.

Bird Killed by Acroplane. A bird was beheaded by an aeroplane at Hendon, England. A dozen aviators, including several of the competitors in the Brighton-Hendon race, were out, and at one time no fewer than eight acroplanes were in the air. When the Handley-Page machine returned from a flight a decapitated partridge was found on one of the planes. The bird had apparently been caught by the propeller and whirled on to the plane without the aviator, Mr. Whitehouse, noticing it.