

GOV. NEWELL'S GREAT WORK

THE LIFE SAVING SERVICE

Former Governor and Congressman Newell of New Jersey, whose death at the age of 84 years was announced last week, will be long remembered as the founder of the national life saving service, the plan of which has been adopted by almost all civilized nations. By securing a trial appropriation of \$10,000 for an experiment station during his service in Congress Dr. Newell gave the first impetus to the wonderful service which now includes almost all the seacoast of the United States as well as the shores of the great lakes.

What the life saving service means in this country may be gathered by the fact that within the last thirty years the members of the life saving crews have been summoned to 11,170 notable marine disasters, involving a total property value of \$170,000,000. Of this great amount property to the value of \$132,000,000 was saved by the efforts of the government life savers. In these 11,170 disasters no less than 85,000 people were involved, of whom



BURNING A SIGNAL LIGHT.

908 lost their lives, 100 of them being lost in a single wreck in which a vessel went down so far out at sea that the service was practically prevented from being of much assistance.

That the vast importance of the service is recognized by Congress is shown by the increase from the initial appropriation of \$10,000 which Dr. Newell secured to that of \$1,500,000, which was approximately the cost of the service during 1900. Beginning with a single station on the New Jersey coast, there are now no less than 265 stations located along the Atlantic, Pacific, and gulf coasts and the shores of the great lakes. Of this number twenty-eight stations are located on Lake Michigan. As a rule, particularly on the more dangerous coasts, the stations are located five miles apart, the shore between being regularly patrolled at all hours of the day and night by coast patrolmen. The patrolman from each station travels two and a half miles, at which point he meets the man from the next station, with whom he exchanges brass tally checks. At night each patrolman carries a so-called Coast light, a torch from which a bright colored flame can be projected to a considerable height. The instant he discovers a shipwreck he discharges the torch as a signal to the sailors that their plight has been noted and that assistance will be brought as quickly as possible. If the wreck is located close to shore, within a few hundred yards, the life line is brought into use. This is a peaceful weapon by means of which a light line can be shot out to the wreck, a strong cable being afterwards rigged up between shore and ship. On this cable, which is supported at the shore end by a high triangular framework, the breeches buoy or the life car is run to and fro until all the people in



STEERING A LIFEBOAT.

danger are safely landed. In the life car a number of people may be carried at the same time, while the breeches buoy can support but a single passenger. Whenever it is possible to do so the surf boat is also launched as soon as it can be dragged to the nearest point on the beach. These boats are now so built that if overturned by the breakers they will right and empty themselves, it being absolutely impossible to sink them. As a rule ships are wrecked on a lee shore, so that the surf boat is almost always obliged to put out in the teeth of a strong wind and is more likely than not to be capsized. When launched the surf boat is propelled by six oarsmen and

steered by the captain, who stands up in the stern and handles a long sweep. Recently small launches propelled by gasoline engines have been tried at some of the life saving stations with good success.

Under the rules of the life saving bureau its members and employes are not allowed to accept money or other gratuities from those whom they may rescue. The idea is, of course, that the saving of human life should not be put on a monetary basis, and that the surfmen should do their work as a matter of duty and without hope of further reward. But the government has established a method of recognizing deeds of especial heroism which has proved highly successful and beneficial to the service. Congress has provided beautiful gold and silver medals to be awarded to men and women who display unusual courage and daring in saving life at sea, whether they are members of the life saving service or not. To win one of these medals is the highest honor which a surfman can hope to win, and its possessor is envied of all his fellows. The gold medal for life saving means to the member of the service what the Victoria Cross means to the British soldier, or the Iron Cross to the German. It marks him as the bravest among brave men.

Among the recipients of the prized medals have been at least two boys who were only 10 years old at the time they distinguished themselves and one little girl of 10 who at the risk of her own life rowed a boat out into the breakers and rescued two adults from drowning.

Besides the rescuing of passengers and crews from shipwrecked vessels and the saving of the ships themselves, the coast patrolmen do a great work in the way of warning ships which have unconsciously or otherwise got into positions of great danger. In the year 1899, for instance, it appears that 184 vessels which had got into dangerous waters were warned of their peril at night by the burning of danger signals by the coast guards, while ten ships received similar warning in the daytime by the signals of the international code. In most of these instances it is probable that shipwrecks would have occurred if the warning had not been given, so that the service may justly claim that it does a great work as a preventive agent.

On the seacoast the danger of wrecks is greatest from Sept. 1 to



SHOOTING THE LIFE LINE TO A WRECKED SHIP.

March 1, while on the great lakes of course, navigation is closed during the winter.

There is probably nowhere in the world in a similar space a record of so many examples of splendid courage as that contained in the annual report issued each year by the life saving department. In a series of little paragraphs in small and unattractive type is printed the list of what is modestly called "Services of Crews." In almost every case the story is that of heroic perseverance in the face of great difficulties and of lives cheerfully risked that other lives may be saved. As an example of these stories may be told that of the rescue of the crew of the steamer Calumet by the Evans-ton life saving crew, for which the crew members were awarded the gold medals of the department. When discovered the Calumet was stranded off Fort Sheridan, twelve miles north of Evanston. It was a Thanksgiving day morning and the thermometer marked 10 degrees below zero when the crew, who were also students at Northwestern University, started for the scene. To add to the difficulties, the air was full of sleet and snow. When Fort Sheridan was reached the steamer could be seen about 1,000 yards from shore, with the whitecaps breaking over it.

The only way to reach the water line was by means of a steep and rocky ravine which opened out into the lake, and down which it was necessary to carry the surf boat. Soldiers from the fort were turned out to assist, and by hard work in the bitter cold a series of steps were cut in the steep banks, down which the boat was carried to the edge of the water. A little strip of sand lay at the foot of the cliff, and across it the icy whitecaps swept with tremendous force. Three times the boat was filled with water in the effort to launch it. After it had been driven beyond the breakers a heavy wave almost filled it to the gunwales, and the crew had a desperate struggle

before they got near enough to pass a line to the crew, which was almost overcome by the awful cold. Big waves were dashing high over the steamer, and wherever the water struck it froze almost instantly. Three trips were made before all of the crew were taken to places of safety, and when this work was over the members of the crew were quite as badly off as the men they had rescued. The short and simple annals of the



COMING ASHORE IN A BREECHES BUOY.

service are full of similar instances in which the surfmen have displayed their heroism.

TYPHOONS IN THE PACIFIC.

These Great Storms Rage About a Calm Center.

The first signs of a typhoon are fine, feecy cirrus clouds which move from the eastward to the north. The barometer is stationary, the weather is hot, clear and dry and the winds gentle or else calm. If the clouds come from the west there will be no typhoon, if from the south then there may be a sign of a typhoon some 600 miles to the southward. These clouds, often of wonderful shapes, appear as far as 1,500 miles from the center of the typhoon. Sundogs, phosphorescent seas, brilliant sunsets, often precede such storms. Attentive observation of the cirrus clouds, interpreted according to rules well known to sailors, will often enable a good judgment to be made of the distance of the storm center. If it is within 500 miles the cloudiness increases and the barometer falls slowly. Within 200 miles of the center the temperature falls rapidly and the sky is filled with cumulus clouds, the wind increases. From two to fifteen miles from the center the wind ceases to blow, the sky clears toward the zenith. This is what sea folk call "the eye of the storm." The sea seems to boil and is covered with foam. The calm center about which the storm rages varies in diameter from four to fifty miles, and here the rain usually ceases. The barometer varies suddenly up and down during squalls of about ten minutes' duration and rain falls in enormous quantities. If the center approaches it is known by a mighty squall, the direction of the wind changes and the barometer begins to rise. The velocity of the wind often rises to 160 miles per hour in the open ocean. The direction of motion of the storm center and of the wind in the typhoon itself are known from rules based on theory and verified by long experience.

A Ghost Story.

A sea captain at the Continental Hotel recently told a ghost story for which he said, Herman Merivale stood sponsor. "A ship," the captain began, "was crossing the Atlantic from Liverpool. Half way over a sailor came to the chief officer and said he had just seen a strange man sitting in the cabin, writing. It seemed impossible for a strange man to be aboard, and the officer told the sailor to look again and see if he had not been mistaken. When the sailor returned he had a slip of paper in his hand. 'The man is not there now, but this paper lay on the table where he had been sitting,' he said. On the sheet were the words 'Steer due south.' This thing was so mysterious that the ship's course was actually changed, and she did steer due south for six or seven hours. She came then on a wreck and succeeded in rescuing the men upon it. One of these men the sailor of the rescuing ship recognized as the stranger whom he had seen before. This stranger some hours earlier had told his captain that he often went into cataleptic trances, and that he had just come out of one in which he asked the aid of a ship that was sailing somewhere to the north. It seems an improbable story, this, but it is very well authenticated, all the same."—Philadelphia Record.

The Canadian Flag.

Undoubtedly the only strictly accurate and appropriate national flag for display in civil life, throughout the length and breadth of this Dominion is the Red Ensign, a flag of plain red, having the Union Jack in the upper "canton," or corner, next the mast, and the Dominion coat of arms in the "fly" or field of the flag. However, in civil life in Canada there is no written code either obligatory or prohibitory. The use of national flags or emblems—like so many other matters under the easy-going British constitution, which wisely avoids all undue interference with the liberty of the subject, or needlessly repressive enactments—is almost entirely a matter of usage.—Montreal Herald and Star.

The Order Promptly Filled.

Mrs. Mary Mikesell, who lives near Dublin, O., while attending the funeral of a relative a few days ago, told the undertaker in charge that she desired that he conduct her funeral. Before 45 hours had passed she was dead.

"DOUBLE-DECKER" SHOES.

Fad Style for Women With Soles Enormously Large.

"Double Deckers" are the latest thing in women's shoes. The style is what the dealers call a fad style. It has a double projecting sole, enormously thick. The lower deck is a good three-quarters of an inch wide. The upper is a quarter of an inch in width and is rope-stitched to the lower deck. The extension runs round the shoe, heel and all. With this formidable sole goes an upper which is equally startling. A low double decker of patent leather has an elaborate punched toe and a trimming of the same style extending entirely around the shoe. The eyelets are huge brass ones. Altogether it is a shoe about as graceful as an elephant's hoof. A shoe salesman was showing his set of samples the other day to a layman. He lifted the double decker and laid it down with a sigh. "That's the sort of shoe that makes the manufacturers want to lie down and die," he said. "Of course, that's an extreme, but look at all the rest of these heavy shoes for women. If it was not for the extreme west and south we might as well give up the ghost. Now, here's the shoe that women used to wear before they took it into their heads that they'd wear armored cruisers on their feet. But the cruisers are steady and long 'wearers,'" and he sighed dolefully. "Here's what we call a freak toe. The shoe has an absolutely straight line on the inside, then sheers off suddenly on the outside, so that the point of the toe is right at the inside corner of the shoe. Instead of a round toe there is simply a corner. That shoe sells best in Chicago. These are the best New York sellers," he said. "This one is a light-weight kid shoe, with a patent leather tip, flexible sole, and what's called a medium toe. This other is heavier and has a larger toe, but is not a freak. One is a dress shoe, the other a street shoe. Take it all in all, patent leather is the best selling shoe in New York today, more's the pity for the feet that wear the shoes. Here's a new thing; looks like patent leather, but is more flexible and porous, and is guaranteed not to crack. That's ideal kid."

VARIETY IN BREAD.

Relish of Food Depends on Variety of Flavors.

One of the important facts about our relish of food, says the American Kitchen Magazine, is its dependence upon a certain variety of flavors. Dyspepsia has been produced by the constant use of the same foods cooked in the same way, and cured by the mere adoption of a more varied diet. There is danger in pampering the appetite, of course, and surfeiting it with variety; but this lies principally in the pastry cook's department. A variety of breads is much less dangerous than a variety of pies and sweets. The old southern fashion of five daily breads for the table, was a much more healthful one than the Northern fashion of unlimited cakes and pies. That number of breads is, however, excessive. One may need five breads during a month, but certainly not at any one meal. * * * Besides the many kinds of bread to be secured by the use of the different grades and varieties of wheat flour—spring and winter, high-grade and low-grade, whole wheat, graham, etc.—there are corn breads, rye breads, barley bread and breads made from a mixture of corn, rye, wheat, barley, etc. Having, then, an almost unlimited variety of breads to choose from, and bearing in mind that bread should yield to a well-considered dietary, we certainly should be unwise not to make our breads contribute, as far as possible, not only to the nourishment of the body, but also to the promotion of good health in the correction of such minor derangements of the system as may be reached by a judicious selection. A variety of perfect breads, not only breads with various flavors, but of different kinds, containing different amounts of those substances found in the wheat, would serve better than a thousand doctors to keep our country people in sound health.

An Unfortunate Deduction.

Sergt. Kelly, of the Irish bar, in the early years of the nineteenth century, used to indulge in a picturesque eloquence, racy of the soil, but unfortunately he would sometimes forget the use of argument, and would always fall back on the word "therefore," which generally led his mind back to what he had intended saying. Sometimes, however, the effect was almost disastrous. One time he had been complimenting the jury, assuring them that they were men of extraordinary intelligence, and then branched off into a statement of his case. With a wave of his hand a smile on his face he proceeded: "This is so clear a case, gentlemen, that I am convinced you felt it so the very moment I stated it. I should pay men of intelligence a poor compliment to dwell on it for a minute, therefore I shall proceed to explain it to you as minutely as possible."—Green Bag.

A Woman Skipper.

There is only one licensed woman skipper in the United States. She is Mrs. Blanche Leathers, and she commands the Natchez, one of the largest steamboats on the Mississippi, and makes regular trips between Vicksburg and New Orleans.

His Only Worry.

Tired Tommy—Are ye interested in these 'ere chainless bicycles, Sam? Slow Sam—No, the chainless dog is the only thing that worries me.

ARE PITIABLE SERFS

AWFUL CONDITION OF THE PEASANTS IN ITALY.

No Wonder the Country is the Fruitful Mother of Anarchy and Socialism—Long Working Days and No Sundays Off Duty.

From sunny Italy came the Anarchists who slew the Empress Elizabeth, President Carnot, Prime Minister Canovas and finally Humbert himself. In sunny Italy is probably the rankest growth of Anarchy and Socialism in all Europe. And in the sunny plains and valleys of northern Italy is what perhaps is the worst condition of serfdom that exists in Europe today. Here in the provinces that border on the river Po—Lombardy, Venetia and Emilia—the peasantry stagger under burdens so depressing and unending that it is no wonder that the extract from this human press is Anarchy and Socialism. It is in these provinces that the ferment of Socialism has worked the most. Here the peasants are organized more or less completely into socialistic groups. Whatever of worth there was in the old system of labor in these provinces disappeared 20 years ago when many of the old nobles were forced to give up their landed estates because of the fall in price of wheat and cattle due largely to American competition. With the ruin of the nobles came that of many of the tenant farmers and small proprietors, who were compelled to leave the fertile and smiling country and go into the towns for work, or else emigrate to America, there to begin life anew. The field laborers of Italy are divided into two classes, the obbligati, who are hired by the year, and the disoblighati, who are employed by the day. The former class, of course, are a little better off than the latter, for their contract runs longer, and they can look further ahead. But in either class the outlook is miserable enough. For not only does the peasant bind himself to work for his owner, but he binds his whole family, with the possible exception of babes, who would be included, except that they can produce nothing, and therefore are left in the corners of the fields. For this reason, that an employer can get the services of an entire family for the price of one man, an unmarried man, or the man with a wife and no children, is at a great disadvantage, for work for him is not to be had as long as there are unemployed families at hand. Yet another hard feature of this system is that the head of the family must stipulate, if he has unmarried daughters, that they shall not marry for the period of time which the contract has to run. A day's work in this part of sunny Italy is from 4 in the morning to 9 at night—that is, from the first flush of dawn to the last light to be had from the setting sun. There is no Sunday in the calendar of the Italian peasant. On the day of the week which all Christendom observes, as on other days, he is in the field at 4 o'clock in the morning, and between 7 and 8 has his breakfast; he gets an hour at midday and half an hour at 5 or 6 o'clock and then he works on till he no longer can see. The women go into the fields with the men. They hoe in the maize fields, feed the cattle and cultivate the flax. If the children are babes they can do nothing—to the great sorrow of the employer, for they eat, if ever so little, but do not produce. But when they get to be a few years old they are useful in looking after the pigs, etc., and as soon as possible they are sent to work with their parents. The wages of the peasant's family are partly in money and partly in kind, and he has the privilege of rent free. In cash he gets from \$15 to \$20 a year; in kind he gets 14 bushels of maize, seven bushels of wheat and from 200 to 250 bushels of firewood. If he is in a vineyard section he receives in addition 800 to 900 pounds of grapes while in other sections he gets six to nine bushels of rice. He may get some rice, which he mixes with the millet to produce the indigestible bread which is responsible for the disease called pellagra. Then he may have the privilege of a little patch of ground on which he may raise maize, two-thirds of which goes to the employer, and he may raise silk worms, too. So the average peasant's family of six persons may earn altogether from \$120 to \$125 a year. Of schooling for the children there is none, except in the winter in the villages. Consequently many of these Italians who come to America in the hope of bettering their condition neither can read nor write their own language. Great wonder it is if anything good can come out of modern Italy.

SOME "EASY SURE THINGS."

It Is Safe to Bet Against the Following Propositions.

There are many things which at first thought appear to be easy enough of accomplishment that it is pretty safe to bet a man he cannot do. Most people know that the human hands are not strong enough to break a new laid egg if the hands are clasped and the egg laid endwise between the palms. It is said that the pressure required to break an egg in this manner amounts to tons. Among other safe bets is a wager that man cannot rise from a chair without bending forward or putting his feet under the chair or outside of it. Many a man will back himself to give another a start of 50 yards in a dash of 100, provided the man having the start hops all the way. But no runner, however swift, can give that amount of start to an ordinary man. For the first five yards they go at practically the same pace. Therefore the runner, to go 95 yards while the "hopper" goes 45, would have to run more than twice as fast, and it would be a weak man who could not hop 45 yards at a pace equal to 20 seconds for 100 yards, and that would mean that the runner, in order to win, would have to beat all previous records. If a man boasts that his pen-knife is particularly sharp, ask him to cut, with one stroke of the blade, one of those yellow ribbons, mostly of silk, which comes around bundles of cigars. In 999 cases out of 1,000 the knife is not sharp enough to do this. It will cut through all the ribbon except the last strand, and that will pull out long, and the more he tries to cut it the longer it will pull out. It is safe to bet any one except a blind man that he cannot stand without support of any kind for five minutes at a stretch, if he is thoroughly blindfolded, without moving his feet. If he does not move his feet he is pretty sure to topple over in about a minute.

Amuses Mme. Bernhardt.

The friends of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt say that of all the illusions to her name or personality when she paid her first visit to the shores of America many years ago one has remained uppermost in her memory, and she never misses the opportunity to speak of it with evident amusement. It probably excites her risibilities more of late years, they say, because it is not so apropos as it was at the time. Her remissness from the standpoint of avoiddupis was more than passingly noticeable, and the critics never lost an opportunity to call the public's attention to that particular defect in her physical construction. One morning her maid entered her presence with indignation depicted in every lineament of her countenance, and, handing Mme. Bernhardt a copy of a morning paper, placed her finger upon a single paragraph of two lines. It said: "An empty carriage drove up to the door of the theater and Sarah Bernhardt alighted." That little two-line paragraph has caused her to smile all these years.—New York Times.

Population of Dublin.

The population of the municipal area of Dublin, including the independent townships, is returned as 347,104, and Belfast is 348,965; which gives the northern city a clear majority of 1,861.

SOME BIRD SINGERS.

Cheery Notes of Song—Sparrow, Robin and Gay Bobolink.

The song-sparrow's sweet treble is the first full bird music to greet the ear in our early spring walks. Both he and his songs are so well known that little need be said of them. Few birds have so extensive a repertoire; none is more common, more lovable, more vivacious, modest yet irrepressibly happy. Heard after the long winter silence, his dainty, pure aria touches the heart like the smile of baby lips, and when he awakens in the beauty of a moonlit night, he will sing himself to sleep again with a joyous lullaby. The song-sparrow has a cousin called the grass finch or vesper sparrow. He is almost as common, and delights in singing in the twilight, morning and evening. The robin's cheery morning strain, his frank satisfaction with himself, his almost aggressive neighborliness, make him a bird to be treasured above most others. Certain individuals have something of the delicious tonal quality of their famed gray-brown cousins; but as singers they are excelled in their own style of music. Another bird, too, the meadow lark, is a great favorite with almost everybody. His two or three common notes, which he almost but not quite whistles, are inexpressibly sweet, but I have never heard the sustained song of from ten to twenty notes which good authorities in some sections report. In the June fields with the meadow lark (which is not a true lark at all) is a bird of the same family, which, in its peculiar mode and tonal color, has no peer or even second. The bobolink we call him. South he is the reed bird and rice bird, so Protean are his ways and dress. He is the true troubadour among birds; in summer the most riotously gay, the most madly merry of feathered minstrels. Gaily dressed in black and white, with a dash of yellow on the nape of the necks, colonies of them swarm in the tall grass, or rock and sway on the tops of tall weed-stalks, or wheel in horizontal flights above the meadows flinging bursting bubbles of tinkling melody to their sombre mates. The bobolink's is one of the witching, haunting songs—its tone a mystery of sound. It has in it the bubbling of brooks; the tintinnulation of metallic plates; the resonant purity of xylophone taps. And if you have ever heard it, you can imagine the delight that once came to me, when awakened in the first flush of the morning in a southern hunting camp, by a chorus of a hundred such songsters, northward bound on flashing wings.—Outing.

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A Man is Not Known Till He Cometh to Honor.