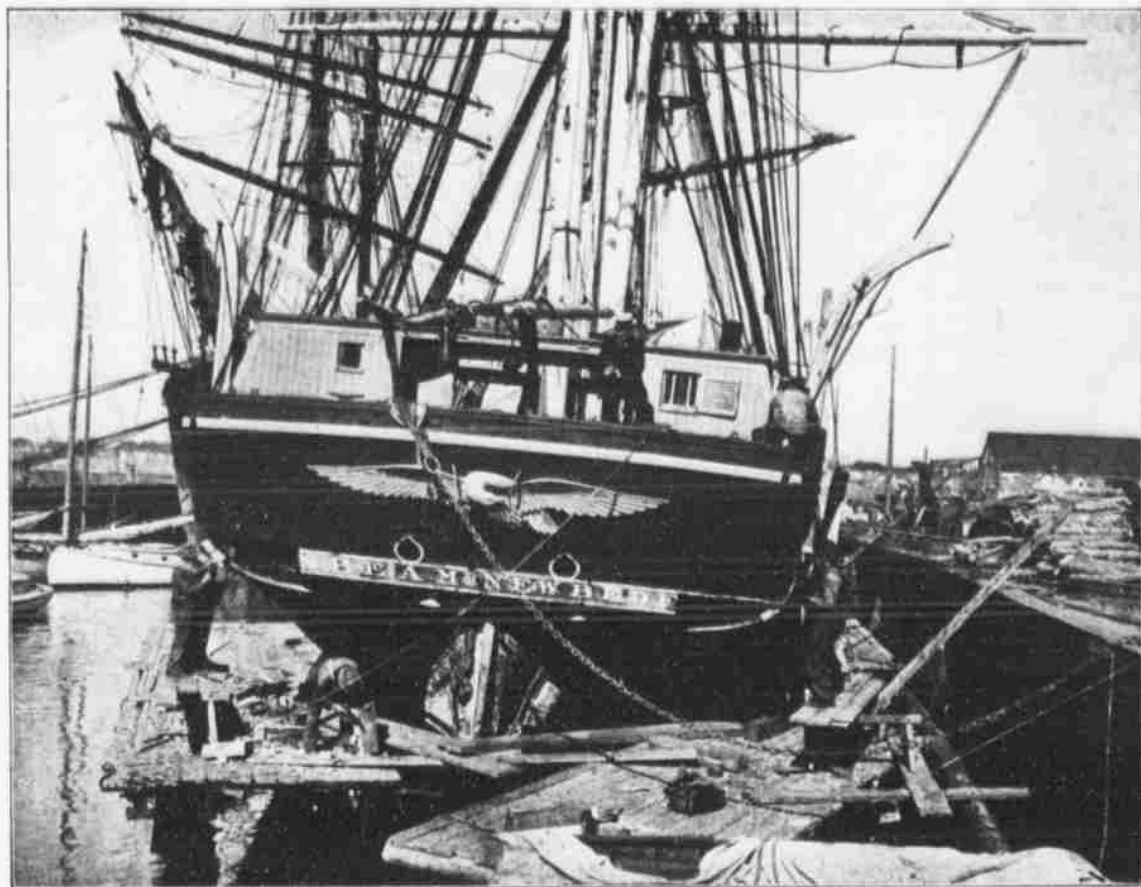
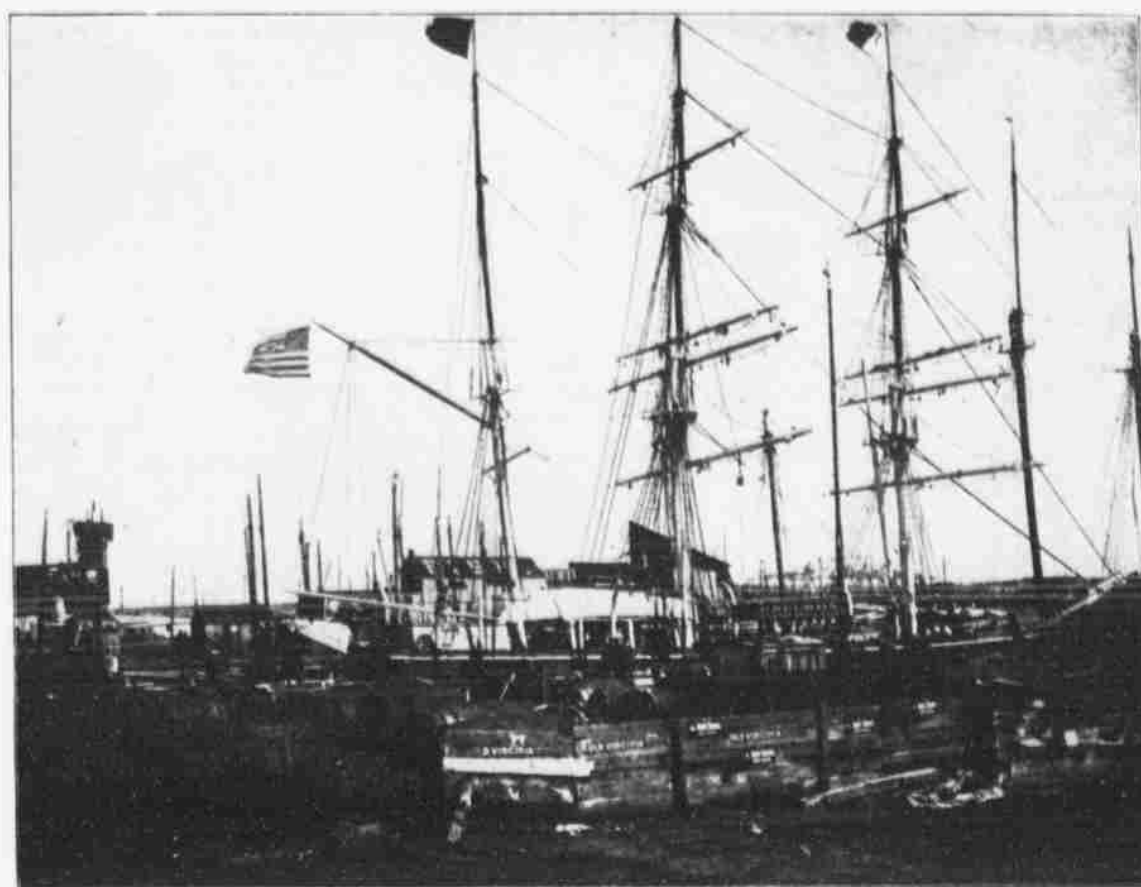


Atlantic Ocean Full of Whales Again



CARPENTERS AT WORK REPAIRING BARK SUNBEAM AFTER HER \$65,000 VOYAGE.



OIL AGAIN COVERS THE UNION STREET WHARF AT BEDFORD.

(Copyright, 1902, by Julius W. Muller.)
IT'S "WHALE" in New Bedford again. "Sperm" are schooling and blowing in all the Western Ocean—the North Atlantic from the American coast to the Azores.

High bowed, with sturdy stump masts, spelling power in every rounded line, whaling ships are sailing in and out of Buzzard's Bay once more. Bankers and street railway directors, merchants and retired gentlemen of leisure, come driving down in smart rigs behind fast horses to the wharves to get the smell of whale oil in their nostrils once more—the smell that brings back to them the days when they plied out of New Bedford as young boat steers and harpooners and ordinary crew.

They assemble around the quaint craft with the tryworks amidship, with the great bent wooden davits, black and uncouth, bolted all along the greasy sides, and they stare out toward the harbor's mouth and—wiah.

They know that the old days of great adventuring are ended. They know that petroleum and gas have made it unlikely that big fortunes will ever be made again out of whale, be they plentiful as they may, blow they ever so near the coast. But they see the few remaining whalers come in again "full," counting their catches once more by the thousands of barrels. They see the old wharf at Union street covered again with whale oil casks. They see the Portuguese crews roll along the street again to draw big money as their share of good voyages.

New Bedford is a city of cotton mills now. But, ah! the sea still beckons with all its ancient mystery. The harbor's mouth still shines, a gate to the joy of the open ocean. And the rich, staid old gentlemen almost.

"Think they shall take to the sea again. To singe the beard of the King of Spain," their king of Spain being a barnacled old "sperm," a hundred-barrel fish. They dream of hearing the cry of "Thar she blows" once more; of seeing "white-waters" on the slow, gray heave of the eternal deep.

New Bedford is in a quandary. Of all her noble whaling fleet of a quarter of a century ago, only a few vessels are now in commission, and of those few the most are schooners, not adapted to the long cruises of two or more years that mean a "good voyage." Ships cannot be adapted to whaling. They must be built for it. The craft that must hold a huge fifty or sixty ton fish alongside in a tumbling sea, hanging on to the mighty bulk by main strength of tackle and timber, must be built far more massively than the ordinary merchant ship. So now, with sperm whales playing off shore, with whales being encountered within two and three days' sail from port, the ancient whaling town is unable to take full advantage of its new opportunity.

What ships there are bring in gold again—not so much as before the war, when whale oil was worth dizzy prices, but enough to make a good voyage mean big profit. Even the schooners, able to remain out only a few months and able to carry only a limited quantity of oil, have been coming home with from \$5,000 to \$6,000 worth of oil and whalebone. The schooner Pedro Varelo—a revenue cutter during the civil war—is in after five months with \$5,000 worth of oil.

The bigger vessels have been doing correspondingly better. The whaling bark Sunbeam, out only two months, has reported from Fayal that she has already obtained 650 barrels of sperm oil. She promises to equal her recent record when she arrived in port with oil and bone that sold for \$65,000. The bark Morning Star reports from Fayal with 750 barrels taken in the last six months. She has been cruising

since October 10, 1901, and has taken 1,300 barrels since leaving port.

A glorious old-time voyage has been that of the fine old Canton, the oldest whaling vessel in the world. It is lying at the Union street wharf now, having discharged the last 500 barrels of a net "voyage" that produced 2,200 barrels of sperm oil in sixteen months—an exceptionally short cruise with a result big enough to make even the old whalers of New Bedford town admire.

Canton sailed the whale grounds of all the seven seas long before the garish days of kerosene. It carried the American flag around the world long before many American steamships were on the seas. It struck whale in waters almost unknown to the rest of the maritime world. And stout in every timber, able as the day when it was launched, with ribs so well preserved that they chip fresh and bright under the shipwright's adze, it promises to carry its white and blue house flag, with the black letter "W" on the white and the red ball on the blue field, the famous old pennant of the Wings of New Bedford, around the world for many years to come.

They treat it lovingly. Scarcely were the last barrels of oil out of it before the ship carpenters were in it—ripping up planks and sheathing to investigate its hidden timbers, replacing worn stuff with new, overhauling it from stem to stern. Since it was launched, it has been renewed again and again from keelson to truck. But never an inch of its old model has been altered. It swims today, as it swam more than half a century ago, a typical whaler of the far-off days when men built ships like churches.

Its first whaling voyage was in 1841. It was known as Canton II then, for New Bedford men owned a full-rigged ship also named Canton. That ship was lost in 1852 off the Japan coast and only a few of its crew managed to reach shore, after weeks of suffering in open boats.

The bark Canton is only 225 tons burden, but it looks as big as a merchantman, for it towers out of the water with bulky sides and its fat bowsprit is almost as big as a mast. Its immense black timber davits are as powerful and stout as the bent cranes on a modern steel warship. As it lies at the wharf now, dismantled, to rest until it shall bow and courtesy to the ocean rollers again, it needs little imagination to people its high bulwarks with the dead and gone whaling men of a forgotten generation.

The log of its voyage just ended is a story book. It was kept by an American sailorman of parts, its first mate, Arthur O. Gibbons, whose fist wielded the lance to search the "life" of a whale in the day time and at night wielded the more gentle pen with easeful simplicity.

He recounts how the bark cast off from New Bedford wharf on Tuesday, April 18, 1901, and how on the next day nearly all the crew became seasick. "So ends this day," he says. On the third day many of the crew still were in that unhappy condition, not rare on whalers, where there always are a number of new hands and a proportion of old ones who have become stale with the land and need to get their sea stomachs again.

The third day brought excitement enough to cure them all for, though the ship was still near the coast off New Jersey, it sailed smack into a great school of mighty sperm whales that hammered the water into whiteness as far as man could see. "Tuesday, April 21, 1901," says the log, "sighted a large school of whale. Lowered larboard and waist boats. Waist boat struck a forty barrel whale and got carted out of town to windward. Turned whale up at 7 p. m. and started to tow to vessel, but weather becoming very squally, let go. So ends this day."

The entry is silently, but eloquently embellished with a picture of a whale's tail



CAPTAIN FRANK LEWIS AND \$1,400 WORTH OF WHALEBONE.

sticking out of water. That means that the result of the day's chase was a fluke.

But Canton was to make up for that first fluke. The promise of the third day out was richly fulfilled during the cruise, for the bark found whale throughout the North Atlantic.

It was a most uneventful voyage. So say officers and crew. So says its handsome young captain, Nicholas R. Vieira. These are some of the uneventful events:

A few days after striking the first whale and being "carted out of town" by the swift brute, the bark lowered four boats. At 1 p. m., the larboard boat struck a big whale. At 4:30 p. m., the waist boat got her iron into one. The two whales during their runs swam toward each other and the two boats collided, and were hauled along helter skelter. The fourth mate's boat, pulled by strong arms, shot into the second whale. As quickly as he struck, the first mate cut his line and got clear and both whales were killed and brought alongside by 7:30 p. m. One of them produced twenty-five barrels and the other thirty barrels.

In the mix-up the first mate got his wrist badly cut by a sharp lance that was sticking out of one of the boats. "The captain," says the log briefly, "stitched the wound." The captain had more severe surgery than that to perform before the voyage was ended. One day sperm whales were "raised" at 10:30 a. m. The first, second and third mate's boats were lowered at once and they chased the big fellows all day long. It was hard work, for the whales were shy and hard to get at.

Hours passed and it was 6 p. m. before the third mate managed at last to strike. He got his harpoon into a mighty one. The instant the iron entered, the black monster turned with the wallowing of a warship and dashed at the boat. Before it could back away the whale had thrown himself over on his side and sent his immense flipper, bigger by far than the whole whaleboat, crashing down.

By the narrowest of chances, just how no man aboard could tell, the crew managed to get the boat far enough out of reach so that the huge mass of gristle-pounded the sea instead. The shock of that blow sent the boat spinning dizzily as if it were in a whirlpool. When the men could see again for spray and water, they found the boat's steerer sitting in the bottom with his arm broken in two places. Somehow the flipper had caught him. The boat, though somewhat injured in the fight,

was still fast and the whale rushed off at railroad speed. The first mate's boat managed to get a harpoon into him as he went by and as it began to tow, the damaged boat cut loose and reached the ship. Then the captain set his boat steerer's arm, while the first mate fought the whale. For five hours the wicked creature battled, trying again and again to crush the little wasp that was stinging him. It was midnight before his brave heart failed him and the mate could bring his boat near enough to thrust the long lance into the "life," the place near the middle of the huge mass where the vital organs are.

Another day there were "whitewaters" all around. Whitewaters are the foamy patches made by the whales. The starboard and larboard boats lowered. The starboard boat struck a male whale, only seven barrels. The larboard boat struck a big fellow and while towing, the line was suddenly parted by being cut by one of the keen killing-lances. Mate Sylvia lowered a boat, struck him and got smashed by the maddened whale almost at once. The starboard boat then struck a small whale and got him. That day there were many small whale (blackfish) around the boat, and a great many of the swift killer whales that attack the huge right whales with more ferocity than sharks.

A few days afterward there came another "uneventful day." The bark lowered four boats to chase. The starboard boat struck a "very small whale and capsized." The next boat darted in and fastened to the whale and got him. The larboard boat struck another whale, got caught by his flukes and was badly smashed up. The log gives a line to the episode and remarks mournfully, with a picture of a fluke, "lost whale."

Six days afterward the bark lowered at 6:20 a. m. and chased a lone whale until 3:20 p. m. without getting near enough to strike. The boats then started in with the crews disgusted, when they found themselves in the midst of a school of big sperm whale. The starboard boat at once struck a large bull. The larboard boat struck a cow. Both whale were fastened alongside by 8 p. m.

The next day the bark got four big whales, each boat fastening to one.

A long day's work was when the look-out raised a huge whale at 6 a. m. one day. The boats were lowered at 7 a. m., the larboard boat struck at 8:30 a. m., the whale was in the flurry by 9 a. m., he was alongside and chained by his tail and fast to blocks and falls by 10 a. m., by 11 a. m. the cutting stages were rigged and the "cutting-in" was begun, at 7 p. m. the last strip of blubber had been ripped off with the tackle and the "case" had been cut out, and at 11 p. m. the fires had been flaring under the try works amidship. But no one kicked at the labor, for this whale was the whaler's prize, a hundred-barrel fish.

On February 6 the log briefly describes another uneventful day by saying, "Lost whale by third mate getting kicked overboard." They got three others that day. The third mate apparently survived his rude treatment by the whale, for a later entry in the log records that he enjoyed another serene and placid day by striking a whale in the morning and getting capsized on the whale's back. The second mate's boat took the line and killed the fish. The third mate tried to return the favor afterward by taking the line from the second mate when that man's boat struck a whale and got badly "stove." But the line parted. Seeing the whale escaping, the captain himself lowered, but the beast got clear before the boat reached him. The literary mate ornamented this entry in the log with an extra large picture of a fluke.

The third mate had another piece of hard luck when he struck a very large whale and killed him almost at once, the big fellow taking the harpoons and the

lance thrusts almost as quietly as a cow. But hardly had he been killed before the weather became so wicked that even the daring whalers could not hold on and the monster was lost after all their work.

While the United States was waiting in anxiety as never before in twenty years, watching the bulletins from Buffalo where the president lay dying, Canton, with her crew all ignorant of the tragedy, was fighting a tremendous gale between the Azores and the Cape Verde islands. Even the self-restrained log records it as a "terrible gale from the south with tremendous seas. The vessel," says the chronicler, "was on its beam ends. Bored holes in two of the oil casks and let oil run out to smooth the sea as much as possible. Called watches all down below and kept all hands in steerage. Battened down fore-castle scuttle. At 12:30 the fore-topmast staysail blew out of bolt ropes. Soon after starboard boat was blown from davits. The sea took forward davit and bearer with it. Bread cask was torn from lashings and gangway board and rail was washed on deck. Bread cask went through gangway. Decks were continually swept by seas making it dangerous to move about decks. At 1 p. m. starboard boat was carried away and after davits also. Only a little piece of stem and gunwale was left hanging by the hook on forward davit. Cook's slush barrel washed overboard at 2 a. m. Vessel was in trough of the sea all the time. So ends this day."

Holidays went unmarked on the whaler. July 4 was celebrated by repairing a boat stove in by a big fish. Last Christmas was marked by swift killer whales that attack the huge right whales with more ferocity than sharks.

Miss Lulu Lloyd



The subject of the above portrait is well known to many Nebraskans and figures quite prominently in many philanthropic and benevolently inclined organizations. Born and reared in Nebraska City, her energies vibrate through local, county and state Women's Christian Temperance union and Equal Suffrage associations; at present as assistant superintendent of the Nebraska Children's Home society, with its multiplied routine of duties and jurisdiction reaching over middle and western parts of the state, Miss Lloyd scarcely needs an introduction to the general public. In the realm of dramatic art many states and chautauquas claim her and this is the main-spring of the present enthusiasm created among the oratorical loving populace of her own Hastings district and Children's Home society. Miss Lloyd is without question one of the coming women of the state.