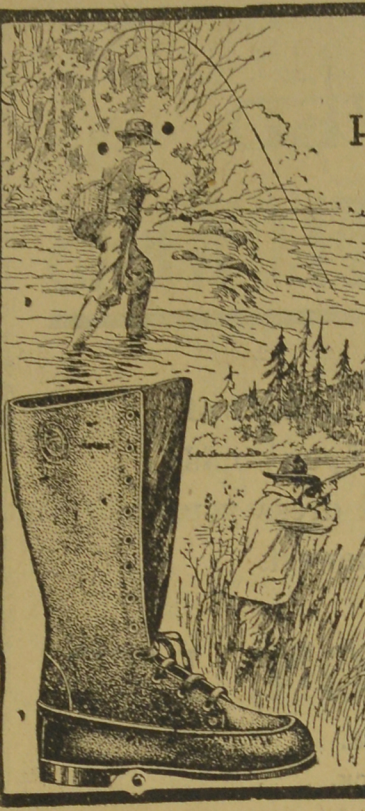




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A VETERAN SAILOR TELLS OF HARDSHIPS OF THE SEA

Running the Easting down in the Roaring Forties under storm canvas, close-reefed, lashed to the pumps for days and nights without respite, we had no jobs for weaklings in my day, writes Captain George F. Boughton in "The London Daily Mail." It was pump or sink, with only a chew of tobacco for solace. High up aloft furling sails, we whirled giddily in wide circles through the air, with a swaying rope stretched under the yard as our only foothold, and above us the wet canvas ballooned out as stiff as a board and often coated with ice. A slip with numbed and bleeding hands, one false move in the darkness and the chances were that the sharks would hold a banquet on you.

The sea was then a hard school, voyages often lasting for years. Anybody could sign on as cook, no examination being required. At seven

bells he flung something into our tin kit with a thud that suggested a lump of broken cement rather than salt horse. God sent food and the devil sent cooks!

In San Francisco, where crews deserted wholesale, many a respectable but unwary citizen in reduced circumstances was lured to a waterside boarding house and drugged in my day. When he came to he found himself in a three-skysail yarder bound to Queenstown for orders, hounded up aloft by a bully mate whose chief qualifications was his ability to knock out all comers. The boarding house master was not particular what kind of fish he caught in his net to complete the required crew. Misfits on shore, mostly, and one or two dead men at a pinch, were smuggled on board at night—the kidnappers pretending, of course, that the dead were dead drunk

only. And with this scratch crowd vessels rounded the Horn in the fierce gales of winter.

I made a voyage to Santos thirty-five years ago, when Yellow Jack was rife and claimed whole crews. Such a dread of this wretched spot haunted seamen that if a vessel was likely to touch there all hands deserted immediately, regardless of what port they happened to be in. In those days to send a man to Santos was almost equivalent to condemning him to death. A big crowd of sailormen lie there still to remind us of the ghastly days gone by.

The racehorses of the sea, the clipper ships, raced home from China with the first teas of the season in 100 days, amid excitement and interest among landsmen rivaling that aroused by the derby; and once when I was offered command of the Samuel Plimsoll, I felt overcome with justifiable emotions.

Well! The glorious days of sail are over, gone forever. Gone with them are our sailors, romance also, and the blue pigeon. Geordie brigs and South Spainers, sea chanties, sea chests and cracker hash.

If I had my life to re-live, I would cheerfully endure the hardships of the sea again. It bred a fine race of sturdy seamen and helped to build old England's prosperity. A prey to pirates and to scurvy, thrown on their own resources, but accustomed to bear perils and hardships with fortitude and indomitable courage, they carried the flag as pioneers to every part of the globe. The sailorman was the most religious of all men, through experience of the wonders of the universe and the deep sea. I take off my hat to his memory.

Old Stormalong has gone to rest. Of all the sailors he was best. We'll dig his grave with a golden spade. And lower him down with a golden chain. By all his shipmates blest.

Armies are pretty much alike. In ours, the general's aide is a raincoat holder. In China he opens the Old Man's umbrella.

There are fewer stage-struck girls now than in the Nineties, says a play producer. On the other hand, not so many are kitchen-struck, either.

NEWTON NEWKIRK INCLINED TO THINK THAT A WOMAN CAN OUTFISH STERNER SEX

Can a woman outfish a man?

Even if she lacks his experience as an angler, do the gods of Luck come to her rescue and put it into the hearts of the mighty salmon of the Tobique River in New Brunswick, Canada, to pause on their long pilgrimage from the sea to the headwaters long enough to seize the gaudily bedecked and caparisoned fly which she offers to him with perhaps not quite the finished grace of the veteran fisherman?

These are some of the questions which Newton Newkirk, versatile Boston Columnist who was once President of the American Press Humorists Association and because of his fame as a writer on out-of-door subjects also was at one time editor of the National Sportsman, enquired into while fishing on the Tobique recently and his answer, after studying the records kept at Ogilvy Brothers' Camps on the Tobique, where he has annually been a guest for the past fifteen years, is in the affirmative. Here is an instance he quotes in an article written at Ogilvy's camps:

"Harry P. Furniss of Kissel, Kinnicut & Co., brokers, No. 14 Wall Street is here. Mr. Furniss, in New York City, is an energetic bond salesman. Up here on the Tobique he is a hard-working fisherman.

With him came his daughter, Miss Catherine, just out of her teens, who decided she would this time spend her vacation with her Dad, for a change, instead of trotting around Europe. What Miss Furniss knew about the art of casting for Atlantic salmon when she arrived here a few days ago, would fill quite a sizable volume. She knows more now, however, and here is the truth to prove it.

10 Pools to Fish.

There are ten salmon pools available up and down the Tobique from here for the guests of these camps, and these pools are assigned and alternated twice each day so that each fisherman will have a whack at each pool in turn. Each pool is fished twice daily from about 9 until 1 and from 3 until dark. Now one of the favorite Ogilvy pools is the Gulquack, so called because a brawling stream by that name empties into the Tobique at the head of it.

Well, when the anglers came in for luncheon yesterday, not one of them had a salmon. In the afternoon Miss Furniss chanced to draw the Gulquack pool and set off for it half-a-mile up river in the canoe with Jock Ogilvy, her guide, poling in the stern. Wishes for good luck from all the others went with her.

As the shadows lengthened the mighty salmon fishermen showed up at camp one by one with reports of no luck and an intimation, in one or two cases, of their belief that there wasn't a salmon in the river.

Henry Ogilvy was out with me. We fished the Jenkins Pool, four miles down river, and the only luck I had during the afternoon was not to fall out of the canoe when the end of my casting seat slipped off the gunwale—and another time when I was trying to show Hen how much line I could cast and like to have hung myself by the neck until dead! When I got myself all unsnarled and after he'd pulled up the anchor to untangle my line from the rope, Hen suggested that perhaps it would be just as well for me not to break the long distance casting record on the Tobique, because, in his opinion, I couldn't come within a mile of it anyway!

Dad Fails to Raise a Fish.

Mr. Furniss arrived back at the home camps just after Hen and I polied in and he and I exchanged condolences. He had fished the Lower Pool and hadn't raised a fish. "Where is Catherine?" he asked. "Up to the Gulquack Pool with Jock," answered a guide. "I s'pose the poor kid'll come drifting down river presently with aching arms and no fish," commented her Dad; "there's a lot in the way the fly is presented to these foxy old salmon—and Catherine is new at casting."

But Catherine and Jock didn't come drifting down as soon as predicted. We proceeded to eat our suppers. Dusk had fallen on the river and the pale Tobique moon was climbing above the spruces when down river in the faint sunset's afterglow, came Miss Catherine and Jock, who swung the canoe around to the landing.

"What luck?" we all wanted to know as we lined up on the bank. Miss Furniss was smiling, but volunteered no information. Jock, her guide, was equally silent, but we got the answer to our question when he soberly lifted from the canoe and laid on the

lawn which borders the river bank, seven beautiful Atlantic salmon!

72½ Pounds in Catch.

We all blinked, rubbed our eyes and gasped in astonishment. Mr. Furniss was perhaps the most amazed of all. He looked at the fish, then at his daughter and wanted to know if, by any chance, there was a fish market up-river where Atlantic salmon could be bought! It was here that Jock made the declaration that the young lady had hooked and played to the point of fatigue where he could gaff it, every one of the seven salmon—that he had taken the rod only once when she had begged him to do so to rest her aching wrists for a few minutes when she was wrestling with the biggest one.

Weighed before witnesses, here are the weights in pounds of fish—8½, 10, 10, 10½, 11, 12½—making a total of 72½ pounds of salmon for the afternoon's fishing. This, by the way, breaks the camps' record for a half-day's fishing.

Modest About it.

Miss Furniss took her honors very modestly. When congratulated and asked if she didn't think she had done a wonderful thing, she said she believed it was largely a matter of luck because so many salmon happened to be in that particular pool, and also because she had a good guide to tell her what to do.

"And to think," said her Dad, "that I lashed that lower pool until I thought I hadn't a shoulder blade left! Here I've been fishing salmon for years and my kid-daughter goes out and trims me to a fare-thee-well! Can you beat it?"

But everybody present saw plainly from the twinkle in Dad's eye that he was greatly pleased to be trimmed.

HOW ONTARIO FARMER FOILED A BANDIT

(Toronto Globe.)

All the elements to make a "penny dreadful" were present in the grim struggle that took place in a lonely and dark farmhouse near Beeton on Friday night between a farmer and a bandit, resulting in the death of the latter at the hands of the former. Entering his home late at night, the farmer was greeted with the usual formula to stay where he was or he would be killed. Instead of complying with the request he grappled with the armed thug, and in the ensuing struggle killed him.

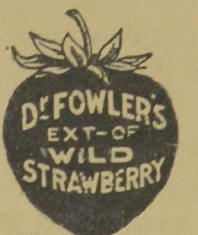
The event is worthy of particular note in view of the frequency with which armed bandits have pursued their work with apparent impunity within the confines of Toronto. Time and again in the past few months bandits have defied police, burglar alarms and armed employees and have succeeded in robbing banks and other institutions and escaping scot free with thousands of dollars. And yet here is a lone unarmed man far removed from all help, and not knowing the number of this assailant, who literally fights to the death for the protection of his life property. That it took courage to grapple with the desperado under these conditions no one will deny.

It has long been said that the farmers are the backbone of the country, and in more ways than one it seems to be true. Does it mean that the life of the farm develops more of the qualities of courage and resourcefulness than the life of the city? The Beeton adventure seems to indicate that. Of course it may be only an indication of the fact that a man will always fight more for the protection of his own property and take more desperate chances to safeguard it than he will for the property of others. Most people will be inclined to say that this is only human nature. However that may be, many banks will no doubt wish they had a few Hodges on their staffs.

JUDGE DIES IN TORONTO

Toronto, July 26.—Mr. Justice Houghton I. S. Lennox, Judge of the High Court Division of the Supreme Court of Ontario died at his home here tonight aged 77, after an illness of slightly more than three weeks. He was unable to take his place as vacation judge at the beginning of July on account of illness and thereafter did not return to Osgoode Hall.

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