

FISHERS OF NANTASKET HAVE TURNED RUM CHASERS; WHALE CREATES LITTLE EXCITEMENT

A whale appeared off Surfside on Nantasket island not so long ago and created no excitement except among the remaining summer residents. It was the first time a leviathan had spouted off Nantasket shores in twenty years, the old sea captains said, but none of them started a step to see the sight that used to arouse the whole island to activity, says a writer in the New York World.

This time no cry of "Thar she blows" arose from keen eyed men on top of whale towers no messengers set out to arouse the fisherman and no whale boats put out from shore. Only the Surfside bus driver carried the word to town and only "off islanders" rushed over to see what they had never seen before. The old fishermen responded to the excitement with a sceptical eye and allowed "maybe the summer people only thought they seen a whale."

40-Foot Whale Seen.

And the prize was a sperm whale, forty feet long or more, such as would have meant barrels of oil and dollars in the bank less than a hundred years ago on Nantasket island. Someone at Surfside fired a few casual shots and somebody else wished that the great beast would swim in too far and ground himself. But the shots went wide and whale stayed a comfortable distance from shore, flipping his great tail as if he knew that now he was perfectly safe in the former metropolis of the whaling industry. He entertained the visitors at Surfside for the afternoon and then gave an evening performance off Madaket.

Nantucket would have just as much use for a whale at the present moment as it would have for the Woolworth Building. Perhaps some one is still alive who was a whale cutter in his youth, but no one knew and the last of the two whaling captains died in 1913. The last whale was tried out on the bark Amy, lying at Old North Wharf, in 1870. Now what is left of all the tri-works on the island is found in the basement of the Historical Society Museum. The old Candle House and a few other buildings left from the whaling days are art galleries and studios and the Mud Shore, once the haunt of sailors from the whaling fleet, is a popular section of the summer colony.

Men Still Fish There.

Fishing boats still sail from Nantucket, but they seem almost to be intruders among the shining power boats and graceful yachts. Business forms a background for pleasure on the docks as well as elsewhere on the island.

Only at the Straight Wharf, built in 1720 for sea going whale ships is there ceaseless activity among sea-faring men and here the summer

people have no place except as idle spectators. This wharf stirs with a new kind of business for Nantucket Island. Around this dock the snubnosed seventy-five footers of the Coast Guard patrol are tied up—those restless little craft which infest the shores of the Atlantic and are gradually pushing Rum Row far out to sea.

They are stout craft, painted the blue gray slate known to the navy as "war color" and are able to ride out storms in a way which their inland crews at first believed impossible. The sailors who have been to sea before they joined the Coast Guard are relatively few. Here are fresh faced boys from Kentucky and Carolina hills and tall rangy youngsters from the corn belt, who still get seasick after nine months in the service; gentlemen rankers who speak with a university accent; boys from the slums who ran away to go to sea, together with a seasoning of ex-navy men as New England fishermen and merchant sailors from many ports with brilliantly tattooed arms and chests.

Most of them thought it was going to be an exciting life. "Exciting life," one said, "say I thought it was going to be when I read those pretty posters up in Boston. Chasing rum runners out to sea and capturing them and all of that. I believed those posters. Can you beat it? Not much had happened since the war, you know, and then I got in the army instead of the navy. Always thought it would be great to go to sea. This sounded great on a dull day. Haven't had enough excitement to keep a cat awake."

Some excitement yes, one of the skippers said. But the Coast Guard doesn't talk such. However the patrol boats carry wicked-looking one pounders forward—with machine guns below just in case the rum-runners start anything. And the number of rum boats trying to steal through the Coast Guard barrier is said to be less than it was before the seventy-fives started in to get rid of them. Some low-lying black speed boats tied up at the Straight Wharf bear witness to some Coast Guard activity.

"Isn't much trouble to get 'em" the skipper said "because they know those guns shoot. Sort of goes against the grain, though to take a man's life over a bottle of rum."

Fishing was bad when the skipper signed on with the Coast Guard which was offering inducements to men who knew how to handle boats. They anted tall, bronzed Cape Codders whose eyes were narrowed with much watching of treacherous shoals off the New England coast and plenty of acquaintance with possible hiding places for rumrunner. But chasing rum boats, the skipper said isn't much compared to fishing. No-body can tell you what you have to do on your fishing boat, he said. And just watch him get back to fishing when this rum war is over.

OLD WASH TUB MAY WIND UP IN A MUSEUM

Chicago, Dec. 9.—The old farm wash tub apparently is destined to be a museum piece.

Bath tubs and washing machines are going into farm homes so fast that statisticians can barely keep count, the American Farm Bureau Federation was told today.

"Bath tubs in American farm homes total 1,275,252 or an average of one tub for every five farms," said Miss Irene Foley, home economist expert of Wichita, Kans.

"Thirty-eight per cent of the farm women of America have abandoned the slavery of the wash board in favor of washing machines."

MAY SUCCEED GOV. COCKSHUT

Ottawa, Dec. 9.—The name of William Donald Ross of Toronto is now said to be under consideration in connection with the Lieutenant-Governorship of Ontario. Mr. Ross is a director of the Bank of Nova Scotia and President of the Porto Rico Railway. He was born in Nova Scotia in 1869.



Of Interest to the Women

FLUFFY DANCING GOWNS.

It is logical enough, this development of dance frocks of a fluttery sort. In the spirited movement of the modern dance one produces a much more effective picture when garbed in dresses that have movement in themselves and come under the animated silhouette. The two tiered skirt belongs in this category, also skirts with circular insets and flying panels, and group pleatings so arranged as to accentuate movement.

Several of the most charming models of the new season are in tiers, a type particularly pleasing for the jeunes filles and fortunately possible for older women. Those less slender than the debutante are admonished to choose tiers set at a diagonal line or at least that are made irregular by some dip, curve or interrupted line. It is true—unfortunately for the large woman—unfortunately for the are rather in the ascendancy but there is solace in the thought that surplice lines are again in favor and that straight ones are hardly perennials.

There are clever ways of slenderizing the tiered line; by the introduction of fringe, for example, which is possible for large as well as for small women, though perhaps in a more restrained use. Many of the new fringes are metalized. The world at large seems rather converted to the scintillating evening gown.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

Beet shells stuffed with minced sweet peppers are delicious. Cut candied grapefruit makes a nice garnish for coffee ice cream.

Baked fish served with tomato catsup is a palatable change. Large sized baking powder cans look are nice to strain puddings in.

Glaze sweet rolls by brushing them with milk before baking. Chocolate gelatine is delicious with marshmallow mint sauce.

When sewing peroxide will remove stains from a pricked finger. If troubled with rats in the cellar strew the floor with chloride of lime.

If a cornstarch custard lumps in the making, beat it with an egg beater.

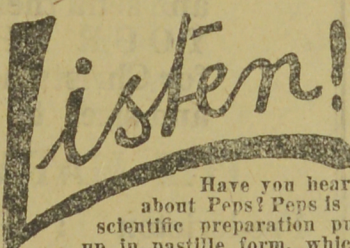
An interesting dessert is made with spiced peaches molded in lemon jelly.

Lemon butter will keep for months if it is put in a jar in a dry place.

Chopped cold boiled ham and tartare sauce make a good sandwich filling.

MINCEMEAT.

1 pound lean boiled beef
1-2 pound finely chopped suet
1 quart boiled cider
2½ cups brown sugar
1½ teaspoons salt
1 1-2 teaspoons allspice
1 tablespoon mace
1 teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon cinnamon
2 quarts chopped apples



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Peps

2 cups raisins
1 cup currants
1 cup minced citron
1 pint grape juice
Put the boiled beef through a food chopper and combine with suet, apples, sugar, raisins, currants, citron and seasonings. Add boiled cider and grape juice and cook the apples. If the mincemeat is cooked two hours more grape juice may need to be added. Stir frequently.

ORANGE MINCEMEAT.

1 pound boiled and skinned beef tongue.
½ pound finely chopped suet
3 cups raisins
1 cup currants
2 quarts chopped apples
4 cups sugar
1 cup finely cut candied orange peel
Grated rind of two lemons
2 teaspoons nutmeg
2 teaspoons salt
2 teaspoon mace
2 teaspoons ginger
1 quart grape juice

Cut the cooked tongue in pieces and put through a food chopper. Combine with suet, fruit, sugar, spices and grated lemon. Add grape juice and cook until apples are done if to be used immediately; two hours if to be canned. Cook very slowly and stir often.

DOOMED TO BE DISAPPOINTED.

"I know I'll get a lot of toys" Said little Oswald Hagg, "But what's the use when all I want's A little puppy dog."

"And how long were you engaged to Ffine?" "I don't really know! I didn't look at my watch."

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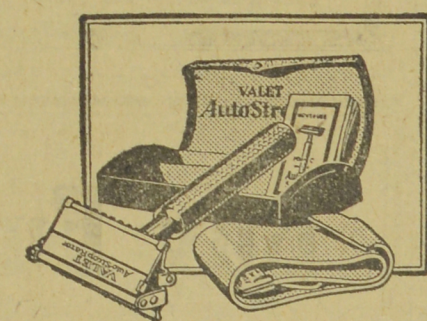
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