

THE FIGHT OF THE SCHOONER



BY JULIUS W. MILLER.

"HAT fellow," said the pilot, wrestling into his yellow oil-skins, "is so mean that he just eternally hates to slow down for us, let alone stop. Now he knows he's got to take us, but the thought of the money breaks his heart, and he makes him so sure that he'd just love to see the yawl bust up against his sides."

"That fellow" was coming along in a smoother of a bow sea. It smoked clear over his forecastle head every time he hoisted himself over a roller and dived down into the trough.

"Watch Dave get him," said one of the pilots remaining on the pilot schooner, as they watched Dave critically. That stout, sedate and dignified person presented the uncanny spectacle of sitting bodily in the green Winter Atlantic, for the little yawl was mostly lost to sight and when the waves overran along her ridiculous sides, all that could be seen was the broad yellow expanse of Dave's back.

"He's mean from his garboard strake to the top of his sail head," continued the pilot. "Tramp down West Ind'y way with second quality salt codfish that is that high that they can smell him coming down in San Domingo before he more than clears Sandy Hook. Now he's coming back full of lemons, hides and codfishes, and what with him engines and dirty coal he's lost so much time that most of his business has probably gone bad, and so he's mad as a blue crab. He'll try to give Dave a whirl now. Just watch him get left."

The yawl had vanished bodily. Only a momentary gleam of yellow, dipping in and out among the ridged seas, gave evidence that Dave was still on top of the tons of water and not underneath them.

A Blind Captain.

The tramp thundered along, her captain looking with impressive fixity of gaze to every particular point of the horizon where there was no pilot-boat. She hit each sea with thunder. The waves flashed over her bows and sides like shots from great guns. Her stubby masts and her reeking funnel wavered back and forth like the restless hands of a speed indicator, and her masts laden lathered the sea to starboard and then to port and back to starboard again.

Now there was a tiny yellow dot in the haze dead ahead. But the captain never looked. His ship wallowed on stolidly. Suddenly the yellow gleam rose on a great wave so that for a breathless instant it hung higher than the ugly round bow of the tramp. Then it disappeared. As it went down, the tramp's nose went up, up, up. For a moment it hung there, half the red forefoot showing clear of the Atlantic and water pouring from her as it runs down a mountain side in a Spring flood. Then it went vanishing deep into the sea, burying her nose as if she were minded to dive.

From the jigger's rig, not half her length could be seen in the foundering sea that rose after that terrific stroke. And the yawl? Why, she was crushed under, of course. Had she not been right there as the iron prow hammered down?

But what was that, driving away from under the rusty side? And what was that, swinging up that rattle nearly twisting like a teetotum, now clinging like a fly, now dangling wide over the hollow sea?

"Have my weight 200 pounds all right," said one of the pilots contentedly, as he snatched at the cabin top to balance himself, "but they ain't any \$50-a-month captain of a Norwegian tramp that can find him, I guess."

The yellow speck on the wasted side of the frailer went slowly up, up, like a golden spider climbing out of the sea, and presently dipped over the rail.

The pilot-boat stopped her jiggering and lay down. The water raced astern along her submerged rail. She headed across the track of the ship and made her course so well that her rearing bowsprit pointed straight at the tramp as he rounded past.

Nobody said a word. The tramp's captain looked at something far away beyond any possible schooner. Dave stood on the bridge looking straight ahead. The pilot and the crew of the schooner never cracked a smile or showed by sign that they had ever seen Dave before.

While they were still enjoying their solemn little sea-joke, "my turn now," said another pilot, diving into the cabin and emerging again in momentary nearness brushed and clad in reproachlessly correct shore togs from polished shoes to steekless linen and fashionable derby hat. For a way there was another sporting in the dizzying sea; but this was not a sporting of a struggling tramp. It was something that did not wait for a sea to hit, but hit the sea first—smash! bang! smash! and hard as a prizefighter going in to finish a beaten foe before the gong sounds.

It grew out of the white trouble of cloud like a magic lantern view on a screen. Two bright red lanterns uprose. Two dainty yacht-like masts cut the sky. A long, stumpy, black body sprang from surge to surge, hardly seeming to sink in a trough before it was rising clear again to breast the next long running roller.

Not 15 minutes before it had been almost hull down. Now the men on the schooner could count the dazzling porpoises and see bright garments flutter on the crowded decks that rose in four huge tiers.

The pilot schooner crossed her bows for a moment and exchanged her bows for a pendulum-like pitch and plunge—give the yawl a lee. The little boat slid



over, the pilot was in her, the pair of eyes gripped the sea like great wooden hands and pulled her away before the next wave, quick as it ran, could touch her.

The Big Kaiser Comes.

"That's the Kaiser," said the remaining pilot. "Now you'll see a piece of steamer boarding that is boarding. If they keep on building these liners bigger, we'll be needing an airship, instead of a yawl, to reach their deck one of these days."

The schooner began to jig again, steering straight into the course of the oncoming ship. The yawl was sliding over the hills just a little beyond. With a roar of water about a roar of water astern, a roar of steam overhead, the great Kaiser came down on top of both.

Now just before, the landsman at her girning, "Now Dave had to go up into the sky, and then, all at once, all the wild December gale was shut off from her canvas as the steel wall of the Kaiser Wilhelm piered between her and the wind.

To look up to her highest deck from the deck of the big schooner was like trying to look up to the fourth story of a tall house from a narrow street. And that is just what it was for the Kaiser, a roar of water about a roar of water astern, a roar of steam overhead, the great Kaiser came down on top of both.

From the tip of that sheer wall a bit, the snaky thing writhed down until its lower end just hung clear of the green undulations.

"Pretty decent ladders these big fellows give us," said the pilot remaining on the schooner. "Now Dave had to go up into a thing that wasn't much more than an old rope with a few bum pieces of wood lashed on and there. In a sea it's kind of hard to hold on. But the big chaps are mostly using a clever ladder that the secretary of our board, Mr. Nash, fixed up. It's got wooden rungs that have oval holes in the sides for the sailor's hands to grip, and the rungs are wide and flat enough so they lay against the ship and aren't as likely to let the ladder twist and spin. That gives a man some sort of a show. Watch Captain Jim now and you'll see how they go up the liner's sides. I s'pose that's what you came out to write up. It beats me how you fellows that have all New York to write about, always hanker to write up this sort of thing that's as old as the day is long. But you just ask me questions now and I'll tell you what little I know."

Well, then, the landsman wanted to know, isn't? Now Dave going in stops the executive committee of the American Free Art League is to emphasize in every possible way the fact that the movement is in no way political, but is entirely educational.

Of the value of the agitation to American art students, Thomas Allen, one of the president members of the executive committee of the league and chairman of



WATCH DAVE GET HIM. SING OUT OF THE PILOTS.

green sea that flooded her from the tip of her bowsprit to the shrouds of her mainmast.

"Slowing" Down.

The liner gave a little bark. She stopped leaping and began to plough from wave to wave. The yawl, looking as imposing as a floating medicine bottle, swung alongside and away again in one sweep of the oars. When it slid off, the pilot was hanging to the ladder.

"The yawls always get away quick," said the pilot on the schooner. "That's so that if the pilot should be slung off the ladder he will fall on something soft. We made that a rule long ago after one of our men killed himself falling into the boat."

"Do you mean to say that a man who fell into that sea alongside of this moving ship would have a show for his life?" asked the landsman.

"Well," reflected the pilot, "men ain't not to fall in. But they have done it. Sometimes a man is washed off the ladder, for instance. And most always he's picked up in a jiffy. Stands to reason that a man can't swim much when he's dressed up in winter clothes and oilskins on top of those. He just naturally has to be picked up quick. That's what we've got our men for. They know their business and don't waste much time thinking you know. To be sure, there's always a chance that a man will get sucked under the minute he hits the water, and if he gets under the zeel of a liner, why he gets under something that reaches 30 and more feet down into the water, and so he may not come up again. That has happened. Or he may be swept aft and get into the screw. That has happened, too."

The landsman looked at the water alongside of the rolling liner. It made him think of the way a river slides into a 40-foot lock when the lower gates are opened. Just so it whirled and tumbled and sped alongside of the Kaiser, to toss in rapids where the huge screws were slowly beating the sea.

Cap'n Jim hadn't gotten far. The Kaiser, bowing to a long heave of sea that came from windward, had rolled over and the liner was swinging wide and going through wonderful contortions with its loose end. Cap'n Jim was hanging on philosophically and the men in the yawl were lying on their oars watching restfully.

Suddenly, with a rattle and a smash and a thump and a roar, the whole mighty side of the black steel ship swung



THE PILOT SCHOONER STOPPED HER JIGGERING TO GIVE HER YAWL A LEE.

up into the air and over she lay on her other side.

Slap! went the ladder against her, and the landsman's breath left his body in involuntary sympathy with the way Cap'n Jim's breath must have been knocked out of him by that most awful slam. But Cap'n Jim was skinning up the ladder like a cat and was half way to the deck.

Sometimes remarked the other pilot, a man doesn't manage to fend himself off exactly in time when she rolls like that, and then he certainly does get a right smart punch, and sometimes it even stuns him and he falls into the water. That's always a terrible joke on him afterwards. But Cap'n Jim, now, he's too spry to get caught like that, for all that he'll never board once more and there goes that dangled ladder beginning to twist because that sailor is a lubber that doesn't know enough to put her overboard properly. Those Nash ladders hardly ever twist if they're handled right. But of course the Kaiser is heeling a little, too. Not much, but a little.

Cap'n Jim was twirling with the ladder. But she had not more than begun

her snake-dance before his brown left hand was against the skin of the ship and with both stout legs braced like pillars and his right arm bent like a piece of steel, he conquered the crazy thing and clambered over the rail.

"Good exercise," said the landsman's mentor, approvingly. "Now, I shouldn't wonder but what it might make you pretty tired to climb up that ladder, even if it was on shore. That climb has killed two pilots—John Canvin and Alfred Baudier. It knocked their hearts out, and they died on the ships after they got aboard. Baudier had his hand stretched out to shake with the captain of the ship when he dropped and died right there on the deck."

The landsman looked up the towering ship again and thought that probably few landsmen would ever live to reach the deck. He imagined a rope ladder hanging down from the fourth story of a house with no one on the ground to hold it, and pictured the task of climbing that. Then he thought of the house moving at ten knots an hour and away back and forth erratically; and then he thought of what they had said to him at the pilot board office when he applied for leave to go to sea on a schooner belonging to the service.

"There's really nothing to see any more. The boats don't go out two and three hundred miles to sea to race for ships. Most of the vessels nowadays are bearded near the bar. You'll probably not find much to write about."

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THE FIGHT FOR FREE ART

BOSTON, Dec. 25.—(Special Correspondent.)—If you have not already been specially asked in the name of the art education of the American people to put off the time when American students of painting and sculpture and the applied arts can most advantageously carry on all their studies in their own country, it is in part responsible for the large number of young persons, who, after learning to draw and paint in the schools here, find it best to complete their education in Europe, where examples of the world's best art are most abundant.

"What more than anything else creates an art atmosphere in a community is having art there. That is why our best students, those, for example, who are awarded scholarships in our Museum School, are sent abroad to continue their professional training. They go to Madrid, there to study not only in the Prado, but in private collections the canvases of the great masters of painting; to Florence, to study with public and semi-public galleries from the richest area of art production the world has known; to Italy, France, Holland, Germany—all countries in which every possible facility is extended to American students to become acquainted with the best that has been thought and executed in the fine arts.

"Just because we have not yet accumulated in this country a sufficient number of the best things these traveling fellowships are very necessary to the success of an art school. The actual training in drawing and painting which the prospective artist gets under such men as Tarbell, Benson and Hale, painters, or Bels, L. Pratt, sculptor—to mention those who are absolutely competent. Probably nowhere in the world can the elements of the profession be better learned than here."

\$200,000 Duty on One Collection.

"Students in our American cities already profit more than most people have any idea by the private collections that are being gathered amongst us in spite

A Determined Movement to Secure Removal of the Duty on Works of Art—How the Interests of Students Are Affected.

of the restraining influence of the tariff. There are, in fact, very few notable pictures owned privately in America that are not, from time to time, at the disposal of students for study. The contents of the galleries of such owners as Mr. Freer and Mr. Scripps, of Detroit; Mr. Walters of Baltimore; Mr. Howard Mansfield of New York; Mrs. Sears and Mrs. Gardner of Boston; Mrs. Potter Palmer of Chicago, and scores of others, have time and again been thrown open to the public through loan exhibitions. A recent interesting example is the large group of works belonging to Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears, of Boston, which has been loaned for an indefinite period to the Museum of Fine Arts, and which now gives the hundreds of art students in the city an opportunity for first-hand study of important canvases. Again, the collections in Fenway Court, the Italian palace of Mrs. John L. Gardner, are still thrown open on certain days to the public, which includes, of course, students of art—despite the fact that Mrs. Gardner, in order to be free of government regulation, has paid a duty of nearly \$200,000.

"Many of these owners of art treasures have, furthermore, on almost countless occasions, generously granted special advantages to students who wished to copy or make other studies in their galleries. These, too, it is to be remembered, as the late Senator Hoar once said, that a great majority of the works of art which are imported by private individuals eventually come into possession of public museums. Of 125 paintings by European artists to which our students have daily access in the galleries of the Boston Museum, 113 have paid duty to the United States Government.

Loss to American Students.

"In still another way the tariff is very disadvantageous to American students. It upspreads their opportunities in Europe. Other countries open freely to our young people—as to those, for example, who go abroad on traveling school-



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Corcoran School at Washington, and a great many others, have been sending forth their pupils for many years. Probably the majority are not professional painters and sculptors, for many find their place in industrial pursuits, and many of the women are married; but all of them certainly retain a similar loyalty to their art schools to that which is found among college graduates. This body of art-school alumni and alumnae scattered all over the country, are coining upon us as a powerful element in this campaign for the art education of Congress.

Mr. Allen, like all other members of the executive committee of the Free Art League, says positively that the agitation is one which will not be dropped until something definite has been accomplished. Efforts frequently have been made since 1878 to get the obnoxious duty removed, but never on so large a scale as now. The organization which is attempting to reform the tariff in this single particular was formed at the University Club in New York on April 29, 1905. The following persons at that time were elected as officials: President, Bryan Lathrop, of Chicago; executive committee, chairman, Robert W. de Forest, of New York; treasurer, Holker Abbott, of Boston; secretary, Edward H. Warren, of Boston; Thomas Allen, Boston; Daniel C. Burnham, Chicago; Frank Miles Day, Philadelphia; Halsey C. Ives, St. Louis. The organizing secretary of the committee, who is now in charge of the work in Washington, is Myron E. Pierce.

After a Taste.

Philadelphia Press.

"Well," demanded Miss Starvorn, at the back door, "what do you want?"

"Why," replied the tramp, "I seen you advertised 'table board' in this morning's paper—"

"Well!"

"Well, I thought, maybe, for you given out some samples."