

AUSTRALIA SAILING BOATS

BY E. A. BAYLEY.

Twenty-Two-Foot Racers That Carry Over Thirty-Four Hundred Square Feet of Canvas and Involve Great Skill and Daring

ACTIVE preparations made by the enthusiastic yachtsmen of the Oregon Yacht Club to promote small boat sailing this season promises to eclipse the doings of the past, especially among the mosquito fleet. Sailing crafts have been "tuned up," and are looking sleek and spry from truck to keel, many new types of craft, will be tried out in competition with former cracks; crews are well drilled and good sport is anticipated by those that love things aquatic.

It may be stimulating to local yachtsmen to learn that our cousins in Australia have developed a type of sailing boat, not seen here, of a class where, although admirably adapted to our waters, being "quick in stays," so declared by Captain Hatch, once a famous skipper in old-time races of the sandbagger days, who has recently returned from a cruise to the antipodes. While in Australia he took great interest in witnessing sailing regattas, remarking that the Australian sailing boats best creation for carrying canvas.

Such remarks are substantiated by the well-known aquatic writer, Charles McLaren. In writing of these length chasers, as they are known in Australia, he says:

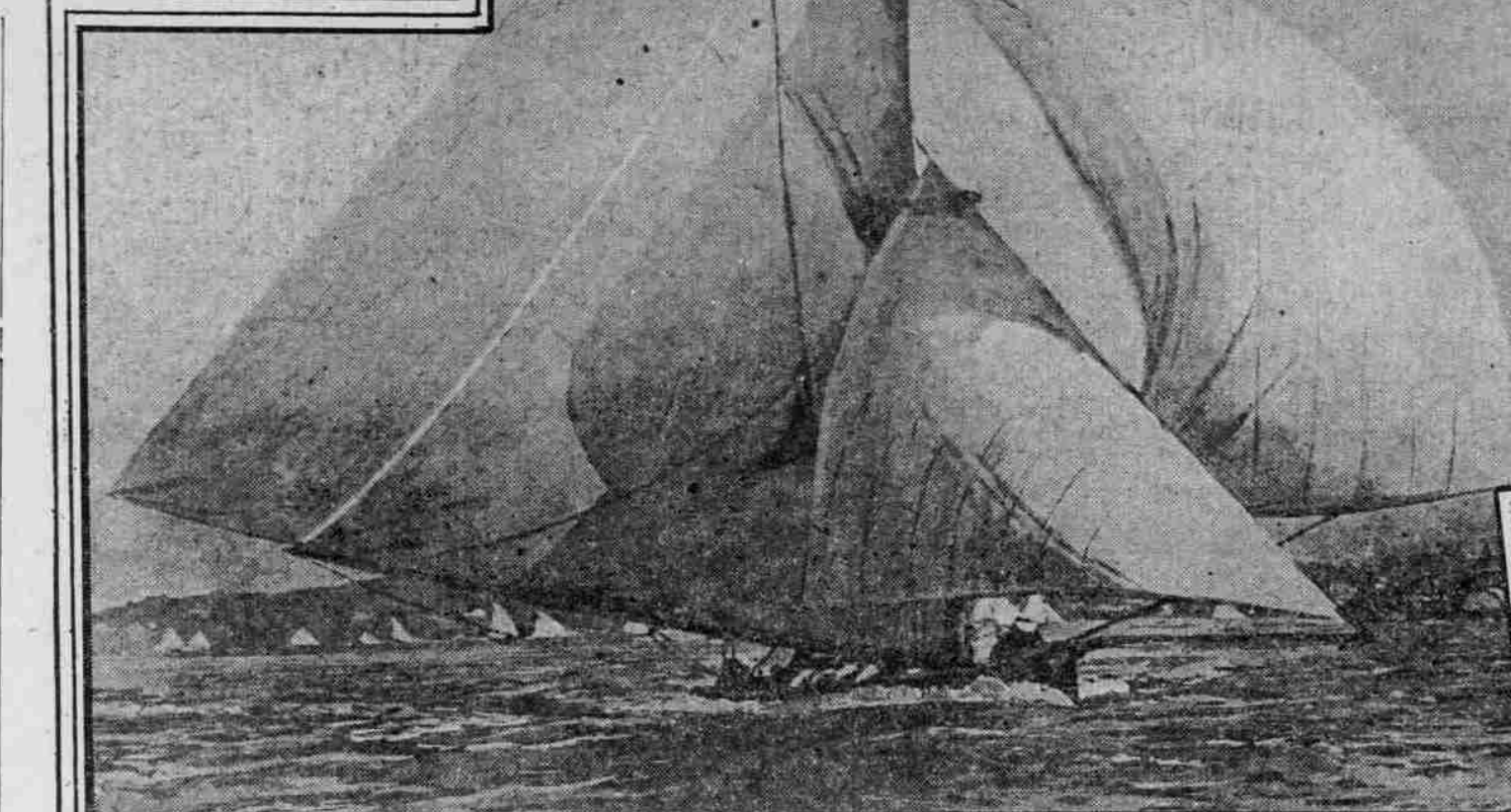
"They are extraordinary affairs altogether. There are six sizes: 8, 10, 14, 15, 20 and 22 feet. The type is similar in all-broad, shallow hulls, with powerful bodies to carry the most colossal sails surely ever put upon mortal fabric of wood, iron and copper."

To give American yachtsmen some idea of what the size of these sails really are, I append the dimensions of a 22-foot champion racer, which carries 2425 square feet of canvas aloft when she is running in a slightly quartering breeze, which certainly eclipses the record of even our own sandbaggers: Length over all, 22 feet; beam, 11 feet; depth, 2 feet 8 inches; sail area, mainsail, 700 square feet; jib, 250 square feet; spinnaker, 100 square feet; square feet, topsail, 156 square feet; jib topsail, 108 square feet; spars, mast, 24 feet 6 inches; boom, 23 feet 6 inches; gaff, 21 feet; bowsprit, 18 feet outboard; spinnaker pole, 44 feet outboard.

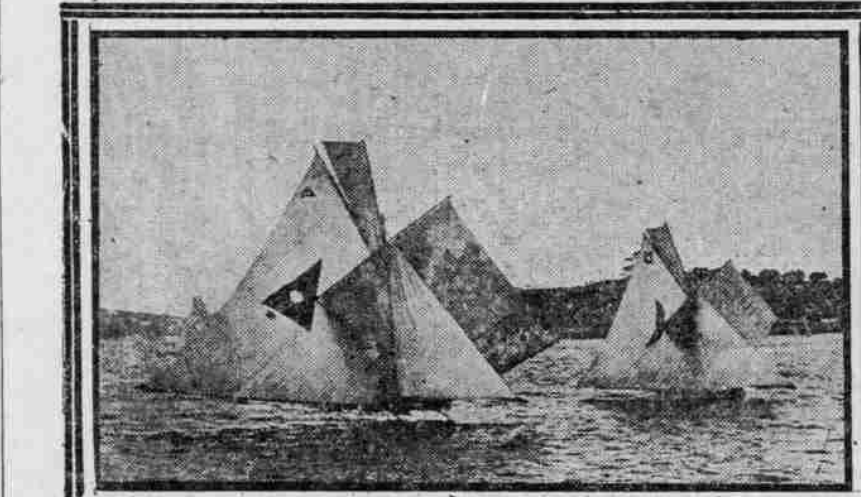
One need hardly remark that to handle these gigantic masses of sail, extraordinary skill is necessary, and as the sails have grown, so does the skill seem to have kept company in their development. Imagine one of the crew standing on a tiny platform like the forepeak of a 22-footer to handle a 44-foot spinnaker boom, shove it forward in the tack of the spinnaker and run up the sail a thousand square feet. Should he get a puff at the wrong moment it would carry him flying in the air. Yet he has the canvas set and drawing in 15 seconds after rounding the weather mark.

I assure you I am not the least exaggerating. It has always seemed to me to be one of the exciting feats of the athletic, if he were to make the slightest mistake, even a momentary hesitation, nothing could save the staggering craft from turning turtle, and baptizing her crew.

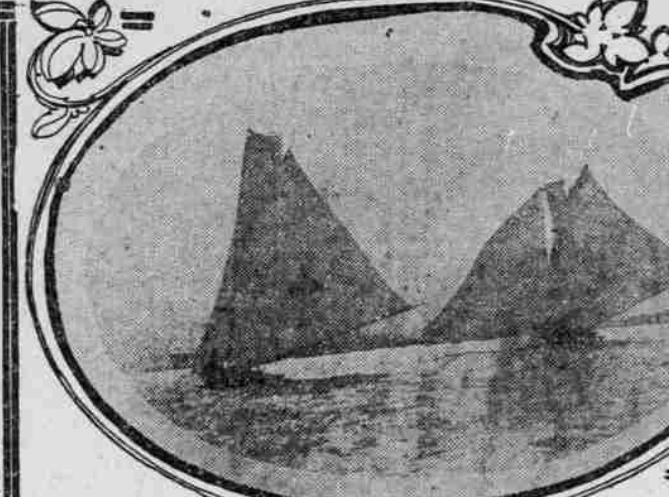
These little crafts show superiority in construction, beautiful models that call for admiration even from those that dub them. They have good floating ability to carry their crews, and are fitted with huge dagger center-boards to enable them to "stand up" under the sail. The sails are made of special fabric, being closely woven to stand the strains of these drawing and driving power under all conditions of weather, being beautifully cut and reflecting much credit on the sail-fitter. Boat sailing as indulged in by the Aus-



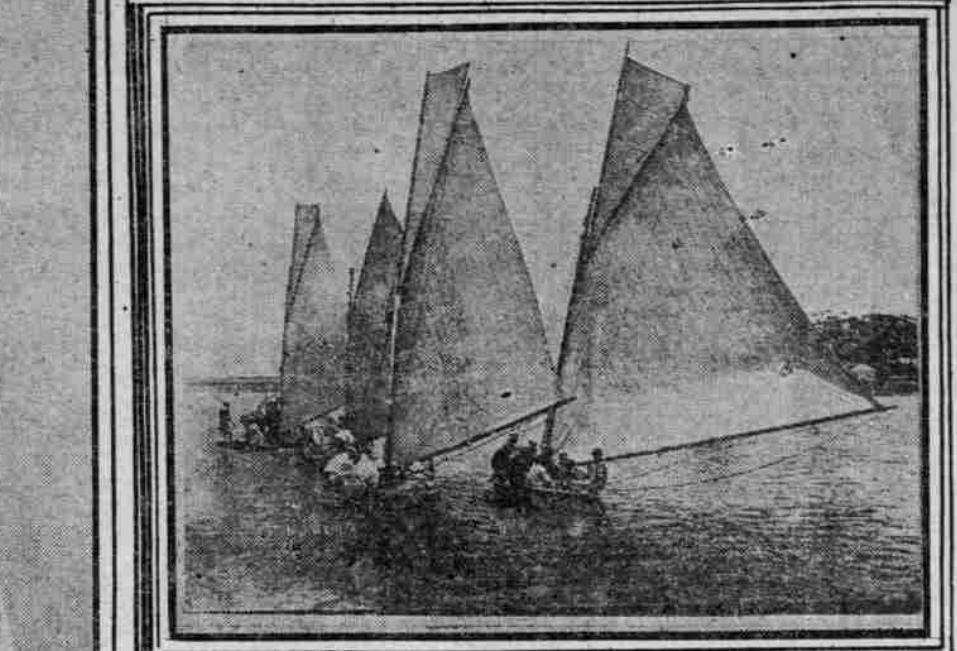
22 FOOTER SETTING SPINNAKER AFTER ROUNDING THE WEATHER MARK.



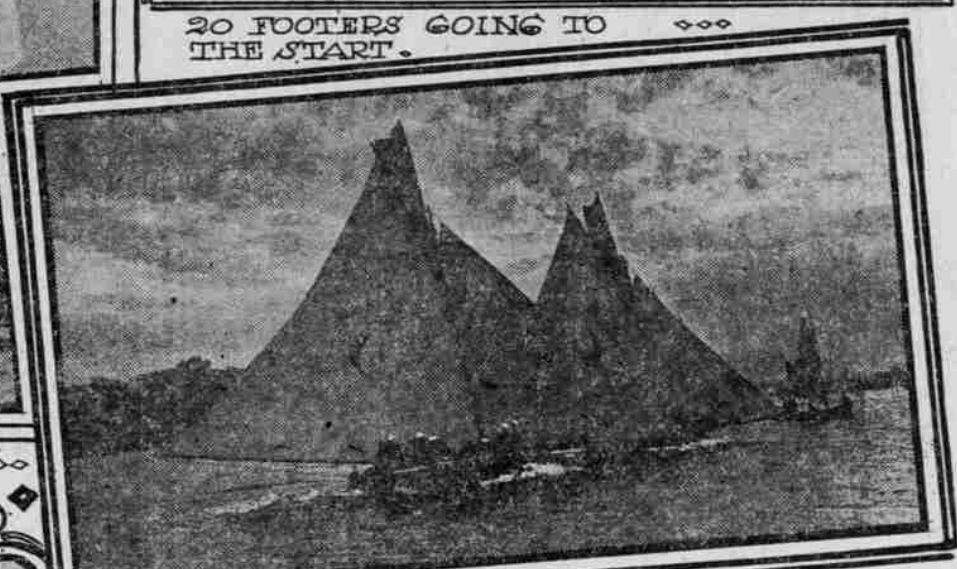
14 FOOTER



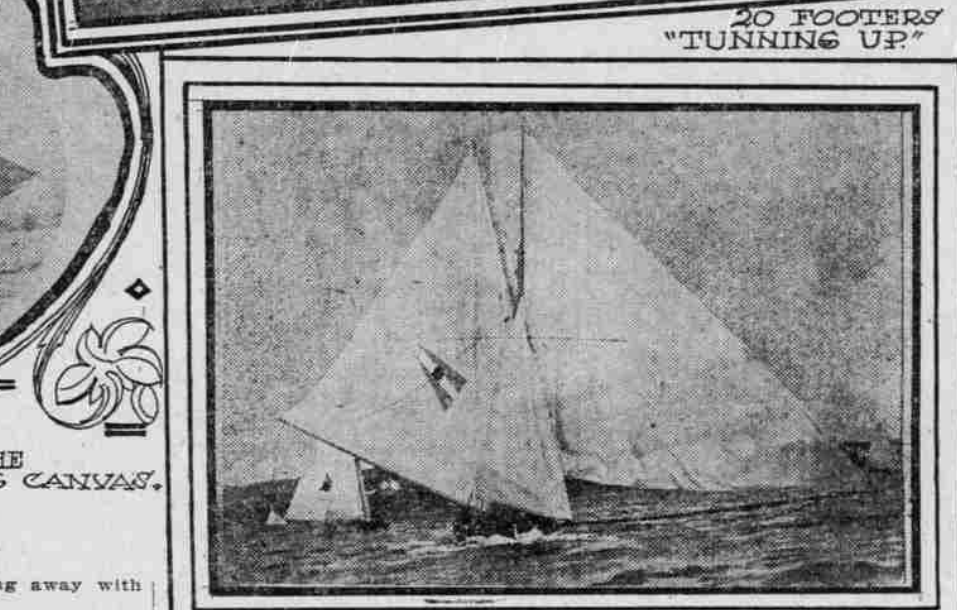
CHAMPION 22 FOOTERS ON THE HOME STRETCH UNDER RACING CANVAS.



20 FOOTERS GOING TO THE START.



20 FOOTERS "TUNNING UP"



18 FOOTER CROSSING THE LINE



trallians is regarded as a diversion rather than a financial proposition. But the generosity of the regatta committee, in giving such liberal prizes, is an incentive to the daring skippers of these little racers to crowd on every stitch of canvas possible, calling for a marvellous amount of nerve and skill from the man at the tiller, and the spinnaker hand to keep their spunky little clipper from capsizing. The sailing races are crowded with exciting incidents, scudding before the wind and carrying as many sails as the proverbial "flying Dutchman." They call for a dare-devil track and an inborn knowledge of the tricks of the wind and sea.

Most of the owners of these crafts are racing men, who have been reared with tillers in their hands, and thoroughly understand the boats which float under them and ultimately develop into some of the finest sailors that the world knows. The crews are composed of a mainly set of young fellows, typical athletes who participate in field sports during the winter, and return to their old love, boat sailing, in the summer season when the northeast tradewind blows. They are always pleased to entertain any yachtsmen abroad and will always find a seat in their racers for his pleasure. Such courtesy was extended to the writer. The sailing races are hotly contested

and finishes at the line are extremely close. Many events are only won by 1 or two lengths, on two occasions dead heats were the result in championship events. Thousands of enthusiastic lovers of things aquatic are carried on steamers for racing purposes to follow the races over the picturesque triangular course of 15 miles in beautiful Sydney harbor. For racing purposes these are admirably classed from 5 to 22 footers over all, giving each boat a good chance in

its respective class, dating away with time allowance. "Anniversary Regatta," the aquatic carnival of the year in the Antipodes, is carried out with great success over the regatta course in Sydney harbor—a yachtsman's dream—champions meet champions, both in sailing and rowing contests, and about 30 events are billed for the day's sport. At this regatta it is a beautiful sight to behold every type of craft represented, from a canoe to an ocean

cruiser, each one displaying racing colors, the hundreds of snow white sails flitting over the blue waters, making a marine spectacle long to be remembered, and the spectators get frantically enthusiastic as the speedy little racers come flying over the line with their sails like giant wings spread out, and the crews almost awash in their gallant little cockshells.

TO REBUILD CITY OF ST. PIERRE

Men of Martinique Work Above Their Buried Town Regardless of Threatening Mount Pelee

New York Evening Post. CITY rising from total ruins is the traveler now beholds whose path leads to the once flourishing St. Pierre, at the foot of the famous Pelee, in Martinique.

Time is gradually effacing the once popular belief that St. Pierre would never again be the home of living things, and nature, with her cloth of green, by slowly blotting out the evidence of the fearful devastation of five years ago, is bringing back to hills and basins the beauty which once made St. Pierre the garden spot of the West Indies.

Still living in respectful fear of the peak which in an hour snuffed out the lives of 30,000 thousand of his fellow islanders, the pioneer is not hasty in entering the fallen city, but builds his home just beyond the limits of the green-covered ruins.

Today the new settlement can be described only as a fishing village. There are probably a dozen houses just to the south of St. Pierre, bordering on the Caribbean, where the more adventurous of the pioneers have located to take advantage of the excellent catches to be had near the great cliffs of Aux Aybmes. The never-fading dread of a return of the monster which, in the popular superstition, came out of the mountain and laid waste to the city shows itself in the new architecture.

branch adjoining the police station, at the nucleus of the new St. Pierre, was formed. The determination of the natives to rebuild his beloved city is worthy of one of greater cultivation and civilization, for a single view of the city makes it apparent that his task is to be no easy one. Over the greater part of the ruins is spread a layer of volcanic mud and ashes, from 10 to 30 feet deep, which extends up the valley, covering the former aqueduct which supplied the city with water for all purposes. To replace this waterway must be the first task of the rebuilders, and in this nature will aid them, for where the mountains about the town formerly gave it a few streams now there are hundreds pouring down from every part of the volcano. Already in the little village beside the ruins one can see the beginning of such water runs as existed formerly throughout the city, from which in the morning the housewife drew her supply for the day.

Next one will note the beginning of what in time will probably be another great cathedral. There on the hill back of the new-born village stands the little shrine, protecting from wind and sun the miniature crucifix which has survived through the most turbulent times, to be a guiding post and a source of comfort to traveler and settler alike. Here the traveling priest occasionally gathers his little flock, with rough volcanic rock for benches and the shrine serving for an altar.

This is the beginning of the new city—a city being founded in fear and yet in love. Memories and associations are gradually drawing back the people of St. Pierre, who turn from the work of rebuilding a hundred times a day to rest their eyes on the crater of the great volcano, hoping against it, but yet fearful of seeing against the great cloud of smoke and ashes which they remember was the forerunner of the former city's destruction.

Mount Pelee Quiet. But the mountain gives no sign. Day after day it stands there, gray and silent as before its terrible outbreak. Far up at its very top light clouds of steam now and then come forth, hanging a moment on the side of the mountain and then disappear in the blue atmosphere. Bare of verdure as though it had never known a green leaf, the great hill has attractions which it did not possess when its palm-covered slopes were the picnic grounds for a multitude. The guide who greets one as the little boat lands at St. Pierre makes it almost imperative to climb the mountain and, having seen his point, he soon returns with some sort of conveyance to carry the party up the gentle slope of Morne

Rouge, and then around to Calabasso, where the climb begins. Ready for the start, the traveler is armed with a stout staff, while the guide buckles about his waist a sharp cut-throat razor, ready to spring, and here the until after the ascent begins. Other natives join the party to carry the bread, fish and cake, which they arrange on trays and carry balanced on their heads. From Calabasso the ascent is a sheer climb of 350 feet.

Before half a mile is traversed the worst feature of it is encountered. In every hollow and seemingly under every rock one comes upon the deadly fer-de-lance, the scourge of Martinique. Snakes from two to six feet long curl up along the way, ready to spring, and here the guide makes use of his cut-throat. To feel the fangs of one of these creatures, he tells you, would mean death within an hour.

On the slopes the heat of the sun is intense; no vegetation has taken root here, and what formerly existed is buried to a depth of hundreds of feet in volcanic matter. Climbing for the North-erner is nothing less than a hardship; there is a narrow footpath, distinguishable only to the guide, sometimes running into deep caverns where the fer-de-lance abounds, and at other times skirting the edge of a precipice of volcanic rock, which momentarily seems about to crumble and drop its burden two or three hundred feet below. Innumerable streams, some almost boiling hot and others icy cold, cross the path frequent intervals. At times the ascent is up precipitous walls and again it is on all fours over giant rocks, which tear the clothes and scratch the skin. So the climber goes on until through his exertion in the heat he is ready to rest and take nourishment. He has now gone, say, to an elevation of 2000 feet, and below him the whole island of Martinique lies in panorama, its hundreds of peaks standing out clear and distinct in the blue atmosphere. Once more the climb begins. The air grows rarefied and a chill comes over the climber. Snakes no longer infest the path, which now even the guide has difficulty in following. At a thousand feet from the top steam occasionally rises from a crevice in the rock. Again, a cloud of sulphurous hydrogen makes breathing difficult, but otherwise the climbing is just as before; there is no sound, no motion, only the intense quiet where no life of any kind exists. Five hundred feet more and the party is drenched by a mist that chills to the bone. Rum is taken to ward off pleurisy and to again limber the joints that the sudden cold has made stiff. Courage, which may have faltered an hour ago, is now revived. For the summer's night. Now there is no path, and with each step

AT WHAT HOUR WILL YOU DIE?

Speculation and Fact Concerning the Temperature of the Body in Reference to the Vital Spark

THE hour that kills! How strange the idea seems—that there should be any hour of the day or night particularly fatal to human beings! And yet such would appear to be the fact.

It is, indeed, a truth sufficiently familiar. For it has long been a matter of common observation that people, when they come to die, are most liable to succumb to the grim destroyer just before daybreak. It is as if the Angel of Death, whom men call Arael, made a circuit of the earth every 24 hours, flying a little ahead of the dawn.

But the reason why? As that is the question. It is a problem which scientific men have set themselves to solve, though as yet only with partial success. They have been making an elaborate series of experiments in regard to the matter, and have arrived at the conclusion that the phenomenon in question is mainly, if not wholly, one of temperature. People die just before daybreak because at that hour the body temperature is lowest—a circumstance which implies that their vitality is then at its lowest ebb than at any other time in the 24 hours. It is most curious and interesting, this matter of human temperature. Nobody can say with certainty how it is produced, or how maintained at the level requisite for the continuance of life. All that we know positively is that it has a direct relation to what we call vitality, and that if it falls only a little below the normal point, death arrives. Any physician will tell you that the normal temperature of the human body is 98.6-100 degrees Fahrenheit. But, as proved by recent scientific investigations, this is not correct, strictly speaking. There is, indeed, no point of a thermometer that can be indicated as representing such normal temperature, because the latter in any man or woman is continually moving either up or down. And while moving downward or upward it is constantly making little zigzags, being never exactly the same for 10 minutes together.

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Some of the most valuable of recent experiments in this line have been made by Professor Arnsby, of the State University of Pennsylvania. He has found that during 24 hours the temperature of a person in normal health may vary as much as 2 degrees Fahrenheit. But the oddest thing about it is its rhythmic movement—that is to say, its regular rise and fall, like that of the tide. Its lowest ebb is between 3 and 4 A. M.—the hour at which so many people pass away. Its highest point is reached about

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6 P. M. Apparently its ebb and flow do not vary at all with the time of year, and certainly they are not affected by the habits of the individual. Experiments have proved that if a person turns the routine of his life upside down, sleeping all day and working all night, the fluctuations of his temperature are unaltered, going on just the same. It has been ascertained, too, that when a person travels around the world, changing his longitude at the rate of an hour a day, perhaps, the rhythm of his temperature goes on just as in ordinary circumstances. But it will be noticed that this implies a change of time—so that there really is a radical alteration in the ebb and flow. What, then, is the inference from this fact? Why, simply that the whole matter is governed and controlled by the sun!

We are, all of us, as one might say, children of the sun. All of our vital and other activities are derived by origin from the energy of the solar orb, which grows the plants that furnish, whether directly or in the form of meat, the fuel for our bodies. Furthermore, it is the sun that gives the necessary warmth to the fuel element in which we live—i. e., the atmosphere. Thus it is by no means surprising that it should exercise control over our temperature.

The ebb and flow of this temperature has to do with the waxing and waning of the day and with nothing else. It reaches its lowest point just before daybreak, merely for the reason that at that hour the sun has been longest away from the earth. Apparently, for the very opposite reason, it attains its highest point at about 6 o'clock in the evening. One might imagine that the hours of lowest and highest would vary with the seasons. Further, it is the sun that rises earlier in winter than in summer. That such is not the case is a puzzle which the scientific investigators have not yet been able to solve. The whole problem, in truth, is far from a final and complete solution. There is still a good deal of mystery about the temperature of the human body, and it is a puzzle which is still a puzzle. Does the chemical burning produce heat? Or, and recognize it as a manifestation of vital activity. But this does not suffice to explain it. As a matter of fact, even the scientists are not sure what it is exactly. Your body is a stove. The food you eat is its fuel. This fuel is consumed by a process that is supposed to be some sort of chemical combustion, taking the place of fire. But the real nature of the process in question is still a puzzle. Does the chemical burning produce heat? Or, and recognize it as a manifestation of vital activity. But this does not suffice to explain it. As a matter of fact, even the scientists are not sure what it is exactly. Your body is a stove. The food you eat is its fuel. This fuel is consumed by a process that is supposed to be some sort of chemical combustion, taking the place of fire. But the real nature of the process in question is still a puzzle. Does the chemical burning produce heat? Or, and recognize it as a manifestation of vital activity. But this does not suffice to explain it. As a matter of fact, even the scientists are not sure what it is exactly. Your body is a stove. 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