LIFE-SAVERS DEFY THE ATLANTIC SURF

HEROIC RESCUES WHICH HAVE SET THE STANDARD FOR THE SERVICE

How the Men at Hatteras Made Their Wills Before Going Out to the A. B. Goodman—Old Joshua James's Bringing of Four Crews Ashore in One Storm Off Nantasket—Ida Lewis's Exploits at Newport—Raynor and Latham's Feat at Bellport, L. I.

By JOHN R. SPEARS.

The writer once asked General Superintendent Sumner I. Kimball of the United States life-saving service if there were any one incident, among the many stories of wrecks and rescues that had come to him, that remained especially prominent in his mind. He replied promptly:

"Yes. The story of the schooner Goodman, wrecked at Cape Hatteras, shows the spirit of the service better than any other in the records."

To appreciate fully the story of this wreck one must know something of the locality where she was lost. Cape Hatteras is a tongue of sand that reaches seven miles out under the water as if in search of wrecks. It has been formed by two currents, one from the north and one from the southwest, that meet and unite to run out to sea. Waves as well as currents meet across this point, and on a still day, with the water oil smooth, I have seen spray thrown twenty feet into the air when two waves came together there. When a storm is raging the currents increase in speed and power as the waves grow, and because of the varying channels among the offshore reefs, cross-currents are set up. Therefore with every gale there is a chaos of waters off this cape from which no ship, once caught, has ever escaped. Ships grounded on the Diamond Reefs, as the shoals are called, are torn and ripped as well as pounded to pieces, and it is a dread fact that the current always carries every floating piece of a wreck out to sea. The records kept at the lighthouse show that only one man has ever come ashore on a piece of wreckage from a vessel stranded on the Diamond Reefs.

The schooner A. B. Goodman was working her way up the coast against a northwest gale, and to take advantage of such shelter as the land afforded she kept as close in on the beach as possible. The tide was flowing up, and it helped her along until she was foolishly headed into a channel across the reef. There a cross-current flung her on the nearest shoal—at a point where the opposing wind and currents at times heaped the water on and above her deck half-way to the crosstrees. The crew escaped to the rigging, but even when they had climbed to a point where the waves could not reach them they had still no reason to hope for rescue; for the schooner was stranded at a spot from which no vessel or crew had ever escaped.

SURFMEN'S ORDEAL.

The crew of the life-saving station on the beach saw the schooner strike. They at once dragged their surf boat from the station, but when they had pointed it down the sand they paused. As they looked at the waves crashing over the deck of the stranded vessel every man became convinced that their surf boat would be torn to pieces as soon as she was driven near the wreck. But they did not stop in their work of dragging their boat to the water through fear, or because of any doubt about what they were to do. On the contrary, the manifest danger was to them an additional incentive to go forward. But believing that his boat would be destroyed, Keeper Benjamin Dailey ordered Surfman Bassett to remain on the beach in order to give aid to any one who might force a way through the surf, and then each of the others made his last will and testament orally—each told Bassett what the wife and little ones were to have and do in case they, as well as the boat, were lost.

This done they launched their boat, and in spite of peril they brought the sailors safely away before the wreck broke up; for it was not in men of that mental equipment to fail.

There is no other record, either in the United States or abroad, where men have gone off to a wreck when so sure they would be drowned that they made such a preparation for death as this.

When Dailey was asked later why he took such a risk, especially when he and his men had families depending on them, he replied:

"Why, we knew it was our duty to do what we could; so we did it."

JOSHUA JAMES OF HULL.

A most picturesque character in the story of the American life-saving service was Joshua James, for many years a lifesaver at Hull, Mass. A typical Yankee, he—tall, erect, clear-eyed, enormously strong of muscle at a period of life when some men are dying of old age, and withal a man whose mind was clearest when the danger was greatest.

By the rules of the national service no man is taken into a crew when above forty-five years old, but Joshua James was taken in at seventy, and was at once placed in charge of a crew. Capt. James achieved this distinction by his work in the memorable gale of November 25, 1888. He was at that time, and he had been for many years, in charge of a life-saving station on Nantasket Beach that belonged to the Humane Society of Massachusetts. During the afternoon of the 25th a schooner, unnamed in the records, dragged her anchors until she was in the surf, and Capt. James rescued her crew with the breeches buoy—a matter of considerable labor, but of no particular moment in itself as an event in the experience of life-savers.

As night fell, however, the schooner Gertrude Abbott was driven on the rocks so far from shore that it was impossible to reach her with the line-throwing gun. Accordingly, Capt James launched his life-boat and pulled off until within reach of the wreck, when he held the boat in place, and by means of a hand-thrown line, established communication and took off the sailors. This work was trying enough, because all the life-savers had worked hard at the other wreck. But the real danger came when the start toward the beach was made with the rescued sailors. For the life-boat was overloaded so that the surfmen did not have full control of their oars, and the power of the surf was increasing. They pulled clear of the reef where the wreck lay, but they were driven on another, and there the boat was filled. She was at the point of turning bottom up, but by almost superhuman exertions, Capt. James kept her keel down, and then, with her gunwales under water, he drove her to the beach in safety.

The gray-haired old captain thus saved two crews of castaways within a few hours. It was a record to be proud of, but he was only half done with his work in that storm.

A THIRD AND A FOURTH.

Having seen his boat in order for further work, Capt. James went to bed at midnight. At three o'clock in the morning he was called by a beach patrolman, who reported another schooner in the surf. It was the Bertha F. Walker. Capt. James found that she was within reach, and placing his line-throwing gun in position, he fired a shot that landed a line on board. In the working of the breeches buoy apparatus this time, Capt. James was obliged to hunt up a number of men not of his regular crew, for the exertions made in saving the crews of the other wrecks had worn out some of his men who were far younger than he. But the captain himself was in the midst of the surf until daylight, at which time the last man from the Walker had been landed.

With three crews of castaways to his credit within a period of less than twenty-four hours, Capt. James was almost ready "to go to bed for a good sleep"; almost, but not quite. The schooner L. C. Higginson was driven on the rocks while he faced the gale, and the last and most extraordinary rescue of that storm was at hand. The work is especially well remembered because, when James got out his breeches-buoy apparatus, he found that the North Scituate crew of the "regulars"—the national service life-savers—had come to the beach to save the castaways, and they and the Humane Society volunteers at once entered into a wild race to see which should have the honor of bringing the sailors to the beach.

The regulars fired the first shot and their line fell across the fore stay of the schooner, but before the imperilled sailors could get to it, Capt. James fired a shot that laid a line right across the hull at the foremast. At that the castaways picked up his line and began hauling off his apparatus. But the alongshore current was now running like the current in a mill race, and it was full of wreckage at that. In a little time the lines of the volunteer apparatus were all in a snarl, and do what he would, Capt. James was unable to clear them; it was impossible to do so even when the "regulars" in good faith did all they could to help. There was, therefore, nothing for the regulars to do but to fire another line from their gun and send off their apparatus, and this they did.

But the old captain was not to be balked in any such fashion. The moment he was obliged to abandon his breeches buoy he called his volunteers to the life boat, and in spite of the fact that the surf was then at its greatest height—in spite of the fact, too, that he and some of his men had been at work for twenty-one hours out of the past twenty-four—they drove their boat to the wreck and brought five sailors ashore before the "regulars" could get the breeches buoy working. The five were all that were alive out of the eight that had been carried. Two had been knocked out of the rigging by the leaping breakers, and one had been frozen to death—facts that tell graphically of the terrors of the storm through which this life-saver of seventy years did his work.

The gold medal of the "regular" service and that of the Massachusetts Humane Society were given to Capt. James, and he was made a keeper of a station in the "regular" service.

IDA LEWIS OF NEWPORT.

Unique in the annals of life-savers is the story of our most famous gold-medal heroine, Miss Ida Lewis, the keeper of Lime Rock lighthouse at Newport, R. I. Ida Lewis began her career as a life-saver when, at the age of seventeen (and a handsome slip of a girl she was, too), she moved to the Lime Rock, on which her father was keeper of the lighthouse. Four boys were sailing a catboat around the harbor with a smart gale of wind to drive them. A sudden squall upset the boat. As the keel came up Miss Lewis ran to the lighthouse yawl and pulled away to the rescue. She found the boys clinging to the hull, and although every one of them was heavier than she, she dragged them over the stern of the yawl and took them to the lighthouse.

A year later—in the winter of 1859-60—two soldiers from Fort Adams tried to cross the bay in a skiff while a gale was raging. A squall turned the boat over, and Ida went to the rescue in her yawl—she went in spite of the fact that experienced boatmen who saw the disaster did not dare to venture forth; and she saved both of the soldiers.

In 1866 a soldier from the fort ventured out on the bay in a gale that kept less foolhardy people ashore. He explained that he was "enjoying a little sail." A wave that broke over his boat upset it, but Miss Ida saw it go, and in due time she brought the man to the lighthouse.

Miss Lewis had her next opportunity when two hands from the Belmont farm were driving a sheep along the beach near the Lime Rock. The sheep ran out on a pier, and, leaping into the water, started swimming toward Goat Island. The yokels followed in a boat, heedless of the gale that was blowing. They got on very well while under the shelter of the pier, but the first blast of the gale when they had reached open water spilled them. Miss Lewis had been watching them—the windows of the light-house home afford perfect views over the waters of the bay—and she soon had them safe in her yawl. She then went out and saved the sheep also. When a friend remonstrated with her for taking the extra risk for the sheep, she replied, with a toss of her head: "I would save an animal as soon as I would one of *them*."

Miss Lewis has no very high opinion of men who are unable to take care of themselves when afloat.

One night in 1869 a man ran a yawl on Little Lime Rock, a reef that is awash at low tide. In trying to get clear he let his boat drift away with the tide, and when daylight came next morning he was seen standing on the rock with his head just above the water, and the tide still rising. Ida's mother saw the man and called her girl, who, as usual, saved the castaway.

HANDLING TWO SOLDIERS.

The adventures so far chronicled gave the young woman local fame only. Her next exploit was heralded all over the world. The soldiers of Ft. Adams gave her the opportunity. Two of them had been in the city for the day, and as night came on they hired a boy to carry them across the bay in a cat-boat, rather than follow the long shore line to the fort. With sail close-reefed, the boy headed for the fort, but when within half a mile of Lime Rock a flaw of wind turned the boat over. The boy was drowned; the soldiers clung to the keel of the boat. Miss Lewis went to the rescue, and, in spite of the gathering gloom and a growing wind, she might have saved them without unusual incident, but for the fact that the soldiers were reckless with fear when she arrived near the cat-boat. Pulling around to windward Miss Lewis backed the yawl down on the wreck and directed one of the soldiers to climb in over the stern, but instead of obeying both made a grab for the side of the yawl. Happily they both missed the yawl's rail; if they had clutched it they would have turned the boat over, then and there.

Seeing the mental condition of the men Miss Lewis said no more to them, but as she again shoved the boat toward them she held an oar poised, and when they made another grab for the rail she hit them over the knuckles in a way that knocked both of them clear of the yawl. Then, with the oar ready, she ordered one of them to cling to the cat-boat and the other to take hold of the taffrail of the yawl. Very meekly, and as promptly as if their captain had issued the orders, both obeyed. When she had helped them into the yawl and had told them to lie down in the stern sheets and keep still, they obeyed orders without question. The wounds on their hands, as described by the surgeon at the fort, were "superficial, but somewhat painful."

Following this adventure, a weekly magazine gave two pages to the story of Miss Lewis, and the account was copied by other periodicals throughout the world. A lithograph showing Miss Lewis in her boat had a great sale throughout the country.

NEXT, TWO MUSICIANS.

In February, 1881, two musicians from the fort broke through the ice while crossing the bay. Miss Lewis was nursing a bad cold, at the time, but she went to the rescue with a clothes line. On arriving within range she threw an end of the line to the men (they were clinging to the ice), and told one of them to get a good hold on it. But both grabbed the line together, and then they began to flounder in a way that enlarged the hole into which they had fallen, and threatened to drag Miss Lewis through the ice as well. The young woman remonstrated only to learn that they were foreigners who could not speak a word of English. So she tried the sign language; she slacked away on the line so suddenly that both were ducked under the water. They thought the ducking was accidental, at the first plunge, but she soon convinced them that she was doing it, and then they paid careful attention to such motions as she made. She was now able to get the line around the waist of one of them and to drag him out sprawling on the ice to a place of safety. The other was then secured in like fashion and both were saved.

Miss Lewis now received the gold medal of the United States Life Saving Service, the gold medal of the Massachusetts Humane Society, a solid silver tea set from the garrison of Ft. Adams, and a fine yawl from the citizens of Newport.

Altogether, Miss Lewis has saved more than twenty lives from the perils of the bay, and most of them have been saved under circumstances where success was possible only because she is wholly fearless, and has a mastery of the yawl that is perhaps unequalled by that of any other woman living. No woman has ever made a record that is to be compared with that of Miss Lewis.

CLEVER LINE-FIRING.

The heroism of the life-savers is very often shown by their resourcefulness in times of peril. Thus during a famous storm that raged along the Atlantic during September, 1889, Keeper John A. Clampitt of the Lewes, Del., station, found that his line-throwing gun, when fired from the beach, could not quite reach a wreck in the surf. Thereupon he took the gun to the second story of a building that stood just clear of the surf, fired it through a window, and thus reached the wreck. The wind in that gale, by the way, was so fierce, at one time, that the life-savers were unable to stand erect on the beach. So they crawled to their work on their hands and knees. When Keeper Johnson of the Hog Island station, Virginia, found his gun could not quite reach the wreck of the steamer San Albano, he put the gun on his cart, the coiled line on the boat truck, and then, as a great wave receded down the beach, he ran both down in its wake until the gun was awash in the froth at the foot of a gathering wave. There he fired it and landed the line on the wreck. Of course, he and his crew were overwhelmed by the gathering wave, but they held all fast, and they saved the castaways. Another bright keeper, on finding some sailors on an inaccessible rock, on which their ship had been wrecked, took his gun afloat and fired a line from it across the rock. Then he got the sailors.

Anyone who would tell the stories of the American life-savers will always find an embarrassment of riches in the abundance of material to be had, but there is little difficulty in deciding which of the heroes of the surf displayed the most remarkable agility, strength, and courage combined when earning the gold medals with which they are decorated. For there is one story so remarkable that it would be beyond belief if told in fiction, and the more one knows about the perils of the surf the more incredible such a story would seem to him.

MOST INCREDIBLE OF ALL.

At 2:15 o'clock in the morning, on Monday, February 22, 1904, the three-masted schooner Benjamin C. Cromwell stranded in a southeast gale on the sand bar that lies 500 yards off shore, a quarter of a mile east of the Bellport life-saving station on Long Island. She was loaded with lumber, a part of the cargo being on deck, as usual. The night patrol from the station promptly discovered the wreck, and the crews from their stations of life-savers were soon gathered on the beach. Several lines were fired across the wreck, but the sailors were so badly used up that they were unable to haul off the breeches-buoy apparatus. The life-savers then launched a surf boat, and it was manned by nine men picked for their strength and skill with the oars, but the surf threw the boat back on the sand. And then before the boat could be placed for another trial the masts of the schooner fell over the rail, and the hull was knocked into a thousand pieces, which, with the cargo of lumber, soon covered the waves with masses of debris that were hurled to and fro and ground together with a fury that is indescribable.

In the midst of this wreckage seven men were seen. One was on the cabin top, and the others were clinging to a piece of the broken hull. The seas were breaking over all of them at intervals, and the timbers and planks afloat round about seemed to be literally clawing at them to drag them into the water. Four of the men on the broken piece of hull were soon knocked away from it and crushed alongside or drowned. The same fate was hanging over the three that remained in view when Surfman Frank Raynor kicked off his boots, stripped himself to his underwear, plunged into the surf, climbed up on the first mass of wreckage he reached, and then, leaping from timber to timber, made his way toward the man on the cabin top. An instant later Surfman Albert Latham followed. Both men were repeatedly knocked down and thrown into the water between the masses of wreckage, but they struggled to their feet again and leaped on until they brought the sailor from the cabin top and one from the broken piece of the hull in safety to the beach. The third man was knocked into the surf and drowned before they could reach him.

If this story had not been told under oath not only by the life-savers but by the sailors who were rescued, I should hesitate before asking any reader to believe that men could cross the wreckage in surf so heavy that even trained life-savers could not force a surf boat through it. Since their day the work of these two life-savers has become the standard of efficiency in surf work. If it is believed that a castaway is beyond all help, people alongshore say, "Neither Frank Raynor nor Albert Latham nor the two of them together could save him."

SEWERS OLD AND CRUMBLING

Manhattan's Drainage System by No Means Perfect

The recent request of the borough president for the enormous appropriation of $22,500,000 to be used in reconstructing the sewers of Manhattan, while irreverently treated by the comptroller, was probably made in good faith and with a knowledge that the local drainage system is by no means perfect.

In Manhattan there are more than 500 miles of sewers, which are combination drains, carrying off both rainfall and sewage through one conduit. Downtown most of the sewers are very old, some, in fact, having been constructed more than half a century ago. While these ancient drains still perform service if kept clean and in good repair, they are evidently not in condition to withstand severe strains. Frequently, contractors in the course of subsurface construction work have disturbed old sewers with disastrous results, the walls collapsing like a house of cards because the cement put into them years before had lost its binding power.

Of course, the old sewers are not expected to last forever, and the time will come when they will have to be reconstructed or replaced. And this work will doubtless be done under great difficulties and at a heavy cost, for many engineering problems have to be faced.

The downtown sewers are planted at an average depth of fourteen feet, and they are covered with a network of gas pipes, water mains, and electrical conduits, over which are the costly pavements. To remove all these complicated works would be impracticable on account of the cost and inconvenience, and it is probable that tunnelling methods would be adopted, should a general scheme of reconstruction be decided upon. At least this is the suggestion made by engineers who have given the matter thought.

When the subway was built the drainage system along its route underwent extensive changes, and it stands to reason that a similar readjustment must take place if more subways are built in the future. The improvements at the Pennsylvania and New York Central terminals also necessitated the rebuilding of many sewers, but owing to a lack of room the new drains, as well as water mains and gas pipes, were crowded against the house lines. This rendered them inaccessible to a large extent, and their future cost of maintenance may therefore be exceedingly high.

The Bureau of Sewers has never accepted responsibility for these conditions, because the work was carried on under the supervision of the Rapid Transit Commissioners, whose plans were merely submitted to the regular sewer engineers as a matter of form. Up to within a few months the Bureau of Sewers, which is a part of the borough president's department, had formulated no plan for the rebuilding of the drainage system, or any scheme to prevent serious injury to the sewers, through the building of new subways, but there are signs of an awakening now.

The Southwestern Limited to

ST. LOUIS

A fast and luxurious train, leaving Grand Central Station—the Center of the City on the Elevated and the Subway—at 2:00 P. M., arriving St. Louis at 5:00 next afternoon.

ALL THE COMFORTS OF A CLUB OR HOTEL

SPECIAL FEATURES: Buffet Smoking and Library Car, Observation Car, Stenographer, Telephone, Barber, Fresh or Salt Water Baths, Valet, Ladies' Maid and Manicure, Electric Lights Throughout, Individual Reading Lamps in all Drawing Rooms, Staterooms and Sections.

Other fast trains leave at 5:30 and 11:30 P. M.
West Shore R. R., W. 42nd St., 2:45, 8:15 and 10:00 P. M.

An equally fine service Eastbound to New York, Boston and New England.

For information see ticket agents or apply to L. F. Vosburgh, General Eastern Passenger Agent, 1216 Broadway, corner 36th Street.

Telephone 5680 Madison Square

"America's Summer Resorts" mailed on receipt of a 2-cent stamp by Advertising Department, Grand Central Station, New York.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILWAY SYSTEM"

INDEPENDENCE OF W. B. ELLISON

[Continued from page 1.]

jurisdiction. Mr. Jackson, when he heard of Mr. Ellison's wishes, hastened to fix the blame for the delay on the city authorities, but he speedily learned that the corporation counsel's activity had induced some of the railroads to pay more than a million and a half dollars into the city treasury. The matter is now dragging along slowly, the municipality having no way of pressing the suits.

Mr. Ellison has had one hunt for graft in his office, and this resulted last month in the transfer of the head of the Bureau for the Collection of Personal Taxes and practically every subordinate. It was discovered that scores of persons had had their taxes remitted, and that many false affidavits had been submitted to the bureau by lawyers who made such work their business.

In the matter of condemnation proceedings no expert witnesses are now employed except by Mr. Ellison, and no report is moved for confirmation unless it has first been submitted to him. He also scrutinizes the fees of witnesses, and he is planning to employ a confidential real estate expert who will examine and assess property to be condemned. This scheme, he believes, will check neglect on the part of both commissioners and expert witnesses.

All legal proceedings in connection with the Catskill water project are under his supervision, and he has the power to remove the local counsel employed to watch over the city's interests in the Esopus valley, should they prove incompetent.

Another matter in which Mr. Ellison is particularly interested concerns the encroachments of buildings on Fifth Avenue. Should the decision he obtained against the Knickerbocker Trust Company hold in the higher courts, it is possible that fifteen feet may be added to the roadway of this congested thoroughfare from Twenty-third Street to Central Park.

HIS WORK AS WATER COMMISSIONER.

Mr. Ellison assumed office as commissioner of water supply, gas, and electricity in January, 1906. One of his early accomplishments was the organization of an emergency service to care for breaks in the city mains. Prior to that time several serious underground fractures had caused extensive damage to private property, a condition which might have been avoided by an available force of men to make repairs with promptness.

The commissioner's organization included a day and night corps, the detailing of a man to the telephone switchboard at headquarters, and a system of calls whereby laborers, and engineers, and Mr. Ellison himself could be brought to the scene of a leak immediately after its discovery. The effect of his scheme was shown in the rapidity with which subsequent leaks were stopped. One instance may be quoted. A careless blaster fractured three of the eight forty-eight-inch mains which run under Convent Avenue, sending a deluge of water into the hollow below. Traffic was suspended, but only for forty-three minutes, the emergency force controlling the flow in that time.

To facilitate such work, Mr. Ellison began the mapping of Manhattan in order to show the location of the water-gates. Before he was transferred to the Law Department, two volumes of sectional maps had been completed. In the course of this investigation many defective water-gates were discovered and replaced.

The examination conducted under Mr. Ellison's supervision to discover the illegal use of water is well remembered. One large railroad corporation, breweries, steamship lines, and tugboats were found to be helping themselves to a supply, and some of the river craft even got water free and resold it. Similar conditions existed in Brooklyn, and one investigation led to the important discovery that a private water company in the Ridgewood Heights section had not only tapped a city main, but was selling the water thus obtained to taxpayers. Denials were made at the time, but the fact remains that this same company is now buying a large supply from the city in order to meet its daily demands.

All these investigations led to the "planting" of additional meters in various parts of the city, and as a consequence the water revenues in Manhattan were increased by half a million dollars, while a similar amount was added to the returns from Brooklyn.

Mr. Ellison devoted a good deal of attention to Brooklyn, which was on the verge of a water famine when he took office, the daily supply amounting to barely 123,000,000 gallons a day. By utilizing some disused deep wells he secured a supply of 7,000,000 gallons more, and he entered into a contract for the building of a six-foot steel conduit from Ridgewood to Clear Stream, a distance of eight miles, where another large volume of water was obtainable. In connection with this service he contracted for a new pumping station, with pumps of huge capacity. He also improved the infiltration galleries and took the initiative in digging 16,000 feet of new wells. Brooklyn now has an adequate supply for the time being.

In Brooklyn as well as in Manhattan, Mr. Ellison pushed forward the construction of the high pressure service for fire-fighting purposes, and pending the completion of the pumping stations in this borough, he let Croton water into the mains so that they would be available in the event of a serious conflagration in the district below Twenty-third Street. It may be added that Mr. Ellison also concerned himself with the building of the high-pressure system at Coney Island, the presence of which has halved insurance rates at that hazardous resort.

One scheme of which Mr. Ellison is proud, and which may eventually be consummated, relates to the filtration galleries for the Croton system. This matter was turned over to his charge instead of the Aqueduct Commission, and work was stopped on the Jerome Park reservoir pending the completion of adequate plans. The first proposition involved the buying of land for filtration galleries several miles from the reservoir, and the building of a pumping station to force the filtered supply into the big artificial lake for distribution.

Mr. Ellison decided that a simpler and more economical plan could be adopted by building galleries over the roof of the reservoir. The surveys showed sufficient gravity at Croton to propel the water to the proposed "second story" of the reservoir, whence it would filter through the gravel beds to the lower level. Thus the tedious and expensive process of condemning land for galleries and the necessity of using pumps would be obviated. Moreover, the galleries would act as a cover for the filtered water, which, if exposed, "dies," to use the term applied by engineers.

Mr. Ellison was born of American parents at St. Thomas, Canada, on July 17, 1857. He was educated in the Canadian public schools, and studied law for five years, being admitted to the bar as barrister and solicitor, in 1880, the laws of the Dominion, unlike those of England, permitting a man to take both degrees, which accounts for the long period of reading. A short time afterward, he came to New York, and a year later he became a member of the bar of this State.

In appearance, the corporation counsel is short in stature and heavily built, with a bright complexion, iron gray hair and beard. His deep voice has an indication of the Canadian "burr," and he talks explicitly and to the point. He is accessible to callers, always available for service, and his hours of work extend far beyond those of the average city official.

W. B. H.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH

SCRUBB'S

Mollient Ammonia

A DELIGHTFUL PREPARATION

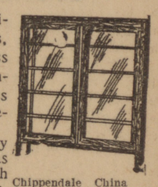
Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.
Unexcelled for Cleansing the Finger Nails.
Restores the Color to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewelry. Softens Hard Water.
So Vivifying after Motoring and other Sports.

USED BY ALL THE ROYALTIES OF EUROPE

At Grocers and Druggists, 25c. per Large Bottle.

SCRUBB & CO., LTD., 465 Greenwich Street, NEW YORK.

The Furnishing of Residences



Is not merely an incident to our business, but a complete business in itself with the organization and the facilities that its importance requires.

We are always ready to carry out your ideas or submit our own with sketches and estimates.

Chippendale China Closet.

Schmitt Brothers,

Furniture Makers. Established 1858.

40 East 23d.

BRIDGE

YOUR LUCK WILL RETURN.

MADAME NAFTAL pays astonishingly high prices for ladies' fine evening Dinner and Street Gowns. STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL. Only deals with the *haut monde*. Telephone any hour 670 Bryant. 748 Sixth Ave.

DISARMING THE NATIONS.

The nations met to talk of peace and of its many charms,
Each told the rest he thought it best that all lay down their arms,
That spears be beaten into ploughs, war steeds turned out to grass,
That guns be changed to pipes arranged for water or for gas,
"A worthy deed," they all agreed, "for peace we are athirst."
But each one said he'd wait until the others disarmed first.

"It is not war I'm looking for," said hearty old John Bull,
"But any one that pulls a gun will find me in his wool.
Yet, I'll disarm—war holds no charm for me—I'll only keep
My forts to hold my lands outrolled, my ships to rule the deep."

"I hate a fuss," observed the Russ, "I yearn for gentle calm,
I'll merely save the swords that wave, held in each soldier's palm.
I'll keep my guns—some other ones I've ordered, and, of course,
I cannot spare my navy fair, it is a peaceful force."

"To peace I'm led," the Kaiser said. "My army shan't increase
Except that each boy I shall teach the way to hang to peace.
And I shall roam upon the foam, insisting on the right,
Each battleship a shoulder-chip—I hope I need not fight."

The peaceful Jap, a timid chap, remarked that he agreed,
That he would not keep in one spot more army than he'd need.
And Uncle Sam looked like a lamb when he observed that he
Would build no boat that would not float upon the angry sea.

The nations met to talk of peace and of its many charms,
They frowned on strife, and drum and fife and all of war's alarms,
Then each backed out, with looks of doubt, with frettings in his mind,
For as each went his arm was bent to clutch a gun behind.
"'Tis peace we need," each one agreed, "for that we are athirst,
And I'll lay down my guns and swords, if you will do it first."

—[Chicago Post.