

## MY LADY CHRYSANTHEMUM.



It is My Lady Chrysanthemum.  
All stately and grave and tall!  
She enters anew her chosen realm,  
The Queen of the Early Fall.  
And proud is her pose, as oft she hears  
The sighs of the dotting swains,  
For always is homage the highest paid  
Whenever My Lady reigns.

It is My Lady Chrysanthemum!  
Her crown is a rare delight.  
It may be of red or of gleaming gold,  
Or shimmering, purest white;  
Whatever her garb, or where her throne  
The aromours courtiers come,  
All hail to the regnant queen of bloom,  
My Lady Chrysanthemum!  
—MAURICE W. GRAY.

## A Graveyard Where Ships' Bones Bleach

### Cape Sable That Has Lured Many a Mariner to Destruction.

By A. C. L. in New York Evening Post

Like the slim crescent of a horned moon right across the track of Atlantic travel, with its hollow side towards the main land, lies a tiny island of shelving dunes which has worked more havoc with ocean shipping than any other danger spot in the known world.

Sable, the early French navigators called this tiny bit of destruction; Sable Island, it is known to skippers of the present day. The name is well given, though the island is only a crescent ridge of shelving sand cliffs barely thirty miles long from horn to horn, with a salty lagoon, bare, desolate, and still as Newfoundland barrens, lying inland along its greatest width. From the sloping shore, terraced by the ever-lashing wash of combing breakers, stretches a hidden sand reef for a distance of twelve miles. It is in this that the ocean liners, and freighters, and fishing schooners are bogged as in a mud hole. Owing to cold northern currents meeting south winds here, Sable Island's atmosphere is nearly always in a state of chronic commotion. The official meteorologist reports that for the last four years the wind has averaged eighteen miles an hour, that there have been more than ten gales a month when the wind blew a hurricane of sixty-five miles an hour, and that the straws planted by the government about the life-saving stations have been shivered and stripped as by fire. Against a tide driven along by such a wind few vessels could hold their own. It was safer and easier to read before the gale across what appeared to be a perfectly clear sea.

Of course all mariners, from Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailing from Newfoundland to Virginia in 1583, knew of the dangerous sand banks which were even then called "a graveyard." Sable Island—"Canada" he calls it—was on the chart of Richard Clarke, master of the ship Delight, when Sir Humphrey headed his fleet to reconnoiter the coast. But what was not on his chart, nor on the chart of all the two hundred vessels wrecked since Sir Humphrey's time, was the shift of the unseen sand reefs below the sea. Rock reefs stay where they are marked. Sand reefs may lie in tumbling lines that would be called hills by the landmen; and along come a hurricane, and the reef marked "here" today is "there" tomorrow; and "there" the storm-driven ship strikes and founders and sinks in the ruck of a sand fine as flour, so that the old chronicle of Sir Humphrey Gilbert's loss relates:

"When we came within twenty leagues of the Sable, we fell to controversy of course. The General (Gilbert) came up in his frigate and demanded of me, Richard Clarke, master of the Admiral (or Delight) what course was best to keep. . . . The General said my reckoning was untrue and charged me in her Majesty's name to follow him that night. I, fearing his threatenings . . . did follow his commandment, and about seven o'clock in the morning the ship struck on ground, where she was cast away. Then the General went off to sea . . . and say the ship cast away, men and all, and was not able to save a man, for there was not water upon the sand . . . much less for the Admiral, that drew fourteen feet."

Nameless wrecks there had been before the Admiral's ship Delight was cast away on Sable Island, and nameless wrecks there have been since; but 137 losses of ocean-going vessels are recorded on the shipping lists against this thin line of shifting sand lying 150 miles from the American mainland and about ninety miles from Canada. This total loss does not include the fishing schooners of the Grand Banks, and dories, and cockle-shell smacks that get detached from the main fishing fleet in a fog and when the wind springs up are driven by that wind after day till the sand bars of Sable Island grate upon their keel. Not a summer passes but some castaway of the fishing fleet is hurled through the beachcombers on the sandy terraces of Sable Island. One week the wave drift carries in a poor dory, bottom up, almost water-logged, with a dragged tatter of a sail. Where are the two men who always go out together in the dories?

Another week it is a French bateau—clumsy, large, heavy, black from the keel up but for the white line around the gunwale. It comes riding in on the crest of the galloping combers, when, with a smash, in the boat and occupants are flung on the drenched sands. Out of one such bateau the Canadian life-saving crew dragged enclashed fishermen who had drifted helpless for five days, subsisting wholly on raw cod. Each with his personal pathos, Sable Island works its woe on ships of all flags, and sorts, and conditions, and ports. No rival transport companies to which some competitor is exposed. Ships from Halifax to Liverpool, from Boston to Antwerp, from New York to London, from Quebec to New York, from France to New England, have alike left their ribs

bleaching in the sand dunes of Sable Island.

The first important ship lost—that of Sir Humphrey's fleet—bore the English flag. The last big wreck was that of the steamship Moravian, bound from Antwerp to Boston, some two years ago. "You cannot take a walk along the low shores of Sable Island," says an official inspector, "without seeing countless derelicts, wrecks of all sizes and sorts and flags, sailing craft, and liners, and ironclads, reaching to the ebb of the receding tide, the naked ribs projecting from the embedded sand like the bones of some dead monster." Where lie the dead, there flock the carrion birds; and Sable Island no sooner became famous for wrecks than the wreckers of the island became famous too. An old print, published in 1781, shows a view of the "Wrecker's Den Near the Pond," a title whose meaning is fully understood only by looking over the old shipping records and archives of Nova Scotia. It is related how respectable men and women took up their residence on Sable Island without any visible means—sailing or fishing—of support; how false lights lured becalmed or befooled vessels to their ruin; how the bodies of the dead were washed along the sands, "naked as beggars," with the ring finger cut off; how salvage vessels found the wrecks had been stripped of everything during low tide; and how the stolen booty was sometimes discovered buried in the sands.

Again and again these rumors of wrecks were investigated by the government of Nova Scotia, but the dead tell no tales, and poverty-stricken fishermen have curious ethics. Always to these toilers of the deep the sea is a downy youth and age, lover and husband, bread winner and provider; but sometimes this monster reverses the tables and casts boundless wealth into the lap of the poor fishing hamlet—and that wealth is the wrecked cargo of some rich liner. Asked how his parish was weathering hard times and bitter winter at an outpost of Newfoundland a few years ago, the simple priest of the outpost answered, with delightful disregard for diplomacy: "Oh, your Lordship, with the help of God and a few wrecks we may pull through the winter."

If the strongest vessels were helpless before the pounding of hurricane and tide, what could the life savers do against such a sea? At the first boom of distress, the surf boats are launched through the combing breakers only to be borne back—and back—and back till the rescue craft had been pounded to kindling wood. At one time a New York about—a troopship bound for the Revolutionary war—every gig launched from the four-decked vessel was swamped or finally got to land by tying it to an empty barrel and letting the wave drift carry it ashore. The difficulty was not in getting ashore, but in keeping alive in this utterly shelterless reach of sand and salt water a hundred miles from help. Bits of wreckage were huddled into cabins; tattered sails served as roofs; and these things contributed to the subsistence of castaways on Sable Island.

But this is the age of prevention and causes. How could the wrecks be prevented? Europe has conquered the sea. Cannot America? Obviously not. But parts of the French shore have been reclaimed from the sea by forestry. It is not the tree trunks nor the roots binding the soil that resist the corrosive, eternal washings of the sea. It is the falling foliage, the decaying vegetation, the matting of pine needles, the solidifying of rotting leaves that turns sand to mould. Two years ago Sir Louis Davies, then Minister of Marine and Fisheries, sent experts to France for every variety of tree that had been found to resist the action of sea on sand. Eighty thousand plants were brought to Sable Island from Normandy and Brittany. Every variety of the pine was set out—cluster pine, and Scotch pine, and Rigla pine, and Austrian pine by the ten thousand each, with lots of five thousand, and two thousand, and one hundred of other pines. Spruce, and cedar and juniper were planted almost as profusely. To these were added all the common trees of the ordinary forest, rose bushes, creeping plants, flowering shrubs, berry bushes whose fruit could serve as a packer of sand, pea vines, hawthorn, honeysuckles, snowballs, and trees of the larger fruits.

It will take more than one year to test the experiment; but the first year is the crucial one. The first official report on the trial year has just been made public. The dry gales that sweep the island from August to October scorched up many thousands of the plants, but specimens of all kinds survive. The same cluster pine that thrives in Brittany flourishes on Sable Island.

## IN THE EVERGLADES

(Miami Metropolis.)

The railroad surveying corps returned the first of the week from the Everglades, having finished the survey. As the route now runs it forms a big letter U, and is sixty miles long, running south from Miami to the Eastern Cutler, west to the Everglades, and then north-west, through that mystical region to a point almost as near Miami on the west as it is from Miami to the southern end.

For over a month the corps has been working in a part of the Everglades which has never been explored—wading through mud and water by day and at night camping on the silent island in a labyrinth of tropical plants and trees. It was impossible to make more than three or four miles a day, and sometimes fifteen and twenty miles would have been traversed in running the line; their provisions had to be carried in boats, and many times the boats themselves had to be carried across sawgrass prairies, through which unencumbered, it is difficult to make one's way. The waters of the Everglades were like a thousand rivers flowing in all directions, and sometimes as many as eight of these would have to be crossed in going a quarter of a mile. Now and then a deep stream would be found, as clear as spring water, with a smooth rock bottom; but most of the river beds were of oozing and slippery mud, with the pleasant anticipation of meeting with an alligator at every step.

It was out of the question to carry much baggage. A canvas fly was taken to cover the groceries and each man had a piece of oilcloth, four by six feet, a blanket and a hammock, and at night, after a painfully tiresome tramp the brave crew lay down with nothing between them and the stars but the crooked limbs of the coconut palms shrouded in Spanish moss. The hardships the corps underwent can scarcely be realized without a knowledge of the peculiar work required in any surveying work, and an idea of the country through which the line was run. The last stake was driven just over the line in Monroe county at the entrance of the great cypress forests, and the crew then came back over the line to the prairies west of Cutler, whence they made a bee-line to Cutler and civilization.

Col. Jno. S. Cunningham returned to his home in Person county yesterday morning.

## GOLD BRICKS FOR EDITORS

(New York Sun.)

There is no end to the schemes concocted in these days to help along the country editor, and incidentally, to fill the pockets of the promoters. The oldtime boiler plate and patent inside concerns no longer have a monopoly of the country newspaper field. The air of the editorial sanctum is constantly filled with gold bricks, and it takes a pretty agile and quick witted editor to dodge them all, so alluring are the offers and so low the prices asked.

The efforts of the promoters are not confined to the old fashioned weeklies or the backwoods journals that are issued every now and then. In fact, their campaign for easy money is principally directed toward daily papers in cities of from 10,000 to 25,000 population, where the struggle in the journalistic world is keenest to keep up with the times and keep down the expense. Many of these promoters are men who have failed to make a living in the field of metropolitan journalism. Some of them display ability, and the wares they offer are often of merit, considering the small cost at which they can be had.

The great problem that troubles the editors of small dailies is how to get the news of the outside world without paying for putting it into type or for a regular telegraphic service. The cost of this generally speaking, is only a few cents per line, and it takes a few minutes of the most precious of these newspapers. But plate concerns furnish a full page service, sent from New York every day by express, at a cost of less than \$10 a week and that has to suffice. In offices where type is still set by hand the saving is great.

One association in this city furnishes what is called "daily advance news" for \$5 a month. In offering its wares to the editor the association says: "The service cannot be duplicated for any amount of money. It will give you several cents daily on good special dispatches."

## IMPECUNIOUS JOYS OF THE BIG CITY

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### "Mother Jones" at Cooper Union. New York Street Scenes--A Park Incident.

Special Correspondence of The Morning Post

By EMEL JAY

If it is true that shopping and theatres cost a small fortune in New York, it is equally true that a varied enjoyment is outspread gratis for those of slender purses. The beautiful music of the churches, the concerts in the parks, a whole world of joy in the libraries, and free lectures and art exhibits everywhere—these are for everybody without money and without price. Up-to-date lectures free to the public are given at the various public schools twice a week through the winter, and a series of elaborately illustrated scientific lectures at the Museum of Natural History is a source of general pleasure and profit for six months during the year. You simply ask for tickets to those museum lectures, and they are yours. An immense double screen is used and the pictures are usually fine. For the autumn series of lectures there is first the Swiss Alps; next the French Alps; third, historic towns of Central France, and fourth, historic towns of Southern France and the French Riviera.

All this is given for the benefit of the teachers of the city and state of New York, though the general public is admitted by tickets. The lectures are under the auspices of the state department of public instruction.

### Children and the Peanut

Educational lines with enticing baits are flung out in New York on all sides to catch the people.

A flower and fruit exhibit given at intervals during the year for the benefit of the children of the east side is one of the many ways in which the Educational Alliance of New York lives up to its name.

To attend one of these exhibitions, to see the throng of little children who come and look at plants and flowers they have never seen before, is to have somewhat of a revelation.

There was one of these exhibitions in progress last week. It was an interesting sight—the human blossoms and those of the flower-world being equal in radiance as to faces, no matter how shabby the clothes.

One plant which constantly attracted absorbed groups was the peanut. Those boys and girls looked with wonder at their old and long-loved friend, hardly recognizable in this guise of scrubby top-growth and rambling root-bearing the precious nut.

Every plant had its label; and there were, besides, teachers who mingled with the children and told them interesting things about the flowers, fruits and foliage. An improvised arboreal autumn leaves was filled with pumpkins and pears, and big barrels of red apples were ranged against the wall. Best of all, those fruits were given to the children to eat on the last day of the exhibit. Then indeed in that hall, there were happy hearts along with enlightened minds. For the heart of childhood lies very close to its stomach; and as for the mind—why, how better can one gain an accurate knowledge of things edible than by eating them?

### "Mother Jones"—An Impression

"Mother Jones" was another free show enjoyed recently. It was a great show, too—that little gray-haired rebel of a woman speaking amid the cheers and the tears of 3,000 men—for the audience was by a large majority male, with only a small sprinkling of womankind.

Mother Jones spoke at Cooper Union, that grand institution where every thing is free—where one may learn anything free of all cost, from carpentry to music, and from law to labor and socialism and the strikers—and Mother Jones.

There is something suggestive in the fact that Cooper Union is placed just at the head of the Bowery—a center of light and attraction for all that crowd of recent social-democratic meetings where Mother Jones spoke. It was a unique occasion. It was something to see that multitude swayed by one small woman over 60 years of age. There she stood in her plain black gown revealing a little white at the throat and wrist—there she stood absolutely still by the applause for about five minutes; then, when she did begin, making the people laugh and weep by now flinging a stinging rebuke at "Baer and the rest of the animals," now giving a pathetic picture of the miner's home in prevention, sickness and death. One story she told of how she and some miners were once arrested, and the miners were sent to jail; but she was an old woman, said she; she couldn't go to jail. But Mother Jones demurred to the decision. "I have been with these boys in the mines," she said; "I have slept in their homes, I have shared their poor food, I have watched with them on the mountain side—I will go with them to jail."

It was something to see the answering light kindle in the faces of her three thousand hearers as she talked. There was an intensity of feeling rarely seen. And no "rough-and-tumble" crowd, either. Intelligent looking men with heart and brain and nerve all united in a common cause, and Mother Jones for the time being the mouth-piece of that cause.

Yes, however mistaken one may think this little woman is in her devotion to the cause of labor, that self-immolating devotion is itself a noble thing.

And Mother Jones we must admit is a heroine.

### A New York Street Scene

New York, like all big cities, is full of picturesque incidents. A whole volume of human degradation and human pity was told in a scene on 142d street the other day. It was just after breakfast when people of that neighborhood glancing out of the windows saw an old gray-haired man crawling on all fours along the sidewalk in most abject fashion.

"Poor old wretch!—drunk I suppose," commented one.

"Even the dog is barking at him!" said another.

"The ambulance will come along and get him directly," remarked a man glancing out, "there's no use bothering over it."

But more than one woman looked down with compassion at the poor groveling figure once upright, perhaps, and manly. He had reached the side of a wall by this time and unable to stand or sit, stretched himself out against its shelter. Nobody lifted a finger to help him. Passers-by halted a second, glanced at him and went on.

But no—there was one Good Samaritan. For presently at a door opposite appeared a gray-haired woman bearing a pitcher of smoking coffee, a cup and some bread. The ready services of a small boy were secured and the coffee sent across the street to the poor creature. After much persuasion, he took it, and drank, and soon sat up against the wall. A group of children had now collected about him, and were watching him, compassion and curiosity on their young faces.

It was a suggestive picture. Presently a bar-keeper from a saloon nearby—the very place doubtless at which the old fellow had found his fall—came out and hustled him off. The tableau, to his mind, was a temperance sermon too close to his establishment. So, braced by his bread and coffee, the old man shuffled off, shaking his fist and lifting his cane in pantomime of threat.

"Maybe he can get home now," the Good Samaritan was heard to say, her face full of pity.

Maybe so. At any rate if that cup of coffee did no good, it surely gave those children and more than one grown-up spectator an object lesson in human compassion for a wreck of a fellow creature.

### A Park Incident

Another incident of quite another kind comes to mind. It was in one of the parks. A middle-aged man wearing glasses was seated on a bench enjoying the air, the passers-by, and incidentally a group of children near the top of an opposite slope. The children ranged apparently from eight or nine years of age down to the wee occupant of a baby-cart.

Presently, the man saw a slight which made his heart stand still. The small attendant of the baby-cart had unwittingly reached the very top of the slope and then thoughtlessly let go the cart for a moment, when down he fell, turning over, and spilling out baby, pillows and all, long before it reached the bottom. The children with exclamations of excitement raced after, but the man reached the scene of the disaster first.

"My God," he exclaimed as he bent over the little white figure which had been pitched out on its head, and was now lying silent and motionless. He lifted it tenderly; and then suddenly with an expression half-cheer, half-compassion, he looked around at the children, "Why it's a doll baby!" he said. Oh, what merry laughter greeted his expression of chagrin. The only sympathetic face in the group was that of the doll baby's mamma, who was rubbing a scratch on the wakened brow. The man took off his glasses, wiped them carefully, and returned to his seat ruminating on the folly of needless excitement.

Citizen—What do you think? We've got the same servant girl who worked for you once.  
Suburban—Impossible.  
Citizen—Fact!  
Suburban—Impossible, I say. We never had a servant girl who worked for us.—Catholic Standard.