

# FEW RECRUITS FOR LIFE-SAVERS

## Small Wages and Lack of Pension Fund Are Driving the Surfmens Into Less Hazardous Callings.

**T**HE United States life-saving service is finding it increasingly difficult to fill gaps in its crews caused by death and resignation. The younger men of the coast do not seem as willing to accept the small salary and great dangers of the service as were their forefathers. It is still possible to find father and son serving in the same crew, and there are Long Island families that can boast of having every male member a coast guard; but these instances are by no means as frequent as they used to be. The surfmen are beginning to doubt the value of a service that pays, at most, a salary of \$1,104 a year, with no prospect of pension or indemnification if a man dies in the performance of his duty. Why should a man adopt such a life when he can do better and live safely as fisherman or oysterman, or combination carpenter and yacht-skipper in the summer months? Why, indeed?

Along the 10,000 miles of coast line there is no stretch that is so uniformly dangerous as the tenuous sand spit that runs along the south side of Long Island, projecting 120 miles into the Atlantic. The Great South beach, it is called, or Fire Island beach; but to men of the sea it is known as "the Graveyard of the Atlantic" because of the ships that have broken their backs on the shifting bars that dot its length.

Since the white man first sailed these seas, the Great South beach has taken its toll. Bluff-bowed Dutchmen out of Rotterdam; Spanish galleons from Cuba; high-pooped English merchantmen that traded to the loyal colony of New York; king's ships and fishing boats of the old days; stout clippers and ocean liners—all these and many more have driven in with the flying scud, setting their stems deep in the clinging sand that has so seldom let loose its prey.

You find evidences of them in the shattered timbers that line the beach from Fire Island to the Hamptons and beyond—stout spars, sections of planking, water-soaked timbers of many shapes and ages; and off-shore, sometimes one catches a glimpse of a shattered hull, draped with the green seaweed or a yunken mass of engines and boilers and twisted pipes.

The government long ago recognized the peculiar dangers of the Long Island shore, with its menace to the liners that ply between New York and European ports, and measures to safeguard it were taken. At intervals of five miles along the most dangerous section, tiny stations are planted. There are 13 of them, each manned by eight men from the first of August to the first of June. Between these dates all the crews, except captains or keepers, go off duty—without pay. These are stations at New York's door. They are also the stations which do the greatest amount of work and bear the heaviest responsibility—a statement that casts no reflection on the remainder of the 300 stations.

Some of the men in these stations have performed noteworthy deeds of valor, but the most they have ever received in recognition has been a few medals, and in one instance the thanks of the New York legislature. Despite the undoubted hardship of their work, and the fact that they are called upon to risk their lives more often than soldiers or sailors, or even firemen probably, the government has not seen fit to raise their pay or increase the comforts of their surroundings. One wonders how long such an attitude will be preserved. It seems unfair and unwise, inasmuch as it has already begun to react by curtailing the supply of recruits.

It should be borne in mind that in all the history of the life-saving service there has never been an instance of cowardice—not once. There has never been a time when a captain had any difficulty in getting his men to follow him into the surf. There has never been a time when it was necessary for the captain to repeat an order. Now and then, men have been known to drink and neglect patrol duty, but even these have never showed themselves to be cowards. And perhaps, after all, that is the thing the service is most proud of.

"Yes, they do say it's a hard life," said old Capt. George Goddard of Lone Hill, when some one asked him why he still stuck to his job at seventy. "Yes, it may be a hard life," he mused. "But I like it. Thirty-odd years I've been on the beach, for I was a middle-aged man when I joined the service. But I'm good for a spell yet, and then I've laid aside a little, so's I can live comfortable. They don't give us a pension, you know."

This last was not a complaint, but a fact. It was spoken, too, by a man who had reached three-score years and ten and who was still able to stand up in the stern of a big surfboat and handle a kicking steering-oar, with the sea piling in higher every minute and the North German Lloyd liner Princess Irene fast on the outer bar. His tones expressed a certain amount of surprise, but no

complaint. In fact, no member of the service complains about his lot, even when he resigns.

A man went to the captain of his crew not long ago—last summer, to be exact—and remarked: "I'm goin' to quit, Cap. Too much work feedin' the folks home, now we've got another baby."

The captain took his pipe out of his mouth and grunted. That was all. He knew perfectly well, as well as the man in front of him, that with a family of young children to be brought up and educated in these days of expensive living, it was impossible to get along on the coast guard's pay of \$65 a month and \$9 extra for rations.

If the coast guards are somewhat rough and uncouth outwardly, they are as gentle and courteous as women. The visitor will find nothing too

class and calling—broad-shouldered, strong-limbed, with deep chests that have been developed by hours of tugging at oars that had to meet the undertow and bite of the surf. In a way one is sorry to see material like this wasted on the sea. But there is another side to the story. Is it wasted, after all? These youngsters lead courageous, healthful lives, out in the open air. The city means nothing to them.

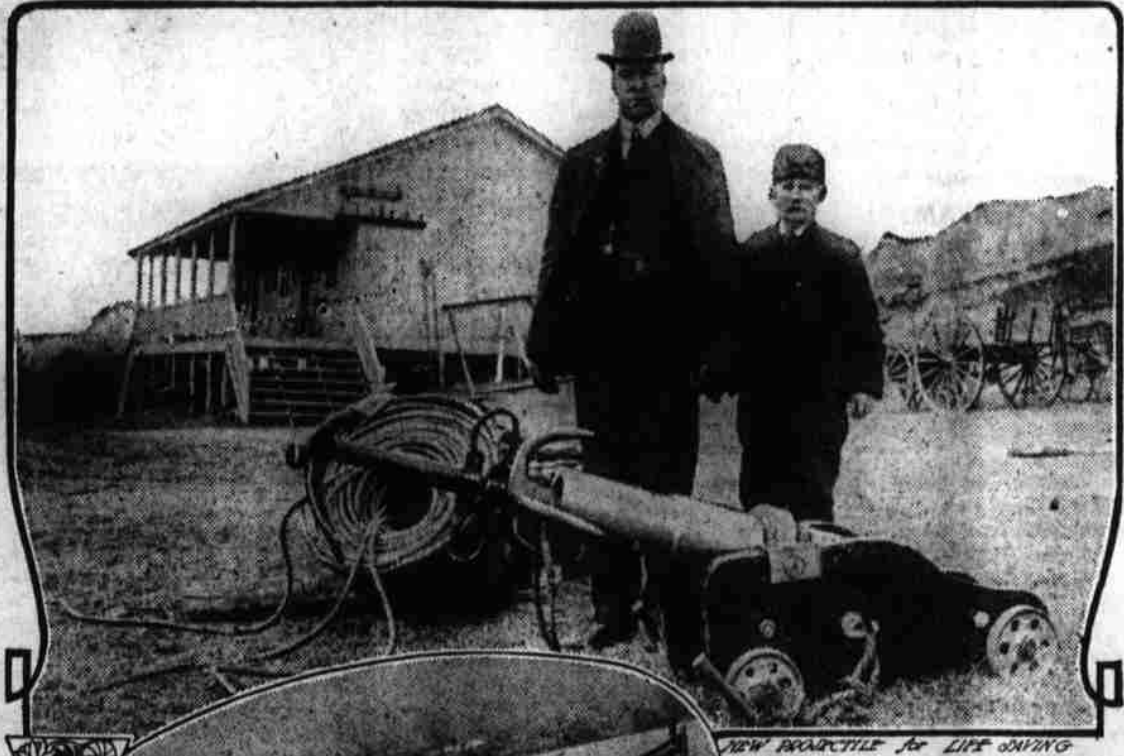
Eddy Baker, who bossed the job in his father's absence when the Antonio Lopez came ashore near Point o' Woods two summers ago, and went out to her with a scratch crew of cottagers and bay men, was once invited to spend a week in town with some of these same cottagers, who had taken a fancy to his strong, simple nature. He was so dismayed by the confusion of civilization that he lost himself at

four tugs had unexpectedly dislodged her from the sand bar:

"I'd like to be aboard her," said a man, wistfully, as he thought of the long trip back to the city by boat and train.

"Why?" asked young Baker. "To go to New York? Shucks! What do you want to go there for?"

Some of the Lone Hill surfmen had been standing around when Baker made this remark and, afterward, in the messroom of their station, just after supper, and the "sunset" patrol had started out, the subject was brought up again. They were mildly amused by their visitor's inclination to return to New York and, finally, Jim Reynolds, who, as he said himself, had had more schooling than the rest, was induced to frame the philosophy of his mates in concrete phrases.



good for him. When you sit down to eat with them you are expected to forage for yourself. They take it for granted that every one does that at any table. Every man knows how to reach for the condensed milk can, according to the coast guard's viewpoint. But if they once get it into their heads that a visitor is not faring properly they will make amends. Any stranger who goes to a life-saving station and appears to be a decent citizen can have board and lodging and he isn't asked to pay, either. That part of the bargain is left to himself. Even if he does pay he won't be allowed to tax himself more than the cost price of everything. This is not said unknowingly; it is a fact. The life-savers of the Long Island coast have a code of hospitality as rigid as the American Indians.

They are of the purest American stock, often with a strong vein of old Dutch blood from the colony at West Sayville. In most cases they have followed the sea from father to son for four to six generations. One is almost inclined to believe that they are born leather-skinned and able to pull the heavy fourteen-foot ash sweeps that row the surfboats and "self-bailers." Some of the Long Island fishing families have established enviable reputations for themselves in the service. Take the Rhodes family, the Bakers, the Reynoldses, the Raynors, the Seamans and many others. They have all furnished at least one hero.

Captain Baker of the Point o' Woods station has two sons in the service. The oldest, Eddy, is No. 1 man at Point o' Woods; the second, Wally, is at Blue Point, and the youngest, Slimmy, is already on the eligible list for appointment at Lone Hill. They are fine, husky, strapping boys, the best type of young Americans of their

Jamaica, where he had to change cars, and it took the police half a day to find him. He had never seen the inside of a big theater before his visit, and he went into ecstasies at the dinner table over some ice cream that had been frozen in fancy molds. But he could try ham and eggs as delicately as the best chef that ever handled a griddle, and he knew his way through the mysteries of flapjacks, plum duff, and other dishes that form the life-saver's menu.

It was this same Eddy Baker, by the way, who summed up the whole viewpoint of his kind as the big Princeton Irene headed for New York, after

"You see, down here, we've got the clean sea and the wind," he said. "Everybody knows everybody else. And the everybody's aren't so thick that we can't have lots of space and air and sunshine on all four sides of us, outdoors and in. Nobody down here is after your money. I don't need to knock the city. But down here they like you for yourself. Eddy Baker's right. I can't see how anybody likes to live in the city. Why, think of the breakers and the fights we have with them. Do you have anything like that in the city? No, sir; I guess not."

The fact is, these men do not mind the dangers and privations they undergo. They are nerveless, or practically so. They are not wholly ignorant of fear; they realize it in graduated degrees. Men like Captain Goddard of Lone Hill or the Bakers of Point o' Woods have reduced the apprehension of danger to a minimum. Although, it should be said, even Captain Goddard, staunch old veteran that he is, has been known to break down and cry.

### For the Sake of Novelty

**Small Girl's Excellent Reasons for Wishing She Might Be a Man, If Only on Occasional Sunday.**

Out back of the house, on a grassy bank overlooking the chicken yard, sat Miss Thung and Margaret last Sunday. They were absorbed, especially Margaret, in watching the chickens.

"They scratch just the same on Sunday," observed Margaret reflectively, "as they do on weekdays. It's wicked, I s'pose."

"Oh, no, it isn't wicked," objected Miss Thung.

"My mother says that 'musment on Sunday is bad for the soul,'" remarked Margaret. "But chickens are not like little boys and girls, are they?" she questioned with a baby sigh.

"No, they are quite different." "They haven't got a soul, have they?" pursued the child.

Margaret paused long and reflectively. "I wish I was a hen," she said at last with decision.

"But don't you like to be mamma's dear little girl?" inquired Miss Thung in surprise.

"Oh, yes, I s'pose so," replied Margaret. "But," she concluded wistfully, "I think I should like to try being a hen for a while."

**Fraternal Fractions.**

Lodger—My brother is coming on a visit; have you a couple of spare cots?

Landlady—A couple! Is he so big as all that?

Lodger—No, but you see the fact is, he really consists of two half-brothers.

**Accessories.**

Bacon—A small piece of tubing fastened across the handle bars of a motorcycle will hold convenient small accessories for which there is no other place on a machine.

Egbert—By accessories I suppose it means arnica, witchhazel and court-plaster.

### NOTES From MEADOWBROOK FARM



All animals need salt.

The hog is a debt payer.

Every farm should have a silo.

A silo built of concrete will preserve silage well.

Milk and corn meal makes a fine forcing feed for friers.

A good time to cull out inferior birds is when the market is up.

The finer the soil, the better the vegetables, both in quantity and quality.

Feed the soil if you would have the soil feed you, applies forcibly to worn-out lands.

Grape vines require frequent shallow cultivation throughout the entire season.

In setting an orchard stick to the proven varieties. Let some one else do the experimenting.

The thermometer must be used as regularly in the dairy during the summer as during the winter.

At this time of the year care should be exercised in housing the pullets that are to be the winter layers.

In breaking a colt, remember that it is an easy matter to overload and ruin him by causing him to balk.

Bran is a very good feed for cows. It is light, palatable and rich in mineral matter, especially phosphorus.

With fruiting orchards, mineral fertilizers are often great assistance, but an excess of nitrogen should be avoided.

Annual flowers can be hurried along by watering them with a tablespoonful of nitrate of soda to a pailful of water.

Heretic pruning measures are needed to bring many old trees into bearing; but it need not all be done the first year.

The theory that one can overfeed the growing pullets has been exploded, and many a flock has been retarded by under feeding.

The earlier in the season after the "June crop" that thinning can be done, the better it will be for the tree and remaining apples.

The most humane method of dehorning a cow is to do the work with a little caustic potash when the horns are just starting on the calf.

When the strawberries are off the vines remove the mulch and cultivate thoroughly to kill off the weeds and put the soil in fine condition.

Some folks have their houses so that they can open them up all around the foundation walls when it is hot, and let the air circulate everywhere.

From early spring until August sow a few rows of summer lettuce every two weeks or so, and thus try to provide a continuous supply of good heads.

Throw open the windows every night, but tack some wide-meshed cloth of some kind over them to keep out things that have no business in the house.

Alsike clover is a perennial and can be grown on ground that is too low and moist for the medium red or mammoth, but it is grown equally well on high ground.

Men who are inexperienced in alfalfa growing should have forced on their attention the important lesson that it pays well to put a little labor on the surface after removing each crop.

Lambs should be docked when they are from eight to ten days old, according to the advice of the Minnesota experiment station. At that time the young animal receives practically no incubation.

Never milk the cow with wet hands. No more filthy habit is indulged in than that of milking on the hand in order to strip the teat. Milking should always be done with a full, dry hand.

Meat in some form should be supplied the fowls. They need protein, and in beef scraps this is found in good quantities. Good beef scraps contain from 50 to 60 per cent. It should be well aired and clean.

In selecting eggs for hatching much care should be used. Select only nice brown, well-formed and good-sized eggs from healthy stock. Keep them just cool and incubate them as soon as possible.

Strength, endurance and speed in a horse are not developed by violent usage, but rather by a judicious amount of exercise given so as to develop, but not strain. When the training goes beyond a certain point it becomes injurious, so that the development of muscle, strength and the power of endurance comes within the trainer's province.

Keep the pigs growing.  
Look out for chicken lice.  
Order crates and boxes early.  
Timely harvesting is necessary.  
Gather all the brush from the orchard and burn it.  
When cream appears moldy on the surface it is overripe.  
You are safe to buy an old sire, but don't get him very fat.

An orchard neglected for one year virtually puts it back three years.

Early turkeys are what pay, and these can only be had from early laid eggs.

Plenty of exercise is one very important item for keeping a flock healthy.

The use of silage for sheep feeding purposes has been tried out to a limited extent.

There is no reason why potatoes should not be cultivated with a riding corn cultivator.

If you want a fine, early yellow peach, put two or three Triumph trees in your next nursery order.

Some tell the sex of the guinea fowl by its wattles. Those of the male are double the size of the female.

A liberal application of ashes to the soil where cabbage plants are grown is a preventive of clump root.

Condiments that stimulate egg production are very much like anything that stimulates a human being.

An orchard will live longer, bear better and be more profitable by being well cultivated and enriched.

Good fruit can be raised only with care and attention given to spraying, pruning and generally good care.

Gooseberries require a cool situation, with plenty of air and moisture, and should be partially shaded.

It requires two-thirds of a full ration to keep a cow in fair condition before there is any milk production.

A blockish built mare with a large barrel on short legs is likely to produce a better foal than the tall, leggy kind.

Capers are the most profitable parts of the chicken business, just as steers are the most profitable part of the cattle industry.

Frequently disinfecting the hen-houses, coops and drink and feed dishes is likely to save lots of trouble from disease.

It does not require any great ability at figures to show that there is a great waste in selling hogs when they are but half fed out.

Truck crops suffer least from fungi in seasons that open with a cool spring and end with a very hot summer, with rainfall below the average.

Raspberries and blackberries should be mulched with straw or litter after they have been shallow cultivated two or three times in the spring.

If the onions are not growing well, a little nitrate of soda or hen manure sown broadcast, before or during a rain, often helps them to fill out.

You don't have to take the frost out of the bits these days, but you might take the fire out of your temper and save much suffering in the horses' mouths.

Sugar-beet growing means more than the mere profits from growing the beets. It introduces a higher type of agriculture and the crops raised in rotation are better.

At this season cows should be dry, so as to avoid milking during fly time and excessive heat. Pastures are short, too, and a dry cow can stand it better than a good milker.

It pays to whitewash, ventilate and properly light stables; to brush and curvy cows; to use clean and well-covered utensils, to cool milk quickly and to have a cool place for the milk.

The farmer who raises fruit for his own family should have a much larger variety than the commercial orchardist because the latter must produce enough of each kind to ship to advantage.

Turkeys are the choicest fowls that can be taken to market, and bring the highest price of all fowls. Turkeys require the most care and attention during the first few weeks following incubation.

Cowpeas or soy beans are frequently sown in standing corn at the time of the last cultivation or they can be sown after such early-harvested crops as wheat have been removed in case it is not too late in the season.

Those who contemplate starting an alfalfa patch should bear in mind this one fact, that under ordinary circumstances no one factor will contribute so much to the success of the crop as an application of farmyard manure.

In the raising of hogs, it is found that rape or some leguminous crop such as alfalfa or clover makes pasture superior to ordinary grass, and if such is provided it is not necessary to feed so much grain to hogs to keep them growing.

Spraying to kill the apple aphid is a difficult job. The insects work on the under side of the leaves and this causes them to curl up and it is very difficult to reach all of them with spray material. The insects multiply rapidly and the few that are not reached with the poison soon bring on another crop.

### Safety, Liberty and Sustenance

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TEXT—I am the door; by me if any man enter in he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.—John 10:9.

The beauty and suggestiveness of this entire chapter are hard to describe. They have been the charm and ches of thousands of saints and have been the call to many a sinner to forsake his ways and find in Christ the three great blessings promised in the text. The most precious part of the chapter is the picture which it gives us of Jesus as the Shepherd.

This work of Jesus is set forth in three aspects in the Scriptures. In John 10:11 he speaks of himself as the "good" Shepherd who giveth his life for the sheep; and therefore he can be the door for the sheep. This answers to Psalm 23. In Hebrews 13:20 we read of him as the "great" Shepherd brought again from the dead, setting forth his work in caring for and perfecting the sheep; this aspect is also emphasized in Psalms 23. In First Peter 2:25, which answers to Psalm 24, we read of Jesus as the "Chief" Shepherd coming in glory to give crowns of reward to the faithful.

The figure of the door not only is beautiful, but it illustrates a great necessity, for when sin had separated us from God Jesus opened the wall, placing himself in the breach, and so has become the door between darkness and light, danger and safety, sin and holiness, despair and hope, earth and heaven.

"He shall be saved." Here we have the certainty of the gospel giving us everything in one word. Salvation is the great inclusive word of the gospel gathering into itself all the redemptive acts and processes. Therefore it was perfectly natural that Paul should say "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth." There is salvation for the past, covering the guilt and penalty of sin; there is salvation for the present, covering the power of sin; there is salvation for the future, covering the presence of sin when we are to be perfectly conformed to the image of Christ. No wonder the redeemed sinner cries "Hallelujah, what a Savior!"

The figure of the text is a perpetual illustration of the efficiency and extensiveness of salvation in Christ. He is the door protecting us from the hands of the enemy, from sin and its results, from the enticement of the flesh, from fear and pains of death. He is the Savior we need.

"And shall go in and out." What a beautiful illustration of the happy life of the believer and how aptly and completely it answers those who say that the Christian life is a life of bondage. To make such a statement is to confess ignorance of the very fundamental and primary blessing of Christian life, for it knows no fear and constraint but it experiences full joy and freedom indeed. The child of God is not bound by rule as a slave but is guided by love as a son, and the farther he goes in his experience the more he knows that there is no narrowness in Christ.

"And find pasture." This makes one think of the confidence expressed in Psalms 23; the Lord is my Shepherd I shall not want, and to realize that that covers every need of the human soul. What wealth of provision and what generosity of supply one finds in Christ. Paul had tested this. In Romans 8:32 he says "He that spared not his own son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" And in Philippians 4:19 we read, "But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." There need be no lack of food and rest. The Shepherd wants us to be nourished, and sickly sheep are contrary to his will.

We may find pasture in the willing, acceptable, and faithful doing of our daily duty; in cheerful giving to others; in the quiet and sometimes misunderstood discipline of our lives; in daily meditation upon God's word; in communion with God in a secret place of prayer. Our range is as wide as God's love and the supply never fails. "For all things are yours; whether Paul or Apollus, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come, all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's."

The picture of Christ supplying our every need is carried into the future where we read (Revelations 7:10-17) "They shall hunger no more; neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." The text gives us still further assurance when we are told that we shall find pasture. Christ gives all we need. The blessing of the Christian life is not an attainment but an abatement. David knew this when he poured out his joy in Psalms 23. Let this be your song—"I shall not want."

### Comfort in Shedding Tears

**Provision of Nature to Bring Relief at Times of Mental Emotion or Great Pain.**

While tears do not always express grief they certainly betray intense mental emotion of some kind, and relief is always obtained by the shedding of tears, whether the person be old or young.

Severe pain and suffering physically seldom calls for tears, except in young

children, and then we are told that it is fear rather than pain which causes the crying at such a time.

Do not attempt to stop a child's crying if it gets hurt or is afraid of anything; reason with him, but remember that tears were provided by nature to relieve the mind of the strain of an emotion too great for endurance. After a good cry the child will soon forget the fright or sorrow that caused it to

shed tears, and this in itself proves the relief it has brought to the mind.

The ancients prayed "Grant us the bath of tears!" They realized the philosophy of natural expression in time of great sorrow; and the repression of one's grief may lead to serious results later on, especially in cases where the person is of a nervous temperament. Pent up emotion gathers unto itself much power; it is far better to express a little as we go along.

People who exert great control over their feelings do not always prove to

the world that they are superior—in fact, it has always seemed to me that the man or woman who expresses no grief does not feel any. Watch this same person under conditions of what, apparently, ought to bring great joy; do they rejoice? No, they do not; they are just as silent in the face of good news as they were in the home of sorrow. Still waters may run deep, but the depths of a human soul that is worth anything to its fellow men does not go too deep that sorrow cannot "sound the depths!"