

# HEROES OF LAND and SEA

By A. R. PARKHURST JR.



Hoisting Out The Life Boat



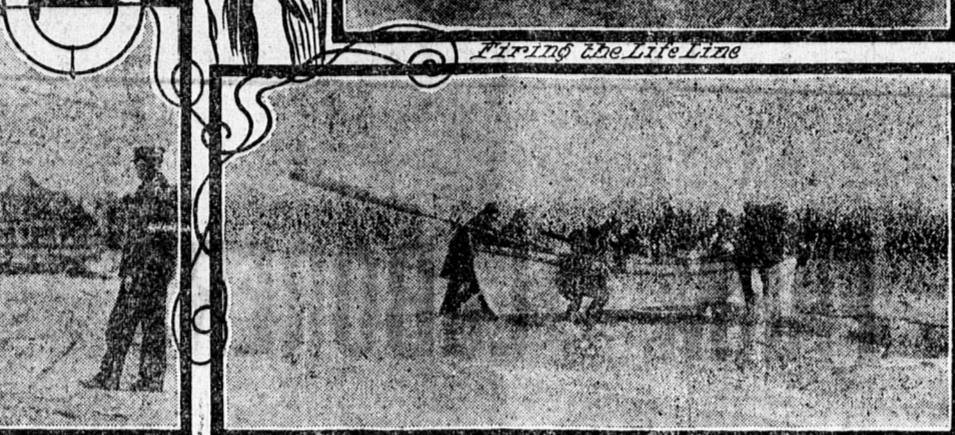
Lowering The Life Boat



First Aid to the Injured



Lowering with The Breacher Boy



Lowering the Life Boat

**H**EROES? Yes heroes in every sense of the word, for these ill-paid men ever stand ready and eager to risk their lives in response to each signal of distress flung from the mastsheads of disabled craft off shore, be the weather fair or foul, and more often than not such signals are flashed when the weather is the foulest of the foul. As members of the fire departments of the big cities become wedded to their perilous profession, so life-savers become so attached to their work that they are rarely weaned away from it. The sea is the magnet, and they cannot resist its call.

Where duty calls they go. The most advantageous point to observe the work of the Life-saving Corps is along the Jersey coast, where 42 stations have been established between Sandy Hook and Barnegat. Of course, similar stations are maintained at regular intervals, from Maine to Florida, as well as along the Pacific Coast, but no coast is so treacherous as that of New Jersey, and in consequence the stations are found at more frequent intervals and greater vigilance is the more necessary. The model station along this coast is that at Long Branch. This is mainly due to the manifold dangers which shipping encounters just off this point, and this corps boasts of more rescues effected and more lives saved than any other corps in the service.

Capt. William Van Brunt commands this station and under him are six hardy and fearless surfmen. The work-day of a life-saving crew consists of 24 hours—no more, no less. From the 31st day of August until June 1 (when the men are laid off for an enforced vacation of three months) the men are practically on duty every minute of the time. Twelve hours once a week, is allowed each man, and in this time they visit their families, who generally reside in seaside cottages nearby. Night watch is the period when every sense must be most acute and, in spite of storm or extreme cold, every inch of

coast between stations is patrolled at regular intervals. As is to be supposed, it is the winter nights that patrolmen most dread. At 5 o'clock each afternoon patrol duty begins. The interval between sunrise and sunset the lookouts spend in the watch towers, which reach 40 feet above the sea, and there the day is spent by the lookout as he surveys coast and sea with telescope in search of ships in distress. But as night closes in the coast pickets start out and cover the lonely eight-mile stretches between stations. As the captain of the station announces sunset, surfmen No. 1 and 2, huddled in their heavy woolen sweaters and jumpers, start out on their lonely stroll, proceeding in opposite directions from their stations. At the end of the four-mile stretch each covers the patrolman from the other station, and here they exchange brass checks, which are turned over to the captains of the respective stations to prove that every inch of coast under their jurisdiction has been traversed. Patrol

duty for each crew lasts four hours, at the end of which the pickets return to their station for warmth and rest preparatory to relieving those by whom they in turn, were relieved. If, during the night, a rocket flashes from deck of ship off shore another greets it from the land, and in an instant all is activity at the station. Perhaps it is a wreck, and if so, the big lifeboat is hauled to the beach, unlashd from its carriage and launched in the surf. Cork belts are strapped on, the long oars manned, and in a jiffy the crew is battling with the white-crested waves that rush across the bar. A surf mountainous high may be running and the efforts of the life-savers to ride the angry breakers may be futile; then the beach apparatus comes into play, and the little brass cannon with its load of rope and heavy steel projectile launches forth a saving message to those aboard the ship. The shot goes true, the line falls afloat a spar and is eagerly grasped by those on the ship and made fast. A

heavier rope is drawn in by aid of the line just secured, and with this comes a thick hawser, which is made fast to a mast. The breeches buoy is lashed to the tackle and slowly those aboard the ship are drawn to safety.

Each day of the week there is a drill, intended to keep the crew at the height of efficiency, and these drills are quite arduous and severe upon the physique of the crews as the real rescues. On Monday the apparatus is hauled from its house and spread over the beach, while the crew overhauls the rigging. Tuesday is the day set apart for boat drills. Bright and early the big white lifeboat is wheeled down to the water's edge. The surfmen, in their oilskins, grasp their oars, and, with the captain at the helm, the craft is launched into the breakers. In the landing operation the surfmen are waist deep in water, and on the severe days of winter the spray from breaking waves envelops men and boats in a crust

of ice. It takes four minutes to launch the boat, and the entire drill consumes an hour. Wednesday is devoted to flag drill, and each member of the corps is as proficient in the work of wigwagging as is the signal officer aboard one of our ships of war. Thursday is scheduled for beach apparatus drill, which includes the rigging and firing of the gun, the rigging of the breeches buoy and practice in its use. The resuscitation of the drowned is the object of Friday's drill, and the various exercises are gone through with upon one of the members of the crew as a subject. Saturday is cleaning-up day, and Sunday there is no work outside of the regular watches.

More incentive than mere money-getting is needed to attract men to the life-saving corps, for surfmen receive but \$65 per month, and out of this they must support themselves, but their uniforms and provide for their families. This amount is further reduced by the two months' vacation during the summer, for which they receive no compensation. The commander of each station receives \$900 a year, and, considering that it takes almost a lifetime in the service to reach this exalted position, the salary is but a paltry pittance. United States Senator Keen of New Jersey, is endeavoring to put through Congress a bill providing for the creation of a retired list after a life-saver has reached a certain age. This will be of some benefit to the life-savers, but an increase of wages is what they most earnestly hope for.

It is to the women and children, to the men themselves, disabled by such ordeals as they undergo, that Congress is now asked to give a square deal. Four out of every five of the brave fellows left in the service has a wife at home, and more often than not children as well. Nearly all of the bachelors in the service have dependent mothers or sisters. Are not the women and children of the men who thus risk their lives for others as worthy of a nation's protection as the women of the soldier and bluejacket who fight once in a generation, or of the revenue cutter sailor who seldom smells gunpowder in a lifetime?

Sumner L. Kimball, general superintendent of the United States Life-saving Service, has worked hard for pensions for his men, their widows, orphans and dependent mothers, such as were so recently granted to those of the Revenue Cutter Service. Congress is apparently not yet in a mood to grant this richly merited boon to our brave surfmen, who are year in and year out, the hardest worked and by long odds the worst exposed to suffering and danger of all of Uncle Sam's servants. Mr. Kimball, while connected with the federal government continuously since 1892, has held his present post for 37 years. He shows by the official records that since he organized this bureau, in 1871, his life-savers have rendered assistance at 18,000 wrecks, which imperiled the lives of 125,000 people and about \$350,000,000 worth of property. Statistics prove that 14 out of every 15 of these human beings and over two-thirds of this imperiled property have been saved. In addition to administering to those distressed at sea the records show that members of various life-saving stations succeeded in saving the lives of nearly 100 persons who had gotten into the water from causes other than accident to boats—would-be suicides, lunatics, careless bathers, skaters, children who fell from docks, etc.—rescued 107 flood victims, carried 17 ill persons to physicians, gave direct medical aid to 10 others, recovered 83 corpses from the water, cared for 13 others found on beaches, recovered 10 lost fishermen, saved 100,000 feet of drifting saw logs, worked at 31 fires and rescued from the flames 65 horses and 110 vehicles.

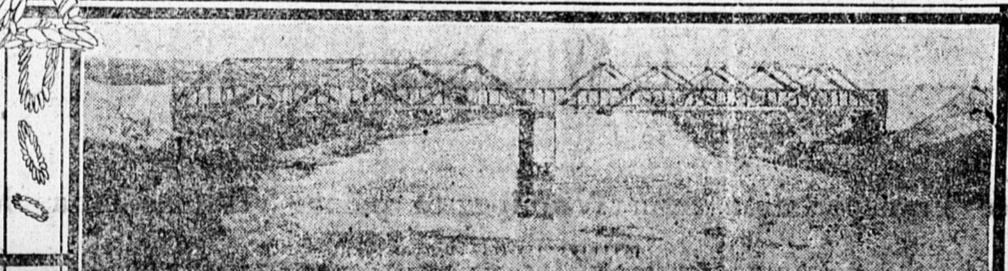
Again scanning his records the superintendent showed that there were many rescues of persons endangered in other ways, such as by falling into sewers, getting caught against breakwaters, lost in blizzards, stranded in automobiles and endangered by runaway horses. From the foregoing it can be seen that the man calling upon Congress for living wages combines with his best known duties those of fireman, policeman, salvage man, ambulance surgeon, hospital steward and custodian of the dead.

## Where Water Wins Wealth

By FORBES LITTLEDALE



Discharge End of Pressure Pipe



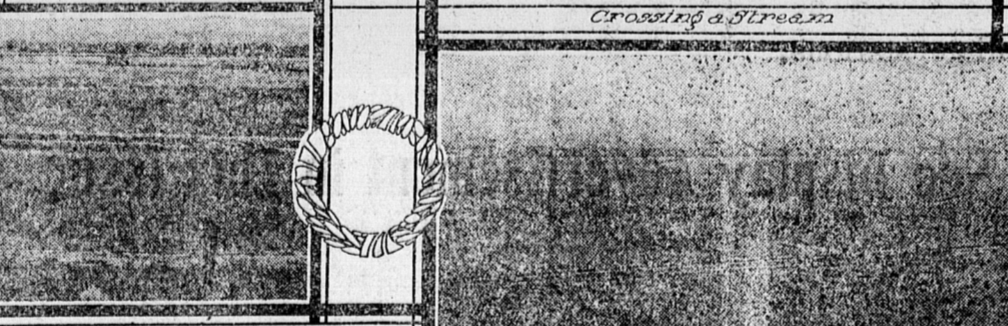
Crossing a Stream



Pipes Discharging Mud From Bottom of Stream



Finished Portion of Main Canal



Farm After Being Irrigated. Canal Through Center

**D**URING the closing days of June water was turned upon the land of North Dakota for the first time in its history. It is true that individuals had practiced irrigation on the bottom lands in a small way and sufficiently to demonstrate the wonderful productivity of this soil when properly moistened, but systematic and scientific irrigation was unknown in this semiarid region until the government opened the system which now supplies water to about 13,000 acres, with a possibility of extending the operation to 25,000 acres. The projects are located in Williams county, on the extreme western border of the state, and at the point where the Yellowstone and Missouri River unite. Close by is the town of Mandak, whose name is constructed from abbreviations of the words Montana and Dakota. The state line runs through the place, which is a thriving burg, with a great liquor trade on its Montana side owing to the fact that North Dakota is a prohibition state.

Even as high up as its junction with the Yellowstone the Missouri is an exceedingly turbulent stream in flood. It cuts the banks as though they were so much cheese, and often does great damage by extending beyond its natural bounds. Near Trenton the river makes a "V" shaped bend, forming a peninsula about three miles in length. The enclosed land is occupied and partially cultivated. Four years ago the strip in question was about 1,000 feet wide at its middle part. The river has been cutting into it rapidly. Two years ago the width had been reduced to 575 feet. One

year ago it was 102 feet, and at the present time it is nearly cut through. A great deal of the material eroded by the river is carried down the stream, and is the chief factor in making the Mississippi so muddy. The greater part, however, is banked up elsewhere, so that while the stream destroys land at one point, it forms it at another, generally on the opposite side.

It is from this treacherous river that the Reclamation Service secures its supply of water for the lands embraced in the Buford-Trenton and Williston projects, which are virtually one, occupying a continuous stretch of about 22 miles. The river at flood time and at the breaking up of ice causes the engineers all sorts of trouble, and during the installation period more than once threatened to carry away their works, and they were only saved by the most heroic action, in which men often risked their lives.

At Williston four powerful electric pumps are placed upon a barge of especially strong construction. The water is drawn into a "settling basin," or reservoir, where it is carried over the face of the land to "bottom weirs." The necessary power is generated by a plant situated in the vicinity of a mine held by the government. A good grade of lignite is taken out of a hill by means of a horizontal shaft and run over a track about 300 yards to the powerhouse, where a machine grinds it to the small pieces suitable for the gas-producing engine used. The government is at present serving itself with coal at a cost of not more than \$1.25 per ton, and expects shortly to reduce the figures to \$1. The

same kind of coal is used by railroads and steam plants generally in this section of the country. This is the only instance in which Uncle Sam figures as mine operator, and the Austrian government is the only other which acts in a similar capacity.

From Williston electrically transmitted power is furnished to the Buford-Trenton project at a distance of 22 miles. Here another pumping station is installed on a barge and operated in the same way. The irrigated lands extend east from Buford for about eight miles, to Trenton and lie on a gently sloping bench two miles in width overlooking the timber-covered bottom land of the Missouri. Buford is on the Great Northern Railway, adjacent to the site of Fort Buford, a famous old military post, which was abandoned a few years ago. The canal system of the Williston project runs northward from the Missouri about 16 miles to the Valley of the Little Muddy. Its width is from two to three miles.

The town of Williston is a prosperous place of about 3,000 inhabitants, which has doubled its population since the Reclamation Service began its work there two years ago. Williston is the chief

distributing point for the northwestern part of the state and does quite a large business, but its people do not appear to be quite awake to the fitness of their opportunities. On each of these projects the government has laid out town sites after the usual practice. In the near future the lots in these will be disposed of by auction in accordance with the Reclamation Act.

One is not readily attracted by the thin and milky looking water of the Missouri and he has to be shown a mass of statistics before he can credit the statement that it is the purest water found in the United States. It comes down in the form of melted snow from the mountains and, although laden with silt, carries no injurious salts or germs. After one gets over its appearance he finds it palatable and pleasant for the silt is quite tasteless. The quality of the water is a very important matter to the community, for wells free from alkali are difficult to locate. As it is, the irrigation farmer may safely drink the water from the canal.

This portion of North Dakota is only semiarid, and the lands beyond the irrigated area have long afforded homes for an agricultural population. The rainfall, which averages 15 inches, is, however, very variable. But more than half the rainfall occurs during the 10 weeks succeeding the first of May and in the latter half of July, when the grain is filling out, the lack of water and the dry winds often greatly reducing the quantity and quality of the crop. The farmer "under the ditch," as they call it, is not only assured of sufficient water in the driest season, but he can get it in precisely the right quantities and at precisely the right times to produce the maximum results. He need only take what water his land

### SMUGGLING CHINESE INTO THE UNITED STATES

The yellow peril (about which California and, indeed, the entire Pacific Coast was stirred to the danger point not long ago) has not ceased to exist. The Chinese are nothing if not patient, and they have simply changed their point of attack. They are now using an underground railroad beneath the Mexican border.

As a result, the Immigration Bureau at Washington has begun making a rigid investigation, during which dozens of trained Secret Service men and other detectives are busy delving into the territories of the new yellow route into this country. One detective reported to Chief

Frank P. Sargent, of the Immigration Bureau, that he alone had caught 87 Chinese at a single point of the Mexican "coast" border.

How many managed to get by him there can be no telling. One hundred and six Chinese are locked up at El Paso, Tex., waiting for the courts to decide upon their cases. They are charged with making illegal entry into the United States.

But the most startling thing yet disclosed by the United States government is the fact that the business is organized and that it has a big capital invested in it. The coolies who want to get into the United States have little money, and the cost of getting one all the way from

China and then through the underground entrance into the United States is large. It is stated by government detectives that these big sums of money for handing hundreds of Chinese are put up by capitalists, who are also Chinese. Then the coolies pay back the money with tremendous interest after they are inside our boundaries and are earning what is for them immense sums of money.

Information is alleged to have been disclosed about a ring of capitalists in Los Angeles, Cal., who are the real owners of the system and who have put up so much money that the best legal talent is defending the coolies when they have been caught making the underground trip.

requires and he is only called upon to pay for what he uses. This permits him to take the benefit of whatever rain may fall without the necessity of placing his reliance upon it.

Mr. E. C. Huganin, of Buford, one of the oldest and most successful farmers in this section, says to those contemplating settlement: Don't come to Western North Dakota with the expectation of finding a climate similar to that of Missouri, Southern Wisconsin or Oregon. This is a semiarid land, and even if you come here with a thorough knowledge of dry farming, as practiced in the West, you will find seasons of drought that will try your courage, your patience, and your pocketbook. Do not believe for a fraction of a second that old, old story that the Almighty is gradually changing the climate to accommodate the purchasers of real estate on the semiarid lands of the Dakotas. Faith in Divine Providence is a mighty good thing to have, but it won't furnish moisture. As a matter of fact, so far as its actual value to the farmer is concerned, land is worth no more than it will produce in marketable products that can be turned into money or trade. Many, very many farmers, living on irrigated lands in the Far West are yearly making more money under an intensive system of cultivation on 40 acres of land than they could make on 100 acres under the present methods of dry-land farming now in vogue in Williams county. The promoters of a certain irrigation project near the Snake River, Idaho, asks 50 cents an acre for their land and \$35 an acre for a perpetual water right. Another illustration of the worthless character of the soil without the life-giving water."

### SIGNIFICATION OF MOLES

A mole on the right eye, a dullness of understanding; on the left, quickness of perception.

A mole on the breast shows affection, strength, courage and resolution.

A mole on the back shows a person to be much given to lying in bed.

A mole on the leg much given to walking and fond of visiting distant parts.

A mole on the foot denotes a haggard disposition.

A mole on the back of the hand a propensity for other men's goods.