

CAPE COD IS THE SHIP'S GRAVEYARD

Traps of Shifting Sand Ever Set for Prey.

HUNDREDS OF SAILORS BURIED.

Some Famous Wrecks of Which the Loss of the Portland is the Worst in the History of That Shore—Heroes and Their Great Work.

CAPE COD, Dec. 22.—The queer hook of land known as Cape Cod has eclipsed its own record in the loss of the steamer Portland with every person on board. The record is a long and terrible one. For generations a wide berth has been given by sailing men to that portion of the southern end of the cape, to Peaked Hill Bar, the northern end.

On the outside of the cape are many shoals and hidden bars. The land is merely sand. All along the sea coast the land rises in bluff formation, 50, 75 and 100 feet above the water. In calm days there is a smooth, sloping beach making down to the water's edge from the base of the bluff. At these times there is nothing to indicate the nature of the famous shore. But when a north-easterly gale comes up this beach disappears, and the white-capped rollers beat fair up on the sandy bluff. The sea actually eats up a foot of the coast line.

From this constant pounding the sand is washed seaward and finally forms hidden bars, which change their positions yearly. While the landman imagines that all is clear sailing, the coasting sailors know that miles out from land are these submarine traps.

Peaked Hill Bar light is nearly at the tip of the cape. Fifteen miles south is Highland light and twenty-five miles further south is Nauset light.

This stretch of coastline is known as the "sailors' graveyard" on account of many ships that have struggled in the waters only to go down, and every foot of the coast line is patrolled by lifesaving men, as fearless a lot as can be found in the government service.

South of Monomoy Point are the notable shoals of Vineyard Sound. Here rocks are found, and the worst wreck heretofore in the history of New England was caused by the little breaker of Martha's Vineyard.

FAMOUS WRECKERS THERE. One of the famous wrecks was that of the British ship Jason on December 1, 1882. She went ashore between Peaked Hill and Highland Light bars. Only one of the thirty on board was saved.

The Jason was a 1,500 ton ship, eighty days out from Mauritius for Boston. The gale drove her onto the bar and the life-saving men almost succeeded in rescuing the crew. A line was shot into the Jason's rigging, but the sailors were too weak to help themselves. Suddenly a boy, Samuel J. Evans, appeared before the watchers on shore as if by magic. A huge wave caught him up at their feet.

The gale was so severe that the strong ship was broken in two amidships a few minutes after she struck. Evans had climbed up the foremast, the others clinging the main and mizzen masts. The foremast was the only one to stand. But Evans was washed ashore. In the morning the fore end of the ship was

seen to be 100 yards nearer shore than the stern.

The Portland's loss of life eclipses that of the City of Columbus, which was lost on Gay Head on January 17, 1881. Of those on board, 122 souls were drowned. The steamer was bound from Boston to Savannah, she carried 50 passengers and a crew of 42. At first the cause of the wreck was a mystery, but the blame finally was laid on Captain Wright, and he lost his life's license.

With no gale and no snow, in a clear night, this ship, a fine one, what ashore on Devil's Bridge, miles out of her course. The steamer filled rapidly and the passengers did not have time to dress. They rushed for the rigging, clid in their night robes. Some did not even get out of the cabin. The wind increased and the spray froze as it fell. Those who were saved, huddled in the rigging.

It was then that one hero appeared, the prominent figure of that night. Through his own efforts he saved more than thirty lives. The revenue cutter Dexter bore down on the wreck. It was impossible for the cutter to get near the wreck, and the heavy sea made it dangerous to launch a boat. Finally the hero, Lieut. Rhodes, launched a long boat, with the aid of a volunteer crew, and proceeded as near as possible to the wrecked vessel. He commanded those in the rigging to jump overboard. Some obeyed and were picked up.

Finally Lieut. Rhodes, finding that some were afraid to jump, and it being impossible to get nearer the wreck with the boat, jumped overboard and swam to the steamer. Clinging to the rigging, he assisted those remaining on the boat. Rhodes at once became known all over the world, and Congress gave him a vote of thanks.

APPLES IN AMERICA. Changed Conditions Resulting from Planting Large Orchards in West. Along the Hudson river fruit region and in the western part of the State the apple orchards are shining golden and green with the fruit of another crop; and the growers are anxiously asking themselves

if the low values of two seasons ago are going to prevail again this year. Every one at all familiar with the fruit industry will remember the heavy depression that obtained throughout the east in 1896, when the tremendous crop of apples almost annihilated values in many regions. Also in the orchards of Massachusetts, a grower remembers seeing placards hung from trees offering the apples at 15 cents per barrel, cider apples 15 and 20 cents delivered at the mill, and the hand-picked Baldwin delivered on Cus cars at 40 cents a barrel. Considering that the average cost of picking apples is from 10 to 15 cents per barrel, sorting, heading and getting to the railroad cost 3 cents more, and the average cost of barrels is 17 cents, it does not take much figuring to estimate the profit and loss to the grower who is forced to dispose of his crop at 40 or 50 cents per barrel.

But since that exceptional season of low prices, when all the markets at home and abroad were glutted with apples, when even good vineyard was selling at 10 cents a gallon, and cider could be had almost for the asking at any big cider mill, changes of great importance have been effected in the apple market. Before that eventful year the growers of fine apples in the east could usually depend upon the exporters to make most of their surplus crop, but in the season of 1897 they suddenly awoke to the fact that even this market was being closed to them, or, more correctly, they were then to be sold to the west, the western States and Canada to make a crop large enough for all apparent needs even though their fruit failed to produce every other year.

There was only one thing to do. The outlets had to be enlarged. Either new markets had to be found or new methods discovered for utilizing the fruit. Along both of these lines scientific and practical "business" men have been working, and the result is there is a wider market for the fruit this year and the machinery for the disposing of the fruit was never such perfect order.

To begin with, factories for the manufacture of cheap jellies have multiplied rapidly and to-day there are about 150 of them in the United States, with an annual capacity of between 100,000,000 and 200,000,000 pounds. In the apple season all of these factories are busy, and day after day they consume an enormous amount of raw material. Originally these factories were established for manufacturing jellies out of the apple juice, but the owners and operators have thrown away. From these cores and peels the juice is expressed and the residue is used for the foundation principle of all the jellies. In the surplus of apples greatly increased the output of the evaporators and canneries, and it was due to this that more jelly factories were established.

It is estimated that there were about 1,500 carloads of waste sent to these jelly factories. In time the offering of apples were so large that the jelly factories purchased ordinary apples direct from the orchards and turned them into apple syrup.

Incidentally a false impression concerning many of the cheap jellies, especially those made of apples, should be corrected. They are not unwholesome or injurious. They are made from chemical compounds simply because it is cheaper to make them from the waste of apple cores, peels and second-grade apples. These jellies, except in quality of taste, are as a rule just as wholesome as the more expensive brands, the only difference being that the latter are made from large, good-sized apples. It is only fair that the truth should be generally known, for the character of the fruit determines the market demand for our apples.

Pure apple syrup is made at these factories and put on the market under various names. The syrup, when flavored a little, has a richer taste than a good deal of the diluted and artificial maple syrup. It is especially fit more wholesome.

Much of this syrup is used as the foundation for other fruit syrups that are far more expensive. Thus a quart of pure apple syrup, properly diluted and flavored with a little pineapple, makes an excellent and harmless substitute for the pineapple syrup for soda water and lemon cream. Similarly a few ounces of orange will be sufficient to change it into good orange syrup. Thus we have the foundation of pure, wholesome fruit syrups produced at little cost and in a way that benefits the farmers and fruit growers.—Boston Evening Transcript.



The Philippines, that group in the Pacific, off the coast of China, are larger than the West Indies. If you include the *Sulu Islands* and the *Ladrones* which must be counted also, for the same guards will guard both and the same admiral will watch over all. But it is not alone taking care of them, what duties impose so that the planters may get their just due, how arrange about the division of land? For, hitherto the Philippines have been governed by a law which means "might makes right."

SHORT STUDIES ON GREAT SUBJECTS. SANTA CLAUS

He has whiskers, and is very fat. He used to come to our house when I was very small, but since he found out that I was too large to appreciate him, he has the things sent around and charged up to me. As a wizard Santa is a bowling success, for I know of no one else who can work a twelve foot girl through a stove-pipe five and a half inches in diameter, but that's what he used to do at our house.

I have always had a great desire to see him in the summer. Just where he goes I have never been able to determine. I think I saw him at Atlantic City several summers ago, but the gentleman that I saw had on crash pants and was swearing at the weather. I never have thought that one Santa Claus did the whole country. There must be a great many of them, and from the difference in the quality of his contributions at various Christmas, he must hold office by political appointment. If it is so the case, I wish the deputy Santa Claus for the Eastern District of Virginia to come up handsomely this time.

I have seen somewhere, possibly it was in *Mother Goose* or *Trilby*, or somewhere along there, that the deep sea creature catches Christmas, and their giver of gifts is a king crab, known as "Sandy Claus."

I saw benevolent old gentlemen with whiskers are having trouble these days. I saw eight of them taken for Santa Claus yesterday by the small children, but a few gun dogs settled the bill. I saw Santa Claus once at a Sunday-school celebration, but he was very loosely put together. His hat wouldn't stay on, and his whiskers gently snowed down all during the performance; and occasionally a large clank of his hair would disengage itself and bid him good evening. This proceeds disintegrating kept on until not more than five-eighths of him ever got out alive.

I cannot dismiss the subject without giving you the last letter to Santa Claus, written by my little boy:

"Dear Santa Claus—Don't forget that I am looking for a sled and a gun and a pair of boots and a horn and a plow and a cow and a pig and a dog and a cat and a wagon and a horse and a plow and a hat and a band and a can of peas and some nuts and candy and cakes and ketchup and grapes and any one thing you choose to bring come dear little BELLSHINE."

P. G.—I have been a good boy ever since I cut my foot last week. I hope when you go, praying for everything, and beseeching that Santa will not, and his whiskers gently snowed down all during the performance; and occasionally a large clank of his hair would disengage itself and bid him good evening. This proceeds disintegrating kept on until not more than five-eighths of him ever got out alive.

But bless their dear hearts, let them go on in their innocent, pure childishness. I have never been truly happy since the mist was rolled from my eyes. How I long for the bright cold nights when I crawled off to bed by sundown and eagerly awaited the morning, dreaming all night of jolly old Santa Claus. And the mornings—what bliss. How I would jump out of bed and bound down stairs to where the stockings had been hung, and fairly shout with delight at the prospect before me. A pair of mittens, a tin horn, a velocipede, or best of all, a book, into which I would dive for the revelations it contained and read it before New Year's Day.

Patience, old happy days. But "it is more blessed to give than to receive." NAT PRUNE.

Carnegie on Imperialism. To the Editor of the New York Times: The President's speech yesterday at Atlanta abounds in eloquent words, but as in his recent message to Congress, one sentence contained the pith of the whole—assist Cuba to create a government which shall be free and independent; so in this Atlanta oration one pregnant sentence contains the pith of all: "To this nation and to every nation there come formative periods in its life and history."

There is one formative period in the life of the republic which we all know about; Lincoln thus recites it in his immortal speech at Gettysburg: "Forty and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

This was the republic "formed" at its formative period. A war more greater than the petty skirmishing with decrepit Spain had taken place when President Lincoln spoke, not a departure from the principles of the fathers was proclaimed, no "new formative period" in the life of the nation was thought of by that great President. Therein he differs from President McKinley.

On the contrary, the speech ends, stating that the dead shall not have died in vain, who gave the last measure of full devotion that the old "formed" foundation might remain unimpaired, that "government of the people, for the people, by the people, shall not perish from the face of the earth."

The issue between Americanism and imperialism is very clear. The one stands in defence of the doctrines established by Washington, Franklin, Adams, Jefferson, and others of the fathers, as repeated by Lincoln after a really great struggle. Imperialism, after petty skirmishes with a weak foreign power, suggests a new "formative period" has arrived which renders it necessary to discard the doctrines upon which the republic is founded.

THE MODEL SHOE STORE

Table listing various shoe models and prices, including Ladies' Brown Felt Sole Slippers, Gentlemen's Velvet Silk Embroidered Slippers, Ladies' Lamb's Wool Soles, Ladies' High-Cut Cloth Nullifiers, Ladies' Black Quilted Fur Trimmed High-Cut Nullifiers, Gents' Black and Tan Goat Leather Slippers, Gents' Box Calf Shoes, Gents' Calf Lined Shoes, Gents' Tan Scotch Sole Shoes, Gents' Patent Leather Shoes, Ladies' Tan Kid Shoes, No such Ladies' Shoes on earth as our Pennsylvania line of Ladies' Shoes, A table loaded down with odds and ends in Ladies' Silk Quilted Warm Slippers, Turkish Slippers, Gents' Embroidered and Leather Slippers, and May Brothers' Model Shoe Store, 607 Broad Street.

and he is no imperialist here. What we must open is that door to the American doctrine that shall be vital for the Philippines; that shall be vital for the people of Cuba; that shall be vital for the Philippines; that shall be vital for the people of the Republic; that shall be vital for the people of the United States; that shall be vital for the people of the world.

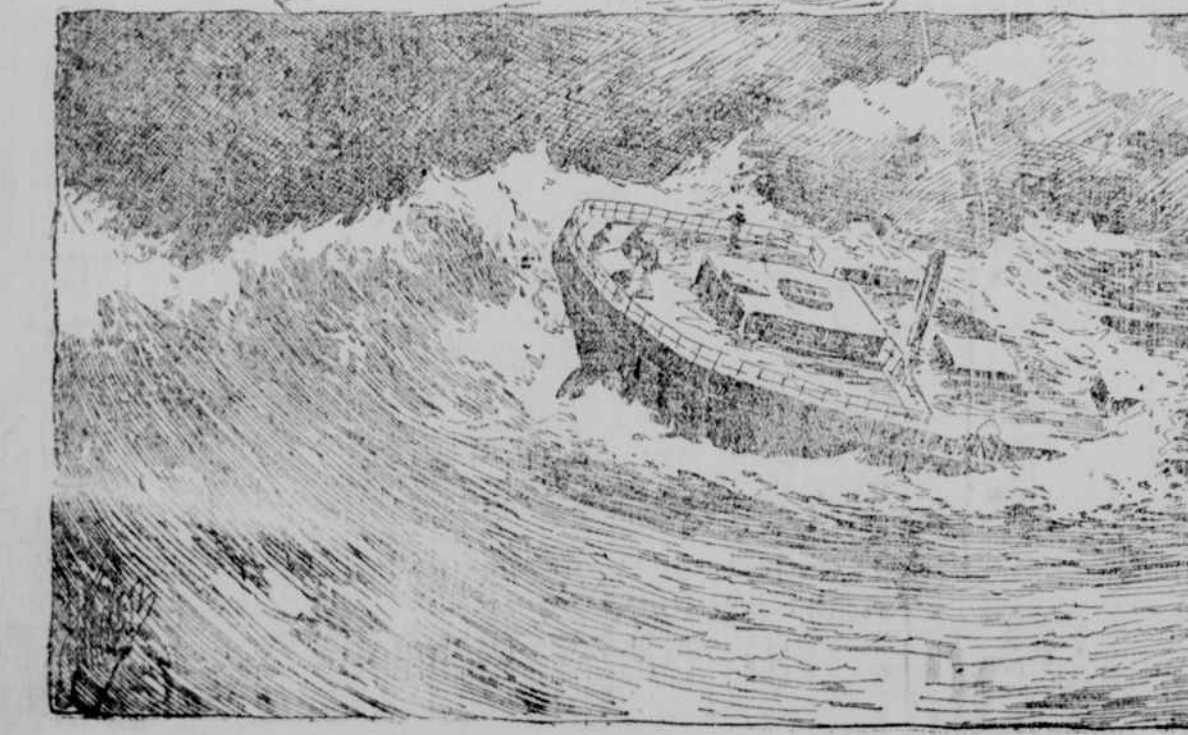
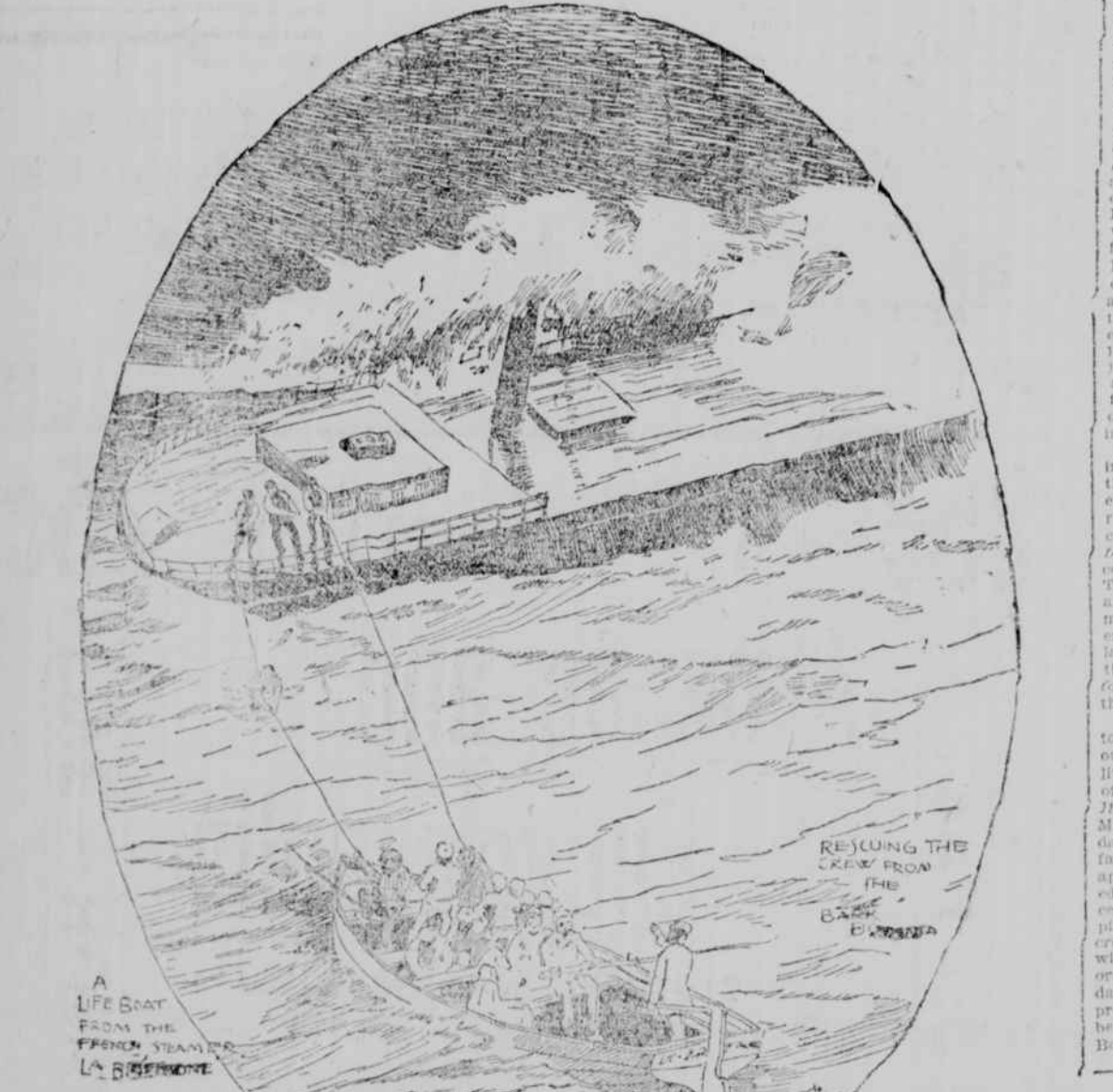
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THE MOST FAMOUS RESCUE IN THE HISTORY OF THE TREACHEROUS SANDS OF CAPE COD.