

The Cruise of the Wock



One Day I Ups and For'ard Goes, an' I Shouts to the Cap'n That "There She Blows."

BY HARVEY F. THEW
Illustrations by J. NORMAN LYND

HIS, bein' the log o' the Truthful Mate, is worthy o' proper credit, for he scribbled it all on his little slate, which he kept corrected an' up to date, and if any one doubts as the words is straight, remember the Mate has said it:

"Seventy-seven o' stalwart crew, an' six foot two o' master, with a Malay Mate whose remarks was true, a shanghaied man an' a Chink or two, all sailin' the shimmerin' seas o' blue an' snickerin' at disaster. Such was the case o' the good ship Wock on her cruise to the northern ocean, for to hunt the fountainous whales as flock to the shivery seas, where the Rip-rap Rock gives blow for blow an' shock for shock, a-keepin' things in commotion.

"An' the wessel Wock was a whalin' raft an' a taut an' trim three master. Her schooner rigin' was fore an' aft, with both a port an' a starboard shaft, an' never you sighted another craft as could run her eastin's faster. Why, 'twas seven bells on Friday night when we puts out from Savannah, an' our sheets runs free an' our halyards tight, an' by Wednesday morn does the lookout sight the ghostly gleam o' the Montauk Light, as we stands out off Tiana.

"An' never you sighted an abler crew, an' never a crew was gayer; for the shanghaied person always knew a joke or a yarn, or a song or two, and a wit was he, an' a poet, too, an' a beautiful banjo player. At night we'd sit on the fo'c's'le deck, w'ich the same was softly swayin', w'ile that shanghaied feljer'd stretch his neck an' sing whatever he'd recollect' in the matter o' songs o' a sad effec', with the banjo gently playin'.

"An' he sings this song o' the Rip-rap Rock, w'ich the place we was about for, in a voice so sweet that the skipper's clock was stopped w'ile the crew o' the good ship Wock remarked to each 'twas the sort o' stock they'd willin'ly pay a pound for.

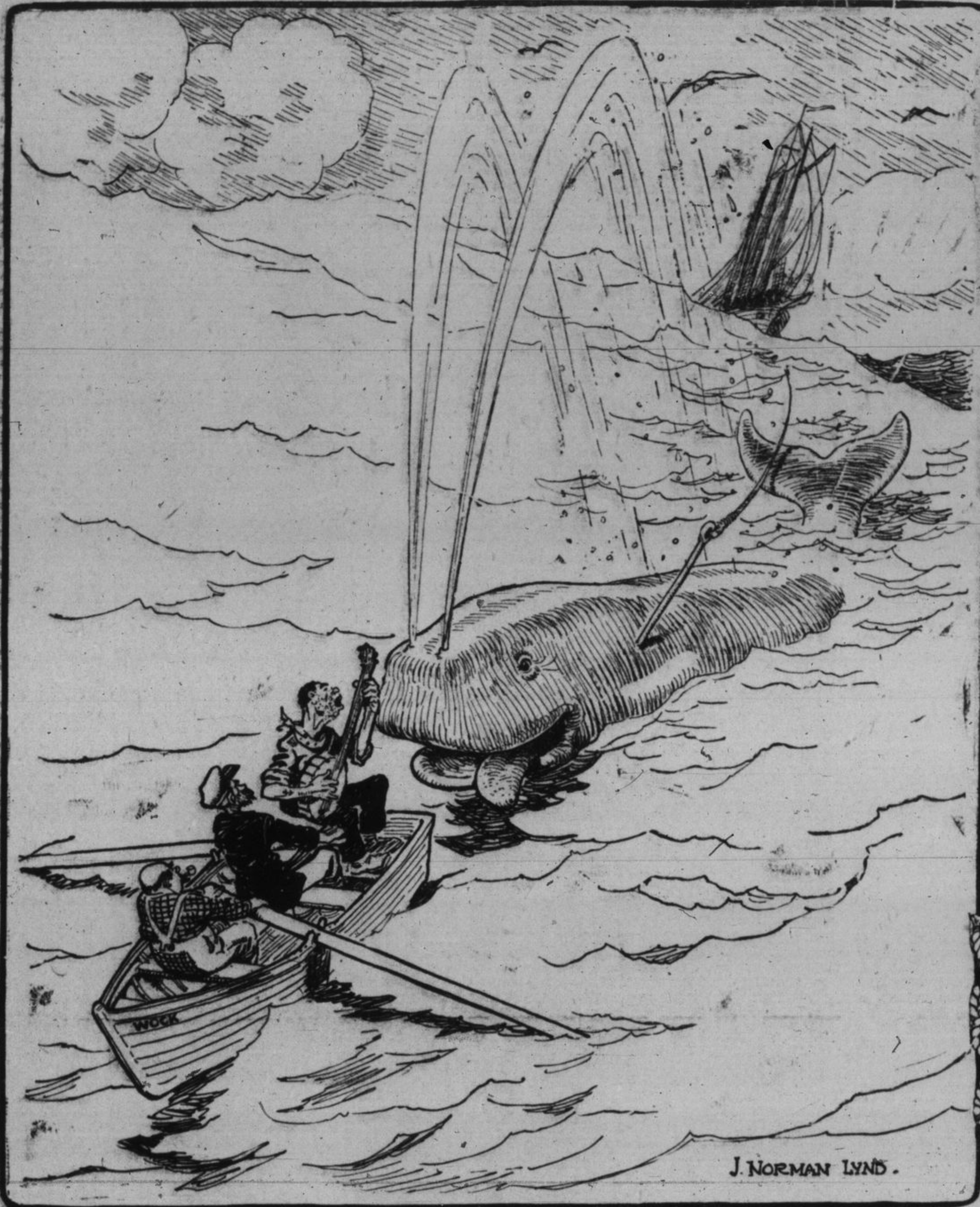
"A sailor from a whaler
As had just reached dock
Sat a-boozin' an' a-musin'
On the Rip-rap Rock.
Through the wheezes o' the breezes,
In his childish glee,
Sang a pretty little ditty,
O' the sad salt sea.

"Sing ho for a sail on the sad salt sea!
Who cares how the billows shock!
Sing a gory little story
To the everlasting glory
Of a sailor from a whaler
On the Rip-rap Rock!

"We was crossin' on the tossin',
Wild Pacific sea;
Werry chipper was the skipper,
Who, o' course, was me.
When we spied across the tide,
Upon our port beam aft,
A crew composed o' two
Upon a rake-rigged raft.

"Sing ho for a ride on a rake-rigged raft!
Sing ho for the billows' shock!
For this ripper of a skipper
Was no other than the chipper
Little sailor from a whaler
On the Rip-rap Rock.

"Now, this crew composed o' two,
Upon this jibless junk,
Was a Dago out from Pago,
An' his Malay monk.
They was laughin' an' a-quaffin'



The Fish Keeps Chasin' the Magic Strain.

Their kianty wine,
With spaghetti-an' confetti,
On the bright blue brine.

"Sing ho for a bite on the bright blue brine!
Who cares how the billows shock!
For this Dago out from Pago
Was removed to San Diego
By the sailor from the whaler
On the Rip-rap Rock!

"Well, 'twas seventeen days from the Pollock Rip, in a sea as we just had sounded, when we finds as the Skipper had made a slip in layin' the course o' the noble ship, an' the first we knows with a sickenin' tip the good ship Wock had grounded. An' there we struck on a sunken stone—'twas the sixteenth o' September—an' we had to wittle on beans alone, for our sausage froze in the Arctic zone, w'ich

the same I can well remember.

"An' terrible high the salt seas ran, an' high the wind kept ringin', an' none of the crew could invent a plan 'cept one, w'ich the same was to tie a can to the highly detestable Shanghaied Man, who continual kept on singin'. So we just squats round in shiverin' rows, some cursin' an' some a-prayin', with nothin' to do but to mend our clothes, till one day I ups an' for'ard goes, an' I shouts to the Cap'n, 'Aye! There she blows!' w'ich the same was a truthful sayin'. For just abaft o' our starboard beam was the beast as had caused the shoutin', an' the Cap'n he lets out a mighty scream when he catches the glint an' the glow an' the gleam o' the water as shoots in a fountainous stream from the whale as we sees a-sputtin'.

"But all was so weak from the lack of food as well as from weeks o' fastin' that they didn't reply as a seaman should, for only three

o' the famished brood could manage to sun mon the fortytood to do their share in the castin'. Then the Shanghaied Man, as had stopped his song, an' the Cap, a smart harpooner, an' me, the mate, who was always strong, no matter if wittles an' drink goes wrong, we was quick in droppin' a boat along the side o' the stranded schooner.

"An' hard we rows, does the Cap an' me for the Shanghaied Man was thinkin' o' a plan by the means o' which we three, or, strictly speakin', the whale an' we, could manage to jiggle the wessel free an' prevent the craft from sinkin'. For the Shanghaied Man was a man o' means, an' when days was dull an' rainy he'd gone below in his Sunday jeans an' pensively sittin' behind the scenes had eaten the most o' the Cap'n's beans—an' beans is always briny.



The Highly Detestable Shanghaied Man Who Continually Kept on Singing.

"Says he to the skipper, includin' me, says he, 'if you only knew it, it shoulda' an' mustn't an' needn't be, that them lubbers loaf w'ile we active three must save the ship from the salty sea, so let's make the fishes do it.' But the Cap'n says, with a solemn face, an' a manner most complacent, says he, 'if you'll kindly have the grace to tell me how in the lonely place we can use a fish for to change our base, I would like to be placed adjacent.'

"'Tis a simple thing,' says the shanghaied one, 'an' can readily be adjusted, for a whale as weighs a dozen ton has a pullin' power as is beat by none, an' to make him fast will be only fun to a man as is tried an' trusted.'

"So we rows ahead with a steady hand to the whale, an' we soon maroons 'im. An' everything goes as we had planned, for the shanghaied person an' me we manned the skiff, w'ile the Cap, with amazin' sand, stands for'ard an' harpoons 'im. An' the Shanghaied Man when the strong harpoon had stuck in the whale's port rafter his banjo, takes an' begins to croon an' awful allurin' an' teasin' tune, so softly sobbin' an' sad that soon the whale was a-followin' after.

"Then we makes 'im fast to the wessel's bow in a true an' a firm position; an' the Shanghaied Man in the Cap'n's scow was towed ahead, w'ile with placid brow he sings as loud as the laws allow his favorite composition. An' the whale goes wild at the solemn sound, an' was tremulous like an' teasy; then he gives a yank as was felt all round, an' a cheer goes up for the headward bound as the Wock she slips from the rock-ribbed ground an' was floatin' free an' easy.

"An' the fish keeps chasin' the magic strain, an' the wessel she keeps arighted, an' for seven days through the sun an' rain he tows us on, an' we gain an' gain on the billowy waves o' the mighty main till the Montauk Light was sighted. Now there ain't enough o' pieces o' eight as could purchase that retacean, for gratitude's always a seaman's trait, an' the Cap an' the crew an' the Malay mate, which is me, we builds him a big estate an' an' isle in the Caribbean."



An' Pensively Sittin' Behind the Scenes, He'd Eaten Most o' the Boston Beans—An' Beans is Always Briny.

An' this is the log o' the Truthful Mate, as was never as yet arrested. An' merely in order to demonstrate that the words is faithful an' true an' straight he swore to the same 'fore a Magistrate, an' the same is here attested.

True Inwardness of England's Protest Against Proposed Panama Canal Bill

BY MICHAEL J. WESTOVER.
[Copyright, 1912, by the New York Herald Company—All Rights Reserved.]

WHEN the British government filed formal protest with the Secretary of State against the proposed Panama Canal bill the average American citizen wanted to know what business John Bull had to object to anything Uncle Sam cared to do with the \$400,000,000 trench for which the United States is paying.

To be sure, article 3 of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty says: "The canal shall be free and open to all nations on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination in respect of charges."

"But," says the average American citizen, "that article has no bearing whatsoever on the proposed canal bill, for the bill grants free tolls only to United States coastal vessels. Foreign vessels are barred by law from coastal trade in the United States, and the bill imposes exactly and precisely the same regulations on the United States vessels as on foreign when engaged in foreign trade. Where, then, is the violation of the treaty? And Uncle Sam may be excused if he scratches his high brow somewhat reflectively.

Why does Great Britain lodge formal protest against the United States doing what it pleases with an excavation that has cost it \$400,000,000, and with coastal traffic which no British ship can touch?

What is Canada's greatest handicap in traffic? Lack of an all-the-year-round open harbor. Halifax and St. John, the winter ports, are from 1,300 to 2,500 miles from the shipping centres of the wheat provinces. Montreal, the furthest inland sea harbor of America, is open only half the year.

What causes the great glut of freight every autumn in Canada? The rush to get the crop to seaboard before the navigation on the lakes and at Montreal closes.

How far are all the year round open ports of the Pacific from the wheat provinces? From 600 to 1,000 miles.

Now look at your map. Draw a line from Winnipeg down to New Orleans. West of that line in the four Canadian provinces up to 1911 were 650,000 American farmers. In 1912 came 150,000 more; or, in all, in the four provinces west of Winnipeg, are 800,000 American settlers, mainly wheat farmers. Within the last year Minneapolis firms have bought whole systems of grain elevators along the Grand Trunk, Canadian Northern and Canadian Pacific railroads. Within the last two years has come a subtle change in the locations of these elevator systems. Formerly the elevators of

biggest capacity were planned facing east, at Montreal or Fort William or Winnipeg, decreasing into the capacity of mere collectors as they strung out westward. To-day the big grain companies are planning the biggest elevators furthest west, closest to the Rockies. Why?

At the present rate of settlement and growth, by 1915 the three provinces—Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta—will be producing 350,000,000 bushels of wheat, or almost half the normal crop of the United States. Last year, with only a moderate crop, there was a car shortage, a grain blockade that left thousands of bushels of wheat rotting on the prairie because the railroads had not the rolling stock to rush forward the grain before the close of navigation. If this is the case when only a tenth of the arable land is occupied in the three grain provinces, how is the crop to be rushed to seaboard when all the arable land is farmed? Canada has only three transcontinental railroads. It takes a grain car three times as long to go from the prairie provinces down to Halifax or St. John as it would to go to Prince Rupert or Vancouver. Which way is Canada to look for relief from a grain blockade?

The Grand Trunk Railroad has openly declared that it plans to ship its quota of Western Canada grain by the way of the Pacific coast and Pan-ama, and it has posted its time

across the Rockies at the lowest grade of any of the railroads for the purpose of hauling its prairie freight to seaboard west instead of east. The Canadian Northern has established a port just a few miles outside Vancouver for the same purpose, and the Canadian Pacific Railroad has spent \$5,000,000 lowering its grades across the Rockies by means of the spiral tunnels through Mount Stephen.

Take another look at the map! What does Panama mean to Canada? If Eastern traffic goes by way of the Pacific ports and Panama only for the five winter months of the year, Panama means that one-half of Western Canadian traffic will go to Liverpool by way of the Panama Canal.

But what if distances and rates via Panama were only a half and a third distances and rates via Eastern ports? Then Panama would mean that the bulk of Western Canadian export freight would find its way to the world markets through Pacific ports and the canal.

Now take the Western grain man's figures. They may be hopelessly wrong, but they are vaguely the figures on which he is hoping for benefits from Panama. Suppose he gets the same rate West as East. That means 10 to 12 cents a cwt. to seaboard. Suppose he gets as cheap a rate from Vancouver to Liverpool, as on the Great Lakes, proportionate to the greater distance. That means 10 to 15 cents. Add half a cent at each end for handling. You have

a maximum total rate of 28 cents to Liverpool, against the total across the continent Liverpool rate of 45 to 55 cents—a saving of 17 to 27 cents a cwt. for summer and winter.

If the Western grain grower is going to save that by using Panama, why should he have the British government file a protest against a gross toll of \$1 a ton for the canal? Toll of \$1 a ton means only forty to fifty cents net a ton for cargo ("a net" ton means tonnage of vessel, less coal, machinery and passenger space), and that is only a cent and a half a bushel. Why should not the Western Canadian farmer be willing to pay that for the benefits from Panama? He is willing. That is not the point. The point is that innocent little railway clause to the Panama Canal bill. If the railway freighters are to be excluded from the use of the canal, or if they are to be charged a toll, while other freighters are not, the Western grain shipper sees his chances of benefit from Panama discounted and the possibility of cheap through rates to Liverpool endangered by discrimination. So he invokes the treaty.

The invocation to the treaty may prove a prayer to false gods, for the chance against Canadian railroad freighters' boats just as heavily against American railroad freighters. Canada wants free tolls for her grain freighters. Stripped of the diplomatic and financial fact, that is the idea, A to Z, of the only protest.