

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., October 4, 1901.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me,
And many there no meaning of the bar
When I put out to sea;

II.
But such a tide, as moving, seems asleep,
Too full for sound or foam
When that which drew from out the boundless
deep
Turns again home.

III.
Sunset and evening hills,
And after that the dark,
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

IV.
For though from out this bourne of time and space
The ship shall bear me far,
I hope to see my pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar.

—Alfred Tennyson.

THE LAST CRUISE OF THE LITTLE MOTHER.

Tom Clafin was 16 years old when his family moved from Chicago to San Diego, Cal. His father a consumptive, was no longer able to work. His mother, a tiny, cheerful, busy woman with three children besides Tom, had to make a living by nursing her husband, making, mending, cooking and caring for the family. They had been in their new home for three months, living away their small capital and with no prospect of earning a dollar. The boom was over. The town was overrun with easterners, men and women in frail health, willing to work for small pay at anything that would yield them a subsistence. And so Tom, the hope of his courageous little mother, had tried everything and failed to get work.

It was then that he hit upon the idea of becoming a fisherman. For a week before he broached the subject at home he had patrolled the shore from Point Loma to the Coronado bench in search of a boat. He had only \$15, and the scores of small craft that could be bought at all there was but one within his means. A leaky lugger, with frayed old sails and an impossible Portuguese village on the north shore of the bay, and thither day after day poor Tom trudged, big with his score of little fish.

One Saturday night he started the family with: "Well, people, I'm a sea captain at last, and no joke. Mother, behold your son, Captain Thomas Clafin, of the good ship Little Mother."

The little woman's blue eyes were filled with tears when her baby boy showed them the bill of sale to the effect that he had bought a vessel for \$12.50, and thus, like a true blue Chicagoan, risked his all in the only business venture in sight.

"I named her for you, mother, and you must christen her and take a sail in her tomorrow."

With a basket of luncheon and a pail and a shovel for clams the Clafin family, with Tom proudly leading the way, went down to the beach in the morning. Sure enough, there lay the Little Mother, swinging gracefully at her moorings, no longer dingy and black, but radiant in a coat of fresh white paint, her sails mended and shipshape, the stars and stripes fluttering from her peak, and her name in bold blue letters across her bows. Tom's little brother and sisters danced with delight, new light came into his father's eyes, and as for "little mother," the parson said of that first voyage, she laughed and cried by turns as she sat in the stern of the boat and watched Tom, the captain, and little Charley, the "first made," both bubbling over with excitement and nautical terms, gazing at ropes, running about like regular Jack tars and making all ready "to put to sea," Tom said.

As the boat, driven by a cool southeast breeze, stood out across the bay for the Loma lighthouse Tom showed them all the new handpump he had rigged into his little "ship," he explained the centerboard, pointed out the imaginary beauties and qualities of the Little Mother, boasted of what he meant to accomplish as a professional fisherman and made everybody so happy that it seemed no time at all till the sun was dipping into the sea and the first cruise of the Little Mother was over.

And the boy made good money with his modest venture. He would rise with the sun each morning and with his dinner pail and coarse tackle make for the boat that had become to him both sweetheart and provider. He great difficulty was his need of an assistant, and many were the baronous and giant fish that escaped him in his lonely all day cruises up and down that matchless summer sea. Sometimes he would induce some lazy wharf idler to accompany him; sometimes old Pedro, the retired Portuguese from whom he had bought the boat, would hail him and stand out to sea to help him with his work. Sometimes when the sea was like a floor in gleaming onyx, his father would sit in the stern sheets, and little Charley would "man the job" or troll a line for small fish, but alone or with a crew Tom never failed to bring home at night enough fish so that his earnings at the end of the week were almost enough to pay the running expenses of the frugal little family.

It was in the end of August that the Monterey, the monster coast defense monitor, returned from her first cruise. She had been in South American waters for four months, and the crew got its first shore leave on American soil at San Diego. The big war vessel was thrown open to visitors on Sunday morning, and all that day Tom Clafin carried sightseers about the Sanja Pe pier to the Monterey. Good seaman that he was, he was, fascinated with the dazzling splendor of the monitor, and every night while she lay in port Tom came aboard to revel in the ship talk and yarns of officers and men. He soon knew all the officers by name and had formed a close friendship with a seaman named Hansen, who was a half fellow with every man in the crew.

Hansen was killed the night before the Monterey sailed for Frisco. He had gone ashore with a guard to arrest a half breed Mexican stoker who had oversteered his leave. The guard separated to scout the town for the deserter, and Hansen, alone, had the misfortune to corner him in a Chinese dive at the lower end of town. A knife in the dark as he was dragging his prisoner through an alleyway, a panic of chattering Chinamen, who quenched their lamps and bolted their doors, and poor Hansen was left dying in the mire. It is but four miles to the Mexican border from San Diego, and thither it was supposed the murderer had fled.

Wrecked the Philippines.

"War Has Wrecked the Philippines," Says the General—People Back in Barbarism.

The army transport Sheridan, with Major General Arthur MacArthur on board, arrived at San Francisco on Sunday morning from Manila, but it was three o'clock in the afternoon before the former governor of the Philippines was landed. Before the inauguration of a civil governor in Manila the entire administration of affairs, both military and civil, devolved upon the general.

Beyond a slight loss of flesh General MacArthur is the same as when he left San Francisco three years ago. He had practically no illness during his stay in the Philippines. As soon as the quarantine was raised on the Sheridan the Slocum drew alongside and S. M. Green, of Milwaukee, boarded the ship as the representative of his city, to present an invitation to General MacArthur to visit Milwaukee, which was formerly his home.

The general was welcomed home by many army officers and others who called at the hotel during the day. General Young, commander of the department of California, was among the first to greet him. His personal representative, Captain Smedberg, had previously met the general at the dock and accompanied him to his hotel. He will remain in San Francisco several days, awaiting orders from Washington, and expects to go there direct on a confer with the president and Secretary Root. General MacArthur expressed great satisfaction with the work done in the islands. He said:

"While the conditions are not perfect, they are gratifying. A few groups of armed insurgents are still at large, but they will soon surrender. Their power is broken and they are not being aided by the natives generally. These natives have come to see that surrender does not mean death and come to every week with their rifles."

"Throughout Northern Luzon the insurrection has been dead for some time and there is freedom of movement. A large criminal class still there commits depredations on Americans and natives, though the natives are eagerly seeking the establishment of civil government that they may root out these bands of criminals. There is every reason to believe that the whole country will soon be perfectly safe for travelers."

"War has wrecked the Philippines and laid waste whole districts. The people in many districts have ever elapsed into barbarism. The best conditions prevail in Northern Luzon. You may say that the whole territory is pacified, but not tranquilized, but it will not be many months before law and order are observed everywhere."

"At present there is some trouble in Samar, but General Hughes, with a large and effective force, has gone after the offenders and will soon bring them to their senses. That is the worst place, but it is not interfering with the coast business. In Cebu and Bohol, and occasionally in Southern Luzon, there are slight outbreaks by the criminal element. The civil commission was about to put in force some excellent ideas for the municipal government of the city of Manila when I left."

"Manila is in excellent condition, especially in its sanitary department, and its growth in business will be enormous."

"Pa, why do they call these the melancholy days?"

"Well, one reason, I guess, is that these are the days when most people are back from their vacations and can figure up just how much it cost 'em."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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