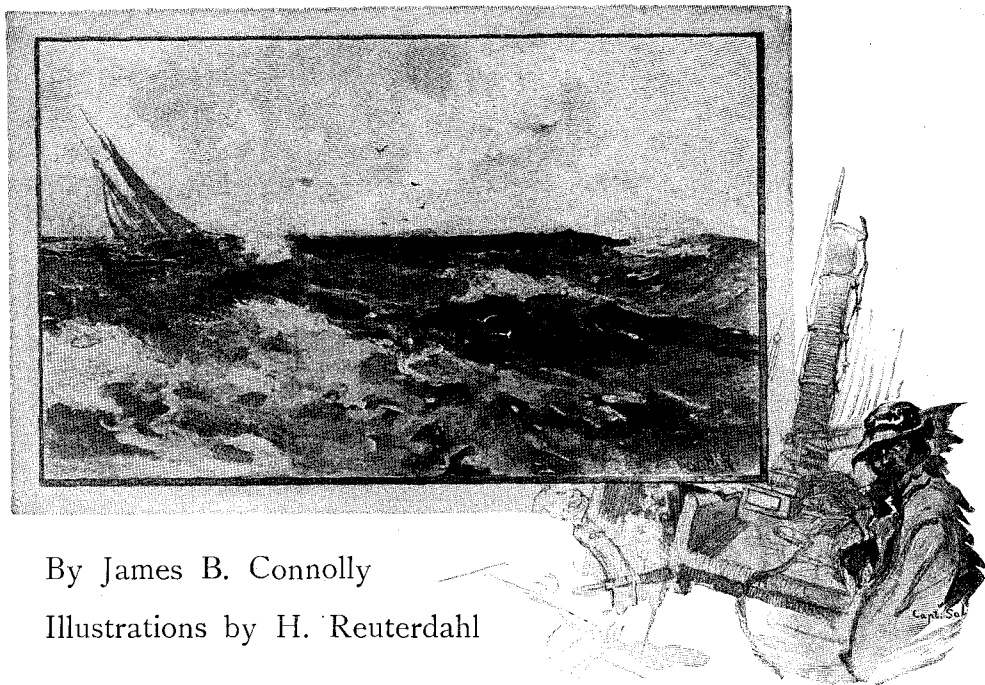


# RUNNING TO HARBOR



By James B. Connolly

Illustrations by H. Reuter Dahl

SOMEWHERE about the middle of this particular morning the watchers in a light-house on the Cape Cod shore saw a little schooner of perhaps 100 tons jump out of the mist of the gale. The long, shapely, buoyant boat in tow and the black pile of netting on deck betokened her class.

"There," said the chief watcher, "there's another of that bunch of seiners went out by here yesterday morning. And she's got on about all she can stand up under, too. My soul, ain't she staggering! I expect her skipper knows his business—don't calcerlate he'd be skipper of a fine vessel like that if he didn't. But if 'twas me I'd just about take a wide tuck or two in that everlastin' mains'l he's got there. My conscience, but ain't he a-drivin' her! There's vessels of her kind sailed out and never heard from again that was never run into, nor rolled over, nor sunk nach'rally in a reg'lar way, but just drove right into it head first and drowned 'fore ever they could rise again. Well, good luck to you, old girl, and your skipper, whoever he is, and I guess if your canvas stays on

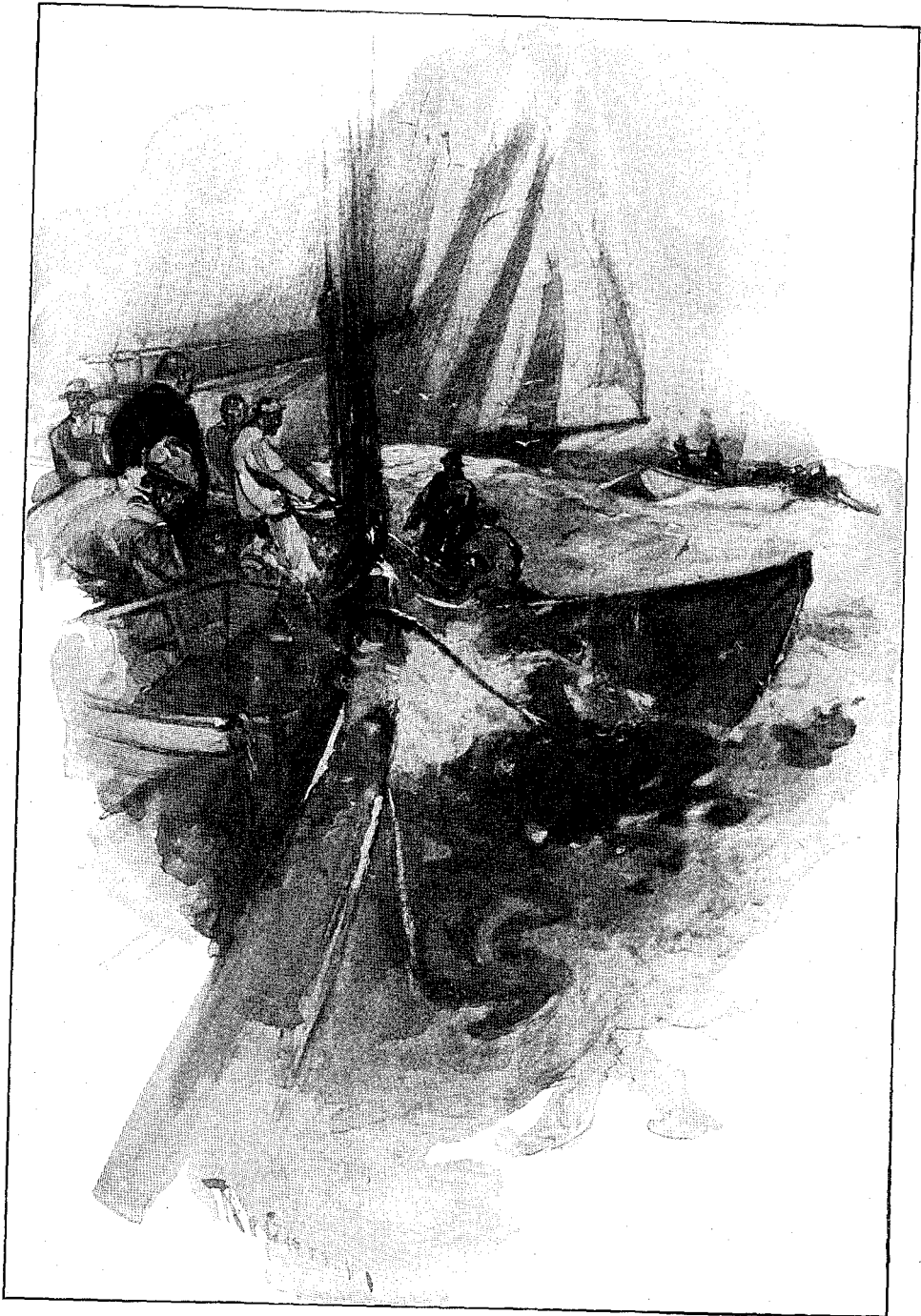
you'll get

to wherever you're bound before a great while, for you're making steamboat time. Go it, old girl, and your little baby on behind, go it. There ain't nothin' short of an ocean liner'll get you now. Go it, a sail or two don't matter—been a good mackerel season and the owners c'n stand it. Go it, God bless you! Go it! You're the lads c'n sail a vessel, you fishermen of Gloucester."

Diving low before the gale the little vessel tore past Highland Light while the watchers sped her on. Down along the lower bluff of the beach she swept, swung around Race Point, shouldered away from the lee of Herring Cove, where the surf washed far up and in, and flew by Wood End, toward the tiny white house on the point of land at the entrance to the harbor.

On board the little vessel all hands were watching sharply for whatever might come out of the misty waters ahead.

"Been here before, ain't she?" said the skipper to his helper at the wheel.



*Drawn by H. Reuterdahl.*

To chase the elusive mackerel.—Page 145.

"Knows the way like any fisherman. Look at her point her nose at the break-water beacon—don't hardly have to give this one the wheel at all. She's the girl. See her bow off now. She knows just as well as you and me she'll be inside and snug's a kenched mackerel before long. Watch her kick into the wind now. Oh, she's a lady, this one. I've sailed many of them, but she's queen of them all, this one."

Past the Point she tore and over to the sands beyond, swung off on her heel to the skipper's heave, came down by the wreck of a big three-master on the inner beach, and around and up opposite Reservoir Hill. Then it was down with the wheel, down with the head sails, let go fore-halyards, over with the anchor, and there she was, this fisherman of Gloucester, at rest in the harbor of Provincetown after a ten-hours' fight with a howling nor'wester.

She was one of the fleet of seventy or eighty Gloucester seiners that had left the bay the day before to chase the elusive mackerel, last reported as outside the cape and striking off toward George's Bank. On the westerly edge of that shoal the nor'wester had caught them and it became a case of everybody rounding to and beating in for a harbor.

Having made all snug, it is the pleasure of this able crew to take note of those who come after. One of the enjoyments of the seining fleet on the New England coast is this racing to harbor when it blows, and then watching friends and rivals as they work in. They are great little vessels these, from 100 to 130 feet over all, of deep draught, heavily sparred, and provided with all kinds of sail.

They are ably managed—"a Gloucester skipper and a Gloucester crew"—and a dash to port when it blows is a sort of regatta to them. Excellent chances are offered to try vessels and seamanship—no drifting or flukes, but wind enough for all hands and on all points of sailing.

They come swooping in one after the other—huge sea-gulls of a surety, but these with wings held close. In this harbor they can be seen long before they get to Long Point, because it is only a narrow crook of land that separates Provincetown Harbor from the ocean outside. From

the decks of those already within, the hulls of coming vessels cannot be seen before they reach the Point, but the spars and lower sails rushing by above the hummocks are sufficient for those mariners. The cut of a topsail, the tilt of a masthead, the set of a gaff—the minutest peculiarity serves these experts for identification, so well are they acquainted with one another. This crew just in, barely free of seeing all snug, spy a sister coming along.

"The Oliver Wendell Holmes," sings out one, "the shortest forem'st out of Gloucester. She never came from outside—must've come from Middle Bank to get in at this time."

"That's the old girl, and behind her is the Dauntless—Charlie Young—black mastheads and two patches on her jumbo. She'll be in and all fast before the Oliver Wendell's straightened out."

And so it was, almost. The poet-named was of the older fleet and never much of a sailer. The Dauntless was one of the newer vessels, big and able. They were critically noted, these two, as under their four lower sails they whip in and around and pass by.

After the Holmes there came in rapid order a noteworthy lot. The Margaret, with "Black Jack" Logan, a fleshy man for a fisherman, who minded his way and remained unmoved at the homage paid his vessel, one of the prize beauties of the fleet. The Margaret Haskins, Captain Charles Harty, a "dog" at seining, always among the high-liners, who got more fun out of a summer's seining than most men ever got out of yachting, who possessed all the newest devices in gear and had a dainty way of getting fish. The Margaret Haskins courtesied as she passed, while her clever skipper nodded along the line.

The Norumbega, another fast beauty, made her bow and dipped her jibs to her mates assembled. At sight of her master, John McKinnon, a great shout goes up. "Ho, ho! boys, here's Lucky John! Whose seine was it couldn't hold a jeesly big school the other day but Bill Hart's? Yes, sir, Billie Hart's. Billie fills up and was just about thinking he'd have to let the rest go when who heaves in sight and rounds to and says, 'Can I help y' out,



William?' Who but Lucky John McKinnon, of course. Bales out 200 barrels as nice fat mackerel as ever anybody saw. 'Just fills me up,' says John, and scoots to market. Just been in, mind you, that same week with 250 barrels he got \$13 for. Just fills me up,' says John, and scoots. No, he ain't a bit lucky, Captain John ain't—married a young wife only last spring."

Then follows the noted Grayling, with the equally noted Rube Cameron giving the orders. Then the Corsair, another new fast one, but making sluggish work of it just now by reason of a stove-in seine-boat wallowing astern. Then the North Wind, with her decks swept clean of everything that had not been double-lashed. Seine-boat, seine, and dory were gone.

After her is a dark, powerful vessel, with the most erratic skipper of all. This man never appears but the gossip breaks out. "Here he comes, Rufe McKay, with the black Madonna. What's this they say now?—that he don't come down from the mast-head now like he used to when he strikes a school. When I was with him he was a pretty lively man comin' from aloft—used to sort of fall down, you know—but now he comes down gentle like, slides down the backstay. Only trouble now is he's got to get new rubber boots every other trip, 'count of the creases he wears in the legs of them with sliding down the wire. I tell you they all loses their nerve as they gets older. There's Tommie Bohlen—he's given up trying to sail his vessel on the side, and trying to see how long he c'n carry all he can pile on. Tommie says 'tain't like when a fellow's young and got no family. I expect it's about the same with Rufus here since he got married." The master of the dark Madonna doesn't even glance over as he pilots his vessel along. He very well knows they are discussing him.

Pretty soon comes one that all scan doubtfully. She flies a fine new ensign at her main peak. "Who's this old hooker with her colors up? Home from salt-fishing, must be." Nobody knows, but as she gets nearer there is a straining of eyes for her name forward. "The H-A-R-B-I—oh, the Harbinger. Must be Old Marks

and the old raft he bought Down East last April. This the old man of course—the Harbinger—four months gone. They'll be the happy crowd. They'll be some glad to walk down Main Street again. Timed himself pretty well, didn't he? Always bumps in along 'bout this time. Since that September breeze twenty year ago that he said blew all the water off Quero and drove him ashore on Sable Island, he says he don't want any more line storms in his. He must've come along *some* fast yesterday and the day before when it was blowin' from the east'-ard—couldn't ha' blowed straighter. Special Providence I'll bet the old man was saying when he felt that little forty-knot zephyr at his back, though there'll be some out in South Channel to-day is thinking before now with some of them shoal spots to le'ward and this everlastin' gale to buck up against, that this ain't no specially blessed Providence, I'll bet."

So they came rolling in by the little white house on Long Point till they could make one last tack of it. Like tumbling dolphins they came, seiners nearly all, with a single boat towing astern and a single dory lashed in the waist; the occasional haddockers with their two nests of dories in the waist and all unnecessary gear stowed away, under four lower whole sails mostly—jumbo, jib, fore, and main—though now and then was one with a mainsail in stops and a trysail laced to the peak, and all laying to it until their rails were swashing under and the hissing sea came over the bows.

They are worth noting as they scoot past the Point and work over by the weirs. When they think they have gone close enough—and some go close, indeed—down comes the wheel, around they go, and across the harbor and down on the fleet they come shooting. They breast into the hollows like any sea-bird and lift buoyantly with every heave to shake the water from bilge to quarter. They come across with never a let-up, shaving everything along the way until a suitable berth is picked out. Then sails are dropped, anchor let go, and a rest taken in a troubled trip.

The crews already in form a body of critics who pass expert comment on those who come after. Bungling seamanship would get a fierce slashing here. There

is none of that. It is all excellent, but there are degrees of excellence. Good seamanship being a matter of course, only extraordinary skill wins unqualified approval. And incoming crews, knowing the quality of criticism ahead, make no mistakes in that harbor.

A dozen ordinary skippers sail past before a famous craftsman at length comes in. Everyone knows him for a "dog," a high-line seiner, and truly a master-mariner. An audible murmur greets this one. "There's the boy," says one in authority. "I mind the time when he came into Souris just such a day as this—plenty of wind stirring. The harbor was jammed with seiners and fresh-fishers. You couldn't see room for a dory, lookin' at them end on. But that don't jar this lad. What does he do? He just comes in and sails around the fleet like a cup-defender on parade—only his crew was hanging on to the ring-bolts under the wind'ard rail. Well, he comes piling in, looks the fleet over, sizes up everything, picks out a nice spot as he shoots around, sails out the harbor again—clean out, yes, sir, clean out—comes about—and it blowin' a living gale all the time—shoots her in again, dives across a line of us, and fetches her up standing. Well, sir, we could ha' jumped from our rail to his injack-boots, he was that close to us and another fellow the other side. Slid her in there like you slide a cover into a diddy-box. Yes, sir, and that's the same lad you see coming along now."

This celebrated fisherman certainly comes gallantly on. A fine working vessel is his—she shows it in every move. She comes around like a twin-screw launch, picks out her berth with intelligence in her eyes, makes for it, swirls, flutters like a bird, drops her wings like a bird, feels with her claws for the solid earth beneath, finds it, grips it, sways, hangs on, and at length settles gently in her place. There was no more jar to the whole thing than if it had been a cat-boat in a summer breeze. "Pretty, pretty, pretty," murmur the watchers.

"They talk about Sol Jacobs and his Ethel B.," said one whose eyes were fastened on this last arrival, "but Sol and the Ethel never dropped to a berth any slicker than that.

"Where's Sol now d'y's'pose—" queried another, "Sol and his steam fisherman?"

"Where," repeated the skipper, "Wherever he is you can bet he ain't hanging around the Bay in this blow—not Sol. Go outside the harbor now just off the light and if you've got half a nose I'll bet you'll smell out a streak of gasoline on the sea, and that'll be the wake of Sol and the Helen Miller Gould driving across the Bay for the Boston market."

The newest of them all reaches around the Point, and her arrival starts a chorus. Her sails are yet white and untorn; her hull is still glossy in fresh black paint; the red stripes along her rail and the gold stripe along her run set off her easy lines; her gear is yet unspecked, her spars are yet yellow and to leeward they still smell of patent varnish—she is beautiful and bold, an adorned and painted charmer. As she pretends to much, so is she by her pretensions judged. She is admired and condemned.

"She's here at last, boys—the yacht. The Rob Roy Magregor—ain't she a bird! Built to beat the fleet. Look at the knockabout bow of her!"

"Knockabout gooogleums! Scoop-shovel snout and a stern like a battle-ship, broad and square, and the Lord knows there was overhang and to spare to tail her out decent. Cut out the yeller and the red and the whole lot of gold decorations, and she's homely as a Newf'undland jack."

"Just the same, she can sail."

"Sail! Yah! might beat a Rockport granite-sloop. Ever hear of the Grayling, Mister Rube Cameron, and the little licking he gave this highland chief of yours? No? Well, you want to go around and have a drink or two with the boys next time you're ashore and get the news. It was like a dog-fish and a mackerel. The Grayling just eat her up. And there's the others. Why, this one underneath us ain't too slow in the Robbie's company, and there's three or four others. There's the—oh, what's the use?" The Rob Roy Magregor, a perfect lady in bearing certainly, walks in like a high-stepper before these men who malign her virtue and make light of her beauty.

Into the harbor heaves a different sort

of craft. This is not the handsomest, nor the fastest, nor did she ever put in a claim for such honors. But she is fast enough and handsome enough, and she brings the fish home. She is an able vessel and is known for it. She will carry whole sails when some of the others are double-reefed and thinking of dragging trysails out of the hold. And her skipper is a veteran of forty celebrated gales.

"You can cut all the others out, boys; here comes the real thing. Here's the old dog himself. Did he ever miss a blow? And look at him. Every man come in here to-day under four lowers, no more, and some under mains'l reefed, or a trys'l, but four whole lowers ain't enough for this gentleman—not for old Joey. He must carry that gaff-tops'l if he pulls the planks out of her. He always brings her home, but if some of the underwriters'd see him out here they'd soon blacklist him till he mended his ways. It's a blessed wonder that old packet ain't found bottom afore this. Look at her now skating in on her ear. There she goes—if they'd just lower a man over the weather rail with a line on him he could write his name on her keel."

She surely was a thing to marvel at. There had been a vessel or two that staggered before, but this one fairly rolled down into it, and there was no earthly reason why she should do it except that it pleased her skipper to sport that extra kite.

She boils up from the Point, and her wake is the wake of a screw-steamer. She is one of the last to get in, and the harbor is crowded as she straightens out. She has not too much leeway coming on, and her direction is the cause of some speculation.

"If she's goin' where she's pointing—and most vessels do—she'll find a berth down on the beach on that course, down about where the wreck is. It'll be dry enough walking when she gets there; if she keeps on the gait she's goin' now, she'd ought to be able to fetch good and high and dry up on the sand. They'd cert'nly be able to step ashore—when they get there—ah-h-h, that's more like it."

She is taking it over the quarter now. She clears the stern of the most leeward

of the fleet and then kicks off, heading over to where the Monarch and Magregor lie. The prophecy is that she will round to and drop in between these two. There is room there, just room enough. It will be a close fit, but there is room.

But she doesn't round to. She holds straight on without the sign of a swerve. The interested crew of the Monarch, who are now in her path, pick out a possible course for her. Between the outer end of their seine-boat and the end of the bowsprit of the Nellie Adams is a passage that may be the width of a vessel. But the space seems too narrow. The Monarch's crew, who have heard something of this skipper, are wondering if he'll try it.

"He's got to take it quarterin', and it ain't wide enough."

"Quarterin'—yes—but he's got everything hauled close inboard," says the Monarch's skipper. "He'll try it, I guess. I was hand with him for three years, and if he feels like trying it he'll try it."

"And suppose he tries it?"

"Oh, he'll come pretty near making it, though he stands a good chance to scrape the paint off our seine-boat going by. No, don't touch the seine-boat. Let her be as she is. We'll fool him if he thinks he'll jar anybody here coming on like that. There's room enough if nothing slips, and if he hits it's his lookout."

It looked a narrow gulch for twenty-five feet of beam to get through, but she trips along, and the eyes of all watchers follow her to the point where she must turn tail or take the passage.

She holds on. She cannot go back now.

"Watch her, boys. Now she's whooping. Look at her come!"

Truly she is coming. Her windward side is lifted so high that her bottom planks can be seen. The crew in oilskins are crowded forward. There are men at the fore-halliards, at jib-halliards, at the downhauls, and a group are standing by the anchor. Two men are at the wheel.

She bites into it. There is froth at her mouth. She is so near now that the Monarch's men can read the faces of her crew. The Monarch's crew, wide-awake

to this fine craftsmanship, lean over the rail, the better to note the outcome. The crews of half the vessels in port are watching her.

She is a length away and jumping to it. It is yet in doubt, but she is certainly rushing to some sort of finish. She is here—now!

W-r-r-p! her weather bow comes down on the Monarch's seine-boat. But it doesn't quite hit it. Her quarter to leeward just cuts under the Adam's bowsprit—and the leach of the mainsail seems to flatten past. For a moment the watchers are not certain, but no jolt or lurch comes and they themselves are all right. Another jump and she is clear by. Success has bowed to daring.

From the deck of the Monarch, of the Adams, and of half a dozen others the watchers grit out commendation, and those who know point out the redoubtable skipper himself. "That's him! the little man of the two at the wheel."

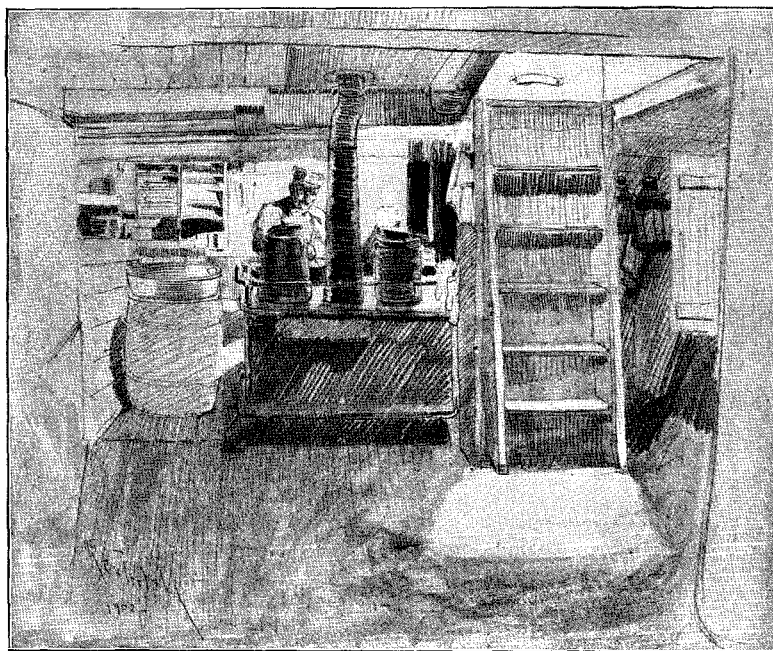
If the little man hears the hails that are sent after him, he makes no acknowledgment, unless a faint dipping of his sou'-wester back over his starboard shoulder is his method of recognition.

He has business yet, the little man.

There is a matter of a tug and a barge and another big seiner. He clips the tug, scrapes the barge, and sets the seiner's boat a-dancing. Two lengths more he puts down the wheel and throws her gracefully into the wind. Down comes jib, down comes jumbo. Over goes the anchor. She runs forward a little, rattles back a link or two, steadies herself, and there you are. Her big mainsail is yet shaking in the wind, her gaff-topsail yet fluttering defiantly, but she herself, the Senator Edmunds of Gloucester, is at your service. And "What do you think of her, people?" might just as well have been shot off her deck through a megaphone, for that is what her bearing and the now unnatural smartness of her crew are plainly saying.

The watchers draw breath again. One of long experience unbends from the rail and shakes his head in abstraction. He takes off his sou'-wester, slats it over the after-bitt to clear the brim of rain, and delivers himself.

"You'll see nothing cleaner than that in this harbor to-day, and you'll see some pretty fair work at that. That fellow, boys—he's an able seaman." And the man who spoke was something of an able seaman himself.



The Fisherman's Chef.





Alicia lowered her book and surveyed me intently.

## CENSOR

By George Buchanan Fife

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

ALICIA lowered her book and surveyed me intently. I put down my pen and reached for my pipe, because I knew this to be a premonitory signal.

"I don't wish to know to whom you're writing," she said, as I puffed slowly, "but I would like to know what it is." There was decided accentuation of "whom" and "what."

"Note," I replied, still puffing. It was just the sort of reply Alicia would have made, and she is inordinately fond of referring to her diplomacy and my woful lack of it.

"You don't seem to have got very far," Alicia's tone was almost exultant, "and you've been at it five—ten—fifteen—eighteen minutes. That's a long time to