

RECEIVES PATENT ON THE STANDARD BASEBALL BOARD.



William G. Ashley.

The patent office at Washington has notified William G. Ashley, the electrician of The Standard office, that the patent covering the game exhibition device which includes the baseball and football score boards and other boards operated by a magnet to show the progress of the game, has been allowed, and the certificates will be forwarded later. The patent has been pending for the past year and a half, since Mr. Ashley invented the baseball board which attracted large crowds to The Standard office in world series times. After the baseball board was declared a huge success Mr. Ashley experimented with a football gridiron and scored again. Another sport which was particularly mentioned when the patent was sought was the reproduction of a horse race. The board is patented under the name of The Standard Baseball Player.

SAILING

YOUR gasoline yacht is all tommyrot
With its twenty miles an hour;
Just give me the reel of a good fin-keel,
And a half a gale for power.

With sheets trimmed flat, like a frightened cat
She starts for the open sea,
With snug-reefed sail and a buried rail,
And the ocean's breadth for a lee.

No rattle and yank of an engine crank
Nor the smell of a gasoline fume,
But the lift and drive of a thing alive,
And a jib that's soaked in spume.

Through the high crosstrees the rattling breeze
Sings a rollicking roundelay;
While clear and bright the rainbow light
Appears in the flying spray.

So it's canvas white and cordage tight,
And sheets that are hauled home taut;
With a wind that's loud in the straining shroud,
And a course toward a distant port.

ALFRED STUART MYERS.

\$25,000,000 INVOLVED.

SNUG HARBOR GETS RIGHT TO DISPOSE OF VAST ESTATE.

Original Property in Heart of New York Bequeathed to Decrepid and Disabled Deep Sea Sailors Was Worth Perhaps \$45,000,000.

New York, Aug. 15.—The Sailors' Snug Harbor has come into its own. Supreme Justice Page has just handed down a decision which gives the trustees of the institution the right to dispose of the property in any manner which they see fit. No more important decision could have been made in the interest not only of Sailors' Snug Harbor but of the city of New York.

The vast domain on Staten Island on which are located the buildings of Sailors' Snug Harbor is but a drop in the bucket of the holdings of the institution. The original property bequeathed to the decrepid and disabled deep sea sailors, more than a century ago, by Robert Richard Randall, is the heart of New York. It is bounded east and west by Waverley place and Eighth street, and north by Tenth street. Waverley's two great structures stand on part of it.

This land was known in 1861 as Randall's farm. Robert Richard Randall was a gentleman of two centuries ago. He was the son of a pirate, Captain Thomas Randall. A legitimate privateer, the son called the pirate.

At that time the property was worth perhaps \$45,000. Today it is worth at least \$25,000,000. Since the establishment of the home, 6,000 deep water sailors have been admitted. The present members number about 900. The death rate is about sixty a year.

In the case of American sailors those can enter who have served five years under the flag. Foreigners must have sailed under the flag for ten years.

With the falling off in the American merchant marine the owners of the estate might in time pass away. What then is to become of the Randall millions?

them, and, when homesteaded, they are just as good, while costing only a fraction of the price.

Such traps, of course, should be set where the flies most do congregate—as, for instance, on the sunny side of a building out of the wind. A butcher shop is a great place for a flytrap; it will catch quarts of them in a day.

When the flytrap is full, the insects are easily killed by immersing the trap in hot water.

Flypaper of the "tanglefoot" kind is a first-class fly catcher. One does not need to buy it. Take two pounds of rosin and a pint of castor oil. Mix them and heat until the stuff looks like molasses. Smear it while hot with an ordinary paint brush on old newspapers. A dozen sheets of it will cost a cent.

The best poison bait for flies (says the United States Bureau of Entomology) is made by putting two tablespoonfuls of formaline (obtainable at any drug store) into a pint of milk and water, half and half of the two. Put the stuff in saucers in places frequented by flies. A little bread in it helps. But take care that children and animals do not drink it, for it is deadly poison. Keep all other liquids out of reach of the flies. They are thirsty all the time, and the stuff will kill them off by wholeness.

CAPTAIN W. S. ASHLEY HAS A CLOSE CALL

New Bedford Whaleman on Schooner Which Nearly Went to Bottom in the Pacific.

AT PUMPS 20 HOURS
A DAY FOR 12 DAYS

Vessel Finally Reached Honolulu and Whaleman Comes to States by Steamer.

Captain Wallace S. Ashley, just back from San Francisco, had the closest call of all his sea-faring experience, in a trip he started in, in a lumber laden schooner bound from Port Townsend, Wash., to Valparaiso.

Captain Ashley has been on the sea the greater part of 50 years, most always in whalers. This spring he went out to San Francisco, thinking that he would like to go north again in one of the whalers, that fitted out for the Arctic. When he got there he found that all the whalers had officers, and so he decided to make a trip down to Valparaiso, Chile, where he had been for ten or fifteen years master of whalers sailing out of that port.

He heard of a four-masted schooner loading lumber at Port Townsend, Washington, for Valparaiso, and he shipped as second mate on her, the Alex T. Brown, for the run down the North American coast and part way down the South American coast. The Brown was a substantial looking craft owned by the Globe Navigation company, and she loaded nearly a million feet of lumber.

She sailed from Port Townsend in May and made her way down towards the port of her destination. She was just about a month out, or not quite half way to Valparaiso, when one of the fiercest gales that Captain Ashley remembers sprang up, and the Brown was buffeted about like a small skiff. Seas would sweep all over the craft, and the terrible raking she received started the craft to leaking, and at one time there was ten feet of water in the vessel's hold. All hands turned to and worked the pumps. "It was twelve days at the pumps 20 hours out of the 24," said Captain Ashley in telling of his experiences, "and it was the closest call I ever had of going to the bottom. I thought I was doomed, for the leak gained and it was all we could do to keep the water from gaining. The deck load of lumber, some 320,000 feet was thrown overboard, and this lightened the craft a trifle, and made it possible for us to get the donkey engine started, and in this way the men didn't have to work quite so hard.

"The vessel was making water at the rate of about seven inches an hour, and after the power pump was started we found that we were just able to cope with the inflow. Salt water had to be used in the boiler as we were short of fresh water, and the work of pumping had to be stopped at intervals owing to the effect of the salt water on the boilers. The seriousness of the situation was apparent to all hands and knowing that it would be impossible to make Valparaiso in the condition in which the ship was, Captain Mackay decided to head for Honolulu, and after a thirteen day's sail with a favorable wind, the Brown made that port 51 days out of Port Townsend."

The Brown was out of fresh water, and the vessel's bottom was in bad plight. All hands deserted the ship. Captain Ashley took a steamer to San Francisco and came, deciding to postpone his visit to Valparaiso till fall, when he may go out looking for a vessel.

"THE DEAD CAPTAIN"

By Clement Swift.

Another old time whaling captain gone;
He lies before us there with thin, grey locks,
And tired brow deeply seamed by years at sea,
And thin hands crossed within the narrow box
That once were brown and served him mightily
Striving with icy ropes and sails when off Cape Horn.

Ah! that was very many years ago
And much is changed since his last voyage was made.
All of his ancient cronies tired with climbing the long hill
Have one by one within the greedy ground been laid,
And he, by far the strongest, though for long years weak and ill,
At last will find his rest beneath the frozen snow.

So longed for while at sea, this life on shore
No doubt has irked and chafed him, that whale-vane
Veering above his ornate mansion; outcome of the spoil
Of dead leviathans, has lured him till he shook his mane
And raged to think that the low price of oil
Forbade his rushing to the sea to hound the whale once more.

Shore-customs too, at which he railed and glowered,
Conventions making life run smooth, not even he exempt;
Called him who was on his own ship—czar, pacha, grand mogul!
And classing all on shore as "Lubbers," with a sour contempt
Glared on the flippant "Summerers" like an impounded bull;
But in his home he was a kindly man and not unduly soured.

And while he still could walk he did good solace find
In one snug place for years his refuge and his joy
A wharf-side office, where upon the walls were charts and shipping
lists.
And thither gathered captains who, in talks, did many a whale destroy.
Men with bluff faces and loud voices and large, knotted fists
Who whittled, smoked and chewed and watched the mercury and wind.

Those thin, crossed hands so still in their last rest
Once brown and forceful grasping the iron-hard sail,
Gripping the hail-lashed rigging, climbing high,
Hauling the twanging whale-line "howling-on," the running whale
Or grasping the blood red lance, waiting to see him die.
But now in this last sleep are laid crossed quietly on his breast.

Hang out reversed his ensign on his old ship rotting there!
Leave for a small half hour your whirling spindles to attend
This service, rendering homage to this brave old lion
Who fought those monsters of the sea, and only time could bend,
And that but slowly: his tough, seasoned frame, and will of iron
Let us remain to see the frozen clods piled on him in the biting air.

Leviathan, Now Largest Ship Afloat, to Leave Here July 4

During her reconditioning at Newport News the gross tonnage of the Leviathan was increased to 59,956.65, making her the largest vessel afloat, according to the announcement made yesterday by W. J. Love, vice-president of the United States Shipping Board, at his offices, 45 Broadway. These figures are based on the calculations of naval architects who planned the reconstruction of the interior of the liner.

The Leviathan, which will soon leave the Newport News yards for Boston to enter the naval graving dock to have her hull scraped and repainted, will sail from this port on July 4, Mr. Love announced. She will fly the house flag of the United States Lines and is scheduled to depart every three weeks for Cherbourg and Southampton, each voyage to consume six days or less.

"The gross tonnage of the Leviathan was determined," Mr. Love said, "by measuring the interior of the entire ship, including the hull and the super-

structure, and from the measurements ascertaining the internal volume in tons of 100 cubic feet each. Inasmuch as the Leviathan had to be measured entirely by hand before blue prints of the vessel could be made, it was discovered that considerable new space was added to the ship as a result of the reconditioning. Additional space was also gained through changing the motive power from coal to oil.

The announcement that the Leviathan's gross tonnage had been increased came as a surprise to shipping men. The White Star liner Majestic is now relegated to second place among trans-Atlantic vessels as far as size is concerned. The Majestic, built by the Germans as the Bismarck, was constructed by them to supersede the Leviathan, formerly the Vaterland, and is 915.6 feet in length. The Leviathan's length is 907.6, but her beam of 100.3 feet is two-tenths of a foot greater than that of the Majestic. The depth of the two is the same—53.2.

According to Lloyd's register the gross tonnage of the Leviathan is 54,282 and the Majestic 56,681.