

dock the first time a hundred voices shouted, "You cannot land here, so back to New York." Others shouted threats of throwing men overboard if they stepped from the vessel onto the dock. A hawser was thrown to a post and was immediately thrown back. Five policemen of "Cepheus" climbed to the gunwale and motioned as if to draw revolvers, but went no further. C. L. Wall, whom Governor Flower authorized to take charge of the hotel here, who was also aboard the "Cepheus," asked the mob to listen to him and then said:

"I represent the State of New York and am authorized to land here and assume charge." The crowd shouted, "Show us your authority." He thereupon produced a paper, which he began to read, but could not make himself heard.

Many passengers, mostly women, appealed to the crowd to allow them to land, but the answer that came was

A DERISIVE SHOUT.

Lawyer Reid and Supervisor Young informed those aboard the steamer that Justice Barnard had granted an injunction restraining them from landing. Mr. Wall asked to see the injunction, but as the document had not yet arrived it could not be produced. They stated, however, that it was on the way. The "Cepheus" then backed out and turned. While turning Dr. Voight secured a boat to take him to the steamer and had gone half way when the men rowing refused to go further and turned back. He made two other unsuccessful attempts to reach the steamer. The "Cepheus" again ran alongside the docks, and a solid line of determined Bay men repelled the attempt to land. Mr. Wall again asserted authority but when he stated that his authority was from Dr. Jenkins, the health officer, the crowd jeered and Supervisor Young shouted, "We don't recognize Dr. Jenkins' or Governor Flower's authority here." Lottie Collins, who stood in the first row of passengers who lined the decks of the "Cepheus," put out her hands and cried "Shame, shame; you call yourselves Americans; shame," and as the steamer again backed from the dock the English actress kissed her hands and smiled.

After the "Cepheus" anchored, a boat was lowered and P. T. Wall and Captain Tripple rowed in it to the dock but were not allowed to step ashore. Mr. Wall said he desired to confer with a committee, whereupon several persons shouted, "Supervisor Young represents us."

"Then let me ashore and Supervisor Young and I will talk the matter over," said Mr. Wall. A score of voices answered, "No, no, you cannot come ashore here. Go back to New York." Mr. Wall replied, "I represent the State of New York." "Show us your authority, then," responded the crowd. Mr. Wall thereupon took a paper out of his pocket and read from it as follows: "To whom it may Concern:

P. T. Wall is authorized to take charge of the Surf Hotel and the passengers.

"WILLIAM E. JENKINS, Health Officer, Port of New York."

Supervisor Young replied: "I do not recognize Dr. Jenkins. This is not the port of New York, and I do not allow

any passengers from infected ships to land in the town of Islip."

"But there is not a sick person on board. Everybody is well, and I appeal to you in behalf of American women and children to allow the people to land," said Mr. Wall.

"We think of our own women and children first, and intend to protect them at all hazards," replied the supervisor.

While this conversation was going on, Dr. Voight appeared on the dock, and began telling Dr. Wall he had charge there, when several bay men crowded around him shouting,

"THROW HIM IN THE WATER,
DROWN HIM,"

and would probably have carried out these threats but for the reporters. The boat returned to the "Cepheus," the dejected passengers' spirits being kept up by band music, the band playing the "Star Spangled Banner," "God Save the Queen" and "Yankee Doodle," the boat came off again, however, and Mr. Wall asked to have provisions sent aboard to the "Cepheus." Some in the crowd shouted, "All right, let them have all the provisions they want!" but a greater number answered, "No, no, give them nothing. Let them go back to New York." Dr. Voight states that he has wired Governor Flower to telegraph Sheriff A. B. Darling of Suffolk county to come here with deputies and keep the State property clear of intruders, and protect the "Cepheus" passengers in landing. Many threats were made of burning or cutting down the dock if the passengers began to land, and a number of men procured axes with which to cut away sufficient of the dock near the hotel to prevent persons from reaching the latter.

The people here have been made insane by the exercise of power. They have been appealed to in the name of God to permit the women and the youngest children to be taken to the hotel for the night; that if the request was granted their lives might be saved but refused. Events since nightfall displayed a degree of cruelty almost inconceivable. After the "Cepheus" came to anchor two police officers rowed to the landing and asked that a letter be taken to Dr. Voight. The mob refused to allow the letter to be brought ashore and

DROVE THE POLICE OFF WITH THREATS.

As it was growing dark a small boat came from the steamer, and in the stern stood a gray-haired man, Robert M. Thompson. As the boat approached the landing, the mob gathered threateningly. Mr. Thompson asked to be heard on behalf of 200 women and children on board the steamer who were suffering from hunger, exposure and exhaustion. After some insulting retorts by the mob he was allowed to speak. He said the men on the steamer did not ask to land. The young women would remain if necessary, but the old women, some of them grandmothers, and children suffering not for comforts, but for decent care, should be allowed to land. They would be returned to the steamer after a night's rest and one meal. Attorney Willard B. Reid answered that if the captain of the steamer would come ashore the people to whom he spoke would consider the request. After

saying he would attempt to bring the captain back with him Mr. Thompson returned to the steamer.

It was dark except for the light of the stars, when the boat was seen coming back to the landing place. When the boat almost touched the landing, a tall spare figure was seen standing in the bow. "It is Senator McPherson of New Jersey," called out Mr. Thompson, who was still in the stern. Senator McPherson stood silent for some moments looking at the mob he could dimly see crowding to the edge of the wharf.

"Citizen," said the Senator at last, "the captain declines to come ashore. If you will give me your injunction papers, I give you my word of honor I will give them to him, and he will accept them as legally served."

"Bring your captain ashore as you promised," said Attorney Reid.

"That would accomplish no more than my offer to you," continued the Senator. "You want him for some other purpose than you have stated."

Attorney Reid replied that the captain must come ashore.

"I do not understand you," said the Senator. "You appear to hesitate over some legal quibble and your hesitation means unspeakable sufferings, probably death to women and children."

The crowd remained silent.

"If we can bring him ashore, will you agree to let the suffering, innocent, helpless people land?"

"They cannot land!" yelled the mob.

The Senator turned his face up to the mob and in an impressive voice said: "I appeal to you men

IN THE NAME OF GOD,

not to be longer led into heartless cruelty by this attorney, but to give your consent that these women and children be taken from the boat where they have nothing to eat, no place to sleep, where the common decencies of life cannot longer be observed and the surroundings foul from sickness. Before you answer what will be done, remember your own wives and children. Be manly. Do not bring everlasting disgrace on your names. Be men."

It did not seem as if human beings capable of undertaking the language in which they were being addressed could withstand the appeal, but the crowd stood there sullen and silent while the lawyer said: "They cannot land. If we permit them we will give away our case." "They cannot land. They cannot land," echoed the mob.

Senator McPherson sank down in the boat overcome. Mr. Thompson cried out: "You poor people, you are being duped by a tricky lawyer."

"We are no more tricky than you," answered the lawyer, Mr. Reid.

"You will at least allow us to be sent food and blankets?" asked Mr. Thompson.

"Not unless the captain comes ashore," answered Reid.

When the boat rowed back to the steamer the newspaper men who had listened to this at once went to every one of the health board who were present and begged that this horrible crime be not committed.

At 8:30 a meeting of the board was held in the hotel office, where a resolution was passed that if Dr. Voight