EXCLUSIVE NEWS BY TELEGRAPH AND CABLE FROM ALL QUARTERS OF THE WORLD

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BRITAIN DRINKING LESS, HEAVY DROP IN EXCISE

Chancellor of Exchequer Expresses His Surprise at Sudden Decrease—The Effect of the New Taxes Startling—Falling Off in All Kinds of Liquor.

London, Dec. —In a recent speech in the House of Commons, dealing with the new liquor taxes, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer referred to the decrease in the revenue from liquor as follows:

He had not sold as much whiskey as he had expected. On the other hand, the undertaking business had done much better. (Laughter). It was ominous in a year when the whiskey duty had gone down that the death duties had gone up. (Laughter). It was quite true that he overestimated the yield of the whiskey duty, and that he stood almost alone in the estimate he put forward. But he was not in a bit better position to form an estimate than any other man in the House. There was one thing he could not estimate, the effect of the increase upon consumption—to what extent the half-penny a glass would operate as an inducement to people to give up their usual share of drinking. That he had no better means of estimating than had any other member of the House. He made a very liberal allowance for diminution in consumption, so liberal that nobody either in the House or outside, agreed with it. They said it was absurd. Even the honorable member for Ayr Burghs disagreed.

Mr. Younger: I stated in the House that my calculation was that there would be drop in consumption of 14 per cent., whereas the drop has been greater.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer said the honorable member had a better opportunity of judging than he had. (Laughter). What he meant was that the honorable member represented a great distillery constituency, and to that extent he was in contact with the people in the trade. He (the Chancellor of the Exchequer) was not. There was only one Welsh distillery ever started, and it failed because nobody would drink the whiskey. (Laughter). The officials could not estimate the effect upon consumption, and no minister could. They might reckon that a workman had so much money to spend upon liquor, and that if they increased the cost he would restrict his expenditure accordingly. But he found that it had gone beyond that, and his information now was not merely that there were thousands of people who drank a less percentage in proportion to the increased tax, but that some had dropped it altogether, and that some were barely drinking half what they were drinking before. "Altogether," continued the chancellor, "it has had a most extraordinary effect upon the habits of the people. I am not here to apologize for that at all. (Cheers). I have heard of some districts in Ireland where the drinking of spirits has gone down by 70 per cent. I have heard that in Scotland it has gone down by 50 per cent. I have a telegram from the whiskey distillers of Glasgow telling me that it has gone down in Glasgow by 36 per cent."

Drinking Other Things.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain asked what was the result of the right honorable gentleman's enquiries, as to the extent to which people had taken to drinking other things like Hamburg port in lieu of whiskey.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer said he thought people would have been driven to drinking something of that kind, but they had not. It was really almost unaccountable. They had not been driven from one kind of liquor to another, but they had been driven out of liquor altogether. (Cheers.) Beer drinking was going down, and so far as wine was concerned there was no appreciable difference. "Our anticipations," Mr. Lloyd-George went on, "now are that the consumption of spirits both foreign and home manufactured, will go down by something between 20 and 25 per cent. That means that a less quantity of spirits will be consumed in this country this year of eight or nine million gallons. Anybody who thinks what that means, must realize that it involves an enormous improvement in the habits of the people. (Cheers.) They are drinking less beer than was anticipated, so that the improvement all around is something gigantic from the social point of view."

A Big Drop.

Mr. Younger—That means that the drop this year will be equal to the total drop of the last ten years, which was nine million gallons. (Ministerial cheers.)

The Chancellor of the Exchequer—Yes. That is a very interesting and significant fact. He knew it was said that the Chancellor of the Exchequer's first consideration ought to be a financial one. That was not strictly accurate, so far as the taxes on alcoholic liquor were concerned, and never had been. If they looked at the whole history of the taxation of liquor they would find that every minister had used the weapon of finance to counter some excess in the drinking of some particular spirit. He thought that was so when gin drinking was destroyed. Scotland was supposed to have been whiskey drinking from the time of the deluge, but he was told that Scotland only took to drinking whiskey during comparatively modern times. It used to drink beer, and was driven out of drinking it by a tax. Now it was being driven by a tax on whiskey to light beer, or probably to not drinking intoxicants at all. (Cheers.) Mr. Chamberlain had said that it was purely the moderate drinker who had given up drinking whiskey. Let us look at the results so far as the arrests for drunkenness in Glasgow were concerned. Those were not moderate drinkers. The arrests for drunkenness had gone down by something like 1,000 in Glasgow alone. That showed that although the tax might have failed to the extent of £700,000 or £800,000, so far as revenue was concerned, it had given us something infinitely more valuable from the point of improving the habits of the people. (Cheers.)

More Money for Clothes and Food.

That was bound to react on the revenue. (Hear, hear.) He did not mean on tea, sugar and other commodities. He meant that the improvement in the condition of the people came into the revenue in the end. He regretted very much that men should be thrown out of work, whether they were employed in barley-growing or malt-distilling. It would undoubtedly cause a good deal of temporary distress, and one must regret it. But at the same time they must take into account what it all meant to the rest of the people. Eight or nine million gallons less spirits consumed by the people might mean loss of work for a few hundreds, but it would increase enormously the comfort and happiness of hundreds of thousands of homes. (Cheers.) The money saved from whiskey went, after all, into employment. If men did not spend money on whiskey they spent it on clothes and food, and that meant more employment. (Cheers.) Though a few hundreds of people were thrown out of work it would bring so much more employment to the rest that although he was £800,000 out in his reckoning he did not pretend that he regretted it. (Cheers.)

With regard to the land tax he could only repeat that it was not raised merely for the sake of the £100,000 estimated for this year. He was simply laying the foundation of a big future revenue. As to the taxes generally, the revenue had turned out extraordinarily well. Whiskey also had disappointed them. All the other taxes—income tax, tobacco, stamps, death duties and the others, most of them being taxes that showed growing wealth and prosperity—were doing well. They were exceeding his anticipations, and had it not been for the fact that in the course of getting the bill through the House of Commons, the Government had made concessions to the various demands made upon them—concessions which he did not regret—it would not have been necessary for him to move the reduction of the sinking fund. On the contrary, he would have been rejoicing in the prospect of a very handsome surplus. (Cheers.)

HORSE SERUM VALUABLE.

Experiments Show It Is Successful in Preventing Tuberculosis.

Paris, Dec. —Experiments with the tuberculosis serum of horses have led Prof. Vallee, a veterinary surgeon of Alfort, near Paris, to the conclusion that it has greater immunizing powers than any other.

Among the young beeves that have been used by him as subjects, an animal inoculated with virulent tuberculosis bacilli and left without treatment was found on being killed to be full of lesions, while another inoculated in the same manner and at the same time treated regularly with equine serum was, on being dissected, absolutely clear of any signs of disease.

Dr. Vallee appeals to physicians whose patients are human beings to take up the investigation where he perforce must leave it. He believes that the serum will be of the very greatest value to mankind.

Three noted Chinamen are shown in the above picture. Left to right they are: Chang Hung-nien, Baron Liang Kuei and Sung Shan. All have received a modern education, and they are in Washington to study the system of government in the United States. When they arrived in Washington they were welcomed in the president's suite at union station by an agent of the state department.

PIANIST AND PHONOGRAPH.

London, Dec. —"If I had had a pistol I would have shot you," thundered Paderewski, in his retiring room, to a crestfallen phonograph fiend, who was caught red-handed at Belfast Philharmonic Society's concert on Friday night, in the act of attempting to take records of his playing in Ulster Hall.

The famous pianist stopped dead in the middle of his best selection, and directed the attendants to investigate the cause of the annoyance.

Several [illegible] officials immediately proceeded [illegible] back of the hall, and after a [illegible] watching, secured the [illegible] who had ensconced himself [illegible] beside one of the doors.

WINS PRAISE OF LONDON CRITICS

Remarkable Success of Francis Richter, the Blind Pianist.

London, Dec. —Francis Richter, a young pianist, who was born in Minneapolis, and has been totally blind since a few weeks after his birth, gave a brilliant recital at the Aeolian Hall, and more than confirmed the success obtained at his debut here a year ago.

Richter has, of course, to memorize all his music, and his repertory is extraordinary. He told a New York Times correspondent that in addition to his collection for the concert platform he knows by heart every standard overture in existence, and a great number of works for piano and orchestra. For nine years he played in orchestras in America.

"From the first few weeks after my birth I have been blind," said Mr. Richter, who, in spite of his affliction, is one of the cheerliest of companions.

"At the age of three years an operation was performed upon my eyes, and for a few days I had my sight. But the only impression I retain on my brain of that brief glimpse of the world are of colors. If you speak of any colors I visualize them as, I suppose, any ordinary man does; but I carry with me no recollection of the appearance of anything else—what a human being looks like, for example.

Born of a musical family in Minneapolis, I was brought up from childhood in a musical atmosphere. I was little more than three years old when my father, himself a violinist and conductor, discovered by chance my ear for music. While playing the "Blue Danube Waltz" he struck a wrong note, and I so far forgot my respect for him as to tell him of it.

"He taught me the names of the notes, and when I was four I could play a little. Now I play everything from a tap drum to the organ, with the pianoforte as my special choice.

"When I was studying in Vienna the blind composer, M. Joseph Labor, taught me the Braille system. I am so thankful that I learned it. It has opened a new world to me. Prior to learning this I had to depend solely on my memory, pieces being played over to me."

Improvisation is a forte with Mr. Richter, it may be remarked. As a composer he has been extraordinarily industrious, having written, or rather, dictated 122 compositions and one light opera.

This was produced at the age of sixteen. It bears the title "The Grand Nazar," and the theme is based on the wedding journey from "Lallah Rookh."

WIRE PICTURES FROM LONDON.

British Scientists Perfecting the Apparatus That Will Send Them.

London, Dec. —Telegraphing pictures from London to New York is the problem at present engaging the attention of the scientists. In a lecture given before the Royal Society of Arts Thorne Baker said that Prof. Korn was likely to find a practical solution of sending photographs by the ordinary cable across the Atlantic, while he himself was endeavoring to perfect a wireless system for the same purpose, which had already given promising results in his laboratory.

A complete series of photographs was shown illustrating the progress that had been made since the first instruments of Prof. Korn were established in November, 1907, at the offices of the Daily Mirror. The Korn telautograph and the Thorne Baker telectograph will enable photographs of all kinds to be telegraphed for publication with a fair measure of success. The improvement in the processes of transmission within this relatively brief period is striking.

TRAGEDY OF ERRORS.

Through Mistake City Rector Delivers Funeral Sermon on Living Man.

London, Dec. —A well-known city man, Mr. James Thomas Slater, of the firm of Bedford, Sons, and Slater, undertakers, of Farringdon street, had the doubtful pleasure of having a funeral sermon preached in regard to him at St. Andrews' Church, Holborn, on Sunday evening.

Mr. Slater, now an old gentleman of eighty-five, was for some years church warden at St. Andrew's. He has not been going to business for some time, and has lived with his wife at Crouch Hill.

Saturday's "Times" contained the announcement:—

SLATER.—On the 11th inst., Jas. Thomas Slater, of Laurel Bank, Hornsey Lane, N., and late of 6, Wood street, E.C., in his 85th year. Funeral at Abney Park Cemetery, Monday, 15th, at 12 o'clock. No flowers by request.

The rector of St. Andrew's, the Rev. Dacre Craven, saw this, and on Sunday evening, in addition to making the announcement of Mr. Slater's death from his pulpit, preached a funeral panegyric on the churchwarden's life and usefulness.

Monday brought many sympathetic letters to the business premises of Bedford, Sons, and Slater, in Farringdon street, to offer condolences. Then inquiry was made at Crouch Hill, and Mr. Slater himself was able to declare he was still alive.

ENVIOUS FATHER KILLS SON.

Bud a Pest, Dec. —Envy of his son's ability caused Karl Balog, conductor of a band of gypsy musicians, to become a murderer.

The tragedy occurred at Palkonia, Hungary. Balog's son, Jancsi, a lad of sixteen, promised to become a greater master on the violin than his father, but the latter, instead of being pleased about Jancsi's talent, was envious.

Jancsi proposed to form his own band and to tour Hungary and abroad. The father, fearing that the son would outdo his fame, attempted to dissuade Jancsi, but the latter insisted on his plan. Thereupon the elder man in a fit of rage, seized a hatchet and slew his son.

WONDERFUL OPERATION GIVES SIGHT TO WOMAN BORN BLIND

PATIENT AMAZED AND STARTLED BY THE UNEXPECTED SIZE OF THINGS—A SURGICAL MARVEL—IN A STRANGE WORLD.

London, Dec. —A remarkable case of a woman who was born blind receiving her sight by a surgical operation at the age of thirty-six is reported from Kent.

The fortunate patient is Miss Annie Hubbard, of Orchard street, Maidstone. Having undergone futile operations in her youth, she entered St. George's Blind School, Southwark (now removed to Leatherhead) where she learned brushmaking, basket-work, reading from Braille type, and typewriting, and returned home resigned to a sightless life. Recently she was urged to go to Maidstone Ophthalmic Hospital, and a successful operation, was there carried out. A new pupil was cut in the iris of one eye, and the black veil was lifted.

"It seemed, says Miss Hubbard, "as if something was passed across my eyes, without pain, and then everything seemed white in the operating room. My eye was bandaged at once, but when it was uncovered in the ward I could see the nurse's face, white cap, and dark dress."

The transition from the world of utter darkness to one of, at any rate, partial light, has filled Miss Hubbard with amazement. "Even if my sight never gets better than it is to-day," she said, "I shall never be able to express the wonderful joy it has brought into my life."

But there is every promise that it will get better; it is stronger every day, and objects begin to grow more distinct. Miss Hubbard marvels at each new wonder that she beholds; but there is something strikingly pathetic in her inability to become accustomed to saying, "I saw." For instance, after seeing a horse for the first time she said it was the first one she had ever "touched." She cannot forget that her finger tips have been for so many years as eyes to her.

She was astonished, even frightened, at the size of the horse, having always had the idea that it was a much smaller animal. The width of the streets, too, and the highest of trees astonished her. To her houses and tramcars are like realisations of giantland.

THE WONDERFUL BLIND.

"Even human beings are ever so much bigger than I had imagined they would be," she explained. "You see, when you are blind, you rely on your touch to tell you what things look like; but, of course, with anything big you can only touch a little part of it at a time. So you cannot manage to guess how high or how broad it is."

It sounds strange to see that there are some things Miss Hubbard could do better before she could see than she can now. But it is so. She will ascend or descend a flight of stairs much better with her eyes shut than open. The explanation is that as yet she is unable to accurately gauge distance.

That will, however, come later. Meanwhile, Miss Hubbard is daily, like a small schoolgirl, adding to her knowledge of inanimate objects. "I did not need to be told what a table or a chair was," she said, speaking of her first day of sight. "I had known just what they were like," but with regard to other things she is almost ignorant, and every little bit of acquired knowledge gives her the keenest delight.

She looks round the room, and says proudly, "I can see that clock, and those photographs, and the shells on the table there." The previous day she was delighted because she could tell the difference in the wallpaper between the flowers and the leaves. And when she gets the glasses that are being made for her! What a wonderful world will then be opened up to her!

It is doubtful, though, if she will be able to read character better than before. The blind have wonderful intuition in that respect. "You can tell," she said, "by a person's face what kind of a nature he has. If he is angry, or happy, his face tells you so; and perhaps you think that blind people who cannot see faces cannot read a stranger's character.

"But we can. You rely so much on on your sight that little changes in the tone of a speaker's voice, little movements, changes of breathing, escape you. They are there, all the same, and as they are all that the blind have to go by, we are all the keener to notice them.

"If you were to shut your eyes you would find it hard to tell what kind of a person you were talking to. But if your eyes had been always shut, you would notice hundreds of signs which would tell you at once."

HER GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT.

She looks forward to the moment when she will be able to tell the time, and every morning she goes to the clock to look at it. But at present the hands are indistinct, and she does not think she will be able to see them properly until she has her glasses. Ah! those wonderful glasses that are going to show her so much!

She went out into the street the other day to look at the sun, and she thought it wonderful. She is waiting anxiously for the moon to get older so that she can see it. She is astonished by the whiteness of people's faces, but she explains that by saying that it was so strange at first to see anything that was not black.

She has been into the country, and is proud to be able to walk along. It is so good, she says, to be able to see the sky and the trees, and she is very anxious to see a river and the sea, because she has read so much about them. Soon, when she is not afraid of her eye getting cold, she is going down to the Thames to see a boat, and her mother has promised to take her to the seaside in the summer if it can possibly be managed.

What was the first thing she wanted to see after her sight came? First of all she wanted to see her mother, and sister, and friends; then the country, and then the church where she has gone every Sunday. She hesitates to go there because she is afraid it may not be what she has imagined. She is pathetically disappointed over one thing. Two months ago her father died. She is terribly sorry that she has never seen him, and she cannot help thinking, she says, how glad he would have been.

MADAME PAUL RICHTER, WIFE OF THE SWISS MINISTER TO THE U. S. SHE HAS LEFT HER COUNTRY RECENTLY TO JOIN HER HUSBAND.

THREE BROTHERS SENTENCED.

London, Dec. —A remarkable scene was witnessed in Marseilles police court on Thursday. Sentence of eighteen months' imprisonment had just been passed on a man named Francois Piazzi for a brutal attack on his former sweetheart, a woman named Biaggini, when the two brothers of Piazza violently assaulted Biaggini, knocking her down and kicking her. By the time she was rescued she was very badly hurt, whilst in the struggle that followed between the two ruffians and the police one of the latter had his finger nearly bitten off.

The two men were afterwards charged and each was sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

SUFFRAGETTE RELATES PRISON EXPERIENCES

Successfully Resisted Attempts to Feed Her by Force—Prison Officials Turned the Hose on Her to Force Her Out of Cell Which She Had Barricaded.

London, Dec. —Miss Davison, the suffragist, who was committed to Strangeways Prison, near Manchester, in default of paying a fine for breaking windows at Radcliffe, England, was released, under order of the Home Secretary on Nov. 12. She had managed to barricade with a plank the door of her cell, and in the course of an attempt to enter it made by the prison officials, water from a hose-pipe was turned on her by the order of the visiting justices. She is the first "hunger striker" who successfully resisted the forcible administering of food by the prison authorities.

EXPERIENCES IN PRISON.

"When we were taken from Radcliffe to the Bury police station on the night of Wednesday, Nov. 3," Miss Davison said after her release, "we were placed in the police cells, which were dark and most unpleasant places. We had breakfast before we were brought before the justices, and that was the last meal I had before this evening since my release. We were given eggs, bread and butter, and tea, and as my egg happened to be bad I did not have a very substantial meal. I refused to take any luncheon. We were taken into Strangeways Prison early in the evening, and in the women's reception room we saw a justice of the peace and some of the prison officials. We told the magistrate that we should refuse to obey any of the prison regulations and do anything that was required of us. 'Don't you think you are acting rather foolishly?' he said. 'No,' I replied; 'we are acting on principle.' We were then taken to our cells. We were undressed, and our clothing replaced by the prison clothing, and the letter and number of my cell was H.4.2. We sang songs. We sang the 'Marseillaise,' and, as we always do, the second verse of the National Anthem, only we alter it in this way—

Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On votes our hopes we fix,
God save us all.

Then we sang 'Fight the Good Fight,' 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' and other hymns.

"I immediately set about breaking the windows of my cell. The prison shoes are pretty substantial, and I could reach the window without difficulty, and after a good deal of hammering on the glass I succeeded. I was, therefore, removed to the adjoining cell, H.4.3. I had taken no food on Thursday and I was fed on a feeding-cup on Friday morning. I was held down by the wardress and the jail surgeon in a horizontal position, a wedge was placed in my mouth, and liquid poured in by means of a feeding-cup. My nostrils were pressed to force me to swallow, but I managed to eject a good deal of it, and my clothing had to be changed. The experience was a most dreadful one, and I had no sleep that night. I was afterwards fed by the injection of food through the nostrils, which was even worse.

The Barricade and Water.

"I had been considering how I could barricade myself in my cell, and when I was removed from my original cell to the adjoining one, and saw the plank bed, I thought 'Here is my chance.' I removed the two planks and found that, put lengthways, they filled the space between the door of the cell and the opposite wall with the exception of about two or three feet. This intervening space I filled with the prison stool, my shoes and a hairbrush, and sat upon them so as to keep the planks in position. When the wardress looked through the aperture in the door and found that I had prevented it from being opened the matron came, and someone cried, 'Davison get off that plank.'

"I shook my head, but made no reply. The order was repeated several times to get up from the planks, but I still shook my head. Then some men came — there must have been a good many of them—and began to work at the door. I still declined to move. Then a male voice, probably that of the deputy governor, addressed me, and said that unless I moved and allowed the door to be opened a hose-pipe would be turned upon me. I did not move and a ladder was placed at the window outside. Men had, I think, been suing it to mend the window in the cell I had left. They were some time getting it into position, and had difficulty apparently in carrying the pipe up the ladder and training it through the window, which had first to be broken.

"The water was turned on, but I held firmly to the planks. It continued for more than three or four minutes. The force of the water, however, did not dislodge me, but so much was thrown that there was soon several inches of water in the cell. Then someone—I should think it was the doctor or his assistant—called loudly, 'stop,' and the water was turned off. Then the men outside resumed their attempts to force the door, which had ceased while the water was being poured upon me, and presently they succeeded, and a warder got in. I was lifted up, wrapped in blankets, and taken to the hospital side, where I was put into a warm bath. I remember a wardress saying, 'What strength of will they have.'"

Following this, Miss Davison said she remained in the hospital, where feeding by force was continued night and morning. "The doctor," she said "repeatedly told me to 'be good,' and added, 'If you will only be quiet,' I replied that I would not, and he and the wardress had to hold me down while the injection of food was carried out. The wardresses were very strong," Miss Davidson said, laughing, "and seem to know something of jiu-jitsu, but I managed to squirm about a good deal. The liquid appeared to be beef tea and milk, but I think there was some medicine of some kind in it, because although the first night I did not sleep at all, on the subsequent nights, after being fed, I slept like a top. I also grew very hungry between the feeding."

Being Forcibly Fed.

While she was in her cell Miss Davison said she heard the singing of the members of the Women's Social and Political Union outside, and making a sort of megaphone of her hands shouted, "We are being fed." She also communicated with her friends in adjacent cells by shouting, "Are we downhearted?" and the answer came back "No."

"Taking exercise yesterday morning in the prison yard," Miss Davison continued, "I saw Miss Catherine Tolson and Miss H. G. Liddle. Miss Liddle made a sign to me which indicated that she was being forcibly fed with the stomach pump, and she gathered that the same treatment was being applied to Miss Tolson. They both looked very unwell. She believed that Miss Shepherd, the fourth of the militant suffragists committed, was in hospital. Miss Davison added that she was fed by forcible means in hospital yesterday afternoon, and later the matron came and told her she must go to the other side of the prison. A wardress said, "Perhaps you do not understand," and then she realized that she was to be released. She went and dressed in her own clothes, and after giving her name to a warder in the entrance hall—she had declined to give her name before—she was put in a cab and driven to the house of her friends in Chorlton road. "As the cab drove through the gates," Miss Davison said, "I shouted 'Votes for women.'"

Miss Davison has marks on her wrists and arms, which she said were caused by the force used to administer food. She was, she said, given to understand that the treatment to which she was subjected was the result of instructions from the home office. Before she was released she was seen by a medical man from outside, and she imagined that he saw her at the request of the Government.

ROMANTIC WEDDING

Survivor of Submarine Disaster as Bridegroom.

London, Dec. —A romantic incident of a sad naval disaster was recalled by a marriage at Trinity Church, Sloane street, when Lieut. Geoffrey Watkins, R. N., was married to Miss Phyllis Rooke.

The bridegroom was on duty in the conning-tower of the ill-fated submarine C11, which went down off Yarmouth with a loss of thirteen lives, and he owed his life to Lieut. Gordon Brodie, R.N., who was in command of the submarine, and who acted as best man at the wedding.

There was a large crowd of sight-seers outside the church, the wedding attracting much public interest. The service was attended by several naval officers in full uniform, and a number of them formed an archway of swords as the bridal couple passed down the aisle.

There were five groomsmen, four being naval officers and one an army officer. The bride's page was Master Morris Watkins, who was dressed in a naval suit.

Lieut. Watkins is one of the three survivors of the submarine C11, which, when in company of the parent ship Bonaventure and a flotilla of other submarines on July 15, on the way to take part in the Thames naval pageant, was rammed by the tramp steamer Eddystone and sunk.

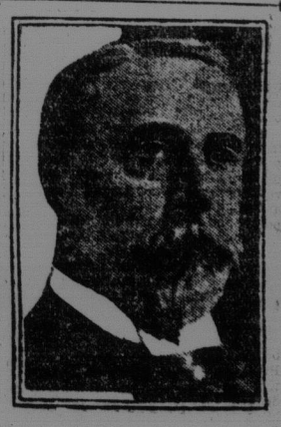
Lieut. Brodie was in command of the C11, and was below at the time of the accident, the second in command, Lieut. Watkins, being on duty in the conning tower. Lieut. Watkins was pitched into the sea, and, hampered by heavy sea boots and clothes, he was sinking when Lieut. Brodie rushed up from below.

Seeing his comrade in dire distress he dived in and succeeded after a desperate struggle in keeping his head above water, until they were both picked up by a boat from submarine C12.

Nothing was more fitting than that Lieut. Brodie, who saved the bridegroom's life, should act as his best man.

ENGLAND MAY SEND HIM TO U.S.

Sir Maurice De Bunsen, who may succeed Ambassador Bryce at the British embassy in Washington, has represented his country at the Spanish court since 1906. He entered diplomatic service in 1877, and has been stationed at Tokio, Siam, Constantinople, Paris, Lisbon and Madrid.



Sir Maurice was born in 1852, and married Berta Mary Lowry-Corry in 1899. Lady De Bunsen is a charming hostess, and added much to the popularity of the British embassy at Madrid by her gracefulness and hospitality.

LIVED TO 120.

Budapest, Dec. —Death has robbed Nagykawly, an old world town in the romantic Magyar country, of its most picturesque inhabitant, Mme. Lendval, who passed away at the age of 120.

NOBEL PRIZE FOR MARCONI

Stockholm, Dec. — According to a paper the Nobel Prize for Physics will be divided between Signor Marconi and Prof. Ferdinand Karl Braun, of Strassburg University, who introduced various improvements in the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy.