

SHIPWRECKED SAILORS TELL EXCITING TALE

Two American Survivors of Schooner Marie Ellen, Marooned on Island as Modern Robinson Crusoes, Recite Harrowing Experiences.

(Special Dispatch.) LONDON, March 7. AN exciting story of the sea is told in the Pioneer Mail by Mr. J. P. Collins, of Chicago, and Mr. A. J. Dann, of Buffalo, the survivors of the Glasgow schooner Marie Ellen, who reached Rangoon from Singapore. The schooner was wrecked in February last off the coast of Dutch Borneo, and since then, after spending twenty days on an island, they have been wandering about in search of work. They shipped on board the Marie Ellen, at Manila, on January 27, 1913, and, after calling at various islands, reached Rangoon, in British North Borneo, on February 4, leaving again early next morning.

At first we thought of fruit, but could find none, so went down on the beach and hunted for shellfish. Here some oysters were found, and digging in the sand with our hands, we found a plentiful supply of clams. Having no means of lighting a fire, we subsisted on raw oysters and clams. We made walks around the island by short stages, always keeping the sea on our right, so as to make sure we were not going over the same ground twice. We walked and walked until we had been right round the island, and then sat down to decide what was the best thing to be done. We came to the conclusion that we had better keep close to the timber chuto in case any one came to cut timber. For seventeen days we lived on raw oysters and clams. On the morning of the eighteenth day we started on another tour of the island, and had covered nearly three-quarters of it when we saw smoke coming out of the bushes. At first we thought it was some one of our shipmates cooking, but on going closer found it was some Malay woodcutters cooking their evening meal. We had some trouble in making the Malay understand how we had come there, but after they had been shown the remains of the shipwrecked vessel they understood and shared food with us. Haj Ali, who proved to be the chief of the party, treated us very well after he found out we had been cast away. Two days later we left the island, where we had spent twenty days, and were taken to Tarakan.

Afterward they were sent on to Singapore, their story having in the meanwhile been verified.

\$65,000 FOR OLD HORSES

(Special Dispatch.) VIENNA, March 7. A LEGACY of \$65,000 to be devoted to the establishment of an asylum for old horses has been bequeathed to the municipality of Vienna by Herr Franz Bizony, who recently died at Misokocz. More than a hundred horses, donkeys, cats, dogs and birds were maintained by him in outhouses and stables on his property. With the exception of his valet, Herr Bizony had not set eyes for twelve years on a human being.

Spirit of Flight as King of Carnival Doubt as to Nature of Future Battle Ship Halts Building



The flying man is undoubtedly the man of the moment, and as such he figured in the Nice carnival as King of the Revels. He made a striking figure as the classic warrior, Perseus, lying on the back of an enormous winged horse with forelegs high in the air. The hero holds in one hand a fork and in the other a gourd. The procession took place last month.

Well Known Naval Expert Explains Pause in Construction of Dreadnoughts and Outlines Probabilities of Equipment When Work Is Resumed.

(Special Dispatch.) LONDON, March 7. THE remarks of Admiral von Tirpitz in the Reichstag this week are held to indicate that for the present Germany will not follow the American lead in the construction of battle ships relying only on oil for fuel. It may be that the Germans are waiting until the internal combustion engine, in which oil can be consumed to so much greater advantage, is forthcoming, for the Grand Admiral is reported to have said that it was certain the future belonged to the oil motor. This is a paraphrase of what Lord Fisher said to your correspondent during his trip to the United States in 1910.

"The nation that takes hold of the internal combustion engine first," said the British Admiral, "will sweep the boards commercially and it will be the commercial vessels that will first make the trial. It is a small step to use it in battle ships with increased weights possible in guns and armor."

This seems to be the general view among naval officers who keep an eye on the future. There is now apparent in the war ship building of the nations something like a pause. It is not so pronounced as that which occurred after the advent of the dreadnought, but is nevertheless clearly perceptible. In Germany, where only two large ships are being laid down annually instead of four, delays have been caused by strikes. In France it is a question of design, not only of the vessels themselves, but of guns and armor. Similarly in Italy delay has occurred by the non-delivery of guns and armor for the new ships, and neither there nor in Austria has there been any further progress beyond the six and four ships respectively which were laid down from 1909 to 1912. The two powers, in other words, have now only ten ships in the water instead of the sixteen with which they were at one time credited.

If progress has been less than was anticipated, the causes are manifest. There is the oil fired battle ship, which first appeared in England and France and may soon appear in Germany, where 800-ton vessels are already afloat, and last but not least, the seaplane, the immense value of which for scouting purposes has just received such a striking illustration in the flight of Lieutenant Seddon along the south coast from Sheerness to Plymouth in six hours. It can hardly be wondered at if there is a pause in shipbuilding when matters are in such an uncertain state. The greatest doubt exists as to what the battle ship of the future will be like. In the meantime

Quarrel Ends in Engagement

Stage Romance at Shaftesbury Proves That All London "Loves a Lover."

(Special Dispatch.) LONDON, March 7. "ALL the world loves a lover." That is perhaps why all London is talking about the pretty romance of Miss Cicely Courtneidge and Mr. Jack Hulbert, who, lovers on the stage, suddenly, as the result of a quarrel, found they were lovers in reality.

Miss Courtneidge is the twenty-four-year-old daughter of Mr. Arthur Courtneidge, playing the part of Lady Betty in "The Pearl Girl" at her father's theatre, the Shaftesbury, and Mr. Hulbert is a young actor, who in his first professional engagement had made something of a hit as Bobbie Jaffray.

"The romance is best told in Miss Courtneidge's own simple words, who said to an interviewer:—"I have known Mr. Hulbert about seven months—since he first joined the cast of 'The Pearl Girl.' It wasn't really the result of our loving each other on the stage, for we had been careful not to make it too real. He used to kiss me very gingerly. In fact we were always quarrelling and hadn't the slightest idea that we liked each other until we became engaged."

London Discussing Latest Folly of Fashion

(Special Dispatch.) LONDON, March 7. THE new fashion, on the other hand, was stoutly defended by Mr. Willie Clarkson, whose showcases are packed with models wearing wigs of the new hair, the favorite colors being blue, green, pink and purple in fifty or more shades. "Colored hair is certainly becoming," said Mr. Clarkson, "and for myself I frankly fall to see why any woman of taste or refinement should object to wear a wig of colored hair any more than she would object to wear a colored hat, a colored costume or even colored boots."

"We are filling very large orders for the wigs from Paris, where they are all the rage in the fashionable world, and London and New York are not very far behind in their demands. We have already sold a large quantity in London not only to actresses, but to ladies in private life."

"A good average price for a colored wig made of human hair is ten guineas, while a wig made of prepared hair may be obtained for half that sum."

"The most popular color for women with fair complexions is either light blue or a pale pink. Shades of green both light and dark are also being worn. For dark women perhaps the favorite color is deep purple."

"The light when it catches these wigs at night gives them a most charming effect."

Mr. Clarkson added that at one theatre in Paris actresses who wore colored wigs had caused the coats of their pet dogs to be dyed the same hues.

One of the first actresses on the "legitimate" stage in London to wear the new colored costume is Miss Madge McIntosh, who appears as Strega Thundridge in Mr. Bernard Shaw's curtain raiser "The Music Cure," at the Little Theatre, in a grass green wig.

"It suddenly struck me at the end of the rehearsals that I needed a green wig to complete my costume," said Miss McIntosh in an interview with the writer.

"Mr. Shaw and Mr. Kenelm Foss said 'Try it!' and when I obtained a green wig and put it on they said 'Splendid!' So here it is, and the public seem to like it. I do not believe colored wigs will ever become really popular in private life, for two reasons. The first is that they are too expensive for people of modest means. It is all very well to argue that one pays as much for a hat, but a hat is a necessity and a green wig is not."

Bad Boys' Friend Passes to Paris

(Special Dispatch.) LONDON, March 7. DR. JOHN A. COLLIVER, of Los Angeles, Cal., pioneer in juvenile court work in America and friend and helper of the "bad boy," has left here for Paris to study the street gamins at close range and compare the toughest youngsters he can find on the boulevards with the American and British brand. Dr. Colliver is making a leisurely trip around the world in pursuance of his studies, intending to spend sufficient time in each country to get thoroughly acquainted with child life there.

"More progress can be made by working with one generation of boys than can be made by working with several generations of adults," he said, when seen by your correspondent. "Boys vary with environment, as plants and flowers vary with soil."

BRIDE OF MR. THOMAS HARDY



MRS. THOMAS HARDY

The wedding of Mr. Thomas Hardy, the famous novelist, who is seventy-four years old, and Miss Florence Emily Dugdale, for some years his secretary, was solemnized on February 10. Soon after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Hardy travelled to his home at Dorchester, where the news of the marriage was a surprise. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dugdale. She has written several books for children—"Tim's Sister," "In Lucy's Garden," "The Book of Baby Beasts," "The Book of Baby Birds" and "The Book of Baby Pets." She was a close friend of Mr. Hardy's first wife, formerly Miss Emma Gifford, whom he married in 1874 and who died in 1912. He has no children.

Poet's Eye Guided the Brush of Sir Alfred East, Say Critics

Memorial Exhibition in London Groups Many Canvases from Studio of Late Royal Academician—News from the Art Centre of England.

(Special Dispatch.) LONDON, March 7. FROM the Sir Alfred East Memorial Exhibition at the Leicester Galleries one takes away the impression that the painter may just have been about to realize his high aim adequately when he was taken off by death. He died at the age of sixty-four, comparatively young, as years count, among great painters. Knighted by the King, he was elected a full member of the Royal Academy by his contemporary artists.

"His etchings were delightful, and many lovely examples are to be seen at this memorial collection. Some of his drawings in watercolor, too, are unique in their intimate warmth of tone and in their soft and delicate, graduated tints. One lingers before his drawing of 'The Cornfield' and feels the stocks so near that one might touch them. Two of the watercolors are lovely nooks 'In Lover Park, Lancashire,' in which the characteristic subdued tone of the northern landscape is skilfully produced."

But it is as an oil painter that East will survive, and as a brushman who modernized the decorative quality in landscape art of such early English masters as Gainsborough. Many of the oils exhibited have Spanish subjects with the glow of intimate and warm color derived from the Southern skies. "Autumn in Spain," indeed, is probably a landscape which shows East at the zenith of his power. He painted late summer and autumn with unrivalled success. His trees of green, touched with such his translucent water, his waxy or somnolent skies, are here in paintings of late summer and autumn in England. His poet's eye loved the twilight and the dawn, the mystic mingling of dark and light when shadows can be transferred to the painter's canvas.

Thus, there are here delightful paintings of "Twilight," "Before the Dawn," and "Morning," and best of them all a superb rendering at dusk of the solitude around

"Have You Flown?" Is Latest Question in London Society

Aviation Now Excites Interest Comparable to Tango and War Between Hotels and Supper Clubs—Air Tours Probable Amusement of the Future.

(Special Dispatch.) LONDON, March 7. "HAVE you flown?" is the little query which is exciting even more interest in society to-day than the tango or the war between the hotels and supper clubs. "Aerial touring will soon be as popular as automobiling; nothing could be more delightful than gliding over England in the summer time at the rate of 200 miles a day, and parties of three or four could easily be accommodated on one machine. Once you are in the air the feeling of security is extraordinary. Not long ago I was at a party in a country house where every one of the twenty-four persons at dinner declared that nothing in the world would induce them to take a flight. The next day I took each member of that party for a trip and they all confessed that it was not half so terrible as it looked."

The extent to which aviation has "caught on" in society is illustrated by the report that a youthful lord has resigned his commission in the Royal Horse Guards to take a mission in the Royal Flying Corps. His study the art of flying in France. His father is also working hard for his pilot's certificate. At the Hendon Aerodrome, Mr. Grahame-White recalled that Lord Carbery had performed a fine flight from Paris to Hendon, and that other pilots who had graduated at his establishment included Lord Edward Grosvenor, Sir Reginald Sinclair and Sir Bryan Leighton.

"The well known persons who have flown with me could be numbered by the score," said Mr. Grahame-White. "Here are just a few—The Duke of Sutherland, Prince Christopher of Greece, Lord Curzon, of Kedleston, who was one of my first passengers; Lord Drogheda, Lord Portlinton, Lord Desborough, Admiral Sir Edward Seymour, Sir Thomas Lipton, Mr. Reginald McKenna and Colonel Seely. And the ladies—here are a few selections from the book—The Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Ponsonby, Lady Drogheda, Lady Limerick, Lady Diana Manners, Lady Portlinton, the Honorable Mrs. Asheton Harbord, the Honorable Monica Grenfell and Lady Tree."

"The danger of flying has been greatly exaggerated; the statistics show that there has been only one fatal accident to every 55,000 miles flown, which, for an industry in its infancy is pretty good. And then

BLIND NOW PLAY CRICKET BY EAR

(Special Dispatch.) LONDON, March 7. PLAYING cricket by ear is an achievement which the blind boys of Swiss Cottage Blind School can play an excellent game by sound. With a wicker ball, in which is contained a bell, the bowler attacks the wicket. "Play," shouts the bowler, and in reply comes the batsman's "Right-on!" On hearing this word the bowler knows in what direction to send the ball. His fast underhand goes straight for the wicket, and the batsman, judging by the tinkling bell, knows when and where to hit.

AN EPIGRAMMATIC DEAN

(Special Dispatch.) LONDON, March 7. DEAN Inge made some pointed and interesting utterances in a lecture at St. John College, Embankment, on "Main Spiritual Currents in Contemporary Thought." Among them were the following:— This is a difficult time to live in, with a babel of voices and a great deal of manufactured opinion. The new democratic art, or rather the necessary art of guiding or fooling, which ever they liked to call it, made a rather absurd theory of government work some how. Many Christian ministers found in politics a welcome refuge from preaching dogmas in which they no longer actively believed and which bored their congregations. A man must be either a saint or a humbug to preach the Gospel in a pure and unalloyed form, and the majority of Englishmen were neither one nor the other.

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