

A Page of News from Overseas

SEA-HERO SPENT 20 YEARS LIFE-SAVING

When Storm Prevented Launching of Life Boat, He had it Dragged Overland

IS DEAD IN ENGLAND

With a meritorious life-saving record extending over 20 years, Thomas Langlands, late coxswain of the Whitby lifeboat, died at that historic seaport. The outstanding event of his career was the rescue of 35 persons from the hospital ship *Rohilla* in 1914. Unable to launch the lifeboat from the beach owing to tremendous seas, Langlands was dragged overland, and launched from the Scaur. During a second hazardous journey the lifeboat was smashed on the rocks and rendered useless. The *Rohilla*, a Glasgow steamer of 5,000 tons, was used as a British hospital ship. She was on her way from Leith to Dunkirk to bring back wounded soldiers, when, shortly before dawn on Friday, October 30, 1914, in a furious gale, she ran on to the rocks between Whitby and the High Light, south of the harbor. Out of 230 people on board, 240 were drowned, for the work of rescue was perhaps the most difficult in sea history. A tremendous gale had been raging in the North Sea, and the night was pitch dark. At 3.30 on the Friday morning a sentry on Whitby pier-head was astonished to see the white glide past within a few feet of him. A coastguard tried to attract the attention of those on board as the ship skirted the submerged rocks that stretch out their long arms from the foot of the cliffs south of Whitby. This he was unable to do, and the inevitable happened. Half a mile further south, and within a few hundred yards of Saltwick Nab.

The *Rohilla* Struck the Rocks. and with the sea pounding over her, she gradually broke in two. It was impossible to launch either of the two Whitby lifeboats from the harbor, with the gale blowing directly in. Tremendous efforts were made to reach the vessel by rocket apparatus and other devices, but without effect. Coxswain Langlands thereupon determined to try launching a lifeboat from the most sheltered spot he could find near where the *Rohilla* lay. This involved an unprecedented overland journey for a lifeboat. With several men harnessed to the carriage, and a crowd of townsmen to help, the John Fielden, the smaller of the Whitby lifeboats, was dragged by hilly paths to the cliffs at Saltwick, and there lowered down the slope to a point close to the Nab. There were moments when, despite the most strenuous efforts of the crew, it seemed that all this labor would be wasted, but by clever seamanship Coxswain Langlands got his boat ashore and out to the *Rohilla*. He was able to take off and bring back to land 17 of the survivors. These included the five women on board—four nurses and a stewardess. Then a second trip was attempted, and again the *Rohilla* was reached, 18 survivors being taken off and safely landed, but the battering the lifeboats had received, and the grinding on the rocky landing, had made her unseaworthy, and another attempt could not be made. The fury of the storm lasted all through the next night, and the lives of those on board the wreck hung by a thread. People ashore scarcely believe that anyone could remain alive. Then, on the Saturday afternoon, the motor lifeboat, Henry Vernon, from Tynemouth, by spreading oil on the sea as she drew near, was able to reach what remained of the vessel and bring off the survivors. They numbered 50. The case of the *Rohilla* may be regarded as a turning point in lifeboat history. It showed what efforts seafarers such as those of Whitby, under a man like Langlands, were capable of in the attempt to save lives, but it also revealed the motor-boat as the life-saving vessel of the future.

Coal has been reached in the new colliery workings of the Powell Duffryn Company at Llanharan, South Wales.

QUEEN LOVES FLOWER PICTURES

Her Majesty the Queen during her recent visit to the Galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colors, Piccadilly, purchased two charming drawings, "Anemones," by Miss Elizabeth King, and "Tulips," by Miss Isabel Wrightson. The Queen is a great admirer of pictures of flowers, and has a small collection of them at Buckingham Palace.

Exquisite Lace To Form Wedding Robe

Lady Elizabeth's Gown Will Have Foundation of Ivory Moire—To Wear Tulle Veil

So many yards of the finest Malines lace, with a moss rose design on it, will be used for Lady Elizabeth Bowers-Lyon's wedding dress when she marries the Duke of York next month that it had been pillow-made, instead of machine-made by the finest craftsmen in Nottingham, it would have taken one woman forty to fifty years to finish it.

Two insertions, two and six inches wide, have been made to match it, and they hung recently with the lace itself in the long drawing-room at Grosvenor square, lent by the Duchess of Portland.

Lady Elizabeth will wear a beautiful chiffon moire dress of old ivory and color and of a simple medieval style, embroidered with silver thread and pearls with lace sleeves, reaching to the ground.

The train will be of beautiful old lace mounted on tulle, the lace graciously lent by the Queen. The bride will wear a tulle veil with a wreath of orange blossom.

The bridesmaids will wear cream chiffon dresses embroidered with silver lame leaves with a trail of lily leaf-green tulle caught at the waist with a white rose and silver thistle. They will also wear head-dresses of silver leaves.

Mahogany Bed Is Haunted By Ghost

Picturesque and sinister are the elements in a ghost story of a bedstead, an old mahogany one, found under heaps of lumber in an inn yard, and which now belongs to Mrs. Frank Gray, Mill street, Melton Mowbray.

Screams, she asserts, come from the room in which it is kept, and it is bloodstained and haunted by a stranger and a repellent creature with candle and pistol.

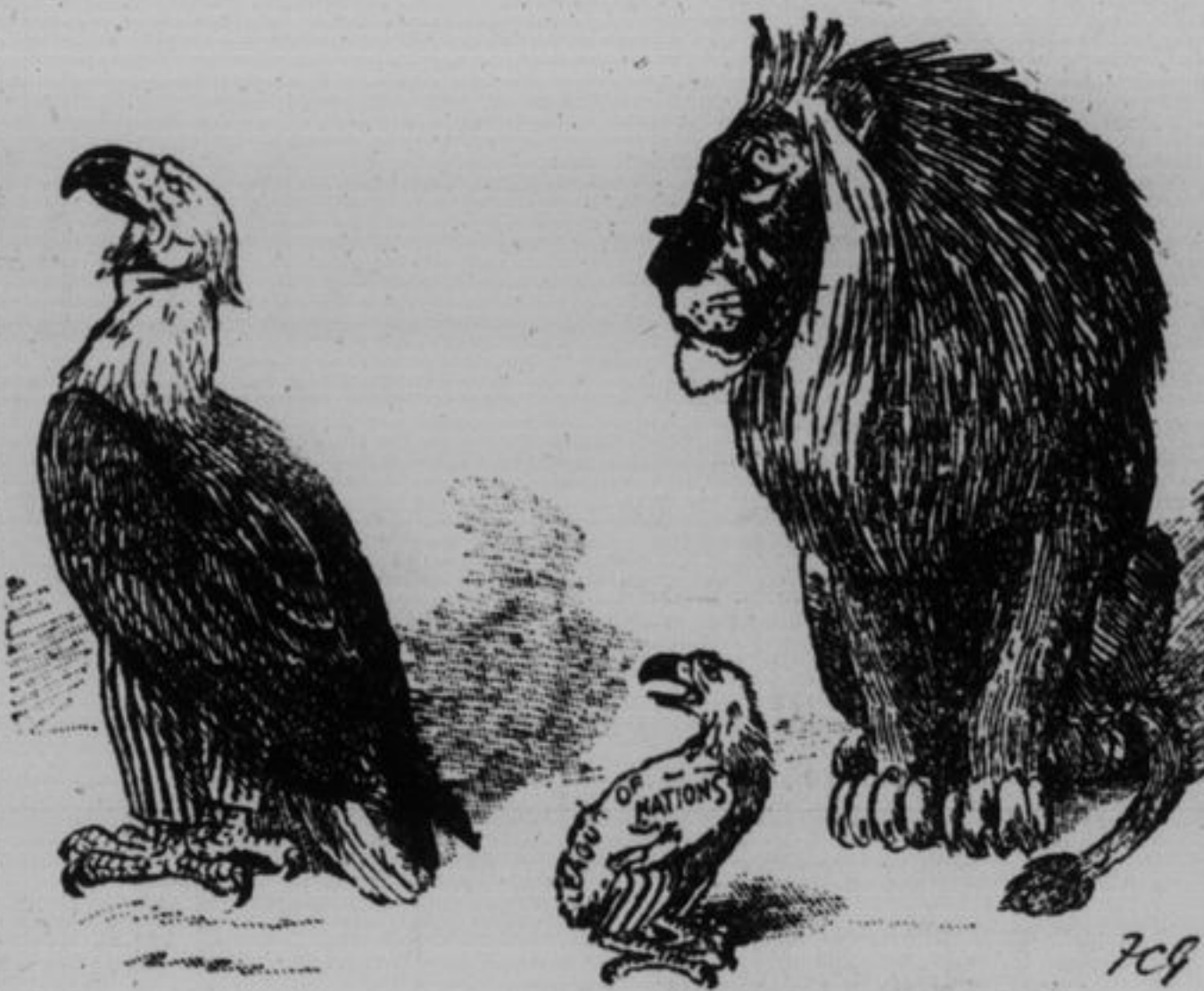
The mysterious, handsome stranger (who has been seen, like the man with the candle, by several) wears a long cloak lined with blue, exhales a scent of violets and strangely perfumed cigarettes.

Genuine Rembrandt Lost Half Century

A Malines cabinetmaker, named Calweil, visiting Paris, bought for a small sum in an old clothes shop a picture representing the baptism of Jesus, in the Jordan (says the Central News).

On the advice of an artist friend he submitted it to M. Cocks, an Antwerp expert, and after a delicate washing process the painting was revealed in all its beauty. The expert brought to light the signature of Rembrandt, and the date 1640.

It is stated that this hitherto unknown masterpiece came from the collection of a rich English ship-builder, who was compelled, about fifty years ago, to sell it to pay his gambling debts. At the least the picture is worth £80,000.



THE BRITISH THRUST
The Eagle: "I'm not going to be beguiled into having anything to do with it."
The Lion: "Beguiled? Well, I've taken a liking to it—and I thought I recognized a likeness."
—The Weekly Westminster Gazette (London).

Village Carpenter Plays Organ For Goldsborough Christening

Perfect Spring Morning in Keeping with Simple Homeliness of Ceremony—Royal Family Walks to Church and Viscount Lascelles Reads the Lessons

In the presence of the King and Queen, their first grandchild, George Henry Hubert Lascelles, the son of Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles, was christened by the Archbishop of York (Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang), in St. Mary's, the ancient parish church of Goldsborough.

Attend Morning Service
There is a private entrance to the church from the grounds of Goldsborough Hall, the Yorkshire home of Princess Mary, and it was by this means that the King and Queen, Princes George and the remainder of the house party entered to attend morning service before the christening.

Viscount Lascelles and the Queen were the first to arrive. Then came the King—who wore a white buttonhole—with the Princess.

She was dressed in a grey frock and grey lace hat, and was wearing a fur cloak.

"Name this child."
The words fell from the lips of the white-haired Archbishop of York, and the crowded congregation of villagers and tenants waited expectantly.

Then the Queen, a stately figure in a grey velvet cloak, with moleskin bands, and wearing a fuchsia colored toque, with flowers, stepped forward.

At the same moment the nurse approached her Majesty, carrying the baby, who was in long white silken robes and was crying lustily, and the Queen held out her arms and received him.

"George Henry Hubert," answered her Majesty. Then she handed her grandson to the Archbishop, who, pouring water from the same font as that at which Viscount Lascelles himself was christened, made the sign of the cross on the infant's forehead.

Deaf Mutes as Guards
It was a beautiful spring morning, and thousands of visitors flocked into the old-world village of Goldsborough, fully 2,000 cars and other vehicles being parked in a special enclosure. They lined both sides of the one long road that marks the beginning and end of Goldsborough—many being perched on walls, trees and house-tops—and the line immediately outside the church was kept by boy scouts, and girl guides, under the command of Lady Evelyn Collins, a sister of the Duke of Roxburgh. The members of one tiny contingent of scouts were all deaf and dumb.

Carpenter at the Organ
To mark the occasion, the usual morning service, for which Mr. Mann, a local carpenter, presided at the organ, opened with the singing of two verses of the National Anthem. The lessons were read by Lord Lascelles.

Flowered Silk and Lace Set New Style

Dame Fashion Approves Delicate Beauty of Materials Reminiscent of Staller Days

A "lace" Ascot is indicated this year—if the weather be favorable. Queen Mary has ordered from her dressmaker three afternoon frocks which are made of the loveliest lace from Nottingham. Two are of black silk Chantilly, and the third is beige-colored.

Another lovely gown on which lace figures largely has been made for Lady Henry Bentinck.

This has a long-waisted crepe georgette bodice, slightly shirred in the centre, with the new loop sleeves, and a three-tiered skirt of point d'Alencon lace. A long cape collar hangs down below the waist.

Not content with lace loveliness alone, the dress designers are inserting hand-painted medallions of silk into berthes and bouffants.

Reversible cloaks of lace and beflowered silk are provided for wear with these dainty gowns, the lace strengthened by bands of shirred net or of pleated taffeta.

Little three-tiered capes of lace set into a pointed yoke of hand-painted taffeta are a quaint fancy for wear with a picture frock.

Hats for Ascot will nearly all have silk or embroidery crowns and cleverly irregular brims of fine lace, or be entirely of lace, with long sashes twisted round the crowns and hanging down behind.

Minister Preached Over 5,000 Sermons

The Rev. Dr. Bruce, who has been honored by his friends on the occasion of his jubilee as parish minister of Banff, Scotland, is one of the most notable figures in the literary and ecclesiastical life of the North of Scotland. Before going north to Banffshire in March, 1872, he was assistant to Dr. Norman Macleod in the Barony Church, Glasgow. During his pastorate of the Auld Kirk at Banff he has preached over 5,000 sermons; and, in addition, has written one or two delightful books reminiscent of life in the North-East of Scotland.

Mystery Pearl Sold For Small Fortune

Weighed One Hundred Grains and Had Never Been Drilled or Mounted by the Owner

In a little box lined with cotton-wool behind the glass of a showcase at Christie's, London, recently, lay a mystery gem, described as "a magnificent large drop-pearl of superb orient."

Many people came to see this pearl—among those in the famous rooms while it was on view was the Duke of Marlborough—and everyone who enjoyed the privilege of handling it for a minute asked, "Where did it come from?" The answer was a closely guarded secret.

The stone was undrilled and unmounted, and it had never been used as an article of feminine adornment. Apparently someone had been content to keep it in a box of a safe, although the interest at 5 per cent. per annum on its value amounts to nearly £2 per day.

The only clue that could be obtained as to its former ownership was that it was stated to have originated in the oyster beds of North-East Australia, since when it had been "the property of a gentleman."

An idea of the weight of the pearl—100 grains—can be obtained from the fact that the ordinary machine used by the largest dealers for weighing pearls registers up to a maximum of 60 grains.

In color it is a pure translucent white with the shade of flesh pink only to be found in the finest specimens. The shape is that of a pear with a topmost section of the neck cut off horizontally.

At its sale bids of £200 were made by nods of the head until £5,400 was reached, when the pearl was sold to a firm in Holborn Viaduct. The firm were not bidding on behalf of a customer, so the future of the gem is uncertain. It will be placed in a setting of fitting magnificence.

Runaway Boy Has Won Huge Fortune
How he ran away from his home at Preston in 1892 with only a few pounds in his pocket and is now a multi-millionaire, was told by Dr. Seddon, who arrived at Liverpool recently, aboard the Canadian Pacific liner *Montcalm* on a visit to his boyhood home.

After working on a Canadian farm, young Seddon went to the United States and made good. He now owns estates in ten different States.

While building up his huge fortune Dr. Seddon graduated in both medical and veterinary sciences. He possesses estates worth over £6,000,000.

Gold Sovereigns To Return In England

Sovereigns and half-sovereigns may shortly reappear again, as bankers and Treasury officials have recently been discussing the advisability of permitting a certain quantity of gold coinage to be circulated.

It is the opinion of some authorities that, now that our indebtedness to America has been funded, a gradual circulation of gold would enhance home credit and give a fillip to our trade with America.

The only drawback is the unsettled condition of Europe.

DREAMY ARITHMETIC

I read that the winner of one of the big prizes in a Grand National sweepstake, says a writer in the *Daily Mirror*, was guided in the choice of a number by a dream. I am reminded of the dream of a lady who won a prize in a lottery with the number 23, which she had insisted upon having. Asked why she had demanded it, she replied: "Because I dreamt of the number seven three nights running, and three sevens is twenty-three."

DEATH CLAIMS V. C.

News has been received at Carnoustie, Forfarshire, of the death in the Bermudas, from double pneumonia, of Seaman George Samson, V.C., who played a gallant part in the landing at Sid el Bahr, in the Dardanelles. He was the first lower deck V.C. for fifty years.

A petty officer who picked up Samson after he had been wounded, remarked that his comrade did not raise his life once but thousands of times. He fought till his clothes were torn off with bullets and he had 24 bullet wounds before he fell. His action saved hundreds of lives.

Afterwards Samson carried 13 bullets or pieces of shrapnel about in him.

MAY BE A DUKE

It is considered not unlikely that the King will raise the Earl of Harwood, father of Viscount Lascelles, to a dukedom.

If Lord Harwood became a Duke his elder son would be a courtesy marquis or earl, and the infant son of Princess Mary and any brothers and sisters that may follow him, would take rank and have courtesy titles as "Lords" and "Ladies."

DERBY PAYS HOMAGE TO MOTHER OF HERO

EASTER DATES FIXED FOR NEXT 6,000 YEARS

Lord Desborough's attempt to get a "fixed" Easter is said to have met with encouraging sympathy at Rome. No such change, however, can have been expected by the men who made the Book of Common Prayer, for it provides the material for calculating the date of Easter in any year up to and including A.D. 8000.

In Company with Earl Haig and Duke of Devonshire She is Given Freedom of City

Derby accorded a unique honor to bereaved mothers and widows of the war when it conferred its honorary freedom upon Mrs. Adeline Rivers, the aged mother of its only V.C., in company with the Duke of Devonshire and Field-Marshal Earl Haig, says the News of the World. Mrs. Rivers' son Private Jacob Rivers, of the Sherwood Foresters, won the coveted cross at Neuve Chapelle by forcing the enemy to retire in face of his intrepid bomb throwing. A second time on the same day he went out to repeat his feat, and again succeeded in forcing the Germans to withdraw, but this time was killed. Mrs. Rivers is a woman in very humble circumstances, is receiving an old age pension, and, in connection with the presentation of the borough's freedom, an offer had been made to procure for her a corporation house for the rest of her life, but she prefers to remain in her old home in one of the town's back streets. She was the central figure in the ceremony, which took place before a large crowd in the oddity hall. She was first driven through decorated streets, and entertained to lunch by the Mayor. The Duke of Devonshire and Earl Haig were the guests at luncheon by the Mayor, who afterwards presented the three certificates of freedom. Mrs. Rivers was given precedence in the order of presentation. She was dressed plainly in black, and was evidently deeply moved by the tremendous ovation given her when the freedom was presented. The Duke of Devonshire, who was accompanied by the Mayor, was next to be honored, and Earl Haig followed. Earl Haig remarked that he was very proud to be associated with the revered mother of Derby's gallant V.C. "The ex-Service men of Derby," continued Earl Haig, "are my main pride and joy today. No man could have a better introduction. They are spongers to be proud of." Mrs. Rivers also expressed her thanks, and, speaking in simple, homely terms, remarked, "I am very proud to receive the honor of the freedom of Derby, and I only wish my poor son were here to receive it himself. He died a true British soldier."

Keep What Nature Has Given To You

Man of Eighty Tells Why He Has Luxuriant Locks and Few Grey Hairs

The problem of combating grey hair has been successfully solved by Mr. F. A. Fairhall, of 4 Sandycombe road, Twickenham, who has celebrated his eightieth birthday.

Mr. Fairhall has a magnificent head of auburn hair marred by only 12 grey hairs.

"When I found my first grey hair, about three years ago," said Mr. Fairhall to the *Weekly Dispatch* recently, "I could hardly believe my eyes. What had caused it? I searched my brain to try to find some reason, but can only put it down to the approach of middle age."

"About six months elapsed. I was standing in front of the glass combing my hair, when suddenly, to my great pain, I saw two other white hairs. They were close together, and one was rather whiter than the other."

"Nine other hairs followed in quick succession, until now I possess twelve white hairs. And for two years no others have come. I sincerely hope that I do not find another, because that would make thirteen, and I might be unlucky."

"When I walk out in the street and see men young enough to be my grandsons bald or white I feel a great pity for them. Anybody would go white who leads the modern life."

"They live in a continual rush. When they telephone they are helping white hairs to come. When they leap on to omnibuses they are inviting an attack of baldness. Why cannot they follow my example?"

"I never allow anything to worry me, for fear that the thirtieth grey hair should arrive suddenly. I like a thief in the night. If people ask me foolish questions I do not answer them. And if they persist in asking me I go out in the garden, forget it all, and keep my hair on."

"I am afraid," he added with a shake of his curls, "that many modern young people possess little sense. I have even heard that some women have their hair bleached because they think it becoming."

"Preposterous! Why not be content with what Nature has given you, and try to keep it?"

Murderers Are Cheap Sold As Wax Works

Murderers are cheap when put up for sale. Some of them went at Liverpool for about 5jd. each when the Chamber of Horrors at Reynolds' Waxworks came under the hammer. Charles Peace proved the best seller. He sat dejectedly in the condemned cell while bids were made for him. Ultimately he fetched £2 4s. On the other hand, no one could be induced to give more than 15s. for Mrs. Maybrick, George Smith, the "brides in the bath" murderer, and Black, the wife murderer, realized 22s. together. Mrs. Flanagan and Mrs. Higgins, the notorious poisoners of 40 years ago, with Mrs. Berry (twice), produced no more than 10s. The purchaser of the Burke and Hare set paid 17s. for the plate-glass window, and expressed indifference as to the fate of the models. Most of the others were sold in lots of half a dozen or more. The ex-Kaiser was represented by a figure as a little boy with ringlets riding a pony, and realized £4 5s. Henry the Eighth, with his full complement of wives, was knocked down for 23½ guineas.

Blew a Bubble That Lasted For 55 Days

Sir James Dewar, the distinguished scientist, died recently at the Royal Institution, Albemarle street, W. He was in his eighty-first year.

Honors were conferred on Sir James by learned societies all over the world for his scientific research. With Sir Frodox of the freedom of invention of cordite, and his experiments with extreme heat and cold resulted in the production of the vacuum flask, known to-day as Thermos flasks.

No Arctic explorer knew more about excessive cold than this scientific wizard. It was his ambition to produce a temperature of absolute zero.

"Think," he used to say, "of the hundreds of things that we could not do without extreme heat. Why should there not be hundreds of others, equally useful, which will be possible with extreme cold?"

The unconventional methods sometimes adopted by Sir James were exemplified during the war. He blew a number of large soap bubbles, one of which maintained all its pristine beauties in a glass case for fifty-five days.

When it burst the whole scientific world mourned its loss as the end of the oldest bubble on record.

What scientific problem Sir James had up his sleeve by these bubble-blowing experiments was never quite clear.

Sir James was born at Kincairdine-on-Forth, in Scotland, on September 20, 1842. When twenty-nine years of age he married Helen Rose, daughter of William Banks, of Edinburgh.



"Two months ago, I was desperately in love with Ronald, and now I can't stand him. How men change!"
—From London Opinion.



The reason Mrs. Montmorency is seeking a legal separation.
—From the Passing Show.