

INDOOR PICNIC AT THE ALCAZAR

"One Summer's Day" Includes Rivers, Haycocks and Other Rural Delights

A JOHN DREW MEDIUM Blanche Partington Recommends the Vacationless to Pay Visit to Local Theater

If you cannot go farther—where you might easily fare worse—take a vacation at the Alcazar this week with "One Summer's Day."

The comedy is by H. W. Esmond, author of "When We Were Twenty-One," and was one of the John Drew mediums. As usual with these the hero runs to self-sacrifice, though his end is happy. Still, that is not his fault. He has even more than the usual difficulty of seeing the thing under his nose, and heroically refuses his ladylove's hand when she offers it—as she does every now and again—believing her to be in love with some one else.

There is plenty of fun in the straightening out of the tangles and not a little "goo"—a coinage of the heathen for a certain sort of sentiment. Major Ruydard, the hero, has the most of it, and needless to say in White Whittlesey's hands it does not lose. In fact it gets a bit stickier in the last act, where the major—in immaculate evening dress—rushes in to weep at the death of "kiddie" (pizzicato accompaniment on the strings). But the major is an attractive person, clearly characterized, and in his lazy, laconic goodnature is pleasantly portrayed by Mr. Whittlesey. That is a particularly effective scene where he bargains with the gypsy, though the actor is agreeably in evidence throughout, except in the "gooey" scenes aforesaid.

Miss Marie Rawson, the new leading lady, made a pleasing impression in the part of the heroine. Miss Rawson brings sincerity, ease and a charming naturalness to her work. It has, too, the prophecy of that very desirable quality, distinction. But Miss Rawson must look to her pronunciation—"surtain" for "certain," "fewcher" for "future," "turrable" for "terrible," and such like errors marring not a little her considerable pleasure in her performance. Little Olive Cooper makes a hit as an impossible, preternaturally smart "gamin," and Miss Marie Howe furnishes a cleverly humorous bit as the fat and jealous wife of the painter. The rest of the long cast includes Richard Vivian, who benefits it with a laughable picture of the calf-lover, Luke Connors, John B. Maher and Harry D. Byers, Annie Miffelin, Agnes Rankin and Mabel Stetson. The piece is charmingly staged.

The Central Theater began the week yesterday with packed houses at both matinee and evening performances of Theodore Kremer's new play, "Wedded and Parted." It is a comedy drama and, like all of Kremer's work, is as full of sensations as an egg is of meat. Three or four curtain calls after every scene proved that the Central has struck the real thing in the bill now on the boards. The play tells the story of a woman's cruel wrongs, but the faithful heart triumphs at last, of course, and the day of happiness dawns brightly after the night of woe and suffering. The plot is said to have been obtained from actual facts, revealed by the police records of New York City. However that may be, the piece is a pronounced success at the Central and is in for a prosperous week.

Belle and Lotta Tobin, who present a refined and dainty musical act, were heartily applauded at both performances at the Chutes yesterday. Carl Reiter, a monologist, held his audience laughing for full fifteen minutes, and the three sisters Kelcey gave a capital singing and dancing act. Hershah Stein, a young barytone, made his first appearance as a singer of illustrated songs, and Fyne and Dandy, comedy acrobats; Trask and Rogers, black-face comedians, and the animatopace completed a capital programme.

"The Mormons" is in its last week at Fischer's Theater. "A Lucky Stone," with Dorothy Morton in the cast, opens next Saturday.

PERSONALS.

M. P. Snyder, the Mayor of Los Angeles, is at the Palace. Mayor R. F. Johnson of Monterey is registered at the Palace. J. Craig, the proprietor of Highland Springs, is at the Grand. L. R. Poundstone, a well known mining man of Gaston, is registered at the Grand. Robert W. Shingle of Honolulu arrived to-day from Washington on his way home. He is staying at the St. Francis.

Mother Finds Her Boy. Mrs. Whelan has applied to Judge Murasky for the custody of her 12-year-old boy, Eddie Whelan. Under a sentence from the juvenile department, the boy was placed in St. Vincent's Orphanage. His parents separated when he was a year old and the child was placed in the care of his grandmother. Recently he was found by his mother, who asks for his release.

APPALLING IS TALE OF SHIPWRECK

Granite Rock, Off the Coast of Scotland, on Which Linger Norge Struck, a Monument to Almost 700 Dead

HEAVY SEAS BREAK THE LIFEBOATS

Mad Struggle for Life, in Which Men, Women and Children Take Part, Precedes Final Plunge of Ship

GRIMSBY, England, July 4.—A pile of granite rising clear out of the Atlantic, 290 miles from the Scottish mainland, is now a monument to almost seven hundred dead. Bodies wash against the rocks or lie in the ocean bed at its base. Near by, completely hidden in the water, is the Scandinavian-American liner Norge, which was carrying 800 Danes, Norwegians, Swedes and Finns to join relatives or friends in America. Of these only about 130 were saved.

No tragedy of the sea has had a more appalling consequence and none occurred in a shorter time. The passengers were suddenly aroused from their sleep, terrified by the contact of the bows of the ship with the solid granite, followed by a grinding, rasping sound as if the hull was being shoved over large rocks. Then silence as the clanging bells brought the engine to a stop. Those of the passengers who were standing at the time the steamer struck the rock were thrown against the bulkheads or on the decks and had not recovered their feet when a stentorian voice gave the terrifying order: "All hands on deck; hurry or you may sink."

Immediately there was a rush for the narrow companionways and men, women and children pushed and struggled and made every effort to reach the deck, where the boats swung from the davits. Many persons who retained their presence of mind seized life preservers, only to find in some instances that the strings were rotten and they could not be quickly placed around their bodies. Those who reached the deck saw the nose of the Norge pinned directly against the rocks. It remained there only a few minutes, for Captain Gundell, commanding, who had immediately gone to the bridge, gave the order to the engineer to reverse the engines. Some men of the engineer force had relatives among the passengers and after seeing them safely to the boats they heroically returned to their station below. As the ship backed off and she gained headway it was found that water was pouring into her hold. This fact, announced in Scandinavian, added to the supreme fright and agony.

SEE DEATH COMING. The passengers who were piled in the boats were the fortunate ones to escape. The unfortunate, who saw death near, clustered in the vicinity, a seething, struggling mass. Some were on their knees praying, surrounded by children, others were supplicating aid from any one and shrieking for permission to enter the boats, elbowing and fighting their way to the places from which the boats were being lowered. The sound of grinding ceased and the bow of the Norge gnawed as the steamer returned to deep water. The sea hungrily rushed into the huge rents made by the rocks in the iron hull. Swiftly the vessel began to sink by the bow. Without waiting for orders and without paying attention to their proper manning the occupants began to lower the boats. The starboard lifeboat began slowly lowering, when to the horror of those on board the stern tackle failed while the bow tackle ran free.

Soon the boat was almost perpendicular. Those who were in it clung desperately to the sides and seats until a great wave came towering along and struck the boat, smashing it against the side of the ship. The occupants of the boat who were not killed by the impact were thrown into the water. The crew and passengers on deck had no time to spare to assist the few who had a chance to escape but lost it. Undeterred by the experience of the first boat, a second, loaded principally with women and children, was lowered. This time the tackle ran smoothly, but the hopes of escape of the passengers on board were blasted. The moment they touched the water the waves picked up the small craft as if it had been a feather and dashed it against the side of the ship in spite of the frantic efforts of the passengers to fend it off. The crash was heard on deck; then the sea swallowed more victims, and pieces of wreckage slowly drifted toward the rock.

MEM BLASPHEME. The upper deck of the Norge at the time of the disaster to the second boat was only a few feet from the water, and it was apparent to every one that only a few minutes more and she would plunge beneath the waves. In the final crisis those who were able to remember clearly what happened say that the shrieks and sobs died away and that the quiet was only broken by the curses of some men whose fear found vent in blasphemy. Suddenly one man threw himself overboard and another followed his example. Still another jumped into the water and soon around the ship hundreds of persons were struggling in the sea. Others determined to stand by the ship, hoping against hope that she would remain afloat. Three boats, it is known, successfully reached the sea. The passengers frantically pulled away from the doomed ship, passing by poor wretches who were still afloat and who vainly begged to be taken aboard, while from the ship came the despairing cries. The women in the boat which reached Grimsby hid their eyes, but the men who were sitting facing the Norge say they saw the captain still on the bridge and the passengers on deck in attitudes of resignation. While they looked the Norge

plunged forward, her stern shot up in the air and she disappeared. The swimmers in the vicinity of the ship were drawn into the vortex and were whirled around like chips in the maelstrom. But twelve minutes elapsed from the time the ship struck until she sank. A fine Scotch mist which was falling at the time shut out the other survivors from the view of those who were brought to Grimsby. Those latter, as soon as their boat was clear of the scene of the wreck, devoted themselves to thoughts of their own safety. A jacket was tied to an oar, which was in turn fastened to the bow of the boat, and a sailor, a Dane, took charge of the boat. Men and women were put to work keeping the boat afloat, as a hole had been stove in her bow when it was lowered from the ship. An examination of the water cask showed that it did not contain a drop of water.

BUT LITTLE TO EAT. There were some biscuits, and these were eaten by the shipwrecked people during the ten hours between the time the ship struck, at 7 o'clock a. m. June 28, until they were picked up by the Grimsby trawler Silvia. "And we who sat horror-stricken in that small boat, avoiding as much as possible the heavy seas because we were afraid we would sink," said Larra Christina Pederson of Copenhagen, who is on her way to join her cousin, John Schroeder, at Chicago, "we were dancing and singing to the music of guitars and violins the night before on the promenade deck of the Norge. We were so happy then in that small boat, not knowing what would be our fate. With the memory of horrible scenes on the steamer, we could do nothing more than pray miserably for the succor and help that came." "I was on the bridge looking at the men gathering in the scene," said Henry Glover, second engineer on ship, "I thought of self, placed women and children in the boats, preferring to remain behind rather than take advantage of their strength. The mate of the Norge, who left the ship in the boat which arrived here, leaped into the water for the purpose of swimming to a second boat. He had only gone a short distance when, weighted by his clothes, his strength gave out and he sank. The crew of the Norge appear to have behaved well after the first panic, when it is said the officers were compelled to drive them back from the boats. But there apparently was no discipline, the orders which the captain shouted from the bridge being misinterpreted or unheard. So far as the survivors here remember there was no systematic distribution of the people to the boats, which were not adequately manned. No attempt was made by any of the survivors to save property. There was no time to make preparations.

CAPTAIN GUNDEL SAVED. Commander of the Norge Goes Down With Ship, but Escapes. LONDON, July 5, 5:35 a. m.—Captain Gundel, of the wrecked steamer was among the survivors that arrived on the steamship Energie. In an interview he said: "All went well until about 7:45 o'clock last Tuesday. When about eighteen miles south of Rockall I felt the steamer strike heavily forward on a sunken rock. There was a gentle

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