

Could You Use \$25, or a Couple Tickets to the Circus? Here's Your Last Chance to Get Them

A N ENGAGEMENT tonight? Break it. Tired? Forget it. Ill? Get well. We want you to write 150 words of your opinion of the best answer to the question: "BUFFALO BILL—WHAT HAS HE DONE FOR AMERICA?"

This positively is your last chance to win one of the 39 prizes offered by The Star for the best answer to that question.

Thursday afternoon the winners are to be announced.

The judges must have time to go over the answers, which have piled into The Star office since the contest started.

We have contributions from many persons. We have one, for instance, from Senator Dan Landon that looks as though it is going to break into the money. But there's plenty of chance for YOU yet if you sit down tonight and get yours in.

The prizes are worth while. They are: A first prize

of \$25, a second prize of \$12.50, a third of \$7.50, a fourth of \$5, 15 fifth prizes of two reserved seat tickets each, and 20 sixth prizes of one reserved seat ticket each. And the question is: "Buffalo Bill—What Has He Done for America?"

An easy subject to write an essay on, isn't it? For the scout has done many things in his life. He has been a plainsman, a scout, a guide for some of the best generals in the world, a friend of kings. There is all the

latitude in the world.

And, should you win, you will receive the prize from the hands of Buffalo Bill himself. For he is coming here tomorrow with the Sells-Floto Circus and Buffalo Bill (himself), which is to exhibit here three days, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Then, some time during the day on Friday, he will personally hand the prizes to those who have written about him and who have won a place in the award column of the contest.

Prize winners will be announced tomorrow.

**MORE THAN
45,000
PAID COPIES DAILY**

WELL, ANYWAY, no flea-bitten Brazilian can come into our country and find a river 1,000 miles long that we never knew about.

The Seattle Star

The Only Paper in Seattle That Dares to Print the News

VOLUME 16. NO. 80.

SEATTLE, WASH., WEDNESDAY, MAY 27, 1914.

ONE CENT ON TRAINS AND NEWS STANDS, 5c

**LAST
EDITION**

WEATHER FORECAST—Fair tonight and Thursday; fresh westerly winds, diminishing Thursday.

JACOB FURTH DYING!

4 KILLED IN EVERETT ACCIDENT

BOY OFFICER TELLS HOW HE FOUGHT RAVING MADMEN IN OPEN BOAT AT SEA

Describes Horrors of Two Weeks They Were Lost on Atlantic; Eleven Men Drink Salt Water and Die Writhing Among Mates; Tells How He Nearly Turned Cannibal.

By H. P. Burton
(Copyright, 1914, by the Newspaper Enterprise Association.)

HALIFAX, Nova Scotia, May 27.—"You can see the scars on my body," said Robert Tiers, "but you can't see the SCARS ON MY SOUL!"

He was lying there, peacefully enough now, in a very flat white pillow in a sunny room in the Victoria General hospital, this 22-year-old slip of a boy who, for 13½ days, commanded like some Iron Duke, on the wide, lost waters of the Atlantic, a boatload of hungry, sinister men—MEN DYING OF STARVATION AND MAD WITH SALT WATER MADNESS.



Robert Tiers, Photographed on a Cot in Hospital

Lying there he was, drawn and white and scarred, and with a great box holding up the bed clothes from off his feet, gangrenous from exposure.

I was the first person to be allowed actually to hear the tragic story of this third boatload of the burned Columbian survivors, from Robert Tiers' own lips since he told it, in disconnected bits, to Captain Johnstown, of the Seneca, while that rescue ship was racing to Halifax harbor after picking up that final four, who had watched 11 companions perish at their feet within a single week.

Phantom of Murder Rode in That Boat

"The real story of our adventure," said Robert Tiers to me, "was the things that didn't happen, but they were the MOST TERRIBLE THINGS OF ALL."

"Starvation and madness and utter despair and death all rode in that little boat with us, but do you know that all the time some-thing far more terrible rode with us—and, though all of us knew it, none of us even admitted it?"

"Well, that thing was the phantom of murder."

Robert Tiers lay back on his pillow and drew his hand across his eyes to shut out the sight of what still burns in his brain—a boatload of men at bay, falling dead all about him for lack of food and drink, while he SAT GUARD ON THE WATER CASK AND FOOD BARREL, doling out each day only enough to make each of his enemies—"for enemies hunger and thirst drove them to be," said Robert Tiers—crazy for more.

"You see at first we were positively gay. It was just past Sunday midnight—Monday, May 4th, at 12:30 a. m., to be exact—when we left the burning Columbian in our little life-boat, the 15 of us, and we expected to be rescued the next day sure by some passing boat. We had given the S. O. S. before the Columbian's wireless was smothered, and we figured that would bring many a steamer our way. So we established a watch and turned in. Saw Salvation and Then It Faded

"Early that morning, through the light for that dripped over us, the watch saw a great blaze of light coming, not three-quarters of a mile away. He roused us all and we cheered, so happy we were over an early rescue. We rowed towards the oncoming steamer, shouting as we rowed and waving our flag. A BALPALEIN FASTENED TO THE BLADE OF AN OAR. But the Olympic didn't seem to notice us,

so we decided to light a signal. We got out our matches; THEY WERE WET AND WOULDN'T LIGHT; we waved our flag; but the great Olympic, in her blaze of happy lights, swept by.

"Still, it was altogether too soon to give up hope. There was nearly three-quarters of a cask of water and almost a full case of biscuit in our boat, and surely we would be rescued when the sun should come up and reveal us as we tossed on the high waves.

"Indeed, that very morning, about 10 o'clock, we located a tramp steamer less than seven miles off. We fastened my rain coat on an oar and waved it. But we were not seen.

"By this time the storm, which had been continuously sweeping us into the wallow of waves and slopping our boat with brine, began to quiet, so we rigged up a sea-anchor with our oars and canvas and kept the boat riding the crest of the waters. Fixed this way we passed another night.

One Pint of Water and One Biscuit for a Meal

"The next day I noticed shadows, just faint ones, flickering on some of 14 faces that looked at me; and I myself, indeed, for that matter, began to wonder how serious this thing was going to turn out to be. So I decided to take the bull by the horns first instead of last, and I established rations. I allowed each man one pint of water a day and one biscuit for each meal.

"And the shadows grew a little deeper.

"We caught a little rain in a storm on Thursday in tarpaulins but it wasn't much, and on Saturday—the sixth day—the men, having seen so little water during the week, grew very thirsty, and very hungry they had grown, too. Then they began begging for food and water, but especially water. But I had to be firm. It was at this time that little Prievie, who had been our cabin boy, spoke up.

"That water and those biscuits have got to last another whole week, fellows," he said, "so you'd better be careful of 'em and not tease for 'em."

"Then Prievie TOLD THE DREAM HE HAD before he left Antwerp.

"I dreamed," he said, "that I was in an open boat 14 days before we were rescued, and so I know we'll be rescued on the fourteenth day."

"So we all took heart and the rest of the day there was not one menacing look as I doled out that

little bit of biscuit and that little bit of water.

Reign of Terror in Open Boat at Sea

"The first Sunday we spent in the boat, the seventh day out, was the beginning of a reign of terror for me—the beginning of the time when the self-control started to slip off from some of those big, strong, primitive men in that boat and to reduce them to cave-men. They became mad for water; they felt that that alone could keep death from them.

"Hull, an oiler, was the first to break. But his true nature was more of a gentle and he began only to DANCE AND SING IN HIS MADNESS, and then to scoop up and drink great dippers of the salty sea water.

"I don't care if it does kill me," he cried. "Any way, I want to die if I can't go ashore." The salt water meant only one thing. HE DIED IN AWFUL AGONY.

"I said what I could remember of the service for those buried at sea as we dropped his body over the side.

"Then the TERRIBLE THIRST began to affect them all, and they began eyeing me.

"Do you know what it means to be sitting on all the water and food that separates a crew of big, glaring men from death?"

"And to watch them looking at you? Looking under their eyebrows cunning-like and ugly—measuring you inch by inch?"

Began to Steal Water and Food

"Well, they even tried to steal water and biscuits—and they did get some of the biscuits.

"They seemed to have lost all honor. But could you blame them? When our engineer died and some of the others, too, we FOUND THEIR POCKETS WERE CRAMMED WITH BISCUITS. But those biscuits, stolen in the dead of night, killed them. Their stomachs, near empty for so long, could not stand the sudden heavy intake of food under the frightful strain their bodies suffered.

"After that I HID THE TWO AXES in the boat. I knew I was no longer dealing with normal men of the 20th century, but with men who had practically become savages with only one instinct—Get food and drink."

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"Jakob was a giant of a Russian and we had been afraid in the first of what he might do to us in a fight at the finish. He was big enough to murder all for the food supply he knew could be his at the price of our blood.

"Jakob was sitting in the boat with one of the axes he had gotten hold of in some way.

"I am going ashore for a drink," he yelled. "I will, by God, I will," he shrieked.

"Why do you keep my money away from me?" he hissed as he came at me.

"But I coaxed the ax away from him and got him to lie down, taking away everything else I figured he could use as a weapon.

"No sooner, though, had I got to sleep, than he got a boat-stretcher, THREATENING TO KILL US ALL and be master of the boat. With such a giant it was all Belanger, Kendal, Ludwigson and I could do to overpower him, but we finally succeeded in TYING HIM TO THE BOTTOM OF THE BOAT.

"He lived six hours, screaming all that while at the top of his voice. At the last when he became exhausted we forced a little fresh water between his lips, but it was no use. At 1 o'clock Saturday morning we dropped him into the sea.

"And then on the fourteenth day, little 14-year-old Prievie died. He was so young and he LOVED HIS MOTHER SO, and as I saw him die, all my Christianity came back to me, and I said to myself: 'I wish I could have died in his place,' and I felt then as though THE DEVIL COULDN'T NEVER EVEN TEMPT ME AGAIN TO TRY TO TAKE BISCUIT OR WATER beyond my share.

Then Came the Horrible Thought of Cannibalism

"There were now just four of us in the boat.

"We had no idea where we were—perhaps we were drifted far out of all ship lanes.

"For a week we had been eating little pieces of shoe leather cut from dead men's shoes, pounded up with fresh water into paste and mixed with biscuit crumbs.

"But now all the biscuit crumbs were gone. Prievie's dream, too, was not coming true, for it was the fourteenth day and he wasn't rescued.

"There he lay dead in the bottom of the boat. And now came the horrible thing of it. Men in our condition had fought out the same problem before.

"Should we eat dead body? That was the awful question we actually discussed now.

"But not little Prievie's. We couldn't do that—he was so young and so brave.

"So we let him down very quietly and very gently into the water and hoped he was in a better land."

"Well, whose body would it be then? That flashed upon us, too. And if two of us died and there were only two left and just enough water for one day, what might happen then?"

"And who would the last two be of Belanger, Kendal, Ludwigson and myself?"

"And would there really be then some terrible unknown struggle on those high seas?"

"But the Seneca came in sight, and though we could not believe it, she headed for us.

"And so what might have happened there at the end, I shall never know, thank God!"

"Draw up that blind, will you?" I said Bobby Tiers, first officer, as I went out. "I want to look at the green grass. Spring is beautiful on land, isn't it? Do you think it helps take the SCARS OUT OF A MAN'S SOUL?"

WATCHFUL WAITING



Intellect Unaffected by His Illness, Financier Has Conferences With Associates, Closing Up Affairs.

Jacob Furth is on his deathbed.

Returning a few weeks ago from an unsatisfactory trip to California, where he went to better his failing health, Seattle's biggest financier is confined at his home, at 1203 Minor av., suffering from a complication of diseases, from which physicians say he can not recover.

His keen intellect unaffected by his bodily ailments, Mr. Furth knows that he cannot get well.

Resigned to Meet End

He has summoned to his bedside the closest of his friends and business associates, and is closing up his affairs. Several of these conferences have been held.

He is said to be perfectly resigned to what is to come.

Mr. Furth requested some time ago that all the members of his family be summoned to the city to be near him in his illness.

Mrs. Jennie Terry, a daughter, and her daughter, Dorothy, abruptly ended a tour through Europe when informed of his illness and hastened back to Seattle.

Family at His Bedside

Mrs. Frederick Karl Struve, a daughter, and her husband, a member of The John H. Davis Co., of Seattle, are also in the family circle.

Mrs. S. Wetherill, wife of Capt. Wetherill, U. S. A., has come to the city, and Mrs. Furth, the wife of the sick man, is in constant attendance.

Mr. Furth is suffering from enlargement of the liver and intestinal trouble.

Mr. Furth is accepting his illness with a philosophy that is a source of wonder to his many friends, namely his business associates, and the men he has at various times helped during their struggles in various enterprises in Seattle, are calling at his residence to express their regrets.

Mr. Furth's knowledge of the most minute details of his affairs is a surprise to his associates.

The other day one of his business associates wished to locate for Mr. Furth a certain paper and was unable to find it. The fact was reported to the patient. He quickly told the exact position of the package in which the wanted paper was filed in his office.

Mr. Furth came to Seattle 30 years ago from Colusa, Cal., where he had achieved success in a general merchandise and banking business.

In his career in the South he gained a solid reputation for staunch honesty in his dealings with other men and was comparatively wealthy when he came here.

His first business venture in Seattle was the organization of the Puget Sound National bank, which later was merged with the Seattle National, now existing under that name. He is chairman of the board of directors of that institution.

Through the Stone & Webster corporation he took over existing street car systems in the city and developed the Puget Sound Traction, Light & Power Co., of which he is now the president.

AUTO GOES OVER EVERETT BRIDGE; DROPS FIFTY FEET

EVERETT, Wash., May 27.—A seven-passenger automobile owned and driven by John Johnson of Silvana smashed through the rail of the Everett bridge over the Snohomish river here today, and dropped 50 feet.

Four of the men in the car were killed. With three others, they were going to Everett to see the circus.

The dead are: John M. Johnson, Ole Prestlien of Norman, a farmer; Chris Clausen of Silvana, and Louis Arsen, a Stanwood rancher.

Cornelius Langjoen sustained severe sprains.

Charles Lund of Norman and E. Peterson of Stanwood escaped by jumping.

COAL MINERS OF THE NORTHWEST OFFER TO FIGHT

The satisfactory solution of the Colorado strike troubles was the chief subject for discussion today in the session of the third annual convention of the Rocky Mountain Association of United Mine Workers of America, meeting in the Grand Union hotel.

Scores of mine workers throughout the Northwest, it became known, wrote to the Seattle local office signifying their willingness to join an armed company of miners to go to Colorado to aid in wiping out the gunner.

FIND MAN'S BODY SLAIN WITH AX IN EMPTY SHACK

Jack Mint, 60, was found lying dead on the floor of a shack at the foot of Whateam av., early this morning, with two axes in his hand, inflicted by an axe. The axe was wielded, it is believed by "Country Jack" Konttuuri, with whom Mint had been on a spree for a week.

A peace bond of \$1,000, under which she was placed in police court, was canceled by Judge Ronald.

TEDDY AND WILSON DRINK LEMONADE

NEW YORK, May 27.—Col. Roosevelt was in Washington nine hours yesterday, and they were characteristically busy ones.

He visited President Wilson, conferred with progressive leaders, looked over his African trophies in the Smithsonian institute, spoke before the National Geographical society, and renewed his acquaintance with many old friends.

His call at the White House proved not to be as sensational as had been predicted. The discussion of politics was avoided.

The president received his caller in the red room.

After they had exchanged greetings they sat for half an hour on the south portico, drank lemonade, and discussed mainly travel and books.

The colonel professed to consider his lecture before the Geographical society the real event of his visit.

He warmed up when he touched on the questions concerning his discovery of the River of Doubt in Brazil, declaring he "put it on the map," and challenged all the cartographers in the world to disprove it.