

HOW IT FEELS TO BE A HERO.

Mr. Harold Bride Tells of New York Crowd Who Shadowed Him.

CLAIMED AS "LOST SON."

"It is a very difficult thing to be a hero, or at least to be thought a hero. How I longed at times to be quite unknown and just my old ordinary self!"

With a smile Mr. Harold Bride, the junior Marconi operator of the Titanic, made this remark to *The Daily Mirror* shortly after he had landed at Liverpool from the Baltic on Saturday morning.

A flutter of excitement went round the waiting crowds on the landing stage as he walked down the gangway—the first passenger to leave the ship.

With eager eyes he searched everywhere for his father, who had come to meet him. Then he saw him. The two rushed to each other. "Hullo, father!" cried the son, with the assumed casualness of youth.

FINGERS FEEL FROZEN.

Harold Bride now bears little trace of his terrible ordeal. His right foot, however, is still numbed, and a curious result of his exposure and struggles in the icy sea-water is that the finger-tips of his right hand feel as if they were frozen—they are still insensible to touch.

Otherwise, but for sleepless nights, Mr. Bride is quite well, and after a rest at his home at Shortlands (Kent) will resume his work as a Marconi operator.

During the train journey from Liverpool to Shortlands he described his experiences "as a hero" in America. Of the actual story of the sinking of the Titanic and his own escape he can say nothing until after the Titanic inquiry.

SAVED FAVOURITE PIPE.

He relates with pride how he "saved his pipe." It was a favourite pipe, a long, straight briar, and it was with great joy that he found it still in his pocket on the Carpathia.

This pipe, together with two photographs blotted yellow with the sea water, were practically the only things he managed to save from the wreck.

Then he recalled the Carpathia's dramatic entry to New York harbour. "It was like a nightmare," he said. "On all sides were tugs and river craft of all kinds with newspaper men aboard shouting at us through megaphones; the din of sirens and hooters was deafening, searchlights played on us, rockets were constantly exploding."

And amidst all this bewilderment of lights and sounds Mr. Bride noticed, he says, with a peculiar distinctness the huge flashing advertisement signs. "When he arrived in New York, ill, tired out and temporarily lamed, he soon began to realise that he was a celebrity."

"I was taken to my uncle's house," he said, "but in a short time my address was found out and numbers of kind-hearted people visited me."

"When I went out into the street to go to Senator Smith's inquiry men and women pressed round to shake my hand. A few days after my arrival in New York came the first request for autographs."

SOLD HIS AUTOGRAPH.

"The first batch of letters came chiefly from American girls, all asking for my signature. One girl wrote: 'I should love to have your autograph to add to my collection of notorious characters.'"

"At a friend's suggestion, I then sold my autograph for five and ten cents a time, and several dollars were thus obtained for my aunt's missionary box."

Among the letters received by Mr. Bride there were three from people who imagined him to be a long-lost relative.

One correspondent told an elaborate story of how she had lost sight of her boy years ago, and asked was he her son?

When at Washington for the inquiry the attentions of the American journalists and other people were so pressing that he had to disconnect the telephone in his bedroom at the New Willard Hotel.

A valuable tie-pin was one of the presents he received from an admirer, and just before he sailed on the Baltic, when he was able to walk without his crutches, there came along a strange gift from a lady.

It was cushion! A soft, expensive-looking cushion embroidered with green and yellow flowers.

The directors of the Cunard Company have decided to award one month's extra pay to every member of the Carpathia's crew, in recognition of their services to the Titanic's survivors.

TITANIC'S BANDMASTER BURIED.

Thousands of mourners attended the funeral of Mr. Wallace Hartley, the heroic bandmaster of the Titanic, which took place on Saturday at Colne, Lancs.

The whole town was in mourning, flags being lowered to half-mast and blinds drawn.

After an impressive service, at which the strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," gave an especially affecting touch, the funeral procession moved slowly through the streets of the town to the cemetery, where, at the graveside, a choir again rendered the hymn which was played on the Titanic.

TURKISH BARRACKS BOMBARDED

CONSTANTINOPLE, May 19.—A telegram from Smyrna states that Italian warships yesterday bombarded Marmaris, on the Asiatic mainland, opposite Rhodes, destroying the ammunition depots and a portion of the barracks, but doing no other damage.—Reuter.

RAILWAY CARRIAGES SHATTERED IN A COLLISION.



Debris covering the lines after the terrible collision which occurred on the Northern Railway of France at Paris. Some of the carriages were reduced to matchwood.

TO TEA BY AEROPLANE.

How Mr. Grahame White and Passenger Called on Friends Near Bushey.

Mr. Grahame White flew from the Hendon Aerodrome yesterday to take tea with friends of his at Hartsbourne Manor, near Bushey, the residence of Miss Maxine Elliott.

Mr. Hugo Rumbold, who had been staying at the manor, went down to Hendon yesterday afternoon to watch the flying. About a quarter past six he expressed a desire to Mr. Grahame White to pay another visit to the manor, but this time in the nature of a surprise.

The famous airman and his passenger left in a Grahame White biplane and, after circling the aerodrome once, made off in a westerly direction.

The nine miles were covered in about thirteen minutes, and a landing was made in the park Sir Ernest Cassel, Lord Francis Hope, and the Duchess of Rutland, with their hostess, were playing tennis on the lawn at the time, and the descent of the airman close by was the cause of great surprise. They ran to the spot and greeted them, and the party proceeded to the house for tea.

Mr. Grahame White stayed for some time, leaving the manor just before half-past seven, and flew back to Hendon—this time without Mr. Rumbold—where he arrived about fifteen minutes later.

Ten minutes afterwards he was in the air again with another passenger. This time it was Mrs. Arthur Du Cros, wife of Mr. Arthur Phillip Du Cros, M.P., whom he took in the same aeroplane to her residence at Canon's Park.

After remaining there a short time, Mr. Grahame White rose into the air again, and within twenty-five minutes his machine was being run into its hangar at Hendon. This was Mrs. Du Cros' first flight.

During the afternoon Mr. Grahame White flew round the aerodrome several times with Miss Taylor, his fiancée.

BATH v. BUXTON.

Northern Spa Thinks Its Rival Claims Too Much for Its Springs.

There is trouble among the spas—the English ones. For Buxton has a grievance against Bath. Bath claims to have the only radio-active hot water spring in Britain, and widely advertises it as such. Buxton contends that its springs are quite as radio-active as those of Bath, and the matter has been solemnly discussed by the Buxton Council.

A member of the council said this was not the first time they had had occasion to complain of the methods of advertising adopted by Bath. The point was that Bath drew a fine distinction between hot and warm springs, and gave figures of comparison as to radio-activity in Bath and Buxton. The comparisons, he contended, were based on erroneous figures.

He thought the council should send a dignified letter, pointing out that this class of advertisement was not calculated to add to the dignity of British spas.

£3,838 FOR MILK FUND.

The following further subscriptions have been added to *The Daily Mirror* Fund to supply milk to nursing mothers and babies, the victims of industrial distress:—

Amos, 10001, Mill (Toronto, Canada)	£2	1	0
W. Fraser (Belize, British Honduras)	1	0	0
Miss Cecil G. S. Walker	1	0	0
W. Smith (Westminster)	1	0	0
Collection, per Netta Peters, Cambridge	0	15	0
Aged Grannie	0	5	0
Baby and Toddlers	0	5	0
Corporal (York)	0	2	6
Anon. (Bath)	0	2	6
Collection, per Mrs. W. Smith, Tiverton	0	2	0
A Mother	0	2	0
Medium	0	1	1
Freddie H. (Woolwich)	0	0	2

The gifts to the fund now total £3,838 11s. 11d.

INDIAN PRINCE'S HEIR.

A son and heir was born yesterday to his Highness the Maharaja of Bhavnagar and the Maharani. The latter was invested with the Imperial Order of the Crown of India at the Delhi Durbar.

GALLANT SIGNALMAN.

Nearly Fainting He Remains on Duty for an Hour After Being Shot.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

MANCHESTER, May 19.—After suffering great pain in his heroic devotion to duty, when accidentally shot in the eye in his cabin, William Morrell, a signalman, is now making good progress at the Royal Eye Hospital here.

He was examined under the X rays to-day, and seven pellets were removed.

Morrell was in his cabin on the Manchester, South Junction and Altrincham Railway, near a field where a pigeon shoot was being held.

Shots were being fired at pigeons which had escaped during the shoot when Morrell was struck in the left eye by pellets which passed through the glass of his cabin.

Morrell was blinded and in great pain, but knowing that many lives depended upon his continuing to work he made a heroic effort to discharge his duty, and with his hand to his wounded eye he went on pulling the levers for an hour until a doctor and a relief signalman arrived.

A youth named Eden, who was the first to go to Morrell's aid and scour the neighbourhood for a doctor, said that the injured man was in great pain, and was almost fainting all the time he worked the levers.

Twelve trains passed the points at the man's cabin while he bravely remained at his post.

When Dr. Westwood arrived more than an hour afterwards Morrell completely collapsed from exhaustion.

BRITISH SHIP SEIZED.

Steamer Detained at New Orleans with Arms and Ammunition.

NEW ORLEANS, May 19.—The United States officials have seized the steamer *Santona*, flying the British flag, on the charge of violating President Taft's proclamation regarding the shipment of arms and ammunition to Mexico.

The vessel had cleared and sailed when she was seized. She carried 110,000 rounds of rifle ammunition and ten cases of carbines.—Reuter.

LOUIS AND LOLO.

Two Titanic Babies Sail for Their Home with Their Mother.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, May 19.—The Titanic babies, Louis and Lolo, are on their way home after their terrible mid-ocean adventure.

Mme. Navratil, happy at the recovery of her two little boys, Louis and Edmond, sailed yesterday on the *Oceanic* for Cherbourg and Nice.

As the little chaps were carried aboard the big liner they seemed nervous at the sight of the water, and evidently still remembered the dark night voyage in the open boat when they left the sinking Titanic.

There are only sixty-one first class passengers on the *Oceanic* for this trip.

CATTLE MAIMING OUTRAGE.

A shocking case of cattle maiming was discovered in Sheffield yesterday.

Mr. C. T. Law, butcher, of Crookes, placed some cattle in the corporation slaughterhouse. They were bedded up and left secure, but yesterday two were found dying, with their hind quarters practically gashed to shreds. The work had been done with a knife stolen from an adjoining slaughterhouse.

The animals were killed and the matter reported to the police.

EX-PRESIDENT CASTRO DYING.

WASHINGTON, May 19.—News has reached here that ex-President Castro is lying ill in a critical condition at Tenerife and is not expected to recover.—Reuter.

"THE MAYFLY IS UP!"

Phenomenon Which Has Gladdened Hearts of English Anglers.

A WEEK EARLY.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

BREAMORE (Hants), May 19.—The mayfly has risen in the land, and nature has gone wild for ten mad, delirious days.

Down here, on the green skirts of the rolling uplands of the New Forest, a phenomenon has happened. The mayfly, deceived by the pleasant stretch of warm, sunny days, has risen a week before his time, and Nature is all the more madly and wildly excited because it is so unexpected and unprecedented.

As a rule the mayfly is almost as regular in his time as Big Ben. He usually makes his annual appearance about May 21, and disappears, just as suddenly again, in ten days' time.

Directly he appears—and he only makes his appearance in ones and twos at the beginning—the word goes round in some mysterious way, "The mayfly is up!"

Then, from all parts of England the rattle of the rod and reel can be heard, and anglers rush forth to the fray; for it is the maddest and most amazing week for them, too, in the whole year.

Although we are a week before our time down here, the word has been circulated broadcast in the old familiar way, and the enthusiasts have begun to arrive with their wonderful freemasonry of impossible stories, and fresh supplies of "waders" and rods, and imitation mayflies are arriving by every train.

A BRIEF, TRAGIC LIFE.

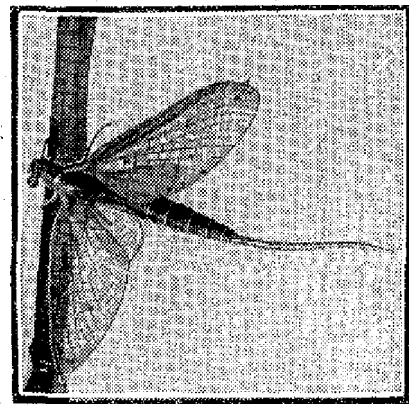
For the intoxicating ten days' dance of death of the mayfly has really commenced.

Ordinary folk may well ask with just irritation, "Who and what on earth is the mayfly?"

It is not an easy question to answer in a word, or even a sentence. But, after due consideration, he is probably one of the most tragic living things in creation.

In fact, sometimes he doesn't even live at all, rightly speaking. His career is a painfully touch-and-go affair from the beginning; and, at the most, he has only a day to live it in.

For two years he lies at the bed of the river as larvae. Then comes some nice warm, inviting



A MAYFLY ON A RUSH.

weather towards the end of May, and, without knowing anything at all about it as yet, he rises in his sheath or "shuck" to the surface.

Directly the air is reached the sheath splits open, and the new-born mayfly flutters free, with a heart no doubt filled with the joy and promise of life.

Whatever his happy expectations may be, they are seldom realised, alas! He never has a single instant's peace until the moment of his natural demise—should he be so fortunate as to reach it—which occurs about six in the evening, and which is the most peaceful event in his exciting career.

Every living creature within reach makes an attack on him, and looks upon him as fair game. To-day they were hatching up here in hundreds, and twinkling about for what was in most cases a few brief seconds only.

One rose to the surface, burst his encasing sheath, and had only just commenced to live when "Plop!" a trout jumped like a streak of iridescent light and had him.

JOYOUS, EXCITED ANGLERS.

His brother got away from the sheath safely, and was just trying his wings along the surface of the water when "Snap!" and a duck had him.

His sister managed to get away a little further and was fluttering gaily into the sunshine when there was a sudden rushing swoop and a swallow had her.

And so, in this lamentable way, a whole family was wiped out. And scores and scores of other happy families too.

But on the banks and in the water stand joyful and excited anglers, bitten and inoculated with the same mad mayfly fever, who realise to the full that they are having the greatest week in all the glad new year.

For a trout will rise to a mayfly—and to an imitation one just as promptly—as he will to nothing else on earth.

The last phase in the life of those lucky mayflies who have eluded nature's concentrated attack takes place in the pasture-scented dusk.

They have found their mates, and indulging in a mad irresponsible dance which is called "dapping" by country-folk, they gradually sink and die.