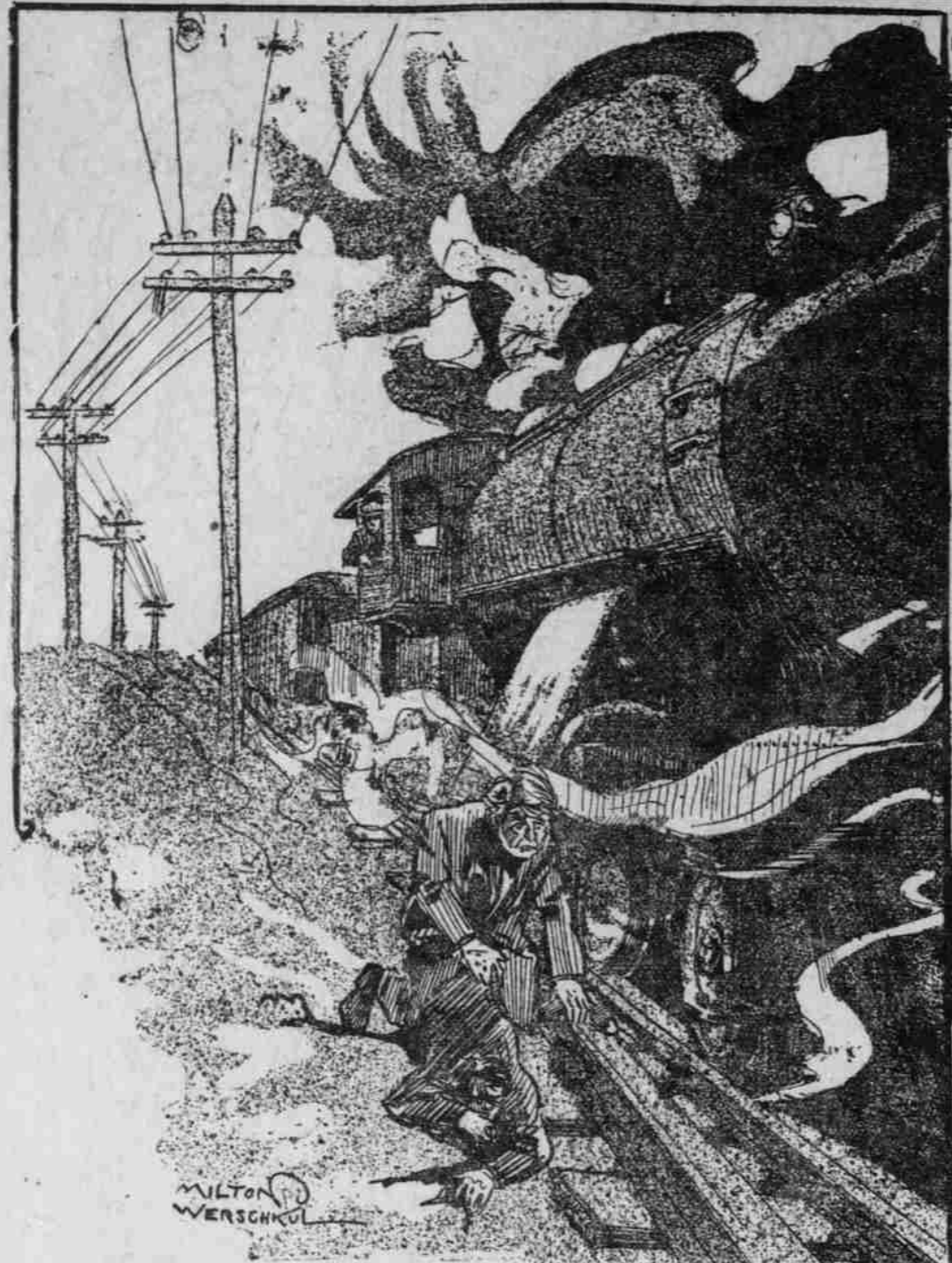


# NATIONAL DECORATION FOR BRAVERY

## ONE WOMAN AND SEVEN MEN HAVE RECEIVED IT FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE U.S.

## DARING DEEDS OF HUMAN INTEREST IN THE SAVING OF IMPERILED LIVES ON RAILWAYS



WILTON WERSCHUL



EDGAR E. GEORGE



EDWARD A. McGRATH



GEO. H. WILLIAMS



MISS MARY GUINAN

BY JOHN ELPHRETH WATKINS.

THE President has already decorated seven heroes and one heroine with the nation's new order of merit. Some time ago he rekindled Congress that the government had long been bestowing medals of honor for acts of great heroism upon the water, and recommended similar decorations for "conspicuous bravery and self-sacrifice in the saving of life in private employments under the jurisdiction of the United States, and particularly in the land commerce of the nation." An act authorizing such rewards for saving of life on our railways was passed, and according to the regulations framed to carry it into effect applications for the decoration may be filed with the interstate commerce commission if accompanied by affidavits of eye-witnesses to the deeds of heroism for which recognition is desired. Such applications are passed upon by a committee of five officials of the commission, and when there is a favorable action, the President of the United States decorates the hero with a handsome medal of honor, stamped by hand at the United States mint, also with a gold and enamel button, which the owner may wear upon his coat lapel. With these two emblems of a country's appreciation of bravery the President transmits to each hero a personal letter commending his bravery.

**The Medal a Thing of Art.**

The new medal of honor is of bronze and is about as large as a silver dollar. On the obverse side it bears the classic figure of a sturdy man standing upon a railway track, with one knee resting upon a boulder which has fallen between the rails. With a flaming brand he is warning an approaching train of its peril. On the reverse side is a laurel wreath such as the Romans placed upon the brows of their national heroes. Against the outer rim of the medal are the words "The United States medal for life saving on railroads," and inside the wreath is inscribed, "For Bravery. Awarded to—". The button accompanying the medal is intended for everyday wear is a shield of the United States in the three colors. About a circle upon the shield is the inscription, "For Bravery."

**Left Sick-Bed to Brave Death.**

One of the most heroic acts thus rewarded by the President was that of Charles Arms of Clarksville, Tenn. Some months ago the locomotive, mail and baggage cars of a Louisville and Nashville train crossing the bridge over the Cumberland River at Clarksville ran through the open draw and plunged into the water, 30 feet below. It was a very dark night, and the river, at flood tide, was so full of driftwood that the ferry service was suspended.

Hundreds, alarmed by the crash of the fallen train, swarmed the ferry wharf and looked for the lives of the men who were in the open draw. Arms, who was a doctor, was the first to give aid in response to the distress cries rising out of the black terror before them.

There were many brave men in the throng, but against the bridge piers they heard the bump of the driftwood, whose black shadows they saw pass in the glare of the wharf lights.

Near the ferry landing Charles Arms, a poor man, lay in bed, ill with malarial fever. He had lain thus in his clutches now nearly four weeks. The doctor had just left his bedside when the wreck occurred. Arms, from where he lay, could not hear the crash of the falling cars nor the cries of the victims. The first news of the catastrophe was brought to him by his little daughter.

**Offered His Last Cent in Vain.**

Forgetting the fever, not waiting to put on all of his clothes, the sick man left his bed, rushed to the ferry wharf, jumped into a skiff and appealed to the bystanders for assistance. But not a man would volunteer in such a tide and against such a foe as the rushing drift. Arms offered \$20—all that he had—to any one who would help him haul in the victims. No one offering him aid even in return for money, he pushed off alone in the little boat.

down stream. But Arms, summoning all of his skill to steer clear of the threatening timber, managed to work his way to the imperiled men before their strength gave away. Without a soul to assist him the fever-depleted man hauled the victims aboard the skiff one by one, and afterward landed them safely on the river bank. Then he tied up his skiff and went back to his sick bed. Beside the medal, button and letters of praise sent to him by President Roosevelt, he received \$100 from the Louisville and Nashville road.

**Heroic Rescue of a Child.**

Somewhere in Dickens, I think it is in "Bleak House," there is a "Mr. George," a big, brave trooper, a protector and lover of children, whom every reader looks through the whole story. I thought of him while perusing the affidavits of eye-witnesses to the heroism of a Mr. George of real life, who has just received another of these decorations for saving life on the rail. This Mr. George—Edgar E. is not a trooper, but a young stenographer, only 28, in the offices of a big coal company at Wilkesbarre, Pa. He lives in the neighboring suburb of Parsons, where he was lately waiting to catch his morning train, when his eyes met a sight which sent a shudder of horror through him and the group of his neighbors who waited with him. A Polish lad, only 12 years old, who had been walking the track on his way to school with his little sister, had caught his foot in a frog and was helplessly struggling right in the path of the rapidly approaching train. Mr. George, without waiting for his neighbors' shouts along the track to where the terrified lad was tugging to release his imprisoned foot, but by the time he reached the spot the train was almost upon the little fellow.

With a presence of mind which has since called for the commendation of the many eye-witnesses, the young stenographer stepped to the side of the track and with his left hand bore the lad's body down as far as the outer rail would permit. With his right hand he at the same time forested the imperiled leg so that it came just under the cylinder of the locomotive and the journal boxes and steps of the front car as they swept by, scraping the bodies of the rescued and the rescuer. The engineer applied his emergency brakes, but

did not succeed in stopping until the engine and one coach had run by. When the excited crew and passengers reached the spot, expecting to find both the man and boy killed, the latter was safe in Mr. George's arms. The latter's right hand was cut and bruised and his coat was smeared with grease and rust from the engine, but beyond the extreme strain on his leg the lad was unhurt.

**Ran Ahead of His Engine.**

"No greater honor can be won in civil life than you have thus won, because no greater service can be rendered than you have thus rendered," the President lately wrote to Edward Murray of Pittsburg, when decorating him with this new order of merit. Murray is a freight conductor on the Monongahela division of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Some months ago, while riding on the rear footboard of a locomotive backing down on the White Hill branch, he was horrified to see two children, a boy of 2 and a girl of 4, toddling along on the track just before him. No thought of self deterred Murray. Leaping from the footboard onto the track which was whizzing under him, he bounded ahead of the engine, lifted one of the children in each arm, and was about to jump aside when the lumbering locomotive came upon him. His predicament now demanded that quick decision without which courage is futile. The slightest misstep or hesitation was to result in death to the three lives thus in jeopardy. With wonderful agility he jumped just as the engine struck him, and, still holding fast to the little ones, landed upon the footboard. Here he managed to balance himself until the engineer brought his iron steed to a full stop. Then Murray lifted the youngsters safely to the ground and went on about his business.

**Lame, but Saved the Child.**

Last August, a 6-year-old girl attempted to cross in front of a rapidly approaching Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul train at Stowell station, Milwaukee. Edward A. McGrath, the station agent there, is a very lame man, but he forgot his physical deficiencies when he saw the predicament of the threatened child. Not hearing his cries of warning, she took her time, although the jaws of death gaped for her and she was almost inside. The station agent, had he had time for introspection, would have realized

that in the eyes of the world he had every excuse for physical inaction. On one foot he wore a support eight inches high, and it was an awkward burden to drag along. But, agile as an athlete in the prime of training, he ran upon the track, took hold of the path of danger when he was himself struck by the pilot beam of the engine as it rushed past. But he is alive and kicking today, and bears in his buttonhole the little shield of the Nation's new legion of honor.

The same kind of courageous impulse has brought the decoration to George H. Williams, of Braintree, Mass., an engineer of the New York, New Haven & Hartford road. While his train was lying at Quincy, Mass., and while a fast express was approaching on an adjacent track, Williams saw a woman and girl take their lives into their own hands by passing into the closed crossing gate, near by. Unmindful of their danger, they started to cross directly in front of the fast train. The child was soon across, but her elder, seized with that peculiar sort of panic which is peculiar to women and hens, hesitated directly in the path of danger. Williams jumped from his cab and pushed her until she fell back off the track, but was himself struck by the express and hurled 20 feet, sustaining injuries so serious that he was unable to report for duty

for three months. The President wrote to him: "You showed courage of a high and fine kind, and I trust the medal will be proof to you that your countrymen realize what you did and estimate its value at its true worth."

**Reached Child From Cowcatcher.**

Engineer Charles W. Haight, of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, who lives at Utica, N. Y., has been decorated for bravery, saving a 25-year-old girl whom he saw directly between the rails in front of his engine while it was hauling a milk train of six cars down a very steep grade, near West Winfield, N. Y. Immediately upon seeing the infant, Mr. Haight reversed his engine, but the rails were slippery and the train thundered on down the incline. Seeing that heroic work must

be done, he jumped out on the running board alongside the boiler, climbed down upon the cowcatcher, and leaning forward with arms outstretched, caught the little one just as the lumbering engine was about to strike it. So fast was the train still traveling that the child struck Haight's body with a force that knocked him back against the pilot beam. In this predicament it was only by a heroic effort that he could hold fast to the little one until the locomotive, after continuing for five car lengths, came to a stop. The child, who was the daughter of a railroad hand, escaped unhurt. Haight's engine was of the "Mother Hubbard" type, with cowcatcher of vertical steel rods, offering but a precarious footing. The President in his letter commended the brave engineer for performing "a great service for humanity in so unselfishly placing your own life in jeopardy to save the life of a helpless child."

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For a very similar deed of heroism which resulted less fortunately for himself, a plucky fireman out in Nebraska has not only been decorated by the President, but honored by the citizens of his community with election to the office of County Clerk. This medalist, George H. Poell, of Grand Island, Neb., at the time of his heroic rescue, was passing near Powell, Neb., on a St. Joseph & Grand Island train. It was about dusk, and the train was rounding a curve at a speed of 25 miles an hour on a down grade, when the engineer, applying the brakes, cried out across the cab that a child was upon the track. Poell took one look at the tot, who was turned partly around and then started on a trot, still in the center of the track, as if seized with a childish notion that he could beat the locomotive in the race for life. Poell then sprang out of the cab window, dropped upon the cowcatcher, and bracing his heels on the bottom rail of the latter, leaned forward. He caught the infant, who was hurled into the air, and then started on a trot, still in the center of the track, as if seized with a childish notion that he could beat the locomotive in the race for life. Poell then sprang out of the cab window, dropped upon the cowcatcher, and bracing his heels on the bottom rail of the latter, leaned forward. He caught the infant, who was hurled into the air, and then started on a trot, still in the center of the track, as if seized with a childish notion that he could beat the locomotive in the race for life.

**First Woman Decorated.**

The first woman to be honored with this new national order of merit is Miss Mary Guinan of Middletown, N. Y. The deed for which she was decorated was a display of extreme daring in risking her life to save that of a man, 74 years old and quite feeble. This old gentleman attempted to cross the Erie railroad at Middletown, where two trains were approaching on adjacent tracks, and in opposite directions. He was unmindful of his danger until he reached the central space between the two tracks. Here he became greatly bewildered at his apparent inability to either go forward or turn back without being ground to pieces. Miss Guinan, who was waiting at the crossing, saw his predicament; and, unmindful of herself, ran to the old man's side, in the place of danger. She now shared his peril and a misstep of a few inches was certain to bring death to both. The situation demanded the utmost presence of mind. Realizing that to drag the man to either side would now be certain death, she seized him, dragged him to the center of the space and held him firmly to prevent his giving way to natural impulses of panic. It was a nerve-racking, breathless wait while the two trains whizzed past, one on either side. The danger over, Miss Guinan led the old gentleman, now really unconscious from fright, to the sidewalk, where bystanders who hurried to them were surprised to find her so calm and undisturbed as though nothing had happened. A measurement of the space in which she gathered in the narrow space between the swaying trains showed that it was only a yard across.

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**A Ballad of Change.**

Atlanta Constitution.

I write of spring that sweet blossoms petals  
Of Spring that the shingles from the shed  
And beats the shutters down!

I write of blizzards and the blinding snow  
The Arctic ice-pack, polar terrors bring-  
ing.

Spring brings the windows of the world  
below—  
A mockingbird is singing!

Alas, these changes of the seasons sad!  
Tomorrow's mystery—see it's not in it;  
Change everywhere, in all things, good and  
bad.  
But in your little pocket!

**Mrs. Leiter Has the Habit.**

Mrs. Leiter's long residence abroad has resulted in her adoption of the afternoon "tea habit," with 4:30 as the accepted hour. Mrs. Hayward, Mrs. Townsend, the Misses Patten and Mrs. Corbin also enjoy the afternoon tea in family or with the addition of friends who chance to appear at the accepted hour.

## Five-o'Clock Tea a Necessity

An Established Custom in Washington, With Cigarette Smoking.

"D O AWAY with the 5 o'clock tea table and you will eliminate the most distinctive feature of Washington social life," recently declared a woman who has lived in the atmosphere of officialdom throughout several successive Administrations. Coincident with the advent of the Pauncefoote, whose regime at the British Embassy evokes the happiest memories, the 5 o'clock tea table made its appearance in Washington, and the fame of the Pauncefoote tea still lingers among the "seasoned" members of Washington's socially elect.

Invariably one of the ever popular Pauncefoote girls was in attendance in the drawing-room at the appointed hour, should Lady Pauncefoote herself be absent, and always one or two of the younger secretaries would assist. A feature of the Pauncefoote teas was nothing less than a huge tureen of piping hot milk toast—a delicious dish made of well-browned, crisped bread, over which was poured a creamy mixture of boiled sweet milk seasoned with a dash of nutmeg and a taste of sugar.

Mrs. Roosevelt went into the White House the 5 o'clock tea table has been in daily service.

**Mrs. Roosevelt Brews the Tea.**

Mrs. Roosevelt is another hostess who serves milk toast at her informal afternoon. On the occasion of her "set" days a certain ceremony obtains, but Mrs. Roosevelt's intimates know well when to find her, and surrounded by her special coterie, the wife of the President presides at the table, brews the tea and serves the guests without the assistance of the maids.

Mrs. Longworth also is a devotee of the afternoon cup. Mrs. Longworth draws about her the liveliest men and women of the smart set. Placed in the corner of the drawing-room of the home in I street stands a beautifully arranged table, and at one end rises a steaming samovar, for tea at the Longworth domicile is served a la Russe. Sometimes a good friend will be at her side, but most times Mrs. Longworth presides alone, the indispensable butler, who is a personage to consider in the household, keeping vigilant eye on the progress of the feast. Guests tell of wonderfully toothsome sandwiches and palatable confections, and from time to time crisp bon mots which have had their inception over a cup of tea at the Longworth home find their way into the current conversation of the day.

Mrs. William Sheffield Cowles, wife of Rear-Admiral Cowles and sister to the President, holds her own as a dispenser of the ever-cheering cup. Mrs. Cowles, who has the vivacity of a debutante, with the experience of a woman of the world, enjoys a great vogue for her quickness and cleverness and her ever-ready appreciation of a clever speech. Some of the brightest wits of the capital frequent her home on the occasion of the daily tea hour, the proportion of men being a flattering tribute to the hostess' gifts as an entertainer.

Mrs. George W. Vanderbilt is still another hostess whose more intimate friends may generally find her presiding at a beautifully appointed table and dispensing the steaming beverage. Thin bread and butter, with possibly a dainty sandwich, form the staples, while the list of impromptu guests frequently includes Mrs. Vanderbilt's good friend, Mrs. Nicholas Longworth and other women well-known in official and residential society. Army and navy homes are great centers of the special form of hospitality. Mrs. Franklin Bell, Mrs. Garlington, Mrs. Dewey, Mrs. Richardson Clover, Mrs. Richard Mulligan, Mrs. Arthur Murray, Mrs. Edmonds, wife of General Edmonds; Mrs. Stockton, wife of Rear-Admiral Stockton; Mrs. Schley and a score of other well-known women maintaining their tea tables with as much regularity as they do their more perfunctory breakfast, luncheon and dinner hours.



CHARLES ARMS

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