

YOUTHFUL HERO HONORED BY CITY

Matthew Robson Saves 17 Lives at Risk of His Own.

RUSHES INTO BURNING MINE

Acclaimed as Hero by City of Panama and Given Gold Watch—Modestly Says He Did as Others Would.

PANAMA, Ill., July 4.—Eighteen-year-old Matthew Robson, of Panama, knows how sweet sound the words, "You have saved my life." Seventeen men, all husbands and fathers, are alive today because young Matthew was willing to risk death himself to rescue them when they were about to be hemmed in by fire in the depths of a coal mine. His act was inspired by courage, not by a desire for applause, not by any longing for personal aggrandizement.

The Fenwick mine, where the act occurred, consisted of two great wings, one running east, one running west. The eastern wing had an outlet on a hillside through the tunnel. But to get out of the western wing one either had to go up in the elevator, or the shaft of which extended down to the middle of the mine, or pass from the west wing beneath the shaft into the east wing and out through the tunnel.

But the fire was in the elevator shaft. It had progressed downward and the flames were licking the bottom of the shaft, threatening to form a wall of fire between the blind west wing, where the 17 men were at work, and the east wing, with its outlet through the hillside tunnel. To save the lives of the 17 it was necessary for a messenger to go on foot through the tunnel, the shaft and the east wing, underneath the burning shaft, and on to the far end of the west wing, where the men were at work, ignorant of their danger.

Volunteers to Give Warning. Minutes were valuable. The messenger must reach the men in the west wing, warn them and return with them before the flames should shut off all avenue of escape. It was midnight, the light of the fire cast a weird glow over the ashen faces of the spectators. Volunteers were called for to go into the mine and warn the men in the far west wing. Nobody responded. Then a slight fire sprang out of the surrounding gloom. It was Matthew Robson, clad in his miner's garb. Without more ado he was gone. Into the black mouth of the tunnel he darted like a young deer, fleet of foot, steady of nerve, his torch flaring as he ran over the rough tunnel floor.

"God bless the brave boy—God save them all in the mine," cried women with white faces who stood about, weeping and wringing their hands. It was more than a mile from the tunnel mouth to the western chambers where the 17 were working—a long, weary mile to race with a fire that was racing. The tunnel walls were so hot that the torchlight grew smaller and smaller, fainter and fainter, until it finally was blotted out by the red glow far within where the shaft opened. To the heroic boy it was a hot, forbidding, awe-inspiring glimpse of hell. His courage almost failed him as he drew near to that crackling, leaping, hungry furnace. But he went on. He did not pause. The very seconds were precious. He saw that, and now the red flames were at his back. He was in the great west wing. He staggered on—on—on, until he could never reach the men; he asked himself.

Tells Miners, Then Collapses. Another minute, another superhuman effort, and he reeled into the first chamber where the men were at work. "Run for your lives," he cried, hoarsely, "run for your lives." The others were warned quickly. They were fresh, fearfully eager for the run out, if the fire would let them out. But Mat, the hero, had collapsed. The long, hard run had been too much for him. They huddled the exhausted boy into a coal car and whipped up the mule hitched to it. Away they went, an odd procession in an awful predicament. The lamps showed terror-stricken faces. But the 17 stuck to the mule in the coal car—their savior.

It was hot, painfully hot, at the shaft, and the flames were red and hungry, but, thank heavens, there yet remained a path clear of fire. Through it dashed the men and the coal car with the boy in it. A little way beyond the men heard a dreadful roar. They looked back. The walls of fire, as did the walls of water after the children of Israel, were closing in. They had been just in time. And they sobbed out their gratitude, those strong men, in the gloomy bowels of the world.

Joy Over Rescued Ones. A mighty cheer shook the hillside when the watchers went out, at the tunnel's mouth, to the first sight of the oncoming lamps of the 17. Men and women rushed in to greet the oncoming party. Some laughed. Some sobbed. Some cheered. Some sang. Some prayed. It was one of those intensely dramatic scenes such as only the black coal belt knows. The rescued 17 were hugged and kissed hysterically. Even the faithful old mule that had drawn the car in which Mat rode back was hugged. And Mat! The grimy, weary, low-headed boy was given an ovation as spontaneous as heartfelt, as genuine as ever greeted hero of the battlefield. But he only slipped away to his own cottage home and threw his arms around his widowed mother and told her with misty eyes and a lump in his throat that made his voice thick and unsteady, just how happy he was to be back with her again.

form, and so were all the prominent men of Panama. Mat was among them, although he had sought to be excused. They would not let him stay away. And the crowd shouted its hoarse. Then the band played some more, after which Rev. Frank Miller stood up and waved his hands for silence. He said that there had been few, if any, finer acts of heroism in Panama than that performed by Matthew Robson when he saved the lives of 17 men. It was fitting, said the minister, that some testimonial on the part of the people be given to the hero. Then he presented to Mat a costly gold watch, containing an inscription which declared that the watch was a token from the people of Panama to the savior of 17 lives. Perhaps the crowd didn't cheer then! Hats were thrown up into the air. Men shouted till you would have thought their lungs would burst.

"God Bless You," Say All. Trembling, shy, frightened at all the honors paid him—more, a thousand times more than he would have been by the grimest danger—the boy when called on for a speech stood up. He tried to say something, but he couldn't. Tears blinded his eyes and his voice shook so he couldn't speak. All he could do was to blurt out a simple "Thank you" and sit down again.

But the crowd cheered as lustily as long as though the most eloquent oration ever delivered had just been heard. The mere "Thank you" of Mat Robson was "speech enough" for them, for his field was action, not talk. And then all the people crowded around the platform and shook the boy's hand, while he stood there with trembling lip and wet eyes and bowed his head in acknowledgment of their "God bless you, Mat."

The demonstration in Mat's honor was a grand success, and he is very proud, indeed, of the gold watch and the purse of money presented to him by his fellow workmen. But many of his friends believe that the young man should have more substantial recognition than he has had, as a movement has been started to obtain for him a Carnegie hero medal and the purse that goes with such an emblem of honor. As for Mat, he is seeking no honors, medals, money or anything else. He doesn't think he did such a wonderful thing—didn't do more, in fact, than he thinks most any of the miners would have done for him.

Only Practices Golden Rule. And, perhaps, at the bottom, that is the secret of Mat's heroism—just the Golden Rule. He went into the mine and risked his life for the right of the fire because he believes in doing for others what you would like others to do for you. He was seeking no plaudits or glory. He was following the Golden Rule as it interests it. Indeed, he rather deprecates his own act and is excessively modest about his heroism—doesn't admit at all that he is a hero. Yet if you should happen to meet him and should go among the citizens, among the wives and sisters of the miners, or even among the little children of the men who work in the mine, and should ask if there were any real heroes in or around the mines, the answer would be prompt and enthusiastic.

His name is Mat Robson, and if there ever was a real, true, genuine hero, Mat's one.

EVIDENCE OF FOUL CRIME BODY, WEIGHTED, ARMS BOUND, FOUND IN COLUMBIA. Card in Coat Bears Inscription: "H. E. Edmunds, Sanderson Bros., Richland, Or."

HOOD RIVER, Or., July 3.—(Special.)—With hands strapped together and weighted with rocks, the body of a well-dressed man was discovered lodged against a rock in the Columbia River Thursday morning, near Wyeth, by the crew of a tugboat which was passing that point. The man's hands were bound with lead, and his pockets were full of rocks. To one of his arms was attached a noose that had been used for the purpose of fastening them together, and depending from it was a ten-pound stone.

REVOLUTION IN PARAGUAY Hundred Killed and Wounded in Streets of Capital City. BUENOS AYRES, July 3.—The latest advices received from private sources at Formosa, in the northeastern part of Argentina, say that there has been sanguinary fighting in the streets of Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay, where a revolution is said to have broken out recently, and that hundreds of persons have been killed or wounded.

FOILED OF REVENGE Young Italian Shoots at and Stabs Policemen.

FIGHTS LIKE WILDCAT

Lies in Ambush for Men Who Invaded Home—Bullets Miss and They Pursue—Captured After Wielding His Deadly Blade.

WILLIAMSBURG, N. J., July 4.—(Special.)—The first gray streaks of dawn did not find all in bed and slumbering in the big tenement on Withers street, near Union avenue, Williamsburg, today, for young Giovanni Mallati had gone about from flat to flat among his friends and neighbors, but had heard of the part Cahill and policeman would be murdered, and more, if his aim was sure enough.

Shots and Officers Pursue. They were three yards from the entrance of 3 Withers street when young Giovanni sprang from his ambush and fired twice before they could raise a hand. One bullet ripped the padding from the right Cahill's coat and the other drove athwart Fagin's left ear with a zipping twang.

Evidence of Foul Crime. The body of a well-dressed man was discovered lodged against a rock in the Columbia River Thursday morning, near Wyeth, by the crew of a tugboat which was passing that point. The man's hands were bound with lead, and his pockets were full of rocks.

STOLEN, THEN REPLACED Wealthy Pittsburg Man Loses and Recovers \$10,000 in Jewelry. LOS ANGELES, July 3.—E. C. Converse, a wealthy resident of Pittsburg, reported to the authorities tonight that during his absence at dinner his room at the Hotel Hollywood had been entered and a valise containing jewelry to the value of \$10,000 had been removed.

MOORE GOES TO DENVER Seattle's Democratic ex-Mayor Visits Portland En Route. En route to Denver to attend the Democratic national convention and to Dallas, Tex., to attend the Elk's convention, William Hickman Moore, ex-Mayor of Seattle, is in Portland and is stopping at the Oregon Hotel.

Merchants Savings & Trust Company 247 WASHINGTON STREET Capital \$150,000 Pays interest on Savings Accounts and Time Certificates. Receives deposits subject to check without limitation as to amount.

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An Extraordinary Sale and Display of Swell New Pongee Silks. There is no store anywhere that gives more attention to silks than we do, and no matter what your wants may be, there is always an ample choice here. We are now showing the greatest and best line of Pongee Silks to be found in the city, comprising every new weave in all the new shades—genuine Shantung, Chefu, Tussorah—Rough and Kuhla Pongees. Priced for this sale as follows: CLOTH OF GOLD AT \$1.95. CHEFU PONGEE AT 85c. JAPANESE SILKS AT 50c. SHANTUNG PONGEE SILK AT 98c.

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Wonderful Sale Embroidery, in Special Lots. Embroideries, wonderfully beautiful! We invite you to visit our store to inspect the largest assortment of dainty Embroideries we have ever before displayed. LOT 1—Contains dainty embroidery and insertion to match, with edges from 3 to 6 inches wide; vals, up to 25c yard, special, yd. 10c.

Women's Sweater Coats Specially Priced \$2.50 to \$6.50. Men's Spec's MEN'S UNDERWEAR AT 49c. A special offering of men's lightweight merino shirts and drawers in natural gray; the shirts are made with fine ribbed cuffs and bottom; front and neck bound with fancy tape. The drawers have fine ribbed anklets and suspender straps and good pearl buttons. The best 75c values; special sale price, 49c.

Special Clean-Up Sale Summer Wash Goods. The very Wash Goods that most every woman wants for Summer wear, here in tremendous lots, at the lowest price ever quoted for equal qualities. 15c, 18c, 20c, 25c Vals., This Sale Only at 10c Yard. OVER 8000 YARDS THIS SEASON'S MOST-WANTED WASH GOODS—UNSURPASSED ASSORTMENT OF STYLES AND COLORS.