

# HEROES DECORATED BY THE GOVERNMENT.

## Star Actors in Exciting Melodrama of Real Life whose Thrilling Details are Here Related.

BY JOHN ELPHRETH WATKINS.

The Government's hero roll for the year just closed bears the names of men—black and white, titled and obscure—as a reward for risking their lives to save their fellows from horrible deaths in the water and upon the rail, have received that most coveted of official decorations granted by our country—the life-saving medal of honor.

This order of merit is awarded in three grades, the gold, silver and bronze, the first two being presented by the Secretary of the Treasury for deeds of great daring and self-sacrifice upon Federal waters, and the third being presented by the President himself for the heroic saving of life upon our railways engaged in interstate commerce. But the relative intrinsic value of the gold or silver medal is an index to the opportunities for courage which the holder embraced to the best of his heroic abilities, the less precious substance in the bronze railway medal bears no indication of a lesser degree of heroism on the part of its wearer as compared with the holder of the machine order of the highest category. The railway medal has no grades. In the eyes of officialdom those upon whose breasts it is pinned are all equal. One is as great a hero as another. And with it goes a little button bearing the word "Hero"—a badge for everyday wear which does not accompany even the gold medal of your water hero.

In awarding one of these national medals of honor, up at the United States Capitol, some years back, our "Uncle Joe" Cannon remarked that the partition between heroism and arrant cowardice is often of tissue paper thinness. In fact, our psychologist friends have pointed out that the most timid, responding suddenly to some paradoxical impulse, are sometimes wont to outdo in courage all of your professional heroes hovering round the theater of action.

### Heroism Is Not Habit.

But that heroism may also be a constitutional phenomenon of the nervous system, and perhaps an hereditary one—one that is in the blood, at least—often have convincing evidences, and a case in point is that of one of our heroes enrolled upon this last honor list issued by a grateful Government.

To not a few of our great metropolis deans the name "Hughes" is familiar. It has a most familiar ring, although it was a decade or more ago that he was being repeatedly thrust into the spot light by chroniclers of his daredevil rescues. Eleven men, women and children owed their lives to him in those times, principally while he was captain of the Concord, a small tugboat, a life-saving station, and for pulling them out of the gnashing jaws of the demon death, Congress, by a special act, in 1878, voted him a silver medal of honor. Since then, instead of prostituting his glory by establishing a Bowers saloon, as other local heroes of his time have done, he has—like the drama man in Mr. Donnelly's excellent play, "The Servant in the House"—found a willing and ornamental but never useful, that that of many a prominent citizen whose life is dedicated to a less masculine mission in life.

As it was while plying his trade as foreman on the Brooklyn sewer department, some time since, that this hero heard a cry for help which once more unchained the lion that has ever reposed within his stout bosom. This wall that awakes his old-time spirit came from the East River, where a sudden wave had washed a lad, unable to swim, from a log on which he had been paddling. Running at top speed to the nearest dock the foreman doffed his coat and, with his old-time waves to his waist, waded so near as in the days of past days, for his head on parting the water struck hard against some water-logged drift that floated just under the surface. Unmindful, however, of the fact that he had increased his face, he darted 150 feet, through the waves to the point where the helpless child was making his last frantic efforts to defy the peril of the "third sinking." But here a new danger threatened the rescue, for the boy with both hands clutched his throat in the dread "death-lock." Despite this, however, Doherty kept his charge afloat and after swimming a long distance with his head above water, he resolutely heaved a line and completed the rescue. And upon reaching shore with the child the lifesaver discovered for the first time that the boy's hands had been knocked out by the driftwood encountered when he dived from the dock.

### A Hercules of the Far West.

And a new national hero who has just come in for the same reward from the aforementioned grateful government is a young man now plying brave "Hughes" Doherty's old-time trade of captain in a volunteer lifesaving crew. This is George Freeth, a Hercules of Redondo Beach, Cal., and his medal of honor in gold has been voted him by the committee which sits on such cases, for "heroically rescuing seven fishermen" from a December hurricane which lately raged off his station.

It appears from the testimony weighed by the committee that the sudden north-wester caught a fleet of small fishing boats unawares and sent them scurrying to shore, too late, however, for a safe landing. Summoned by the ominous creaking of struts on shore, Captain Freeth hurried his crew to the scene, and, undaunted by the waves, which were washing 20 feet over the pier, ran forth alone, made a spectacular dive from the wharf and glided like a dolphin to a boat that was about to be dashed to pieces upon the rocks of the breakwater. Then, climbing aboard, he took the helm and expertly piloted the boat and the crew of Japanese fishermen around the pier to a safe landing upon the beach.

But no sooner had he delivered this crew than another boat, containing two Russians, was seen to be swamped. So Freeth ran the time to the breakwater and leaped again into the waves. The swamped boat was a half mile out, but before he had gone half this distance he met with another unexpected Japanese boat, which he boarded. Taking the tiller from the helpless helmsman he piloted this craft through the surf at railroad speed and landed it safely on the beach. And meanwhile the Russian boat had drifted near enough to be reached by ropes thrown from a pier. Freeth was now hurried to his quarters, but his crew had only commenced to rub him down when the stern's call caused him to break from them and hurry again to the beach, from which he saw two more swamped boats struggling for life among the rocks far out. Once more he dived from the pier and plunged his way through the tempest-tossed sea. Reaching one crew he placed about each man a life belt which kept them afloat until a boat later picked them up. A summer bath was the provoca-

tion of a similarly plucky deed which earned the next reward on the list. The scene of the little melodrama of real life was Spring Lake, N. J., and the hero who earned his place on the forefront of the stage was William S. Doyle, a citizen of Trenton. Upon hearing the cry that a bather was drowning, Mr. Doyle ran a quarter of a mile to where hundreds of pleasure seekers stood helpless and hopeless upon the esplanade, their eyes fixed upon the mere speck that bobbed in and out of the foam several hundreds of feet off shore. Without waiting to recover his breath after his long run, or delaying to enlist aid, Mr. Doyle bravely fought his way through several hundred feet of strong currents and broken water to where the drowning man, caught in the clutches of a "sea pass," was going down for the last time. But after another desperate struggle against the angry sea, the rescuer, without assistance, brought the victim safely to shore, although his own strength had been expended to the degree that he could not stand after reaching the beach. His reward is the golden medal, as it is that of the star actor in the next of these thrilling scenes to be described.

On a Sunday in October, Captain E. J. Dodge and his son, Wilbur, were standing near their home on South Bass Island, Put-in-Bay, Ohio, and were gazing out over Lake Erie, whose waters were being lashed to foam by an angry norwester. The steamer Wayland, of which Captain Dodge was skipper, lay under shelter nearby, to hide from the fury of the storm. It was not a fit day for any small craft to venture out, and the two men scanned the water with their glass to look for chance ventures who might be less fortunate than themselves.

### Sudden Sickening Sight.

Suddenly they saw rise upon a huge wave a small yawl, which seemed to bear three men, and as quickly it disappeared within a trough of the angry waters. Elevated upon another wave, it seemed to have capsized, but again it was lost to view.

The skipper, after waiting in vain for it to show itself again, ran to his little steamer, stocked up the fire and

with his son Wilbur, another son E. J. Dodge and Peter Peterson, a fourth volunteer, went off to the rescue, though the hurricane, which held them in peril throughout the run. But although the immense seas nearly filled their little craft, and almost smashed in their cabin doors and windows, they kept on until they sighted three men, desperately clinging to the keel of the overturned yawl. Only after terrific battle were the men taken aboard and along with the skipper, lay under shelter nearby, to hide from the fury of the storm. It was not a fit day for any small craft to venture out, and the two men scanned the water with their glass to look for chance ventures who might be less fortunate than themselves.

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job down town at the grocery store in September, when practical, everyday life get hold of them and their mothers are hanging on to home influences by their eyelids and glad as they can be

## WE WOMEN

BY CHARLOTTE ROWETT



### ARE WE SORRY WHEN THE BABY GROWS UP?

A PERSON would think, to listen to a lot of writers who have the ear of the public, that a mother simply grieves herself to death when baby grows up to be a man. A person would get the notion, according to the snob sisters and some others who happened to be born boys, but forgot about it later on, that there isn't a single thing that a tender mother or asks of life except to be all-in-all to her baby, to feel the little downy head against her cheek, and that the blithest day of her life is when she finds that she no longer suffices for his every want, no longer, to quote the poetically inclined among them, fills his horizon from edge to edge with the all-sufficiency of her brooding motherly love.

Of course, any woman loves to cuddle her baby. But she isn't all cuddle. If she is, a hen has been lashed to the mast for true motherliness. You notice that while a hen feeds her babies, she also teaches them to scratch for themselves.

When you watch your baby growing up, mother, dear, does it make your heart ache?

Well, if it does, just take a serious glance at how you'd feel if he didn't grow up.

If he didn't grow up, because the good Lord took him, you'd always grieve. That's what anybody would do. After a bit people learn not to speak about it much; but the hurt is there still.

But, suppose for a moment, that he should not grow up while still remaining in this world. Suppose he should stay right along with you, wearing his little white frocks, ankle-strap slippers and his hair box-cut—just fancy that!

Other people's children would grow up. Mrs. Smith's horrid big boy in knickerbockers and cap would come tearing

that they built as well as they did. "Because he is the best boy, a little rough, maybe, and sometimes careless, but as good—why, of course, he is!" where's that sweet, pink thing you kept a baby? Where is that boy you wanted to have regard you as his only horizon, or you'd feel so bad about it?

Come right down to it, aren't you disgusted with him? Don't you wish he'd yelped loudly at you and refused to stay a baby? Don't you wish he'd grown up and been a man in spite of you, your imitation mother, you?

My, my, what a funny world this would be if those theories that are being held out to us happened to be true! What a queer, little, half-fedged, pin-feathered sort of thing a mother's love must be, to feel like that!

Why, what do we think we are bringing that baby into being, for, in the

first place? For our own comfort and happiness? Well, I should hope not. If any of us has got that idea in her head, the sooner that one of us gets it out the better. If she's going to contribute any true happiness whatever herself and not make the poor baby's life a burden to him.

For her own happiness! Well, that is about the silliest, skimmiest sort of reason I ever heard in my life, to bring a baby into the world for his mother's happiness.

Why, she is going to be happy about it. Nobody on earth could help being happy to be intrusted with a baby. Because, besides being so sweet, a baby is about the most important thing on the face of the earth.

But, if we mothers amount to a hill of beans, we know the one thing we can't do for a minute, not for a thousand, thousand years!

That baby is borne because he is needed.

We need him? Oh, certainly. But the world is what I was talking about. The world needs him. It may not treat him very well. Sometimes it doesn't, owing to the fact that this poor, silly old world of ours hasn't quite walked up to the fact that it needs more than any of the things that it thinks it requires so seriously; that, in fact, if it were not for the babies, the other matters wouldn't amount to a single thing. They would be a mere row of ciphers.

It is only when you place in front of them the significant figure, the baby, that these ciphers have any value. The world hasn't got that fact thoroughly into its head yet. But it is learning—it is learning—and these last few years it seems to be learning faster than a person had a right, before that time, to hope it ever would.

The world needs the baby. The human race needs that mite of humanity to carry it forward just that mite's worth.

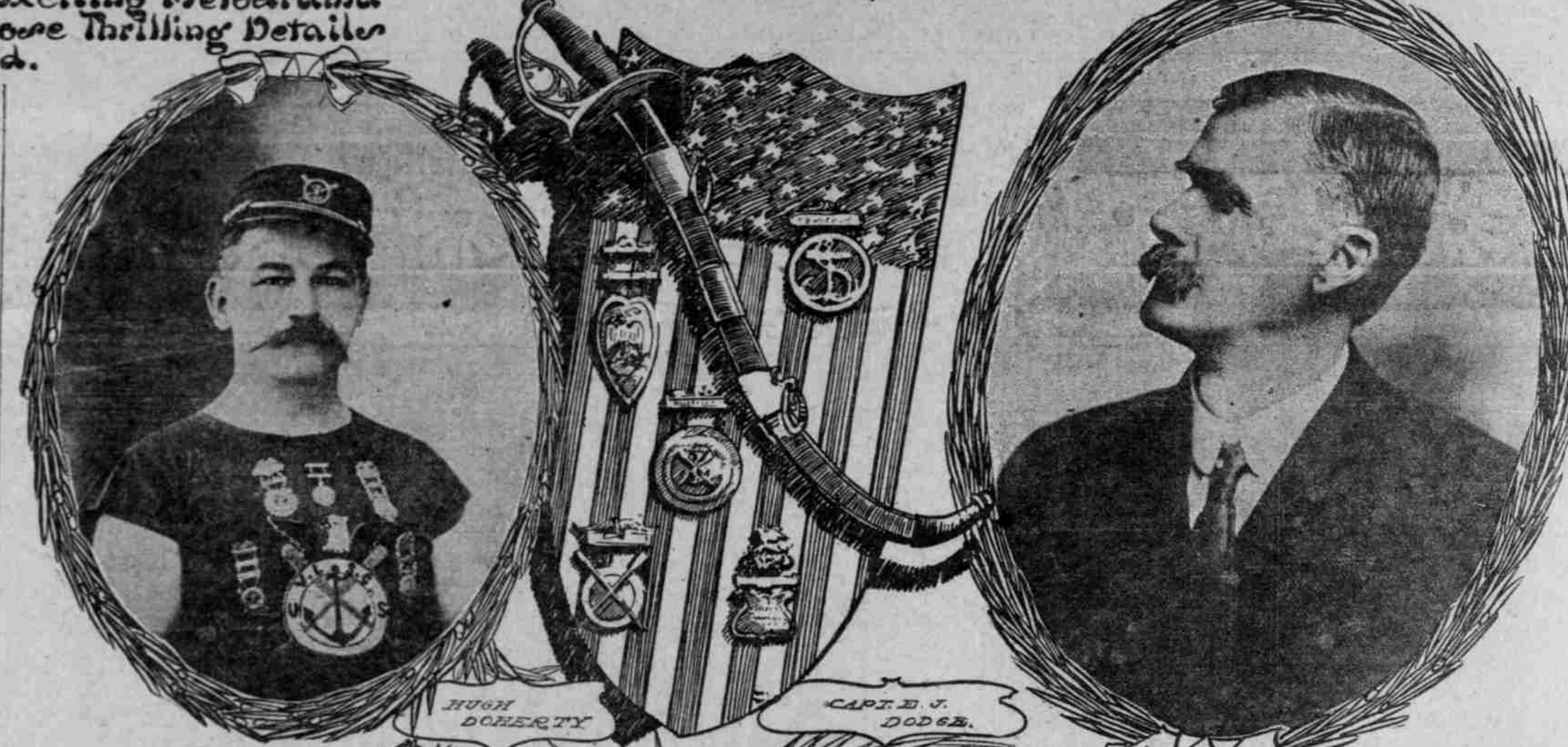
And last, and most important of all, is that baby's own happiness and usefulness. His own awakening consciousness of a duty to be performed, and his rising up out of babyhood to do that duty. His personality, developing through years of steady striving; his hope, yearning upward to the best thing he can ever do, and far, far beyond it, his love, that will bring the world a bit nearer to the perfect love, his children, who shall carry on the torch—all these things are the reason for that little pink baby with blue eyes that his mother smooles up close in her arms.

Sorry that the baby boy is growing up? Piffle. Who wants just a mere seed? You never saw one of us yet who was sorry down in her heart, that the baby was growing up. You never saw the woman in your life who would give a little, tiny, ladylike whoop for the boy-baby to whom she could contribute to be all-sufficient. She may want what she pleases, but she's always a lot more sensible than she likes to let you find out.

And, oh, it is wonderful to watch a



WE NEED HIM! OH, CERTAINLY—BUT THE WORLD IS WHAT I WAS TALKING ABOUT. THE WORLD NEEDS HIM.



HUGH DOHERTY

CAPTAIN E. J. DODGE



LIEUTENANT H. ROBERTSON



ROBERT A. BRENDEL

sharks, the case looked hopeless, but while the other occupants of the little boat looked on, chapfallen, Fitzgerald Wiltshire, a Grandian negro ironworker without stopping to protect himself by removing any of his clothes, dived into the angry torrent and swimming under water toward the point where the drowning man had sunk the second time, managed, by dint of skillful submarine grappling, to seize him and carry him to the surface. By this time Robert Mellon, an American caller, who had jumped off the launch when it was 100 feet from the struggling man, swam to Wiltshire's assistance, and after an exhausting struggle against both undertow and heavy seas, aided in lifting the victim into a rowboat, which returned him to the launch. But let us get back again to our good old continent.

### Tragedy Off Prison Point.

On an August afternoon a rowboat was swamped by a rough sea raging off the Prison Point, San Quentin, Cal., and two of the five men clinging to its sides became demoralized when the angry waves commenced to wash over them. Attempting in their panic to climb onto the upturned craft, they rolled it over, knocking not only themselves, but their companions into the water, where a fearful struggle took place.

One of the five, Quartermaster Guy W. Beck, U. S. N., kept cool. He called instructions to his companions, but his efforts were in vain and the two who had unwittingly caused the catastrophe sank out of his sight, only to come up far apart, in the waves. However, he made off for the more helpless of the pair and by Titanic efforts managed to keep him up until a boat from the prison arrived and took rescuer and rescued out of the water, in which the three who had looked out for themselves met their death. Beck, for this, gets the medal in gold.

### Grade Crossing Struggle.

Two citizens in the past year earned the President's prized railway medal, which seems to mean that the iron steed is a more terror-striking foe than the great deep.

The first modern St. George of this

pair to brave the fury of the steam dragon was George Karsten, a switchman employed by the Chicago & North-western Railroad at Mills Station, Milwaukee.

At the grade crossing where he stationed there are 20 parallel tracks, and across this death trap upon a September day, a woman ventured unmindful of the fast approach of a locomotive that was backing toward the crossing. Confused by the chorus of warning shouts from terrified bystanders she hesitated at a point where a swift of freight cars blocked her view of the rails on which the engine approached, but instead of running back in the direction whence she had come she stepped forward in the very path of death. Karsten, who had stood by, leaped to her rescue, but when he saw her she mistook his purpose and commenced struggling with him. Being a heavy woman weighing 200 pounds, he had difficulty in dragging her, and as a result of the encounter both were struck by the backing engine.

The switchman fell directly between the rails and the whole of the locomotive, except the pilot, passed over his body. But when the crowd rushed forward to drag him out they were dumbstruck to learn that although his clothes were ground to rags he was practically unscathed.

The woman fell outside the rails, but her foot was crushed, and although her predicament at that appeared less serious than Karsten's she sustained internal injuries from which she dies the same night. In addition to the medal sent him by President Taft Karsten was given by the railroad company a new suit of clothing, a gold watch and ten days special leave with pay.

### From the Teeth of the Iron Horse.

The grade crossing—which excites non-progressive commonwealth still permit railroad companies to maintain in centers of population—was the scene of the other act of heroism lately earning the President's order of merit.

Again a woman was crossing a gridiron of tracks—this time at a street in McKeesport, Pa., crossed by the Baltimore & Ohio.

Hurrying home to cook her husband's dinner, she was making way under two handcars. In the first place she was bundled in a shawl which obscured both the view and the sound of a train that came thundering along ready to crush her if she took a step forward; and, secondly, she was a foreigner, unable to understand the warning cries shouted at her by shrill voices rising above the rattle of the iron steed. Argus-eyed and alert at his post stood Crossing Policeman Robert A. Brendle, with a record as long as Hughes Doherty's for rescues of bygone days. And as he stepped upon his going to fetch the woman from danger, he went. And he grabbed her with a Samsonian grab that took her off her feet. Yet before he could lift her from the track he felt the hot breath of the engine.

The engineer and fireman rushed to the side of the cab to clear the carriage, which they could not prevent, but were astonished to see rescued and rescuer safe and sound on the sidery ground below them. The pilot beam of the locomotive struck Brendle's coat and left that was the full extent of the collision, so deftly did he handle his charge.

Of the heroic citizens decorated with the marine medal in silver there are 25, six of them private citizens, one of them a soldier, three of them belonging to the regular army, four of them policemen and 11 brave boys of the Navy, varying in rank from ordinary seaman to that of Lieutenant-Commander. Of the latter named Hermann S. Stickney, who when a sailor in the Philippines recently fell aboard from the bridge deck of the South Dakota, knocking himself unconscious by striking a lighted pipe, and floating finally into the water, went down a fathom line into the sea and effected the poor fellow's rescue.

But, as indicated the award of this silver medal instead of the gold by no means bears the intimation that its holders are less courageous than those granted the gold medal. It signifies merely that the circumstances of the accident have necessitated less risk upon the part of the rescuer.

One case, however, has arisen in which a person awarded the silver medal felt insulted and returned it. This sensitive soul was a girl. Later she took her award and accepted it.

boy baby grow up—to dream dreams of the great and good things he will do when he has come to full man size. And it is the most wonderful thing to watch a baby girl grow up! Why, by the time she is 14 she has, to your utter amazement, developed human intelligence. And it is the most delightful and marvelous of all the miracles of a girl having new ideas sprout, and making discoveries about matters and things; and coming to you, big-eyed and solemn, to say, "Mother, I've made up my mind that"—and she tells you about something or other that you and the sister of Pharaoh both made up your mind to exactly the same way at approximately the same age.

It is the sweetest thing a mother ever had happen to her to think back to the time when this girl was a baby, and how cute she was, and how dimpled and soft; and how her hair curled all over her head in little yellow rings—and here she is now, actually thinking and actually able to sit up and talk to you like a person! It effects you like it used to when she was a baby in see how many things she can do, stretch and yawned and batted her eyes. Why, it wouldn't have been half so much fun to have had her stay little, as it is to watch her grow and grow and come nearer and nearer to the big world that you came into your own self; how she is still your baby, and yet—beautiful, and beautiful, all—she needs and must have the large and lovely things of God to content her. We to be their only love, their perfect satisfaction. We to be their horizon bounding all their lives—our boy, our girl!

No, a mother's love is not like that. We wouldn't have such a horrid thing happen for this whole, wide world! (Copyright, 1911, by Charlotte C. Rowett.)

### The Shadow in Science.

T. P.'s Weekly, London.

It is hard to believe that a shadow is probably the origin of all astronomical, geometrical and geographical science. The first man who fixed his steps perpetually in the ground and measured its shadow was the earliest computer of time, and the Arab of today who plants his spear in the sand and marks the length of the shadow falls in his direct descendant. It is from the shadow of a gnomon that the early Egyptians told the length of the year. It is from the shadow of a gnomon that the inhabitants of Upper Egypt still measure the hours of work for a water wheel. In this case the gnomon is a turra, a stake supported on forked uprights and points north and south. East and west are pegs in the ground, evenly marking the space of earth between sunrise and sunset. In a land of constant sunshine a shadow was the primitive chronometer. It was also the primitive foot rule.

### Prussic Acid in Cigars.

London Standard.

A German expert says that there is less prussic acid in 25 cigars than in one bitter almond.