

## BRAVE DEEDS THAT HAVE WON CARNEGIE MEDALS

New York.—Two years ago Andrew Carnegie conceived the novel idea of discovering and rewarding true heroism wherever it may occur. For this purpose a hero fund commission was appointed whose preliminary labors have now been completed. Deeds of daring, whether by land or sea, in the effort to save life, have received due recognition in this way, while the task of the commission has resulted, besides, in bringing together a series of little tales of human pluck, endurance and self-abnegation, the reading of which is bound to give an uplifting sense of some of the noblest qualities of men and women when brought face to face with the peril that, at some supreme moment, threatens the lives of their fellow beings.

### Lucy E. Ernst

It was a unique deed of heroism that won for Miss Ernst, of Philadelphia, one of the commission's silver medals. Two years ago she was taking an outing in the country with a friend, Harry E. Schoenut, a lad of 16. The two tramped through the woods and along the side of a rocky ravine. The latter gave but a poor footing to pedestrians, and in jumping across a rift between two boulders Schoenut slipped and fell. There was an angry whirr and rattle of sound, and before he could save himself the fangs of a rattlesnake were fastened in Schoenut's arm. The reptile darted back into its hole beneath the rock, but almost instantly his victim's arm began

to swell and turn black. Thoroughly terrified, Schoenut declared that he was dying, and implored his companion to save herself from possible danger. Miss Ernst, however, tore the young man's sleeve from his arm, and applying her lips to the wound made by the rattler, tried to suck out the poison. She did it with a commendable effort in herself, as she knew, because a cut on her own lip brought her into the most dangerous contact with the poison. Once during the operation the intrepid girl cut a gash in Schoenut's arm, "to make the blood come faster," as she afterward expressed it. The boy fainted at the sight of his own blood, and it was only by beating him

### Richard Hughes

"A Dynamite Hero" is the name that has been given to Richard Hughes, of Bangor, Pa., by his comrades. An explosion of giant powder blinded Richard Owens just as he lighted the fuse to set off another blast. Unable to find his way out of danger and with his clothing on fire, instant death seemed certain for the unfortunate man. Just as soon as the spark from the second fuse would reach the powder he would be blown to atoms. Hughes, who was under cover, saw the imminent peril of his comrade, and dashed out to save him. He caught him as he was about to stumble over a precipice and dragged him back over the place where the blast was to be set off. Both men were caught, however, within the danger line and both were badly hurt. Hughes' clothing caught fire from the flames which enveloped the body of Owens, whom he saved, and for a long time he was incapacitated from work. The commission has sent him a silver medal and \$250.

### Michael O'Brien

A fire broke out in a crowded tenement at One Hundred and Tenth street and Third Avenue three years ago. So combustible was the material in the building that the whole house was in flames before the firemen could reach the scene. To passers-by there seemed to be no hope for a rescue for many of those who were imprisoned in the ill-fated place, for the entrance to the house was completely cut off by the falling of ignited timbers which filled all the hallways with

debris and smoke. The outside shell of the building, however, remained intact, and on a fire escape on the fourth floor stood a mother, Mrs. Bessie Eyl, and her two children, imploring help from the people in the street below. Among the latter stood Michael P. O'Brien, a young plasterer and a near neighbor to Mrs. Eyl. Accustomed to scale buildings under precarious conditions, O'Brien quickly determined on a plan of rescue. Dashing up the stairs of an adjoining house until he reached the fourth floor, he made his way along a series of window ledges to the fire escape where Mrs. Eyl and her terrified children stood. From this perilous posi-

### James Gilmer

A race to death in a Monongahela river flood was the end of two friends, one of whom was trying to save the other. The waters of the river had been swelled to giant proportions two years ago by one of those freshets that so often occur in that part of the



FROM HIS PERILOUS POSITION O'BRIEN PASSED THE CHILDREN TO PEOPLE IN A NEIGHBORING FLAT.

BOTH MEN WERE CAUGHT IN THE TERRIFIC BLAST.

one of his playmates, Ruth Schoenut, who was more than a foot taller than he, fell into Intermediate river, Willie was quick at the rescue. He was wise enough not to get in the clutches of the girl, but, swimming by her side, held her up with one arm while he swam with the other, thus bringing her safely to shore. The commission has awarded a bronze medal to the boy and has set aside for him the sum of \$2,000, with which he will pay for an electric engineer's course in college.

### Edward Campbell

For more than a year there was a bitter feud between two young coal miners at Bucua Vista, a little mining

town on the Youghiohenny river, near Pittsburgh. Just what the trouble was has never been made known; but whether in the mining camp or on the river or in the boarding house where they both lived together, George South and "Ed" Campbell never spoke to each other. One day, about three years ago, the alarm went out that South had fallen into the river at the end of a great coal chute. Campbell heard the alarm and rushed to the river. There was no sign of South, who, he knew, could not swim, and it was evident that the ill-fated man had been swept by a current under a large coal barge that was lashed to the pier. It was all a man's life was worth to dive into the eddy of waters that stretched before him, but tearing off his coat Campbell took the risk. After a desperate struggle with the treacherous tides, and diving repeatedly under the barge, Campbell found his man where he had expected, wedged beneath the hull of the vessel between some driftwood. It took all of Campbell's strength, working under water, to get the limp body of his enemy to the surface. He succeeded finally only to find that the man for whom safety he had risked his own life, and whom he had once cordially hated, was dead. The commission has sent a bronze medal to Campbell.

### Maude Titus

In Casco Bay, near Yarmouth, Me., in the summer of 1904, a deed of generous heroism was performed by a girl of 16. Maude Titus, a student at the Newark (N. J.) high school, was out on a pleasure trip in a sailing yacht with some of her friends. An accident occurred in changing the course of the yacht, and the captain, his niece, Miss Titus, and her friend, Miss Reifsnnyder, were thrown into the water. The captain rescued his niece by a lifeline which had been thrown to him from the boat, and he himself then followed her to safety, leaving Miss Titus and Miss Reifsnnyder to struggle for themselves in the waves. Miss Titus was a poor swimmer, and her friend was utterly helpless in the water. Instead of striking out for the boat, however, which she could have reached with ease, Miss Titus resolutely refused to let her friend sink. She did not attempt to swim with her, but took hold of her, calmed her, and endeavored to hold her head above water until a boat was sent to the rescue. For this act of heroism Miss Titus has received a silver medal. The commission has also given her \$1,000 to assist in completing her education. Dr. Titus, the girl's father, having recently died.

### Harry Moore

"I thought I had an even chance, and that's more than the poor old fellow ahead of me had." That is the way Harry E. Moore, a fireman of Alliance, O., explains why he tried, two years ago, to run ahead of his own train and save the life of a drunken farmer. Moore was riding on the pilot of his coal train when he saw an old farmer sitting in a stupor on the track. Signaling to the engineer to check the speed of the train as much as possible, Moore waited until he was within 75 feet of the prostrate and unconscious man and then jumped. Racing as hard as he could, Moore was overtaken by his own engine and knocked to one side of the track, the wheels taking off three fingers of his left hand. The farmer was killed instantly. Moore has received a bronze medal and \$500 from the Carnegie commission.

### William Stillwell

The youngest of all those selected for recognition by the commission, a boy of 13, is Willie Stillwell, of Bellville, Mich. Willie had never been known as a strong swimmer, but when

## SPREAD THE LIGHT

WORK OF A NOBLE MISSIONARY AMONG CANNIBALS.

For Forty-Nine Years, in Almost Constant Peril of His Life, Dr. Paton Labored in the New Hebrides.

The death of Rev. John Gibson Paton, the missionary apostle to the New Hebrides, in his eighty-third year, was reported by cable from Canterbury, Australia. In 1858 Dr. Paton decided to go to the New Hebrides because he felt that "in a religious sense it was the darkest place in the world." For 49 years he worked among the natives of the islands, and few men have had a career so full of thrilling adventures, hairbreadth escapes and dreadful tragedy as his.

Tanna, the island on which he first landed, was inhabited by cannibals of most ferocious description. At first he had the companionship of his young wife and their little son, but a few months after their arrival both died of fever, and he was left to fight for his life and his religion alone.

Forty times the natives tried to kill him, and 40 times they failed. Six other missionaries were murdered. Assistant him in the work were British warships and other vessels, and many times Dr. Paton was urged to leave Tanna and seek refuge on some other island where Christianity was beginning to make headway, or in New Zealand.

But he always refused. To him the howling cannibals who at times were literally thirsting for his blood, were "his dear benighted Tannese," and with a heroism remarkable even in the missionary field, he remained at his post.

His escapes from death were almost miraculous. More than once he and his few helpers were besieged in the mission house by the entire population of the island, and death seemed certain.

On one occasion his dog saved him, sometimes his empty revolver frightened his assailants, and the fear the natives had of his "Jehovah God" whom he invoked more than once, proved his salvation.

A friendly chief once presented Dr. Paton with a finely polished wooden spoon. Natives he subsequently met would not believe that Dr. Paton had dared to visit this warrior. He showed them the spoon, and they fled for their lives. Then the missionary learned that his spoon was only used at cannibal feasts, and by the chief himself.

Gradually, however, the fruits of his unceasing work began to make themselves apparent, and a few years ago the number of Christians in the New Hebrides was estimated at 68,000 out of a total population of 150,000. Not the least part of his work was the translation of the Bible into 20 different dialects for the use of the many different tribes on the islands.

Ten years after the death of his first wife he married again, and not many years ago his son was shot at by a hostile tribe and narrowly escaped death.

His visits to England were few and far between. His last was in 1901, and during his brief stay of two months the stalwart figure of the white haired snow bearded old man with the charming smile was seen on many platforms.

### Resourceful.

Detective Gumshoe (old school)—But this man could not possibly have committed the crime!

Detective Bludgeon (new school)—What of that?

"Well—er—"

"Of course he could not possibly have committed the crime. Do you imagine I'm looking for something easy? No, sir. I propose to show the world what my method will do. I will extort a confession from the fellow, and I shall convict him, and send him to the gallows, in spite of his innocence, the best lawyers money can procure and a unanimous public sentiment. I, sir, am a detective, not a mere opportunist, who waits for the favorable breeze to carry him to success."

The old-style detective, realizing his hopeless inferiority, was speechless with shame and chagrin.—Puck.

### Americans Profanest.

Dr. Madison C. Peters in his sermon in the Majestic theater declared that profanity was New York's most American sin. "In fact," he said, "the Americans are the profanest people in the world."

"A distinguished missionary from India, upon his return to America, heard a man using profane language, and accusing him, said: 'This boy was born and brought up in a heathen land, but in all his life he never heard a man blaspheme until now.'"

"This is a utilitarian age. We ask, does swearing pay?"

"Men tell me that they don't mean anything by their profanity. When people are awake and do things without meaning to do them they give visible signs of insanity."—New York American.

### Not on Her Calling List.

"I wish I had a beautiful face," complained a girl at a card party recently.

"Perfection of feature is not the chief requisite to beauty, though," consoled her partner. "Expression is the true beauty. Why, I've heard that Ethel Barrymore has really homely features, yet she appeals to nearly every one as a beautiful woman because her face is so expressive."

"I think so, too," said the third.

"And I've been told that the same is true of Lulu Glaser. Don't you think so?" she asked, appealing to the fourth.

"Why, I don't know," replied the latter hesitatingly. "I don't think I've ever met either one of the ladies."

### Collision Not Inevitable.

"If two cars go in opposite directions at great speed on the same track what is the result?"

"Collision."

"Not necessarily. You know they might be going away from each other."

## THE FAMILY BIBLE MISSED.

Individual Records Are No Longer Kept with Exactness.

The family Bible, with its genealogical record, served a useful purpose in its day," said the librarian, "and I don't see that, with all our boasted advance in civilization, we have developed anything quite to take its place. Of course, nowadays, cities and towns pride themselves on the accuracy of their vital statistics, and we have whole libraries of genealogical works—dry enough most of them are, too. But the individual family record, such as was kept a few generations ago, is very decidedly missing, and it's a pity that such is the case.

"For one thing, the list of births, marriages and deaths that were kept in the ponderous volume of Holy Writ operated to keep the members of the family close to one another; it was, in a way, a central point, valuable for sentimental reasons as well as for reasons more distinctly utilitarian. As scribe succeeded scribe, the family continuity was emphasized and the entries were significant of the growth of a clanish feeling, which is too little in evidence at the present time. There are not, I venture to say, very many people in this year of grace who know anything or care anything about their relatives further removed than the degree of first cousinship, and even first cousins are frequently out of mind. Of course, our tendencies are responsible largely for this state of affairs, but I often wish that we had reminders of our kin, such as were furnished by the family Bible of past days with their direct personal testimony, amounting to messages from parents to children. Whenever I see one of these pages filled with careful entries—entries made in joy and in sorrow, in the confidence of pride of life or by the trembling fingers of old age, it seems to me that we have lost something in our hurried existence that it is to be regretted. We can go to the city or town clerk or, perhaps, to the public library for information as to our ancestry or our relatives, but this is a rather cold and formal method of procedure. Certainly, we do not find in official records and in books the handwriting of our forebears."

Tillman is Identified. Senator Tillman tells a story on himself as to how he was identified by a post office money order clerk when he first arrived at the capital city.

After being in the city a few days he dropped in at the post office to cash a money order.

"Do you know any one here who could identify you?" asked the clerk.

"Well, no," the senator answered. "Is that necessary? I am Ben Tillman of South Carolina."

The clerk smiled, then asked the senator if he didn't have some letters or papers that would make him known to the post office authorities.

The senator had on a new suit that morning, and had neglected to transfer his letters, but he had his pocket-book with him. Digging down in his trousers pocket, he drew forth his wallet and proceeded to search for an article of identification, but could find nothing but a small photograph of himself.

"This will do, I suppose," he said, handing it to the money order clerk.

"Why, sure. That's you, all right," remarked the man behind the counter, handing over the cash.—Rochester Herald.

### Draw Lots for Homes.

Houses are in great demand in Buckingham, England, but owing to the high price of land and the taxes building operations are limited. Recently half a dozen new houses were erected, and the applicants received a circular from the agents, of which the following is a copy: "With reference to your application to become tenant of one of the new houses, we beg to say that the number of applications we have received (all of which we would readily comply with if we had vacant houses for them) renders the task of selection so difficult that the owners have decided that the lots shall be drawn for. If, therefore, you wish to take part in this, please attend at our office at six o'clock this evening, or send a trustworthy person with written authority to draw for you. In the event of your being successful in the drawing, no tenancy will be created until the agreement has been signed."

The House of Cornelle. The house in which Cornelle lived at Rouen, and where he composed the "Cid," "Polyeucte," "China," and nearly all his beautiful plays, is for sale for \$9,000, and a proposal has been made to open a public subscription for its purchase and preservation as an historical monument.

For the last 100 years periodical attempts have been made to secure it for the state, but always without success. In 1802 Napoleon himself took an interest in the question and urged the mayor to find the means for its purchase.

Cornelle, it is said, wrote most of his plays in the room adjoining the bar, and the jokes, noise and revel of the guests, it is added, used to be quite an inspiration to him. After 200 years the bar is still frequented by merry drinkers.

### Easy to Tell the Difference.

"Elle," said Margie, who was laboriously spelling words from a first reader, "how can I tell which is a 'd' and which is a 'b'?"

"Why, replied Elsie, wisely, 'the 'd' has its tummy on its back.'—Harper's Weekly.

### A "Stick" Man.

Gerald—Do you think there is anything in a name?

Geraldine—Certainly, isn't yours "Wood"?

### Cheap Seats.

Patience—What do they charge for a seat at the skating rink?

Beatrice—Why, I paid for the skates and I sat down for nothing.

### Cause for Mourning.

Hewitt—Why does Gruett use mourning paper when he writes letters?

Jewitt—His mother-in-law has recovered.

## Our Pattern Department

AN ATTRACTIVE HOUSE DRESS.



Pattern Nos. 5713 and 5720.—Dainty simplicity characterizes this attractive design for a house dress. The skirt is a practical five-gored model, with a deep flounce set on with a frill finish at the top. The skirt may be cut away underneath or left to form a foundation just as preferred. A perfectly smooth adjustment is given about the hips, the fullness at the back being arranged in an inverted box-pleat, or if preferred, in an excellent design for the washable fabrics, and is in a style that is generally becoming. The deep pleats at the shoulders add greatly to the smartness of the mode, while at the same time giving the broad effect so desirable just now. Elbow and full length sleeves are both provided for, and a comfortable turn-over collar finishes the neck. Mohair, challis, linen, gingham and percale are all suitable for reproduction.

The above illustration calls for two separate patterns, the price is ten cents for skirt and ten cents for the waist.

This pattern will be sent to you on receipt of 10 cents. Address all orders to the Pattern Department of this paper. Be sure to give size and number of pattern wanted. For convenience, write your order on the following coupon:

No. 5713 and 5720.  
 SIZE.....  
 NAME.....  
 ADDRESS.....

### PETER PAN DRESS.



Pattern No. 5730.—The blouse modes still continue fashionable for girls and deservedly so, for no style is more becoming to the youthful figure. The design here shown is known as the "Peter Pan" and is well adapted for school or general wear. It is especially suited to the wash fabrics and will develop charmingly in the soft rich plaids and small checks. Other materials such as challis, cashmere, delaine and gingham are all suitable. For a girl of eight years three yards of 36-inch material will be required. Sizes for 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.

This pattern will be sent to you on receipt of 10 cents. Address all orders to the Pattern Department of this paper. Be sure to give size and number of pattern wanted. For convenience, write your order on the following coupon:

No. 5730.  
 SIZE.....  
 NAME.....  
 ADDRESS.....

### Illegal to Fish and Sleep.

The Pennsylvania superior court has decided that it is illegal to fish with umbrella ribs and sleigh bells. In reversing a decision by Judge Endlich, of the Berks court. The case has been watched by fishermen all over the state.

Some months ago Henry J. Humma and Harry Kinney were discharged by Justice of the Peace Prutzman, of Birdsboro, from arrest on the charge of illegal fishing brought by Fish Warden Nesley, of Pottstown. An appeal was taken to the Berks court, which upheld the magistrate. The commonwealth then appealed to the superior court.

The defendants used umbrella ribs attached to which were sleigh bells which rang when they had a bite. In this way they were able to doze while fishing. The superior court in its decision declares the device to be illegal.

### Surgery's Great Benefits.

Improvements made in surgery have been the means of reducing the mortality of amputation operations to six per cent.



debris and smoke. The outside shell of the building, however, remained intact, and on a fire escape on the fourth floor stood a mother, Mrs. Bessie Eyl, and her two children, imploring help from the people in the street below. Among the latter stood Michael P. O'Brien, a young plasterer and a near neighbor to Mrs. Eyl. Accustomed to scale buildings under precarious conditions, O'Brien quickly determined on a plan of rescue. Dashing up the stairs of an adjoining house until he reached the fourth floor, he made his way along a series of window ledges to the fire escape where Mrs. Eyl and her terrified children stood. From this perilous posi-

### BUILT A SHIP OF ICE.

Veracious Tale of a Sea Captain, Who Was Wrecked in Antarctic.

Capt. S. A. Hoyt, secretary of the Masters and Pilots' association of Seattle, has a fund of experiences to draw from when he wishes to while away an hour. Up in the big, pleasant rooms of the association the captain told the following tale of one of his earlier trips at sea:

"The approach of Christmas always reminds me of the December that I spent on an ice ship. Never heard of one? Well, they are unusual.

"I was master of the little brig Holly, and along about the first of November we were wrecked away down south of the horn. The ship went on an ice floe and was battered all to pieces. We did manage to save some tools and food and part of the cargo.

"I put the crew to work to cut off a large pinnacle of the berg. Then I set them all to work with axes, and we shaped it into a graceful ship's hull.

"After that we hollowed it out in-

### IT ISN'T WHAT WE DO.

But the Way We Do It That Counts—With Illustrations by Mr. Muffley.

"A wise man has said that it isn't what we do that counts, but the way we do it; and how true that is," said Mr. Muffley, "and in how many ways! I heard a man saying only yesterday of another that we both knew that this man didn't go around knocking everything, but was always cheerful, and I couldn't help thinking how true that was of him, and of how it helped him, and how it helped everybody around him.

"He is an able chap, this man, and prosperous; he can do things, and still with him, as it is with so many of us, it isn't so much what he does that counts, as it is the way he does it. People cotton to him and like to deal with him, and he's getting on."

"Why, the way we do it can make dull things gay, turn a trolley car into an automobile and make a scanty or homely board hospitable and pleasing. I have eaten dinners of the sim-

plest foods that were more delightful far than others of the grandest, because of the finer grace with which the simpler offering was pervaded.

"We are so apt to go wrong about that, for instance; to think that we can't compete with people of a thousand times more means, and so not try. What's the use? We say. We can't do anything with what we've got, why should we try to do anything?"

"A worse mistake it would be impossible to make. Let us not think ill of ourselves, or of our hospitality. True, a mackerel is not a shad, nor is stone china fine porcelain; but is that any reason why we shouldn't make the best of what we have and put a smiling face on it?"

"And ours may in truth be the more enjoyable entertainment. A generous welcome will make mackerel salmon and turn stone china into ware of Sevres, in the taste and fancy of the guest. One need not have tapestried walls if his hearth fire burns bright.

"Let us all take heart! In whatever way we do it is not what we do but the way we do it that counts!"