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HE'S A NEGRO BOOTBLACK, BUT A HERO WHO SAVED MANY FROM A WATERY GRAVE

Dove Repeated in Icy Salt Water to Rescue Drowning Women—
"Ah Always Wuz a Good Swimmer," His Only Remark
When Hundreds Congratulated Him on His Bravery.

Seattle, Wash., May 29.—A man was having his shoes shined. They were natty tans, and the wearer was a fussy dresser. Newton Johns, small negro and shine expert, was officiating. The job was half done when a crash rent the air, followed by screams.

"Hey!" yelled the fussy dresser. "Where's you going? Come back and finish the job."

But the bootblack was speeding in the direction of the steamboat dock, from which a moment before hundreds of passengers had been going aboard the steamer Flyer for Tacoma. The hoisting machinery which raised and lowered the gangplank in the slip had broken, and the plank falling, 60 men, women and children, had been hurled into the waters of the harbor.

The edge of the balcony was thronged with excited people.

"Let me through!" the bootblack shouted, and catapulted against the human mass.

He went through it like a shot. A man was holding a coil of rope and hopping up and down. Johns grabbed one end of the rope.

"Hold tight!" he said, and went over the edge—splash! He almost landed on top of a woman floundering in the water. The shock of the sudden immersion in the icy salt water was like a shock of electricity. It numbed him at first; then set every nerve to tingling cruelly. He opened his eyes under water, and the salt made them smart. But he kept them open.

For the woman was beneath him, and sinking still. He could see her clearly. Her long hair had come undone and was spread out and waving like sea-weed.

Head down, Johns swam after her. Now and then he stretched out an arm experimentally, for distances under water are deceitful. He could not reach her. His thrashing legs drove him down still farther. His lungs were bursting. He released the air