

SAVES DYING MAN IN CAVE-IN WELL

HOW ANDREW J. HEDGER OF GARDEN CITY, KAN., WON A CARNEGIE MEDAL.

FORGOT SELF FOR FELLOW MAN

Calmly Made His Will and Arranged for Handling of Property in Event of Death and Then Rescued Victim.

Kansas City, Mo.—Among all of the cases of heroism reported to the Carnegie hero fund commission there is one which stands in a class by itself as the best illustration of individual bravery on record with this commission which has knowledge of thousands of cases any one of which is sufficient to call for commendation.

This hero of heroes is Andrew J. Hedger, aged 45, now of Garden City, Kan., superintendent of schools in



An Effort Was Made to Draw Him Out, But This Failed.

Haskell county, who, while visiting a school in an adjoining county as a favor to a friend, also a superintendent of schools, learned of an accident in a well that was being repaired two miles distant and without a moment of hesitation left the school and, running the entire distance, succeeded, after every other man there had refused even to assist him, in saving the life of one man and recovering the body of another which had been buried in two tons of sand 32 feet below the surface of the ground.

The scene of the accident and heroic rescue is on the farm of William H. Nunn, who was killed, about six miles southwest of the village of Pierceville, Kan., through which the Arkansas river winds its way.

On the southern side of the Arkansas river is a chain of sand hills about 70 miles long, and it was in this formation the accident happened. The Nunn farm is located in about the center of these hills. A well 72 feet deep had been drilled on this property about a year previous and had become clogged, although cased up with two-inch pipe.

The sand point or screen had failed to work properly for several days, and an excavation about four feet square was made with the well casing in one corner of the hole. There was no platform at the top of the well, but a derrick about 20 feet high had been built over the opening. The excavation was not walled up and there was no water at the 32-foot depth, where the trouble was located. The weather was fair, with moderate temperature, and the sun was shining brightly. Rains during a few previous days had caused the sand to be very wet.

When William Nunn decided to repair his well he asked the assistance of Joseph H. King and W. R. Taylor, neighboring farmers. The sand point used in clearing out the well had been drawn to a point at the bottom of the excavation where it stuck.

Nunn and King had been working in the excavation the day previous, and when the sand point stuck they were also in the hole, while Taylor was at the top operating a rope to the end of which was attached a small sand box. On the afternoon of the day of the accident Mr. King said he would go to the top and get a file, and after separating a section of the casing would file the sand point loose so that it would work properly.

Nunn and King were standing together at the bottom of the excavation, when King caught hold of the rope and gave the signal to Taylor above to draw him up. Suddenly and without the slightest warning about two tons of sand caved in on the men. The fall of sand struck Nunn fairly and buried him completely, and King was buried up to his armpits, with his arms held against his body by the weight of the sand.

There was no ladder, and, as there was no one at the mouth of the well to lower him, Taylor, who was at the top, was powerless to give assistance, although King, who could talk, was begging for help. Taylor jumped on his horse and rode rapidly away in search of assistance, and soon the countryside was aroused and was hurrying to the scene of the accident, but despite King's cries and pleas for help there was no one who would venture down to the rescue.

As Taylor rode past the Webb school on his trip to notify the farmers of the accident, and ask for assistance, the children were having their recess and, hearing the news, reported it to their teacher.

At this time Mr. Hedger was visiting Webb school. He is a man of herculean build, standing five feet ten inches and weighing 207 pounds, and as soon as he learned of the accident he rushed from the schoolhouse and ran all the two miles to the site of the well and found a large number of men already gathered there, but none of whom was making any effort at rescuing the imprisoned men.

He looked into the well, heard King pleading for his life and, turning to the crowd, asked for some one who would volunteer to go with him, to the rescue of the men.

There was a silence of several minutes, not one of the men offering to lend any assistance, and Hedger said: "Never mind; I will go alone, and God helping me will bring the men to the top, and, for my children's sake, I hope I also will get back to the top."

With one of the most noted demonstrations of coolness in the face of extreme danger on record he stopped only long enough to make his will and to arrange for the handling of his small property in the event of his death while in the well or as a result of his descent into it.

As soon as he reached the bottom and a shovel was lowered to him he commenced work to release King, and when part of his body had been uncovered an effort was made to draw him out, but this failed because the body of Nunn had fallen across the legs of King and pinioned him. Then all of the sand was removed and Nunn's body was uncovered, but he was dead.

The body was laid to one side and King was raised to the surface more dead than alive. The rope was again lowered into the well, and then Hedger tied the rope about the body of the dead man and, losing sight of the danger in which he was, insisted that the body be raised before he attempted to make his own escape.

It required from two to two and one-half hours to get the two men and the rescuer from the well. No precaution was made to wall the sides of the well to prevent a further cave-in before Hedger made his sensational descent, and the only care taken was that one man was to watch the side of the well where it looked more likely that there would be a further cave-in, and if such a thing occurred this man was to shout a warning to Hedger, and he from the bottom of the well was to make an effort to get away from the deluge of sand by climbing up the two-inch pipe.

HANGS DOWN A WELL FOR SIXTEEN HOURS

FARMER ATTEMPTS TO RESCUE DOG BUT NEARLY MEETS DEATH.

Williston, N. D.—J. Woodford Ray had a remarkable escape from death in a well on his farm on the South side. He was alone on the farm when his pet dog fell into the well and he went to the rescue. He let himself down in the well by the rope fastened



He Sang Songs and Told Stories to Himself.

to the windlass and caught the little dog, but could not climb out. There was no place to stand and finally he made a loop in the rope in which he put his foot and this helped to relieve the strain. He was compelled to relinquish his grasp of the dog. The animal fell into the water and was drowned.

For 16 hours Ray remained in the well. He sang songs, told stories to himself and laughed to keep his strength and courage.

Through all the long night the man grasped the rope, hoping that some one would come in time to save him, but as the time passed, as hour after hour followed and no one came, he began to lose hope.

Finally, just as he thought he must give up, he saw a man looking into the well. It was A. P. Solberg, a neighbor, who came after a team of horses, and knowing that Ray must be at home somewhere, started to search for him. He quickly pulled Ray out of the well. Upon reaching the top, Ray, exhausted, lost his grip and would have fallen back had not Solberg grasped him.

"Solberg looked like an angel with the blue sky as a background," Ray said after his rescue.

TWO LIVES SAVED BY WIFE'S HAIR

HUSBAND BURNED HELPMEETS TRESSSES TO FRIGHTEN PACK OF VICIOUS WOLVES.

BOTH FORCED TO CLIMB TREE

Romantic Story Is Told of Married Couple of Ignace, Ontario, Who Recently Celebrated Their Golden Wedding.

Ignace, Ontario.—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gilmore, trappers, celebrated a few days ago their golden wedding. Of the 50 years they have been married, 49 have been spent in the forests north of here and one—the first—in the then semi-civilized district west of Quebec.

Gilmore is now 70 years old and his wife 68, but they scout the idea that their days of usefulness are over and intend to trap and sell furs for several seasons yet. They refer to themselves as "middle-aged," and their general appearance bears them out. Both are hearty, strong and robust, but scared and weather-beaten, and the only ailment they complain of is a touch of rheumatism, which attacks them now and then.

When Gilmore and his wife, who was born Mary Hudson, were married in Quebec, the man was a professional trapper, but his bride knew nothing of the woods. It did not take her long to learn forest lore and become an expert with a smooth-bore, muzzle-loading rifle. She learned to shoot, trap and prepare skins, and at the end of the first season when the pelts were taken to market husband and wife found that they had a neat little sum to either spend or lay away. It was laid away, and from that day to this it has not been touched. The second season was not so profitable, but the third was, and since then there has always been a little money to go into the bank when the spring suns had melted the snow.

The stories told by Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore are exceedingly interesting to lovers of nature. Their information



It Was Tossed Into the Dry Spruce Top.

concerning animals and birds is the result of keen observation, and does not come from books, as neither can read nor write. On three occasions the husband saved the life of his wife, and on two she returned the compliment. Little is made of these "incidents," as they are considered simply as part of a day's work. During the early part of their woodland existence encounters with wild beasts were of common occurrence, but in late years life has been more or less humdrum.

The most desperate encounter the couple had was in 1861 when they were beset by wolves. They were returning to camp early in the evening when a pack of the vicious animals forced them to climb a tree. Unfortunately this was of small girth and soon the wolves were gnawing it down. Something had to be done and done immediately. Gilmore took note of a dry, under-like spruce top lying ten feet from the base of the tree in which he was perched. Near it were others. It gave him an idea.

Cutting a branch he cleared it of twigs. Then he cut off his wife's luxuriant hair and bound it to the stick. Around this was wrapped his own shirt and his wife's cotton petticoat. When the impromptu torch had been ignited it was tossed into the dry spruce top. In a few moments smoke poured forth. Then flames shot up, and in almost less time than it takes to tell it the tree top was a roaring furnace.

The wind blew the flames away from Gilmore's perch and caught among the other tops, transforming them into raging furnaces. As the smoke and fire belched forth the wolves retreated in a howling circle to windward and eventually became panic stricken and fled. Gilmore and his wife remained in the tree all night, and in the morning, climbing down the scorched and blistered trunk, made their way home.

The Gilmores now and then come to town, but they don't stay long. They say that they are too fond of the woods to remain in civilization permanently.

An American in Politics

DRIFTING INTO THE GAME

BY ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

Politics is the great American game, baseball notwithstanding. It requires all capital and no capital, as circumstances may shape themselves, and once a man has acquired the right to vote, he is a factor in the game. Without his vote he is a cipher of the deepest dye. Let him be under age, or not naturalized, and there is none so poor, to do him reverence. Count Vichy de Fizz found this out one day when he attempted to make a "center-rush" into a certain mayor's office ahead of a long line of unwashed but anxious common citizens. The vigilant officer at the door collared him without remorse or awe.

"Pass back there my good man," said the guardian of the door, "and take your place in the line there with the rest of the boys."

Count Vichy, dressed in the height of fashion, with an imposing spread of whiskers and loaded down with decorations, a foreign consul in his own right, and proud of it, was properly indignant.

Drawing himself to his full height of six feet two he said: "But I am Count Vichy Fizz, the Agrarian consul."

"Count or no count," retorted the Cerberus of the mayor's office, "you're no count if you haven't got a vote in this country; pass back there, and take your place at the end of the line."

With the political disadvantage of being born in this country, I nevertheless began to dabble in politics shortly after leaving the twenty-first hurdle behind me in the race to oblivion. I say "political disadvantage" advisedly, for Americans as a rule are so prejudiced against political life that they do not enter it until some sweeping reform is imperative, and then they usually get worsted.

There is nothing in politics to interest the average American business man, unless he may happen to desire to evade the strict interpretation of an ordinance, or have a franchise jammed through a city council.

The Jacksonian and Jeffersonian principles with which I started out rapidly faded from sight in the hurly-burly of "practical" politics. "Equal 'bunk' for all, and special privileges for me," is the real animus of the average ward politician; "bunk" meaning "hot air," flattery, soft solder, etc. In looking back over my tempestuous career as a politician, I am impelled to believe that the true motto of all parties is the frank and Jacksonian one, "to the victors belong the spoils." It is perhaps regrettable that such is the case, and possibly I am wrong, but that is the way it strikes me.

In drifting into the game I saw that one of the requisites for getting along was the ability to be a good "mixer," that is to say, to possess the ability to meet and mingle freely with all classes of white, black, green, pink, yellow, and all nationalities, no matter what their age, sex, race or previous condition of servitude. This, of course, applies to the beginning stage in politics. There comes a time to the particularly successful office holder when he can freeze up and look sideways at former associates, but this obtains only when he has "put away" enough of "the stuff" in government bonds so as not to care whether political school seems or not, and when he has been bitten with a wild desire to "break through the crust of society."

As a "mixer" I "made good," in the parlance of the slangy. A long experience in the way of the legal profession had made me a fairly good speaker, especially if I prepared myself, and I always did that when possible. This legal training, of course, enabled me to take any side of any question, and show up the fallacies of the opposition. It also was a help in gauging the average helplessness of most men as to telling the truth against their own interest.

Lawyers also have a good deal to bump up against in the way of specious argument from brother counsel, and the practice of the law is not calculated to make a man over-credulous. This helps some, in politics, as the amount of ground and lofty "bunk" that is dealt out by the rank and file of political workers is something sanguinary to the last degree.

Particularly is this the case if a man happens to be nominated for some office. Then indeed are the flood-gates of "bull-con," or highly colored mendacity opened, and the tales he hears, and the assertions which are made would cause the shade of Baron Munchausen to shed envious tears, while Ananias would simply have to "pass."

It was a source of constant and delightful amusement to me to hear the candidates of our party "hand me the bunk" when I first started out to make speeches. As Hans Breitman has it:

"Who takes your hand when you would start
Und told you, you was mighty smart,
Und how he loved you mit his heart—
Der candidate."

These raw-head and bloody-boned "selling-platers" had no scruples in hurling flattery at me by the barrel. I had no scruples, conscientious or otherwise, in hurling it back at them. I had one genuine aim in the matter, and that was to help the ward go Democratic, so as to strengthen the chances of the Democratic candidate for mayor, a man for whom I

had and have the highest respect. Long before I was accidentally elevated to an official position I had formed a high opinion of his character, and I was glad to help fight his battles.

What is known as the party machine is simply the drilled strength of a party, in rank, file and leadership, and all piffle in regard to "machine politics" is as absurd as possible. If a reform movement starts, it, too, must have its "machine,"—that is to say, its rank and file and leadership. The very government itself is a machine. The only trouble in the whole matter is that the average man is too busy and too selfish in chasing the almighty dollar to care who runs the machine. It is not the fact that hurls, but the conditions which race the fact.

Now, the Democratic machine in those days, and not far distant, either, had a fairly well ordered agreement with the Republican machine by which the county offices were given to the republicans and the city offices were handed to the Democrats. This agreement was not recorded on the books of the county recorder, but it was a tolerably secure "cinch," nevertheless. But at times the reformers, maddened by being kept from the public crib, or really actuated by high motives—or both—and the independents, tiring of both parties, would hook up and upset things. So "it became and was necessary," as they say in a personal injury suit, to "take due and careful precaution." That meant, to hustle in all campaigns, and work between campaigns to strengthen the party by argument, combination and patronage; especially patronage. Talk is cheap, but the man behind the influence is the man behind the job.

Now, a man with the ambition to go into politics with a good end in view, namely, furthering the political fortunes, even in a slight way, of a leader in whom he had the highest confidence, was actuated by a good motive. It may seem rather elaborate to make this statement so plain, but it must be remembered that no one is supposed to enter politics with an honest motive. I had an enthusiasm for the tenets of my party, but I had much greater enthusiasm for the man whose cause I espoused, for I knew that if any particular maxim of the party did not make for a "square deal" for the people of his native city, he would apply some other maxim that would.

To go into ward politics with a bunch of seasoned adepts at the science was to invite comparison, enmity, suspicion and treachery. I knew all this perfectly well, and whether or not I was trusted by the members of the party in my particular district, I can at least say, without the slightest bitterness, and in perfect truth, that I trusted none of them. For the exigencies of numberless occasions I assumed friendly relations with dozens of men; they were simply pawns in the game. If I could use them to the advantage of the man I was trying to help, well and good. If not, I could at best make the effort.

I had the advantage of knowing exactly what they were in politics for they were in it for what were the material advantages, for the little appointments, the influence that was to be gained in the distribution of ward "patronage," and the aim, sometimes near, sometimes remote, of being candidates for any office within the gift of the party.

Selfish motives? Of course. And so were my motives selfish. I wanted to see a man I liked win; wanted the Democratic party to win. The man I worked for always won when he was nominated; the party that presented him as its standard bearer never lost. When they went straying after strange gods—but that is another story. I was handicapped by being a professional man, a lawyer, in a ward composed quite strongly of the laboring classes. A man who does not work with his hands is sometimes suspected of "grafting" his living by the more passionate of a certain class of reformers, but there is room for argument as to that.

My first active work was going out and making speeches for the candidates. I went at this systematically and thoroughly. I tried to think up arguments, and even where I made several speeches in a night, I would not repeat myself. I studied upon the questions of the day, and found that few people knew less about them than I did. There was an apparently fathomless unrest on the part of a good many citizens, and there was a strong and apparently numerically superior opposition force in the ward, and so there was at least the delight of a hard fight to be had in each campaign.

This, then, was the first plunge. To be out at all hours of the night, making speeches and meeting people. Going down to headquarters and getting assignments to the various halls. Getting in "live" fellows from other parts of the city occasionally to make little talks. Consulting with candidates and advising as to campaign literature. Studying up primary laws and election laws. Working in every straight and honorable way possible to hold the Democratic vote ready in the ward, and striving to add to it.

ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

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TOWED TO SEA BY OCEAN MONSTER

TWO ITALIAN FISHERMEN HAVE THRILLING EXPERIENCE OFF SAN FRANCISCO.

CATCH BIG SEA LION IN NET

Powerful Creature Makes for Open Water, Struggling to Free Itself—Finally Turns with Tide and Takes Men Back.

San Francisco.—The Italian fishermen of San Francisco sometimes have very thrilling experiences and narrow escapes from the monsters of the deep in following their vocation. By monsters of the deep are meant, principally, whales, sharks and sea lions. Very recently two Italian fishermen had an experience with a monster sea lion, which reads more like a "blood and thunder" story than actual fact.

Dragged out past leaning harbor lights to sea, Nicolai Stotozo and Giuseppe Cassonelli fought desperately for several hours in the clutches of an unknown terror while out fishing recently. Despairing of overcoming a power they felt but could not see, they were about to give up when a strange deliverance came to them. The tide turned from ebb to flow, and obeying some unknown law, or freak of fancy, the terrifying thing which had been gripping their net and dragging them to destruction, turned with it and towed them straight back through the shifting sea mist to shore and safety.

The early morning's sun was yellowing the fisherman's big bight near the old Meigs wharf when a monster that was not a myth by any means was slowly and with great efforts drawn in with the net. Cassonelli, Stotozo and the amazed knot of Italian fishermen they had summoned to assist them suddenly saw a large sea lion, which measured nearly 15 feet



At the Rate of Ten Miles an Hour.

in length, snorting, growling and struggling desperately, enmeshed in hundreds of feet of the strong netting. The only way to secure such a savage and powerful creature was to shoot it, and this was done. When finally drawn ashore it was found that the lion weighed about 800 pounds.

It was about midnight when Cassonelli and Stotozo put out in their sail launch bound for Lime Point to begin fishing for rock cod and sea bass. At the point they let down their net and had just begun to fill their pipes when suddenly their boat began to rock violently. Both thought that they had caught a shark, and they began with all haste to pull in the long net, shaking it vigorously as they did so.

Then the unseen creature in the net began straining until the lines tore through their hands. The prow of the boat was almost submerged, and for a time Cassonelli and Stotozo feared they would be dragged under water.

Suddenly the lines became slack. The thing enmeshed was coming toward the surface. They prayed that it would free itself and so escape; but they were sorely disappointed. The lines remained slack for only a few seconds, and then they found that they were being towed rapidly out toward the open sea.

At first the boat moved slowly, but in the course of a few minutes it was moving at a rate of ten miles an hour. The kedee anchor was as good as useless. Old Fort Point was passed, and later the light on Mile Rock was twinkling astern.

Vainly they endeavored to row in the opposite direction, but found that useless. They could not even slacken the speed of their craft. Out at the Heads they thought that the wind might aid them, and so set the sails so that they might turn around as they moved forward; but that did them no good whatever. Finally, when they thought they would never again reach the shore, the tide came to their relief.

The as yet unseen monster evidently concluded that dragging the heavy boat against the strong tide was no easy task, so it gradually worked around and started back, to the inexpressible joy of the two fishermen. They managed to steer the craft up to the "Fisherman's Wharf," where the sea lion revealed itself and met its fate.