

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-sacrifice, 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.

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, 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 remained with the half-drowning girl. 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.

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

carious conditions, O'Brien quickly determined on a plan of rescue. Dashing up the stairways 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 position he passed the latter to persons in a neighboring flat, and then handed Mrs. Eyl, who was unconscious from fright and the suffocating effects of the smoke, to a fireman who mounted a ladder to one of the fourth-story windows. O'Brien himself nearly lost his life in the flames and smoke, and was carried to the street by firemen. The commission has awarded him a silver medal for his bravery.

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 country. In its course the flood had torn an unwieldy barge from its moorings. Alone on board was Howard McCarney, a youth who could not swim. His old-time friend, James W. Gilmer, who had worked with him for years on a towboat, saw the flying barge, knew that McCarney was on it, and knew, too, that the runaway vessel was heading for a great dam a short distance below on the river. It meant certain death to McCarney if some quick act was not carried out to save him. Gilmer jumped into a skiff and raced after the barge. McCarney had a long start of him, and the sound of the waters foaming over the dam reached Gilmer before he was well under way in his little craft. He hoped to get near enough to the barge for McCarney to jump into the skiff, and then together they could row to the shore. But the barge was going too swiftly, in the eddy currents the skiff was too unmanageable, and before he could reach him Gilmer saw his friend hurled over the rapids above the dam. So appalled was he at the fate of his friend that he forgot his own safety. He floated down to the danger point, jumped from the skiff into the boiling flood—and the dead bodies of the two friends went down the river side by side. A bronze medal and \$200 has been awarded by the commission to Gilmer's father in commemoration of his son's daring act.

Edward Campbell
For more than a year there was a bitter feud between two young coal miners at Buena Vista, a little mining town on the Youghiogheny river, near Pittsburg. 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



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

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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 whose 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.

Sadie L. Crabbe
Ralph Young, a colored boy, broke through the ice on the Great Wicomico river, Virginia, two years ago. Young had strayed away from a party of skaters further up the river, and ventured upon ice that had not been tried. It was a lonely section of the country, and when the boy fell into the water his cries for help were heard only by a white woman, Mrs. Sadie L. Crabbe, who was walking along the bank of the river. Seizing a plank which lay near by, Mrs. Crabbe endeavored to reach the struggling negro. So eager was she in this attempt to save the colored boy's life that she ventured too far out on the ice, which broke beneath her. Young, at whose piteous appeal she had taken one step too far, evidently forgot his own plight when he saw Mrs. Crabbe fall into the water and tried to save her. Both the white woman and the colored boy, however, were drowned. A bronze medal has been sent by the commission to Mrs. Crabbe's husband in commemoration of her bravery. The sum of \$2,000 also has been appropriated to be used in the education and upbringing of Mrs. Crabbe's children.

Arthur Simon

Only 15 years of age was Arthur Simon and he had just learned to swim when he rescued two girls from drowning in a lake near Valparaiso, Ind., two years ago. One of the girls was his sister, and both of them were much older and weighed a good deal more than Arthur. At an alarm given by his mother he plunged into the lake. Neither of the girls was in sight. Diving to the bottom, he found them locked in each other's arms. Breaking them apart, he rose to the surface with them. He swam to the shore, which was about 40 feet away with one girl, and then came back for his sister, who, with her great weight nearly dragged him to the bottom. She almost strangled the boy several times, but finally he landed her in safety. The commission has sent Arthur a bronze medal.

William Stillwell

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

ROAD TO SUCCESS

PUBLICITY IS THE MAIL-ORDER MAN'S GREAT WEAPON.

MERCHANTS MUST ADVERTISE

"Fight Fire with Fire" and the Dollars Now Going Cityward Will Stay in the Home Community.

The merchant who would wage successful warfare against mail-order competition should study mail-order methods. The same tactics that takes the dollar out of the community will keep it at home.

And what are mail-order methods? The keynote of it all may be found in the one word—publicity. The mail-order house advertises. It does not advertise better goods at less money than the home merchant gives, but it advertises persistently. It puts its proposition before the public constantly. It recognizes no dull season in its campaign for publicity. It never lets up.

At a gathering in Iowa some time ago a mail-order man explained some of the system followed in the campaign of publicity. According to this explanation the mail-order house seeks the line of least resistance in its search for business. Whenever they can find a town in which the merchants are not active advertisers they flood that community with their literature. When they find a town in which the furniture dealer, for example, is afraid to use printer's ink they pay particular attention to the subject of furniture. They are searching for the weakest link in the chain of home defenses.

Something of this is explained by



Intelligent advertising means "a icing the bulldog power and tenacity of the local press on the competition offered the home merchant by the catalogue houses. Intelligent advertising means the employment of mail-order methods in combating the mail-order evil.

the conditions the writer saw in a mill town in northern Wisconsin. The local paper carried practically no local advertising when the size of the town was considered, and the stores of the town were but small affairs. In talking to one of the merchants he complained that more than \$25,000 was sent from that community to the Chicago mail-order houses each month. "That is easily twice the amount that is spent in all the stores in this town put together each month," he explained. "Merchandizing don't pay in such a place as this."

A few hours later the writer was talking with the publisher of the local paper, and the conversation turned to local advertising, or rather the lack of it.

"I was very much tempted to accept a proposition which I received from one of the Chicago mail-order houses a few days ago," said the publisher. "I still have the proposition here on my desk. They offer me a cash contract at my regular display rates for 1,500 inches, to be used during the year, and in addition to the cash advertising they offer me a small commission on all the new business secured in this county during the life of the contract. They say their business in this county during the last 12 months was approximately \$8,000 per month, and I would secure a small percentage on all business done over this amount during the next 12 months."

"Have you shown that proposition to the merchants of this town?" I asked.

"I have, and it didn't move them," he replied. "They simply say it don't pay to advertise. I would jump at the offer if it were not for the fact that I cannot bring myself to the point of doing that which I know will help to kill this community."

There was an illustration of mail-order methods. The wide-awake mail-order man proposed to reap a golden harvest from the field the very-much-asleep local merchant would not cultivate.

Does it pay to advertise? The more than \$200,000,000 that finds its way to the Chicago mail-order houses each year is garnered by a campaign of advertising. You, Mr. Local Merchant, claim, and rightly, that you can sell the same goods for the same, or less money, than the mail-order houses offer, but at the same time you complain because the mail-order man gets the business.

Why do they get it? Because they advertise. They not only advertise, but they advertise in your field, and they advertise in your field because you do not. They select towns, or special lines where they do not have to meet the competition that is offered by local advertising, and they make advertising pay.

We want the people to trade at home; we want them to build up the home community; we want to see the dollars kept in circulation here that one and all of the local people may prosper. We do not want to see the fortunes of the city mail-order man built at the expense of the local community, but we know absolutely the value of publicity, and we know the mail-order houses will capture the dollars if the local merchants will not fight fire with fire; will not show the public what they can buy and at what price.

Let us go back to this northern Wisconsin town and see what opportunities the merchants there are sacrificing. It was a mill town, and in no way an agricultural community. There were not 20 farms within a radius of as many miles. The industry was lumber, and the money to run the mills came from the city. The nearly 1,000 employees were paid in city money, and with a little effort on the part of the merchants in that town this money might have been kept in the town. It might have been made to build a permanent prosperity. But

Child Turning Purple.
Mary Elgohitz, three years old, of New York, is turning purple. The doctor says she is suffering with a disease known as purpura hemorrhagica. The child's mother first noticed the changing color three weeks ago. While bathing the girl she detected small purple spots on various parts of the body. Alarmed, she applied home remedies, but the spots continued to spread. The child's body presents the appearance of being tattooed. Almost the entire body is covered, with the exception of the face, which thus far has not been affected. While most of the time the blotches are of a mellow purple, they occasionally change to a deep plum color or a dull red. Some blotches are as large as a penny, others are no larger than a pinhead. The disease is probably caused by a rheumatic germ.

Only Believe.
Be not downcast if difficulties surround you in your heavenly life. They may be purposely placed there by God to train and discipline you for higher developments of faith. If he calls you to "toll in rowing," it may be to make you the better seaman, and to lead you to a holier trust in Him who has the vessel and its destinies in hand, and who, amid gathering clouds and darkened horizon, and crested billows, ever murmurs—the mild rebuke to our misgivings: "Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God?"—Rev. John R. Macduff.



YOUNG STILLWELL BROUGHT HER SAFELY TO SHORE

HEEDLESS OF THE DEADLY REPTILE SHE WENT TO THE RESCUE

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Richard Hughes

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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. Beale 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 pre-