

Heroes of 1899.

BY ALFRED T. STORY.



PLACE has its heroes and heroines as well as war. We hear enough of the brave deeds done on the field of battle; but many an act, showing equal courage and calling for as great risk of life, is performed in the ordinary walks of life of which little and sometimes nothing is heard. They are the deeds of obscure people, boys and girls, lowly men and women, individuals not usually regarded as in the line of heroes. They are not committed in the eye of day, so to speak, as are the brave deeds of the soldier. Few behold them; they are the talk of a handful for perhaps a couple of days, and then, as likely as not, they pass into oblivion. And yet many of them are eminently worthy of record—they are so bright, so cheering, amid the ordinary humdrum and melancholy self-thoughtfulness of life.

The whole of THE STRAND MAGAZINE for the present month would not contain a full account of half the brave deeds done during the year 1899—reckoning those performed in civil life alone. However, some of the most striking instances have been selected by way of example, and, where it has been found possible, portraits have been procured to illustrate them. The selections have been made with a view to show as many phases of life as might be, and how the ennobling quality of self-forgetfulness shines and makes itself felt in all ranks and stations.

Where the seed is, there the deed will be. It will manifest itself even in the little child. Even as I write, the record comes of a child of four, Ernest Hooper by name, dying in Bartholomew's Hospital from injuries received through being run over by one of Pickford's vans. He tried to save another little child from being run over by the same vehicle, but, getting the other little one safely away, he was himself knocked down and fatally injured. One would have liked to give the portrait of this little hero, but it was not to be had. He must live in the beauty of his deed alone.

It is with especial regret too that the same has to be written of the next heroic soul to come into the record. This was the case of a blind man who, on the occasion of a disastrous fire in the Brixton Road, in January

last, distinguished himself by a conspicuous act of bravery. According to the *South London Press*, Mr. J. B. Orton, who is totally blind, was sleeping on the third floor, and at about two o'clock in the morning discovered by difficulty in breathing that the room was full of smoke. He at once awoke his wife, and hastened to the assistants' room on the same floor, then to the manager's, and with great difficulty aroused them. Then, hastening to the room of another family on the first floor, he banged at their locked door, and assisted a gentleman to lead his wife down into the street. After this he hastened upstairs and assisted his own wife to safety. In all seven persons were able to get out of harm's way through his courage, self-possession, and promptness. The last person to leave the burning building was Mr. Orton himself, and he had to pass over a staircase which was fully alight within three minutes of his descent. Mr. Orton, by so promptly looking after the lives of his fellow-inmates, lost all his personal belongings, everything he had indeed in the world. A local committee was formed to raise a small fund to recoup him for his loss, and it is to be hoped it was successful.

A gallant rescue from drowning was effected by Mr. Alfred Joly, an Englishman, at Smyrna, on the 3rd of March. A friend thus describes the affair: "Whilst walking on the quay about 2 p.m., he saw two boys hauling at the shore-mooring of a cask. After having passed on some ten or fifteen paces, he heard the cry in Greek, 'A child in the sea!' On looking round he saw one of the boys running away, whilst the other, about eight years of age, was struggling in the water. Three or four persons were on the spot, and one held his stick out to the boy. Thinking that the boy was sure to be got out, Mr. Joly continued his walk for another ten or fifteen paces, and then had the curiosity to look back. To his great surprise and disgust, he saw the boy's head disappearing under the water. *Feeling sure* then that the child would be drowned, and finding there was no boat near and no other sign of help, he dropped his stick, ran back, and, with all his clothes on, plunged in longitudinally, so as to cross the sinking lad. When he got to the bottom he saw the boy sinking, on his back, face upwards and arms



From a MR. ALFRED JOLY. [Photograph.]

outstretched. Grasping the lad by the arm, he swam with him to the quay, and handed him up to a man who hung over the edge. Then he was with great difficulty hauled up himself, Mr. Joly being a big, heavy man, and suffering with cramp in one of his legs."

Mr. Joly was cheered heartily by a crowd of people who had gathered during the rescue, and who were greatly amused to find that the sturdy Briton had performed his gallant feat with all his clothes on, including his hat; indeed, just as he appears in our photograph. It is worthy of remark that Mr. Joly had not swum for twenty years, he having given up the exercise, on his doctor's advice, because it produced headache and cramp. Mr. Joly belongs to an English family long established at Smyrna and engaged in the shipping business.

Heroism still more admirable—heroism perhaps of the very highest kind—recently came under the notice of King Leopold, and was by him suitably honoured and rewarded. Sister Teresa Hickey, an English nun of the Apostoline community established in Belgium, was presented with a Civic Medal of the

First Class (a decoration instituted as a reward of conspicuous civic merit), in recognition of her heroic services to the people during the outbreak of a terrible epidemic which ravaged the district of Oordeghem, in Flanders. So great was the consternation of the inhabitants that no one would venture to approach the houses in which the victims lay dying. During the panic Sister Teresa volunteered to go and tend the unfortunate sufferers, for whom nurses could not be found. For several weeks she devoted herself, day and night, to the noble work of ministering to the sick and dying, receiving no other assistance than that given by the clergy of the parish. With unflagging devotion the brave woman remained unflinchingly at her post of duty until the epidemic abated, although almost broken down by her untiring efforts. Public manifestations of gratitude for her inestimable services were rendered by the people; and her conduct having come under the notice of the Government, the King has rewarded her self-sacrifice by bestowal of the honour mentioned. Sister Teresa has been in Belgium for nearly thirty years.

It is in scenes such as the above that the heroism of women most conspicuously shines, although it not infrequently displays itself in a more physical manner. In the month of June two little women showed both



VIOLET MOORE. ETHEL WILLIAMSON. HELEN WILLIAMSON.
From a Photo. by J. H. Addison.

courage and spirit in the rescue of a sister and companion from drowning. It took place in some meadows near Bungay, Suffolk. The two daughters of Mr. Williamson, of the Falcon Inn, Ditchingham, aged ten and eight, were returning home from school in the afternoon, accompanied by another scholar named Moore, aged eleven. In passing over the foot-bridge (a single plank) which crosses the River Waveney, Helen Williamson slipped into the water, which at this spot is about 6ft. deep. Moore held on to the bridge with one hand, and grasped the third child with the other, whilst the latter got into the water and clutched her elder sister, and succeeded in rescuing her. When got out of the river Helen was in an unconscious condition, and the brave little rescuers, to complete their work, carried her home between them. After three hours she recovered.

During the storms of the end of March and the early part of April the newspapers signalized a number of brave rescues; but none showed more hardihood and daring than the rescue of nine persons from an open boat in the Bristol Channel by Captain Thomas, of the *Sea Swallow*, a steam trawler, of Milford. The nine persons consisted of the captain of the steamer *Cato*, of Bristol; W. G. Whyatt, his wife, and seven firemen and sailors, who were found tossing at the mercy of the waves off the Longships. Captain Whyatt's account of the affair was as follows:—

"On Friday morning our port bows sprang a leak, and the fore-castle deck started. The sea poured in through the open places, and the pumps had to be kept continuously at work. At about 5 p.m. a heavy sea washed aboard, knocking down a man and breaking both his legs. I picked him up and carried him into the chart-room, where I set the broken limbs as well as I could.

"Subsequently the vessel began to settle down stern first, and seeing that nothing could be done to save the craft, I ordered the boats to be lowered. Several of the crew jumped in, while I went and found my wife,

and together with others put her in the boat. I proceeded to get in myself, but the sea carried me overboard. I swam about, but was utterly unconscious of all that was going on.

"Upon recovering myself I sighted the lifeboat, bottom-up, with its precious occupants clinging to it. I exerted all my strength and succeeded in reaching the craft. Soon afterwards we managed to right her; but when we got into her she was still full of water. In our boat were nine persons. About seven o'clock on Friday night we were drifting helplessly about, having undergone great privation already, but at eleven o'clock we were, thank God, picked up by the *Sea Swallow* (Captain Thomas), owned by Mr. T. R. Oswald, of Milford, who brought us into the docks and landed us here."

Speaking of the rescue Captain Whyatt said:—

"I never saw anything smarter in my life. The *Sea Swallow* was coming along in a tremendous sea, and I myself was snatched out by my collar. If the trawler had not come along so opportunely I am positive we

should all have been drowned, as our boat was completely waterlogged."

The disastrous wreck of the *Stella*, off the Casquettes rocks, on her way to Jersey, in the early part of April, will be still in the memory of most. The coolness and courage of nearly all, both seamen and passengers, on that terrible night was in striking contrast to what we had read only a little while before of the scenes of cowardice and brutality that took place in connection with a French steamship in a similar moment of peril. It is needless to attempt a description of what took place. Suffice to point out that, then as ever on a British ship, the captain set the example of calm, heroic courage—an example that was followed by every man under his command, yes, and by the passengers, too, even with death staring them blankly in the face.

A passenger who was on board the unfortunate boat told the writer he should never forget the sight of Captain Reeks as he stood



CAPTAIN THOMAS, OF THE "SEA SWALLOW."
From a Photo. by D. Bowen & Son, Haverfordwest.



CAPTAIN REEKS, OF THE "STELLA."
From a Photo. by the Globe Photo. Co., Southampton.

on the bridge, giving his orders with calmness and decision, and apparently showing no loss of composure when the ship made her final plunge.

Equally worthy of mention was the heroic conduct of Mrs. Rogers, one of the stewardesses of the *Stella*, to whom many owed their lives. One lady who acknowledged her indebtedness in this respect to the brave stewardess stated that the latter, with great presence of mind, got all the ladies from her cabin to the side of the ship, and, after placing life-belts on as many as were without them, she assisted them into the small boats. Then, turning round, she noticed that the narrator was without a belt; whereupon she insisted on placing her own belt upon the lady, and led her to the fast-filling boat. The sailors called out, "Jump in, Mrs. Rogers!" but she replied, "No, no! If I get in, the boat will sink. Good-bye, good-bye!" and with uplifted hands she cried, "Lord have

me!" and immediately the *Stella* sank beneath her feet.

Among the acts of heroic courage connected with shipwrecks may be mentioned the cool daring of Quartermaster J. W. A. Juddery on the occasion of the wreck of the *Mohegan*, when he was the means of saving twelve or thirteen lives. For these acts he was presented, at a meeting of the Y.M.C.A., of which he is a member, at the Conference Hall, Stratford, on the 8th of April, with the silver medal of the Board of Trade and with a certificate and silver medal from Lloyd's. When the *Mohegan* went on to the Manacle Rocks, Mr. Juddery, after clinging to the mast for several hours, and being as a result half dead with cold, repeatedly dived into the sea to carry a line to the lifeboat, which could not get near enough to take off those on the wreck. By means of this line thirteen persons were drawn into the boat. But it parted two or three times, again necessitating a dive and a swim for life through the boiling waves.

After four or five persons had been passed from the rigging to the lifeboat the connecting line again broke. By this time Juddery was too much done up to make the attempt again. At this unfortunate juncture he found a valuable ally in an American cattleman named Mitchell—one would like to have given his portrait here—who, seeing the officer "played out," volunteered to take the line to the lifeboat, and with splendid pluck swam out and made good the connection, so that the work of rescue went on afresh.

It is pleasing to be able to say, on the authority of one of the saved, that here, too, "the behaviour of passengers and crew alike, all through the terrible affair, was a credit to the English-speaking race."

One hears from time to time of many cases of heroic rescue from fire and drowning by members of the police force in one part or another. One striking act of the kind was the descent by a policeman, not many weeks ago, into a man-hole, in which a labourer had been overcome by sewer-gas. He brought



QUARTERMASTER J. W. A. JUDDERY, OF THE
"MOHEGAN."

From a Photo. by L. S. White, New York.

the poor fellow up, but he was already dead, and the constable himself was half so. Many similar instances could be given, but it is not often that one man succeeds in saving two persons from drowning within a week. This, however, occurred to P.C. Charles Rogers, of the Metropolitan Police, in July. His own account of the two rescues is as follows:—

"I was on fixed point duty at St. Mark's Church on the 17th of July, and about ten minutes past seven I heard some people, who were passing the Regent's Canal Bridge in the Albert Road, shouting that a boy had fallen into the water. I at once ran down the approach to the canal, and saw a lad, named Herbert Wicks, aged nine struggling in about 10ft. of water, and about 12ft. from the bank. I plunged into the water without removing any part of my uniform, and succeeded in catching hold of him, and brought him to the towing-path very much exhausted. Fortunately he proved none the worse for his ducking when I got him home.

"Again, on the 21st, I was on duty at the same place at 5.30 p.m., when I was informed by a passer-by that a lad had fallen into the canal in the Albert Road. I ran to the spot, but could see no trace of the boy. I got the drags and began to drag for him, and soon found him and had him out. He was quite unconscious. I at once placed him on his back on the towing-path, and, after removing his clothes from about his neck and chest, I commenced to use Dr. Sylvester's method for restoring animation, and, after a short time, was rewarded by seeing the boy gasp for breath. Just as he began to show signs of life, Dr. Usher, who happened to be passing, came and helped me, and soon we had the pleasure of seeing



P.C. CHARLES ROGERS, OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.
From a Photo. by Fred Staples, Camden Town.

the boy fully restored to animation. I conveyed him to the North-West London Hospital, where he was detained for a while suffering from shock. But in the end he, like the other boy, took no hurt from his dip."

A story of a splendid bit of pluck on the part of a police-constable comes from India. Bawaji Jusaji, of the Ahmedabad district police force, descended a well 47ft. deep in which there was 30ft. of water, and rescued a Hindu woman who had thrown herself down. The gallant fellow overcame her struggles and supported her nearly half an hour before further help came and they were drawn up.

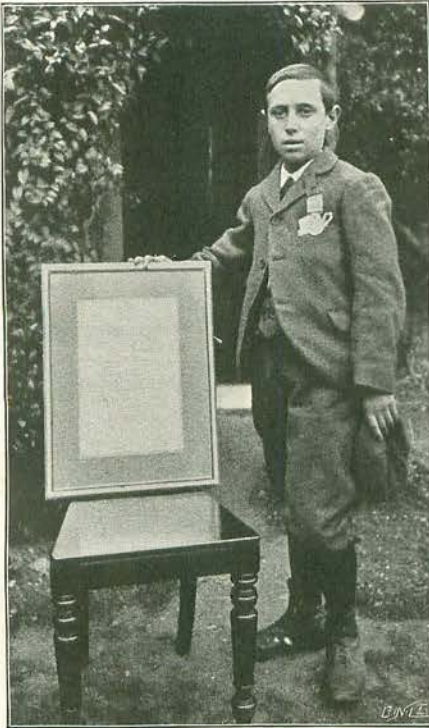
One might easily greatly increase the list of policemen heroes, to whom so

many boys who go the way to be drowned owe their lives; but it will suffice to mention a gallant rescue from the Regent's Canal, near the Albert Bridge, by Constable W. Morely, on July 1st, and then pass on to several cases in which boys were the heroes. And first of all comes a case from Plymouth, where, on the 12th of February, a schoolboy named Arthur Barham saved the life of Charles May, who had fallen from the rocks under The Hoe, and was being rapidly carried out by the undertow. Barham exhibited great pluck, and was much exhausted before reaching the beach.

Another instance of boy-bravery occurred at Long Sutton, Lincolnshire, where, on the 10th of April, a child was saved from drowning by a boy of ten, named Bracking. The brave little fellow, while playing in his father's garden, heard screams coming from an adjoining field. He immediately forced his way through a hedge, and ran to a pit which was there. Finding that a child of two and a half years old, named



GEORGE FORD BRACKING.
From a Photo. by J. Bond, Long Sutton.



SIDNEY C. JONES.

From a Photo. by G. H. Dummore, Downton.

Luff, had fallen into the pit, although there was 3ft. or 4ft. of water in it, he went in and got the child out.

Equally worthy of record are the two following rescues. Medals of the Royal Humane Society were awarded in both these cases. Sidney C. Jones, schoolboy, Downton, Salisbury, got his medal for his plucky rescue of Harold Alford from the Avon, at Downton, on July 16th. Alford sank before being reached, but Jones dived,



THOMAS GREGORY.

From a Photo. by S. Bowen Bravery, Cardiff.

brought him to the surface, and then to the bank. The Avon at this point is very dangerous, even to practised swimmers, owing to a thick growth of weeds.

In the other case of medals being awarded for rescue from drowning, the recipients were Daniel O'Donovan and Thomas Gregory, the latter a boy of ten. Gregory bravely attempted to rescue a youth named Goodland, from the Taff, at Cardiff, on the 3rd of August, but being clutched and dragged under water he nearly lost his own life. O'Donovan then came to the rescue, and



DANIEL O'DONOVAN.

From a Photo. by S. Bowen Bravery, Cardiff.

both the boys were saved. The Head Constable of Cardiff says that the rescue was effected twelve yards from the bank in 15ft. of water, and that the pluck displayed by Gregory was very remarkable.

A very striking case of rescue from drowning took place at Mohonagh, near Crookhaven, County Cork, Ireland, on the 13th of February, and we are

sorry not to be able to give the portrait of the plucky performer of the deed, Mr. F. McCarthy, merchant, of Crookhaven. Great risk was incurred, the depth of the water being from 10ft. to 12ft., and Mr. McCarthy had to effect the rescue single-handed, as others who were present refused to lend any assistance.

Among the many noble deeds of the year none stands out more brightly than the act of heroism by which Tom Griffin, a fitter's labourer, lost his life in going to the assistance of his fellow-workman. He was employed at Messrs. Garton, Hill, and Company's, engineers, Battersea, and on the 12th of April, while Griffin and others were preparing for work in the boiler-room, a main steam-pipe burst with a loud explosion in an adjoining room. Frederick Briggs, with whom Griffin worked, was in the room at the time, and the latter, knowing this, immediately after the explosion rushed to his assistance, crying out, "My mate! my mate!" He received such fearful injuries from the steam that he died in the Wandsworth Hospital the same day. Five days after his death Griffin was to have been married. He was twenty-one years of age.

Most of our readers will remember the disaster of the *Bullfinch* torpedo destroyer in July last, when nine men lost their lives through the bursting of a steam-pipe, and the brave deed of the builders' engineer, Mr. A. H. Tyacke, in going down into the engine-room to the assistance of those who were injured, at the imminent peril of his life. The *Bullfinch* was on one of her trial trips when the accident occurred—on her final trial, in fact, before being taken over by the Admiralty. On



MR. TOM GRIFFIN.

From a Photo. by Messrs. Ward, Brixton.

such occasions the vessel's engines are worked by the builders' men, although a naval engineer is always present, and generally some Navy stokers to help. The engines were going at their greatest speed when the accident happened. As soon as Tyacke saw what had happened he descended through the trap-door which gives admission to the engine-room, and though the place was full of scalding steam, he stopped and rendered assistance until all the injured men were got out.

A story of splendid gallantry and daring must be given from Braemar. On the 31st of July a party of tourists, consisting of seven ladies and three gentlemen, set out from Braemar to climb the Ben Muich Dhui.

They arrived at the top without mishap, in the face of a strong wind. Unfortunately, the party elected to return by the Glen Lui steep, a very rugged and insecure face of the mountain. By doing so they hoped to shorten the distance home, and, as was their ambition, eclipse the feat of the ordinary Ben Muich Dhui mountaineer. An experienced man might accomplish such a task,

but it was madness for the ordinary tourist to attempt it. The result was that the entire party were more or less shaken or injured.

When once they were launched in the yielding mass of boulders and stones of which the steep is composed the whole surface seemed to slide with them. They were obliged to keep a certain distance from each other, and no one to get in advance of the line, as the stones and boulders were rolling and leaping in front. It was at this point that a young lady from the North of England was noticed to be making little progress, and seemed to be in pain. Two of the gentlemen,



MR. A. H. TYACKE.

From a Photo. by Alfred Honey & Co., Chatham.

therefore—Mr. John M. Mackay, of Kingussie, a student, and Mr. Smith, of Aberdeen—agreed to stay behind and assist her in the descent, while the rest of the party made their way to Derry Lodge, the nearest habitation to Glen Lui, a distance of seven miles.

As soon as these had reached the foot of the steep the others started on their descent. But the effect of the three being so close together was that the stones were set moving with greater momentum than if each person had gone singly. The result was that Mr. Smith fell over, and the young lady got her foot so tightly squeezed in between two boulders that her ankle was dislocated. She fainted, and the gentlemen were in the unfortunate position of not having any means of restoring her. However, after a little while she came to, but was suffering excruciating pain. Mr. Smith therefore volunteered to hasten forward to Derry Lodge and bring assistance.

Darkness was now setting in, and the sudden gusts of wind presaged a stormy night. Assistance could not be expected for hours; the young lady's condition became more and more serious. The cold, combined with utter exhaustion, began to tell on her. Young Mackay did his best to protect her from the cold by wrapping his Norfolk about her; but by-and-by he could not get an articulate word from her. She seemed to be sinking into a stupor. They were, moreover, in such an unapproachable spot that assistance could with difficulty be sent, and it was questionable whether anyone would find them easily.

Taking these things into consideration,

Mackay resolved to attempt to carry his friend down the mountain. Strapping her, therefore, to his shoulders with a waterproof, he began the descent. In former years he had had a great deal of experience in climbing crags, and he thought if he would

venture with confidence he might get down safely. The descent took a long time, as he had to balance himself every few steps. He was made to feel very anxious by the quiet state the young lady had fallen into, and was beginning to think that her mishap might prove fatal. It was this thought that, as he confessed, made him attempt, and successfully accomplish, what, under ordinary circumstances, he would not think of attempting.

It is the wonder of experienced mountaineers how the young man succeeded

in reaching the foot of the mountain with his charge, when one false step might have ended two youthful lives. Having got clear of the steeper part of the mountain, Mackay carried the young lady four and a half miles over one of the roughest parts of the Highlands. Here a party of Glen Derry gamekeepers, who had been apprised of the accident, met them. The lady was laid on a stretcher in an unconscious condition, and carried by willing hands to Derry Lodge, where her ankle was set. Her gallant preserver, who was dreadfully done up by the physical strain, had to be assisted to proceed the rest of the way. Mackay is described as a tall, slenderly-built youth, but he must have a frame of iron. At Aberdeen University, where he is studying, he has the reputation of being one of the most versatile of athletes.



MR. JOHN M. MACKAY.

From a Photo. by W. B. Anderson, Aberdeen.