

Stories of Heroism.

NONE can not read without wonder of the ship's band that played until the very moment when the ship was submerged. The tune they were playing was the one called in some hymn books "Autumn," in others "Madrid," in still others "Sardius" or "Jaynes." It is a tune that dates back to 1551, and to it at least 80 hymns, according to Robert Westley Peach, have been sung, the most common being: "Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah," "Savior, Breathe an Evening Blessing," "Hail, Thou Once Despized Jesus," "Love Divine, All Love Excelling," and "In the Cross of Christ I Glory." The two wireless operators, almost boys, stuck to their post to the last. Even after the Captain ordered them to abandon their cabin and look out for themselves, they held on for ten minutes. When the ship went down they were with it. Both managed to get on the capsized collapsible, and one of them, Harold Bride, was saved. The other, Phillips, was dead of exhaustion when the *Carpathia* arrived. Archie Butt, President Taft's special aid-de-camp, bore himself like a real soldier, aiding the ship's officers, reassuring the women, and once or twice knocking down a man or two to stop a rush for the boats. "Thank God for Archie Butt!" was the cry of one of the surviving women. The editor of *Punch* gives metrical expression to England's pride in the behavior of the men who met their death:

"Tears for the dead who shall not come again
Homeward to any shore on any tide!
Tears for the dead! But through that bitter
rain,
Breaks like an April sun the smile of pride.

What courage yielded place to others' need,
Patient of discipline's supreme decree,
Well may we guess who know that gallant
breed,
Schooled in the ancient chivalry of the sea."



"THANK GOD FOR ARCHIE BUTT!"

He met death on the *Titanic* according to the best traditions of the American army, rescuing the women, assisting the children, compelling order among the men.