

A Dayton Flood Incident Retold

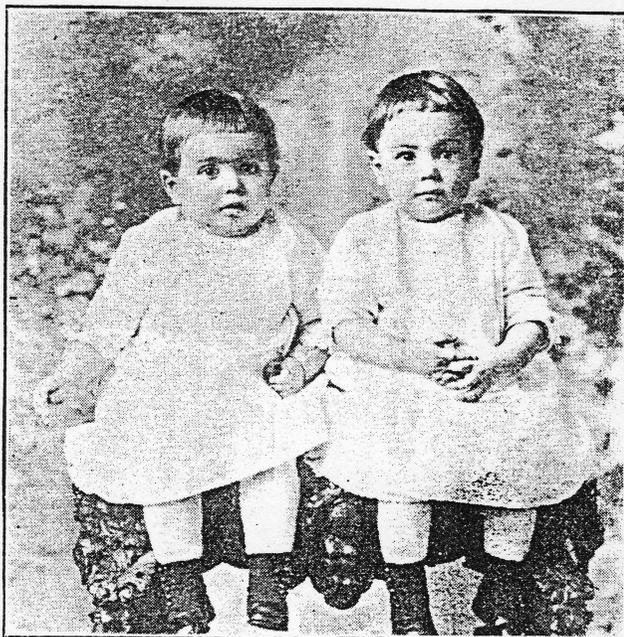
Just one year ago last Wednesday (March 25, 1913), occurred the most disastrous flood in the history of the city of Dayton and the great Miami Valley, caused by almost a week of torrential rains. In the year that has passed the people of this city and valley have accomplished really marvelous things in the way of overcoming the terrible results of that catastrophe. It may be truthfully said, no people ever adjusted themselves more promptly and heroically to a great task than did this people. As the result of their determination and effort, almost all the traces of the flood have been removed. New buildings are under construction, factories are being enlarged, and the entire city is a unit in endeavoring, not only to overcome the loss of millions of dollars worth of property, but to make Dayton even more beautiful, attractive, and prosperous than ever before.

Last Wednesday was suitably observed by the city as the flood anniversary. There was rehearsing among the citizens of some of the strange experiences and happenings during the memorable days of a year ago, and a discussion of the best ways to promote future prosperity and prevent the recurrence of a similar disaster.

Among the many marvelous incidents connected with that fateful day, probably not one partook more of the miraculous than that of the recovery of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Adams and their twin children of eleven months, Charles Otterbein and Lois Viola, and the grandfather, Mr. J. R. Adams. A sister of Mrs. Adams, Miss Stella Hicks, of Fostoria, Ohio, was visiting her at the time of the flood. This happy family resided at 33 Rung Street, in the Riverdale section, just a square and a half from the Miami River, which was supposed to be held back successfully by a strong levee.

Early in the morning of the twenty-fifth, the family awakened to learn that the river had swollen greatly during the night, and that the levee nearby had broken, and the streets were already rapidly filling with water. About seven o'clock the entire family left the house and came to the home of the writer just one square north on Warder Street. This street is several feet higher than Rung, and was thought to be above any high-water mark that the river might reach. Here the members of the Adams family remained until three o'clock in the afternoon. The river continued to rise until my home was surrounded by water, and then they thought it wise to seek higher ground. The water at his time was about three feet deep around my house, and within a few inches of the first floor, while in the street it was probably seven feet deep. The furnace was submerged, the gas and water supplies were shut off, and the flood was still rising. The approach of night, with no fire for warmth or cooking, made the prospect gloomy for the comfort of the twins. A boatman was hailed, and the entire Adams family entered his boat. Mrs. Adams and the twins being carried to the boat when there was about six inches of water on the porch.

They expected to make a landing two or three squares distant, and find shelter in some home on higher ground where they would have heat and light and better accommodations for the night. At this time Warder Street, with its four-foot terrace on either side, was like a mill race, with a swift current running westward. When only a few feet from the starting point the boat was struck by a strong current, and immediately capsized, throwing all of its precious freight into the angry waters. One of the twins, Lois Viola, suddenly was dropped by the father into the water in trying to give assistance to his wife, whom he had heard exclaim, "I am drowning." The babe floated away and was supposed to be lost. The mother, in struggling in the water, had let go of the other child, Charles Otterbein, but he was immediately rescued by the grandfather. The mother was seized by her husband and kept above the water until they had floated probably fifty feet from where



CHARLES OTTERBEIN AND LOIS VIOLA ADAMS.

the boat had overturned, and seized the limbs of a small tree. The grandfather with the little boy and also the boatman caught this same tree. They managed to keep themselves above the water, which here was about nine feet deep, until rescuing boats came in answer to loudly-repeated calls for help. Many persons were in plain sight, and, indeed, within a few feet of the parties, but unable to render any assistance. Mr. W. A. Chryst went to give help, but was compelled to save himself by seizing one of the limbs of the same tree.

Mrs. Adams, and the little boy whom the grandfather had rescued, were placed in John Ryan's boat and started toward safety, as they thought, when, lo! the boat was struck by a strong current and suddenly overturned. Mother and child floated down the stream for a half square, when Mr. Artz picked up the mother in his boat just as she rose the second time, and took her to a place of safety. The child floated farther away until seen by another boatman, Mr. Riley,

who at first thought it was only a bundle of clothing that had floated out of some house. But, deciding to make sure what it was, touched it with his oar, and was surprised to find that it was a little child. Taking it into his boat he rowed away with it to the nearest landing. The child had been in the water for several minutes, and showed but little signs of life. But there happened to be present one who understood how to resuscitate those overcome in water, and after vigorous efforts the child was revived.

In the meantime, almost a square from where the accident occurred, Bob White had taken from the angry waters, the little girl whom the father had dropped when the boat capsized, and had taken her to a home where she was resuscitated and tenderly cared for. The grandfather, having been rescued from the tree and taken to the nearest landing-place, busied himself in finding the twins. In a short time both were located. A peculiar thing occurred in the home where Lois Viola had been taken. The lady of this home at first refused to give up the

baby. Thinking that the mother was drowned, she wanted to keep it as her own. In a short time the grandfather succeeded in getting the babies together, and they were taken to the home of Mr. Warren Marquardt, on Santa Clara Avenue, far above the flood line. About an hour later the mother, having been informed where her babies were by Sergeant Perry, was taken to them. Here they were made as comfortable as possible during the night, a physician taking charge of them.

In the meantime the father had been taken from the little tree and brought back to my home. From long exposure in the chilly water, and on account of the intense nervous strain, he was almost totally overcome, but during the night he regained strength and composure.

The next day word was brought to us of the safety and location of the grandfather, mother, and children, and a few hours later the father was taken to them, thus making the family circle once more complete. The joy of this reunion—well, the reader may try to imagine it.

On the following Sunday, just one year ago to-day, Mr. and Mrs. Adams and their children and Miss Stella Hicks, were taken by a brother, Mr. Nelson Hicks, to the home of their father, Dr. J. W. Hicks, at Fostoria, Ohio, where they remained several weeks. Both of the twins suffered from an attack of pneumonia, but under skillful medical treatment they recovered and to-day are hale and hearty, as evidenced by their recently taken picture which appears on this page.

This incident, with so many seeming miraculous features connected with it, was widely circulated in the newspapers at the time of its occurrence, and in some instances with only a semblance of the real facts. The writer, with other members of his family, were eye-witnesses of this entire incident, except the rescuing of the mother and twins, which took place just a little out of sight of our home. It was also witnessed by many people on Warder Street, all of whom were powerless to render aid. Cries

for human help were given, and many appeals were made for divine assistance. Only the hand of God could have controlled this tragedy so as to bring those to safety who were endangered.

Dr. C. Whitney, living just across the street from the writer, fired his revolver as a signal of distress; so did another neighbor. Some time after, when city fireman John C. Korns, who was one of the rescuers, was asked why he came with his

boat to Warder Street just when he did, said: "I was rescuing some people from their home on Plant Street, and I heard pistol shots over on Warder, which I knew meant that somebody was in distress. I left the people in their homes and went immediately in my boat to Warder Street to render whatever help I could, with the result that I saved Mr. Adams, the father of the twins."—W. O. Fries.



Editorial Chat.

Which would you rather be, useful or great? Say useful, then you'll have an excellent chance of being both.

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Long ago Jesus taught that greatness does not come from simply occupying a lofty position, but from rendering the noblest service.

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Do you want to pass the other fellow? Let me tell you how to do it: Devote your hand and head and heart more earnestly to your task than he is to his.

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How does the success of others affect you? Be not 'envious, but rejoice with them. If you can be happy over a playmate's good fortune, just as if it were your own, you have a source of happiness that will add much to your life.

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How can I best serve Jesus? is the question being asked by many boys who in recent weeks have accepted Christ as their Savior and Lord. It is an important question. Upon its answer hangs the future destiny of many a soul. There are two ways of serving Jesus. One is by sitting at his feet and hearing his words—religious meditation, and the other is by administering to his wants—Christian service.

Out Title-Page Picture.

We are pleased to have our readers see the greater portion of the members of one of our China missionary families, Mrs. C. E. Spore and children. We regret that Brother Spore does not appear in this splendid group. The picture was taken in this country before his arrival from China. This interesting family is now enjoying its furlough at York, Nebraska.

The missionary's home, with its atmosphere of parental love and devotion, and its children dedicated to God and in training for service in his kingdom, is a potent factor in transforming heathen homes.

A Fine Scene.

The boys were in a schoolroom alone together, and exploded some fireworks. One boy denied it. The other, Ben Christie, would neither admit or deny it, and was severely flogged for his obstinacy. When the boys were alone again, the real offender asked, "Why didn't you deny it?"

"Because there were only two of us, and one must have lied," said Ben.

"Then why not say I did it?"

"Because you said you didn't."

The boy's heart melted. Ben's moral gallantry subdued him. When school reassembled, the young culprit marched up to the master's desk and said: "Please, sir, I can't bear to be a liar. I let off the squibs." And he burst into tears.

The master's eyes glistened on the self-accuser, and the undeserved punishment he had inflicted on the other boy smote his conscience. Before the whole school, hand in hand with the culprit, as if he and the other boy were joined in the confession, the master walked down to where young Christie sat and said aloud: "Ben, Ben lad, he and I beg your pardon. We are both to blame."

The school was hushed and still, as other schools are apt to be when something true and noble is being done—so still that they might also have heard Ben's tears dropping on his book as he sat enjoying the mortal triumph which subdued himself as well as all the rest. And when, from want of something else to say, he gently cried, "Master forever!" the loud shout of the scholars filled the old man's eyes with something behind his spectacles which made him wipe them before he sat down again.—Sunday School Advocate.

A Boy's Gift to Missions.

A good many years ago a church up in the State of Maine undertook to support a boy in a mission school in India. This was the plan of receiving offerings: A box was kept at the home of one of the members, and people were expected to go there at any time during the week or on Sunday and leave an offering. One day a boy of ten years was given seven cents by his mother as he was starting away from home for a walk. As she gave him the money she said, "Son, perhaps you will put a cent or two into the box at Mrs. Farrar's."

When this boy became a man God called him to be a missionary. He went to Turkey and there spent many years in planting the Christian church, and in promoting Christian civilization. One day, when speaking on the subject of giving to missions, he referred to the above incident of his mother.

"When I was trudging along, I began to question, 'Shall I drop in one cent or two?' I wished mother had not said one or two.

I finally decided on two, and I felt satisfied. Five cents would buy me all I could eat, and more, too. But now, I thought, 'Five cents for yourself and two for the heathen? Five cents for gingerbread and two for souls? So I said to myself, 'Four cents for gingerbread and three for souls.' After a time, as I thought about it, I said, 'Three for gingerbread and four for the souls of the heathen.' I would not have stopped there but for my pride. The boys would find out I had only three cents to spend. But I was at Mrs. Farrar's door, and there was the box, and I had the seven cents in my hand. I said, 'I will dump them all in, and have no more trouble about it.'"

He did this, thus giving his money to send a preacher to the heathen long before he went to preach to them himself. This was Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, for thirty-nine years a missionary in Turkey, and the founder of that splendid Christian educational institution, Robert College in Constantinople.

How Our Missionaries Were Called.

It is a great moment in any person's life when there is an impression that God wants a particular kind of work done as a life-task. There is a vast multitude of Christian workers who have felt a definite call to religious work, among whom may be mentioned the splendid missionaries who are giving their lives to the establishment of God's kingdom throughout the world. Believing that our readers would be pleased to know how God first spoke to some of our own noble missionaries and impressed them with the idea of taking up foreign mission work, we have solicited and received the following:

MISSIONARY PICTURES.

My first impressions of missions that I can remember were gotten from looking at the pictures in a book that used to lie on our parlor table at home. It was an account of the Hottentots, and the life of Robert Moffat.—Bessie S. Ward.

FROM A MISSIONARY'S TALK.

When twelve years of age, immediately after my conversion, I heard one of our missionaries give a talk just before she sailed for China. After we went home from church I said to my parents that I would like to be a missionary. The next deep impression was made upon me by a talk of Mrs. West's at Mt. Lebanon Camp Meeting when Mr. Albert and I stood up side by side as a sign that we were willing to go to the foreign field if God called us.—Raymond P. Dougherty.

MAMMA'S MISSIONARY GIRL.

When not more than five years of age I remember quite well, one day while playing with my sisters, of hearing my mother say to a neighbor lady, that she wished that God might call one of her children into the ministry or to be a missionary. I said to myself, "I'll be mamma's missionary girl." I did not know what it meant, and little did I think of it till later years. But as I grew older and read and heard of the needs, I always remembered that day and what I had said.—Mrs. W. N. Wimmer.

A CHRISTIAN FATHER'S REMARK.

I very well remember my first missionary impression. My father had taken me along to a quarterly meeting held at Mar-