

FROM LADDERMAN TO DEPUTY-CHIEF

STORY OF A FIGHTER OF FIRES—HOW DAN HALE WON THE "THREE TRUMPETS," BY EPES WINTHROP SARGENT

Chapter I. THREE! Four! One! And the open window was only five feet away! Danny Hale gazed his neck nervously, lest the temptation to cross the intervening space should prove too strong. Cling-clang! Ding-dang! That was the battalion chief's bell! "Danny may tell me where the capital of Chile is."



"HE AIN'T DEAD, IS HE?" ASKED DAN.

For an instant silence. Then a subdued giggle rippled over the room. The teacher rapped sharply with her ruler, the giggle died down, and with a start Danny came back to the classroom and geography. "Danny may stay 15 minutes after school and find out where the capital of Chile is." And stay he did, though he knew very well where the hateful city was located. He did not mind the 15 minutes in the almost empty schoolroom, whose quiet was broken only by the scratch-scratch of the teacher's pen, but as the minutes hurriedly crept round to 12 he felt that his punishment was heavier than he could bear. It was his daily custom to rush straight from school to the engine-house, No. 9, to witness the noon hitch, and now—



"You wait till I grow up, I'll be a real fireman and marry you."

who eyed the insignia of honor wonderingly. "What d'ye think of that, Millie? Great, ain't it?" Then, lowering his voice

to a condescending whisper: "You wait till I grow up, I'll be a real fireman and marry you, and I'll lick any fellow on the block who laughs at your freckles." "You look like a real fireman now, Dan," she had replied, admiringly, with that look in her sweet gray eyes that always made Dan—or any one else, for that matter—forget the obnoxious freckles. And Dan had strutted proudly on the envy of every small boy he met. All this had happened two years before, and today Dan felt that his chance to become a real fireman was still far, far away. At the close of the afternoon session he confided his troubles to the ears of Cross, the friendly captain of No. 9. "I think I'll run away. School ain't any good when you want to climb ladders and save lives. That teacher don't know a hook and ladder from a chemical engine."

The clever animals always took their cues from the men. By the time that Buck, the center horse, had taken his position at the pole, the others were in place. The three men were coupling the heavy collars. In the twinkling of an eye the lines were adjusted, and the chains dropped from across the door. Hansen, the driver, reached for a pear-shaped pull above his head and gave a tug. Instantly the books holding the harness flew up to the ceiling, impelled by counterweights, and the horses plunged forward. As they did so the pipe connecting the boiler with a furnace in the cellar to keep the water at boiling point was automatically disconnected, and dropped flush with the floor as the two-horned hose-tender followed the engine out of the house. Coleman, the engineer, had already thrust into the firebox a lighted torch, and under the forced draft huge clouds of smoke poured from the funnel of old "W"; as the shavings blazed up they ignited the pine sticks built up in the fire-box like a cobhouse. Dan knew about these torches. They were six-inch wind-proof matches, and on the Fourth of July they made fine fireworks—if only you knew the engine man and ran errands for him. They were all gone and Dan stood before the empty engine-house. He did not always race after the engine. He had an odd feeling that somehow he was the man in possession after they were gone. An unworldly sense of responsibility for the house rested on his small shoulders. He was holding the captain's dime in his hand when he felt a light touch on his arm. He turned to face Millie, wide-eyed and frightened. He thought scornfully that girls always acted that way when the fire-alarm rang. "Suppose some one of these get killed?" "They won't get hurt. You ought to see 'em skin up the ladder."

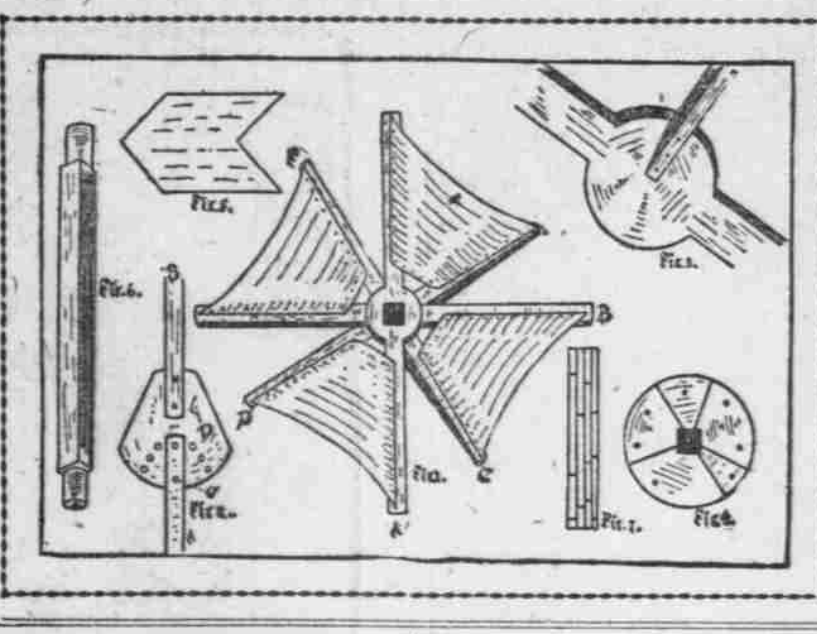
"But sometimes the walls fall and bury firemen," persisted the small borrower of trouble. A sudden terror seized the boy. What if one of No. 9's men should—this! "Here, you take good care of this!" he exclaimed, pushing Captain Cross' dime into Millie's warm, moist hand. And away he sped in the direction the engine had taken, pushing through push-carts and street-cars, for the track led through a thickly populated section. There it was at last—the pillars of smoke rising from a factory, the startled throngs barred out by the unyielding fire. Dan wriggled his way to the very foremost point attainable, and watched with a strange new feeling the work of his heroes. Old No. 9 was being hauled forth almost as thick as that which rose from the burning building. Up and down the ladders men were racing against time to save human beings penned in the great sweatshop. Occasional one of the brave, helmeted fellows was outlined against a gleaming wall of flames. Hoarse orders and screams of terror mingled, and then something like a groan went up from the crowd. A form in the familiar uniform, the helmet fallen off, was carried out of the building. There was the clang of an ambulance bell, and the throng parted. Dan gave a little cry, but no one heard it in the general confusion. Something in the drenched and smoke-grimed figure was horribly familiar. Yes—yes. It was Captain Cross. The ambulance dashed away, the throng closed in, and a burly policeman turned impatiently to a small white face raised to the level of the crowd. "He ain't dead, is he?" questioned Dan. "Dead? No. Just an ugly case of smoke." Then turning to a roundman near him, the officer added: "I'll tell you there's a captain as is a captain. He don't order his men no place where he won't go himself."

Dan with difficulty refrained from hugging the big policeman's arm, and then, turning, ran after the roundman. Perhaps they'd tell him something more about his captain. And as he tore on toward the big building which had always inspired in him the faintest of mysterious horrors, as the body of plain and unpleasant smells and instruments, a new refrain rang in his brain: "That's what I'll be some day, a captain and have him see my home, and he won't go himself—a captain what is a captain." (Copyright, 1902.)

SPORTS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

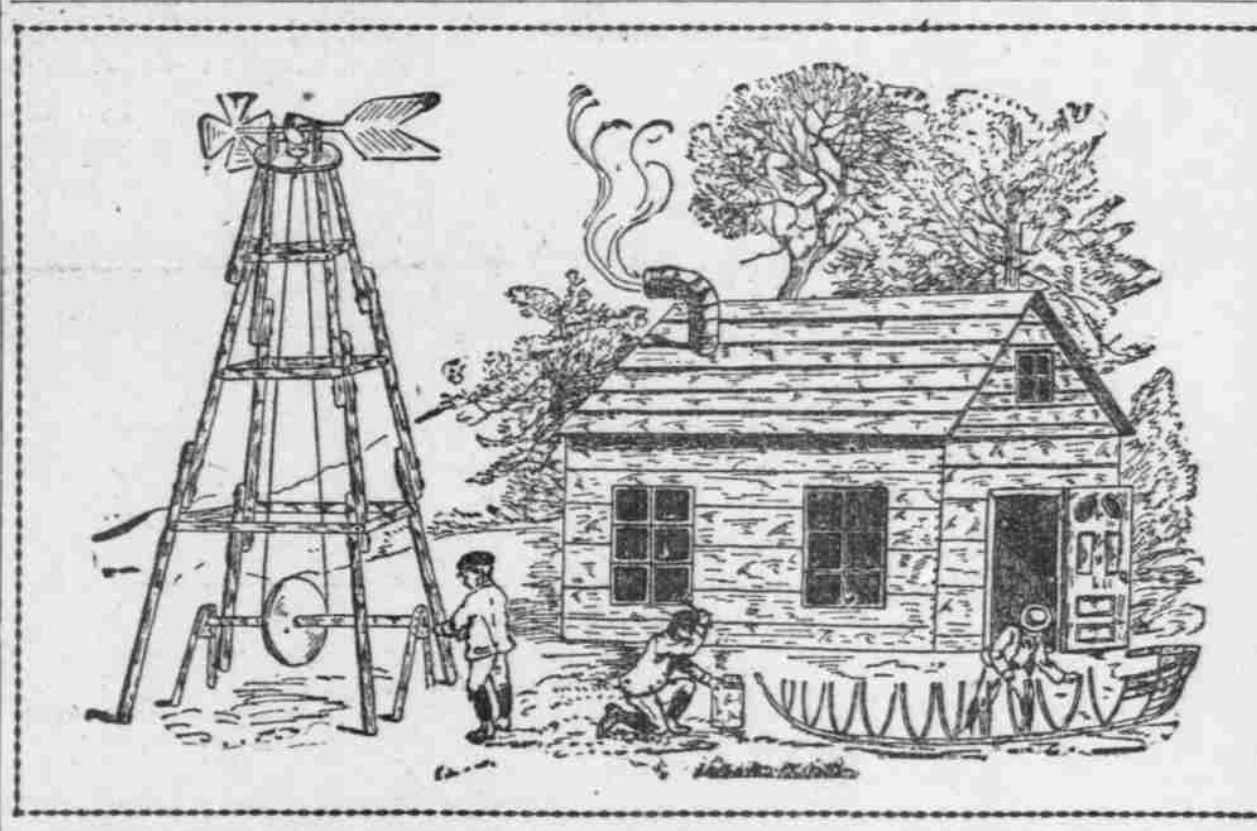
A FROLIC WITH THE WIND \* HOW TO CATCH THE SHY AND NIMBLE FELLOW AND MAKE HIM WORK

TOYS must not only have motion, but they must accomplish something. A device which will satisfy these two cravings of a boy's heart, first movement and second movement put to some use, is described here as it actually was made by three Long Island boys on the shore of Great South Bay. Figure 1 shows the wheel, very like a huge pinwheel. The size of this must depend largely upon the materials at hand—somewhere between 6 and 16 feet will make a good diameter for the wheel. The supports, A and B, are one piece. C, D, E and F are four different pieces; these slant back from the main supports, A and B, to give the wind a surface on which to act. Figure 2 shows the method of fastening the four pieces to the back of the main support, B, which, in turn, is fastened to the back of the axle. The axle, figure 3, must be made from some tough wood, preferably oak. The body of the axle is made square. This is done to prevent the windwheel from turning on the axle. The ribbon, or belt-wheel, figure 4, or A on figure 5, can be pieced together from any sort of wood. It should be about 18 inches in diameter, and perhaps six inches wide. Figure 5 shows a side view of this wheel. Figure 6 shows the large windwheel fastened to the top of the framework. In order to have a windmill go round, it is necessary that it should face the wind, and to insure this a tall piece, B, figure 8, must be fastened to the stand. It is often desirable when the wind is very strong or



where the windmill is not working that the wheel should not face directly into the wind, and for this reason the tall piece must be made movable, that is, it must be so arranged that it can be set at any angle desired. Figure 2 shows how the tall piece may be fastened at the desired angle. In order that the windwheel may face the wind, no matter what direction it comes from, it is necessary that the upper part of the windmill should turn on the

framework. Figure 9 shows an excellent way of arranging this. A on figure 9 is the bottom piece, shown in B, figure 8, and C, figure 8, are ordinary furniture casters, see figure 11. The casters allow the bottom piece as shown in D, figure 8, to run smoothly. Three such supports as figure 9 will answer to hold the bottom of the supporting framework. When the wind blows against the tall piece, the windmill moves just like an enormous weather vane. The supporting framework made for their windmill by the three Long Island boys was constructed of small saplings bolted together. A section of this is shown in figure 10. Saplings answered the purpose admirably. Any tough timber, however, will do quite as well. The bottom pieces of the framework should be imbedded in the ground to the depth of at least three feet. If two bolts are used at each joint, as indicated in the diagram, the work will be as solid as can be desired. The sails of the windmill can be made either of canvas or of unbleached muslin. If the sails are laced to the supports instead of being tacked on, they can be removed when desired. This is often essential in the case of storms, when the wind is likely to damage the wheel. The ribbon, or belt, which carries the power from the windwheel to the ground, should be made of strong canvas, hemmed at the edges. The ends are joined together with strips of soft leather. See figure 12. There are many ways in which the windmill can pay for the trouble it will cost to make it. The wheel can be made to pump water or grind the tools of the amateur workman. It can saw wood or earn money by running a printing press. In fact, the wheel will furnish a considerable amount of power, which, with a little ingenuity, can be arranged to do almost any sort of rough work.



DONALD MEETS "DR. PLAIN SPEECH" AND UNCONSCIOUSLY SEES A PICTURE OF HIMSELF \* THE DOCTOR'S DECIDEDLY NEW EXPERIENCE

A CARRIAGE was driven rapidly down the lane, while from the seat a pale lady looked anxiously back toward the quivering sofa. The tears fairly rained down his sorrow-stricken little face, and to feel sorry for him, for the branches bent low as though trying to caress him, while the blossoms drooped their leaves with a soft pitying touch on the little bowed head. "Poor lamb, poor lamb," she said indulgently, "he may as well have his cry out and then perhaps he will be glad to come to grandma for comfort." Donald cried until it seemed as though his heart would burst, and his breath came in quivering sobs. The tears fairly rained down his sorrow-stricken little face, and to feel sorry for him, for the branches bent low as though trying to caress him, while the blossoms drooped their leaves with a soft pitying touch on the little bowed head. Suddenly Donald felt a sharp tap on his shoulder and looked up very startled to behold a queer-looking little man, dressed all in green, just the shade of the leaves on the tree. "My name is Dr. Plain Speech," he said, "and people do not like me very well, although what I say to them is always for their own good. But then people do not always like the medicine which makes them well, and that is very ungrateful of them. I think, don't you?" Donald winced, but preserved a discreet silence. "Once upon a time," began Dr. Plain Speech with a sly look at Donald, "there was a little boy whose mamma had been very, very ill, and the doctor said the only thing to make her well again was to go to another climate for a few months. She begged hard to take her little boy with her, but the doctor would not listen to it, for he said she must have absolute rest. So she took the little boy out in the country to his grandmamma, who loved him dearly, and who lived on a beautiful farm where he could have all the fruit and fresh milk he wanted, and where he could

gather flowers and listen to the birds singing all day long. In this way the delicate enamel of the nail is not injured, and the under surface of the nail point is kept smooth. The French manicure, too, polish more often with a bit of chamela rather than a regular polisher, and cut the nails with a clipper instead of curved scissors. These clippers come in pairs, one for cutting the nails of each hand. Emery boards or a velvet file is recommended for the little filing needed to shape the nails. Never cut the cuticle around the nail, but press back lightly with the orangewood stick. Daily brief cure when the nail is soft from the use of soap and water is all that is needed to keep the hands in good condition with a weekly manicuring. Use lemon juice instead of any other acid to remove stains. How to Make Pastry Shells. Few cooks or housewives are equal to producing a well-made pastry shell, yet this should not be looked upon as so difficult an undertaking. The making of puff paste is quite an art, but after all, it calls for only perseverance and practice. Indulgently, "He doesn't deserve the very least bit to have a good papa and mamma and a nice farm to go to." "You wouldn't do like that, would you?" asked Dr. Plain Speech, with a very queer smile. "No, indeed," said Donald, stoutly, "I am going in the house this very minute to write to my grandmamma, and tomorrow I am going to write a long letter to my papa and to my mamma, and tell them both what a good boy I am going to be." Just as the fairy started to go away Donald remembered his manners, so he made a little bow and said: "I thank you very much, Dr. Plain Speech, for telling me such a nice story, and as I am going to be here all Summer, I hope you will come and see me again some day." "This is a decidedly new experience," said Dr. Plain Speech to himself. "It is the first time I was ever thanked for telling a person the truth about himself."

to clean the nails after each washing of the hands. In this way the delicate enamel of the nail is not injured, and the under surface of the nail point is kept smooth. The French manicure, too, polish more often with a bit of chamela rather than a regular polisher, and cut the nails with a clipper instead of curved scissors. These clippers come in pairs, one for cutting the nails of each hand. Emery boards or a velvet file is recommended for the little filing needed to shape the nails. Never cut the cuticle around the nail, but press back lightly with the orangewood stick. Daily brief cure when the nail is soft from the use of soap and water is all that is needed to keep the hands in good condition with a weekly manicuring. Use lemon juice instead of any other acid to remove stains. How to Make Pastry Shells. Few cooks or housewives are equal to producing a well-made pastry shell, yet this should not be looked upon as so difficult an undertaking. The making of puff paste is quite an art, but after all, it calls for only perseverance and practice. Indulgently, "He doesn't deserve the very least bit to have a good papa and mamma and a nice farm to go to." "You wouldn't do like that, would you?" asked Dr. Plain Speech, with a very queer smile. "No, indeed," said Donald, stoutly, "I am going in the house this very minute to write to my grandmamma, and tomorrow I am going to write a long letter to my papa and to my mamma, and tell them both what a good boy I am going to be." Just as the fairy started to go away Donald remembered his manners, so he made a little bow and said: "I thank you very much, Dr. Plain Speech, for telling me such a nice story, and as I am going to be here all Summer, I hope you will come and see me again some day." "This is a decidedly new experience," said Dr. Plain Speech to himself. "It is the first time I was ever thanked for telling a person the truth about himself."

ERIC AND THE COLONEL

THE LAD LEARNS THAT MORE THAN BRAVERY IS REQUIRED OF A SOLDIER

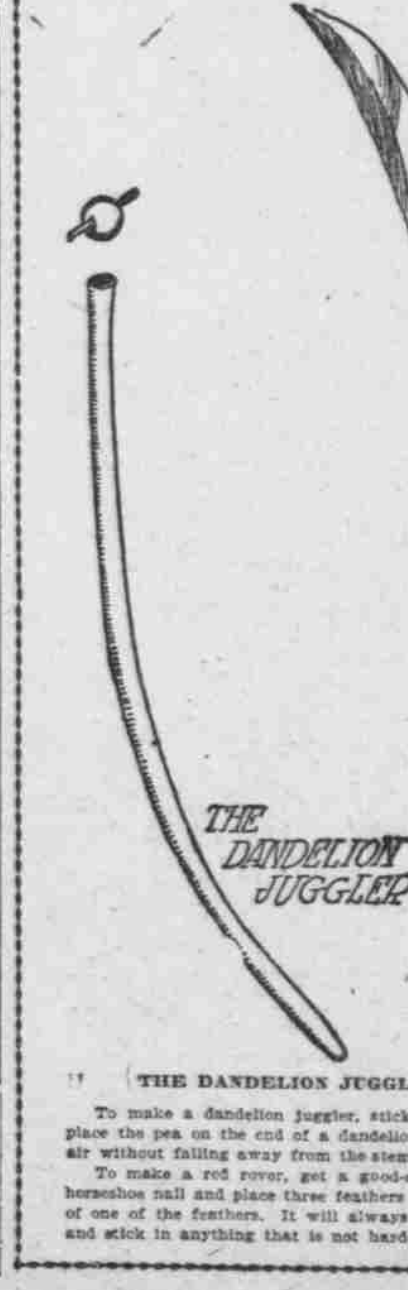
SOMEWHERE, on the South Side of Chicago, there lives a boy whom we call Eric Brown. His father died when Eric was a baby, and his mother, a frail little body, has been obliged to leave Eric to the care of nurse and governess. Eric's mother is very rich, and the two live, when at home, in a splendid house with a great many servants to wait upon them. A year ago Eric was what folks call a "spoiled boy." He wanted his own way constantly, and if anything chanced to prevent his having it he made things unpleasant for those near him. The servants yielded to their young master rather than have him torment them, and Eric grew to believe that he lived only to please himself and to command others to please him. And then—but this is the story.

After a year ago, the doctor advised Eric's mother to take a trip across the ocean to the beautiful country on the other side. Eric accompanied his mother. On the steamer that bore them across, Mrs. Brown became acquainted with her son, and the more she knew of him the more she was ashamed of him. But she kept hoping he would change for the better, and did all she could to help him. He was such a lovely little lad at times, it seemed a pity he should spoil the memory of them by being disagreeable and ill-mannered at others.

Eric took no notice of him whatever. This to a boy who was accustomed to being made much of, was hard to endure. They remained for dress parade, and Eric thought the men looked very fine in their soldier suits, and his uncle's dress of all with his medals glittering on his breast. But somehow Eric could not look his uncle in the eye coming home; he felt small and miserable and unhappy. For the first time in his life he was realizing that he was not what he thought himself to be. After dinner that evening the Colonel and Mrs. Brown went out on the terrace to walk and enjoy the gloaming. Eric sat back of the curtains at the open drawing-room window and watched the two wistfully. Had his mother been alone the Colonel pressed his lips close together and left the room, looking very stern. Eric and his uncle were seated in the library one afternoon looking at some pictures, when a very old lady, the Colonel's aunt, entered the room. Instantly the Colonel arose. Eric remained seated. The Colonel said quickly: "Eric, do you not see a lady is with us and you are occupying the most comfortable chair in the room."

him to stand the test of soldiership. Poor Eric! The blow came to his eyes. It was a severe lesson for a little lad, you see. But suddenly he straightened and looked up. "I guess my grandfather Brown was a state where a war boy waved his hand, and I guess I can be brave as he was if I try," he said breathlessly. "And you will try, Eric. Oh, you will, my boy," was his mother who spoke, and now her eyes were shining, too. "Yes, mamma; I will." "Only four words. But how they made Mrs. Brown's face light with a happy smile and how they made the Colonel's right hand shoot out and take hold of Eric's, "just as if I was a man and a soldier," as Eric said afterward to his dear mother. This happened a year ago. That Eric has kept his word any one who knows him will tell you. It has been very difficult to do sometimes—bad habits have suited the way of sticking to one's word keeps on bravely trying. And today he is the kind of a boy that not only the Colonel admires, but the kind that makes his mother say softly sometimes: "You are growing so like your father, laddie. Such a comfort you are to me."

Eric stretched unconsciously when he saw his uncle's fine military figure. "I'll be a soldier myself some day," Eric said to himself. During the days that followed Colonel Montgomery opened his eyes while observing his impetuous young nephew. Once it seemed as if the Colonel were going to reprimand Eric, who had been unusually wilful and trying. But instead the Colonel pressed his lips close together and left the room, looking very stern. Eric and his uncle were seated in the library one afternoon looking at some pictures, when a very old lady, the Colonel's aunt, entered the room. Instantly the Colonel arose. Eric remained seated. The Colonel said quickly: "Eric, do you not see a lady is with us and you are occupying the most comfortable chair in the room."



When the Band Plays on the Beach. There is magic in the music when the band plays on the beach. Echoes from the deep-sea caverns where the sounding waters reach. Rhythmic, whistling, tripping dances, which the swirling wavelets reach. Twenty thousand forms dejected, moping, sleeping through the day. In a flash are resurrected when the band begins to play! All the crowd is in commotion, loungers leave their beds of sand, Myriad feet with measured motion moving to the music-stand. Barefoot children shout with laughter as the stony path they climb. Portly men follow after, wheezing hard in perfect time. All the little folks are dancing, joy transforms each happy face. Backward now and now advancing, posing with unsteady grace; Cheering crowds with bliss ecstatic munch, unheeding cultured scorn. Quizzes of peanute, aromatic, pecks of juicy, fresh popcorn. Sombre cynics, who were napping when the band began to play. Find their frisky feet a-tapping in a long-forgotten way. Men with tender like a thistle from some art-dinner pain. Set their soles like to whistle as they catch the lilt of the strain; Weary faces lose their wrinkles, crying babies laugh and leap, Till the far-off music tinkles in the rainbow caves of sleep. Waves of melody entrancing, floating outward to the sea. Meet the ocean waves advancing, and in harmony agree. Till the bathers feel the swaying of the rhythmic water there, And, the impulse glad obeying, float forgetful of all care. Neptune dances in the hollow of a crystal vault. With the mermaids fair that follow where the coral cardens grow; And the world itself is swinging where the waves are free. To the magic music rings when the band plays on the beach. —John Mervin Hull, in the July Lippincott's.

THE DANDELION JUGGLER AND THE RED ROVER.

Eric needed no second bidding, and for that day steered clear of the Colonel. He might have done so the next day also had it not been for the memory of a promise his uncle had made to take him to the barracks. But once they were started, Eric wished himself almost any other place. His un-