

FROM LADDERMAN TO DEPUTY-CHIEF

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

Chapter II.

Cross in. "Cross, captain of engine, stirred in the depths of his armchair, and removed the bandage that lay cool and moist over his smoke-inflamed eyes. "Oh, is it you, lad?" as Danny Hale crept in. "Sit down."

"I don't want to bother you," the boy said, "but Coleman said you were up here and didn't want to report sick. So I brought you tobacco."

"What tobacco?" asked Cross, forgetting the time he had handed the boy just before 4-5-3 truck.

"Don't you remember," prompted Dan, "you gave me a dime and just then some one pulled a box and you choked to death? Here is the tobacco!"

Cross took the proffered package. "Much obliged, Dan," he said, smiling, "but I guess I've had smoke enough for today."

Quick tears of sympathy sprang into the boy's eyes. "It was afraid you were dead when I saw 'em carry you out, all still like. Do your eyes hurt much?" as Cross puffed back the bandage.

"They smart some, but they'll be all right in a couple of days. It's all part of the life!"

Dan had always been a little afraid of Cross, as one to be looked up to by even the men. Here in the darkened room the boy saw Cross, the sufferer.

"It's going to be my life some day," he volunteered—"that is if I can get in. Do you think I can?" His earnest face was aglow.

Cross smiled. "If enthusiasm were all, you are one of us now, my boy." (To Dan the words "one of us" was like music.)

"But there is the civil service and the pull, to say nothing of the training school."

The glow faded. "Don't you think I've got a show?" he pleaded.

Cross laughed softly. "You've got one that's best of all, Dan. You have love of your work. The rest will come. How old are you?"

"Fourteen last month."

"Plenty of time. You can't be examined till you are 21. You will have to be at least 5 feet 7 inches and weigh not less than 135 pounds. You must be able to show a common school education and be familiar with the city streets. For the rest, leave tobacco and drinks alone, for a smoker's heart or a taste for drink will bar you out of the department, no matter what your pull. You have to be strong and active, for some other lives than your own may depend on your strength and skill."

Two days later Dan induced his father to let him join a gymnasium. He worked hard at the weights, resolutely turning his back on the more attractive rings and swings till he had gained muscle.

Cigarette smoking was a habit he had never acquired. At times he wondered why Cross smoked while preaching against it, and one day the Captain caught a look in Dan's eye as the boy turned over a package of tobacco for which he had been sent.



BUCK WAS AFTER THE ENGINE FULL SPEED.

sidewalk was clear. Dan pulled sharply on the left rein. For an awful instant Buck left on, then turned, and with a crash, the two-wheeled butcher cart was on the sidewalk. The wagon toppled dangerously, while baskets, steaks and joints flew out. Then it righted, with Dan still in the seat. There was another crash as Buck left the sidewalk, and he was running again on the smooth asphalt, the child unconscious of the awful fate from which he had been saved, shouting in excitement.

A couple of blocks beyond stood the engine, puffing noisily, and Buck swung into line as docilely as though running away were something of which he had never heard.

Then Dan turned and drove back for the baskets. Akron, the big policeman, who had known Dan ever since he had worn kilts, had already collected the things for him, and grinned affably as the young fellow came along.

"Well, me boy," he shouted, "I ought to arrest ye for fast driving, but I guess Buck is more to blame. Sullivan, here, wants to speak to ye," drawing aside to give place to Pat Sullivan, the district leader, who was pushing his way through the crowd.

"Dan," he said, huskily, "you saved my boy, and he's everything to me. Unless the organization goes back on me, ye never heard. Then Dan turned and drove back for the baskets. Akron, the big policeman, who had known Dan ever since he had worn kilts, had already collected the things for him, and grinned affably as the young fellow came along."

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shall have the blue suit as soon as ye pass the civil service. Come round tomorrow."

And Cross, who had pulled up on the outskirts of the crowd, cried: "Yes, Dan, and we'll make a driver of you."

THE FOX AND THE FARMER.

They have a little chat, and the Animal Tells Secrets.

"The trouble with you," said the fox, as he came up and sat down before the farmer, who was resting on the top rail of the fence, "is that you don't understand me. I've got to live, the same as you have, and like you, I prefer fowl to any other meat. I pick up a rabbit now and then, and sometimes I make a meal out of field mice, but I must have a fowl now and then as a relish. I don't pass a bird of any sort if I can get hold of him, and if nothing better comes in my way at the moon and star garden vegetables."

"I've set a trap for you 50 times over, but you have never put your foot in it," growled the farmer.

"That's my good luck. You see, I was born with a nose on me. If you pick up a stick and carry it 10 feet and throw it down I can smell you for two days after. It's little use to set traps for me. I can smell them yards away, and I know their use. You have now and then set a spring-gun, hoping to blow my head off, but I scented the gun the same as the traps."

"But my old dog is too much for you." "Oh, yes, when he sees me," laughed the fox, "but he was asleep when I carried off that last goose. As for speed, why, I can run two feet to your dog's one, and even when he is awake I can creep up and play with his tail. A dog is all right in a field, but he can't dig out. You can dig a hole pretty fast with a spade, but I can beat you with my paws. If you ever try to dig a fox out of his burrow in the hillside you'll find that he can dig in faster than you can dig out. I have seen water all over the floors of your barn in the Spring, but you won't find any in my burrow. I know how to dig drains to carry it off. If you find a woodchuck in a hole you

can thrust in a stick and twist it into his fur and pull it out, but my burrow has three or four turns to it. You can't smoke nor drown me out, and should you send a dog in he'd have a hot time of it. "I've heard say you were pretty cunning when the hounds were after you." "Yes? It's not for me to brag, but I've had a score of hounds after me a dozen times over, and always got clear of them. I know enough to jump into a creek to hide my scent and to run along on the tops of walls and get among sheep. It isn't a month ago that I got among a flock and ran a mile or more with them, and of course, the dogs lost my scent. I also have a little way of doubling back that causes the dogs much trouble. They'll get sight of me on ahead and set out to do their best, but the first thing they know I'm back where the chase started from. I'm no climber, like the coon or wildcat, but now and then I scramble up a leaning tree and take refuge in the top of a thick bush, and thus come out ahead."

"As to my ears, there are none sharper, and if you had on a dozen pairs of spectacles you couldn't see as well as I do without any. There have been occasions when I have been chased by the hounds that I have entered dwelling-houses and crept under the bed, and thus bothered hounds and men, and once I sprang through an open cellar window and landed in a barrel of soft soap and almost scared an old woman into fits."

"Again, I jumped into an empty well bucket hanging in a well and was carried down to the water, and later on, when a boy drew me up, he yelled out at sight of me and ran away as hard as he could. I suppose all these things were talked about, and perhaps you read of them in the papers, but a fox has little time to listen to stories or look over the daisies."

"Any more smart things about you?" asked the farmer, as he made ready to go.

"Only a few," replied the fox. "No one has much use for a live fox, but the fur of a dead one is fashionable, and sells at good price. Your wife or daughter will tell you that. Rugs and lap robes also are made of foxskins, and in Russia every nobleman has a foxskin cap. That's enough for this time, however. I just came out of my burrow to have a little chat with you by daylight, but tonight I'll call around after a fat hen, and you needn't bother to get up if you hear her squeaking."

The Fine Woods. We stand upon the moorish mountain side, From age to age, a solemn company; There are no voices in our path, but we hear the great whirlwinds roaring loud and wide: And like the sea waves have our boughs replied.

From the beginning, to their stormy close; The thunder rolls above us, and some times smites with his bolt, yet doth the race abide, Answering all times; but joyous, when the sun glints on the peaks that clouds no longer hide, And the young shoots to flourish have begun, And the quick seeds through the blue odorous air.

From the expanding comes fall one by one; And silence as in temples dwelt there— John, Lord Hamner.

"FOXEY," A NEW FIELD GAME FOR BOYS

HOW IT IS PLAYED AND HOW TO MAKE THE RING AND THE STICKS. BY J. CARTER BEARD

A GAME that allows for great individuality of play and gives opportunity for energetic action always is popular. A boy is not a lazy animal when it comes to a matter of play. New games that appear too easy and call for no special effort, either mental or physical, usually are called a girl's game, and are quickly and forever cast aside by all self-respecting boys, and by most of the modern girls, too.

The game of "Foxy," which I describe here, is a new addition to modern sports. Its vital principle is that of throwing a heavy wooden ring with the swiftness and accuracy of baseball, using two sticks to handle and throw it.

Like football, lacrosse and baseball, foxy needs a large field to bring out its best points; but just as in the case of the other games mentioned a great deal of fun may be had by playing even in a cramped space.

The regulation field is 40 yards from the center of one circle to the center of the other. See the diagram of the field. The circles, or goals, are 15 feet in diameter. The neutral ground is five feet across, each of the two central lines marking the neutral ground is 1 1/2 feet from the center of the nearest goal. There is no limit to the distance a man may run each side of or behind the circles. When selecting a field, of course, choose ground which is fairly level, and, if possible, a space where the grass is short enough to make running easy.

Almost any number of boys may play foxy, but the regular team is made up of six players; number one is right guard, number two plays left guard, number three is right advance, number four plays left advance, number five is center, and number six is goal.

There are no absolute rules regarding the exact position that each player shall occupy, except that the goal must keep within his circle. There is, however, a generally accepted line-up and this is given in the diagram.

There is very little difference in the relative value of each player to the success of the team, but there is a great deal of difference in the sort of skill required for each position.

The goal must be an expert at catching the ring, but he need not necessarily be very proficient at throwing the ring. Right and left advance, on the other hand, must be able to throw with great speed and accuracy, but except in the case of a "feint," which will be explained later, they are seldom called on to catch the ring.

Center is a very important position, as the boy occupying it, with the help of the guards, defends the goal.

The player who has the longest reach usually is selected for this position, because it is played so close to the line that the ring generally passes him at express train speed and there is no time to run for it. If he cannot capture it by merely reaching out, the ring is almost sure to pass him, and it then will remain with the guards to save the day.

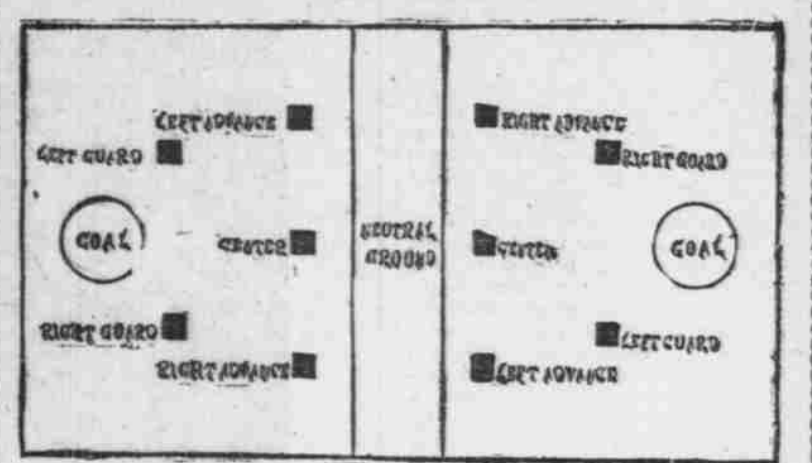
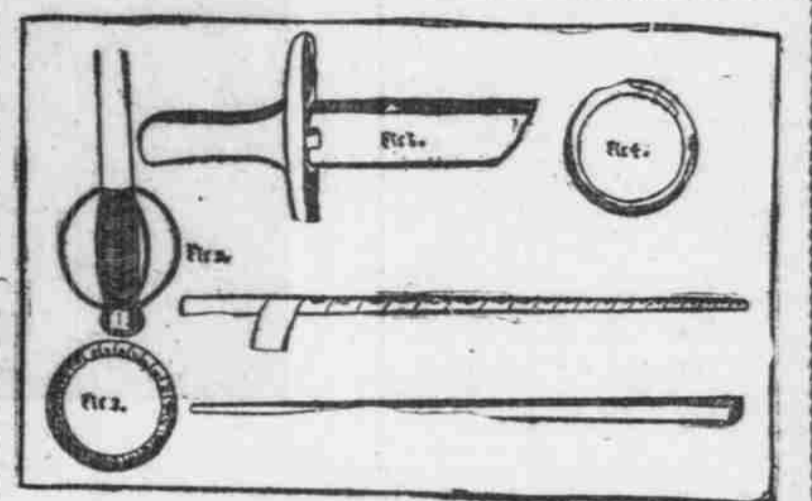
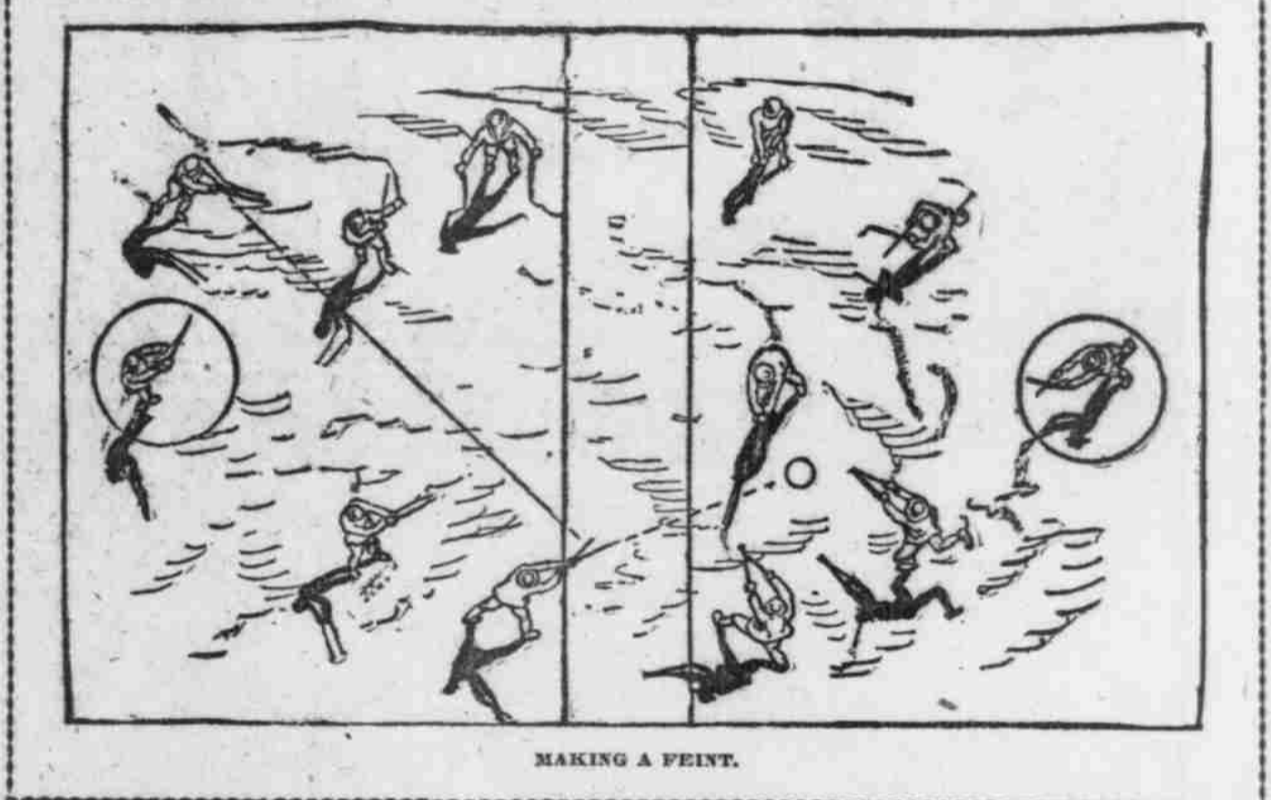


DIAGRAM OF THE FIELD.



THE STICKS AND THE RING.



MAKING A FEINT.

GARDEN GOSSIP

A collection of humorous illustrations of vegetables with human-like faces and speech bubbles. The illustrations include a potato, a bean, a cucumber, a tomato, and a pumpkin. The speech bubbles contain jokes such as: 'A POTATO, WHILE ON ITS WAY TO CHURCH, SAID TO A LIMA BEAN UP ON ITS PERCH, "I'M GOING TO WORSHIP REST AND PRAY, AS I FEEL OF EARTH QUITE EARTHY TO DAY"', 'A LETTUCE WALKING OUT ONE DAY, LAID ITS HEAD SO LOW IT SAW A PUMPKIN WHO HAPPENED TO BE ON THE SCENE, SAID IT CAME FROM BEING SO GREEN.'

A goal made after a ring has been passed more than twice by the same side will count for that side, but they will have to sacrifice 10 for each pass over the two allowed, and the sacrifice is made even if the goal is missed.

The ring is not dead unless it touches the ground or is caught by a goalman. A player making a fair catch may try for a goal either by feint or loft or direct play, without giving the slightest warning or in any way preparing his opponents for his play.

The outfit necessary for "Foxy" consists of two sticks for each player and one ring for the crowd. The sticks vary, according to the individual tastes of the players, from two to three feet in length. The rings are eight inches across, measuring from the inside edge. Willow, rattan or some other pliable wood will answer to make rings (figure 6). Almost any wood can be bent if it is first steamed.

It will facilitate the work if this is partly sawed through as shown in figure 3.

When the wooden ring has been fastened into proper shape, sheath the wood and wind it with strips of heavy woolen cloth or canvas. Over this wrap a covering of well-waxed twine. Figure 1 shows the shape of the stick ordinarily used. It is made of hard wood and should be kept well oiled so that the ring will slip easily over its surface. Figure 2 is a round stick, wrapped with silk tape. While this is more supple than the square form, and is much advocated by some players for its toughness and spring, there is sure to be a slight ridge where the edges of the tape meet, and this, to the mind of the majority of boys, more than counterbalances whatever good qualities the wound sticks may possess.

Figures 5 and 6 are two different styles of guard—the basket guard and the ordinary cross guard. The basket guard is made from light strips of bamboo, the ends of which are tucked under the twine which is wrapped about the handle. The cross guard is merely a rectangular piece of wood, with a hole in the center, slipped over the stick and held in place by a wedge driven through the stick.

Of course, as with all games, the rules do little more than lay the game before the boys. As they learn the game they will perceive all kinds of intricate plays, and if a boy will gather a few friends and give the game a trial I believe he will soon realize what a fascinating one it is.

Circumvention of Files. Salt Lake Tribune.

Josiah Frye, a well-known resident of Sugar House Ward, has discovered a method of protecting horses and cattle against the annoyance of black flies and other troublesome insects. It consists in brief of sponging the animal lightly every other day with a mixture of coal oil and water in equal quantities. Mr. Frye says he has tried this remedy on his own horses with great success, and that the flies cannot endure the kerosene and give the horse a wide berth. Mr. Frye says the liquid should not be used in sufficient amount to wet the skin, but should be only slightly spread over the hair.