

FROM LADDERMAN TO DEPUTY CHIEF

STORY OF A FIGHTER OF FIRES & HOW DAN HALE WON THE "THREE TRUMPETS"

DANNY HALE recovered consciousness half an hour after he had rescued seven men from the smoke-choked cellar of the River-street warehouse. But for three weeks he was on the sick list and lay in a darkened room, with cooling bandages on his eyes. The papers rang with praise of the young hero, and in one of them was printed a picture, which to this day hangs, gorgeously framed, in the Hale parlor.

When he could see fairly well he was asked to be put back on duty, and the medical officer, realizing that the man chafed at inaction, ordering him to the fireboat "Corbyn." This was the newest of the river fleet and the most powerful marine fire-fighter in the country. The huge 20-horsepower engine could drive her through the water at racing speed or send a four-inch stream of water that was so strong that an ax actually could not cut through it. Working behind shields, the men had a comparatively easy time. They were called on only to quench harbor fires and answer calls in the shipping district, where a line of extra large hose could be run several blocks inland, supplying the firemen with four streams, if necessary. The boat was an easy berth and was the haven for firemen who had served a long period in the department, or who were slightly disabled.

Dan enjoyed the soft summer nights on deck. The boat lay at one end of the



RAISING HIS ARMS, HE CAUGHT HER AS SHE FELL.

at Dan as the latter saluted, and the chief, noticing this, drew Dan aside.

"Benton has the place the men think should be yours, Hale," he said, after a preliminary inquiry as to the young man's health. "But the job satisfied Benton. I would have taken you in the morning when Hansen was still with us, only I saw you could be more than a driver. Dr. Wolfe suggests that you be kept here at least two weeks longer. When you go back to six you will wear on your collar a pair of insignias with the single 'ax' (the badge of lieutenant)."

"And some day I hope to see you with three trumpets on your cap" (deputy chief). "I'm proud of such men as you, and I have brought the news ahead of the formal notification because I wanted to be first to congratulate you."

Corbyn's warm grasp meant more to Dan than newspaper praise, and later, when Chief Cross, with his gentle voice, came down to thank and congratulate him, Dan was the proudest man in the department.

He was on the dock, talking to Cross, when a huge river boat came speeding toward the pier below. In the path of the boat was a small sloop launch from one of the yachts. As the steamer swept on, a cry went up from the merry party in the stern of the launch, but it was too late for the big boat to back.

The steel hull clipped through the dainty cedar launch, and in another moment its passengers were foundering in the water. The wash fortunately threw the entire party out of the way, and the screw did not touch the four men and six women fighting for life in the water.

Dan was confused, and in a second he had kicked off his boots and was swimming toward them. Now he had cause to be thankful for the boyhood baths, taken in the wash of the ferryboats. He was used to the swirling water, and when the boats picked up the party he was keeping two young women afloat. At the landing the police, who had hurried to the scene, regarded him enviously. "You're in luck," one exclaimed. "They're the daughters of Rockland, the millionaire."

Dan was again a newspaper hero, but the notoriety did not spoil his honest, simple nature, and the only clipping he cherished was an interview with Corbyn, in which the chief remarked:

"Hale apparently finds it necessary to save from fire or water in order that he may enjoy his dinner."

This was even better than the visit of Mr. Rockland and his daughters, Grace and Audrey. In the course of which a \$2000 check was made over from Dan to the widows' and orphans' pension fund. Audrey took an especial fancy to Dan.

and insisted that he should be a guest at her coming-out party a few weeks later. Dan laughingly consented, but not until square envelope with the enclosed invitation arrived did he realize what he had done.

"Got your dress suit?" asked Frank, as he returned the invitation he had been reading.

"No, have I got to?" queried Dan, anxiously regarding his chief, with cold perspiration breaking out on his brow.

Frank nodded. "Absolutely necessary, and you know you promised."

As the week went by, even this ordeal seemed less fearful, and in the end Dan even consented to show himself in all his glory at the fire house before he went to the Rockland mansion.

His pretty companion, he shared honors with English Baroness, and the writer of a popular novel. The male guests were slightly inclined to gild him, but his physique and bearing did not invite chaffing. He had learned to dance in the old Wallalla Hall days, and while some of the new figures confused him a little, he went through every number valiantly. He was enjoying himself thoroughly when he heard the familiar cry of "Fire!" It was his day off, but from force of habit he hurried to the window and tore aside the curtains.

The house opposite was ablaze. He dashed out of the door and down the street to the nearest alarm box, then he rushed back. At a third story window stood two women and a child. The room next to them was burning. The flames, bursting from the window, had parted one of the ropes holding a scaffold left by stonemasons at the conclusion of their day's work. The scaffold, merely a ladder, covered with a rope which had fallen to the ground, now dangled from the other rope.

Dan, with the help of a policeman, swung it around until it rested against the building. Although the ladder was short by 15 feet, Dan acted a piece of rope which had been burned off and with it over his shoulder, he climbed the ladder, catching the rope on the top rung, he fastened it around his body, in place of the usual life belt.

"Drop the little girl," he commanded. The woman hesitated.

"I am a fireman," he called. "Don't be afraid. I'll catch her."

They passed her over the sill, and, raising his arms, he caught her as she fell. The shock was tremendous, and for a moment it seemed that the rope must break or the ladder topple over. Then he swung in by one leg, which he had thrust through a rung higher up than that on which his foot rested. He passed the child behind his back and made her hold tight to his leg.

A clang sounded in the street below. He knew the bell. It was 13 engine. Help was coming. Again he held out his arms.

"Drop!" he commanded. The shock this time was still more violent, but the ladder held. As he caught the woman he felt that the strain where the child had clasped him was relieved. There was another fireman on the ladder and he had taken the child down.

The flames now threatened to break through the window in front of which he was working, but he heard the chug-chug of old 13, and a second later water dashed against the side of the building. Again he held out his arms, and once more felt the vertiginous shock. Then he cast off the rope and climbed down the ladder with the woman. As he reached the last rung, the top of the ladder burned off and fell to the ground with a crash.

Chief Corbyn was on the sidewalk, directing half a dozen policemen, but he turned as Dan passed.

"At it again, eh?" he said jokingly. "It was a pretty rescue, as I ever saw. I admire your nerve, but I can't say much for the dress suit."

THE LAZY PRINCESS AND HER MASTER

BEING THE STORY OF A YOUNG ROYAL WOMAN WHO WAS TOO INDOLENT ALTOGETHER

THE King of Whereville was a great monarch; his dominions stretched so far that it took him time to sit down and count over the duchies and the principalities that paid him tribute. But he had his troubles. Greater than the care of 30 kingdoms was the care of his only child, the Princess Hereabout.

The King, like most Kings, knew very little about bringing up children. So when the Queen died, and left the toddling blue-eyed baby, his chancellor advised him to select a dozen ladies-in-waiting, whose duty would be the education of the little Princess in a way suitable for the heiress to a throne.

The ladies-in-waiting in their liberal way soon acquired for her a whole army of nurses—a bathers, a dresser, a comb and brusher, a nurse to rock her in a cradle, a nurse to watch while she slept, a nurse to take her out in the royal coach or in her own royal baby carriage, and there were scores of pretty little girls who were brought to the palace every day to amuse and keep her from crying.

Indeed His Majesty gave imperative orders that her Royal Highness should never be allowed to cry, the court physician had assured him it would be bad for her lungs, and consequently when the Princess Hereabout puffed her eyebrows and drew down the corners of her rosy mouth, there was consternation in the palace. The ladies-in-waiting flew about like distracted hens; the nurses and maids were simply panic-stricken; the little girls danced until their feet ached and sang till their voices were hoarse; but so they were brought out and the mechanical toys were all wound up. Everybody did everything to prevent the catastrophe of a hard cry, and all felt richly repaid if the Princess deigned to smile.

When she reached the age of 15, she had her court under her despotic little thumb, and she grew so accustomed to saying "Do this—do that—bring me so and so"—and to having her attendants spring away in all directions to do her bidding, that she became dreadfully lazy.

The Princess Hereabout was so very beautiful and so great an heiress, that suitors began to appear in her father's kingdom; but the King had resolved that his daughter should choose her own husband, and each noble youth on his arrival at the palace was made one of the Princess' special guards, in order that he might study her wishes, and thereby fit himself to become the husband of as great a personage.

Almost all of them were King's sons, but the Princess made them fetch and carry for her just as every one else did. Only she took good care to get them into the kitchen, and make them wash the dishes, and run errands for her, and so on, till night, not daring to complain for fear of being considered unsuitable matches.

One day a stranger knocked at the palace gate. He was a tall, well-knit youth.

"I would speak with your master, the King," he said in a loud, clear voice, and he walked after the head steward straight to the audience hall, where the King sat upon his throne. He was richly, but oddly, dressed, not at all in the fashion of the court. His thick yellow hair fell over a great tiger skin, which was clasped on his left shoulder with a gorgeous sapphire buckle; a short tunic of gay embroidery came to his knees, and he wore close-fitting riding boots richly embroidered. A sword clanked by his side.

"My name is Wolfram of the Mountain," he announced, as he bowed before the King. "and I come as a suitor for your daughter's hand. My father is dead, and I rule my people, and I want a wife. I have heard that the Princess Hereabout is beautiful—if she pleases me I will marry her."

The courtiers gasped, but the King only smiled.

"Go summon the Princess," he said to an attendant, and a few minutes later the Princess, borne in a gilded chair by six of her suitors, was carried through the audience hall and placed near the throne.

Young Wolfram's hand tightened on his sword and his breath came fast. The women of his country were strong and comely, but this fairy creature seemed scarcely of earth. He never had seen such a radiant vision.

The Princess gazed at him curiously for a moment. Then her eyes fell, for she was not accustomed to being stared at. All the Princess who did her bidding scarcely raised their eyes above their pointed toes, they knew better.

"My daughter," said the King of Whereville, "we have here before us a young gallant who comes to seek your favor at court."

"No—no favor—I beg your majesty's pardon—Wolfram of the Mountain asks no favors: I heard your daughter, the Princess Hereabout, was fair. I came to see if she would be a fitting wife for me, and I find her."

"Well, well," said the Princess, impatiently tapping her slippered foot. "Quite to my liking," he answered, with a low bow.

The court burst into laughter; the King shook on his throne; the Princess hid her dimpling face behind her fan; the ladies-in-waiting were forced to roll their eyes at his boldness. But, not the Princess beckoned to him with her fan, and he came obediently and stood before her.

"I am not yet ready for marriage," Sir Wolfram of the Mountain said, "but if you care to stay at my court until such time as I set apart to select a husband, you are welcome to enter my service in company with these Princesses who wait upon my pleasure."

The keen eye of the young gallant traveled over the gay, smiling throng, which he topped by head and shoulders.

"Will stay," he said, "until such time."

"Good!" said the Princess, graciously extending her hand to be kissed, but Wolfram unhesitatingly took such ceremony in his own country, made no motion to take it. The Princess grew red with anger.



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ger, and this time no one dared to laugh. "Come," she said, haughtily. "I will go back to my apartments."

The more he saw of the court the more did the wild young chieftain long for his mountains, but the beauty of the Princess Hereabout made him forget his own. When she would choose a husband was fast approaching. There was to be a pageant in which the Princess and other noble suitors would put forth great magnificence, and there were feasts of arms, running and wrestling, in which they would all take part. Meantime he watched the doings of his comrades with open scorn, and one day he felt driven to speak his mind.

"Where are you going?" he asked, laying his hand on the shoulder of a hurrying youth.

"On an errand for the Princess. Do not keep me; there is haste in it. I must see the bell-founder. The great bell is to be put in place in the steeple today, but her Royal Highness is too tired to go to the church, and she wishes the bell brought here, that she may look at it from her window."

"Humph! All this will take time, and be much trouble to the founder. Nothing can take too much time or be too much trouble when the Princess wills it," replied the little suitor; whereupon



HE TURNED HASTILY TO SEE THE PRINCESS, HER LANGUOR FORGOTTEN, WAVING THE GOLD EMBROIDERED SCARF.

Wolfram gave him a push, and walked away disgraced for this sort of thing occurred every day.

The Princess never went to see things. Everything was brought to her; even the corner-stone of the King's new palace was carried to her door, that the ceremonies might take place far away from the crowd, for if she rode among her people she would have to bow and smile continually in answer to the cheers, and that, of course, would make her very tired.

Wolfram became angry when he saw the whole court in a turmoil over her impossible requests.

"Just let her try me," he said to himself, after the last absurdity when the shipmaster had to procure 200 mules to haul a ship on land that the Princess might christen it the more conveniently from her own veranda.

Presently the date of the pageant was announced at court, and there was great commotion. A gorgeous colonnade was erected in front of the Princess' apartments, so that she could step from her window and view the splendor of the field beyond with no undue exertion.

There were to be no prizes for this jousting, save a rare scarf, embroidered in gold, which the Princess would take from about her waist and pin upon the shoulder of the victor.

It was a great show, and the eyes of many eagerly followed the towering form of Wolfram of the Mountain as each combat proved his prowess. All around rose murmurs of his probable victory, as preparations went forward for the final contest; but of a sudden the Princess called a page, and, slipping off a ring, bade him take it to Sir Wolfram, and desire his immediate presence. He came, buckling on his armor, and as he approached he saw a frown on the lovely face.

"I sent for you, Sir Wolfram, because I am quite provoked; it is ask me just in front of my people, my view of the lists. You have your battle ax, I see. A few strokes will show it down. Please remove it at once."

Wolfram stood still and looked at her calmly, while the red mounted to his face.

"You mean the giant tree below, your highness?"

"Twere a pity," he said. "This my will," she replied, "and to you I give the task."

"It has stood for many years."

"It must go now—I cannot see."

"It could count its centuries: in your father's father's father's time—it is old."

"It is in my way," repeated the Princess; "it shall be felled, and your ax and arm are the strongest; you have proved it—prove it further and do my bidding."

"I will not!" declared Wolfram, and he struck the handle of his ax so heavily on the wooden floor that many of the Ladies-in-Waiting uttered terrified shrieks. The sound reached the King's pavilion, and he and the Chancellor hurried out to learn the cause of the disturbance. The combatants, too, crowded from the lists. Trouble in the Princess' quarters meant ill for them. They found her highness speechless with anger. She was dazed before her court; Wolfram stood leaning on his battle-ax, pale but resolute.

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He started a quick look at her, dropped his ax, strode hastily forward and caught her up, chair and all, bearing her swiftly to the upper end of the colonnade, so swiftly that she had no time for words before he sat her down again.

"The field is clear, your Highness. The obstacle is removed," he said, with a low bow he went back to pick up his battle-ax, but the sound of dying feet made him turn hastily to see the Princess—her languor quite forgotten—waving the gold-embroidered scarf.

"The victory is yours, Sir Wolfram of the Mountain," she cried, in a clear, sweet voice, no she plucked it on his shoulder, just under the tiger's claws.

"The lists are closed," she said, turning.

ROBINSON CRUSOE WHEELBARROW

Actually Made by a Shipwrecked Sailor Out of a Barrel, a Soap Box and Two Boards.

THE sailor who made this wheelbarrow was cast on an island where he knew he would have to wait for some time before a ship was likely to take him off. So in the meantime he had to provide himself with food and shelter. This was not difficult, for the wreck of his little vessel was close by on the beach. But carrying the material out of it and well up the beach, where it would be safe from tides and storms, entailed much labor, so he set to work to make a wheelbarrow. He took a flour barrel and a soap box that had washed ashore, and, with hammer and nails from the wreck, he soon finished a perfectly practical wheelbarrow.

This is the way to do what he did: Take the two heads out of a barrel. Do it carefully, so that the wood shall not be split. Now lay these two heads on top of each other, in such a manner that the cracks in the upper one will be at right angles to the cracks in the lower one. The idea, of course, is that the grain of the wood shall be balanced so that whatever the strain may come the wheel will not split under it. Having put the two heads carefully together, so that they are exactly true, nail them to each other with short nails, driving some in one side and some in the other. In figure 5, the dotted lines show

wedge. The other end of it should be about three-quarters of an inch thick. Nail this to the square end of each handle, as shown in H, figure 2.

Now, when you have thus finished both handles you will be ready to make the axle and the wheel blocks.

The axle, K, is merely a piece of broomstick six inches long. The wheel blocks are intended to give the wheel a steady support, so that it will not wobble on the axle. They are made of a piece of wood about half an inch thick and six inches square, and are nailed firmly to the wedge, as shown in figure 2.

Now bore holes through the handles, wedges and wheel blocks to admit the axle. Then bore holes through the wheel, but be careful to make this hole a little smaller than the others, for the object is to have the wheel grip the axle so firmly that, instead of the wheel revolving on the axle, the axle will do the turning in the handle.

After the wheel has been properly adjusted, the handles will be in just the position that they are to maintain in the completed wheelbarrow. All they need are braces to keep them rigid. These braces are shown in D and E, figure 2. It is better to screw these to the handles. Nails are too likely to work loose after a while.

After this has been done, all that remains to complete the frame is to attach the legs F and G in figure 2. These

MR. POSSUM TALKS TO MR. COON

Tells How the Possum Beats the Coon on Several Points & Another Nature Study.

ONE night, as the coon was abroad and he passed the possum with his nose in the air and without speaking, the latter called to him and said:

"Look here, now, you needn't hold your nose so very high. You are a coon to be sure, but I'm not so very far behind you. In fact, in some things I'm way ahead."

"I'd like to hear of them," replied the coon with a sniff of his tail.

"Oh, you would? Well, listen to this: You've got only 12 teeth, while I've got 16. Some of your teeth are larger than mine, to be sure, but I can crush any bone that you can. I've also got five toes, and one of them is as handy as a boy's thumb. I can pick up a stick in my paw, while you must carry it in your mouth."

"I've heard brag before today."

"And so have I, but I'm talking straight. I admire your long tail with black rings around it, but it is of no real use to you and is often full of dirt and burrs. On the other hand, I can hang to a limb by my tail for hours at a time. In fact, I often go to sleep that way, and I've never had a fall yet."

"But look at the difference in our food," said the coon.

"Yes, there is some difference," replied

his fowls than the fox. I haven't got as keen a nose as Reynard, and so I fall into the traps often, but don't you forget that if there are any fat pullets around I manage to get my share of them. I picked up a goose the other night which made me three good meals."

"But you don't seem to have good food," said the coon, who felt bound to find fault.

"Well, my eyes might be better, and that's a fact," replied the possum, "but as I do not run swiftly or travel long distances I do not need eyes like yours or the fox's."

"It is true," said the coon, "but you are a dog, and I can hear the bark of a dog or the shout of a man a good deal farther than you can. When you go out you have to leave your young behind you, and the wild birds and beasts devour them. When I go out my little ones go with me in my pouch or cling to my back. Did you ever hear of any one eating coon meat?"

"I can't say that I have."

"And it is because it is so strong that only a dog could eat it. On the other hand, people will eat possum meat in preference to chicken, especially colored folks. Possum is much more delicious than it is to be sneezed at, let me tell you. The Emperor Napoleon once ate of roast possum and pronounced it excellent, and I've heard it is on the bill of fare at the first-class restaurants in New York."

"I said I was no fighter, but let me tell you something. One day I climbed to the top of a big elm tree to inspect a hawk's nest. I had seen the hawk come and so I knew they had a nest there. I found the nest in a crotch, and while I was eating the two eggs both hawks came home and pitched into me. The fight lasted half an hour, and I was badly bitten and scratched, but I beat those hawks off and got down in safety. I bit one of them so badly that he died within a week. Could you have done any better than that, as hard a fighter as you are?"

"I heard the farmer say that I had done him a great service, for the sure-footed hawk flew away after her mate died. Come, now, didn't I do well?"

"But look at the difference in our fur," said the coon as he began moving away. "Yes, there is a difference, but don't you be too stuck up over that. Many a furrier has made a rug or laprobe of possum skins and sold them for real wolf and at a big price, and when my skin is made into belts, card cases, pocketbooks or linings there is no wear out to it. I'm not a coon and I'm not trying to pass for one, but you just remember that I am a possum and breed has any call to put on style over me. That's all, and you can now run along."

"You couldn't fight a puppy dog three months old."

"But what would be the use? My fur and skin are extra thick—much thicker than yours—and if overtaken by a dog or falling into the hands of a man I play dead. A dog may throw me around for an hour, or a man may hit me a dozen whacks with a club, and I'm not hurt in the least. I just play dead until they have gone, and then sneak away. And let me tell you another thing: The fox is very cunning as he sneaks about the farmyard at night, but if you ask the farmer he'll tell you that I get more of

the possum, 'but not much. I like fowls, mice, grasshoppers, bugs, birds' eggs, garter snakes, frogs and crabs, and I often find something in the farmer's garden to my liking. I'm also fond of persimmons and other wild fruits. I'll admit that you can run faster than I can, and you are also a better fighter, but I'm not so slow after all."

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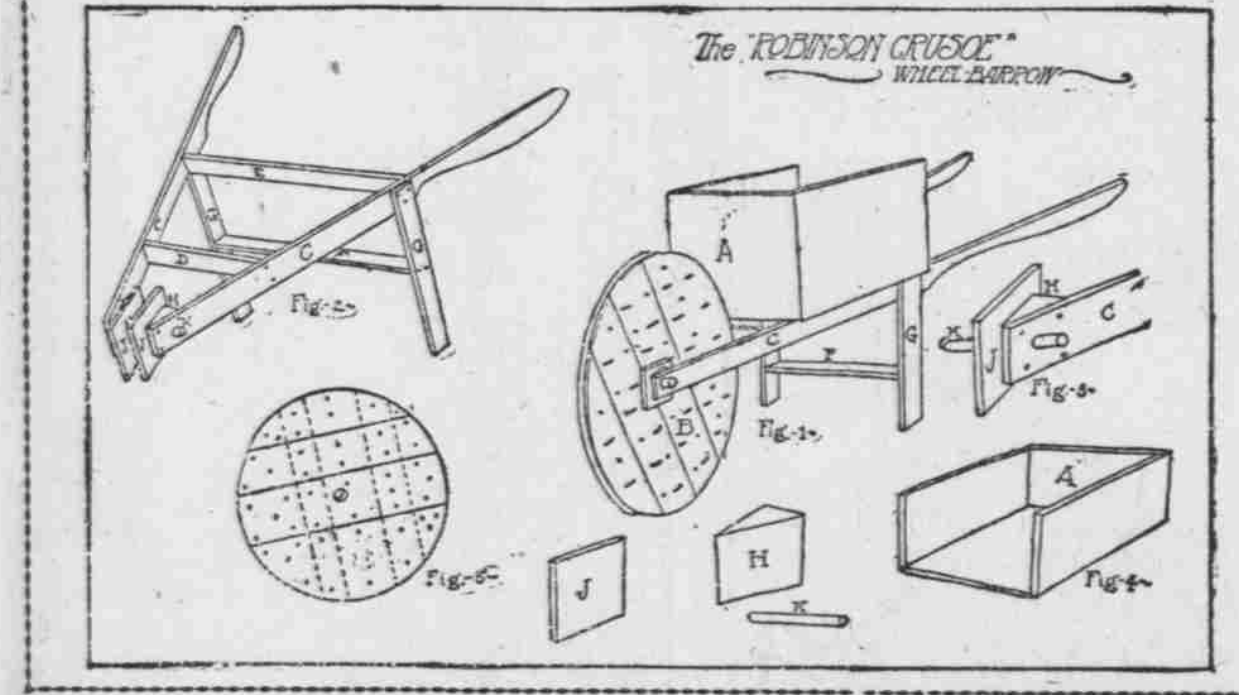
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how the head that is underneath should be in relation to the top one. After the two parts have been firmly nailed together, so that they will not yield, take a plane and carefully smooth off the edges of the wheel that has been thus made, so that it will be perfectly round. Be careful to plane only a very little at one time. A good way to make sure that the wheel is true is to draw a circle of just the size of the wheel. You can make it with a piece of string and a nail for a compass. Then you can lay the wheel on the drawing from time to time to compare it until it is perfect.

Now, get two pieces of wood about four inches wide, three-quarters of an inch thick and four feet long, and shape the ends into neat, comfortable handles as shown in C in figure 1. To the square end of each handle (at K, in figure 2), nail a wedge-shaped block. This block should be made of a piece of wood about four inches square on the sides. One edge should be pointed, just like the

must be strengthened with the frame F, as otherwise they would spread apart when the wheelbarrow is loaded.

You are ready now to shape the body of the wheelbarrow. This is a much more simple matter than the rest of the work, for you need only to knock the top and end out of an ordinary soapbox. Set this on top of the frame, as shown in A, figure 1. Screw or nail it on firmly.

Truth Is Great. Country Patience. Here, in this little bay, Full of tumultuous life and great repose, Where, twice a day,