

FROM LADDERMAN TO DEPUTY CHIEF

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



DAN COMMENCED TO PAY OUT THE ROPE

CHAPTER VII

DAN'S rescue of three people the night of Miss Audrey Rockland's party gained him the Seward lifesaving medal. This badge of honor, though a private donation, is offered each year for the most meritorious feat of bravery in the fire department. In addition to this rescue, he had to his credit the River-street affair, and his right to the medal was above question. Moreover, he had earned the silver medal of the Humane Society for saving the Rockland girls when their launch was run down by the steamer.

He had been transferred to an engine company in need of an officer. One day when he was in charge, in the absence of the captain, who was taking his day off, there was an alarm. When the company got on the ground Dan found the fire in the home of "Jerry" Heuston, a prominent ward leader. Heuston had "graduated" to an uptown ward, and his ambitious wife had proceeded to overfurnish their home, as she overdid herself and her daughter.

When the company set to work the flames already were playing among the hangings of the parlor. One of the battalion chiefs, supposed to answer the alarm, was at another fire, and the second, detailed as a precautionary measure, was making the rounds of his district. Dan therefore, as the first officer on the scene, was in charge. When he entered with a line of hose he was immediately confronted by Heuston's wife, who declared that the men must not hurt the apartment, but must use the chemical extinguisher and thus prevent drenching the draperies.

The fire had originated in a defective fuse, and already one side of the wall was smoking. A man from the truck ripped part of the wall down, the stream was turned on, and the fire quickly put out. Meanwhile the hose had burst, and, though the rubber-packed metal cylinder called a hose jacket had been clamped on, some of the gaudy furniture was drenched in spite of the precautions taken by the insurance patrol. The patrol is a body of men who are paid by the insurance companies to protect goods from water and thieves. The men are supposed to work in all times without stopping to determine if the goods are insured or not. The fire insurance companies calculate that they gain by not taking a chance.

The next morning Heuston was at headquarters, where his influence procured him a speedy interview with Chief Corby.

"Want to make more firemen, Jerry?" was the Chief's greeting.

"No," was the surly response, "I want to break one."

Corbyn glanced up quickly.

"That's a hard job," he said, quietly, and the firm lips were pressed together with a look that men saw only when a fire was stubborn.

"Who had charge at my house?" Corby reached out for the night reports of the day before until he found the one sent in by Dan in his captain's absence.

"Lieutenant Hale was in charge. Chief Crawford arrived after the fire was extinguished."

"Well, I want him broke. He ruined my parlor, and my wife warned him not to. Now chuck him!"

Corbyn reached for the telephone and called Dan.

"What was the matter at Mr. Heuston's yesterday?" he asked.

"The fire was in the walls," was the ready answer, "and I had to rip up the plaster. We tore some draperies, but we had no time to take them down. Then a hose burst, and the water did some damage."

Corbyn called Crawford.

"The 'boss' that the good morning was very much like being taken by the back of the neck and thrown out. Dan was not 'broke,' but the political row raised by Heuston cost the young fireman several years' promotion. Corby would not discharge a man, but neither could he advance him under such circumstances. So it happened that Dan was still a lieutenant when an eight-story office building at Broadway and Hudson streets burned. He took two men to the roof where a line of hose was attached to the standpipe. The fight was a fierce one, and finally escape by ladder was cut off.

Dan saw that the roof would fall, and he peered eagerly over the edge. Nets were spread, but the height was too great. Even these men trained to jump to the life nets feared the leap.

The old truck was at the corner and Dan saw the men take a box from it. "It's all right, boys," he called. "They have the gun."

Then men with the box halted on the opposite side of the street, and drew out a carbine with an extra short barrel. A cord box, such as is used in the life-saving service, and a "bullet" in the form of a cap fitting over the muzzle and extending six inches down the barrel formed a part of this equipment. The cord was tied to the top of this, and a cartridge was inserted. Then the men aimed at the roof, there was a report, and the projectile soared upward, but fell short. The flames now were in the rooms below, and endangered firemen, and the roof was uncomfortably hot. The men groaned at their hard luck, and from behind an air shaft crawled Heuston, who had been driven to the roof from the floor below.

"Will we all be killed, Lieutenant?" he wailed, his customary assurance all gone.

"No," answered Dan, shortly. "They will fire again."

Even as he spoke there was a second report, and the projectile, this time impelled by a heavier cartridge, fell across the roof. The men caught at the light line, and feverishly hoisted the rope attached. This they fastened to a chimney, and then hauled the rope over a blank wall, where the flames could not reach it. Below was a three-story building, which made the drop sheer five stories—no easy feat when one is not sure of the anchor and a high wind is blowing.

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"Don't leave me here," he pleaded. "I've tried to do you dirt, but don't leave me here to die like this."

Dan's lip curled.

"I'm not leaving you. Let go my shoulder."

Heuston obeyed mechanically. Dan adjusted the rope, and Heuston hoisted himself to straddle his hips and clasp his neck, leaving his arms free for work. He commenced to pay out the rope, and had almost reached the place of safety, when the roof above himaved in, and the rope, cast from its mooring, let them drop a couple of feet. Dan raised his arm to ward off the falling rope and sustained a heavy bruise, but otherwise neither was hurt, and Heuston was taken down a ladder to the street.

That evening, in quarters, the telephone bell rang. Dan answered.

"Is this Captain Hale?" asked Chief Corby.

"It's Dan Hale, but not captain," came the laughing reply.

"But it's Captain Hale from now on. Congratulations!"

And the bell rang off.

UNCLE SAM AS A LIFE SAVER

ONE of Uncle Sam's occupations that has given him a great reputation throughout the world is his work as a life-saver. Some of his very bravest sons are in his employ to do nothing else except to watch the sea, and go out to save sailors and travelers if their ship is wrecked anywhere within reach.

Every hour of their lives these men are like soldiers in war time—always ready to go to death in the attempt to rescue others. Their enemy is an enemy far more cruel and far more terrible than ever a human foe. When the great storms beat upon the sea and the great surf mounts and comes roaring toward the beach, when the gale blows so cold that every drop of spray freezes as it falls, when the winds are so mighty that a strong man often can hardly make his way against them—then is the time that the life-savers of Uncle Sam look for the rocket shining against the black sky, or the faint boom of a far-off gun, to tell them of a ship that needs their help.

There are no bands of music to give them inspiration. No shining banners fly for them. In the night and the gloom, with not an eye to see, with no fierce enthusiasm of battle to force them on, they go on by no hope of reward, they go out knowing that they may never return, knowing that many crews of life-savers like them have gone the same way to die.

Some day someone will write a history for Uncle Sam, and in it the glorious story of their deeds will lead all the stories of war by sea and land. That story will tell the world how simple devotion to duty has made heroes who were as true as steel, and as brave as the men who charged on stricken fields.

For the life-saver there is not even the reward of large pay. They get \$5 a month, and that only during the months when they are actually employed. Uncle Sam's laws forbid their receiving any rewards.

Uncle Sam has 195 life-saving stations on the Atlantic and Gulf of Mexico Coasts, 16 on the Pacific Coast and 55 on the Great Lakes, and in every one of them there are heroes—such heroes, for instance, as W. W. Greaser, the keeper of the Buffalo Life-Saving Station, who got a gold medal from Uncle Sam for this deed:

In the end of November, in 1900, a terrible gale swept the coast. Lake Erie Off the Buffalo station it blew at the rate of 80 miles an hour, faster than the fastest express train, piling up before it waves that rolled on each other and smashed whatever they struck.

A surfman watching from the tower of the station suddenly saw two craft with men on them break under their moorings and drift swiftly toward the surf, tossing and wallowing in the white seas and rolling as if every moment would be their last. The life-savers did not hesitate. They launched their boat straight into the tossing sea. But two great comers broke over her, and before she could shake herself clear a third wave caught the bow, tossed it high into the air and threw the boat end over end. The crew and a hard swim of it, and reached the land more than a quarter of a mile down the beach. They had scarcely crawled out of the water when they heard of a man who had tried to swim ashore from one of the distressed craft, and a very bright ray of light shone upon the water.

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Greaser seized a long line and started for the surf. The crowd on the shore cried out to him to come back. Experience told him that a little bit shivery all over, and yet the sun was fine and warm. And so was the water. It generally is in September, because the water retains warmth much longer than the air does, and consequently, in the Autumn the sea is exhaling the heat that it gathered during the months of Summer when the hot sun shone on it.

Fill your brush with a very thin and light blue and spread it delicately and very evenly over the sky and the distant sea. Shade the light blue off into bluish green where the water approaches the shore. Of course the clouds are left white.

The houses may be left of the same color. This will enable you to make something like the effect of a picture painter of the picture by painting the roofs with very bright reds and greens.

The dresses of the lady and the little girl in the background of the picture may be left white. The same applies to the dress of the little girl in the foreground, with the exception of her ribbon bows and the dots in the dress, which you should paint a very bright crimson. The child in the striped bathing suit has a suit of blue and red, with a blue bow in its hair.

Dorothy wears a suit of light blue, with red bands, collar and tie, and stockings that may be either black or red. Her mother's suit is dark blue with all the bands and bindings white. Her kerchief is red with white dots. The stockings may be either black or blue. If you paint Dorothy's stockings black, make her mother's blue.

Leave the shoes white. Then you must select your very brightest and strongest colors for the clothes that are flying from the lines on the roofs far away, the parasols of the distant folk, the bathers in the water, the flag and other tiny points that will bear touching up. Be careful, however, to remember that brightness and vividness of coloring is not to be obtained by putting the paint on thickly. It must be laid on with a fine but sure touch.

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Something About His Sons Who Dare and Do Brave Deeds.

that he could only whip the line around his wrist, and before he could let go the splices the waves had caught the light of the line and fouled it among the timbers. The people on shore set up a loud cry of pity, for in that moment they were sure that both men must surely perish.

The imperiled sailor was begging pitifully for help, and saying that he could hold on only a few moments longer. Exhausted, but as true to his purpose as ever, Greaser dived into the breakers and groped for the tangled line. There, in the boiling waters that threatened each moment to grind and crush him against the splices, he worked for fifteen minutes, tugging the line. Then when all was clear, he shouted to the man to let go. The sailor obeyed, and the life-savers on shore hauled in the other end of the line and brought him safely in—unconscious, but unharmed.

Greaser struck out for land, and managed to reach it without help. But when he struck the surf he was so weary that he could not climb out. You may be sure that there was a rush of cheering, sobbing men and women to lift the hero and carry him to land.

You may be sure that the folk who saw that wonderful rescue that day would rather tell any time of Greaser than of Horatio at the bridge.

No incredible were his exertions that the sea could be so tame. In presenting the medal to him, said that, but for the indisputable evidence of hundreds of persons, it would seem impossible that a human being could do what he did.

J. W. M.

ON THE TRAIL OF AN OUTLAW

STORY OF TWO AMERICAN WAIFS AND THEIR MEETING WITH TINO, THE FILIPINO TERROR



CAREFULLY HE LIFTED REDDY TO HIS SHOULDER.

A COMPANY of soldiers marched down the main street of Bangueo. From the windows of the huts that lined both sides of the thoroughfare, black and yellow faces stared at the passing blue-shirted figures, some scowling, for Tino's friends were many. With a quick, swinging gait and a regular crunch—crunch—the company followed its commander, and soon reached the little creek that separated the town from the jungle. Through the shallow water they splashed, regardless of wet feet, for they knew that many times before their march was ended that day would they long for another such wetting. Soon the last sets of four disappeared around a bend in the road.

On the town side of the ford stood two small figures—two ragged little American boys—wistfully eyeing the departure of their older countrymen. Slowly, moodily, with drooping lips, they seated themselves on a fallen log, neither speaking to the other.

Before them stretched the cool, inviting jungle, the luxuriant foliage forming mysterious nooks and recesses, where monkeys and gayly feathered birds sent the hanging creepers swinging by their restless playfulness.

But this paradise was forbidden ground for the two. Not yet in their teens, these children were wards of the regiment, maceworn, picked up from a vagabond life in San Francisco's streets, and their precious little lives must not be endangered by insurgent bullets as were those of their older comrades. Strictly had the Colonel drawn the line at the creek, and further meant disobeying orders, and the Colonel was a terrifying man when angry.

These restrictions were not without reason. Out in those inviting jungles and thickly-wooded hills roamed Tino and his guerrilla bands—Tino, the insurgent desperado, the Tagalog chief, famed as Gillmore's cruel captor.

"Reddy," said one of the two, after a long silence, "we don't never have any fun, do we?"

Reddy shook the mop of copper-colored curls that gave him his name.

Another silence—both boys stood in the water, prodding the pebbles with their bare toes. Dick, the eldest, took a step forward—Reddy made two. And so the temptation overcame them.

Hurrah! The chains were burst. With cries of exultation they scampered in under the towering trees and wild banana groves. To them the Colonel's anger was now only a vague possibility. What cared they for Colonel? They

themselves would be Colonels—aye, Generals, if they pleased.

Hurrah! They would hunt and capture Tino themselves. Whole companies, battalions, regiments, armies, sprang up all eager for battle, for Tino's capture.

For hours they fought their imaginary battles. But shortly past noon a slackness about their waistbands reminded them of the dinner hour—and their disobedience. With a feeling of fear they noticed that the sun had passed the meridian and was sloping away westward. Hurriedly they turned and stumbled to reach the town. In half an hour they halted, staring blankly into each other's eyes. They had lost the way.

Now they thought of Tino—the real one. While crossing a dry river bed, Reddy tripped over a boulder, wrenching his leg as he fell. A cry came to his lips, but it died into a frightened gasp as he realized his inability to walk another step. With Dick's help he managed to hobble to the embankment, where the two sank helplessly to the ground, ready to burst into tears.

Suddenly a man came leaping from boulder to boulder across the river bed. At first the boys took him to be one of the scores of Macabebes scouts that guarded the neighboring town of San Quintin, for, like them, he wore a suit of light-brown khaki, and tan boots. But as he drew near they failed to recognize the dark, boyish features, shaded by a broad-brimmed hat of sinamay straw.

As the stranger reached the middle of the stream his eyes were caught by the two little figures on the embankment. He stopped, and for a moment he gazed at them. Again he approached, with wondering eyes.

"Hello," he cried in broken English, when fairly over them: "what you do here?"

Reddy replied by pointing mutely at his swollen foot. The native stopped to examine it. From the injured limb his eyes wandered to the boy's face. A barely perceptible frown tightened his brow. For some time he stood regarding them. Then he turned and disappeared.

Reddy ventured to steal a glance upward, and met the dark brown eyes. The brows relaxed; the young man was smiling.

"Very bad," he said, shaking his head. "Ours here many insurgents; many bad Filipinos."

Both boys gave a sigh of relief; he must be an amigo. Again Reddy looked up.

"Do you know," whispered the lad in nervous confidence, "we was a-huntin' Tino for to take him prisoner. Company D went down to San Quintin after him, and we came this way."

For a moment the young man looked astonished, then burst into a long laugh. "What!" he cried, "you no catch him?"

Reddy shook his head solemnly.

"No," he said, "we didn't catch him. Couldn't find him."

"What you do with 'Tino'?" asked the young man, smiling. "Tino got many soldier, and you no got gun."

That was true—they hadn't considered that. They didn't purpose to follow up the trail, anyhow; they wanted to go home. Perhaps he might be so kind as to help them.

The native thought a moment; yes, he would help them. Stepping into the bushes, he presently returned with a handful of green leaves. From a pocket of his coat he drew a white handkerchief, which he folded diagonally on the ground as he seated himself on the bank beside the injured boy.

He rolled the leaves between his palms until he had bruised them into a damp, soft mass. This he spread on the handkerchief and carefully bound to the boy's ankle. Almost immediately it relieved the pain.

"Good!" he cried, rubbing his hands as he finished; "by and by all right. Come, vamos!"

Carefully he lifted Reddy to his shoulder, and an ease hardly to be expected from his slight, boyish figure; and so he carried him, while Dick trotted beside him. A subtle magnetism, quite independent of his kindness, served to draw the children closer to him; with the utmost confidence they chatted to him as they went along, of their life in the town, their longings to join the scouting parties after Tino, and a full account of their own private little campaign against the daring bandit.

The young man encouraged them. Laughingly he drew them out, and spared not Tino in doing so.

It was not long before they heard the

waters of the creek, for, in spite of their wanderings, the boys had not strayed far from the town. Their Filipino friend evidently knew the country well, for he had brought them straight to the outskirts of the village.

A native was hoeing in a patch of corn before one of the outmost huts. The youth called. At once the laborer approached with uncovered head. Even to an American soldier he could not have been more obsequious.

The dialogue that followed was carried on in native dialect, by the youth, in the manner of one accustomed to command, by the other in whining accents of cringing respect. The laborer nodded, lifted up his arms and carefully received the injured boy from the young man's shoulders.

"Good-by," he said, taking one of their hands in each of his. "I go home now."

"What?" they cried, bitterly disappointed. "Ain't you coming with us?"

He only shook his head somewhat sadly, turned as if to go, but instead reached out his hand and stroked the golden curls on the injured boy's head.

"Very good," he said, softly, with a smile that never forgot. A moment he lingered in an undecided way, then motioned the peasant on.

From the opposite bank they turned to wave him a last farewell. He still stood there, a dark silhouette against the sinking sun, but when they turned a moment later—he was gone.

In the Colonel's office sat the two culprits, trembling before that great official himself. Whatever uneasiness he might have felt for the safety of the two little motherless waifs he now concealed under a stern glance of disapproval.

"Disobeying orders, eh?" he growled. The accusation was unanswerable; but the old soldier dared not speak, for he knew that his voice would betray the sympathy that beagled little figures excited in the bottom of his old heart. So he glared savagely at them over the tops of his spectacles.

"Humph," he muttered at last, "you young imp—where've you been all day?" There was no time for an answer. The door flew open and the Adjutant entered hurriedly, his face flushed with excitement.

"Company D has just come in with three men wounded. They ran across Tino down by San Quintin shortly before noon and gave him half an hour's good scrap—scattered his whole army—killed 15, and almost bagged Tino himself—he had his horse shot from under him and only escaped by making for cover."

The two boys were entirely forgotten. The Colonel's head was one of the coolest in the Army, but this news interested him.

"Can't we get hold of that scamp and his band of cutthroats?" he cried fiercely, turning toward the Adjutant.

"That's a mighty hard proposition, Colonel; he sneaks through the country in amingo clothes—all the natives are his friends, and only a few of us know him, even if we do meet him."

The Colonel took an envelope out of his desk. From the letter which it inclosed he drew a small card.

"Here, Major; here's something General Young sent me today for this very purpose. Take it around and let every man look at it."

But the old soldier's fingers were clumsy, and the card fell to the floor. For an instant it lay in the red light of the setting sun. Before the Colonel could recover it the two boys had seen the photograph. With startled glances they looked into each other's eyes. The words of the two officers melted into a distant jumble.

Suddenly their wandering thoughts were recalled by a bang of the Colonel's fist on the desk.

"Major," he was saying, "I'd give a year's pay to know where he made for the Pan or up the mountain—I would, honestly, in cold, hard cash."

As he spoke his eyes rested unconsciously on the boyish figures beside him, as if they might in some way supply the desired information, but they were silent.

Reddy's glance fell to his bandaged ankle. Suddenly he reached down and carefully tucked one of the corners of the handkerchief under the fold, for there, embrodered in faded red silk, was a letter T.

INSECTS THAT DWELL TOGETHER

CURIOUS LIFE PARTNERSHIP BETWEEN THE CATERPILLAR AND THE ANT

DR. HANS THOMAN, the famous naturalist, has discovered a curious and wonderful life communion between two forms of insects. While on an entomological expedition in Switzerland, he found the caterpillar of a little blue butterfly, the *lycaena argus*, which he made for the purpose to find that two ants were holding fast to its back. He thought at first that they had attacked the caterpillar, but every caterpillar of the same species found by him that day was accompanied by ants. He studied the strange occurrence then, and found that, while ants and caterpillars generally are bitter enemies, these two in particular species were intensely friendly.

Whenever he approached a caterpillar thus accompanied the ants on its back would prepare to fight, raise their heads close to him, and their mandibles ready to bite. Was