

FROM LADDERMAN TO DEPUTY CHIEF

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

CHAPTER X.
THE simultaneous alarm! This is the call that has power to thrill every fireman, no matter how young or how old in the service. It means that somewhere in the great city a mighty blaze is defying the fire fighters. It means that every company within a radius of miles is being summoned to the scene. It means that lives are in danger and that thousands of dollars, even millions, are being lost in smoke. It means, perhaps, that many of the brave firemen dashing to the scene may never leave it alive. Yet to the last man they fling with excitement, greedy for the struggle with the flames.

And Dan's company was a quiver with excitement. Was it really coming at last? Five alarms had sounded, and at each signal the horses at the engine had trotted out for the hitch and had trotted back to their stalls. Ashton, the lieutenant, who had been down stairs watching the hitch, started up. He was almost at the head of the stairs, with several of the men at his heels, when the telegraph struck again.

"One!"

Ashton turned back.

"Two! Three! Four!"

The men went down with a rush. The horses were already in their places.

"Five! Six! Seven! Eight! Nine!"

At the strokes on the little gong Dan came down the pole. It was a simultaneous alarm. Would No. 45 be called?

Again the quick strokes on the gong.

"One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven! Eight! Nine!"

A pause, and the men hung breathless on the strokes.

"One. One-two-three-four. One-two-three-four-five. One-two-three-four-five-six-seven-eight-nine!"

In the intense, pulsating quiet, the strokes of the tiny gong sounded like those of the big auxiliary alarm.

"One-two-three!"

The men were all in their places. Coulson, the engineer, torch in hand, stood ready to ignite the kindling. Abbey, the driver, had the lines in one hand, and in the other the pull that would release the harness. Another minute, perhaps even less, and they would know.

"One-two-three."

"Go on!" was the exclamation that dropped mechanically from Dan's lips, fairly set in his suspense. If the bell stopped on that stroke they did not go. The gong added a period to his word in the form of a faint stroke.

"One-two-three-four-five." It went on. "One-two-three-four-five-six-seven-eight-nine!"

A shout from the men rent the air.

They answered the third alarm at four-five-nine, and so reported one-four-five on the simultaneous call.

Then the mighty clang of the auxiliary began to verify the telegraph.

Nine-nine X one-five-four-five-five-three-three X four-five-nine!"

Abbey gave the pull a yank, and the lines holding the harness flew up to the ceiling. The huge torch flared, and as the wheels crossed the threshold the door of the firebox clanged to, and the black smoke poured from the stack. The three powerful grays dashed down the street, the two blacks keeping close behind them and drawing the hose tender with the men.

It was a good half-hour's run to where 30 puffing engines and 360 men were striving to extinguish a solid block of flame. The fierce heat had driven even the boldest half a block back.

A man could work in front of the red furnace only a few minutes. Then he had to give way to others. The principal object, in fact the one hope, was to keep the fire from spreading to other squares. Company after company were engaged in setting down the fronts of opposite buildings. Down in the river, three blocks away, the three fireboats were puffing noisily and each forcing two 4-inch streams through the beams of the bridge.

Buildings had begun to fall, and these heavy streams, the force of which was so great that nozzles had to be lashed, were slowly but surely drowning out the blaze. It was a fierce fight. The buildings were close and of old construction. Not one was fireproof, and for years Chief Corby had urged the necessity of removing the firetraps or at least doing something to make them safer. The fire had started in a wholesale drug store and repeated explosions had scattered the flames over the entire block, more than fulfilling the chief's dire predictions. The loss long since had passed the million mark.

But he had no time to say, "I told you so." There were sterner duties at hand. Only the helmet told of his rank. His navy uniform coat was gone. His shirt and trousers and even his hair were scorched where sheets of flame in the early stages of the fire had caught him as he fled with his men when a position was no longer tenable.

He had fought stubbornly for three hours, and six times had been forced to go to the ambulance surgeon for some relief. He had been twice urged to go to the hospital, but he hung on through every moment it seemed as if he must drop.

As Dan ran up with his fresh men to take the hardest position, he saw Chief Corby standing on the corner in front of the one building still standing. The chief's back was turned, as he gave directions to a company that had just come up, and Dan did not see the chief until he had shouted to his men to run, and then made a dash for Corby, seeking by his impact to force the chief out of danger. But the run was too long, and in another second the wall had fallen with a crash.

A cry of horror went up as the men saw their chief and another figure buried beneath the wreckage. It was beyond human possibility to apprehend the place, and all they could do was to throw a heavy stream of water on the mass in hopes that the bodies at least might be recovered when the fire should have been extinguished.

The instant after the crash, Dan rubbed the plaster from his eyes. He had a most curious sensation, as of a man who should be dead and finds that he is not. His head swam with the noise and shock, so that for a minute he could not think intelligently or connectedly.

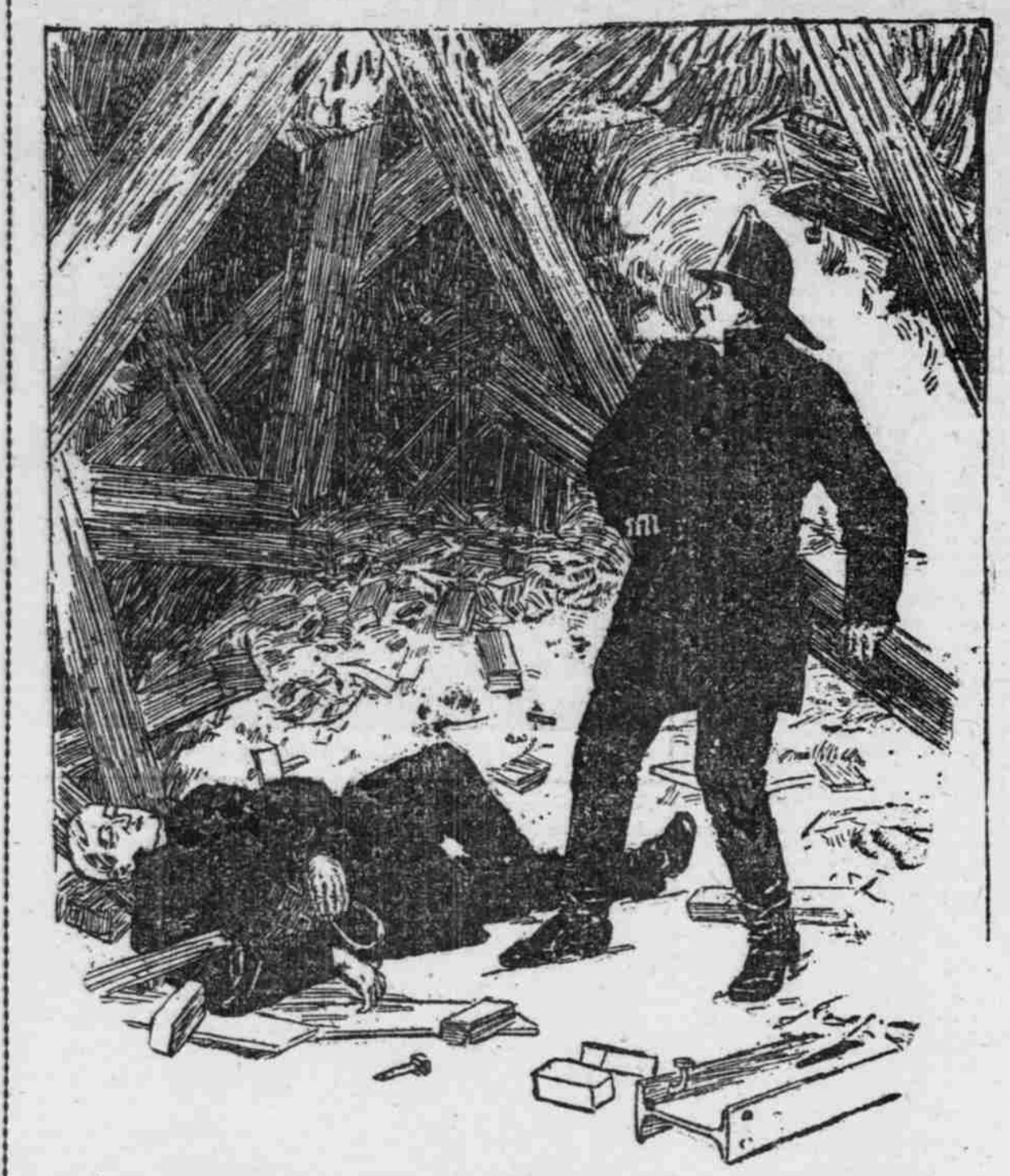
Then a stream of dirty water trickled on his head. It was warm, but it roused him. He rubbed his eyes, and the air was close and stuffy, but he was alive. In the realization of the horrible position in which he was placed, he lost all sense of feeling of bodily pain.

At his feet was Chief Corby, unconscious and breathing heavily. Almost by a miracle the huge steel girders, in falling, had formed a framework about them, sustaining the weight of the tons of debris. The escape seemed impossible. They had been saved from being crushed to death only to be suffocated. Dan gritted his teeth in mental agony.

Then above the crackling of flames he caught the sound of running water. The gurgling and splash of a fall. It was the waste water rushing into the sewers. Like a flash came back his knowledge of the city sewerage system. The Peilham-street sewer was five feet high. If only the manhole were not covered!

In the intense darkness he felt cautiously about him. He touched a fragment of granite, below which was the cross-hatching of the iron manhole cover. With the fragment of stone he smashed the cover. The water was rushing like a river fed by many streams.

They were on the corner nearest the



THE HUGE STEEL GIRDERS IN FALLING HAD FORMED A FRAMEWORK ABOUT THEM, SUSTAINING THE WEIGHT OF TONS OF DEBRIS.

river, and Dan knew that there were iron steps on the inside of the wall. He had on his life belt. So had Chief Corby. He loosened Corby's and slipped it up under the unconscious man's shoulder. His own he slung across his shoulders like the strap of a knapsack. He must have his arms free to work with. He snapped his hook in Corby's belt, and slowly raised the unconscious chief. All the time there had been a queer, buzzing sensation in his head, and as he felt the strain of Corby's weight the buzzing changed to a disagreeable snapping. One leg which had been numb now came to life again and something warm, something that was not water, trickled down the leg into his boot. But something how he dragged his chief to the wall. As he swung his arms through the iron support an odd sensation overcame him. What was the use anyhow? It would be so much easier to sit down. If he sat down and rested he was quite sure his eyes would close and he would forget that nasty snapping in his head. But, no! There was Corby, his chief! Something was wrong with Corby. He must get his chief to the ambulance surgeon—then—oh, never mind what then!

The drop was only a few feet—steps—but three times he had to fight off that awful inclination to sit down—and rest.

When at last his feet were in the water the current almost carried him away. The heavy stream had flushed the sewer,

and had cleared the air of foul gases. It was the chill of a collar, instead of the usual humid, stagnant atmosphere. Slowly, he made his way, crouching down to avoid striking the roof, and yet taking care that Chief Corby's head did not go below the surface of the water, which ran waist high. At last he struck another wall and felt anxiously for the steps. Half way round the circular wall and he lost hope. Then he gave a weak cry. The steps! Unfastening Corby from himself, he hooked the latter's belt into the first rung, then slowly and laboriously drew himself up. He hung onto each step with the energy of despair, and at last summing every particle of strength at his command, he made one final, superhuman effort, and raised the cover of the manhole with his back.

A policeman ran forward and lifted off the iron weight. Eager hands raised him, bruised and bleeding, to the surface.

"Down—there—another—quick!"

Then, for Dan, there came a blessed blank.

When he awoke, a sweet-faced nurse was leaning over him, and her cool hand was on his brow. He gazed at her vacantly for a moment, then it all came back to him.

"The chief," he gasped, "is he—"

"He does not complete the question."

"He was here only two days," the nurse answered quickly. "He sent you these,

and she laid a letter and a package on the white coverlet.

"Read," he said, faintly, and in a firm, even tone she read:

"My Dear Hale—I am sending you these, not because you saved my life (for that there are no words, no tokens, to express my gratitude), but because you have proved a true fireman and did not desert a comrade in danger to save yourself. The appointment was made at the suggestion of the Commissioners, backed by public opinion. Of my own life-long gratitude be assured. I can only add that I am sure you will do these credit, and that some day when I am gone you will wear my five."

"CORBYN."

The tears welled to his eyes. What mattered now—Faithfully and gratefully yours—Corbyn.

"The double trumpets!" he asked, groping for the package.

"The nurse placed in his hands three discs of gold."

"Now, take your medicine," she commanded, with a suspicious glimmer in her eyes.

Dan gave a happy cry.

"Medicine? I don't need medicine!" he declared. "I don't beat all the doses in the country!"

"For the disc bore not the crossed trumpets of the Battalion Chief, but the three trumpets of the Deputy Chief. Dan Hale was 'in the buggy'."

USES OF THE COMMON GOURDS

How to Make Boats, Cups and Other Articles

GOURDS seem to have been intended by Mother Nature to be made into drinking vessels and vessels for other uses.

In South America they grow so large that mothers take them for bath tubs for their babies, as well as for various different purposes. The South American Indians, among other things, make the most beautiful skull caps of them.

In the Southern States they are much used for dippers, bowls and martin boxes. A drink from the brim of a gourd dipper has the same charm as that from a thin-lipped glass. During the War of the Rebellion, when earthenware and china became scarce in the Southern States, coffee pots and cups, tea sets and all manner of serviceable vessels for household use were made of gourds. Very handsome some of them were, too, as any

one who has seen sets of them, now highly valued as curios, in the cabinets of collectors, can testify.

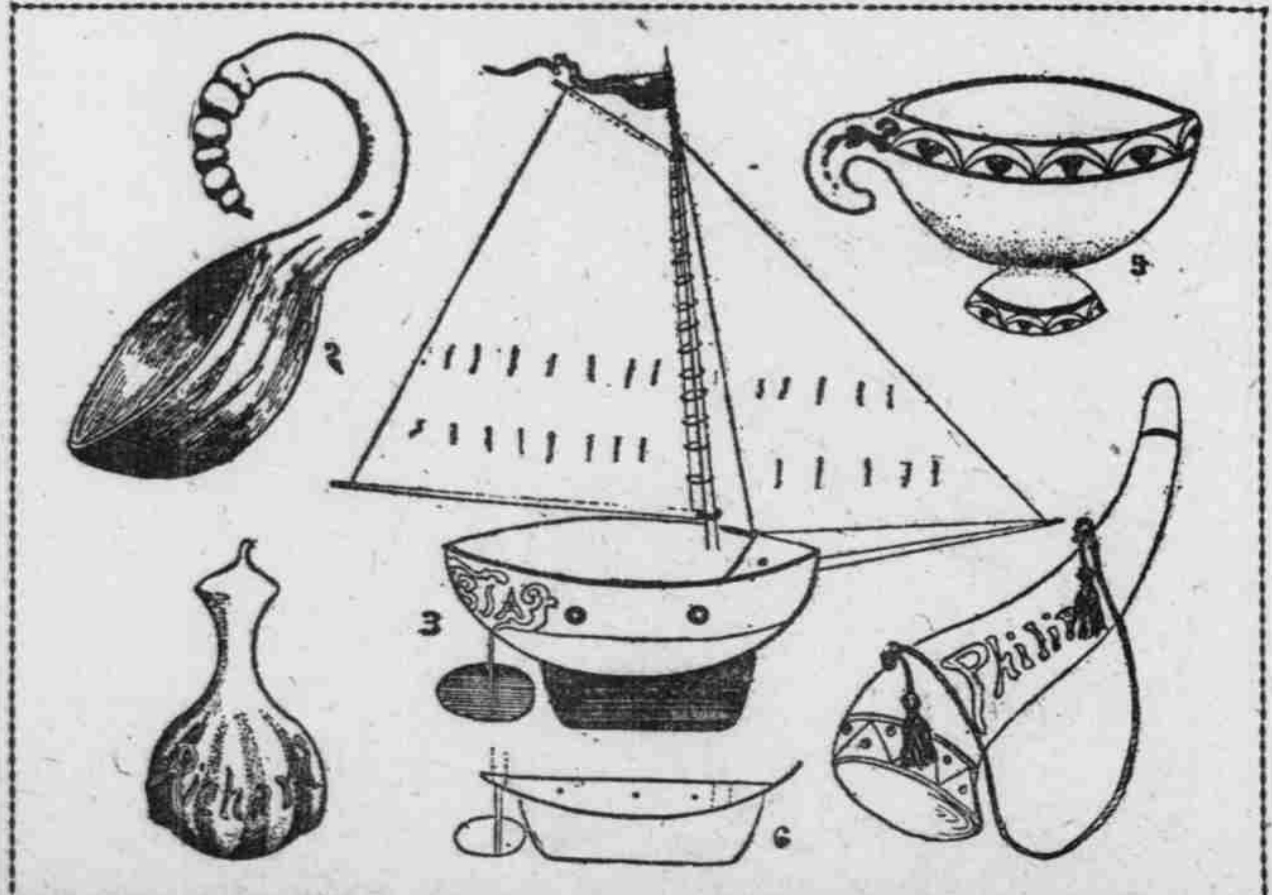
The firm, smooth surfaces of ripe gourds take washes of water color beautifully. If one is artistic enough it is quite possible to paint designs on them equal to any done with mineral colors on china. They may be etched with acids, also beautifully stained in different colors by dyes, or, better still, decorated by fire by means of heated metal points.

A name, such as "Richard," shown in figure 1, may be produced in various ways. Perhaps the most unique is to cut the letters out of paper and paste them on the gourd while it is still green; then, when it has dried and turned the pale drab it finally assumes, the letters will appear in green when the paper is taken away, or the operation may be reversed, the letters cut out of the paper and the paper itself pasted all over the gourd, so that no light comes to it except where the

name appears. In this case the letters will gradually turn a light drab, while the rest of the gourd remains green. Letters or ornamentation may be printed on gourds by a different and much more expeditious process. After having pasted the paper on the gourd, hold it over a gas jet until the exposed surface browns. That which is protected will remain its original color.

As figure 1 is a gourd just as it has grown, selected from among many for its symmetrical vase-like shape, all that remains to be suggested with regard to it is that, if the top is neatly sawed off and perforations made in it and also in the neck of the gourd near its edge, a bit of wire or ribbon passed through these perforations and fastened will answer as a hinge and the top may be used for a lid.

Figure 2 is a dipper, the constrictions in the handle near its outer end were made by fastening rings of wire around



STORY OF FAN-FAN, THE FAIRY

HISTORY OF THE POOR WIDOW, THE AVARICIOUS MAN AND THE BRIGHT GOLD

THE SECOND TALE.
ON the edge of a forest about a mile from where the fairy Fan-Fan was born, there lived a poor widow who was childless. The hut she occupied was a wretched affair, and yet it belonged to a man who had no pity for her and demanded that she pay him one-half of what she earned from the sale of roots and barks gathered in the forest. As the widow was old and crippled and had no friends to take her in, she had to pay what was asked of her. There were many times when she had little food in the house, and when she suffered for the want of shoes or clothes, but the owner of the hut would say to her:

"You must pay me just the same. It is nothing to me if you are cold and hungry. If you cannot pay me, out you go, and I will stable my cattle in the hut."

For three years the widow managed to satisfy the avaricious man and remain in her lowly home. Then, as Summer came on, she fell ill and could work no longer at anything to bring in money. There was no neighbors near at hand to render her assistance, and if a traveler called at the hut to ask his way he left neither words of sympathy nor money. When the poor woman had been unable to pay her rent for a month the owner came to see her and said:

"Tomorrow you must go away. As you can pay no longer I will not have you here another day."

"But where can I go?" asked the widow. "I am old and crippled and ill, and have not one shilling in the house. If you turn me out I shall die by the roadside."

"That is not my affair," gruffly replied the man, "and I shall be here in the morning to see that you go."

When the owner of the hut had departed the widow fell to grieving and sobbing and night came on. She had to sleep that night, for thinking what she should do. There was only one thing for her, and that was to become a wanderer and beg from door to door. She was making up a bundle of her few garments next morning when the door opened and a little girl entered the hut and said:

"Good morning, Grandma, I heard that you were in trouble and have come to see what I can do for you."

"Whose child are you?" asked the woman in great surprise.

"No one's, Grandma, I am Fan-Fan, the fairy. Did you ever see a fairy before?"

"Never in all my life, though I have heard of them. I have heard that fairies are good to people in distress."

"So they are. And now let us see what I can do for you."

The widow told her story, and shed many tears over it, and she had just finished when the owner of the hut came stamping in and roughly exclaimed:

"Well, your time is up, and you must get out. What is this little girl doing here?"

"I am a fairy, sir," replied Fan-Fan. "Have you no pity in your heart that you



"I DON'T WANT TO BE TALKED TO BY A CHILD LIKE YOU," CRIED THE MAN.

would turn this poor old woman out doors?"

"What is that to you? Can I make homes for people who have no money?"

"I fear you are a hard-hearted man," said Fan-Fan, "and if you do such a cruel thing you will be punished for it."

"I don't want to be talked to by a child like you," cried the man. "This old woman must get out, or get out. If you are a fairy and can help people in distress, why don't you help her?"

"I was going to do that. Shut your eyes for a moment. Now open them. Now tell me what you see."

The man was too astonished to speak. The poor widow had been clothed in rich garments in a trice, and on the rude table before her was a box full of gold. While he stared at her and at the gold, a carriage drove up to the hut and Fan-Fan said:

"I shall take the good woman away

with me. She is no longer poor and friendless, and I hope there are many happy days in store for her. Here is money to pay the debt she owes you."

"But you must give me gold—a whole box of gold!" whined the man as he reached for the box on the table.

"Here is gold for you," replied Fan-Fan, and she placed another box in his arms. It was heavy with bright coins, and the man uttered shout after shout of joy. His happiness did not last long, however. As he crossed the fields the box became lighter and lighter, and when he stopped at last to open it he found it was empty, save for one single coin and that had turned to brass.

"Come back! Come back and give me more gold!" he cried as he ran toward the hut, but the fairy and the widow were driving away behind a pair of gray horses, and he was never to see either of them again.

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Dorothy Calls on Her Aunt and is Introduced to a New Cousin.

Mistress Dorothy is mightily proud and she feels grave responsibilities. For she is a cousin—a very, very old cousin to such a little baby that her French doll seems quite a giant compared with it.

This picture gives an opportunity for some very pretty and effective coloring. Paint the wall and screen light buff.

Then, in pleasing contrast with this, give the carpet a delicate light green shade, and paint the leather chair a very dark, rich green. Dorothy wears a dark blue dress with a lighter blue tulle o'cher and black shoes and stockings. Her aunt wears a buff wrapper. It is prettily decorated with bright red bands. The front of the skirt and the sleeves of the dress un-

derneath the wrapper are white. Leave the baby's dress white, too. The nurse wears a blue dress, with cap and apron white. Leaving so many garments on the figures in white will give you a field for painting the screen and the flower pot and other decorations in the room in rich, bright colors.

the gourd while it was yet young and small.

Figure 3 is a portrait of the Columbia, a handsome little craft, launched upon the waters of the forest lake, Kyddleskung, in Pike County, Pennsylvania, where the writer has been passing his vacation. The hull is the section of an ordinary gourd, and is much lighter than any that can be made of wood. The keel is cut out of a sheet of lead. This is fastened between two pieces of a pine shingle by three tacks, driven through shingle and lead alike and secured by clinching on the opposite side, as shown in figure 4. The pieces of shingle are cut to fit the curve of the bottom of the hull so that when the exposed part of the leaden keel is pushed through a slit cut in the bottom of the boat, a slit just large enough for it to pass, the pieces of pine prevent the keel from going through any further than was intended. The keel and the strips of shingle are cemented in their places with white lead mixed with drying oil (white oil paint) into which a little putty is introduced. This is an excellent cement and is perfectly water tight.

Before the boat is put away to dry, which requires, perhaps, two or three days to do it thoroughly, the deck is to be put on. The deck is of Bristol board or cardboard; in it are two holes, one for the mast and one for the rudder. It is put on and cemented in place with the white lead and putty.

The stem of the rudder is of copper wire, one end of which is beaten out flat with a hammer. This end is driven into the blade of the rudder, as shown in figure 2. Get one of the ordinary cheap lead pencils that have little metal cylinders at one end containing rubber; cut off the pencil close to the cylinder, take out the rubber and bore a hole with a darning needle or a fine awl from end to end through what is left of the pencil in the cylinder; fasten this cylinder through the deck and through a hole (in which it must fit tightly) bored in the hull above the water mark.

Now pass the free end of the copper wire through the cylinder and bend the

upper end squarely down, as shown in the picture of the boat.

The mast is stepped, or fastened in the boat, by passing it through the hole made for it in the deck, and into the space between the two pieces of shingle that secure the keel. It must be leveled on both sides to fit into this space. The bowsprit is fastened and secured in the same way. The mast and the bowsprit in the Columbia are made of the long, tapering handles of worn-out oil-color paint brushes, which any painter you may happen to know will readily give you, as they are of no use to him.

This little craft, gayly painted, has a fine appearance on the voyages it makes across the lake and back again, carry-

ing messages to and fro between friends on opposite sides of the lake.

The powder horn, shown in figure 4, really is very pretty. It is made of the neck of a large gourd, the shape of which suggested the article made of it.

Neither it nor the cup shown in figure 5 require special description or directions for their manufacture. A certain variety of gourd has a tendency to grow in the shape of a double bulb; this, in the case of this cup, has been utilized to advantage; the foot on which it stands was made by fastening a wire around the gourd, between the two bulbous swellings, when it was young and small.

J. CARTER BEARD.

THE GREEDY GOOSEFISH

THE sea does not hold a more voracious rascal or a greater hypocrite than the goosefish. Not that this is its only name. It has at least 70 others. Each locality where it occurs gives it one that indicates its great greediness.

In Connecticut it is called "Greedgrut," in England "Sea Devil," "Wide Gape," etc. Its mouth is enormous, and its capacity unlimited. It is a matter of record that seven wild ducks were taken from the stomach of one specimen. Live geese are not too large for them, and a fisherman told the late Dr. Goode of one that had swallowed the head and neck of a large loon, which had pulled the fish to the surface and was trying to escape.

The goosefish has been known to seize a boat anchor when it could not find anything else to devour. It will even make a meal of fishes of its own kind, so that it might properly be called the "cannibal fish."

Duke of Argyle writes that the goosefish is admirably adapted by nature for concealment, generally at the bottom of the sea, with its cavernous jaws ready for a snap. From the top of its head rise a pair, or two pairs, of elastic rods, like

the slender tips of a fishing rod, ending in a little membrane or web which glitters in the water and attracts other fishes. The goosefish can afford to go to sleep, knowing his bait is always in place, and as soon as he "gets a bite" the elastic rod bends over, coming close to his huge jaws, which immediately open, engulf the victim and close again.

After being generous to an animal too lazy to gobble up his food.

Again, nature has so clothed the animal that it is almost concealed when lying in wait for its prey. Thus, its upper surface is mottled and tinted just like gravel and seaweed. Its body is hung about with fringes which wave and sway, closely resembling the surrounding weeds.

"Even the ventral fins," says Dr. Goode, "which are thick, strong and fleshy, and which evidently help it in making a sudden leap, are made like two great clamshells."

The goosefish spawns in Summer. The eggs, numbering 40,000 to 50,000 to each female, are enclosed in a ribbon-shaped gelatinous mass, about a foot wide and as much as 30 or 40 feet long, which floats near the surface. The natural habitat of this fish is, however, near the bottom, resting on the mud, where, like Oliver Twist, it is always ready for more.

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