Fireman Jack's Christmas Gift

By J. A. EDGERTON.

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JACK HENDERSON was a new man among the fire laddies. He had borne with the chaffing of the older men, had gone through the "initiations," had been tossed in the blanket till his head was almost even with the second story windows, had been compelled to scramble like a monkey up ladders built high in the air, had drilled like a soldier, clambered over roofs, climbed up the sheer sides of buildings and done the thousand and one other things required of those who are deemed worthy of protecting the lives and property of a great city.

Among other things, he had been told by his grizzled preceptor never to show nervousness, as that is a sign of fear; to obey orders instantly and without question, even though it were to jump from the top of a building, and to remember always that the motto of the department was to save life first and property afterward.

And now it was Christmas, his first Christmas on the force. One of the day's fires was a severe one. Jack was detailed to go inside to help in the rescue of any that might be left in the blazing building and, remaining too long, had had his egress to the stairway cut off and had been forced out on to a cornice on the front of the structure. He was in no immediate danger, however, being in one of the lower stories.

As he was about to call to those below his attention was arrested by a

HE EXTENDED HIS ARMS AND CAUGHT HER.

scream from a window just above. Looking up, he saw the white face of a girl and had barely time to brace himself when he felt her skirts brush his face as she swept downward. Instinctively he extended his arms and caught her. It was almost a foolhardy act, but as the coping was broad it happened to succeed. For one dizzy moment he thought that her weight would topple them both to death below, but drawing the girl to the ledge, disengaging one arm and grasping the window strips were only the work of an instant. The crowd and the firemen below had seen the thrilling rescue, and there was a moment of agonized suspense; then a wild cheer rent the air. Ladders were speedily raised, and Jack Henderson carried the half fainting girl to safety. The act was the wonder of the hour, and the papers next morning contained accounts such as stirred even sensation gutted New York. Jack did not realize that he was a hero, however. That is almost a term of reproach among firemen. It is all in the day's work, a part of the business.

Jack had been too busy realizing his life's ambition to indulge affairs of the heart, but now he could not forget the white face at the window or which was in rosier hue when he saw it. Lizzie Holmes, shyly thanked him for having rescued her from certain death. Jack asked for her new address and soon found himself calling at the Holmes flat. Youth and love were singing their songs in Jack's heart. When off duty on Sundays he and Lizzie went to the parks, the shore front or Coney Island, and on the long evenings when he was not required at the station they wandered together on the streets or sat on the benches in the little parked breathing spaces scattered over the lower part of the metropolis. The Christmas season was again approaching when he had proposed to Lizzie to share a fireman's lot. At first she had put him off, uncertain of her own heart. Was she not in danger of mistaking this very gratitude for love, and would it be fair to Jack to tie his life to hers before entirely sure of the state of her own mind? She told him to "wait." And Jack waited.

On Christmas, as it happened, he was again on duty, and early in the day he found himself on a hose cart clattering up in front of a tall and smoking old rookery containing for the most part sweatshops. Up the front of the building zigzagged a fire escape, and he, with a number of the other "boys," was detailed to carry a hose nearly to the top of this, open a window and play a stream that would rip off plaster and lath on the little red and blue tongues writhing over in the corner. It was Jack's duty to hold the nozzle, not an easy task with a long, heavy hose through which water is tearing at a speed to go over a high building. His arms were already aching when the captain saw that his men were in danger and called through a megaphone for them to descend. Jack's three companions at once started downward; but, unfortunately for him, the hose had no hook, so he was compelled to hold it until the men reached safety. To have abandoned it would have let it go crashing down to split their skulls or knock them from the fire escape. By the time these had reached the pavement his chances were entirely cut off. Already the grating beneath his feet was growing hot.

Calling to "Look out below!" Jack dropped the hose and sprang through the open window. Within the place had become a sweatshop indeed. The smoke choked and blinded him. Stumbling over chairs, he groped his way to a side window, which he broke out with his heavy helmet. Thrusting his head out for a gulp of fresh air, he drew his body through the opening and got a footing on the narrow coping. This was not over four inches wide and was slippery from the water thrown on it, which had frozen almost as soon as it fell. As Jack was edging his way along this perilous footing a crooked rift in the smoke revealed him to the firemen below. It also revealed him to a white faced girl in the crowd, but of her presence Jack was in ignorance. Neither did he hear the agonized little shriek of "Save him!" Dashing into the adjoining building, two of the firemen tore up to the roof, which was a short distance above the spot where he stood. The exhausted man was almost ready to fall as four strong hands grasped him and pulled him to safety.

As for Lizzie, the crooked rift in the smoke had not only uncovered Jack's form, but had revealed her own heart, and when he reached the street she softly asked him to come to the flat that evening, as a Christmas present awaited him there.

It was with a lighter heart than for some previous weeks that Jack sat before the little Christmas tree that

"FOR JACK."

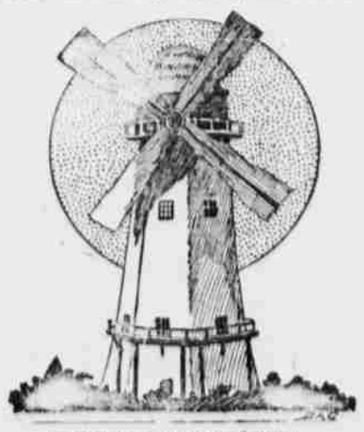
night. In a sort of dream he heard the presents called off for Lizzie's little sister and other members of the family, and it was only at the end that he caught sight of a little slip of paper pinned to the sleeve of Lizzie herself, on which were written the two words, "For Jack." That was his Christmas gift.

MONSTER CHRISTMAS CAKE.

It Was Seven Feet High and the Largest Ever Made.

Reproduced below is a picture of a mammoth Christmas cake, said to be the largest one ever made. It was seen last Christmas in a shop in Leytonstone, England. Some idea of its size may be gauged when it is stated that it stood seven feet high and weighed no less than 1,660 pounds.

Those who may desire to turn out a rival cake may be interested to learn that the following ingredients were used in its manufacture: One hundred and fifty-two pounds of butter, 152 pounds of sugar, 325 pounds of flour, 110 pounds of raisins, 110 pounds of sultanas, 110 pounds of currants, 3,000 eggs, 35 pounds of citron peel, 35 pounds of lemon peel, 35 pounds of orange peel, 40 pounds of almonds, 30 pounds of milk (15 quarts), [illegible] pounds of [illegible] paste, 60 pounds [illegible] sugar [illegible] fresh [illegible] 21 [illegible] spices, nutmegs [illegible] and of lemon [illegible]



"BARKING WINDMILL" CAKE.

Christmas With The Pickwickians

NO chronicler of Christmas doings has done it so fulminately as Dickens, and nowhere has Dickens described them better than in the "Pickwick Papers." One might read the paragraph relating to the observance of the holiday half a hundred times and not become weary. The Christmas spirit is everywhere evident in the chapters devoted to the holiday making. From the beginning, when the hero, his three friends and his faithful servant start for Dingley Dell, to the hour of their return there is Christmas in every sentence.

As brisk as bees, if not altogether as light as fairies, did the four Pickwickians assemble on the morning of the 1st day of December in the year of grace in which these their faithfully recorded adventures were undertaken and accomplished. Christmas was close at hand in all his bluff and hearty honesty. It was the season of hospitality, merriment and open heartedness. The old year was preparing, like an ancient philosopher, to call his friends around him and amid the sound of feasting and revelry to pass gently and calmly away. Gay and merry was the time, and right gay and merry were at least four of the numerous hearts that were gladdened by its coming.

After traveling through a wide and open country where "the wheels skim over the hard and frosty ground," slowing up as they draw near a country town, where the horses are changed, then again "dashing along the open road, with the fresh air blowing in their faces and gladdening their very hearts within them," they arrive at Dingley Dell, where we are introduced to that famous personage, the fat boy. He is an old acquaintance of Mr. Pickwick, but to Sam Weller his face is strange. To follow this first meeting:

Having given this direction and settled with the coachman, Mr. Pickwick and his three friends struck into the footpath across the fields and walked briskly away, leaving Mr. Weller and the fat boy confronted together for the first time. Sam looked at the fat boy with great astonishment, but without saying a word, and began to stow the things rapidly away in the cart, while the fat boy stood quietly by and seemed to think it a very interesting sort of thing to see Mr. Weller working by himself.

The conversation of these two characters is too long to reprint here, but not too much so to peruse with the greatest interest. We must pass over the story of the wedding, which was the day before Christmas event at Dingley Dell, at which Mr. Pickwick distinguished himself by a felicitous speech, and get to the story of the dance. Dickens' description of the old sitting room is a gem:

The best sitting room at Manor Farm was a good, long, dark paneled room, with a high chimney piece and a capacious chimney, up which you could have driven one of the new patent cabs, wheels and all. At the upper end of the room, seated in a shady bower of holly and evergreens, were the two best fiddlers and the only harp in Muggleton. In all sorts of recesses and on all kinds of brackets stood massive old silver candlesticks with four branches each. The carpet was up, the candles burned bright, the fire blazed and crackled on the hearth, and merry voices and light hearted laughter rang through the room. If any of the old English yeomen had turned into fairies when they died, it was just the place in which they would have held their revels.

After the dance was over, Mr. Pickwick having acquitted himself with great credit, the reader is told about the doings in the famous old kitchen. Here hung the mistletoe and did its mission well in adding to the jollity of the occasion. The artist whose pictures appear on his pages has done excellent justice to Dickens' text:

From the center of the ceiling of this kitchen old Wardle had just suspended with his own hands a huge branch of mistletoe, and this same branch of mistletoe instantaneously gave rise to a scene of general and most delightful struggling and confusion, in the midst of which Mr. Pickwick, with a gallantry which would have done honor to a descendant of Lady Tollinglower herself, took the old lady by the hand, led her beneath the mystic branch and saluted her in all courtesy and decorum. * * * Wardle stood with his back to the fire, surveying the whole scene with the utmost satisfaction, and the fat boy took the opportunity of appropriating to his own use and summarily devouring a particularly fine mince pie that had been carefully put by for somebody else. * * *

It was a pleasant thing to see Mr. Pickwick in the center of the group, now pulled this way and then that and first kissed on the chin and then on the nose and then on the spectacles, and to hear the peals of laughter which were raised on every side.

Finally we come to Christmas which was cold and frosty and "perishing" we [illegible] to a "[illegible] sheet of water. Mr. Weller [illegible] the airs of a man who could "skait" and having shown his ignorance thereof, was smartly reproved by Mr. Pickwick. Meanwhile, "Mr. Weller and the fat boy having by their joint efforts cut out a slide," all hands participated. Says the chronicler of the day's sport:

It was the most intensely interesting thing to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the ceremony—to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind gaining upon him at the imminent hazard of tripping him up, to see him gradually expend the painful force which he had put on at first and turn slowly around on the slide, with his face toward the point from which he had started, to contemplate the playful smile which mantled on his face when he had accomplished the distance and the eagerness with which he turned around when he had done so and ran after his predecessor, his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles, and when he was knocked down, which happened upon the average every third round, it was the most invigorating sight that can possibly be imagined to behold him gather up his hat, gloves and handkerchief with a glowing countenance and resume his station in the rank with an ardor and enthusiasm which nothing could abate.

Mr. Pickwick unfortunately breaks through the ice and gets a good wetting, but, being taken on a smart run to the house, put to bed and given unlimited quantities of hot punch, finds himself none the worse next morning, when the party departs from Dingley Dell.

Thus does Dickens tell us of one of the merriest Christmases that a reader could desire. There is no touch of sadness in the chronicle, and all that one could wish for is that the story were longer. Long live the tale, and long may we enjoy Christmas with the Pickwickians!

MR. PICKWICK WENT SLOWLY AND GRAVELY DOWN THE SLIDE WITH HIS FEET ABOUT A YARD APART.

LONG WALK FOR SANTA.

Tree Burned, Father Goes Eight Miles For New Toys.

Gifts intended for his eight children being destroyed when his lighting of the Christmas tree, just before midnight, caused a fire which damaged his home in Cleveland, Alfred Hammermeister trudged eight miles through snow before he could rouse a storekeeper and gather another supply of presents so that the children's faith in Santa Claus might not be lost.

The children were asleep when Mr. and Mrs. Hammermeister completed decorating the tree. The father decided to light the candles as a test. They burned; so did the cotton snowballs. The blaze awakened the children. "Santy here?" they piped. "Is it mornin'?" The parents gathered them in their arms and rushed to the street. Firemen brought out a lot of fire ruined presents from the house.

"Santy been and gone and our things is burned up!" the children cried.

Hammermeister began his weary search for an open store. He employed the infrequent street cars for long stretches, but trudged mile after mile in fruitless search. Finally he routed a storekeeper from his bed and, burdening himself with a new supply, trudged home to turn sorrow into joy.

Hunting Christmas Ghosts.

Ghost hunting bids fair to become the ruling passion of Washington society. The fortunate owners of a peaked house, roped with ivy and densely surrounded by trees, are issuing cards for a Christmas specter hunt. The Christmas ghost hunt is imported from England, where the houses are ancient enough to harbor specters who were there before William the Conqueror. The comparative newness of this country leads some to predict that the fad over here will fail. There are exceptions, however, for even in Washington there is one of the treasure guarding ghosts—an out and out buccaneer of the Spanish main variety, with cocked hat, gold lace, ruffles, high yellow boots, red jacket and an odor of antiquity. Those acquainted with him say that he clinks his chains of stolen doubloons.—Washington Star.

A Christmas Sentiment.

However sincere we may be in our efforts to spread Christmas cheer, our charity is none the less a testimony to our sense of the fact that peace and good will have not come upon the earth. Poverty and wretchedness are not to be offset by yearly gifts of basket of food and outgrown clothes.

[illegible] ought to make the spasmodic [illegible] Christmas one of the [illegible] our industrial world. [illegible] perpetuity are born not [illegible] justice.

[illegible] Commercializing Christ- [illegible] Christmasize commerce.—New York Mail.

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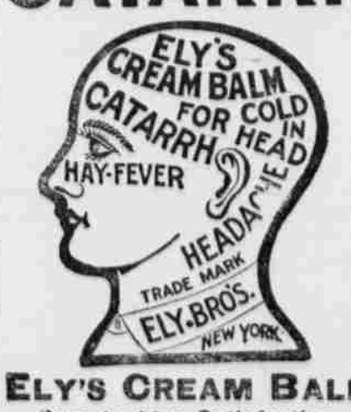

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Timber Land Notice

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, November 25, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Iva B. Cox, of Klamath Falls, Oregon, who on Nov. 7, 1908, made Timber and Stone Application, No 0791, for S half SW quarter, section 14, Township 38 S., Range 18 E., Will. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof, to establish claim to the landa above described, before County Clerk Klamath Co., at his office at Klamath Falls, Oregon, on the 9 th day of Feb. 1909.

Claimant names as witneses: Fred Noel, T. M. O'Connell, Arnold Press, of Klamath Falls, Oregon, and C. H. Dusenberry, of Lakeview Oregon.

D3F5 J. N. Watson, Register.

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