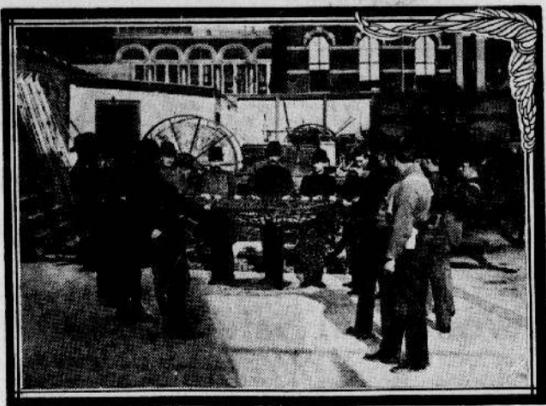


Making a Fireman

By J. M. BROWN JR.



Manning the Life Net

Brooklyn and Long Island City, not including the outlying sections, is 85,120 acres. These figures suggest the degrees of congestion in the several cities.

New York, with her 4,157 firemen and officers, has one man to every 1,031 persons in the city. The Chicago force comprises 1,324 men, or one to every 1,121 inhabitants. Of the four cities Philadelphia has the smallest fire force in proportion to her population. Her 935 firemen represent one to every 1,438 inhabitants. The reputation Boston has for an efficient fire department is sustained in this particular. With 887 men to a population of 565,200, the proportion is one fireman to every 671 persons in the city.



Single Stick Exercise



Headquarters



Fighting the Fire

ENGAGE in a discussion with the average New Yorker upon acts of heroism and he will at once exclaim: "Heroes! Why, man, the real heroes of New York, and in fact of the world, are the men who fight fires in this city, and there is not a man in the department who would not perform some signal act of bravery in which hair-breadth escapes and rescues figures were he called upon to do so, or given the opportunity to volunteer his services for such work. There are not 100 men in the local department who, at one time or another, have not performed some feat entitling him to a Carnegie medal."

The New Yorker, although the most provincial citizen on earth, since his ideas of the world at large are confined to those interests which alone concern his dearly beloved "New York," is not alone in this opinion, for after all the members of the New York fire department have no equals on earth in their chosen vocation, and no body of men are called upon so often to engage in work where life and limb are so frequently imperiled. They are a brave, or a foolhardy lot, take your choice, but in any event their very recklessness is what counts and brings forth results.

To become a fireman in New York city requires months of careful training and preparation. It is a far different procedure from that which has to do with the making of a policeman. In the latter case the most potent factor is political pull. Of course there are certain physical requirements that have to be forthcoming, but the big, brawny chap with a fair knowledge of the location of the principal points of interest in New York, a sufficient education to spell "dog," "cat" and "rat" correctly, providing his district leader smiles favorably upon him, which in reality means that he either is or will become a useful member of the Tammany hall organization, is reasonably sure of some day swinging a club and commanding the loitering classes to "move on." But to become a fireman is an altogether different proposition. Applicants for the vacancies occurring in this department are subjected to a physical examination second to none in this country. To begin with the applicant must be of exemplary habits. His past life is looked into with a scrutiny that is microscopic in detail. This is to assure the examiners that he is sound in health, wind and limb, and in case of an emergency would not wilt. A craven has no place here. He is put through a series of measurements that are as thorough and complete as those applied to suspected criminals under the Bertillon system. His muscular development must be unquestioned, while his heart action is one of the chief essentials to his application being favorably passed upon.

Candidates for the fire department following their physical and moral examinations, are turned over to Battalion Chief George F. Farrell, who, in the past four years, has

drawn him back to the roof of the building, with the rescued one safe from the fiery tongues of the flames. The process is repeated until the last victim is drawn up to safety. To successful perform this feat only men of prodigious strength and unquestioned nerve are employed. One false "catch" would result in failure, and perhaps death, for all concerned, rescuers as well as those waiting to be rescued. Not so many months ago a woman who had escaped from the burning building took refuge on a nearby roof. Before her plight was discovered the house on which she stood was a seething mass of flames, and it was impossible to reach her by the life lines or ladders. Five firemen, two of them recent graduates from the school of firemen, formed a human chain after ordering the girl, by means of a megaphone, to stand near to the edge of the roof as possible. Slowly the human rope began to swing until it had acquired sufficient momentum to swing the fifth or lowest man to within grasping distance of the girl. As he seized her and she swung clear of the roof on which she had been standing, she lost consciousness and, with her dead weight added to the already heavy load, the pendulum was given another swing and the girl was landed in safety to another roof. Meanwhile the strain on the fifth man was so great that he lost consciousness and dropped a distance of 35 feet into the fiery furnace raging below, and only the metal accoutrements of his uniform were found when the ruins were searched for his charred body.

First aid to the injured forms an important part in the education of a fireman. Not only must he know how to rescue one of his comrades or some other person injured in the course of the blaze he is fighting, but he must be ready to apply treatment needed in the resuscitation of the stricken one until medical aid can be applied. It is the rescue of one of their comrades that spur the firemen on to the bravest deeds recorded in the annals of the department. Only a few months ago a fireman working on the 10th floor of a burning building found himself trapped and there were no means of raising a ladder to his level. Flames were belching out from the windows of the eighth and ninth floors, and it was impossible to bring the scaling ladder into play. One brave fireman braced himself on a ladder which reached midway between the seventh and eighth floors. With his legs entwined around the rungs of the ladder and arms outstretched, he called to his comrade to jump. Jump he did and landed in the lap of the man who had commanded him to do

so, and, getting a firm hold on the sides of the ladder, he slid on down to safety. As his rescuer did not follow his example, the battalion chief ordered another fireman to ascend the ladder and ascertain what caused his delay. When he reached the brave fireman's side it was found that both his legs had been broken by the force of the impact and there he was sitting powerless to move and suffering in silence the most excruciating agony. These are a few of many instances crowded into the lives of the fire-fighters which illustrate why such unusual care is exercised in the selection of men to respond to duty's call.

When the recruits have served their apprenticeship and Battalion Chief Farrell reports that they are of the proper caliber, they are assigned to some engine or hose company, and there get their first taste of work under fire. It is the more seasoned men who are assigned to the hook and ladder trucks, for it is these men who are called upon to do the bulk of the rescue work.

The New York fire department is made up of 4,157 officers and men. The 235 engine, hose and hook and ladder companies and the allied forces are sheltered in 238 fire houses. The

lights will tell men it is night. I want to hear the cricket and whip-poor-will as we heard them in the evenings long ago, as we listened with bated breath to the jack-of-lantern legends that stirred our childish fancy until the croaking of the frogs sent us to dream of uncanny things.

"I want to live in the happiness of the autumn when the frost was on the pumpkin and the fodder in the shock—when the hickory nuts falling on the ground called the squirrels—when the stars gleamed bright enough to afford you light to bring a possum out of a tree with the old flintlock musket. Do you remember how you cherished that gun, and when the snow hid the roads and paths like the white coverlet on the big bed in the spare room and the big backlog crackled and burned on the hearth, and the red apples glistened in the firelight, and the popcorn imitation of a snowstorm was more realistic than any artificial one you have since witnessed.

"How you shivered as you undressed in the room above going to bed, but do you remember how soundly you slept after you got warm. I want to go back to one of those hallowed Sunday mornings in summer when the hush of heaven seemed to fall on the earth—when the quiet that spread over hill and vale seemed to announce the spirit of God in some unusual sense—when the peace of heaven seemed so near you felt the happiness.

"While living the old days over—the days way back yonder—I want to live in the love and esteem of my friends of today. While I cherish only a memory of the friends of the old days, I hold, after my family, the love and esteem of my friends of today above all things in this life.

"Gentlemen, come down to the farm. Visit with me and endeavor to live the life of a boy again, if only for a day."

AL FIELD'S TOAST

There is a little club in Louisville, Ky., composed of a few members only. Unpretentious quarters, an atmosphere surcharged with good fellowship, and hospitality captivates those who are fortunate enough to be honored as its guests.

Marse Henry Watterson is the president. John Macaulay is the only other officer. He has no title—just host. The inspiration that animated Dickens, Johnson and Byron must have sprung from just such surroundings. About one guest at each meeting of the little Bohemian gathering is the rule.

At G. Field, the famous minstrel, who has lately become the proud possessor of a farm, was the guest of the club recently, and in response to the toast, "The Farmer," spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen: The introduction honors me. To be a farmer has been the dream of my life. Beginning life on a farm, I ask no more pleasant ending than to live the last days of my earthly time on a farm.

"The facetious remarks of the toast-master do not explain my reasons for engaging in farming. It is true, financial considerations did not govern me in this matter, although I do hope to make the farm self-supporting. If I do not, I shall not feel that I have made a bad investment.

"I want to go back yonder in my life to a house half hid from view by the locusts and maples—where the bees hummed and swarmed. I want a scent of the honeysuckle as the maples and locusts budded forth in what seemed to me the morning of the world—springtime. I want to follow the path down by the big spring, through the hazel bushes, where the cotton tail jumped up just ahead of you and the redbird sang his sweetest song. I can follow the path in my mind as the hunting dog follows the scent, down to the old rock hole where the clear, cool waters of the creek formed an eddy, in which the chub and yellow perch lurked and jumped at the bait as they never did anywhere else.

"I want to feel that ecstasy that only comes to a boy when the bottle cork you used as a bobber goes under the water—when something is pulling on the line like a scared mule, bending double the pole cut in the thicket on your way to the creek. I want to throw the pole away, roll up the tangled line, hide it away in the corn crib and sneak back to the house the opposite direction from the creek, that the folks wouldn't suspect you had been fishing on Sunday.

"I want to go back yonder in my life where the hills meet the sky in a purple haze, where you feel yourself growing with the trees, where the smell of new earth calls you to the woods, where the dogwood is budding and the may-apple peeps up through last year's leaves at the new leaves budding out on the grand old maples above.

"I want to go so far back from the worries of city life that the crowing of the cock and the cackle of the hen will tell me it is morning, instead of the clanging of bells and blowing of whistles. I want to go back yonder where the setting sun instead of city

fire department property is worth \$8,827,325. The 1,500 horses owned by the department are valued at \$450,000. They are usually young and are selected for their intelligence. The prices average \$300 for each animal. The fire forces are organized and distributed like a great army. There are 84 engine and 35 hook and ladder companies in Manhattan and the Bronx; 71 engines, 25 hook and ladders and six hose companies in Brooklyn and Queens, and eight engines and hose companies and five hook and ladder companies in Richmond.

There are distributed throughout greater New York three fire divisions, divided into 6 battalions. There is an average of six companies to a battalion and three battalions to a division.

New York is so much more congested than Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston that it would be difficult to compare the effectiveness of the fire forces in the four cities, except in a general way. Greater New York, for instance, has more than twice as many inhabitants as Chicago; nearly three times as many as Philadelphia, and nearly seven times as many as Boston. The area of Chicago is 194,000 acres, that of Philadelphia 82,800 acres and that of Boston 27,520 acres. The fire area of Manhattan, the Bronx,

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The excellent showing of ore made at the 500-foot level has been greater than anticipated and further drifting on the vein under the ore shoots, exposed in the upper levels, should result in the opening up of a substantial quantity of high grade shipping ore.

The Speculator Mining company of Butte is operating the adjoining property and with the advent of eastern capital into the camp, this year should witness and unprecedented amount of active development work in the Clinton district.

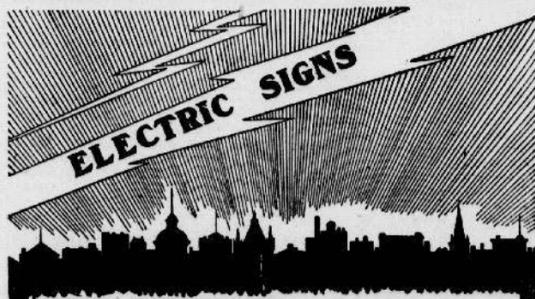
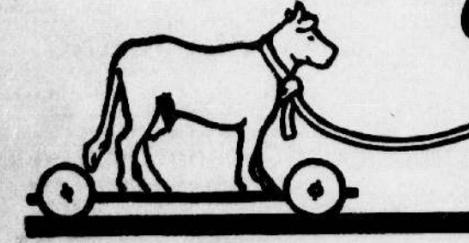
The Cape Nome is looked upon as one of the most legitimate mining propositions in Montana and owing to the low price at which this stock is now offered for sale, it is requested that early applications be made to the secretary, as only a limited amount of stock is being placed on sale.

H. T. WILKINSON, Sec. Treas. F. C. WEBSTER, Pres. F. H. WOODY, Vice Pres.

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