

NEW-YORK'S FIREMEN SAY THEIR LOT IS HARD, BUT 2,500 YOUNG FELLOWS ARE NOW APPLYING TO JOIN THE FORCE

THE FIREMAN'S DAY.

Mayor Low Believes in Brightening It.

A TYPICAL FIREMAN'S DAY. 8 a. m.—Roll call and inspection. 8 to 9 a. m.—"Committee work" (cleaning up) at fire.

A FIREMAN'S TIME AT HOME (AT PRESENT). Four hours a day for meals. Twenty-four hours on duty in ten days. An extra night out every ten days.

A FIREMAN'S TIME AT HOME (WITH INCREASE OF FORCE). Four hours a day for meals. Twenty-four hours on duty every five days. An extra night out every five days. Two weeks' vacation annually.

There is a fire in the New-York Fire Department which no amount of water can put out. The three hundred or more firemen who are bachelors are said to be contemplating marriage.

Good looks, bravery, or even new uniforms are not the cause of this unextinguishable fire. Strange as it may seem at first, it is money. An appropriation of \$250,000 has just been passed by the Board of Aldermen and approved by the Mayor.

With this prospect in view, the bachelor fireman naturally enough begins to think he ought to have a home of his own. Hitherto, when his associates who are married asked him what was the trouble, he would say he had "no time to get married."

The need of more leisure for the New-York fireman, not only for the sake of his family, but for his own health and the "good of the service," appealed to Fire Commissioner Sturgis as soon as he took office.

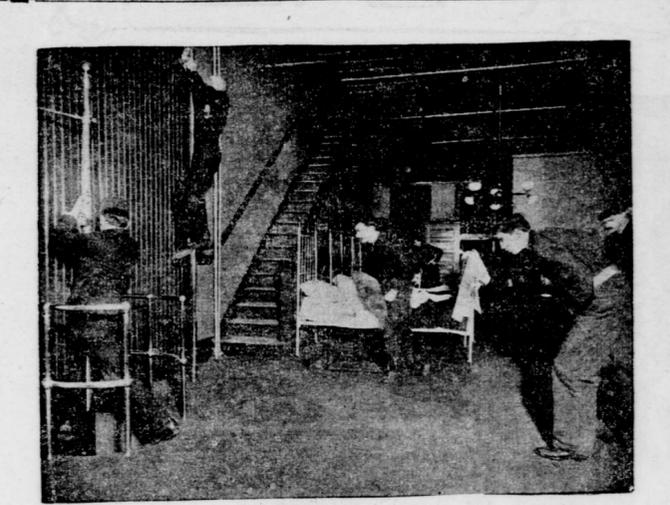
is a roll call and the company is put through a drill by its captain. Then there is an hour of what is termed "committee work." Each man is assigned to some particular task, to get the house, the apparatus and the horses in trim for the day.

After the committee work all except the house watch have nothing to do except wait for an alarm of fire. They may sit in the recreation room, on the top floor, where there are newspapers and magazines, which they have bought among themselves, a pool or billiard table, card tables and a gymnasium.

The house watch, as he is called, is the fireman whom the passer by sees sitting at the desk near the door. Above him is the alarm bell and indicator. For the time that he has this duty he is next in command to the captain.

Unless fatigued from loss of sleep the night before or the strain of a hard day's battle with flames, a fireman does not go to bed before 8 o'clock at night. Then he sleeps in a flannel shirt, with his "turnouts," or rubber boots, with the trousers stuffed into their tops, ready by his bed, to jump into. When the men are forced to work most of the night their captain dispenses with the 8 o'clock roll call and lets them sleep.

When a fireman is called by the bell, he is generally some fireman's widow "that they want to help along." Because of the strict discipline of the fireman's life he becomes an athlete. He must cultivate agility, for speed is one of the chief requisites of the successful fire fighter.



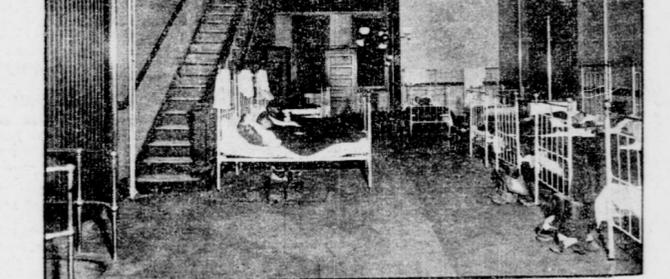
AT THE SOUND OF THE ALARM. The men leap from their beds and dress as they run.

ASSASSINATIONS IN BREATHITT COUNTY. QUEER MENTAL MAKEUP OF THE MOUNTAINEERS OF KENTUCKY SHOWN BY THEIR FEUDS.

Lexington, Ky., May 16 (Special).—"They ain't been no revenues killed in our part," they ain't for so long a time that a stranger's just as safe in Breathitt County as he is anywhere.

It was a typical Kentucky mountaineer who said this. He spoke it with a pride born of a long lineage of ancestors who have been at war with "the revenues." In the Kentucky mountains "a revenue" is an agent of the United States Government vested with authority to detect and suppress illicit stills—those concerns where "moonshine" whiskey is made.

Speed is considered of such importance in a company that the man who is ever left behind in a dash for a fire is regarded as in deep disgrace. He must report to the Commissioner or suffer the consequences.



ASLEEP IN THE DORMITORY. The fireman, on going to bed, leaves his boots inside his trousers' legs, all ready to be jumped into like a flash.

that particular household. He extended his culinary missionary work from one family to another until a considerable community showed in the conduct of the men and women that his experiments were being followed. Then he taught these same women how to keep their small houses and huts clean.

There is no thought in the minds of the murderer and his conspirators when planning such an enterprise as the assassination of Governor William Goebel at Frankfort two years ago was deliberately planned and executed by the mountaineers with the full knowledge and connivance of men whom it is almost impossible to believe to be capable of participating in such a crime.

He lay in wait all night in the yard of Judge Combes' uncle, and when the old man emerged from his house, about daylight, the nephew shot him through the heart with a rifle charged with smokeless powder. It so happened that the assassination was witnessed by two women who knew the young man well, and upon their testimony he was convicted and hanged.

LYNCHING A WHITE MAN IN MAINE.

KENTUCKY HAS NOT ALL THE BAD MEN, BUT THEY GET LITTLE SYMPATHY IN THE PINE TREE STATE.

Bangor, Me., May 16 (Special).—Before the railroad was built from Bangor far into the northern wilderness, Aroostook County, that immense tract of forest and field lying between the St. John River and the Province of Quebec, could match anything the "wild and woolly West" had to offer in the way of offhand shooters, border outlaws, smugglers and "bad" men generally.

Sheridan Plantation seemed to suffer more than any other place in the big border country from the depredations of lawless men. No one knows how many bloody fights have occurred in the roadhouses of Sheridan—how many men have been shot and stabbed, or how many peddlers have been waylaid and robbed in the dark woods there.

In Sheridan Plantation they still have many feuds that rival those of Kentucky, only the shootings are not generally fatal. Families up there always fight when there is rum in circulation, and often without it. Sometimes it is over a bushel or two of oats, at other times over a cow or calf, again about a line fence.

Since the railroad was built Aroostook's tough men have been generally tamed, or else made rougher country in spots, and the border outlaw and smuggler are not yet extinct. Although with the expenditure of little labor any man may get a good living in Aroostook, where the soil is rich and deep, and crops grow as if by magic, there are still to be found along in these parts many a rough and lawless character whose sole ambition it is to get enough to eat, which they do by hunting and fishing, and enough to drink, which they manage by smuggling.

"Next morning they found it out, and sent for Hayden. The deputy looked at the tracks around the store and said, 'Well, it's Jim Cullen again. No one but Jim makes tracks of that size. Get a warrant and I'll go after him.' Hayden started out with a warrant in his pocket and a gun in his hand.

"When Hayden and Peters got to the camp there was Jim, sure enough. Hayden said, says he, 'Jim, I've got a warrant for you, but I hate to bring you in. Why didn't you clear out? I'll see you in the morning.' With that Hayden and Peters turned into a bunk, thinking that Cullen would take the hint and be missing in the morning.

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me to it—just druv' me to it,' he kept repeating. "a-chain' of me with warrants. They wanted to break up my spring work and drive me out of here." Bird was so frightened that he could hardly get his voice above a whisper, but he saw that the only chance for him and his chum was to side in with the murderer, so he said, "That's right, Jim; you did just right."



HITCHING UP. The driver leaps to the seat, the captain and engineer to the ashpans of the engine, while each horse is harnessed in place by a fireman. This is done in five seconds, and the engine is in the street eight seconds after the alarm is received.

The fireman's day begins at 8 o'clock, when there is a roll call and the company is put through a drill by its captain.

There is little sentiment among them. The Kentucky mountaineers may be, as contended by most students who have investigated their history, the direct descendants of Scotch and English settlers who retreated to the mountains for safety at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War.

Philanthropist—You say bad literature brought you here? What made you read it? Convict—I didn't. I wrote it. I was a poet and had ter steal ter keep from starvin'.