

rious.

But at 9:10, after the most thrilling and heroic work ever seen at a New York fire, firemen fought their way into the main office, and dragged out Giblin, who immediately collapsed. The other two were dead.

Fire Commissioner Joseph Johnson first saw the men. Regardless of personal danger he bent over the grated window and peered into the agonized face of the only one of the trapped men still on his feet.

"We'll get you out, old man," he shouted.

Fireman James Dunn leaped to the assistance of his chief. Before he could reach the window, Father McGeean, chaplain of the department, went to the window. Over his head a dozen streams of icy water were playing against the seething walls. Showers of stone fell about the young priest. Chips struck him on the head and shoulders, and brought the blood in flowing streams.

Drenched to the skin, as the ice formed about him, Father McGeean stood calmly facing death and moved not until he had administered to the imprisoned man the last rites of the church to the dying.

Then he was dragged away, and the mad work of rescue went on.

Fireman Dunn froze, and cursed, and wept, and worked savagely, heroically, madly. Then his comrades dragged him away, and Fireman Brown took his place with the little steel saw at

the bars behind which gloomed Giblin's face.

Brown shouted words of encouragement, and worked as Dunn had worked until he too was dragged away—to the hospital. Fireman Young took his place. Young gave out, and William Lark took his place.

And it was Lark who broke through the bars at last, and dived through, and fought fire and smoke and drenching streams of water, until he reached Giblin, and passed him, dying, through the grating.

Later, Lark returned, and found the body of John Campeon, captain of the vaults. He was dead. A few minutes later he stumbled over another body in that inferno of smoke and flame, and dragging it to the grating passed it out. It was that of William Sheehan. Sheehan was not dead, but is not expected to live.

At 9:15 o'clock, Giblin was rushed to the Hudson street hospital. But the firemen had fought in vain, for the physicians at the hospital report that Giblin is dying from burns and exposure.

HOPE AND COURAGE

Our purpose should be—and I think it is—to help to abolish poverty and to make our country a better one for the coming generations. Wherefore, as Lincoln says, having thus chosen our course, let us renew our trust in God and go forward without fear and with manly hearts—Gilson Gardner.