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BOSTON, MASS.

UNCLE JERRY'S FIRE

Put Out Before it was Set by Bill
Bailey's New Engine

Leonard Tufts, First to the Fires
for Many Years a Poor Second
to This New Outfit

In the annals of every budding metropolis in the land, it has been the fashion of the delighted populace to celebrate with parades and speeches the advent of the first fire engine—to walk the streets with the Knights of Pythias band, and girls bearing garlands, following the red and nickel wonder, proudly manned by her volunteer fighters, dreadful to behold, arrayed in flaming flannel, and helmeted like grenadiers. This has also been a godsend to the oppressed Muse in the sanctum of the local organ, devastated weekly by a lack of exciting comment to stem his dwindling circulation.

Consider now the unheard of restraint not only of the Pinehurst fire brigade in making no mention at all of the purchase and commission of as fancy and trim a little engine as can be found in the old North State, but of the populace who made no display thereof, and your orator, who let pass the opportunity so presented to regale you with a picture of the sturdy boys ready on the instant to battle with the devastating flames, and to save your children from the top-most pinnacle any Thursday midnight, with appropriate warnings about smoking in the house and going to bed without a bucket of water.

We thought to wait until the occasion should arise for the testing of this affair. Our idea was that we would write Bill Bailey's glory or his epitaph after his minute men had tackled the first conflagration. And we had in mind a test, both of the speed with which this outfit got under way, and its effective performance, that would push any fire brigade in Christendom to its limit.

For years we have observed that before the first faint whiff of smoke had drifted into the air from any incipient blaze—before the first dulcet tone of the siren had reached the consciousness of the most sensitive invalid, one thing was certain to occur. Leonard Tufts was certain to be seen doing the twenty in record time, making for the fatal spot with unerring and uncanny instinct. Any engine, truck or flying machine that could beat him to the fire deserves the Grand Prix. We determined to abide by this test of speed in going into action. For efficiency in putting out the fire our formula was simple. If after the event the fire chief had his skin, it was certain that he had done his duty, than which no man can do more. For Mr. Tufts would not leave a whole skin on any man letting a fire burn above par.

The Critical day arrived.
The Fire Whistle sounded its dread alarm over the startled landscape.
Pen in hand we rushed to record the Score.

And in awarding the prize of Chief Bailey, and Tobe Hensley, his lieutenant, for the utmost vigilance and prompt and effective action, we are delighted to announce that they beat the pistol, the record, and the pace maker.

No sooner had the alarm sounded than Mr. Tufts shot out of the office at a 2.10 pace. By the time he had done the half and was turning into the stretch at Donald Ross house, he had caught the flying rumor that the fire was in the School. Being in full view of the School, and seeing no sign of the engine, he rushed into the house and called up the Garage. There was no time wasted in explanations. Send up that engine to the School house, and don't delay for a nap on the way, was the burden of the message delivered with a sufficient charge of powder behind it to lend emphasis to the advisability of immediate action.

The ever present reporter, sprung out of the ground, the hook and ladder from the General Store and the hose reel from the same vicinity arrived at the School simultaneous with Mr. Tufts. But sad to relate there was no sign of the new engine. With a heavy heart the headline was written recording the demise of the engine crew, just as they appeared around the bend.

Simultaneous came a winged messenger of African persuasion with the tidings that the fire was not at the school after all, but was consuming Uncle Jerry's ancient and hallowed cabin.

Then it was that the commander in chief gave vent to his opinion, and inquired why the engine had not been on hand, and why the fire had not been out.

Chief Bailey interrupted to mildly inquire which fire was under discussion.

"Jerry's palace," says Mr. Tufts, short and final.

"Beg pardon," says the chief, still mild," but we put that out some time ago and were just back from dinner when your telephone reached us to come up here."

Which explains many things. Among them why we have so few really successful and interesting fires. For the most part they are out and the brigade back home asleep before they are discovered. By the time they are reported at the engine house the log has already grown dim and misty with age. Mr. Tufts no longer holds the cross country record in this vicinity.

Going Into Peaches

Reports from all hands indicate that the public has thoroughly awakened to the possibilities of this Sandhill District as a fruit section. Dividends averaging from 25 to 125 per cent per year have been paid on orchard properties here for some years, without apparently causing the slightest interest to outside capitalists. But this could not last forever.

A number of the leading members of the Colony in Pinehurst have taken an interest in the Elberta Company, a corporation recently organized and now planting 130 acres of commercial peach orchard at Eagle Springs.

Another enterprize on similar lines is the Marston Orchard Company now preparing to plant 100 acres on the Seaboard Air line at Marston. This last concern holds something over 3,000 acres of peach lands, which will ultimately be developed.

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