

HARBOR FLAMES and FIREBOATS

On the wall of the dimly-lit assembly room of Fire Station No. 57 a bell begins striking in quick, staccato periods. One, one three—one, one three—one, one three—A song rattles, sending its brass clangor into every corner of the building. Upstairs, in the cot room, there is the thump of men springing from their beds, a confusion of voices, the stir of sudden arousing.

Lights spring up and down the shining brass pole come sliding man after man in quick succession, struggling into outer garments as they descend. The door onto the wharf is flung open, letting in a blast of wintry air. Along-side, riding upon the dark water, is the fire boat, long and clean of deck with a dim plume of steam floating away on the night wind. Heavy masses of smoke already are pouring from her funnel.

Like boarding buccanars the men swarm over the rail. The moorings are cast off with a splash and the water under the stern is churned to a white froth. Shaking under the urge of her powerful engines, she swings away from the dock and noses out into the blackness of the Upper Bay.

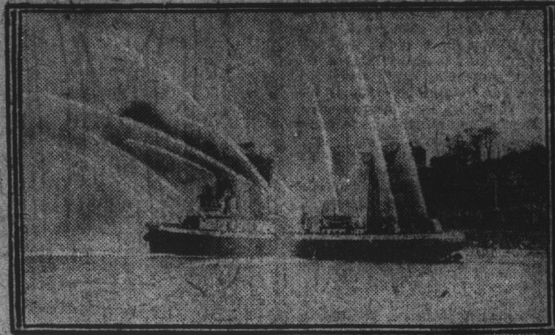
A Bad Prospect
Far away, down near the Narrows, there is a mounting red glare upon the water, its source hidden by a mass of shipping which stands outlined against it in hard silhouette. With every minute it spreads and grows brighter, touching the sky with its angry glow. The highlands of St. George are lit with it as though by a red dawn. Over the whole, blacker than the starless firmament itself, looms a belling pall of smoke.

The veteran Deputy Chief in command peers long through his night glasses from the eminence of the bridge.

"Oh," he says, and shakes his head. Oil, hardest of fires to control. The ship cuts through the water at a full twelve knot clip, shearing through scattered pans of ice with a continual grinding crunch. Everywhere on board there is the activity of calm and systematic preparation. Men are busied at the pipe stands, with the reels, looking to equipment, setting everything in order for the approaching attack. And everywhere sees the grizzled chief, turning his flashlight here, there, within and without, marshalling his forces like a good general who leaves nothing to chance.

Below decks, in a hold as full of machinery as a destroyer, the engineers are nursing the oil-burning boilers. The roar of the forced draught sounds a hoarse diapason beneath the wash of water alongside and the hiss and throb of the engines. On the steam gauge, heart and pulse of the vessel, the needle creeps steadily upward to two hundred pounds. There will be no lack of pressure for the greedy pumps, no failure of water when the time comes.

The glare grows brighter, they are seen now. Between them and the sea only the towering fabric of a



(C) P & A
The fireboat John Purroy Mitchell, pride of the New York Fire Department, throwing 10,000 gallons of water a minute.

full-rigged ship, riding high out of the water, with the lurid glare flickering upon her lofty spars. Over the sharp line of her bulwarks there is a brief glimpse of distant flame darting tongues of fire high into the air.

Into the Dragon's Mouth
Under her towering counter they sweep, into the full light of the conflagration. It is a burning steamship, anchored and deserted, from whose fore hatch a veritable volcano of fire is belching upwards. Even at two hundred yards distance the heat of it is apparent. As they approach, a sheet of brighter flame spurts from the opening with a dull concussion. A

moment later another follows. Roundling to under the flank of the blazing vessel, they find a small launch bobbing, in which is seated a small, distracted Spaniard, the captain of the ship. What is the cargo? Oil? Caribana, no! Gasoline, in cans. There is no hope for his boat, and the Senior Admiral had better keep away. As for him, the blessed saints would testify that he has always been the most unfortunate of mortals. There is nobody on the ship; it is likely to blow up at any moment. For Dios!

Prepare to Board!
Thus informed as to the general nature and disposition of the cargo, the Chief gives orders to lay alongside. With a crashing hiss fourteen streams of water open upon the flames. Preparations are made to go aboard. If the ship is to be saved it will be necessary to close the water-tight bulkheads and flood the burning hold.

A dancing jacobs-ladder rattles and bangs against the ship's side. Up goes the chief, followed by three picked men, clad head to foot in rubber. Everywhere there is unbroken darkness except on deck where the light of the fire itself penetrates in shadowy gleams. The cabin and ladder-wells are black caverns of acid smoke, encumbered with abandoned gear, tortuous and confusing. Slowly they work their way below, groping along walls and through doorways, preceded by the probing finger of light from the flashlight slung on the wrist of the Chief. Down and ever down, while the roar of the fire comes to them muffled but menacing through the steel bowels of the ship, and the suffocating smoke grows thicker and hotter in the tank passages.

A Black Inferno
At increasingly frequent intervals the vessel is shaken by detonations as can after can of gasoline explodes. The heat is overpowering, searing their skin and parching their lungs. All is blackness, there is no air; the metal plates on every side are blistering to the touch. And always the dread thought: on every of these explosions will be the last, the final one!

Along the floor of the ship they work their way, with Death walking at their heels. The flashlight ray falls on a bulkhead door. It is beginning to glow with heat, but they close and lock it. Staggering and gasping, they stumble on to the others, swing them to and press home the bolts. Then back to the ladder to begin the painful, exhausting climb back to the light, and the air, and life.

Up and up, clinging to the iron rungs, groping, calling to each other through the darkness and the smoke—and up and up, following the moving spot of light in the hands of the Chief through the maze of abandoned saloons and unfamiliar stairs, up to the main deck and the sweet breath of the salt breeze.

Reinforcements Arrive
Rising now above the fierce tumult of the flames they hear another, more powerful note, the blighting roar of water pouring from a score of points into the scorching pit of the fore hold, and the deep throb and murmur of the pumps as four fireboats turn their strength to the attack. 45,000 gal-

lons of water a minute are crashing into the heart of the blaze. Gradually the ship begins to feel the weight of water which is flooding in-board at the rate of 175 tons a minute. As the fore hold fills the water begins to settle at the bow, sinking lower and lower. For hours the powerful streams are focused upon the hatch, which continues to pour out in scarcely diminished volume its geyser of flame. Then, with a farcical burst of smoke and steam, and a great gurgling whirl of water, the bulwarks dip beneath the surface.

At the depth of five fathoms the keel takes the ground, leaving the superstructure and the stern high in the air. The fire is out, and the ship, though damaged, is saved.

Fireboats in New York harbor attacking a dangerous blaze in a steamship hold, caused by the burning and explosion of thousands of cans of gasoline. (Below) Deputy Chief Edward J. Worth, head of the Marine Division of the New York Fire Department, with some of his men.

Such is the daily portion of the sea-going firemen of the New York Fire Department, to whose keeping has been given the safety of the billions of dollars worth of shipping and the world's greatest sea-port. There is the long expanse of the north reaching from the Sound along the other bank of the Harlem River to Yonkers on the Hudson, and to the south the tremendous circle of Staten Island, 51 miles around, and the many islands in the upper and lower bay, together with all the thousands of craft of every description which throng its waters.

A Busy Life
Every alarm along this far-flung waterfront, which means every alarm originating within two blocks of the water, is answered by the Marine Division. Ten fireboats are always on duty with steam up and cleared for action. And when serious fires occur on the Jersey shore they rally to the attack, or with the prevailing westerly winds blazing vessels have been known to burn through their moorings and drift over to the New York side, playing havoc with the wharves and shipping.

An average of 250 ships a year catch fire in New York Harbor, and about 60 wharves and piers. These last, though rarer occurrences, are apt to be serious—particularly in winter, when the extreme cold and exposed position freezes the shore feed pipes. Then it is that the tars of the Fire Department must bear the brunt of the battle.

Under cover of the streams playing from the boat—the fireman knew the creeping barrage long before the savior dreamed of it—they go onto the dock, into the impenetrable darkness of the great shed, densely filled with smoke. As always, the Chief or officer leads, appraising the situation with the aid of his flashlight, and directing the men, who come dragging their "pipes" to the designated spot. Then the signal is passed back for water and the great streams go crashing into the roots of the advancing fire, while over the men themselves descends a saving veil of salt water from the supporting pipes, very much like Mercy, which as everyone knows, "falleth like the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath." In this case, in the face of a roaring tornado of flame, it is not twice blessed, but in all probably, seven or eight times, according to the number of individuals wetted.

The Touch of Death
Sometimes, when the fire feeds upon certain chemicals, or—worst of all, upon hemp fibre—the smoke is so laden with deadly poisons that it would be death for a man to go into it. It is one of the first duties of the officer in command to determine if possible the nature of the burning material, for to face a gas attack of this sort would spell disaster to the brave men whose calling is dangerous enough as it is. Most experienced firemen, however, can determine the nature of the fire with fair accuracy from the color of the smoke and the way it burns.

Despite the fact that fires are on the increase in this country, including New York City, the efficiency of the Department manages to keep pace with the demands upon it. 90% of all fires are confined to the point of origin.

When I asked Mr. Rockefeller to what he chiefly attributed his success, he instantly replied, "To others," writes R. C. Forbes in Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan. "Ever since my early manhood I have been a loafer," said Mr. Rockefeller. "While the newspapers were picturing me as a slave to business, working day and night, the truth is that I wasn't working hard at all—at least, not at business. I was working hard very often, but not at twenty-six Broadway or at any other place of business, but at my home, near Cleveland, where my special hobby was the transplanting of trees, and where I did a lot of gardening. I left others to do the hard work. After middle age I rarely ever visited the office and it is many years since I did any work whatsoever there."

GOOD HEALTH, GOOD LOOKS
He failed to say what would happen if a rat got tangled up in the trap during the night.

"Of Days"
Writing on happiness in the April issue of the International-Cosmopolitan, Bruce Barton makes three suggestions to insure happiness. He also tells what he does when he is physically and mentally below par.

"There are a certain number of days in every month when I am not worth a hooch," he says. "Once I fretted through these days and tried to drive myself to work, but no more. When such a day dawns now, when I wake up utterly lacking in pep, I accept the verdict blithely.

"Sometimes I take books and cigars and go back to bed. Some days I walk around in unfamiliar parts of town; some days I play golf or ride. And at evening I am refreshed and I say, 'One more day to charge up to the reserve for wasted days.' And invariably the next day I feel fine."

Physique Value
Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan. When Frank A. Vanderlip was presiding over the largest financial institution America has ever known, the National City Bank of New York, he said:

"In picking a man for a highly responsible executive position, I always take into account both his physical condition and his physique. Unless he has built up a strong, healthy body I don't want him, because during the terrible stress and strain of a great crisis, when you need his services most, he is likely to cave in."

The United States and Canada have been invited to participate in an International Congress of Heating and Ventilating Engineers to be held in Paris this summer.

STATEMENT
Fireman's Fraternal Insurance Fund of the North Carolina State Firemen's Association.
Condition December 31st, 1924, as shown by Statement filed:
Balance from previous year \$ 2,030.08
Income—from members \$17:
114.00; miscellaneous \$153.97
Total 15,268.27
Disbursements—to members, \$10,500.00; miscellaneous, \$500.10; total 10,500.16
Business written during year—Number of policies 471, amount 471,000.00
Business in force at end of year—number of policies 1476, amount 1,476,000.00
Assets
Deposited in Trust Companies and banks not on interest 175.00
Deposited in Trust Companies and Banks on interest 3,623.70
Paid up Building and Loan 3,000.00
Total Liabilities \$6,798.79
NONE
Business in North Carolina During 1924—
Policies or Certificates in force Dec. 31st of previous year, Number 1196; amount \$1,196,000.00
Policies or Certificates issued during the year, number 280, amount 280,000.00
Policies or Certificates in force Dec. 31, 1924, number 1476, amount 1,476,000.00
Losses and Claims incurred during the year, Number 10, amount 10,000.00
Losses and Claims paid during the year, number 10, amount 10,000.00
Premiums and Assessments collected during the year in North Carolina \$15,114.60
President—Frank W. Bennett, Secretary—Jno. L. Miller, Treasurer—Chas. Schnibben, Home Office—Concord, North Carolina, 8 South Union St.
Attorney for Service: Stacey W. Wade, Insurance Commissioner, Raleigh, N. C. State of North Carolina—Insurance Department, Raleigh, March 11, 1925.
I, Stacey W. Wade, Insurance Commissioner, do hereby certify that the above is a true and correct abstract of the statement of the Fireman's Insurance Fund, a Fraternal Order, of Concord, N. C., filed with this Department, showing the condition of said Order on the 31st day of December, 1924.
Witness my hand and official seal, this day and date above written.
STACEY W. WADE, Insurance Commissioner.
Mrs. Mattie Beauchamp Dead, Salisbury, March 30.—Mrs. Mattie Beauchamp died Sunday morning at her home on East Key Street. The funeral took place Monday at 2 o'clock from the Holiness Church, and interment will be at Chestnut Hill. Mrs. Beauchamp's husband died suddenly three weeks ago.

RADIO BROADCASTING NEWS

- Program for April 2nd.**
WSB Atlanta Journal (428.3) 8 program; 10:45 organ.
WBEI Boston (475.0) 6:15 orchestra; 7 WEAF musical; 8 musical; 9 orchestra.
WGH Buffalo (310) 6 music; 7:10 musical program, WEAF.
WES Chicago (344.6) 6:25 organ; 6:50 Senate theater; 7 lullaby time.
WEHH Chicago post (370.2) 7 concert, tenor; 8 Riviera theater; 9 dance, soprano, saxophone, quintet; 11 dance, tenor, soprano.
WMAQ Chicago News (447.5) 6 organ; 8 garden talk; 8:15 Boy Scouts; 8:50 lecture; 9:15 program.
KYW Chicago (536) 7 concert; 7:35 speeches; 8 reading; 8:20 artists; 9:05 talk; 10 at home; 11 Inscinnin Club, Nighthawks.
WGN Chicago Tribune (370.2) 6 organ; 6:30 concert, string, quintet; 8 WGN quartet; 10 dance, jazz.
WLW Cincinnati (422.3) 6 memory contest; 6:45 talk; 10:03 concert, quartet, monologue, Melody boys, accordion.
WEAR Cleveland (389.4) 6 organ.
WFAA Dallas News (475.9) 6:30 recital; 8:30 program; 11 humor and music.
WOC Davenport (483.6) 6:30 Sandman; 7 musical.
WVFT Detroit News (352.7) 7 WEAF concert.
WIO Des Moines (520) 7:30 glee club; 11 dance.
WBAP Fort Worth Star-Telegram (475.9) 7:30 concert; 9:30 popular, classical.
KFKX Hastings (288.3) 9:30 mandolin, sextettes.
KNX Hollywood (336.9) 8:15 dance; 9:30 talk; 10 features; 12 orchestra.
WDAF Kansas City Star (395.6) 6 school of the air; 11:45 Merry Old Chief, frolic.
WHAS Louisville Journal (399.8) 7:30 concert.
KEL Los Angeles (405.2) 8 concert; 8:30 children; 10 features; 12 orchestra.

- WCOO Minneapolis-St. Paul (416.4) 7:30 New York program.
WEAF New York (401.5) 6 services; 6:40 history; 7 baritone; 8 program; 9 "Faust," opera ensemble; 10 dance.
WJZ New York (454.3) 6 orchestra; 6:55 fire of love; 7:10 NYU air college; 7:30 program, address, band; 9:30 dance.
WJY New York (405.2) 6:30 concert; 7:15 tenor; 8:30 baritone; 8:45 musical saw; 9 orchestra.
WHN New York (361.2) 6 dance; 6:30 health talk; 7 entertainers; 9 dance; 11 Parody club; 11:30 music.
WGO Oakland (361) 6 concert; 9:15 5th lesson; 10 Smith's Thru; 12 dance.
WQAW Omaha (526) 6 story; 6:20 announced; 6:45 orchestra; 9 anniversary program.
WIP Philadelphia (508.2) 6 talk; 7 talk; 7:15 concert; 8 recital; 10 orchestra.
WPI Philadelphia (394.5) 6 talk; 7 concert; 8 concert; 9 orchestra.
KDKA Pittsburgh (300.1) 7 program; 7:30 Masque and Wig club.
WCAE Pittsburgh (461.3) 6:30 Uncle Kayser; 8 concert.
KGV Portland Oregonian (401.5) 10 orchestra; 12 dance, music.
WKAQ Porto Rico (340.7) 6:30 concert.
KPO San Francisco (329.5) 6:30 concert; 9 dance; 10 organ; 11 Welsh night; 12 dance.
WOAT San Antonio (394.5) 9:30 orchestra.
WGY Schenectady (379.5) 6:30 book chat; 6:45 practice club; 7:30 army band; 8:30 Pan American program; 10:30 organ.
KFNE Shenandoah (206) 6:30 concert from Clarinda.
WVZ Springfield (33.3) 6:1 5talk; 6:30 lecture; 7 saxophonist; 7:15 popular pianist; 7:30 organ; 8 singing orchestra, concert, philharmonic trio; 10:30 Radio four; 10:45 orchestra.
WRC Washington (309) 6 trio; 7 Cuban night; 9 dance; 11 orchestra.



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It's Too Good to throw away!
We Can Make it Snappy and Fresh as New
SEND IT TO
Bob's Dry Cleaning Co.

PHONE 757

Rube Goldberg's Stuff.
Alarm clocks usually mean loss of sleep to most folks but Robert T. Wade, editor and publisher of the Morehead City, N. C., Coaster, has arranged an ingenious contrivance whereby an alarm clock and a rat trap give him an extra hour's sleep each morning.

Mr. Wade says that for years he had to get up every morning at 7 o'clock to light the gasoline burner under the metal pot of his linotype machine in order to have the metal ready at 8 o'clock. Recently he installed a new machine which uses electricity to heat the metal instead of gasoline.

Tired of being aroused every morning to turn on the electricity, he bought an alarm and fastened a short stick to the winder. He tied one end of the string to the stick and the other to the spring of a rat trap. When the alarm goes off at 7 o'clock in the morning the winder turns around and tightens on the string, causing the rat trap to be sprung. The trap is attached to the electric switch by means of a piece of wire and as it snaps shut, it throws the switch and turns on the electricity. Editor Wade now comes down at 8 o'clock in the morning.

He failed to say what would happen if a rat got tangled up in the trap during the night.

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"Sometimes I take books and cigars and go back to bed. Some days I walk around in unfamiliar parts of town; some days I play golf or ride. And at evening I am refreshed and I say, 'One more day to charge up to the reserve for wasted days.' And invariably the next day I feel fine."

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MRS. J. E. HENDERSON
"For about five years I was in very poor health brought on thru a nervous breakdown," said Mrs. J. E. Henderson, who resides at 423 S. Columbia St., Gastonia, N. C. "I lost in weight, got very thin and almost too weak to get around. I could not sleep or get any rest, had no appetite, was completely worn out and suffered so with my head that I would nearly go mad. I had backaches and pains in my side. I doctored and took medicine but it was Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription that finally restored me to health. It was worth hundreds of dollars to me, for it made me a well woman. I gained back my weight and have enjoyed the very best of health since."

You should obtain this famous Prescription now at your nearest drug store in tablets or liquid, or send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for trial pkg. Write for free medical advice.

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