## TEN LITTLE DUTIES.

Ten little duties! Does no good to whine; Skip about and do one, then there are nine Nine little duties; it never pays to wait; Do one quick, and-presto!-there are only

Eight little duties: might have been eleven; One done in no time, leaving only seven. Seven little duties: 'tisn't such a fix; Do one more, and-bless me!-there are only

eight.

Six little duties, sure as I'm alive! Never mind, one's over; now there are but five. Five little duties knocking at your door! Lead one off to Doneland, that leaves only four Four little duties, plain as plain can be! Can't be shirked-one's over-leaving only

three. Three little duties; like a soldier true Meet them and vanquish one; then there'll be but two.

Two little duties between you and fun: In just a minute longer there'll be only one! One little duty; now what will you do? Do it! why, surely; now you are through! -Selected

## JOHN FLINT, DEPUTY-CHIEF.

The new fire commissioner, lounging in swivel chair, concluded his remarks to the deputy-chief with a wave of his hand and a shrug of his shoulders.
"You know, Flint," he said, "there is such a thing as being too careful. Keep-

ing up a record of never losing a man and not obeying your superior officer don't go together, always, remember that." John Flint, who was on his way out of the office, turned abruptly.
"The floor fell, sir, didn't it?"

You told Chief Ronan you had ordered your men off that floor." The commissioner had swung around to his desk and was speaking over his shoulder. "He told you to put them back again; you didn't and the fire jumped to the next building-and that's the answer.

The commissioner watched Flint as he flushed and walked silently to the door. "That's the answer," added the commissioner as a parting shot. "And next time you'll be up on charges."

As the door closed the commissione glanced at the chief, who had been standing rigidly in the middle of the room.

Was that right?" "It'll do," was the short reply. "Next time, though, I'll press the charge. John Flint nor nobody else will make a mon-

key of me."

The commissioner regarded him with keen, humorous eyes. He was "green" and he was young, but he knew neither fear nor Tammany, which are one and the same thing-sometimes.

"You're right Ronan, nobody's going to make a monkey of you if I can help it. . . . I can't save you from yourself, though. If Flint had carried out your orders you'd'a'had two lost companiesthirty-two dead men-to answer for.

That's carrying professional jealousy too "He had the floor overweighted with

water." blazed the chief. You don't prove that and Flint's men" -the commissioner tossed his hands and The incident's closed. Flint's a great fireman and you're a great chief. he city should be proud of you both. Let it go at that. There's plenty of room for both of you in the department. But there won't be if this keeps up, believe me." The commissioner turned to the letter and Chief Ronan walked to his own office, muttering that there was not sufficient space for both of them as it stood, and that he had his own idea as to the one who would have to make room.

John Flint sat for a minute as his gig drew up in front of his home on East Ffteenth Street. Then climbing down to the sidewalk he turned to his driver with a soft look in his steel gray eyes.

"Hit the gong, Tom," he said. Before the clanging had ceased to sound, the front door opened and a little boy dashed down the steps and made a flying leap into his father's arms, who, without breaking the motion, lifted him deftly up to his shoulder.

cried the boy, kicking his heels delightedly, "that was the time, daddy. Wasn't it a fine jump?"

"I should say so," laughed the father.
"Some day, Jackie, if you keep growing like you have, you'll jump clean over my

He looked up at his wife, who stood framed in the light of the doorway, smil-

ing down at them.
"Come, John," she said, "you give me little enough of your company without wasting it all there on the sidewalk." Flint chuckled, waved to his driver,

and then ran up the steps. Nights when his big, wonderful father dined at home were banner nights for Jackie. For then his mother permitted him to skip his bedtime hour and remain at the table until dinner was finished and his father was free to put him to bed. And all this was a great event in the life of that little five-year old and a great, golden event for John Flint, ordinarily. But tonight he was not himself, altogeth er. Jackie, of course didn't notice it, but the mother did and her eyes filled with concern. She had a sweet, youthful face; a s iking tace, beautiful, if only because or it's spirituality; physically she was not

SHOUR "Dad," said the boy, "I dreamt last night you was caught in a black place— o-oh awful black and dark and—and—

then I woke before you got out." Flint laughed abstractedly and reaching over tousled his son's head. But the face of his wife toward the two was marked by a strange dread.

"You mustn't dream such things, Jackie," she said sharply.
"No, Towser," said the father, "a boy like you should dream of faries and Santa

Claus and things. Something in their tones made the child feel something and he looked at them with blinking eyes for a momen

until his mind ran to other thoughts. The ticker in the hall sounded an alarm and the wife's lips moved, as was her wont in an invocation of safety for

those responding to the summons. Flint moved impatiently. "I'm glad the commissioner has order-

ed those things taken out of the houses!' His wife looked at him for a moment in surprise.

What's the matter, John," she asked in a low, quick voice.
"Why that jigger has bothered you-

"I didn't mean that," she interrupted. Your mood-I-

She stopped with a questioning look. 'Ronan had me before the commission er," he said responsively. "The commissioner was too straight and too wise

to take up charges, but the chief is down on Fourteenth Street with Scanlon, His wife did not speak for a moment.

At length, "I wish you were out of the department, John. You've served twenty years; they'd let you retire—and you have that fine offer from the hose supply company.

Please, John. I said I wouldn't mention

t again, but please!" Flint's eyes became steel and his jaws rilged. Then his face softened and arising he walked to her chair and caressed her hair.

"It's not because of Ronan, dear, you know that," she added. "I know, but you mustn't be silly, girl. can't retire now, with things this way. I've tried to be white with Ronan, but what's the use. I won't any more. I'm going to fix him now—and I think I know now to do it." He looked at his watch. "I must be out awhile to-night—at my quarters." He turned to the boy. "You won't mind old man, if I put you

to bed to-morrow night instead! I've got The child tried to be brave and suc-

er jumped up with quick concern. "Not tonight, Jonn. Oh, don't leave it for tomorrow. Just fifteen minutes, something makes me af—" she compressward. The deputy's jaws set tight. ed her lips. "It will only delay you fifteen minutes. He's been talking about

it all day."

to the bed.

"Yes?"

"Good-night, John."

ceeded, but his lip quiqered. The moth-

Flint glanced at his watch again and "All right, Towser," he said, "you and I are booked for a dandy scrap." And they had it while delighted squeals from a very small boy and great, deep chuckles from a very big man filled the house. for the rear wheels of the gig. The offi-cer at the steering wheel lurched heavi-"Now ain't you nearly broked in two?" queried the boy at length, sitting astride his father's chest. "You should say so?" he suggested as Flint lifted him

"Yes, I should say so, you little giantkiller. . . Now then off you go to Chief Ronan's automobile, could not stisleep if you want to grow up to be a big accident, and in another half minute he

And so the boy went to sleep while the father sat for awhile looking out over the street where the gloom of twilight was beginning to settle. As he kissed his wife at the door she

ooked up at him. "Aren't you glad you waited? Come back soon to me, John.

"Yes. Good-by She turned on the sill. "John!"

when Flint arrived at the truck house

children; the clatter of crockery falling

A hurdy-gurdy was rattling away in

and boxes on the sidewalk. The dull

Allen Street a block eastward and the

gong of an ambulance out on a heat case

lattered insistently and then died away.

Above the street the walls of the houses

were amorphous shapes, punctuated by

faint blurs of light and thin, watery stars

hung vaguely in a characterless sky. Everything seemed adrip: in the heavy

the reek of the street, which neither lift-

ed nor disintegrated. The deputy-chief

replied absently to the salute of the man

at the desk and glanced with a faint

smile at a young probationer, who sat on

the running-board of the truck, drinking from a cold, moisture-beaded bottle of

derful faces in which strength, kindli-

ness and sweetness are perfectly joined. None of his division feared John Flint,

but all respected him as strong men only

pany captain joined him as the horse was

taken from the gig, and the two moved

to the open doors, conversing. A wom-an who had been waiting there advanc-

ed diffidently, holding her small son by

"Thought I'd come out and tell you that the boy is all well, Chief, thanks to you

and the milk you been sendin' around

Flint's big, genial voice interrupted.

"Now, now Mrs. Maguire, that's all right. So here he is, eh?" rubbing his

hand over the child's head. "Sure, sure

he's all right now; such a little husky

couldn't be under the weather long, could he, Billy?" And how proud that boy was

Old Giulio, the ice-cream man, who smiled on all children whether they

bought or not, came up pushing his cart

before him and the captain called the

probationer, gave him fifty cents and

told him to round up the dancers and

the other children and buy them hokey-

pokeys until the money ran out. Then

he and the chief stood for awhile chuck-

ling deeply as they saw the urchins scram-

For half an hour thereafter Flint sat in

leaned over the desk and drew the tele-

phone to him, calling the number of a great newspaper on Park Row.

"You remember sending a man to me

last month on that Prince Company hose

contract," he said to the city editor.

Flint-yes. If you send your man Ar-

nold around here about ten o'clock I

think I can give him some information.

He took from his desk a sealed envel-

ope, opened it, and carefully perused a report, which one of the heads of the

clerical department had secretly compil-

It involved one of those official discrep-

are-something which a slight deviation

from correct analysis would permit the formulation of charges sufficiently seri-

ous, to annoy Ronan and make him squirm but not calculated to hold water

on trial. As Flint read them over he rec-

ed and forwarded to him.

as his mother led him away!

can respect à stronger man.

milk.

the hand.

eat smoke.

and the doctor-

The deputy had one of those won-

The com-

atmosphere amyriad odors were merge

and breaking on iron escape landings.

"Good-night."
She closed the door lingeringly.

"It's on the fourth floor, Chief," he said, "and going like hell. I've got the first company with a line on the stairs leading to the floor and the third company, too. The second's up there on the fire-escape.

" he said, seizing the telephone. He

fireman entered with word that young

An alarm outside the district had

come in as the visitors entered and they

were just in time to see the three big

horses dash to their places and the fire-

heads of the animals in accordance with

the regulation that "second-out" compa-

nies shall remain in readiness for a pos-

sible second alarm. Flint had just flash-

ed down the pole and was shaking hands

with the settlement worker when the in-

dicator sounded a few sharp strokes. Figures darted here and there; there was

a pounding of hoofs, a glitter of metal

and woodwork, a hurried apology from

Flint, and Talbot and his guests were,

with the exception of the keeper, alone

As Flint's gig, with its flattering gong,

"It's the Dungan Paper Warehouse,"

he said to the driver. "The boys—"
The sharp clanging of a bell caused

motor-car turning sharply in from the

main thoroughfare and driving straight

ly sidewise, pulling the wheel sharply to

curb and stopped with its radiator crumb-

Flint, who more than once had been

beaten to a fire in his own district by

was alighting from his vehicle in front

"Where's your chief? he asked of a

"He went up the stairs with the first

company," was the reply. "I'll get him." As he spoke that officer came out the

door, his eyes streaming and panting for

ling against a brick wall.

of the burning warehouse.

battalion chief's driver.

French noblemen.

"All right," replied Flint, and he was The evening life of a hot, humid street on the lower East Side was beginning turning to order the second-alarm companies to stretch in from the water tower and the others to go round to the rear where he made his head-quarters. From the windows of the tenements overhead when Chief Ronan ran up, his white hat and from the fire-escapes came an inter-

in his hand. "I'll look after this," he said. He glarmittent murmur of voices, pierced sometimes by the sharp cry of a sick baby or the harsh admonition of a mother to her in a third alarm?"

"We don't need it yet," growled Flint, touched on his professional pride. "Yet! The hell we don't. What do front of the tawdry notion store next the you know about it? Have you been in station, and half-clad youngsters, hand in hand, were skipping, pirouetting, swaying in rythmic abandon. There were hurry. This is no fire to fool with—alwomen, babes in arms, seated in chairs though some seem to think so."

Without waiting for further words roar of the elevated railroad came from from his chief, Flint dashed into the The pungent smell of dry warehouse. paper was all about and little wisps of smoke were swirling through the offices. On the second floor the smoke rendered everything viewless. Flint reached out his foot and was guided to the stairway by the lines of hose. On the third floor landing the glow of his acetylene lantern fell on the ghostly forms of the relief lines and three firemen who had just come back from the nozzles above sat on the stairs fanning themselves with their hats and sucking air from water-soaked sponges which they carried suspended from strings from their suspender buckles.

Picking up a lieutenant Flint went on up the stairs to a point where the men at the pipes lay, their faces pressed close to the nozzles, drinking what air the water brought. He could not see the pipemen. He could not see the lieutenant standing at his elbow. It was a bad smoke, full of carbon and a dose even for Flint's practiced lungs. There was a movement at his feet and the body of a probationer, deserting his comrades at one of the pipes, lurched againt him. He was coughing and gagging and sobbing. Flint caught him, preventing him from pitching down stairs, and pushed him to

the lieutenant. 'Take him, Pete," he said. "Get him out of this. He's gone. Send one of the

relief line up." As the officer, stumbling and grunting dragged the half unconscious fireman down the stairs, Flint turned to the others. "It's all right, boys," he said, and picking his way over the recumbent men he started up ahead of the nozzles.

He could catch the impression of movement below as the big two-inch streams tore through the murk, and above a hectic flush rose and fell with pulsating fury. All about was a fierce sound, a sort of reverberating growl, the sweep of a tempest, against which rose the crash of caving timbers, the swift rattling and crackling of the flames and the sharp hissing of water. Flint's breath bling and scuffling about the lovable old suddenly stopped and he could not re-Italian and the tall young fireman who was beginning to learn what it meant to gain it. Strangling, he threw himself on his stomach, gasping for air which al-ways runs along the bottom of the smoke and got it. One of the streams soused his office, the door closed, his eyes fixed him and it felt cool and good. As he vacantly out of the window. Finally, he worked his way slowly down to his men a long tongue of flame appeared out of the lurid flush above and shot over the prone figures at the hose. Two solid streams sought its source, but it came once more, lazily, this time licking at the helmets of the firemen and searing their

cheeks. Flint's voice rose huskily. "Come on out of this, boys," he yelled. "Take your lines down to the next floor." Grumbling, but knowing they were beaten, the men wriggled down the stairs and rallied on the third floor landing with the desperation of strong and brave men facing defeat by an element which they had been taught to hate. Flint found a battalion chief here. He had come from ancies that sound worse than they really are—something which a slight deviation rear window at the head of two engine companies with hose and a truck com-

pany with axes. "Look here, Chief," he said, grasping Flint by the arm and leading him down the hall and into a small storeroom with ognized this and he sat back with eyes closed, casting about for the best method of giving the facts as revealed their

fingers with light touch up the wall. Suddenly his hand paused and hitting "A new sort of business you're in," he muttered. "You ought to be proud of yourself!" For a few seconds he sat sithe plaster a resounding smack he turnlent then started in his chair. "You'll not play with cards under the table, anyed to the shadowy figure of a great rawboned axeman who stood at his elbow.

"Punch a hole in there," he said. way," he said, seizing the telephone had started to call the chief's office when A crunching blow followed and then another. Out of the hole a long, bloodred quivering tongue of flame appeared and puffed off into the smoky limbo be-Talbot, a settlement worker of the district, was down-stairs with a party of hind, as though sentient with desire to locate and ignite some gas-laden ball of smoke, setting free the death-dealing back draft. Then came another tongue, which licked up to the ceiling and then men to drop one after another down the withdrew like the flashing tongue of a sliding poles, standing grouped about the snake.

Again the big truckman's axe smote the wall and the hose men dragging in a line thrust the pipe into the hole, holding it in place on a Bonner partition

tripod.
Stumbling along to the west side of the building, Flint found that Deputy-Chief Ryan had discovered similar conditions. He went down the stairs shaking his head. As he came out to the sidewalk, filling his lungs with pure air, he saw Ronan in the middle of the street, by the water tower, watching the men on the fire-escapes who, as in the case of those dashed across the Bowery, a lurid flare lightened the heavy smoke, which was on the inside of the building, had been driven downward. There were groups pouring over the thoroughfare from a big six-story building a block to the westof them crouching against the third-floor wall, their helmets reversed, their heads bent low. The long, ghostly arm from got 'em all. Hurry!" the search-light engine occasionally ceased its wanderings over the face of the nan met them. burning building and rested upon them. him to turn just in time to see a low red On the sidewalk white-coated young ambulance surgeons were working over the prostrate figures of firemen who had eaten more smoke than they could digest. Reporters were everwhere, taking matters in a business-like manner, but avoid the impending accident, at the same time shutting off the power, which plainly interested in potentialities. The number of firemen overcome had already was wise, for the steering gear went made their stories worth half a column awry and the car lumbered up to the more than might otherwise have been more than might otherwise have been the case and they were hungry for further developments.

Ronan was intolerant, irascible, a man with every combative instinct aroused, from the moment he tackled a big fire fle a derisive laugh as he witnessed the until it was under control Flint was always more approachable. "How is it going, Chief?" asked one of

the reporters of him as the deputy made his way toward Ronan. "It's a fire, son," smiled Flint. Ronan's quick eye caught the passing

dialogue, and as his deputy came up they sparkled with a venomous light. "Did you give him your picture for the he said.

Flint did not give the chief even the satisfaction of an expression. "The fire's backed the men down to the third floor," he said. "And -well you

know the building."

The chief did know it. When he was a deputy in this district he had gone through the warehouse and made the prediction that if it ever caught fire and got going good it would mean the death of a company or two, and a battalion chief at the least. But the last thing in his mind was to ad-

mit that to his assistant. Overhead there came a soft, seething noise and a flare of light. A low-drawn exclamation arose from the throngs held in leash by the police reserves at intersecting corners. Ronan glanced upward at the great gouts of flame pouring up through the roof of the building and then looked impatiently down the street whence came the throaty whistles and iangling bells of the fourth and fifth

alarm companies "They've kicked it up through the Ronan glanced triumphantly at roof."

Flint. "The fire's going down through the partitions and is under the third floor now," said Flint simply. "I told Ryan to get the men down to the second floor and hold ready to leave the building Is that

all right! You—!"
"Is that all right!" The chief glared at Flint. He took off his hat as though to dash it to the ground, the veins in his neck swelling. "You've ordered—them down another-floor-and is it all right! You-?'

He paused as three firemen lurched out the door and fell unconscious on the sidewalk. A truck company standing grouped at the curb, leaning on the hooks, looked curiously at the ambulance surgeons as they rolled their comrades over on their backs and applied restoratives and then at the chief who ran past them die. to meet the newly arrived companies just

"Go on in there if you've got any chests on you," he yelled. "Go to it—and cut the heart out of that fire. What are you doing to-night, anyway! Why, damn I'll lick this fire or-or-" he paused -" he paused as a captain, a box-built man with grizzled mustache, dripping with water, hurried out of the building to their side; "well,"

he said, "what do you want?"
"Third floor's in bad shape, sir; looks like its going to come through. All the companies have been backed down to the second floor. Chief Ryan says shall he order out?

Ronan turned his face slowly toward Flint, but the deputy had not been listening. His eyes were directed to the third floor where a great cloud of flame was bellying out of a window, tugging like a balloon at its fastenings. Instinctively Flint turned to the opposite building, a tenement, the doors and windows open He could see the beds, pictures on the walls, and tables with their red checkered cloths set with half-finished meals. There was a lurd flash over their heads and when Flint looked at that tenement again all the signs of habitation had disappeared, the windows revealing naught but blackened walls, flaming shreds of curtains, and crumbling furnishings. A company or two were piling in, but there was little for them to do. The wave of heat had not kindled fire; it had incinerated. Ronan came out of the tenement and

Flint met him with flushed face. "How much longer are you going to leave the boys in that warehouse, Chief Ronan?" he asked.

"What's that to you?" sneered Ronan "You ain't in there, are you? Not you!" he added. Then suddenly out of the clogging welter of jealousy and hate and spite his professional judgment emerged clear. "Hey, Flint," and his words came like bullets, "Get every man out of this

Like a shot the deputy went across the sidewalk and into the doorway. Through the viewless, choking floors, filled with red spluttering embers, went the orders that meant defeat:

"Everybody to the sidewalk!" Slowly the men staggered out, bearing their burdens of heavy, water-filled hose, assembling by companies and listening with straining ears as the lieutenants

worst complexion. Suddenly he leaned forward and cast the papers into a drawer with a gesture of contempt.

hand along the surbase; it was almost called the rolls. Four times the quick, staccato calling of a name met with no diagnosis he straightened up carrying his response, and like a clammy wind word

building. One of them was Flint. Before Ronan's mouth had opened to hurl forth the rescue orders a dozen men, headed by two captains, were piling through the doorway. As they fought their way up to the second floor the stairs seemed to heave and the very building was quivering and sighing like a living thing. In the rear hallway a fireman, gasping and feeling his way with his boot, stumbled over the leg of a prostrate comrade. In a flash he bent, thrust one hand under the unconscious man's neck, the other under his shoulders and dragged him like a sack of meal to the stairs. Two or three of the party, hurcrouched, an insensible fireman across his shoulders.

"Here, take him," he said, lifting the man from his back like a child and pushing him toward the group whose voices alone told him of their near proximity "Two we've got; take 'em down and report to the chief. How many more?"

"One more, but he can't be got," cried an officer. "The floor's rocking now. But there was no reply. The next instant the chief's voice bellowed "Every one out on the sidewalk. Flint, bring your men down! Burke's not in there! Went to the hospital. We've As the men reached the sidewalk Ro-

"All here?" he cried; "where's Flint?" Impulsive always and from his first day as a fireman prone to do that which no other fireman had ever done, the chief ripped out an oath as the reply came that they thought the deputy was with them and that he had been on the second floor. Bounding for the stairs and calling over his shoulder that he would the man who followed him, he break iumped into the smoke and disappeared. leaving the men standing, wondering, un-

decided what to do. Flint's quest for the man he supposed to be lying somewhere on that floor led him through a succession of rooms, lead ing to the rear of the building. In each he had circled and recircled, kicking right and left, in hope of locating the missing man, but, of course, without success. As he proceeded he knew that the way whence he had come was being closed by intervening sheets of flame, but in figuring out his course he had no thought of leaving the warehouse over the entering route. His only chance, he knew, lay in fighting clean through the building and going down the ladders or the fire escapes, or, if the necessity arose, even dropping the twenty odd feet to the

ground. As in the case of every building in his district, Flint knew it like a book, and this knowledge and his sense of direction made acute in many such emergencies as this combined to carry him along, until the smoke began to get into his brain, and the heat to clog his senses. Many times as a private he had fought fire two or more hours in smoke which rendered his side partner invisible, as many other big-lunged firemen have, but to-night his nerves were not good and experienced firemen will tell you that it is generally the nerves that go when a man succumbs and not primarily the

heart and lungs. So this stalwart veteran of constant fire-fighting suddenly brought himself up with the realization that for the past few minutes he had been wa ically, without the stimulus or direction of the mind. He found himself in a room, not large, with his hand on the knob of a door which had not opened as he turned it. Ten feet from the floor a small dull square patch revealed the location of a ventilator window. The door

was locked. Instinctively he turned to retrace his steps, but the doorway he had entered framed a red glow like the mouth of a furnace. He faced about, drew back his boot and kicked the door a mighty blow. The panel cracked. As he swung his leg backward there came an answering crack from the other side and the next instant the door crushed inward, torn from its hinges, with the big form of Chief Ronan sprawling across it.

Quickly springing to his feet Ronan seized his deputy by the arm.
"Come on out of this, John," he said

gruffly. "Remember your wife and kiddie. Come on, every one's out." Flint heard him vaguely. Memory of the enmity which Ronan had held for him in the past year and shown upon all occasions filled his dulled brain with smouldering emotion. He tore his arm from Ronan's grasp and looked at him swaying.

You-you, man-killer," he said. "You told the commander I was afraid of fire. . Now damn you, see who'll leave

this building first, you or me." With an exclamation, not of anger, Ronan sprang for his deputy to drag him to the window not ten feet away. But before he could fling his arm around his neck the floor under their feet seemed to shift sidewise and all about them was the impression of a great wind rush, a horrible pressing down of an irresistible but impalpable force, which few firemen have felt and lived to tell the experience. Hurrying along the swaying floor, pulling Flint by the arm, Ronan had gained the the window-sill, when there came the shriek of inrushing air; followed a rending and crackling, a succession of deaf-ening reverberations and Ronan dizzily straddling the window-casing saw the floors come through, screaming, grinding, hissing, crunching—a fearful noise and a fearful sight, like the fall of a great city into the bottomless pit.

Flint, who had pulled away from Ronan's grip, went down in the middle of the floor. Paper bales which had been piled about the room tumbled ever about him, protecting him from the impact of the overhead beams and rafters, so that as he went down and down, clear to the cellar, he experienced in all their flashing reality, the horrors of his descent and its significance. Then came the impression that he had landed lightly as a feather, as a man falling from a tower, in dream. Then there was darkness and a great silence. . .

Flint moved uneasily. He heard the voice of his boy, frightened by a dream of the night. Yet there was an impression of a lapse of time. A pain shot do his back. He moved uneasily and with an instinctive movement brought his hand to his face. Then came knowledge that water was flowing upon it, water that felt gritty. He opened his eyes; there was nothing but blackness pierced by a threadlike lance of light. He closed his eyes for a second. He shivered. As in a dream he tried to rise to a sitting posture. But he could not, for a weight

lay across his stomach. His hands were free, though, and they plucked feebly at the big, charred beam. Slowly he reachwent round that men were still in the ed upward, the fingers striking against something soft. Then he let his arm fall heavily, splashing in the water, every sense awakened under the shock of realization. The paper bales had arched

above him. He was buried alive. He lay still for a few minutes and listened to the inrush of iets of water. The sound brought fear to him. Water was laving his ears; a few minutes before, as he lay with the back of his head in the water, it had not come up to his ears. Evidently the outline had closed. With frenzied desperation he kicked out side wise and his boot struck against something which seeemed to give. Again he stairs. Two or three of the party, has rying to the spot whence the truckman's cries that he had found a man came, ran flowed out guggling. Flint's head fell back upon the black ooze and he gave kicked and forced an opening through thanks to his God. Then his arm reached out again and fell upon a metal implement, a hose spanner. His fingers closed upon it. Thus he lay for awhile.

It was the night of the next day. The wife, with a face of death, but lighted by a brave smile and a little boy, were standing on the street in front of a smouldering, blackened shell, through the gaping holes of which the search-light rays were playing, and forms of men in rubber coats and battered blue fatigue caps, and wreckers from the building department, were working feverishly with pick and shovel and bar. Chief Ronan came up in his motor, and with a grave face approached the pitiful little group.

"Nothing yet?" he said in his gruff The woman shook her head. "You ought to go home," said the chief.

"This ain't any place for you two. We can-let you know. "But why don't you get him?" said the woman in a low, monotonous voice, with eyes that looked at Ronan, but seemed not to see him.

"We're tryin' to," said Ronan. "But you must hurry," she said. "For he's alive. Oh, I know it! John Flint is

Ronan looked at her curiously, a great lump in his throat, which, never having felt before, he could not understand. "Why don't you get him. He is alive," she repeated. "Why I have heard his voice all the time." She closed her eyes.

"I hear it now." "She's been saying that since last night," whispered a fireman who had just ceased work with a shift of men. Ronan put his hand on the woman's

shoulder "We'll get him if he's alive-or if he's he stopped abruptly, "we'll get him."
"Then why don't you," replied the woman, and she sat on the curb and took

her drowsy boy in her arms.

And on worked the men as only men can work who are seeking the body of a loved leader. One group was lifting char-red beams and carrying them carefully to one side. Others were burrowing down among the litter, crawling through slimy black lanes and caverns which the mov-

ing of sections of debris opened. Ronan entered the building and stood grimly watching the men. A reporter joined him.

"Is there any chance he's alive?" asked the newspaper man. "Alive!" Ronan looked at the man. "Alive! And you've been covering fires fifteen years, Max? Why—"

A voice wild with excitement inter-

rupted him, the voice of Flint's driver. "Stop all work; everybody!" The words rang thrillingly clear throughout the shell of building. Every figure straightened. Ronan hurried to the

driver's side. "What's up, Tom?" he said. His voice was even, but his eyes were glistening.
"Listen!" The driver had flung himself

upon the blackened pile and Ronan did likewise. Then to their straining ears there came with gentle distinctness a faint tapping, an orderly tapping like a fire-alarm

"One"—counted Ronan with husky voice. He waited. Then: "One—two three-four-five-six-seven-eight. "Eighteen," screamed the driver. "Eighteen truck! Our head-quarters! Ronan arose and there was a sweet dig-

nity in his voice that no one had ever

"Boys," he said, "John Flint-is-right -down-there. Get him! As electricity travels, so the news that John Flint, missing for nearly twentyfour hours at the bottom of that mountain of twisted beams, shattered timbers. and charred bales of paper, was still living, spread throughout the district. Telephones buzzed in newspaper offices; late evening extras heralded the dramatic developement and the city editors of the morning papers hurried out their best men on the star assignment of the day. The commissioner came and he took the woman and the boy, sleeping now, in his automobile and kept them there, his

hand resting heavily on her shoulder. But of all these things the little groups of men, working in tense silence under the glare of the search-light engine and acetylene lanterns, knew nothing. The tapping had ceased and Tom, the driver, still lying with his ear on the blackened mound of debris, turned a strained face to the chief and shook his head. But they had located the spot and a long bar of iron with a red lantern hanging thereon marked it.

There was need of great care and that prevented haste; the premature dislodgment of a beam might well end everything. With the deliberate touch of watchmakers, the men rooted out twisted lengths of iron-work and armfuls of indeterminate substance. Something gave under the feet of three building department laborers and they went down up to their necks, landing upon something which seemed to spring under their feet. The men above ceased their work and looked expectantly at an inspector, who, having ordered the men out of the hole which had so suddenly opened un der their feet, was on his knees, peering into it, his lantern suspended at arm's

There was hardly a breath during the inspection. Men looked at the silent black heaps all about, filled with the awe of the thought that anything living really could be lying beneath it. Still the inspector did not stir. To and fro mov-ed his lantern, resting here a moment, then there. At length, protruding from beneath a blackened bale, he discerned the uncharred end of a beam with a section of floor planking attached. He rose to his feet and pointed to it.

"Get a wall-hook and line," he said in a low voice. A slim young building wrecker slid down into the hole, jammed the hook

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