

\$300,000 FIRE BURNS 2 PAINT FACTORIES

Plants Destroyed and Nearby Residents Driven Out by Spectacular Blaze

VALUABLE PIGEONS LOST

The plant of the Thomson-Wood Publishing Co. and the Binswanger Co., manufacturers of paints, at 820 to 835 North Third street, was destroyed in a spectacular fire which raged from 10 o'clock last night until 3 o'clock this morning, causing a loss of approximately \$300,000.

Dozens of families, living near the blazing factory, were in fear for hours. They were driven from their homes by the heat and the danger of the fire spreading. They waited on the streets behind the fire lines or found refuge with neighbors beyond the danger zone.

The hero of the fire was Timothy Balduran, of 827 North Third street, breeder of fine homing pigeons, who let 300 of them, valued at \$1000, die in the stifling smoke from burning paint and oil while he rescued his four children and the four children of Mrs. Mary Shanlein, part of whose house he occupied. It was Mrs. Shanlein who discovered the fire.

Leads Children Through Smoke
Balduran set about the work of rescuing the children in the house at 827 North Third street as soon as Mrs. Shanlein's cries notified him of the fire. He led his own four children, John, sixteen years old; Max, fourteen years old; Tony, eight years old; and Matzie, six years old, to the street through the smoke that quickly filtered in from the burning building next door. Then he returned for Mrs. Shanlein's four children, John, ten months old; Rebecca, two years old; Nellie, five years old, and Harriet, eight years old, and carried them all to safety.

For years Balduran has made the raising of fine pigeons his hobby. He had the attic of the house as a pigeon loft, with a screened space on a flat room in the rear as an aviary. The pigeons were almost all in the attic when the fire began. Though the flames did not reach to them, the place soon was filled with smoke.

Balduran, aiding the children to get out of the building, knew that he was sacrificing his pets and also a good part of his income, for the pigeons were worth at least \$1000. He let their rescue go until the last, however, and then it was too late. When every one was out of the house, he groped his way back through the smoke to the attic, hoping against hope that he might find at least some of the pigeons alive and set them free.

Finds His Pets Dead
Balduran groped through the smoke and made his way into the low attic loft. His pigeons lay in crumpled heaps on the floor, all of them dead. Sixteen of the 200 or more that he owned had made their escape to the aviary, covered with wire netting and out in the fresh air, and these were alive.

A remarkable feature of the fire was that no one was injured, not even a fireman being overcome by smoke. Members of the firm could not estimate the damage, but it is believed it will amount to about \$300,000.

Finger Caught in Switch
Employees of the P. R. T. car barn at Ridge avenue and Dauphin street worked for ten minutes yesterday afternoon to release Michael McMenamin, of 2220 North Nineteenth street, whose finger was caught in a switch. Mr. McMenamin tried to turn the switch with his hand and caught the index finger on his right hand. He was treated at the Women's Homeopathic Hospital.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

A Blueberry Surplus

By ADDIE GRAVES

"You do beat the band picking blueberries, Dorothy. You've been gone only two hours, and there are sixteen quarts, if not more, in those pails—they look as big as the swamp berries, though; it must be dandy picking. I shall have all my jars filled with blueberries if you keep on and have to buy more—and they are awfully dear this year."

Dorothy's heart was thumping like the big drum in the band—ragtime, at that. She had turned her back to hide her confusion and was searching the pantry for pans for picking over the berries. When she returned her mother continued:

"I heard today—Jane Butterfield told me—that Jim Bamforth is home. She said he is in the insurance business in Boston—is superintendent of some office of the Plymouth Rock Co. She said he is doing finely, and was dressed up

to kill when he arrived. I suppose he hates farming worse than ever."

Dorothy made no reply to her mother's remarks and changed the subject by demanding some fruit jars. Jim and she had been sweethearts, but her father had sent Jim away because he refused to stay with his father on the farm, insisting on going to the city to work.

If Dorothy's mother had followed her on her blueberry trips she would have discovered the cause of the full pails that reached the kitchen each day. It was old Rex who was the instigator of the whole thing. He was with his master, who was picking blueberries in the edge of the swamp which bordered Dorothy's father's blueberry pasture.

But old Rex discovered her first. His nose was sharper than his master's eyes, for didn't he love Dorothy, too? And hadn't she been his comforter during almost a year of loneliness, such as only a dog knows? His master followed him, hearing the conversation between the two, for Dorothy had a sandwich which she was making Rex speak for.

Maybe she surmised the nearness of Jim. With questioning eyes they searched each other's faces.

The year's space of absence was spanned by a few seconds. At last, after the flooded greeting subsided, Jim invited Dorothy into the swamp, where the berries were bigger and hung in great bunches from tall trees in the shade of young pines. The blueberry bushes were so high Jim had to jump to catch hold of the lower limbs. He had to hold them down while they both rapidly scooped out the berries, quickly filling the pails.

If Dorothy had gone home at once, her mother would have been more mystified than she was when her daughter did arrive. But the couple sat down on a fallen log, entirely forgetting the berries. It was a wonder they were not tipped over. But Rex sat very quiet

and watched with satisfaction in his expressive brown eyes. His gaze was not disconcerting, for the sweethearts proceeded to make up for the long separation.

Dorothy was very silent about her daily work. Her mother watched her with anxious heart. She remembered the time when she and Pa picked blueberries together in a gill dipper—he in knee overalls—she in "a long-sleeved tire"—both with bare feet. Sometimes the grown folks broke the bushes, and she and the miniature Pa played house and she was to make pies, blueberry biscuit and cake, and a blueberry dumpling.

A few years later came the husking bee, when she found the red ear, and they dared the baneful eighteen-year-old boy to kiss her. Then the shy courtship, broken by the horrible verdict

of Grandfather Downing, forbidding the marriage.

Pa was too slow and stupid to amount to anything. "Lazy," grandfather said. How, after two years of misery, they accidentally met in another town and returned man and wife. And now Pa had \$20,000 in the bank.

She sighed and studied Dorothy. But Dorothy did not sigh. If wretched she kept up a "brave front," and her mother made no comment. When Dorothy asked her to go blueberrying with her one morning Pa was surprised.

"We don't need any more blueberries,"

Dorothy," she insisted. But Dorothy, with an inscrutable smile, got the pails and coaxed her mother to go.

Mrs. Meredith related Dorothy's appeals to enter the swamp, but finally yielded when she perceived there was a reason for the request. When they came to the log they found it occupied by three people—Jim, his brother and a stranger. Jim rose and at once introduced a man.

"Mrs. Meredith, this is my friend, the Rev. Henry Flanders. Dorothy has consented to marry me without her father's permission. As he set an ex-

ample for us she does not think we have much of a case against us."

she wished very much to have her mother present at her wedding. I use you solemnly, Mrs. Meredith, to do all a man can to make your daughter happy and comfortable. I am surely in a position to do the latter.

Mrs. Meredith was too confused to speak, and no one else ventured to make remarks, so the minister proceeded with the marriage service.

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