An Incident of the Chicago Fire

By JOHN TURNLEE

Kimball Burroughs came of age in the autumn of 1871. His birthday occurred on the 8th of October, and he celebrated the event by giving a dinner. I was present and have occasion to remember the date perfectly. The 8th of October that year fell on Sunday. How I happen to remember this will appear as I proceed with my story. Two other events in Burroughs' life were celebrated at that dinner. It was a farewell to his bachelor friends, for he was to be married the next evening, and he came into possession of $500,000 invested in negotiable securities.

The autumn of 1871 was a very dry season. Chicago, the city in which we were living, had experienced a series of fires. While we were dining fire engines went clanging by incessantly. Lifting a curtain of a west window, I saw a great yellow glare. In less than an hour every one of us had left the dinner table and gone out to witness the beginning of the great Chicago fire.

Burroughs' wedding did not take place the next day, for his home, the home of his fiancee and the church he was to have been married in were all either in flames or in ruins. What troubled Burroughs most was a fear that his securities might have been destroyed. They were in the keeping of his guardian, and his guardian was among those who were missing after the fire fiend had satisfied its hunger.

A soon as the ruins had cooled Burroughs began a search for his fortune It was not found at the safety deposit company where his lawyer, Samuel Coolidge, had kept valuables. The office safe had tumbled from the fourth story of the building, and everything in it had been burned to powder. These two incidents taken together convinced Burroughs that he had lost his fortune, for the securities were not of the registered kind, but in the nature of a banknote. At any rate, if he recovered any of his inheritance he could do so only after a long process.

As soon as Burroughs was convinced of this he went to his fiancee and offered to release her. She wept and moaned and vowed that she could never love any one else, but did not give any definite answer to this offer. But when a month had passed and her lover was hard pressed for money to meet his immediate expenses she turned him down. We who had attended our friend's bachelor dinner felt that he had made a narrow escape. Miss Etherling, the lady in question, had in her own right something like $20,000. This gave her an income of but $1,000 a year, and she needed much more than that to enable her to keep up her position in society.

One day about three months after the fire I met Burroughs on the street. He approached me with a radiant countenance.

"You've found your fortune," I said.

"Guess again."

"Give it up."

"I've got a new sweetheart."

"You don't mean it."

He briefly told me how a girl who had loved him long had been grieved at his engagement with Miss Etherling and had consented to take him with his poverty. I congratulated him heartily, and we parted each about his own affairs. Burroughs' new love—a Miss Tisdale—was poor as a church mouse, and I feared that since Kimball had been brought up to expect a fortune they would have a hard life.

We were all very busy after the Chicago fire, and I saw nothing of Burroughs for some time. On returning from a business trip I found on my desk an invitation from him for another bachelor dinner previous to his marriage with Miss Tisdale, to be given at the most expensive hotel in the city. I was too busy during the day to learn anything further about his affairs and went to the dinner with no knowledge of them except what I have stated. The guests were all seated at the table when I entered, and Burroughs stood at one end.

He beckoned me to a vacant seat beside him, but since he was standing with a glass of wine in his hand, as if about to give a toast, I remained standing, and a waiter filled my glass. It was evident from Burroughs' manner and that of his guests that something important was to be announced.

"My friends," he said, "perhaps some of you have not heard of my good fortune, so I will inform you. Recently the debris left by the fire has been cleared away for a building to be erected on La Salle street. Under the ruins was found a safe, the contents of which were in perfect condition One bundle of papers turned out to be my securities.

"The remains of a man were discovered also and identified as those of my guardian, Samuel Coolidge He had doubtless removed the contents of his firm's box from the safety deposit vaults and carried them out into the street. Driven by the fire into another building, he had found an opportunity to put them into a safe, but, penned in by flames, was unable to escape.

"I propose his memory, standing and in silence."

It is quite likely that there were many other cases of devotion to duty during that pandemonium, the heroes and the heroines of which were buried under the ruins, not to be exhumed.

Burroughs and his wife, their children and their grandchildren are living, a happy and united family. Miss Etherling died a disappointed old maid.

BRIGHT BRIEFS.

Learning to help others is the best lesson men learn.

One way to sidetrack bad luck is to be prepared for it.

Do not look backward unless you intend to travel that way.

If all of us would practice what we preach that would help some.

Too often a grouch is unloaded upon persons who are not to blame for it.

The cave dwellers of modern times live in the subterranean trenches of Europe.

Everything is for the best to the man who knows how to make the best of everything.

Just think of the work it will take to label and pigeonhole all those Mexican revolutions.

Some of the censors might save labor if they regarded themselves as paired and issued no bulletins whatever.

St. John's, N. F., reports that the war has aided the codfish industry. It's refreshing to hear that war is a help to something.

Last year was the dullest in the New York stock market since 1878, but a whole lot of people elsewhere hardly knew the difference.

A famous physician states that earthquakes are good for the liver. Even if that is true, what a poor prescription it is for what ails you!

Will some psychologist please arise and explain why an arrested crook is always found occupying the best suit of rooms in the best hotel in town?

Reindeer are given credit for civilizing the Eskimos of Alaska. There are, one may say conservatively, other places on earth where reindeer might be used advantageously.

Dames and Daughters.

Mary McDowell is known as Chicago's great garbage expert.

Aviatrices Mlle. Marving and Mlle. Helen Duyrient have been doing scout duty in France since the war broke out.

Mme. Lalla Van der Velde, wife of the Belgian minister of state, raised $10,000 for the Belgians in one afternoon in Philadelphia.

Although she is only eleven years of age, Miss Isla Tuder has the unique title of the little air lady, which she won by her daring aeroplane flights in England.

The first woman town crier in England, Mrs. Blaker, has made her appearance at Chertsey in the office temporarily vacated by the holder, who is serving abroad with the forces on the battlefield.

Flippant Flings.

One of the causes of domestic trouble, too, is that selfsame right of search.—Detroit Free Press.

"Go to war, men," says Mrs. Pankhurst. Won't that Sherman quotation ever die?—Philadelphia North American.

Geologists say the earth is very old indeed, but reformers continue to insist that it is very young and inexperienced.—Washington Star.

No difference how economical mother is in fixing up last year's bonnet, father always gets trimmed before it's finished.—Washington Post.

State Lines.

Virginia uses more wood for boxes and crates than any other state, followed by New York, Illinois, Massachusetts and California in the order named.

Although New York lies entirely outside of the coal producing area, it was the first state in which were built by-product ovens which save the gas tar and ammonia.

The area of California, 158,297 square miles, is approximately equal to the combined area of Roumania, Bulgaria, Servia, Albania, Montenegro, Belgium and Turkey in Europe.

Industrial Items.

Norway has only one cement factory.

Labor exchanges on a municipal basis are to be erected throughout Denmark.

Between 60,000 and 70,000 men are employed in the metal and machinery trades of Switzerland.

It is asserted that more children are employed in dangerous occupations now than thirty years ago.

California products, consisting of canned fruit, dried fruit, wine, etc., are now arriving in the eastern markets via the Panama canal.

Base Hits.

In a few weeks they will be playing more baseball outdoors and less in the courts.—Philadelphia Press.

As manager of the New York Yankees Wild Bill Donovan may yet lose his famous smile.—Detroit Free Press.

Baseball as now conducted may be a trust, but it can hardly be a monopoly in restraint of trading.—Baltimore American.

Donlin, Devlin and Schaefer adrift. Ho, hum! Some day it will be Cobb, Matty and Speaker. 'Tis a cold world. —Leslie's Weekly.

A Billion Dollars.

"I wonder if we realize when we talk of a billion dollars what an enormous sum of money it means. We all know how rapidly an expert counter of coins will manipulate them. You can scarcely follow the motion of his fingers as he shifts the coins from one pile to another and counts them. The treasury experts will count 4,000 silver dollars in an hour and keep it up all day long, but that is their limit.

"Working eight hours a day, then, an expert counter of coins will count 32,000 silver dollars in a day, but how long will it take him at that rate to count a million dollars? Thirty-one days. But that is only the beginning of the measurements of great figures, for if this same man were to go on counting silver dollars at the same rate of speed for ten years he would find that he had counted 100,000,000 of them and that to count a billion dollars would require 102 years of steady work at the rate of eight hours a day during every working day of every one of the 102 years." — O. P. Austin, Former Chief of the Bureau of Statistics.

At Night in Africa.

Stewart Edward White, writing in the American Magazine on lion adventures, comments as follows on the ravages of wild animals in Africa after nightfall:

"We spent the short evening each in his own fashion, I in my canvas chair smoking, the men squatted on their heels around their tiny fires eating quantities of meat and corn meal. Outside our little dome of light the night businesses of the veldt went forward. Only the most formidable or the most insignificant creatures raised their voices except in alarm or warning. Lions roared; insects hummed and chirped. Out there in the dark was a different world from that in which we moved so freely during the daylight hours—a dangerous, tragic world. Next day we would find evidences of the fact. I have seen killed by lions the remains of every sort of creature except buffalo and rhinoceros. Lions are said occasionally to kill even buffalo, though rarely."

His Idea of the Best Soap.

The Flemish peasant, writes a correspondent, has no more aversion to water than the English peasant. I happen to know a good deal about both of them. There is, naturally, a kinship between the Flemish and Dutch and Dutch are universally regarded as among the most cleanly of peoples, at any rate where domestic affairs are concerned. The amount of scrubbing and house washing that goes on in the villages of Flanders and the rest of Belgium would be regarded as silly by English villagers. And, from the health point of view, those who literally earn their bread by the sweat of their brows don't need so much of the bathtub as those who consider themselves more respectable. As a Dorset laborer once remarked to me, "T' best soap, measter, be sweat!"—London Spectator.

When the Kilt Was Barred.

At one time the kilt was forbidden. It is interesting to recall the words of the oath that was administered at Fort William and elsewhere in the Highlands in 1747-8: "I, ——, do swear, as I shall answer to God at the great day of judgment, that I have not, nor shall have, in my possession any gun, sword, pistol or any arm whatsoever, and that I never use tartan, plaid or any part of the Highland garb, and if I do so may I be cursed in my undertakings, family and property—may I never see my wife and children, father, mother or relations—may I be killed in battle as a coward and lie without Christian burial in a strange land, far from the graves of my forefathers and kindred; may all this come across me if I break my oath."—London Chronicle.

Points on Carving.

The expert carver should choose a chair which brings the arms just a few inches above the meat to be carved and make the movements easy and natural. The platter should be large enough to hold the entire bird or joint, placed near enough to the carver to bring the center of the knife blade over the fowl when the carver's arms are extended and slightly bent at the elbows. The carving knife should have a uniform edge moderately sharp and slightly rough or ragged. The raw edge is better for cutting meat than a smooth edge.—Washington Star.

Elizabeth Fry.

Elizabeth Fry's great work for prison reform was all done after her marriage. It was in 1813 that she paid her first and memorable visit to Newgate prison and in 1817 formed the Association For the Improvement of Female Prisoners in Newgate, which attracted such widespread interest. Her efforts were not confined to Great Britain, many continental prisons being the better for her labors.—London Mail.

Animals and Cold.

Of domestic animals sheep come first as cold resisters. Sheep have lived for weeks buried in snow. When the great blizzard of March, 1891, swept Devonshire sheep were dug out alive from the enormous drifts twenty-four days later. Goats and pigs take respectively second and third places.

A Mother's Pride.

Pride, said Charles Dickens, is one of the seven deadly sins, but it cannot be the pride of a mother in her children, for that is a compound of two cardinal virtues—faith and hope.

There is no better ballast for keeping the mind steady on its keel and saving it from all risk of crankiness than business.—Lowell.

JIMMIE'S VALENTINE

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

"St. Valentine's day," remarked Edgar Swift to his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Twining, with whom he was dining on the 14th of February, "has no interest for any one except children."

The host and hostess glanced at each other meaningly.

"I think it a very pretty custom," said Mrs. Twining, "for the children, especially those who are old enough to have a glimmering of what love is."

"I can tell you a story about a St. Valentine's day," said Mr. Twining, "that I think will interest you. I knew a boy whose name was Jim. Jim was eleven years old. He lived in the country in a house within six miles of which there was no other house; therefore he had no playmates except his own brothers and sisters. They were much alike to him, except that he thought his sisters very poor company for him. They wanted to play with their dolls, and Jim wanted to play ball and tumble in summer and skate and coast in winter.

"One day one of Jim's father's old friends was persuaded to build on a site a couple of miles from where Jim lived. When the house was finished this friend and his wife settled in it and Jim's mother went to call on the neighbors, taking Jim with her. There was a little girl in the other family named Laurette. She was ten years old and a very pretty little girl indeed. Since she was the first girl except his sisters Jim had ever seen he looked at her wonderingly. She eyed Jim askance. Her mother told her to take Jim out and show him the place, the horses, the cow and other things. Jim went with her and looked [illegible] ever while she told him about her own favorite horse and a bunny she had and all that. When they had seen everything they went back into the house. Jim's mother had finished her call, and she and Jim took their departure.

"Jim, as I have told you before, having never seen a girl except his own sisters, thought a lot about Laurette and was very anxious to go to see her again. But since she lived at a distance and Jim was a very bashful boy, not at all used to girls, he didn't go. One day when the rural deliveryman drove by Jim happened to be out by the letter box.

"'Here's something from your sweetheart, Jimmy,' he said and handed Jim an envelope stamped all over with bleeding hearts and cupids.

"Jim saw his name on the envelope, and something strange welled up within him. He had the only valentine he had ever received, and he had a sweetheart. He did not know who that sweetheart was, but she was undoubtedly a girl, and she had sent him a valentine. It seemed that this was quite enough bliss for all at once, and Jim kept turning the envelope over and examining the bleeding hearts and the cupids as though he feared that if he opened it the rest of this delirium of joy would be too much for him. But at last he broke it open very carefully so as not to tear any of the bleeding hearts or the cupids and drew forth a very pretty valentine with a couplet ending 'Be my valentine.'

"Jim took his valentine into the house and showed it to all the family, asking who could have sent it.

"'Oh, dear,' exclaimed his sisters, 'Jim's got a sweetheart!'

"'Who?' asked Jim, blushing.

"'Why, Laurette, of course! There's no other girl about here to send it.'

"With the word Laurette Jim felt a sudden warmth about his heart he had never felt before (that's the reason love is considered to be in the heart, I suppose). He went off by himself to escape the other children's gibes. He looked at the valentine, then at the envelope, turning from one to the other till he knew every cupid and every bleeding heart and the couplet and everything else there was about it.

"Jim was too young to go alone to see Laurette and asked his older brother, Dick, if he wouldn't go with him. He only got laughed at. 'Haw, haw,' said Dick. 'Jim's in love.' Jim felt as though his heart had been torn out of his bosom. He went off and pined alone.

"Meanwhile Jim's valentine must have been pining for him, for one morning Laurette's father drove by and asked if Jimmy might not go home with him and spend the day. When Jim heard of the invitation it almost took his breath away. His mother took off his suit and put on a better one and brushed his hair and stuffed a handkerchief in his pocket, and he climbed into the wagon, and away he went to Laurette.

"Jim remembers that day now, when he is forty years old, as the happiest of his life. His wedding day was very fine—he married Laurette—but for pure, unalloyed quintessence of bliss there has never been anything like that first whole day he spent with her, though the receipt of the valentine was a wondrous joy of its own kind, unlike anything else and never to be experienced again."

"No one but the fellow who experienced all that," said Swift, "could tell it. You are Jim."

"I certainly am Jim, and there"—pointing to Mrs. Twining—"is Laurette. Don't you sneer any more at St. Valentine's day. It may be fitted only for children, but it's mighty well fitted for them, though I don't admit that it's never fitted for older persons."

"I promise you that I will not," said Swift.

[illegible]

[illegible] of a Dreadnought, may be gathered from the fact that the extreme range of her guns is twenty-five miles, while they can be very effective at a range of twelve miles. They are most deadly, however, at a range of between five or six miles.

The twelve inch gun of a Dreadnought is fifty feet long [illegible] would be higher than many a country church tower. The cost of each gun is about £10,000, while each time it is fired [illegible]

As a protection against the guns of the enemy a Dreadnought is covered with armor costing £120 per ton, and as something like 4,000 tons are used in covering the vessel this means an expenditure of close upon £500,000.

Boilers and machinery at £200,000, motors and [illegible] at £20,000, torpedo tubes at £2,000 each and torpedoes at £500 each, and £100,000 for searchlights and electrical fittings are other items in the bill which go to make a Dreadnought the costliest vessel afloat.—Pearson's.

Bees and the Kilt.

In his book, "Forty-one Years In India," Lord Roberts tells the following amusing story:

"A curious incident happened at the Alambagh. I was employed inside the inclosure when all at once I heard a noise and commotion some little distance off. Getting on [illegible] I looked over the plain and saw our troops flying in every direction. There was no firing, no enemy in sight, but evidently something was wrong, so I mounted my horse and rode to the scene of confusion, where I found that the ignominious flight of our troops was caused by infuriated bees, which had been disturbed by an officer of the Ninth lancers thoughtlessly thrusting a lance into their nest. There were no serious consequences, but the highlanders were heard to remark on the unsuitability of their dress for an encounter [illegible]."

A Tinker Inspired Wagner.

A tinker has established himself opposite our house and stunned my ears all day long with his incessant hammering. In my disgust at never being able to find a detached house protected from every kind of noise I was on the point of deciding to give up composing altogether until the time when this indispensable condition should be fulfilled. But it was precisely my rage over the tinker that in a moment of agitation gave me the theme for Siegfried's furious outburst against the bungling Mime. I played over the childishly quarrelsome [illegible] theme in G minor to my sister, furiously singing the words at the same time, which made us all laugh so much that I decided to make one more effort. This resulted in my writing down a good part of the first scene by the time [illegible] arrived, Oct. 18 (1856).—Richard Wagner in His Autobiography.

Recreation and Mental Efficiency.

The problem of fatigue and its relation to efficiency is becoming more and more appreciated in our industrial institutions, so much so, indeed, that we may truthfully say that, in the United States at least, the art of work is being mastered to a degree little short of perfection. Not so much can be said with reference to our mastery of the art of play. Let us not forget that the art of play presents an important problem which requires serious effort for its solution. Relaxation from the stress and tension of modern American city life means much for our future physical, mental and moral health and efficiency. This is a tired nation, perhaps the most tired nation on earth.—New York Medical Journal.

British Life Guards.

England's famous life guards were organized just after the restoration. They were recruited from the old cavaliers who fought for Prince Charles Stuart, and in 1661 they were formed into three troops, then known as the King's Own, the Duke of York's and the Duke of Albemarle's. At that time it was always demanded that one troop should be raised in Scotland in honor of the house of Stuart.—London Tit-Bits.

One Way to Use a Poultice.

"Did that onion poultice I sent you do you any good?"

"Did me a heap of good."

"These external applications are often efficacious."

"I applied it internally. The onions smelled so good that I ate it."—Kansas City Journal.

Horse Sense.

The phrase "horse sense" was discussed in class, and the teacher told one of the boys to write a sentence containing that phrase. The boy labored for ten minutes and produced this, "My father didn't lock the barn door, and he ain't seen the horse sense."

Peter the Great.

What Alfred the Great is to early Britain that Peter the Great, in his crude way, is to Russia. If ever a race of people found adequate expression in one person that race was the Slavic race in their great czar.—Century Magazine.

Hardy Ants.

Ants can stand extremes of heat or cold. Forty-eight hours' exposure to frost will not kill them, and one sort has been observed to build its nest in the chinks in a blacksmith's forge.

Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing.—Burns.

[illegible]

TOWN T[illegible]

Chicago is growing [illegible] day of the [illegible] Chicago News.

If Cleveland [illegible] "the national [illegible] this make Philadelphia [illegible] burgh [illegible]

[illegible]

SHORT AND SHA[illegible]

Don't pad your [illegible] form them.

Speaking of [illegible] average husband [illegible]

A pessimist is a [illegible] around looking for [illegible]

We never know what [illegible] we try, but it isn't always [illegible]

As a matter of [illegible] world doesn't [illegible] lives.

If the wages of sin were [illegible] far a day few people would [illegible] them.

What has become of [illegible] ioned censor who used to [illegible] word "deleted"?

After a fellow is broke he [illegible] have a few serious thoughts [illegible] subject of economy.

To add to the general trouble [illegible] times simplified spelling [illegible] out again with renewed vigor.

Speaking of knitting for the [illegible] in Europe, some cynic suggests [illegible] some day we may return to [illegible] for the poor at home.

Possibilities of an extra [illegible] to be regarded with great [illegible] Now all sessions begin to look [illegible] congress.

New York has a woman chauffeur and expects to have another trench from which [illegible] has been driven.

It is well to be [illegible] there is such a thing [illegible] far ahead that you [illegible] near future may hold.

No Mexican [illegible] where their patriotism [illegible] required for [illegible]