



THE HORTICULTURE BUILDING—OMAHA EXPOSITION.

## GETTING READY FOR FIRES.

BY WILLIAM T. KILL'S.

The fire-bells are clanging vigorously out in the street while I sit in my office and pen these words. There is no music that thrills the heart and sets the blood to leaping through the veins like the music of the fire-bells.

The sound that is now in my ears has called up many pictures that I have seen—pictures of dashing, spirited horses, drawing engines on which firemen hang for dear life, at the same time pulling on the boots and hats and rubber coats that will make them ready for work; pictures of great buildings ablaze, with smoke and flame streaming and pouring out of doors and windows, while walls fall and sparks and embers fly upward; pictures of brave firemen, sometimes covered with ice, sometimes blackened with smoke, but always battling heroically with their fierce enemy, and risking their lives for the preservation of life and property.

But another picture arises before my mind as I listen to the ringing of the fire-bells. In it there are no dashing horses or swirling smoke or devouring flames. It is a picture of a high building in an out-of-the-way street in a great city, with ropes and ladders down the sides, and with a large gymnasium indoors. This is the training-school for firemen. Here the city requires the new men to stay for a course of preparation before it permits them to enter upon the grave duties of their chosen calling. The discipline that they must undergo is taxing and vigorous. Day after day the men must swing dumb-bells and Indian clubs, go through the wearying exercises with pulley-weights, learn the art of climbing swiftly up and down loose ropes, swing from hanging rings, and traverse horizontal bars, suspended by their hands; until their palms are blistered and every muscle in their bodies aches from the new experience. All this the apprentice firemen must do to train their bodies to be quick and strong and trustworthy.

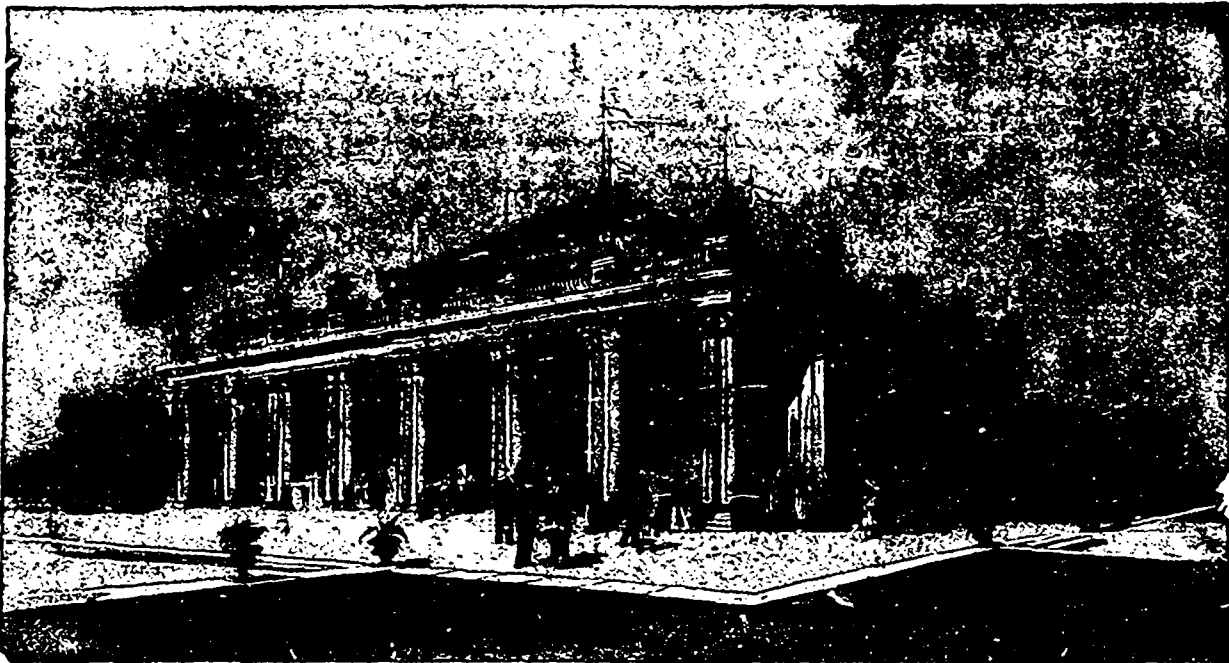
It is essential that a fireman should know his own powers. He must be able to tell instantly the weight he can carry, the distance he can leap, the power of his grip, and such like, for on these things a human life may one day depend. A moment of indecision in a critical position may cost dear.

In addition to the forms of drill I have mentioned, these men who are training to be firemen must practise carrying heavy hose up the ladders placed against the outside of the building; they must climb up and down single ropes from dizzy heights, and at times with a companion in their arms; they must walk along high and narrow ledges; they must leap from the topmost windows into the life-net below—in short, all the wonder-

ful deeds that firemen perform while on duty, and that you read about in the papers, they must first practise here in this training school. Do you wonder that the fire-bells—they have ceased ringing now—make me think of how the firemen get ready? And does not the fireman's course of preparation make you

by constant self-watchfulness and self-restraint. Hard? Possibly; I shouldn't wonder if some of the firemen thought they were having rather a hard time of it in the gymnasium.

The devil never pushes a man who is willing to stand still and do nothing.



THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' BUILDING—OMAHA EXPOSITION.

think of getting ready, too? It takes more than wishes to make heroes.

How may you get ready? By plenty of clean, honest play; by faithful, diligent study; by the reading of noble books and the forming of noble friendships; by obedience to teachers and parents, and

## ASTONISHING BRAVERY.

As showing the force of maternal love among the lower animals, there are few more pathetic incidents than the following, which, a writer in *Dumb Animals* tells us, comes from Australia:

The owner of a country station was sitting one evening on the balcony outside his house, when he was surprised to notice a kangaroo lingering about alternately approaching and retiring from the house as though half in doubt and fear what to do. At length she approached the water pails and, taking a young one from her pouch, held it to the water to drink.

While the babe was satisfying its thirst, the mother was quivering all over with excitement, for she was only a few feet from the balcony on which one of her great foes was sitting watching her. The little one having finished drinking, it was replaced in the pouch, and the old kangaroo started off at a rapid pace.

When the natural timidity of the kangaroo is taken into account, it will be recognized what astonishing bravery this affectionate mother betrayed. It is a pleasing ending to the story that the eye-witness was so affected by that scene that, from that time forward, he could never shoot a kangaroo.

## PRINTERS' ERRORS.

One writer tells us of a man who committed suicide because the book from which he hoped for fame contained three hundred printer's errors!

He goes on to say: Mr. William Black has told us how the printers insisted, after he had made the correction three times, on making one of his heroines die of "opinion" instead of "opium." "What is this?" exclaimed a compositor who was expecting to be promoted to a readership shortly: "Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks!"

Impossible! He means, of course, "Sermons in books, and stones in running brooks." And a new edition of Shakespeare appeared next morning.

A sporting compositor thought "Cricket on the Heath" must be a slip of the pen. He made it "Cricket on the Heath." A writer on angling had the joy of seeing his sentence, "The young salmon are beginning to run," printed "The young salmon are beginning to swim"; another thoughtful compositor having been at work, Happier was the transformation of the sentence, "Bring me my toga," into "Bring me my togs."

It was by a similar mistake that the late Baker Pacha who might fairly be described as a "battle-scarred veteran," was called a "bottle-scarred veteran," the libel being by no means purged when the newspaper, correcting itself, called

the gallant officer a "bottle-scarred veteran" instead!

Rendering a nation to get rid of a bad ruler is not a wise policy. Pulling down a house to stop a landlord's extortions is adding folly to injustice.



MINES AND MINING BUILDING—OMAHA EXPOSITION.