

I would have rushed madly back into the glowing flames in search of our darlings, but firm hands held me back, and pitying voices told me it would be madness to attempt such a thing, as that part of the house was one mass of flame.

My struggles for freedom soon ceased, for at that moment a mighty cheer went up from the assembled crowd. Looking up to the spot to which every eye seemed riveted, to my horror I saw my sister Lily, a vivid picture against the glowing flames, but holding the two children, as yet unharmed, in her young arms.

Willing hands soon relieved her of her burden, the children being carried safely to the ground; but, ere help could get to her, our brave girl, with one faint cry for help, fell back into the burning room.

Who would brave those terrible flames to rescue the heroic girl?

The question was passed from mouth to mouth, but all held back, for it seemed certain death for anyone to enter that burning pile.

But hark! What is that? A man comes rushing up the street, scattering the crowd right and left in his agony. Never before had I seen a face so haggard and drawn.

With one murmured prayer for help, and one great cry of "Oh God, my child!" he sprang up the ladder, and into the room where Lily had just been seen.

A few moments of awful suspense, during which I prayed silently on my knees, and then he reappeared at the window with Lily's motionless form in his arms.

A brave young fireman bore Lily to the ground, and father, though in a half-fainting condition, was brought safely down.

But why was Lily so still?

I clasped her hand. It was limp and nerveless.

What could it mean? Had she only fainted, or was it something more, too terrible to mention.

The doctor was sent for, but his services were in vain. Her gentle spirit had fled forever. Lily, our brave, heroic, little sister was dead. She had truly made as great a sacrifice as was ever made, in laying down her life for others.

### THE OLD LOCOMOTIVE.

Daylight's panorama passes,  
Cloudland's curtains sweep the sky.  
Dark comes down in moving masses,  
Men and things have now no classes,  
Landscapes all in oneness lie.

Down an unused railway siding,  
Now I groping weed my way,  
Vaguely thinking, nothing biding,  
Iron rails my footsteps guiding,  
Scarce I reck it night or day.

Suddenly a form outstanding,  
Full athwart my path I see.  
Dazed, yet quickly fears disbanding,  
Half imploring half commanding,  
"Thing," I ask, "what may you be?"

"Have you ne'er seen locomotive?"

Comes the answer through the night.

"Aye, but by what offering volute,

Art me grimy 'smoko-gotive'?

Dost thou win from toil respite?

Why hast thou no headlight gleaming

Courser swift 'twixt east and west?

Why no furnace brightly beaming,

Why no throbbing, hissing, steaming,

Fallest thou in nuth's behest?"

Then the sullen sable giant

Croaks with hoarse cavernous clang;

But withal some notes defiant:

"Those so long on me reliant

Pass me by without a pang.

Years of labor unremitting

Save me not from saddest fate.

Man, that creature, ever flitting,

Yet in judgment ever sitting,

Deems the scrap heap my estate.

He, in prejudice deep rooted,

Thinks my music naught but noise.

Always grimest when he's sooted,

Has to me all his impud;

Says my smoke his pleasure cloy's.

Then sarcastic, yet half joking,

As if hinting reasons why—

"Man would fain do *all* the smoking,

While of others' faults he's croaking,

So, my furnace fires must die."

Answer I: "E'en whilst reproving

Man for dreifol words and deeds,

Subtle thought-train thou wert moving

Through my mind: 'Tis not behooving

Thim to halt when science leads.

For such dealings may seem drastic,

Changes ever must be made.

From thy frame so tough yet plastic,

He will fashion forms fantastic,

Summoning the 'fire-ghost's aid.

Then he'll take, with wings extending,

Giddy flights through every zone."

Turn I then, and homeward wending

Leave my friend with fears portending,

Sitting sullenly alone.

KARL KRONER.

\*Fire-ghost is the Anglo-Saxon word for electricity.

### SAMPLE LETTER FROM ROOM 7.

LIEDER FRANZÖSISCHER KAMERAD.

Ich habe irgendwo gelesen, das die alten Einwohner von Gallien sich die Haare einzuziehen und den Körper mit ranzigh Butter zu beschmieren pflegten, und dass sie in kleinh elenden Hütten ohne Fenster bewohnten, und dass sie niemals frische Luft hineinlassen, so dass die Atmosphäre darin ganz verfault war.

Nun frage ich: Verhält es sich so, dass du nicht mehr in Civilisation fortgeschritten bist als deine Vorfahren?

Ich würde es nicht glauben, nachdem ich in das Zimmer nummer 7, nach einer französischen Lection eingedrungen habe. Man vernimmt da eine Mischung von Odeuren, Rauch, Oel, Kohl, Geruch von Brantwein und Schmutz von den Strassenecken, Kloaken, Hinterhöfen, mit einem Worte, alles was der Nase unangenehm ist. Aber vielleicht irre ich mich, wenn ich dir diesen Uebelstand zuschreibe; dann aber würde mir eine Erklärung sehr verbunden machen,