

Fireman Jack's Christmas Gift

By J. A. EDGERTON.

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JACK HENDERSON was a new man among the fire laddies. He had borne with the chaffing of the older men, had gone through the "initiations," had been tugged in the blanket till his head was almost even with the second story windows, had been compelled to scramble like a monkey up ladders built high in the air, had drilled like a soldier, clambered over roofs, climbed up the sheer sides of buildings and done the thousand and one other things required of those who are deemed worthy of protecting the lives and property of a great city.

Among other things, he had been told by his grizzled preceptor never to show nervousness, as that is a sign of fear; to obey orders instantly and without question, even though it were to jump from the top of a building, and to remember always that the motto of the department was to save life first and property afterward.

And now it was Christmas, his first Christmas on the force. One of the day's fires was a severe one. Jack was detailed to go inside to help in the rescue of any that might be left in the blazing building and, remaining too long, had had his egress to the stairway cut off and had been forced out on to a cornice on the front of the structure. He was in no immediate danger, however, being in one of the lower stories.

As he was about to call to those below his attention was arrested by a



He extended his arms and caught her, screaming from a window just above. Looking up, he saw the white face of a girl and had barely time to brace himself when he felt her skirts brush his face as she swept downward. Instinctively he extended his arms and caught her. It was almost a foolhardy act, but as the coping was broad it happened to succeed. For one dizzy moment he thought that her weight would topple them both to death below, but drawing the girl to the ledge, disengaging one arm and grasping the window strips were only the work of an instant. The crowd and the firemen below had seen the thrilling rescue, and there was a moment of agonized suspense; then a wild cheer rent the air. Ladders were speedily raised, and Jack Henderson carried the half-fainting girl to safety. The act was the wonder of the hour, and the papers next morning contained accounts such as stirred even sensation-sated New York. Jack did not realize that he was a hero, however. That is almost a term of reproach among firemen. It is all in the day's work, a part of the business.

Jack had been too busy realizing his life's ambition to indulge affairs of the heart, but now he could not forget the white face at the window or as it was in roster line when its owner, Lizzie Holmes, shyly thanked him for having rescued her from certain death. Jack asked for her new address and soon found himself calling at the Holmes flat. Youth and love were singing their songs in Jack's heart. When off duty on Sundays he and Lizzie went to the parks, the river front or Coney Island, and on the long evenings when he was not required at the station they wandered together on the streets or sat on the benches in the little park breathing spaces scattered over the lower part of the metropolis. The Christmas season was again approaching when he had proposed to Lizzie to share a fireman's lot. At first she had put him off, uncertain of her own heart. Was she not in danger of mistaking this very gratitude for love, and would it be fair to Jack to tie his life to hers before entirely sure of the state of her own mind? She told him to "wait." And Jack waited.

On Christmas, as it happened, he was again on duty, and early in the day he found himself on a hose cart clattering up in front of a tall and smoking old rookery containing for the most part sweatshops. Up the front of the building zigzagged a fire escape, and the, with a number of the other "boys," was detailed to carry a hose nearly to the top of this, open a window and play a stream that would rip off plus-

Christmas Weather

BY EARLE HOOKER EATON

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Beneath the mistletoe she stood
With eyes inviting what—a kiss?



But when I leaped to claim the prize
She froze me with a glance like this!
How like the weather woman is!
Yet I'm no woman hater,
For, though 'twas freezing for a time,
'Twas "fair and warmer" later!

ter and lath on the little red and blue tongues writhing over in the corner. It was Jack's duty to hold the nozzle, not an easy task with a long, heavy hose through which water is tearing at a speed to go over a high building. His arms were already aching when the captain saw that his men were in danger and called through a megaphone for them to descend. Jack's three companions at once started downward; but, unfortunately for him, the hose had no hook, so he was compelled to hold it until the men reached safety. To have abandoned it would have let it go crashing down to split their skulls or knock them from the fire escape. By the time these had reached the pavement his chances were entirely cut off. Already the grating beneath his feet was growing hot.

Calling to "Look out below!" Jack dropped the hose and sprang through the open window. Within the place had become a sweatshop indeed. The smoke choked and blinded him. Stumbling over chairs, he groped his way to a side window, which he broke out with his heavy helmet. Thrusting his head out for a gulp of fresh air, he drew his body through the opening and got a footing on the narrow coping. This was not over four inches wide and was slippery from the water thrown on it, which had frozen almost as soon as it fell. As Jack was edging his way along this perilous footing a crooked rift in the smoke revealed him to the firemen below. It also revealed him to a white-faced girl in the crowd, but of her presence Jack was in ignorance. Neither did he hear the agonized little shriek of "Save him!" Dashing into the adjoining building, two of the firemen tore up to the roof, which was a short distance above the spot where he stood. The exhausted man was almost ready to fall as four strong hands grasped him and pulled him to safety.

As for Lizzie, the crooked rift in the

smoke had not only uncovered Jack's form, but had revealed her own heart, and when he reached the street she softly asked him to come to the flat that evening, as a Christmas present awaited him there.

It was with a lighter heart than for some previous weeks that Jack sat before the little Christmas tree that



"FOR JACK."

night. In a sort of dream he heard the presents called off for Lizzie's little sister and other members of the family, and it was only at the end that he caught sight of a little slip of paper pinned to the sleeve of Lizzie herself, on which were written the two words, "For Jack." That was his Christmas gift.

Famous Journalist Who Entered Many Fields

An Intimate Study of the Late Major Orlando Jay Smith, Founder of the American Press Association—Thinker, Philosopher and Writer Whose Life Touched Great Men as Well as Great Movements.

By JAMES A. EDGERTON.

IN his day Major Orlando Jay Smith, the late president of the American Press Association, entered many fields. At twenty-two he was a major of cavalry in the Union army. At thirty-seven he was editor of one of the leading greenback and anti-monopoly papers of the country, the Chicago Express. Starting at the age of forty, he built up in a quarter of a century the largest newspaper syndicate in the United States. He was an advocate of life in the open, of the preservation of our forests and was an authority on arboriculture. He was a believer in fundamental democracy and furthered it both by books and through the other avenues at his command. He was a keen judge of character, quick to detect genius and started more young writers on the path to fame than perhaps any man of his day. Finally, his many works on science and religion attracted the attention of thinkers not only in his own land, but in India and England and throughout the world.

His life touched not only great movements, but great men. In addition to those that he helped to find themselves and their work, many of whose names are now household words, he was for many years a friend and neighbor of Robert G. Ingersoll, often entertained William J. Bryan at his home and was a particular friend of Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the Review of Reviews. There was an especial sympathy between these two on religious and philosophical lines. At Major Smith's funeral Dr. Shaw referred feelingly to this bond and read from the books of his dead friend passages on his faith in life beyond the grave.

Touched Many Shores of Thought.

Major Smith was born on an Indiana farm and lies buried at Sleepy

mond; the east Tennessee campaign, the Knoxville campaign and the Atlanta campaign. He commanded his regiment in the operations at the right of Kennesaw mountain.

One of his most exciting war experiences was as a participant in Stoneman's raid. He opposed Stoneman's action in surrendering the brigade of which Major Smith's regiment was a part and proved that it was unnecessary by leading his regiment in cutting its way out and escaping. He was afterward severely wounded, however, and made a prisoner near Jug Tavern, Ga. His prison experiences were most pathetic. His wound was painful throughout the entire time, he had little to eat except parched corn and lived in open stockades where there was no shelter except holes the prisoners burrowed in the ground. Three experiences that he told one of his friends are characteristic. One was the finding of an old oven door, which he lugged with him from prison to prison and used for parching his corn or for cooking any morsel he might pick up. Another was of finding enough old rails and wood to build a shanty about six feet square. This seemed like a mansion to the men, and when the very day it was completed word came that they were to be exchanged there was actual regret at leaving it. The third episode was in Charleston when the city was bombarded by the Union forces. Northern prisoners were placed where they were exposed to the fire of their own armies, Major Smith being in one of the most dangerous positions. After being exchanged in December, 1864, he was placed in command of the paroled prisoners at Camp Chase, Columbus, O. He was also assistant inspector general of the Sixth division of Wilson's cavalry corps. Being in the cavalry, Major Smith was almost

whole soul to the work, writing and speaking constantly. The Express grew until in 1878 it was moved to Chicago, becoming one of the foremost papers in the movement.

It was in 1882 that Major Smith started the American Press Association. The plan on which he worked was untried and seemed to falter on the first attempt. He only changed its details and worked the harder. At last his efforts and genius for organization began to tell, and today the institution, of which he was the head until the time of his death, is the largest newspaper syndicate in America and the foremost of its kind in the world.

Brought Many Into Prominence.

In this work Major Smith employed at various times most of the well known fiction writers and many of the most brilliant newspaper men of the last quarter of a century. Some of these he picked as winners when they were unknown and brought them into prominence. It is worthy of note that he bought from Ella Wheeler Wilcox the first poem she ever sold; that he suggested the bringing of Eugene Field to Chicago, the step that established his fame; that he was a close friend and adviser of John Clark Ridpath, the historian; that he first detected the genius of the intangible short story writer who goes under the pen name of "O. Henry," that before Peter Finley Dunne, with his "Doolley," had jumped into fame Major Smith predicted that he would be the humorist of the Spanish-American war, and that by syndicateing their work he did much to spread the popularity of such men as Bill Nye, M. Quad, Murat Halstead, T. De Witt Talmage, Champ Clark and numberless others. Among the well known writers who worked with Major Smith before becoming prominent, many of whom owe their start to his encouragement and interest, may be mentioned Tom Masson, editor of Life; Sewell Ford, the short story writer; Frederick A. Ober, the historian; Jack London, Booth Tarkington, Dexter Marshall, the syndicate writer; John H. Beadle, famous a generation ago; Howard Fielding, the novelist; Joseph R. Buchanan, now labor editor of the New York Journal; Eliza Archard Conner, the woman's writer; H. Addington Bruce, now a recognized authority on psychology; F. A. Mitchell, novelist; Richard Lloyd Jones, secretary of the Lincoln Farm association, and hosts of others throughout the land.

Major Smith was himself an author of more than national fame, both in economics and in the fields of philosophy and religion. On "Eternalism" he received a letter of thanks from a maharajah of India, and that and other works were reviewed by some of the best known critics and scientists of the day. Of a nature similar to "Eternalism" are "Balance," "A Short View of Great Questions" and "Agreement Between Science and Religion," while "The Coming Democracy" outlines a plan for a more perfect system of voting and popular government. One of the greatest essays I ever read from the pen of Major Smith appeared in the Open Court only a few months before his death.

Authority on Immortality.

Without attempting to go into his philosophy at length, it attempts to prove immortality by scientific methods; to show that there is absolute balance and adjustment in all things; that the individual is ultimately responsible for his every act, the law of balance in his case becoming justice, thus requiring life after death for its completion and fulfillment; that the basic principles of all religions are the same, and they thus support and prove each other, and that the ideas of moral accountability, of a supreme intelligence and of some sort of communication between the living and the dead have been universally held in all times and climes, thus showing them to be instinctive in the race and furnishing the strongest presumptive evidence of their truth. These themes will be more popular a generation hence than they are today, and it is my own deliberate opinion that Orlando Jay Smith will be an authority upon them long after an army of present day writers are forgotten.

In politics Major Smith was a radical in the sense that he thought for himself and followed the outer truth as he saw it. Yet he was ever optimistic and constructive.

Trees Were His Friends.

In personal appearance Major Smith was rather tall and compactly built. His face was strong and smooth shaven, his eyes blue and direct, his hair abundant, but snow white. At home he had the same simplicity, sincerity and easy dignity that marked him everywhere. He leaves a widow, two daughters and a son, Courtland Smith, whom the father trained up to be his assistant and successor in business. Major Smith loved the open country, and the trees were his friends. He knew them well both scientifically and in a more human way.

I cannot close this article without a personal word. I never knew a man whose ideas ran more nearly parallel with my own in almost every field than did those of Major Smith. Because of personal sympathy and friendship I have refrained from saying many things that are in my heart, fearing that my own bias might make me overdraw the picture, a thing that no character sketch should do. I trust my readers to see between the lines and to discern not the mere words, but the spirit and feeling behind the words.

This much I will say: Orlando Jay Smith raised the standard of American journalism as did perhaps no other man of his time, and he believed in and furthered movements of betterment in almost every field of human thought and endeavor.



ORLANDO JAY SMITH.

Hollow, N. Y., made famous by Washington Irving. At one time he was a Mississippi planter. The three extremes illustrate not only his career, but show his sympathy with all sections. The breadth of his views is indicated by the fact that he kept abreast of the advanced thought of his day and at the same time was familiar with all religions, ancient and modern. He was an intense admirer of characters as diverse as Charles Dickens and Napoleon Bonaparte. The English novelist he read over and over, and of Napoleon he had a death mask, statues and paintings, while his library was stocked with books concerning the first emperor. There could have been nothing narrower in a man who touched so many shores of thought and who had interests so wide and varied. He was a rare combination of the practical man and the idealist.

Pathetic Prison Experiences.

Orlando Jay Smith was of New England ancestry and was the son of a pioneer. He was born near Terre Haute, Ind., on June 14, 1842. He graduated from Asbury college, now De Pauw university, which afterward conferred on him the degree of LL. D. Entering the Union army in April, 1861, he served until September, 1865. He enlisted as a private and rose to be second sergeant the first year. He was then mustered out with his regiment and helped to form a second regiment, in which he was commissioned second lieutenant, then served two years as captain and early in 1864 was raised to the grade of major. He participated in the Shenandoah valley campaign, the Kentucky campaign, where he fought in the battle of Rich-

mond, constantly engaged in the dangerous work of scouting. One of his theories was that men to fight well must be well fed and cared for. He was therefore noted for his efforts for the comfort of his command. After the war Major Smith became a member of the Royal Legion.

Baffled Three Assassins.

His exciting days did not end with being mustered out of the service. Raising cotton on a Mississippi plantation may not sound like a "hazardous occupation," but it all depends on the time in which it was done and by whom. For a northern officer to engage in the pursuit while the bitterness of the war was still fresh was not the most healthful of occupations, yet this is exactly what Major Smith did and despite unpleasant occurrences persisted in it for three years. On one occasion he was followed by three men that he felt intended to assassinate him. Suddenly wheeling his horse, he confronted them with the question, "Well, gentlemen, what do you want?" This disconcerted them, and they went their ways.

Even yet his warlike experiences were not over. In 1869 he returned to Terre Haute and started a newspaper, the Mail. So vigorous were some of his editorials that one gentleman thought himself aggrieved and thereupon began shooting at the major from behind a barrel, as a result of which the young editor carried a second bullet hole to the day of his death. Later Major Smith acquired the Terre Haute Express and launched it as a greenback organ. Six years or more were devoted to this cause, during which time Major Smith gave his