

A call of "fire" brought out the fire department very suddenly Tuesday noon, and the engine was hastily hauled out and the fire eaters were not long in getting started down the street with it. The street being piled full of snow and that being very slippery on account of a drizzling rain which had fallen all the forenoon and then frozen, the run was not a record breaker by any means altho each man was about all in when the scene of the fire was reached. The alarm was given so abruptly that very few of the men knew where the fire was and it was a hard matter to get them to run in the same direction, and when it was generally known that the Blue Front livery was the place all jumped into the collar and the place was reached in short order, only to find that the fire was in a stove and the pipe was projecting through the door and the smoke rolling out from the front door of the barn. Then to top off the joke, the chief informed his brave men that the engine was empty, that worthy gentleman having drained it during the cold weather when fuel was scarce. The engine being a 60-gallon chemical, it is doubtful whether the boys could have got it down the street at all if it had been charged. A run like that over such roads and against a raw wind when the team is not accustomed to running is a hard thing on the lungs and all of the boys were pretty sore in that portion of their anatomy, but otherwise they considered it good practice, and as long as the chief and his assistant had a slice of it as well as the others, each member could enjoy a laugh at the rest of the boys.