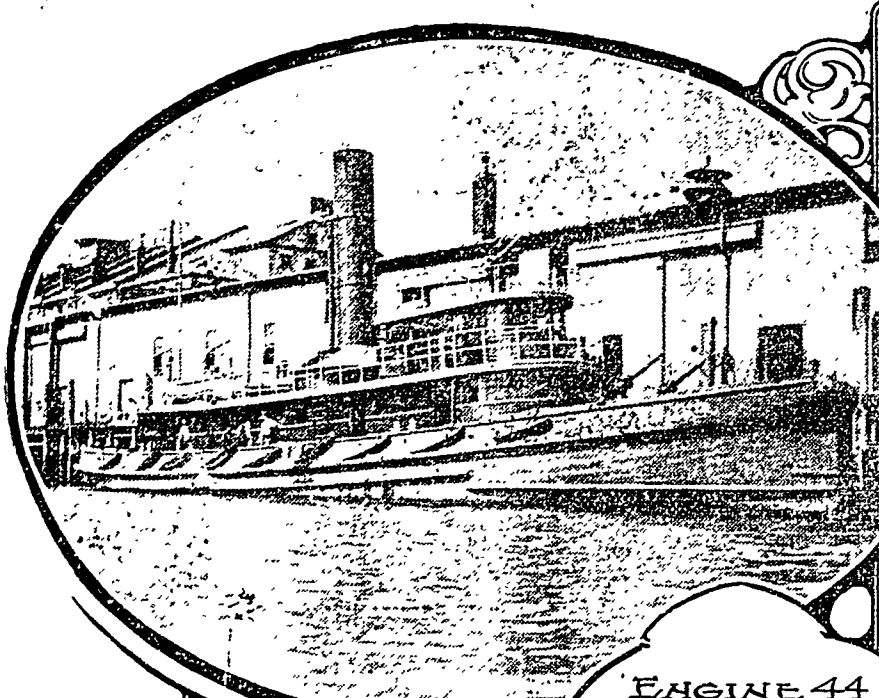


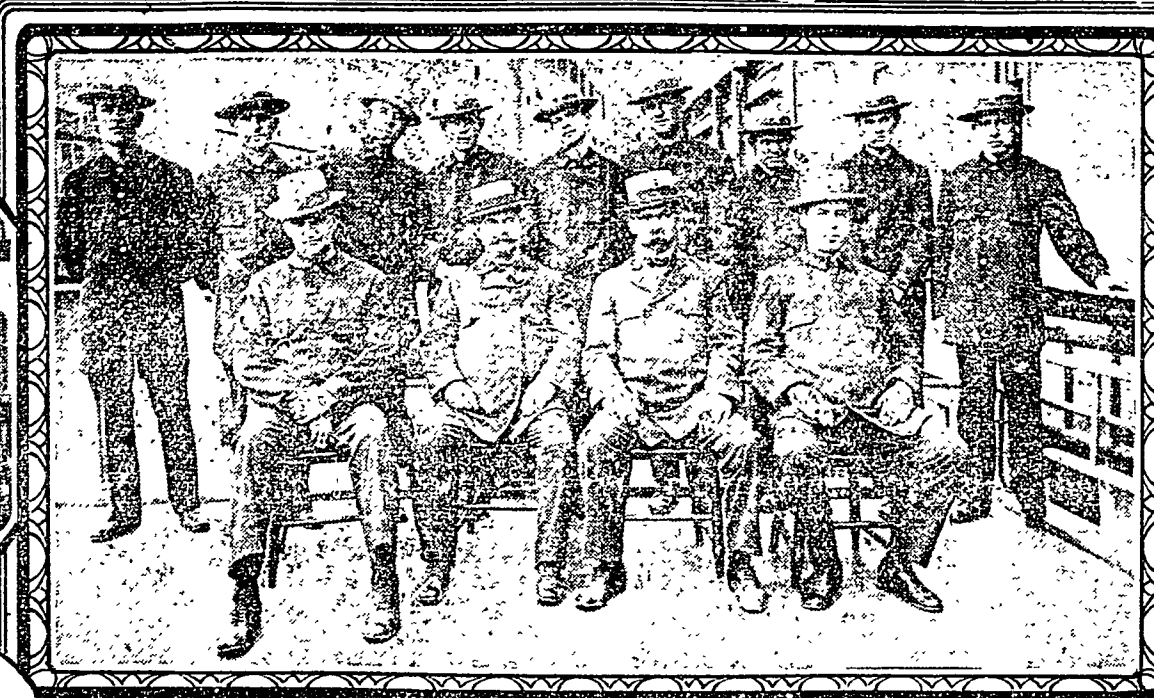
ENGINE 44, RESPONDING TO AN ALARM, IS AN INSPIRING SIGHT.

Boston Fire Boat Throws as Much Water as Eight Land Engines.

She Can Pump 7500 Gallons of the Ocean into the Midst of Flames in a Single Minute—Three-Inch Streams That Can Knock Holes Through Brick Walls—Salt Water Pipe Line Ashore and Its Use—Day and Night 120 Pounds of Steam is Kept in the Boilers—Sleeping Quarters of the Firemen on India Wharf—Jocko, a Monkey, unofficially Installed as No. 17 of the Crew.



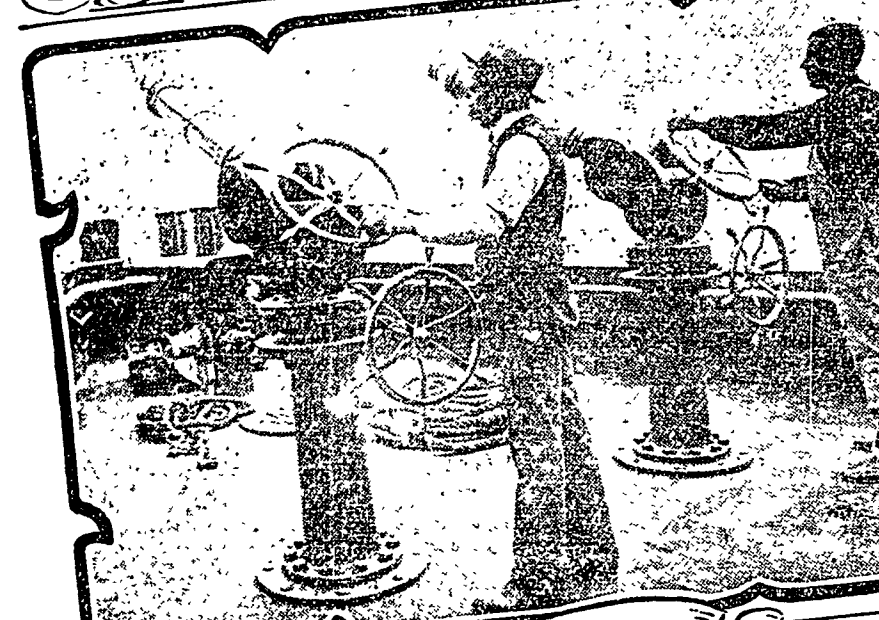
ENGINE 44 AT HER DOCK



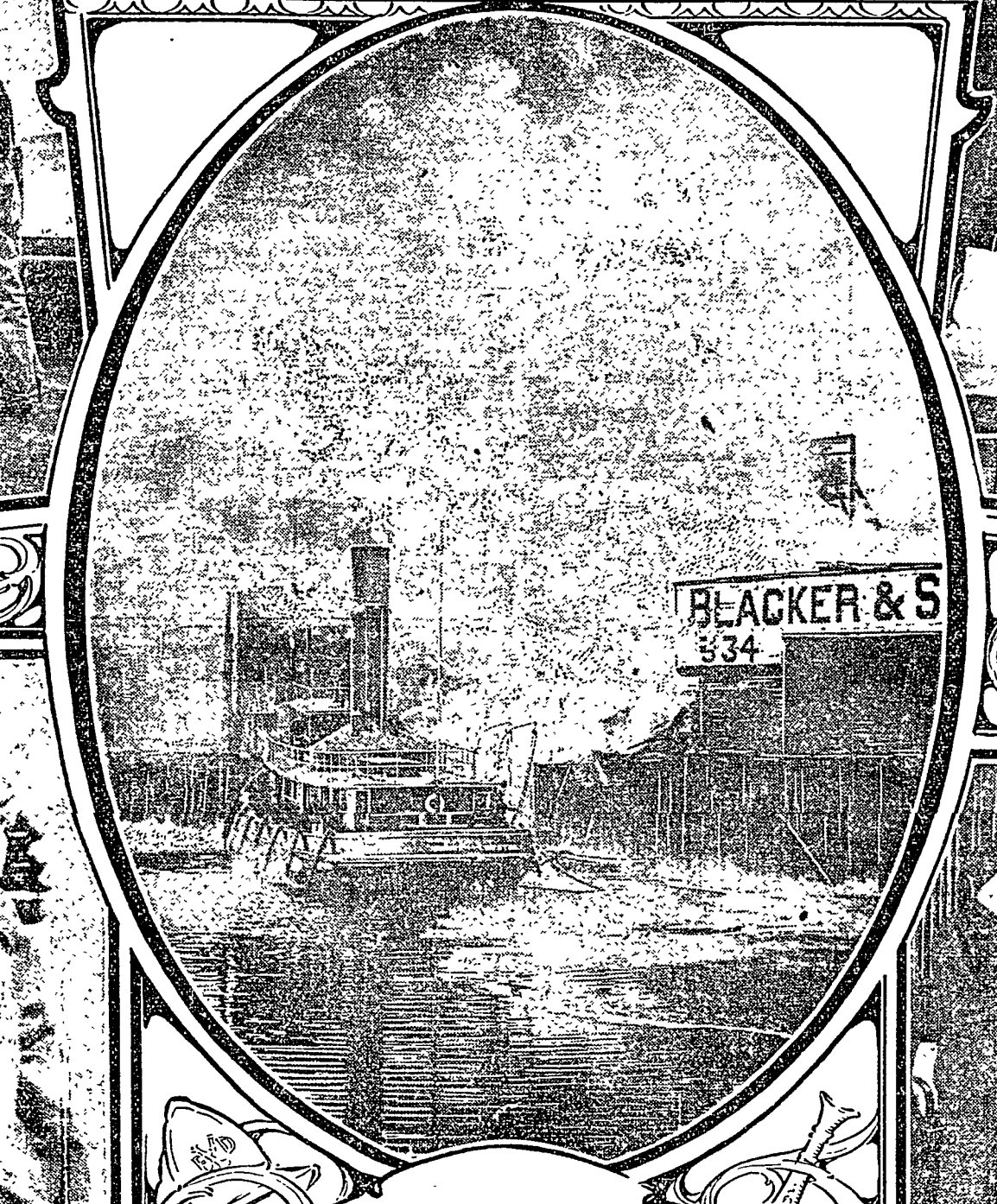
CAPTAIN AND CREW
 Top Row: Wm. Marshall, S. O'Brien, F. O'Brien, H. E. Smith, F. G. Avery, J. Verkampen, D. J. Gibbons, T. A. Nugent, Wm. Slauenwhite
 Sitting: C. S. Moran, Capt. Ritchie, Lt. W. S. Eaton, J. B. Wickens



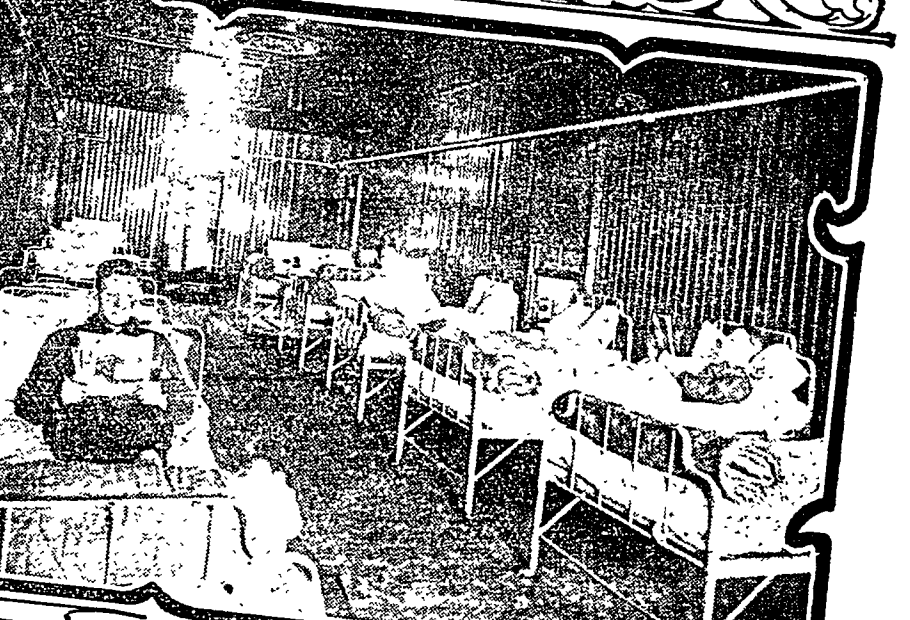
CAPT RITCHIE'S ROOM ASHORE



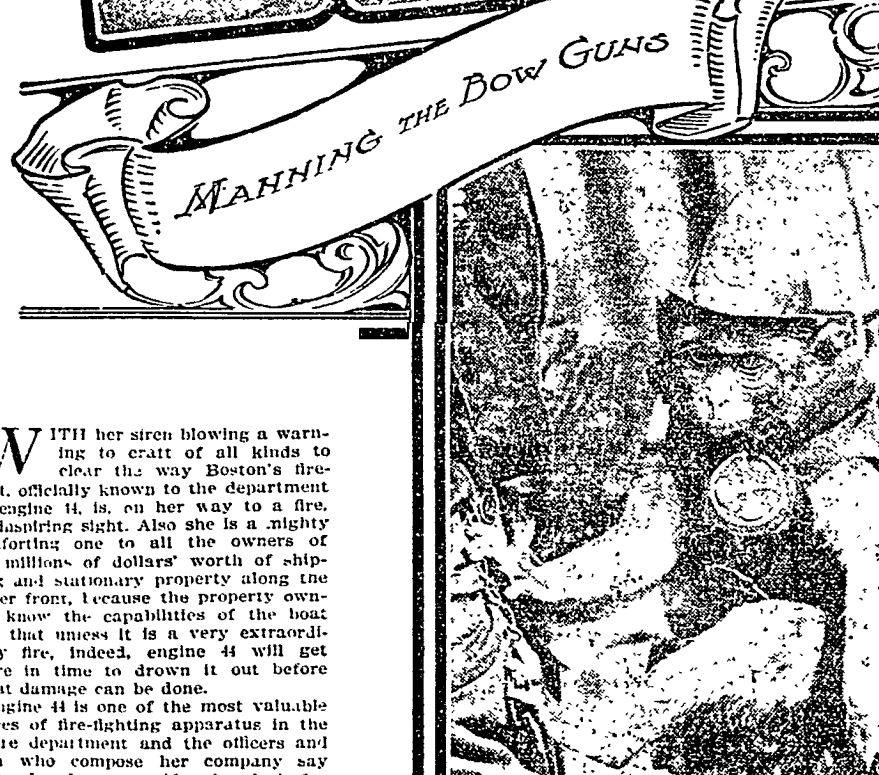
MANNING THE BOW GUNS



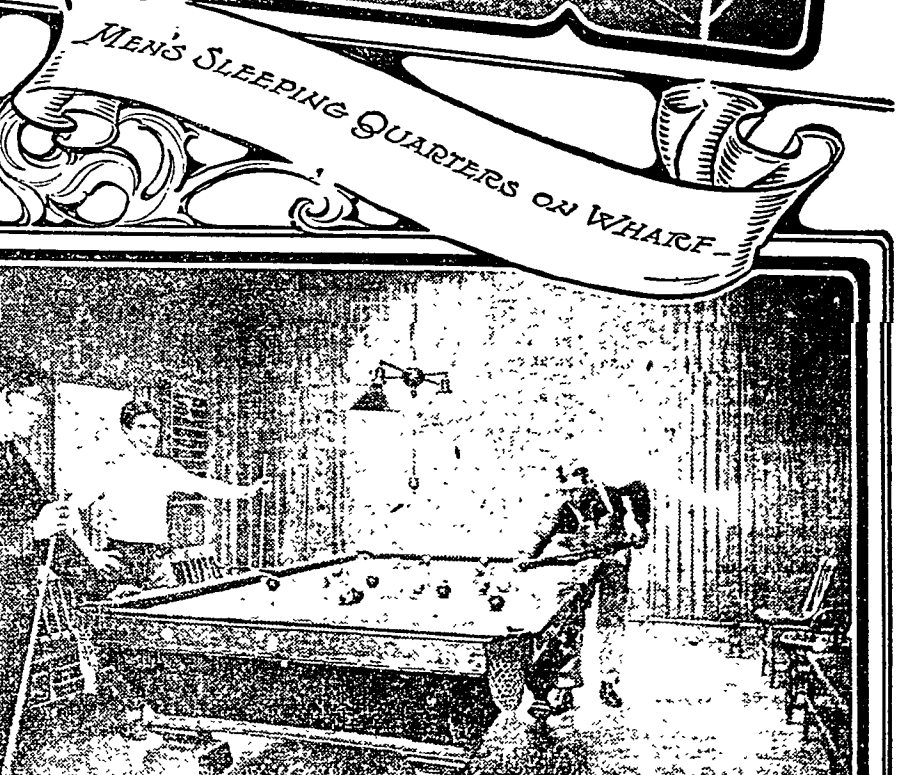
THE FIRE BOAT IN ACTION



MEN'S SLEEPING QUARTERS ON WHARF



JOCKO, THE SEVENTEENTH MEMBER OF THE CREW IN UNIFORM



SMOKING AND POOL ROOM ON WHARF

WITH her siren blowing a warning to craft of all kinds to clear the way Boston's fireboat, officially known to the department as engine 44, is, on her way to a fire, an inspiring sight. Also she is a mighty comforting one to all the owners of the millions of dollars' worth of shipping and stationary property along the water front, because the property owners know the capabilities of the boat and that unless it is a very extraordinary fire, indeed, engine 44 will get there in time to drown it out before great damage can be done.

Engine 44 is one of the most valuable pieces of fire-fighting apparatus in the entire department and the officers and men who compose her company say that, placed on one side of a dock fire and with plenty of water to float the boat, they can do more toward putting out a big blaze than all the 40 odd land-firing engines in the department combined could do placed on the opposite side of the blaze.

The land-going firemen aren't quite as enthusiastic about the fireboat as are her company, who know her best, but the latter opinion admit that engine 44 is a wonder in the fire-fighting line, and they are always mightily pleased to see her anchored alongside a blazing pier with her water batteries turned on full force.

Engine 44 can throw 7500 gallons of water a minute, and keep it up indefinitely, while the most powerful of the land-going steam engines in the department can throw only about 1000 gallons a minute. It takes eight of the best land engines to equal 44's capacity at water throwing. Besides she distributes salt water.

Some of the fire sharpers have it figured out that for the purpose of fire-fighting two gallons of salt water are equal to three of fresh water.

Engine 44 is not only the department's chief reliance in putting out water front fires, but she is depended upon to her assistance of the very highest order at fires some distance removed from the docks, or along a number of streets in the business section where many millions of dollars' worth of property can be reached by the salt water service, which is provided through the powerful pumps of the fireboat. Beginning at Central wharf, on the water front, there is a specially laid line of heavy pipe across Central wharf, through Central Congress st. Postoffice sq. and down Congress st. again to Atlantic av. and an auxiliary to the regular fresh water service of the land going fire engines.

There are 12 hydrants along this salt water line, and when a fire breaks out anywhere in the district within 100 feet or so of either side of this line, the fire-

boat proceeds to the end of Central wharf, attaches her powerful pumps to the salt water line, sends a lot of her heaviest hose and biggest nozzles ashore and proceeds to push volumes of old ocean into the midst of the uptown disturbance. When engine 44 begins pumping salt water through the pipe they put a crowd of the huskiest hosemen they can find at the nozzles, and they have about all they can do to control the powerful streams.

At a recent exhibition of the fireboat and its crew the engine was set at Central wharf and the stream she forced through the salt water pipe was sufficient to carry a solid three-inch stream a distance of 316 feet from a hose attached to the salt water hydrant at Congress st. and Atlantic av., a mile distant from where the fireboat was playing and at a point most remote from the source of power. A stream of that size and volume is sufficient to knock a hole through an ordinary brick wall, and the exhibition was very comforting to persons who own property within the district protected by the salt water pipe.

Engine 44 is berthed at the south side of India wharf, and is a familiar sight to passengers on the ferryboats to the narrow-gauge road, the Nantasket steam-

ers and the boats running between Boston and Portland, but one cannot get a satisfactory idea of the fireboat's size or power without going aboard.

The fireboat isn't particularly beautiful craft, as seen at a 1 1/2 mile distance, and aboard the boat the men stand watches of four hours each, the man on the boat having among his other duties that of keeping up steam and seeing that harbor thieves do not sneak aboard and make off with any of the fittings.

The boat is so big that she is comfortable for the men doing duty on board, while the quarters of the crew on the wharf are fitted up with as many conveniences and comforts as any of the houses uptown, including a large smoking and lounging room and a billiard room. The men also have a roof garden from which they can overlook the waters of the harbor, and in summer, with crowds of summer girls going to and from the beaches the firemen have plenty of diversion in watching them, while all the year they can see the shipping passing to and fro.

The fireboat is 110 feet long, of 175 tons register, is 27 feet beam and has a draft of 10 feet 6 inches. She can easily make 11 knots an hour and is one of the most easily managed boats, according to her crew, of any craft of similar dimensions in the harbor. Of course,

the boat never has to go far enough down the harbor to encounter any very heavy weather, but she is a seaworthy craft, and could ride out a heavy sea if it were necessary.

Her crew have to possess a lot of qualifications that are not required of the firemen in the firehouses on land. For instance, there are four of them who have licenses as masters of steam craft, two are licensed as pilots and five are licensed as engineers, entitling them, by permission of the federal government, to fill similar positions on any craft which plies these waters.

Capt. Robert A. Ritchie of engine company 44 is one of the licensed masters, and the others are Lieut. Walter S. Eaton, senior hoseman C. S. Moran and hoseman H. E. Smith. The licensed pilots are hosemen R. A. Nugent and W. S. Slauenwhite. These men are not only qualified to take the boat anywhere in the waters about Boston, but are fully competent to operate her at the best advantage when they get to the scene of the fire.

One of the diversions of the complement of the fire boat is to get under way twice in each 24 hours and pull out into

the stream to let the Portland steamers in and out of their slip. The steamers sail at 7 o'clock each evening on the trips eastward, and pulling out into the stream for them at that time doesn't disturb anybody very much. But the steamers arrive, ordinarily, at inconvenient hours in the morning, the Gov. Dingley usually coming into the harbor about 2:30, and the Bay State averaging an hour later, and getting out of their way at that time in the morning isn't always pleasant. When the incoming steamer blows for the berth the rules provide that at least one engineer and one pilot shall be on duty and in charge of the boat, and always one and sometimes both of those officers have to be called from the sleeping quarters to do this work, which only takes 15 minutes or so, but which interrupts many a good nap.

In case of an alarm from a box to which the fire boat responds, the crew tumbles aboard as quickly as the members of a land company could get on the engine and hose wagon, and with her whistle shrieking a warning to all craft to make way, the fire boat heads for the scene of trouble while the men dash into the cabin and don their rubber coats and helmets, so that by the time they reach the fire they are all ready to tackle it.

Every man has his station, just as he would on a warship, and the men go to work on the fire in a business-like manner. On the main deck forward there are two big nozzles, worked by levers, and from which can be thrown powerful, solid streams of 2 1/2 or 3 inches diameter as desired, and on top of the pilot house is another nozzle or pipe of similar dimensions, all three being so located and arranged that they can throw their streams straight ahead or to port or starboard, as the case requires. The firemen call these three pipes the bow guns and the appellation is an appropriate one, because the streams of water are thrown with a force approaching that of a projectile from a gun and when they strike something has to give way.

On the main deck forward of the pilot house there are, supplementary to the bow guns, a dozen pipes, connected with the powerful pumps, to which can be attached lines of hose throwing either a 3/4 or a 3/2-inch stream, as may be required, and they can be played through either the extra heavy hose carried on the fireboat or through the ordinary hose from a land house. Ordinarily, however, there is no necessity of connecting up to a land house hose, because in the fireboat's equipment there is included over a mile length of heavier and more durable hose than is used by the ordinary fire engine company, and through it can be forced much more powerful streams than the ordinary hose could take.

Capt. Ritchie, Lieut. Eaton, and the men of their command are all appreciative of the responsibilities resting upon them as the crew of the fireboat, and they are all proud of the craft, her abilities and her accomplishments. The life is monotonous, of course, but the constant attendance on his duties of any fireman is also monotonous, and there are few, if any, of the outfit of engine 44 who would be willing to exchange his billet for one in a land company.

Some time ago one of the firemen came into possession of a young, small but mighty active monkey, who has been named Jocko and unofficially installed as No. 17 of the crew. Jocko has been provided with a miniature fireman's uniform, a little helmet and a small badge, and he looks solemn and funny enough running along the after rail till he reached the end of the tether which restrains his activities somewhat. Sometimes, for diversion, the firemen let Jocko run out on the end of a boathook when a flood tide is running, and the way Jocko can catch and drag in a floating orange or other fruit drifting on the water is something worth going to India wharf to see.