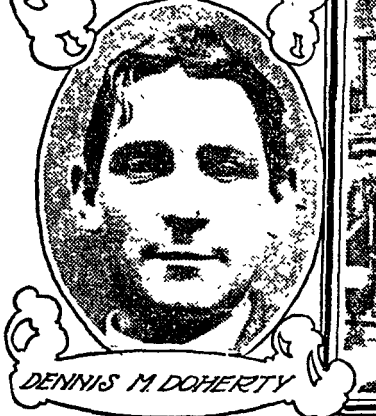


# BRAVE RESCUES AT THE NORTH END

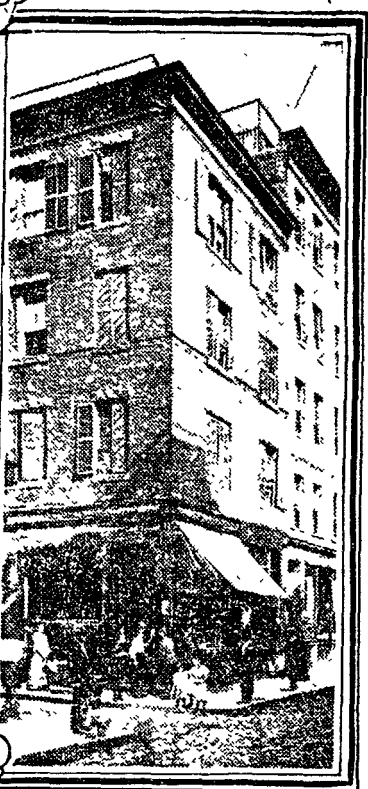
## Firemen Aided in Their Work by Doherty's Courage and Promptness.



CAPT. WALTER M. McLEAN



DENNIS M. DOHERTY



CORNER OF PRINCE AND MARGARET ST

TWO OF THE MEN WHO DID HEROIC WORK AT NORTH END TENEMENT HOUSE FIRE.

Box 416, sounding in the day time, hurries the firemen to one of the most congested districts of the North End, and coming as it did early yesterday morning at an hour when the inhabitants of the crowded tenements are sleeping, the call lent additional speed to the members of the companies that responded. There was a fear in every heart lest some human being was already being burned or stifled with smoke in his sleep.

It was this feeling that hastened the members of engine company 8 to the fires on Prince st yesterday morning. At 2 o'clock Denis Doherty of 25 Mt Vernon st, Charlestown, ran to the fire station and notified the man on the floor that there was smoke coming from the basement of 89 Prince st. Capt Walter M. McLean was called at once, and hurried Doherty to the box on the corner of Prince st to send in an alarm. At the same time the signal in the station was sounded, and the members of the company came sliding down the pole holding on to their clothing, and before the first tap of the bell had come in the engine was on its way to the fire.

Capt McLean has lived in the district all his life, and knows every house and building in it from boyhood, and he knew that in that old building with fire in the basement the people on the floors above were doubly in danger.

### Every Man at His Post.

The driver had scarcely checked the speed of his horses at the nearest hydrant before the captain and his men had the hose ready to attach to it. It took but an instant, but it seemed long to all of them. One line was run into the cellar on Prince st, and another on the Margaret-st side of the house, and in less time than it takes to tell it the firemen were pouring water on the fire.

It was a perfect sample of the discipline of the Boston fire department. Every man was thinking of the people in the house, and everyone was willing to risk his own life to save them, but each one knew that it was only by close obedience to orders that the most successful work and the quickest help could be rendered to those in danger. In the minute it took for the engine to whirl around the corner and for the firemen to get their streams on the fire, the plan of rescue had been thought out, and the firemen knew it and acted accordingly.

Faithfully they did their share, every man at his post, and working as if it was to save his own. The men set at work, Capt McLean ran into the house to get the tenants out. They had been roused from sleep by the clanging of the bells, and the shrieking of the engine's whistle, and were awakened to find their rooms filled with smoke. Some of them started down the stairs and Capt McLean hurried them along, and soon had the first floor cleared.

The smoke was growing thicker and more stifling as he hurried up to the next flight. There he came upon Mrs

Joseph Levine, frightened and helpless, and was obliged to take her in his arms and carry her out. Denis Doherty was with Capt McLean, and he took out two others. A second time they entered the house through the choking smoke and found a man and a woman huddled on the floor at the top of the third flight blinded by smoke and afraid to move. They also were taken to the street and safety.

While these rescues were being made the members of the company had been thinking and working. They knew what their captain was doing, and that if the fire got to that one stairway he as well as those who might be above were cut off from escape, and they successfully directed their work to keeping the fire from them.

### Doherty Sees Another Fire.

They deserve a share, and no small one, in the rescues, and Capt McLean yesterday said that the confidence he had in his men and in their strict obedience to orders made his share in the work easier.

The work of Denis Doherty was not over when he had notified the firemen of the fire, and had taken part in the rescue of the people in 89 Prince st. It had taken but a few minutes, but in that time he had exerted himself considerably, and had breathed in a lot of smoke. He walked down Prince st to get fresh air. As he came to No. 93, he thought he saw a fire in the cellar of that building also. So it proved, and he ran back to tell Capt McLean, but as the latter had two lines on the first fire, he sent word to one of the other engines and the fire was soon out.

Both fires were in houses which are open to any one at all hours, and the firemen think that some of the homeless wanderers who live about the wharves had gone into the basements to sleep and accidentally set the fires, and without waiting to arouse the tenants ran out for fear of arrest.

The people of the neighborhood give great praise to Capt McLean and his men for their prompt work. The company is made up of as good men as can be found in a pick of the department. Every member is a tried fireman and the almost daily work they do in extinguishing small fires in the vicinity has made them quick to think and to act, and has given them a thorough knowledge of the buildings in their district.

The captain is one of the most active in the department and has been connected with the Salem-st engine for a long time. He was lieutenant there for a number of years, and after being made captain, and serving in Brighton for a short time, was transferred back to his old engine, where his knowledge of the district makes him an exceptionally valuable man.

Denis Doherty is a young man, well known to the members of the company, and passes much of his spare time with the firemen. They give him great praise for his promptness and courage.