

Something of a Cold Snap

By GEORGE L. SURRY

The construction of the new cold storage room at the Washington hotel was nearing completion, and Jacob Hickman, the proprietor of that palatial summer hostelry so well known to Georgetown residents, was paying his twelfth daily visit to the scene of operations.

"Suitable, Mr. Hickman, eh?" and Mr. Smart, the clever engineer, who had been sent down to superintend matters by the big eastern firm which had the contract in hand, came and stood at the hotel proprietor's elbow.

"Looks all right, I guess."

"All right! Why, sir, that safe's a stroke of genius, though I say it. It's a revelation. I'll guarantee there's nothing like it in all the states—nothing to hold a tallow dip to it."

Mr. Smart's professional pride appeared hurt at his client's very inadequate commendation.

"Say, I didn't mean anything," Mr. Hickman hastened to explain. "I have no doubt it's a fine safe. Come on! Have a drink."

At the bar Mr. Smart went through the complete inventory of the peculiar beauties and distinctive merits of the cold room.

"Look at it," he said enthusiastically. "Biggest thing of its kind I've ever struck. Thirteen-inch walls, solid concrete; patent flooring, damp-proof, oil-treating, finest arrangement of cooling pipes ever laid—and then, the door."

"Ah, it's a good door!" the owner assented.

"So good that no one'll ever have another like it, you bet. Firm couldn't do another at the price."

"To tell you the truth, sir, we're doing this as an advertisement. See? Ah, you were lucky to get our firm to handle this job. I can tell you why. There's six inches solid Oregon pine in that door, and the backing and facing's the best one-and-three-quarter-inch fluted steel plate."

"We brought that door over in one piece. Takes four men to lift it, yet it swings on its hinges as easy as a clock pendulum. Seen the lock?"

"No. Anything special?"

"I should say it is. That lock's my own invention, and I'll bet there's no man in creation can pick it, if he works all night."

"Nothing short of dynamite can hurt it. Automatic self-fastening, no trouble to turn, as strong as a nigger's love for watermelon. That lock's a daisy, she is."

Mr. Smart turned east with a four-flavored check in his pocket, and Jacob Hickman started in to enjoy his new possession and the envy of all other hotel keepers in the neighborhood.

He came to love that safe—it was the pride and joy of his life. Also, it became the dearest aversion of his friends and acquaintances, and of everyone who came within earshot of him.

No matter where he might be or what the subject of conversation, he inevitably managed to steer it around to the safe.

Once when he had talked his companions almost to the verge of insanity, old Jeremiah MacLaren openly informed him that, in his opinion, the safe was a snare of the devil; that Mr. Hickman's pride in it was nothing less than sinful, and that sooner or later he'd be visited by some terrible judgment in consequence.

But Jerry MacLaren was a Scot, and a rival hotelkeeper by trade; so it may have been jealousy, and not mere pique, which instigated his remarks.

One day when Jacob Hickman went downstairs to pay one of his numerous daily visits to the safe, something happened.

He unfastened the door, stepped inside, and feeling a slight drag on the loose alpaca jacket he was wearing, gave a sharp jerk. The action, if unthinking, was a perfectly natural one. Three seconds later there was a smart "click."

Swinging around Jacob Hickman faced the safe door. It had closed behind him.

The door opened outwards. That slight jerk which had released his jacket—caught, probably, in the door knob—had set the heavy door in motion upon its well-oiled and nicely adjusted hinges—and the patent automatic lock had done the rest.

Hickman was a stout man; it was a very hot day; and his forehead was covered with drops of perspiration when he entered the safe.

His paralyzed brain suddenly awoke and asserted itself, and he started to yell like a drunken Indian.

Enthralled, he yelled and hammered at the door with his bare fists until he was exhausted and his knuckles were bruised and bleeding.

By and by his breath came back, and he began to think with some measure of coherence and to realize the horror of his position.

Here he was a prisoner without means of escape or hope of release. True, the key of the door was in his pocket—he had taken it from the lock when he opened the safe. But that didn't help him any.

There was a duplicate key, but that was in a secret drawer of his bureau, and therefore useless. Indeed, if Hickman's presence in the safe became known, no one could get it—over his

wife did not know where it was hidden.

Again, the pipes filled with liquid level the temperature of the safe down to something like five degrees below zero; so that, even if he were located, and a dynamite charge used to break down the door, it was long odds that by the time he was taken out he would be frozen stiff as an iceberg.

He screamed and yelled; he kicked and he hammered at the door; he dashed himself bodily against it; he wept, prayed and cursed, alternately and together.

Finally he lay on the floor quite still, utterly worn out and moaning like a dog caught in a trap.

His eyes, gazed without sense of sight at the joints of meat hanging from the racks fixed below the ceiling. Something suddenly jolted his brain.

Foils of "venice" which he had laid vaguely staring, awakened his mind to feeble activity.

Back to his memory came the recollection that he had purchased that bit of "venice" in celebration of the birthday of his daughter. His daughter—little ten-year-old Marjory! Why, he would never see her again!

Escape was impossible; he was as sure of death as if he were sitting in the electric chair. He was actually dying by inches.

The tears welled up in his eyes and trickled down his frozen cheeks. No, by heaven, he would not die! or, if he must, he would die fighting.

Fiercely he fought against the lethargy and numbness that was enveloping him. With an effort he set up and climbed stiffly to his feet.

He caught sight of a number of stout oaken billets he had brought down the previous day, intending to fix up supports for another shelf. He recollect-ed bringing a hammer, too.

Yes, there it lay in the corner.

Seizing the tool, he once more bent on the door. Perhaps someone would come down to the safe and hear the sound of his hammering. It was a poor chance, but he wouldn't miss it; anyway, he would die fighting death.

His vigorous effort restored life to his body. His blows became more violent and presently the hammer handle snapped short at his head. Then a furious anger seized him. He called down curses on the clever engineer who had constructed the door and invented the patent lock, on himself, and on all creation.

Seizing one of the oak billets, he beat at the door as if it were Mr. Smart's ingenious head he was hammering. His arms ached horribly, but still he continued.

Presently his frenzy-filled eyes seemed to see a faint crack in the solid metal in front of him.

The length of timber splintered and broke in his hands, but snatching another piece he continued his furious onslaught. His straining eyes saw the solid metal shag bulging outwards.

God in heaven! It was true, then! The steel had split, the crack was becoming wider before his eyes, a streak of white showed between the dark, ragged edges.

No thought of the smart eastern engineer's mind came into Jacob Hickman's mind as he pushed his finger into the gap and poked forth soft shavings, cotton waste and refuse wool until his finger nails scratched on the outside steel covering of the door.

Inserting one end of his piece of oak into the crack—as for the duplicity of mankind, the iron was no thicker than that of a cooking-pan—Hickman shoved inward and used it as a lever, tugging and straining until the sheet of metal ripped away like a strip of brown paper. Then using his weapon as a rammer he stabbed at the outside steel.

The sound of a human voice caught his ears.

"What de hell's de matter?" it said. Some one stroiling into the basement had heard the infernal row and come to investigate.

He screamed hoarse directions, and in a few minutes the sharp teeth of a center bit was cutting into the iron.

A small hole was soon made. Hickman passed the key through it to his wife and then promptly fainted.

There were wet bandages around Hickman's head when he came round. A dull ringing filled his ears; his hands were enveloped in wrappings; he was in bed; and his whole body was so stiff and sore that when he moved he groaned with pain.

To judge by the sensations in his feet, he had no toes at all; but the straps burned and throbbed horribly.

The doctor's bearded face was bending over him when he opened his eyes, and his little daughter Marjory stood by the bedside holding his hand.

"Tough and go," said the doctor cheerfully. "I thought you were never coming to. Looked like a case for the corner. Here, hika, a drop of dat."

"Where am I?" whispered Hickman when he had swallowed the brandy.

"At home. You've been lying here like this for three days. Thought it was all up. Don't you remember? They found you in your ice safe, almost dead. Rather think one of your cousin's guns for good; otherwise, you're all right."

Jacob Hickman did not go under. The first thing he did was to bring suit against the eastern engineering firm who had built his ice safe; the misrepresentation and failure to adhere to contract specifications.

The shock of his terrible imprisonment in the cold room had turned his hair quite white, but it left his brain in first-class working order.

We won his suit, and got the damages he claimed.

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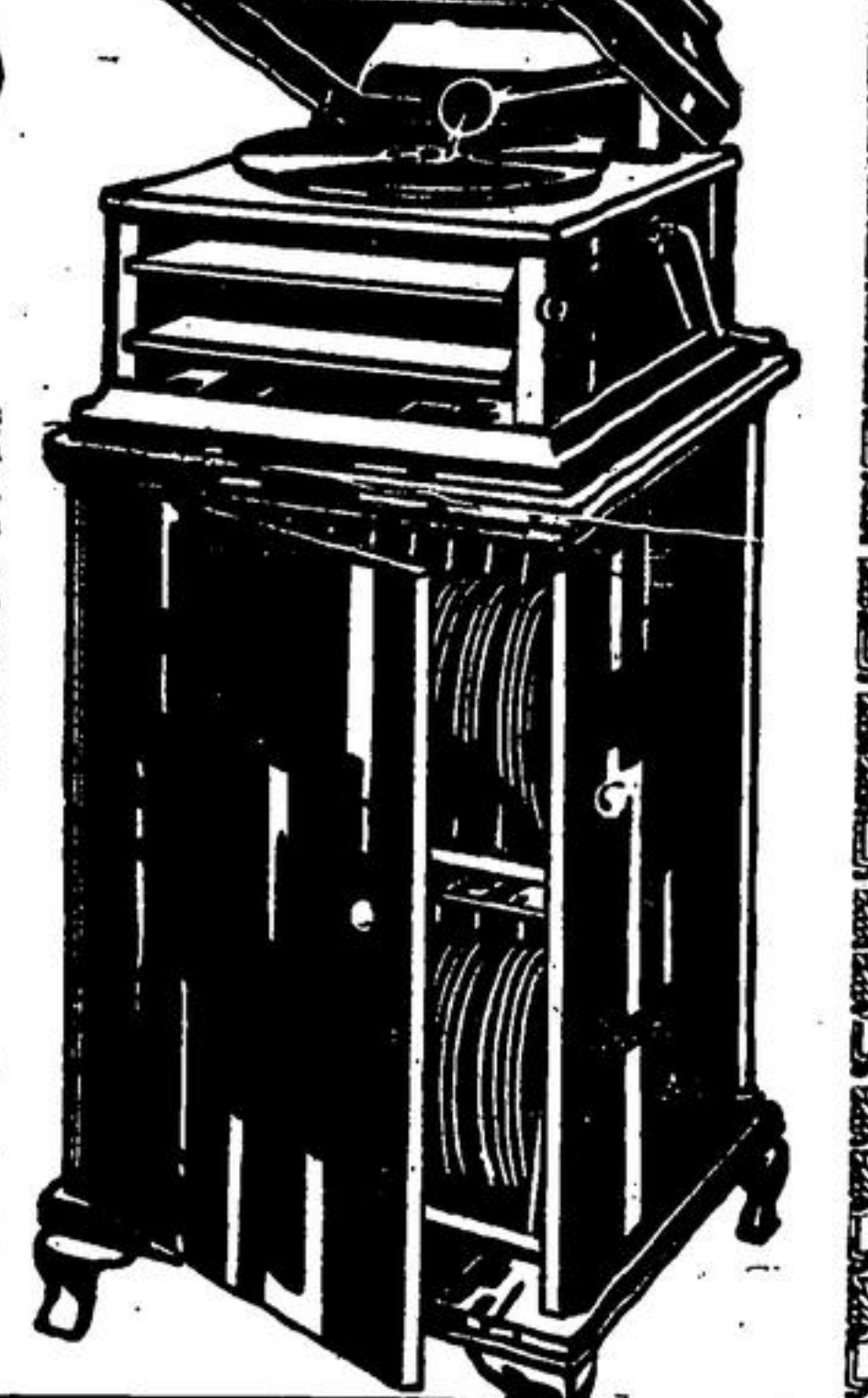
Grafonola \$95 and Record Cabinet

The handsome Grafonola illustrated at the right is an entirely enclosed and cabinet model made of selected oak, finished in golden finish. The height of instrument with record cabinet is over 40 inches, 17 1/2 x 17 1/2 inches at base of Grafonola. It has two-spring drive motor, plays 2 records with one winding, has speed regulator, tone control leaves, new bayonet-joint tone arm and No. 4 Columbia reproducer, lid in piano hinged. Cabinet has capacity for about 100 records.

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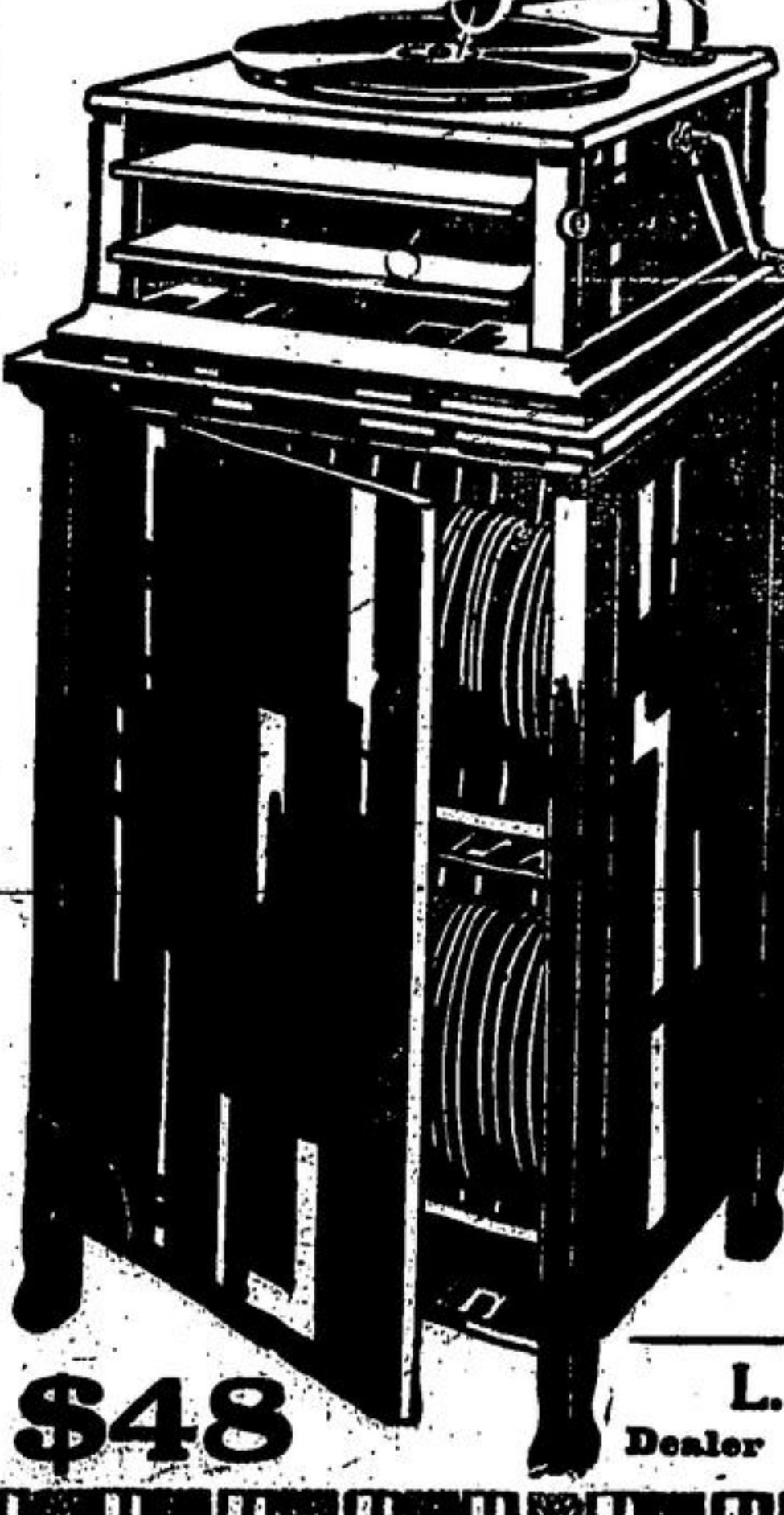
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- 43764—La Fianza del Destino—Overture.
- 43765—The Me Love's Lullaby—Saxophone.
- 43766—Take Me to the Land of Jazz—Murray.
- 43767—Kansas City Blues—Fox Trot.
- 43768—Arlésienne—French Army Band.
- 43769—Hungarian Fantasy—piano—Fercy Granger.
- 43770—The Jazz Natl. violin—Toscha Seidel.



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Fire Prevention Day

The Privy Council of Canada, have appointed Thursday, the Ninth day of October in this present year, as "Fire Prevention Day" and recommend to all loving subjects that, on that day:

1. All dwellings and their surroundings be carefully inspected by their occupants and all conditions likely to cause or promote the spread of fires removed.
2. All public buildings, stores and factories be inspected and cleared of rubbish.
3. Fire drills be held for the children in all schools and for employees in all large stores and factories.
4. Special instructions on the subject of fire prevention, be given by the teacher and by municipal officials in the schools and that such appropriate literature as may be made available be distributed to the pupils.
5. All legislation and regulations enacted or issued by Dominion, provincial or municipal authorities dealing with fire prevention be given publicity by the municipal officials, and that by public meetings or otherwise as may to them seem most fit, they endeavour to impress upon the citizens the national importance of safeguarding life and property from loss of fire.

A Naughty Minister
A minister preaching in New York City, stated that as every class of employees were talking strike, he thought the ministers should get in line and ask for an eight-hour day and a fifty per cent increase in salaries, and if their request was refused they should go on strike and let all the people go to hell.

The Georgetown Herald

Wednesday Ev'g., Oct. 1st, 1919

G. T. R. Time Table

GOING EAST

Passenger	7:24 a.m.
Mail	10:18 a.m.
Passenger	11:36 a.m.
Mail	8:45 p.m.
Passenger	8:28 p.m.
Passenger	8:36 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	7:11 p.m.

GOING WEST

Passenger	7:57 a.m.
Mail	10:18 a.m.
Passenger	8:01 p.m.
Passenger	8:40 p.m.
Mail	8:01 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	10:18 a.m.

GOING NORTH

Mail	7:47 a.m.
Mail	8:10 p.m.

GOING SOUTH

Mail	11:28 a.m.
Mail	7:50 p.m.

Toronto Suburban Railway

DAILY TIME-TABLE

	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Going East	8:10	2:24	6:40
Going West	8:56	8:10	7:59

SUNDAY TIME-TABLE

	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Going East	10:21	12:20	8:45
			6:10
Going West	10:40	6:10	9:84

BUTTER PAPER AT THE HERALD.

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