

## Coat in Flames Remarkable Accident in a Sheffield House Lad's Clothes Burnt

A young Man of 16, John Steed, of 301 Middlewood Road, Sheffield, was very seriously burned this morning when visiting the grocer's shop of Mr. M Sewell, of 78, Woollen Lane Sheffield.

He was sitting on a chair by the fire in the back of the shop when, in leaning forward a trench coat, which he was wearing caught fire and he was quickly enveloped in flames.

The manager of the shop, Mr. J. W. Grant of 24, Carnarvon Street, immediately rushed to his assistance and in attempting to pull the coat from the man's back was badly burned on the hands.

The Fire Brigade was summoned and Second Officer Outram turned out with an engine, but on arrival found the flames extinguished, be the man in a very serious condition.

An ambulance was telephoned for and the man was taken to the Royal Infirmary. He is the son of a pork butcher and resides at home with his father.

When our representative called at the shop this afternoon Mr. J. W. Grant, the manager who lives at 24, Carnarvon Street, had just it returned from having his hands, which were badly burned, dressed at the Infirmary. Describing the scene, he said that when Stead came in he sat down in a chair at the fireside in the little kitchen at the back of the shop.

### Terrible Screams

"The cat was asleep in the chair at the tithe side of the hearth," said Mr, Grant, "Stead leaned across to play with it. He was wearing a big loose trench coat, and this fell into the fire. It quickly flared up and the lad started chasing round the house as if mad. I did my best but I could neither pull the coat off, nor do anything. The belt was fastened and that made it harder, if it hadn't, been, perhaps I could have got it off.

I fetched some sacks out of the warehouse and threw them round him. I was afraid some of the bags of flour - paper bags - would catch fire. His screams were terrible. I shall never forget it."

He was burnt from head to fold, but be never lost, consciousness although his clothing all burnt from him. There were only his socks and boots left at the end.

We had some bottles of olive oil and glycerine in the shop and when the firemen they emptied these on him.

He was a strong lad, looked more like 18 than 16, and that is in his favour for pulling through.

A curious coincidence in the main was that Mr. Sewell the owner of the shop in Woolen Lane was visiting the lad Stead's father this morning. While they were talking in the slaughter-house of Mr. Stead, who is a pork butcher, a messenger came and said he was wanted at once in the shop. "I had no idea what it was they wanted, and never dreamt that the lad would be there." said Mr. Sewell.

It seems that Stead was out of work, and after being out all morning looking for a job he came to Sewell's to pass an hour on.