

JOHN HENRY

IN A STREET CAR

BY HUGH McHUGH
(George V. Hobart)



"ME, IN THE STREET CAR."

Throw me in the cellar and batten down the hatches.

I'm a wreck in the key of G flat. I side-stepped in among a bunch of language-heavers yesterday and ever since I've been sitting on the ragged edge with my feet hanging over.

I was on my way down to Wall street to help J. Pierpont Morgan buy a couple of railroads and all the world seemed as blithe and gay as a love clinch from Laura Jean Libbey's latest.

When I climbed into the cable-car I felt like a man who had mailed money to himself the night before.

I was seasick.

And then somebody blew out my gas.

At the next corner two society flash-lights flopped in and sat next to me.

They had a lot of words they wanted to use and they started in.

The car stopped and two more of the 400's leading ladies jumped the hurdles and came down the aisle.

They sat on the other side of me. In a minute they began to bite the dictionary.

Their efforts aroused the energies of three women who sat opposite me, and they proceeded to beat the English language black and blue.

In a minute the air was so full of talk that the grip germs had to pull out on the platform and chew the conductor.

The next one to me on my left started in:

"Oh, yes; we discharged our cook day before yesterday, but there's another coming this evening, and so—"

Her friend broke away and was up and back to the center with this:

"I was coming down Broadway this morning and I saw Julia Marlowe's leading man. I'm sure it was him, because I saw the show once in Chicago and he has the loveliest eyes I ever looked at!"

I knew that that was my cue to walk out, kick the motorman in the knuckles, upset the car and send in a fire call, but I passed it up.

I just sat there and bit my nails like the heavy villain in one of Corse Payton's ten, then, their dramas.

That "loveliest eyes" speech had me groggy.

Whenever I hear a woman turn on that "loveliest eyes" gag about an actor I always feel that a swift slap from a wet dish-rag would look well on her back hair.

Then the bunch across the aisle got the flag.

"Well, you know," says the broad lady who paid for one seat and was

A COUPLE OF SOCIETY FLASH-LIGHTS.

compelled by Nature to use three, "you know there's only five in our family, and so I take just five slices of stale bread and have a bowl of water ready in which I've dropped a pinch of salt. Then I take a piece of butter about the size of a walnut, and thoroughly grease the bottom of a frying-pan; then beat five eggs to a froth, and—"

I'm hoping the conductor will come in and give us all a tip to take to the lumber because the cops are going to pinch the room, but there's nothing doing.

One of the dames on my right finds her voice and passes it around:—

"Oh, I think it's a perfect fright! I always did detest electric blue, anyway. It is so unbecoming, and then—"

I've just decided that this lady ought to make up as a Swede servant girl and play the part, when her friend looks in:

"Oh, yes; I think it will look perfectly sweet! It is a foulard in one of those new celotrope tints, made with a crepe de chine chemise, with a second vest peeping out on either side of the front over an embroidered satin vest and cut in scallops on the edge, finished with a rull ruche of white chiffon, and the sleeves are just too tight for any use, and the skirt too long for any good, and I declare the lining is too sweet! and I just hate to wear it out on the street and get it soiled, and I was going to have it made with a tunic, and Mrs. Wigwag—that's my brother-in-law's first cousin—she had her's made to wear with gulmpes—and they are so economical! and—"

Think of a guy having to ride four miles and get his forehead fanned all



WITH HIS MANDOLIN.

the while with talk about foulard and crepe de chine and gulmpes!

Wouldn't it lead you to a padded cell?

Say! I was down and out—no kidding!

I wanted to get up and fight the door-tender, but I couldn't.

One of the conversationalists was sitting on my overcoat.

I felt that if I got up and called my coat back to Papa she might lose the thread of her story, and the jar would be something frightful.

So I sat still and saved her life.

The one on my right must have been the Lady President of The Hammer Club.

She was talking about some other girl and she didn't do a thing to the absent one.

She said she was avelte.

I suppose that's Dago for a shine.

That's the way with some women. They can't come right out and call another woman a polish. They have to beat around the bush and chase their friends to the swamps by throwing things like "svelite" at them. Tush!

I tried to duck the foreign tattle on my right and by so doing I'm next to this on my left:

"Oh, yes; I think politics is just too lovely! I don't know whether I'd rather be a Democrat or a Republican, but I think—oh! just look at the hat that woman has on! Isn't that a fright? Wonder if she trimmed it herself. Of course she did; you can tell by—"

I'm gasping for breath when the broad lady across the aisle gets the floor:

"No, indeed! I didn't have Eliza vaccinated. Why, she's too small yet, and don't you know my sister's husband's brother's child was vaccinated, and she is younger than our Eliza, but I don't just care, I don't want—"

Then the sweet girlish thing on my left gave me the corkscrew jab.

It was the finish:

"Isn't that lovely? Well, as I was telling you, Charlie came last night and brought Mr. Storeclose with him. Mr. Storeclose is awfully nice. He plays the mandolin just too sweet for anything, and—"

Me!—to the oyster beds! No male impersonators garroting a mandolin—not any in mine!

When I want to take a course in music I'll climb into a public library and read how Baldy Sloane wrote the Tiger Lily with one hand tied behind him and his feet on the piano.

So I fell off the car and crawled home to mother.

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Defenseless.

Clarence Kinky—Ain't seen nothin' o' Mose Johnsing lately. Anythin' done happen to him, huh?

G. Washington Cole—Yessah, Mose done sufferin' from a fit ob absent-mindedness; he came around to do club las' week wif only a safety razor—Puck.

SEARCH RUINS OF CITY FOR THEIR LOVED ONES

Men Brave All Perils to Rescue Sweethearts and Relatives—Cupid Has Busy Week at San Francisco.

(Special Correspondence.)

Mars and Eros fighting side by side! Love and disciplined valor vying with each other for the rescue of refugees from the concentration camps that sprang up in a day in the southern parks and outskirts of San Francisco. Earthquake and fire and siege conditions make queer partnerships for rescue work, but lovers seeking sweethearts amid the ruins of a city are not to be gainsaid. Even when the lines were drawn the closest and of a score of applicants for passes 19 were turned away empty handed from Gov. Pardee's office, any man who said that he had a fiancée the other side of that blazing, smoking, tottering mass, and who "looked the part," was sure to get the magic slip of paper that permitted him to take his life in his hands and enter



City Hall at Oakland, Governor Pardee's Headquarters.

the earthly inferno. Sentinels passed him through as a man bearing a high and holy communion.

Some maidens there were whose

boiled water. You had best all work together, and then if one of you gets shot by a sentinel or vigilante he will have the others to help him. Go into the next office and your passes will be ready in a few minutes. The governor will look over your applications, as a matter of course, but you will get your passes all right."

As if to bring the quest of these young paladins out in sharper relief, the next applicant was a man whose claim to a pass to go into the burning city was that he wished to secure a trunk that he had abandoned when the fire broke out.

"How much is your trunk and its contents valued at?" was asked him.

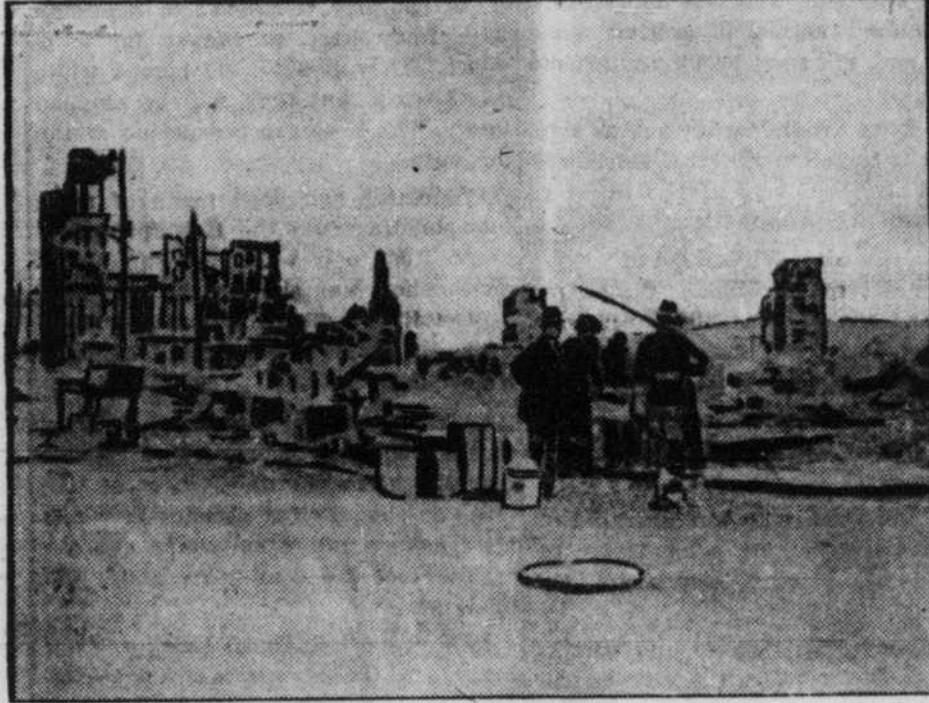
"About ten dollars," was his reply.

A guard caught him by the arm and pulled him out of the line.

"This is no time to talk about trunks. You'll have to have a better excuse than that. Make way for the next man."

Each carrying a heavy sack of canned provisions and loaves of bread—for of all supplies bread was the most difficult to obtain in San Francisco—the young men boarded a train for Oakland mole almost at sundown. Their passes served as tickets, for all local lines of transportation were in the hands of the military and money did not avail for passage. On the ferryboat the lunch counter was still open, and they ate, not because they wanted food, but because they felt that their strength must be sustained, as it was consecrated to a cause. A true knight must not perish without discharging his devoir. The boat slipped in under the pall of smoke and ground the ferry dock. Night had fallen, but the light from a thousand blazing heaps, once the edifices of a mighty city, lighted up the scene. The march up Market street was one of the most terrible experiences that one could wish to know. Only the pen of a Dante, the pencil of a Dore, could describe it.

Weary Wait for Daylight. They tramped to camp after camp. There was nothing that could be found



Seeking Information from Blue-Coated Sentry.

course of true love had run smooth and who knew that their admirers would come to seek for them, and who managed to remain in the vicinity of some well-known trysting place that had not felt the hot breath of the flames, and there their swains found them.

Oakland City Clerk Kept Busy.

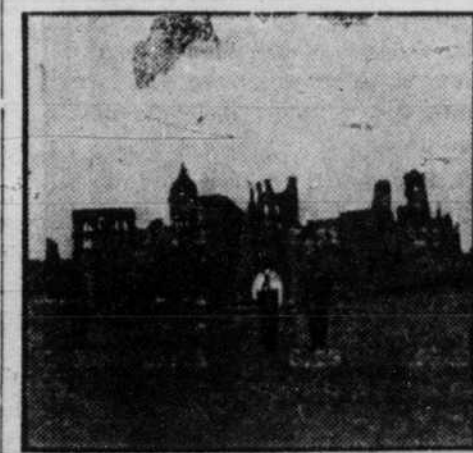
Over in quiet Oakland the city clerk was a busy man after the first few days of the disaster issuing marriage licenses. In two days 79 licenses were issued. Seventy-nine romances came to a happy climax as the result of the disaster that staggered the world. Cupid's salvage from the blazing wreck of San Francisco! Oaklanders, while they have the normal instincts of the human race—as they proved by their loyalty to their suffering neighbors across the bay in the hour of adversity—do not marry off quite at the rate of 79 in two days in ordinary times.

One young man, who intended to marry his chosen some time in the near but indefinite future, as soon as his business should be a little more prosperous, dropped everything when the extras with increasing reports of disaster came to appear and made a trip of 500 miles to San Francisco, joined forces with some friends who were bent on the rescue of relatives, and struggled through the long line of humanity up to Gov. Pardee's office. The little group only got as far as the governor's secretaries, but to them they told their stories. They made them properly strong, but not stronger than the occasion merited. The secretaries, grown acute by dealing with hundreds, yes, thousands of applicants armed with all sorts of pleas, looked the young man over, taking a stock of his physical and moral equipment with which to make the dash. They saw broad shoulders and a set look about the lower jaw. They likewise noticed that he and his companions bore the unmistakable marks of military service. They clicked their heels when they stepped in front of the desk and obeyed the shouted commands of the sentinels in the hall with alacrity, all of which argued in behalf of the young men.

"You want to take plenty of money with you. There is no knowing what you may have for it."

"Will \$250 do?"

"That's all right. You must take provisions. Nothing can be obtained to eat in San Francisco save what you carry yourselves. Carry canteens of



Waiting for the Morn.

There was a wedding last week in a pleasant town of southern California. The groomsmen and ushers were the comrades who went into the flames with the bridegroom-elect.

There were the dramatic personae of another romance on a south-bound train on the Southern Pacific a few days later. The hero wore an overcoat over a badly-soiled outing shirt. He had a collar, but no coat or waistcoat. The heroine could not have been over 17. The lad was taking care of her, her younger sister, her little brother, and her mother. He, like hosts of others, would have to start life all over again somewhere else, but he had courage and—

her. It was tedious traveling in the day coaches, but she slept with her head on his shoulder. He kept the spirits of the party up by singing topical songs and commiserating a Japanese across the aisle who had lost his hat.

"I'll give you mine for that coat," he said to the Asiatic, who was half his size. The Japanese shook his head. Then the youth, who had soldered in the Philippines, anathematized him in Tagalog, which amused everybody very much. Thus the pilgrims made merry in the midst of their misfortunes.

ALDICE GOULD EAMES.

BOTH SIDES ARMING IN THE CZAR'S DOMAIN

Civil War Regarded as Inevitable and Whole Country Seems Likely to be Deluged in Blood.

St. Petersburg.—Grave news comes from the provinces. Instead of acting as a sedative, the assembling of parliament has been marked by an alarming increase in revolutionary agitation and terroristic activity on the one hand and of black hundred activity on the other. The extremists of both sides are thus divided into two hostile camps, and both are arming as if preparing for an inevitable civil war. Sanguinary conflicts continue to be reported. A sequel of the clash at Archangel, May 24, when the black hundred fired fifty revolver shots, killing one man and seriously wounding three, came Saturday night, when a black hundred member who participated in the affair was waylaid and murdered by social revolutionists.

The social democrats are working with might and main to cast discredit on parliament and produce an uprising of the elementary forces. They have already precipitated an incipient strike in the industrial quarters of Moscow, and at Odessa the longshoremen have struck. The government's refusal to grant general amnesty to the political prisoners furnishes the proletariat organizations a powerful weapon, and they threaten that unless amnesty is proclaimed, to call a general strike as a preliminary to an armed uprising. The constant rumors of a reactionary coup d'etat, the dispersal of parliament and the establishment of a dictatorship under General Treppoff add to the general excitement, and the Reich has appealed to the government to put an end to this disquieting report by an official denial.

TROUBLE IN MANCHURIA.

Japanese Merchants Are Accused of Being Greedy.

Washington.—Eastern mails bring news of friction between the English merchants and the Japanese officials, resulting from the difficulty experienced by the former in obtaining access to the markets of Manchuria.

It is charged that the Japanese seized the opportunity afforded by their military occupancy of the country to concentrate all of the trade in the hands of their own merchants, and that not only is the country glutted with goods brought in by the Japanese to a point which makes it practically impossible to find openings to European goods, but through their control of the transportation routes in Manchuria and Korea the Japanese officials are able to discriminate against traders of other nationalities.

In one place the Chinese themselves complain that the Japanese have built a bridge across one of the principal streams so low that it cannot longer be used by the Chinese boats, with the result that the traffic is diverted entirely to the Japanese owned railroad.

SAN DOMINGAN REVOLUTION.

Guayubin Captured and General Mango Killed.

Cape Haytien, Hayti.—News has reached here by messenger to the effect that the Santo Dominican revolutionists, commanded by Mauricio Jimenez, have attacked Guayubin, in Santo Domingo, and killed General Mango, the commander of the town, and then retired immediately into the interior.

Telegraphic communication between Monte Christi and Santiago de Los Caballeros, Santo Domingo, has been cut by the revolutionists, who have taken up arms in behalf of General Isidro Jimenez, the former president of Santo Domingo. They have been joined by the partisans of General Morales, the predecessor of General Caeceres as president of Santo Domingo.

Horrible Deed of Teamster.

San Francisco.—A woman lies unconscious at the city and county hospital with her skull fractured at the base of the brain; her face frightfully bruised and lacerated; an ugly scalp wound over her left eye, and her upper lip cut through to the jaw bone. Daniel Harding, a teamster, was caught by Policemen George F. Ewing and Frank Garcia in the act of attacking the unfortunate woman under the floor of the Terminal saloon near the county line, where he had dragged his victim, after rendering her unconscious.

Wanted to Buy Legislators.

Wabash, Ind.—Letters alleged to show guilt of C. A. Baker, under indictment for alleged legislature bribery while attempting to defeat the anti-cigarette bill, have been offered to Governor Hanly by Arthur L. Hughes, a member of the local board, if the governor would assume the immunity of Baker from prosecution. Some of the letters naively discuss the purchase price of certain legislators, putting the prices on their votes at from \$500 to \$1,500.

Selecting Burton's Successor.

Topeka, Kan.—Governor Hoch has decided to appoint a successor to Senator J. R. Burton just as soon as the latter resigns, and the indications now are that he will do so soon. State Senator J. N. Dolly, a close friend of W. R. Stubbs and R. N. Allen of Chanute, a close friend of the governor are both here giving the governor the benefit of their advice on senatorial matters and putting in their best bids for W. R. Stubbs of Lawrence. J. L. Bristow is also a candidate.

NEWS SUMMARY

Fire at Winona, Minn., destroyed property valued at \$115,000.

Carter Harrison will be a candidate for mayor of Chicago at the next election.

One man was killed and five injured in a head-on collision between a light engine and freight train near Oil City, Pa.

In a fire at the Kubari colliery, on the island of Hokkaido, 418 buildings were destroyed and nine miners perished.

A naval lieutenant named Halsechewnikoff has been identified as the would-be assassin of the governor-general of Moscow.

President Shontz says that if a lock canal should be constructed, the Panama canal would be in operation July 1, 1914.

Mrs. Sallie Elizabeth Sneed Vest, widow of the late United States Senator George Graham Vest, is dead at St. Louis, aged 74 years.

Tom Jackson, a negro, who had been arrested for holding-up and robbing Henry Barnes, a white boy, of one dollar, was lynched at Blanchard, La.

Six men were killed and fifty others more or less injured by an explosion in the plant of the New York Glucose company at Shadyside, N. J.

Five persons were injured by a collision between two automobiles near Springfield, O., one of the machines being thrown down a ten-foot embankment.

During a ball game near Mobile, Ala., lightning struck in the midst of the crowd of spectators, killing five and more or less injuring twenty-five others.

The residence of J. W. Duke, near Waxahatchie, Texas, was struck by a cyclone and demolished, an infant being killed and other members of the family injured.

Count Solsky has been relieved of the presidency of the council of the empire, or upper house of parliament of Russia, at his own request, and on account of ill-health.

The remains of a man, supposed to be H. K. Shaw, a mining promoter, were found under the Mission street wharf, San Francisco, weighted down with eighty pounds of scrap iron.

R. Brent Mitchell, the former San Francisco stock broker who failed for \$100,000 some months ago and fled the city a self-confessed embezzler, has been located in Spanish Honduras.

Charles McEwen, a prominent farmer and horseman of Cowles county, Kansas, was clubbed to death by Amassa Thomas as the culmination of a feud of long standing between the two men.

The British steamer Oakbum, which sailed from New York April 18 for Sydney, N. S. W., has been wrecked off Dayker point, near Capetown. Her crew, with the exception of two Chinamen, were saved.

The American National Red Cross received \$30,000 last week from the Japanese Red Cross for the relief of the San Francisco earthquake sufferers. This brings the total Japanese Red Cross contribution to \$80,000.

The British Felucca Consuelo has been captured off the Anghera coast by pirates, who are adherents of the brigand chief, Valente. The sum of \$2,000 is demanded as ransom for the vessel and the release of her crew.

In thirty fathoms of water and at the risk of his own life, William Conklin, a 14-year-old boy, of Stapleton, Staten Island, rescued Captain August Camarton, of the Gloucester fishing schooner Maud S., from drowning.

In the district of Tadiakensk a peasant couple were killed and their six-year-old son was wounded and their home set on fire by a band of revolutionists. The crime was an act of vengeance because the peasant had led a Cossack patrol.

S. A. D. Puter, accused of complicity in the Oregon land frauds, and who has been hunted for months by the federal authorities since he escaped from detectives in Boston, was arrested in Alameda, Cal., last week by secret service men.

George H. Younger, a negro, who shot and killed a well-known citizen named Rector at Columbus, Miss., while the latter, as a member of a posse, was endeavoring to effect the negro's arrest, was taken from the jail by a mob and lynched.

The overturning of a rowboat in the Desplaines river near Willow Springs, twenty miles south of Chicago, resulted in the drowning of Charles Saenger, Robert Heiden and Albert Brunks, all of Chicago. Rocking the boat caused it to capsize.

A band of 100 Greeks began burning the Bulgarian village of Starchina, near Monastir, when six houses had been burned, Turkish troops appeared on the scene and killed seventeen of the Greeks. The remainder of the Greeks fled, the Turks pursuing.