

A RIGHT MERRY RIDE UPON MANHATTAN HORSECARS.

"A crisis has been reached in the East Side streetcar situation," said the editor. "You must go to the front."

"I am not vaccinated," faltered the war correspondent. "Besides I am rusty on Yiddish, Italian, Chinese"—

"Take an interpreter, and fumigate your reports. Never mind yourself."

"But it involves a perilous sea trip," pleaded the correspondent.

"Sea trip? What do you mean, sir?"

"One of the complaints before the State Railroad Commission testified that he was rocked less in the cradle of the deep than on an East Side horsecar."

"Oh, well. Wear a yachting cap, and make careful notes on the nautical features."

"They say that only a gymnast can get aboard during the rush hours."

"No more excuses, sir! Take whatever ropes and climbing hooks you may need. We must have the facts at any cost."

The war correspondent, feeling further evasion hopeless, obtained the necessary outfit and made a study of late events. Hostilities against the New York Street Railway trust had begun by a legal major general representing the Milton Club of the University Settlement. They called it a hearing before the Railroad Commission, but the language used was like bursting bombs and shrieking shrapnel. Brigadier General Hamilton of the University Settlement discharged a statement that animal lovers would not permit swine to be transported in East Side cars. Colonel Kirkpatrick, of the Christie Street Settlement, said a fellow felt like apologizing to his best girl when he took her for a ride in these vehicles, and Marshal-Editor Holt of "The Independent" told what he thought of an inadequate, dirty, infrequent, fossilized and ridiculous service of six hundred thousand citizens. J. D. Haas, Editor of "The Chronicle," was the author of a happy shot—he had crossed the raging Atlantic with less motion than he got on a dinky car propelled by equine power. Women settlement workers also stood on the firing line, and one of them said it wasn't the tired conductor's fault, though annoying to the public, if he cussed like the mate of a pirate ship.

The enemy in the shape of Green Root, jr., general manager of the Metropolitan, had the audacity to appear at this juncture and say that the imperfect schedules were due to the narrow, truck-blocked streets. As for giving transfers, except at fare paying and whether the ignorant passengers called for them or not, it wouldn't really do, because dishonest persons would accumulate transfers and sell 'em. Little did Mr. Root imagine that the ground beneath his feet was mined and that within a few short days an explosive list of the Railroad Commission's recommendations would hurl him skyward. (Noisy things, these recommendations, even if harmless.)

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ing car was in the day's work of East Side travel and war correspondence.

GETTING OFF IS WORSE.

The conductor, having screwed and bored his way back to the platform, called for the fares of the fly-attached passengers.

"Be jabers, most of us have only one leg aboard," said a laborer. "O! think half fare ought to be enough."

"Pay a nickel or drop," replied the brass buttoned official.

"Go on, ye tyrant of a soulless corporation! We'll drop on the stony necks of the company that roasts this line."

Forsyth street was reached and an official call arose to let the passengers off. A great commotion occurred in the jammed interior of the car. Factory girls uttered little squeals, Brooklyn folk men swore, and there was a sound of tearing silk and bursting stays.

"Oh, he's punching me in the ribs!"

"Who stepped on my foot?"

"Is it football?"

"Take your hand out of my pocket!"

"Say, I lost me ostrich feather!"

"Help the lady out through the transom!"

The tumult lasted for some minutes, when there emerged at the platform a twisted red wig and beneath it the frightened, perspiring face of a middle aged Yiddish woman. The rest of her dishevelled person duly followed, and, judging by the angle of exit and the interior compression, one concluded that she had been propelled over the heads of the passengers.

"Ach, mine hair as cost me sentollar in return!" wailed this person, recovering herself. "I to the Mischpoch!"—(board of directors)—

"complain vivil! I shall speak to the Balboas" (the main guy).

"What's the use, mavonneem?" said the laborer who had proposed half fare. "Ye ought to be thankful ye ain't left entirely in this land of freedom. Wud ye rather die by the baynit in Rooshia?"

The war correspondent ventured to ask the conductor if he had heard of the recent complaint before the Railroad Commission, and whether there was any ground for it.

"A lot of kikerer!" ejaculated the conductor scornfully. "You can see for yourself. Nothin' in it. Why, this ain't a crowd. . . . Farest! . . . You don't get no transfer. You ain't ask for it. See! . . . No crowd at all. Look at them people liding on the sidewalk. Always walk in fair weather. If you want to see a crowd aboard come on a rainy day."

SCENES BY THE WAY.

This statement was truly enlightening. There was no crowd at all now! Think of the unoccupied space on the roof! Under the car! In the basketlike fender! Doubtless many could be accommodated on the sides, provided they had apparatus for self-attachment, and let their feet drag. Thus the lesson of self-support would be splendidly illustrated.

class distinctions do not prevail here—the worst is good enough for everybody.

SOME NEW CARS.

The Grand and Desbrosses street ferry line was observed to roll as a rock along Delancey street, with the appropriate tempestuous roar of the Williamsburg Bridge overhead. Children were playing about big iron water pipes and fruit peddlers stood beneath their glaring, smoky torches. It was past 7 o'clock, yet through the blazing windows of a tall building one could see short-sleeved, eager-faced men working at sewing machines.

A regard for impartiality and truth compels the statement that no fault could be found with the car service on Cannon and Columbia streets. In fact, the services on those streets, despite the tracks laid down, are no less said and cars were withdrawn last summer with a praiseworthy view to avoid criticism.

These Historic Vehicles Greatly Resemble Gigantic Hives of Bees Rocking Upon the Waves of the Sea.

The scenery on this eventful journey included rows of pushcarts, where bearded men and shawled women jabbered; a gaudy theatre, where stylish youth with black finger nails lounged, a 3-9-19 cent store, plate glass fronts of drygoods and millinery establishments, banks the too obvious solidity of steel barriers of which raised suspicion of the management's integrity, and a mysterious shop where they kept "baby carriages and shooties."

The correspondent made his second tour on a horsecar of the 1830 model that went through Canal, Gouverneur, Madison and Cherry streets to the Grand street ferry. While this vehicle did not happen to be overcrowded, there were visible and smellable all the features described to the Railroad Commission. The seating capacity was twenty, the lighting suggested a conspiracy with the oculist who advertised his wares on a placard, the ventilation was notorious by its absence. Dust and caked dirt abounded on the floor and sides. A tall man would bump his head on entering the doorway, and induce curvature of the spine if he stood on the platform. A pair of aged, staggering horses drew the car over a single track of uneven, disjointed rails. The motion was a cross between a ship at sea and a camel with a bad temper.

"Ty jove, I think we've made a mistake," said a passenger with turned up check trousers and a travelling cap.

"How mistake?" asked his companion.

"Why, isn't this a third class tram, don't you know? Jolly lark! I don't mind it!"

It was explained to the ignorant Briton that

"Where are the old cars?"

"I guess the company hid 'em for fear you fellows'd count the germs and weigh the muck."

"Wouldn't you rather be a horse?"

"I guess maybe I would," said the conductor. "Especially while this agitation is on. Everybody blames the conductor."

Ah, transfers, it was learned that they can be so printed as to obviate dishonesty, therefore the rule of the car trust not to give them except at the time of paying fares looks excuse. A compassionate conductor sometimes breaks the rule for the benefit of an ignorant or forgetful passenger.

LIKE A SEA VOYAGE.

While the lesser horsecar lines afforded many sea effects, the complete pleasures and discomforts of a voyage were felt on a Belt Line car. A red half-eye light at the stern, shipshape ribs in the ceiling, a rocking motion that almost deceived the stomach, and a strong odor of salt

head, proceeded to recite the successive items like Marc Anthony reading Caesar's will.

"The commission says ye did well to kick."

"That ain't goin' to help us any," replied a member of the populace.

"Cars are too few, seats scarce, tracks horrible, lightning bad, ventilation poor."

"Bedad, tell us something new," said the rabble.

"No permanent relief can be had without electrification; therefore, we recommend the electrification of all horsecar lines at the earliest possible date."

"We recommend Christmas is coming," quoth the mob.

"As immediate relief we recommend twelve additional cars on the Chambers and Madison street line and ten additional cars on the Spring and Delancey street line."

"What for? Is it a joke?" asked the base herd.

"We recommend lamp reflectors, clean globes, attention to ventilation, proper heating (in winter), tracks repaired, cars cleaned and disinfected—yes, disinfected—every night."

"Say, them Albany Johns must be nutty," said the common people, unable to believe the glad tidings.

The effect of the document upon a snub-nosed, black haired little man in a Grand street car was rather peculiar. Having listened to the recital in silence, the correspondent tried to hand him the papers.

"Go 'way!" cried the little man excitedly. "You will not onto me sirt a subpoena. I will a balzemer (polkeman) call and he blanch you!"

A conductor scornfully termed the recommendations "hot air," and several passengers hoped that the company would not get mad and quit the transportation business entirely.

One of the Settlement workers, however, said that the recommendations, even if not enforced

four years ago, when five stout hearts, watching the approach of death inch by inch and striving to anticipate the penalty which must inexorably be demanded of them, scrawled on their rude notebooks fond farwells to the loved ones they were leaving behind, and who, they knew, were already mourning them for dead?

With respect to these periodic coal mining disasters, the sympathetic public is never dissatisfied that one ray of comfort—herosim among the rescuers. It is the only light amid the all pervading gloom. The signal that these in the pit were in peril was never yet given to a mining community that men, forgetting the tears of wives and mothers, did not willingly face death that their comrades should live.

One such band of heroes has been depicted in Hardwick Rawnsley's poem on the Trosdyrdis disaster in 1837:

Each at his craft the heroes slept,
Each at his work a known adept,
They did not hear how the women went,
To their long suffering men.

They donned their lamps and each did twist
The leather thong about his wrist,
Then a sign and with the rough links passed,
And down they swung from their long ropes.

All through that night, all through that week,
Though vapors stife, waters leak,
Though shoulders ache, they toil to break
The way to the rescue.

As this one waits for a space,
A third will crawl into his place,
And from arms urge the dreadful race
That death so slowly waits.

The work of the rescuers on this occasion is one of the most cherished memories of the Rhonda Valley to-day, a noteworthy fact, for the inhabitants of that region have never lacked inspiring object lessons in heroism. It was ascertained that some fourteen men and one boy were alive in the mine, and over fifty experienced pitmen volunteered to attempt the rescue.

At first examination the obstacles confronting these seemed insuperable, but day and night they stuck to their task, urged on by the distressing scenes at the pit mouth, until at the end of a week, though they scarcely dared to hope, they were rewarded by hearing faint taps on the face of the coal in a chamber of the passage along which they were working. Word of this was sent up to the crowds at the surface, and the rescuers set to work again with an energy that was almost superhuman, for they all knew, some from sad experience, what was the condition of those so pathetically invoking their aid, and the importance of every flying moment. They were overjoyed to hear the imprisoned men singing the old Welsh hymns, and this gave them new strength. Nearer and nearer they forged with their picks, until at last they could hail their friends. One of the rescuers was inquiring whether a certain boy was among them and safe, when the order, "Run for your lives!" rang out—a flood of water rushed into the workings, and many of the rescuers barely escaped.

That, of course, put an end to the rescue operations for the time being, and it afterwards appeared that the entombed miners at once guessed the nature of the new misfortune that had befallen them. Then set in the darkest hour of their sore trial. They were so numbed by despair that they "could not sing or even pray." But their rescuers were only baffled, not beaten. Provisionally, the flood subsided sufficiently within a few hours to admit of their resuming their heroic work, and, waist deep in water, they pried their picks at the obstructing mass of coal till at length, at midnight of the ninth day, they burst into the cavern where, dead or alive, they knew their friends to be.

"Where are you, Thomas, Jenkins, Powell?" they cried. "Is the lad safe? Ay, God be praised!" and his father sank on his knees beside the ledge on which lay the wasted form of his boy.

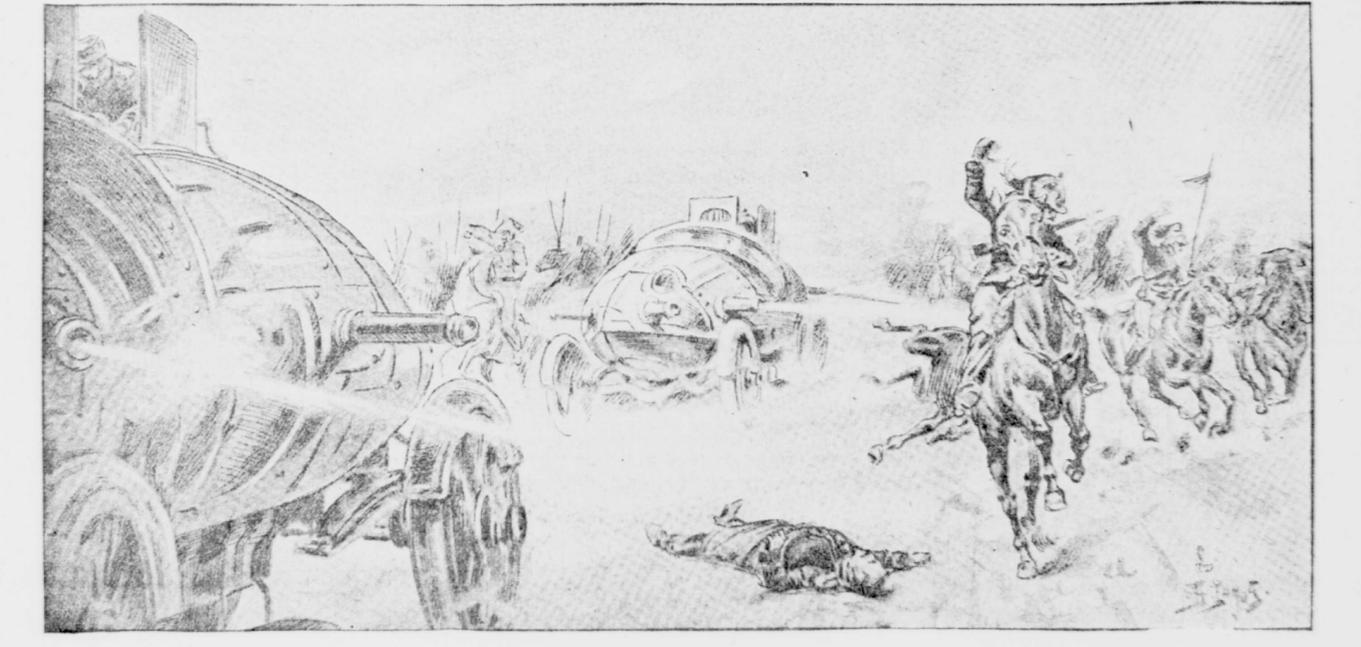
The imprisoned men, one of whom had entirely lost his reason, recoiled before their rescuers, who had to assure them that they were not ghosts. The boy had been the object of the tenderest solicitude on the part of the imprisoned men; they had nursed him and huddled up close to him to keep him warm. "We thought of him and his mother," they said, "and who could not die."

The Pennsylvania mountains and other mining regions of this country have also their stories of disaster and thrilling heroism. The explosion at the colliery of the Cambria Steel Company, Johnstown, Penn., on July 10, 1902, is a case in point. A band of rescuers, led by Patrick Martin, two brothers of Martin and several cousins worked gallantly and successfully for hours in effecting the release of the thirty or forty men out of 184 who had succumbed to the first shock of the explosion, only to find themselves, as they thought, hopelessly entombed. Martin and his devoted band pushed on through the horrors of the wreckage, their one object being to succeed in saving. At every turn their own last end seemed to come in view, but if they retreated it was only to advance again, and further next time would be the emergence into an open space a blood-curdling cry rose on the air and a blackened form, uplifted pick in hand, rushed at them from out the gloom—the poor fellow a raving maniac. And he, too, was saved.

The hours of darkness and suspense had proved too much for them.

Thirteen were taken from this spot. They lay about on ledges in a moribund state, an occurrence which was a rare one.

Continued on third page.



A PARISIAN PICTORIAL PROPHECY FOR 1916. Armored War Automobiles Forcing Their Way Through the Ranks of the Enemy.

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COAL MINE HEROISM.

Every Disaster Calls Forth a Fresh Exhibition of It.

It was reserved for the month of March of this year to write in the annals of coal mining in France its blackest page. Indeed, the Courrières disaster, with its 1,200 victims, of whom only a few survived to tell the story of their immediate sufferings in the explosion, and their still more harrowing experiences during the long days of waiting for rescue at the hands of their friends, can scarcely be paralleled in the history of this hazardous calling.

Usually in his visitations to the mine the Angel of Death does his work swiftly, even mercifully, but rescuers can tell of instances where the light of life has been long in flickering out, and who can or would be willing to conjure up the details of the tragedy then? Who that read them will ever forget the messages penned in the living tomb of the mine at Fraterville, Tenn.

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House Flies Not Only a Nuisance but a Menace to Health.

Determined Efforts to Exile the Pest Are To Be Made This Summer—How It Can Best Be Done.

ceilings of kitchens he would probably rewrite the chronicles of man something like this: Noah built the ark for the principal purpose of saving the flies. The preservation of the human race was of secondary consideration, and, to emphasize this fact in a pointed way, the two flies that went aboard the ark embarked on the end of Noah's nose. Moses opened a road through the Red Sea primarily to permit the flies to cross. After the plague of flies there were so many in Egypt, and competition for sweetmeats was so keen, that the majority decided to emigrate to pasture new. The Jews offered the right opening, and so the flies followed them.

The Greeks developed the art of sculpture to such a high degree of perfection that the flies of the age of Pericles, after going the pace that kills in the companionship of men, might take the rest cure by roosting on statues. In this way they might have the pleasure which comes from walking on a human face without the danger of being smashed by an avenging human hand. The Romans under Caesar conquered Gaul that the mixing of Latin culture and Celtic digestion might evolve the French cooking which the fly of to-day so much enjoys.

And should the "hygienist" continue his researches, he might also learn that at the present time the flies of this country are greatly agitated over the advance of sanitary science. One angry buzzing of flies that have moved into a high priced New York apartment, with its open plumbing, its refrigerated pantries, its electric fans and its hardwood floors, would perchance convey to an understanding car such thoughts as these:

"How can we live here?"

"If we try to get a bite to eat we freeze to death. . . . If we try to relax by stretching our legs on bald heads, a miniature Dutch windmill, that hums around like a great burrhead, blows us off into the air again. . . . Our old haunts under the sinks and faucets are gone. Instead of the ancient, dark recesses, so

savory with grime and grease, we find clean, cold, slippery slabs of marble. . . . And when the autumn comes and we want to crawl into the cracks of the floor and under the carpets, we find that the boards are laid tightly together, and there are no carpets."

THEY SPREAD DISEASE.