

# WIT & HUMOR AND SARCAASM FROM THE CARTOONISTS AND FUNNY MEN



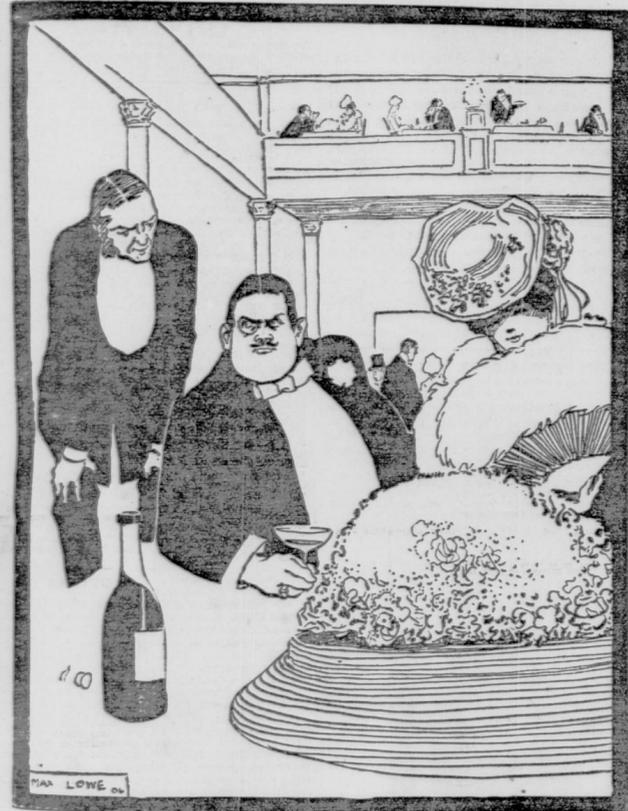
PAYING THE SAN FRANCISCO LOSSES. —Duluth News-Tribune.



RIPPED UP THE BACK. —St. Paul Pioneer Press.



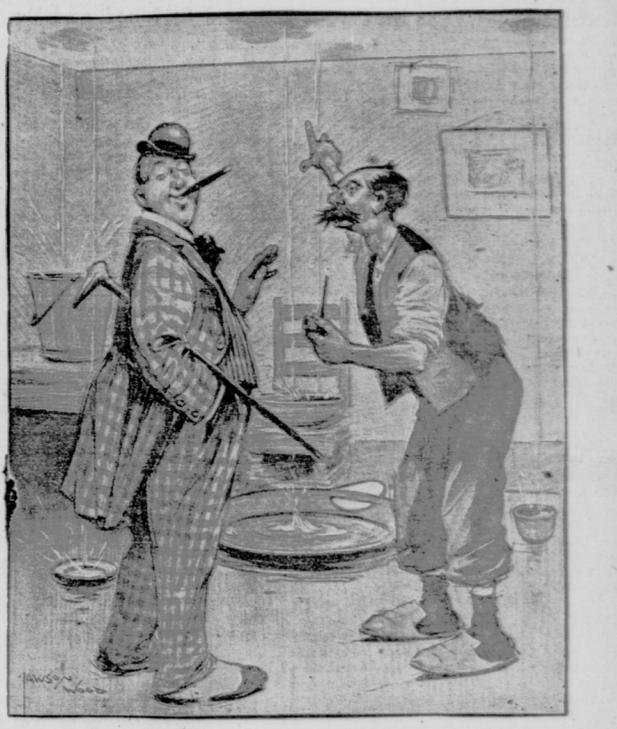
San Francisco—I shall soon be myself again. Columbia—And more beautiful than ever. —The Sketch.



Water—Beg pardon, sir, but are you the Welsh Rabbit or the Sardine on Toast? —Illustrated Bits.



“Somehow, Willum, after I bin eatin’ awhile me appetite seems to go off like.” “Thee beest ill, Jarge. Oi never veels like that thur.” —The Teller.



The Top Floor Tenant—Look here, the roof leaks horribly. The Landlord—Nonsense, my dear sir, impossible! Why, none of the tenants on the other floors have said a word about it. —The Sketch.

## SOME OF THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE IN MONEY-MAKING GOTHAM.

Many are the mysteries of city life. There is the unsolved murder, for example. The police are often baffled, incredible as that may seem. With that rare intelligence found only in New York bluecoats, they run down clew after clew, but to no avail. After one of the force, as happened only the other day, destroys all traces of the crime, the keenest detectives of the Central Office are put on the trail.

Then there is the mystery of where the Tammany politician gets his wealth. He is so public spirited that he often gives up his private business to devote his whole time to “de peepul.” Yet the more sacrifices he makes for his fellow citizens the more money he makes for himself.

But even more mysterious than a murder riddle or municipal graft is the helplessness of some corporations. There is the street railway company as an illustration, which at the same time that it enforces the payment of fares with a rigid hand pleads that it is helpless to prevent rowdies from riding. When complaint was made to the Brooklyn Rapid Transit not long ago that men who insulted women were permitted on cars and that the conductors made no effort to turn such obnoxious persons over to the police, the reply came back that the company was powerless to do anything. Yet when this same company insisted that passengers should pay a 10-cent fare to Coney Island it hired gangs of men, who yanked out of their seats and tumbled out on the ground all who refused to pay the extra nickel.

Impotent, too, is the management of the elevated railroad when trains are blocked in the rush hours. The ticket choppers, while watching intently that every one passing by drops a ticket, are unable to tell the public that no trains are running. Apparently, they take not the slightest notice of whether the line was ever in operation or not. The ticket sellers keep selling tickets until the station platforms are packed with a surging, impatient crowd, and when people in despair of ever seeing a train leave in sight want their money back they are helpless to refund it. The telegraph instruments keep clicking close beside them, telling them of whatever may be happening along the line, but they are unable to give out any news of the blockade.

The open car has returned to town with the warmer weather, and its overcrowding is again being permitted as of old by the street rail-

companies to the great discomfort of passengers. People are allowed to wedge in and stand between the seats, lurching back into the faces of those seated behind them every time the car starts and jamming into the backs of those in front of them each time the car stops. And when some passenger on the inner side of the car attempts to get out he is compelled to plough through a double rank of men, women and children, walking over their toes, pulling their clothes askew, and, as if to impress his personality upon the rest still more emphatically, jabbing them in the eyes with his elbows.

Should the irate citizen who has been mauled and squeezed until he verily believes he is a jellyfish instead of a vertebrate complain to the conductor against such treatment his protest rarely elicits more than a shrug. And if he has the fortitude to appeal to “men higher up” in the company he obtains even less satisfaction. All excuse themselves in one way or another. All are powerless to remedy the abuse. All repeat what Mr. Vreeland said not long ago, that the conductor who tried to prevent people from standing in open cars would find at once that he had a riot on his hands and be “mauled half to death.”

“It would require a prizefighter at the end of each seat to keep the people out,” said a vice-president of the company yesterday. “At the crossings in Broadway at Fulton and Houston streets the conductors and even the policemen are powerless to check the people who swarm about the cars like flies about a molasses barrel. There are six hundred thousand passengers to bring downtown every morning, and an equal number to take home every night. In the morning they are distributed over three or four hours, while in the evening they all try to jump aboard at the same time.”

Such impotence is even more pitiable when contrasted with the effective methods used to prevent overcrowding in the open cars on the elevated railroad. In spite of the tremendous crowds which pour upon the platform of the City Hall station of the Third Avenue “L” in the evening rush hours the employees in charge there have no difficulty in preventing passengers from standing in the open cars of outgoing trains. As soon as any one tries to wedge himself in front of a seat full of people the guard at the end of the car shouts a warning, which, as a general thing, does not need to be

### One of the Deepest Is the Helplessness of Public Corporations to Restrain Their Patrons from Doing Some Things and Their Remarkable Ability to Prevent Them from Doing Other Things.

repeated. An occasional example of such discipline has the effect of keeping all others out of the car also.

It has been pointed out that if the seats of the open trolley cars were built nearer together it would be impossible for any of their passengers to stand up. Yet the railway company says it is unable to increase the number of seats without buying new cars. While able to issue millions of dollars' worth of stock to get control of rival lines and extinguish competition, yet it is powerless to raise enough money to obtain cars in which the public might find comfort. The company also appears unable to explain that the open car now in vogue filled to its utmost capacity, with passengers both seated and standing, can carry one hundred passengers, whereas a car with seats near enough together to prevent people standing between would accommodate only seventy passengers.

The subway management says it is impossible to prevent smoking on the platforms of stations. Whenever persons to whom tobacco smoke is offensive complain to the station employees, they receive such answers as:

“You can't expect us to stop 'em.”

“We couldn't do anything if we tried.”

“If you don't like the smoke, why, don't breathe.”

Higher officials say they are powerless also. The smoker puffs on the platforms of streetcars so that the fumes of his “weed” blow into the faces of passengers getting on or off, but the conductors say they are physically helpless to prevent it.

Not only obnoxious, but dangerous to the health of the community, is the subway spitter, who scatters germs of disease where they cannot be killed by the light of day. Yet the subway management says that it is helpless to prevent this nuisance. When the police in a sudden burst of zeal recently arrested half a dozen spitters in a subway station and brought them before a magistrate the latter asked if there were

any cuspidors in the station. It was then learned that the company had provided only one cuspidor in that station, which was placed so close to the chair of the ticket chopper that it was practically unavailable to any one else. The prisoners were at once dismissed.

In Brooklyn not long ago there were so many women insulted aboard trolley cars by that particularly despicable pest of society, the masher, that a body of young men organized themselves into an anti-mashers' club. The company had said that it could not suppress the mashers. But the volunteers, who kept their eyes open for men who annoyed women, found it easy enough to bring them to book. Whenever a member of the club caught a masher in the act, he simply called the first policeman within hailing distance and had the masher arrested. One was sentenced by Magistrate Tighe not long ago to pay a fine of \$100. Since then unattended women have felt more secure on Brooklyn trolley cars.

Since Sunday baseball has been played this spring at Crotona Park passengers on the subway have been greatly annoyed by roughs going to or returning from the games. A Sunday or two ago a gang of rowdies boarded a subway train at the station nearest the baseball field and immediately began, as the leader expressed it, to “put de car on de bum.” They threw balls, gloves and even bats about the car, hitting passengers on the head, and at last to bring things to a climax one of the rowdies pulled the emergency brake. This brought the whole train to a standstill so suddenly that people were thrown from their seats. Not till then did the company's officials take action. The train was held until police could meet it at the 133d street station, where thirty-one boys were arrested.

In some cities like Boston and Providence conductors are instructed to prevent drunken persons from boarding trolley cars. Not so in this city. Here they are permitted to ride. Their nickels are never refused. They are allowed to

take their seats beside women and children, and they are often so offensive in appearance or use such revolting language that they compel other passengers to leave the car.

Company officials say they are powerless to prevent rowdies and drunken men from riding if they pay their fares. They say nothing of the effective way in which hotels and theatres bar entrance to undesirable persons. The railroad companies are indeed helpless except where their revenues are in danger.

It all too frequently happens that trolley cars catch fire from the fusing of wires. This the railway companies of this city say it is impossible to prevent. They also appear helpless to prevent motormen from rushing these blazing cars through the streets. Again and again, when a car bursts into flame the motorman, instead of stopping and permitting the passengers to get out by puts on full power and rushes along at top speed. Not long ago several women were seriously hurt by jumping from a car which was in flames and which the motorman refused to stop.

This phase of corporate helplessness was explained by an official of the Fire Department, who said that the motormen were under orders to dash for the nearest car barn when their cars caught fire. “The company does not like the way the New York Fire Department tackles a burning car,” he added. “It is afraid we will break it up with our axes. Accordingly, it risks the lives of perhaps half a hundred passengers in order to save a few dollars in the department of repairs.”

larger size and better shape, and this has met with considerable success.

Until the last few years the coarse grass and wild pea vines found on the island have been their only food. This was sufficient in summer, but in winter, when all plant life was hidden under snow and ice, the poor ponies were unable to penetrate the covering with their teeth, worn down by constant nibbling in the coarse sand, and many of them died from starvation. Many also succumbed to exposure, their only protection from the cold winter winds being their shaggy coats and the gulches and hollows between the sand dunes where they huddled together for warmth, the coils always in the centre and the horses on the outside.

An attempt was made to lessen the deaths by starvation and exposure by herding the animals in barns, but they did not take kindly to this benevolence and escaped as fast as they were caught. Shelter sheds have now been erected at various places, forty or fifty feet long and eight feet high, containing racks of hay. The ponies are willing to resort to these places in time of storm or cold and the death rate has been perceptibly reduced in consequence.

When the government first took possession of the island in the early part of the last century the ponies numbered from seven hundred to eight hundred, but at the present time the number is only about eighty or a hundred. Some of them have been broken to harness and are used to patrol the island, haul supplies, etc., but the majority roam in gangs of eight or twenty ponies each, as of old. Each gang is headed by a vicious stallion, so jealous of his rights of leadership that as soon as any member of his gang reaches the age of two years he drives him out. If the exile returns to his former companions a fierce battle ensues, and the younger one is usually beaten and sent off once more to found a gang of his own.

The pastures of each gang are well defined, and were to the horse which feeds outside his proper limits he has strayed, and is driven away with much ferocity. If ponies are intermixed and driven miles away from their pasture grounds, the following morning will find them peacefully feeding on the grounds from which they were taken.

Several times a year supplies are brought to the island from Halifax by a government steamer, and taken back to be sold, partly for revenue and partly in order to reduce the number which must subsist the next winter on the island's resources. When those selected for export are corralled and the less condition they are placed in surfboats and taken aboard the steamer. When they arrive at Halifax they are tied in an enclosure at the wharf, where they remain for several days, to accustom them to the noise and confusion of their new surroundings. They look peaceful enough as they stand there, but let a prospective purchaser approach too close and he is laid on his back by a quick, vicious kick. When the ponies are sold and led away they make a final vigorous fight for freedom, lasting sometimes for hours. For these reasons, however, they become valuable horses.

### SABLE ISLAND PONIES.

#### Herds of Them Roam Wild and Hunt Their Own Food.

For the visitor to Sable Island, lying about ninety miles southeast of Halifax, one of the most interesting features is the ponies which roam wild. The ancestors of these ponies were probably the horses brought by the Rev. Mr. de Mercler, an American, who went there in 1749, and left by him to shift for themselves after his departure. Those horses were doubtless of large size, but constant exposure and poor food have reduced their descendants to small ponies. They have large, ill set heads, small eyes, often blue in color, thick joints, long, sweeping tails (one by actual measurement was three yards long) and thick, shaggy manes and forelocks. The predominant colors are bay, with black mane and tail, and chestnut, with light mane and tail. There are a few blacks, but no grays or whites. Attempt has been made by the introduction of thoroughbred horses to breed ponies of