THE STORY OF A TORNADO.

THE TEXAS WHIRLWIND FROM VARIOUS POINTS OF VIEW.

Experiences of a Doctor Who Was Emphatically in It—His Thrilling Ride in the Cloud—Scientific Observations as to the Directions of the Storm's Force—The Tornado Changed Direction at Nearly Right Angles—How the Hills Made It Move—Is the Wind or Electricity the Prime Mover in a Tornado.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SHERMAN, Tex., May 20.—Dr. W. F. Michael survives to tell one of the most thrilling experiences of the Sherman cyclone. He sailed through the air a distance of two city blocks in the heart of the cloud. Three days afterward he was limping about attending to his patients. His story is interesting, not only because of a miraculous escape from death. Through the approach and continuance of the cyclone Dr. Michael preserved his faculty of observation and is able to describe in detail what he saw and felt.

When little Jimmie Herring, a motherless lad of 10, was brought from the wreck to the hospital, the doctors didn't know whether they could pull him through. He was hurt all over. His head was covered with bruises. The doctors were afraid his sight might be lost. They bandaged his eyes as well as other features. For three days Jimmie was not allowed to see anything. He improved so fast that on the third day the cloth was taken from his eyes and he was allowed to sit up on the cot and look about him. As the boy's eyes took in the long rows of cots and their occupants, the patient nurses, and the plying fans, and as his memory went back to the cause of all, he said:

"This beats h—ll."

Like Jimmie Herring, most of those who were in and of the cyclone came out with their descriptive powers beggared. They tell of their experiences as they would rehearse indefinitely a troubled dream. Their memories work to a certain point. That point is where the cloud took possession of them. Afterward they "knew nothing more until they came to" with wreckage all about them.

Such was not the case with Dr. Michael. That Friday afternoon the Doctor was making professional calls in the southwestern suburbs of the city. He had been to the Dulin home, had returned to where he had left the horse hitched, and was driving southward through the cemetery, intending to pass out the gate on that side. The storm cloud loomed up before him just before he reached the south fence. He realized that it was driving toward him, and that with a spirited horse it was impossible to get out of the way. Springing from his buggy, he unfastened the traces, started the horse out of the shafts, and turned him loose. Then he began to run for a place of safety. He had gone fifty feet westward when it seemed to him that the cloud was going to strike the centre of the cemetery. So he turned and ran eastward toward the east fence. Just as he reached the fence and flung himself down the cloud came upon him.

"I heard a roaring sound," said Dr. Michael, "when the storm was two miles or two distant, but it was beyond the hills and I didn't discover that I was right in the path of it until it reached the nearest hill, from a half to three-quarters of a mile south of me. It didn't resemble a funnel-shaped cloud. It looked to me like a great ball of vapor rolling over and over toward me. When I first saw it distinctly at that hill, it seemed to be about 250 yards wide and 100 feet high. The motion as it presented itself to me was that of a ball rolling over and over, not spiral. Whatever the ball of cloud struck from that point was lifted right up from the ground. I saw the effects as it came to house after house between the hill and me. When the ball reached Mrs. Chisholm's the house went right up in the air off its foundations. It was whole until it was up 10 or 15 feet. Then it went all to pieces, just as if it had exploded. The same thing happened to the other houses. Above and around this rolling ball of cloud the air was full of bits of boards and tree limbs and other things which had been gathered up.

"When the ball reached me I had got to the east fence of the cemetery and had thrown myself down beside it. All at once the bright daylight disappeared and I was in total darkness. The picket fence, posts and all, was lifted up and came down flat upon me. Then two trees fell on the fence. The fence went down and I went up in the air; the fence followed. I felt myself drawn up off the ground by some invisible force. I didn't lose consciousness. It was so dark I couldn't tell how high I went, but I was high enough to escape the monuments in the cemetery, and also the treetops, perhaps forty feet from the ground. As I went along in the air I tried to keep an upright position, but couldn't. Something kept turning me over and over in one somersault after another. I passed almost over the cemetery before I struck the ground. I came down easily at an incline, just as if being lowered in the tail of the storm. But I was still moving along, and when I hit the ground I went over and over for at least 30 feet. I felt as if something had hold me a little and then let me back, until, at last, I dropped into a hole just inside the north fence of the cemetery.

"I was conscious all of the time, until I stopped rolling and settled into that hole. After that I know nothing of what happened until people from town were about me. It must have been ten minutes at least that I lay in the hole until discovered. My best friends didn't recognize me. From head to foot I was covered with mud. My hair was plastered down with it.

"Don't you know me?" I asked of men whom I had met daily for years.

"They could identify me only by my voice. I was able to walk. At first it didn't seem to me that I was much hurt, but after a while I discovered that I was bruised from head to foot. When I was up in the air it seemed as if some things were pecking me all of the time. They must have been the boards and other flying wreckage. Before the ball reached me I could see on the outer edge of it objects whirling with it. But when I reached the hole I could see nothing. I had passed from bright light to complete darkness."

Some who saw the cloud from a distance say that they saw flashes of light in the midst of it. Dr. Michael says that he thinks that darkness was lighted up a little at short intervals, but not enough to make it possible for him to see any distance. The light was like that which one sees when he opens his eyes in water. It seems to Dr. Michael that the cloud was charged with electricity and that it was attracted by the usual conductors. The Doctor had a hypodermic metallic case in his hip pocket. The hip underneath is raw as if the skin had been scorched off by electricity. On the back fence of the Doctor's residence hung the black Prince Albert coat and the rest of the suit he wore into the cyclone. The most needy tramp would turn away from those clothes. Numerous rents supplement the mud's work of destruction. When the ball of vapor rolled upon him Dr. Michael threw up the long skirts of his coat over his head and held them there with his hands while he was traversing space. Notwithstanding this precaution, there are bumps and scratches on his head, but his hands and arms are covered with wounds. He had several dollars of silver in his trousers pockets when he met the cyclone. He had neither pockets nor silver when found. The day after some one brought to the Doctor the rim of a wheel, with tire attached. That is all he has to show for his new buggy. The horse was found half a mile from where the Doctor turned him loose. He was stripped of harness and was bruised.

"I made a mistake in calculating the course of the cloud," said Dr. Michael. "If I had kept on going west, as I started, I would have escaped. I hear that some describe the cloud as moving slowly, not faster than the easy gallop of horse. Put a horse on the dead run, and you have nearer the speed of it. It was from half to three-quarters of a mile away when I jumped from my buggy. It must have reached me in a minute or less. If I ever hear another I will know it. The noise is the most peculiarly terrifying I have ever heard. If I ever hear another coming I shall gauge its course as well as I can and run at right angles with it, never stopping."

Dr. Michael's story is the most circumstantial and satisfactory told by any of those who were in the cyclone. It is matched in interest by the observations of Prof. A. Q. Nash of the Sherman Institute. Prof. Nash stood in front of the college buildings and saw the storm cloud come and go within 600 feet of him. The scientific phenomena chained his attention.

"The atmosphere that afternoon," the Professor said, "was what we call 'heavy.' I found it difficult to breathe in the house and went out in the yard. Further than this there was nothing unusual in the conditions. We had had a rather long period of drought. This had been broken by a rain three or four days preceding the cyclone. An Friday afternoon it began to rain, and in an hour and a half a good deal fell. The rain slackened. It was then that the cyclone came up from the southwest.

"As the cloud approached," continued the Professor, "fear left me. I had a feeling of awe at the grandeur of the sight, but no apprehension of danger. I thought to myself, 'What small things we are.' If the cloud had been coming directly toward me I should have stood there just the same. When the cloud passed in front of me it seemed to be going at the speed of a galloping horse. The speed was not so great but that almost any one running to the east or to the west could have got out of the way. The cloud swelled out above the ground, but the top of it was higher than the sides. It seemed to be churning up all that it touched and throwing out the fragments at the top. The shape and action was much like a geyser. At the same time, as it moved along, the mass had a rotary motion. It whirled round and round in a direction from right over to left, just the reverse of the movements of the hands of a watch.

"Only the outlines of the mass could be distinguished. It was impossible to see into it. Houses and other things went up as the cloud reached them, disappearing in the revolving interior. At the top and around the edges I could see things whirling and then falling as they got beyond the edges. The revolving velocity was so great it set the adjacent air in motion, and the lighter things, such as leaves and twigs and bits of pine and the particles of mud, circled far outside of the cloud and fell at considerable distances from the path of the cyclone. In the short time I stood there watching the cloud pass I was covered with mud and drenched with muddy water. As the cloud passed, the rotary motion could be seen very plainly in the rear."

What was the force which wrought such destruction? That is the question Prof. Nash has been asking himself as he has studied the phenomena. He has not answered it entirely to his satisfaction. Whether electric influences started the wind is open to speculation. Prof. E. T. Kemp of the institute, who has been carrying on this investigation with Prof. Nash, thinks electricity is the primary cause. The two Professors point out that they have seen of effects that the cyclone, once started, generates electricity in great quantities. "Take a plate electric machine," said Prof. Nash. "It generates electricity by much the same whirling action we see in the cyclone. And it generates a breeze, too, just as the cyclone does."

"There was a striking tendency in the cyclone cloud," said Prof. Kemp, "to come down to the earth and discharge the generated electricity. It formed a ground connection and clung to it until it had been relieved of the generated electricity; then it arose and passed on until it had stored more electricity by the whirling motion, when it descended again."

The Professors were told of a talk with Undertaker Harrington, who prepared for the grave many of the victims. The bodies, the undertaker said, showed wounds and fractures of endless variety, but upon none of them did he find any evidence of an electric shock. He had one case in which there was no external injury. It was that of a child. His conclusion was that the little one had died of exposure and fright. He was very sure he had seen nothing that resembled lightning strokes, with which he was familiar in the practice of his calling.

"That," said Prof. Nash, "is undoubtedly true. I believe the fatalities were caused by the wreckage with which the air was filled. The electricity was not generated in the form of lightning. It was general. It saturated the cloud. When the cloud was charged the electricity formed the ground connection and held the small end of the cloud there until the charge was lessened. The wind did the greatest part of the damage, but there were effects which it seems impossible to attribute to the wind. Take the trees around Capt. Ely's house, or where the house stood, for nothing is left there but a pile of bricks. I speak of that because it was one of the places where I made an early and a rather close examination. The house was directly in the middle of the storm's path. The prostrated and twisted trees on both sides point toward the house. The rotary motion of the wind left the trees in that position. Now, if you will examine the bark of many of the trees in the path of the storm you will find it is dead. This I discovered was the case just after the cloud had passed. I examined a number of trees. From the limbs in numerous instances the bark was stripped. But down on the trunk the bark was dead. It did not have the appearance of being on a recently killed tree. It was just as you might have expected to find it on a tree that had been deadened months before. The wind could not have killed and dried the bark in that way."

Prof. Nash does not go so far as to say that the trees acted as conductors for the passage of the electricity and that the currents passing down killed and dried the bark on the wholesale scale, but he offers the condition of the bark as one of the interesting phenomena of the mysterious force exercised.

The marvellous force of the cyclone was exerted in more than one direction. There was a lifting, suction movement, which drew things upward the moment the cloud reached them. And then there was a whirling motion which tore things into small bits and ground them as in a mill while they mounted toward the centre. A third direction of the exercise of power was the pounding which the earth received. The path of the cyclone, even where it crossed soft fields, is hard. Seemingly there was an irresistible lifting force in front of the cloud and a beating power in the rear of it, while, between, the rotary motion did its churning.

Scores of eyewitnesses who were close to the edge and observed the approach of the cloud describe its first action in the same manner. They say that when the front of it reached a house that house was lifted off its foundations. This movement was almost directly upward. It did not show the rotary force. But when a house had been lifted from twelve to twenty feet from the ground it suddenly went to pieces and the fragments were swallowed in the vortex. Dr. Michael, while getting his horse out of the shafts of his buggy, and while running to a cave himself, saw the cloud come across several truck farms, and he says that the same action in the cases of the Dulin and Chisolm houses and several other buildings. In each case the building was lifted whole to a height of twelve or fifteen feet, as he judged the distance, and then went to pieces before his vision.

"It was as if there had been a shed exploded when they got up in the air," is the way Dr. Michael describes this phenomenon.

At the Halsell place two buckets of milk were hanging in a well twenty-five feet deep to keep cool. The rope broke in the fall of the house, the well and the rotary motion did the rest. The buckets have not been seen since.

The hour of hard rain had covered the earth with mud puddles. The cyclone cloud licked up the muddy water in its way and rained it down for half a mile on either side. East of the path the south sides of the houses are spattered thick with mud. West of the path the north sides of the houses are in the same predicament. People who have turned the garden hose against the mud find the efforts to wash it off before it dries cleaning difficult. The churning it received made the mud of the consistency of plaster, and it sticks like the nest of the hornet.

One man describes the storm cloud as looking like an elephant's trunk let down from heaven, the small end whisking along the ground and drawing up everything it touched.

Another man, who limped into the Binkley Hotel office the next day, looking for a cheap-rate ticket to Tennessee, had fresh scars on his face and his wife had his arm in a sling. He was asked for his experience.

"I seen it comin'," he said, "and put my shoulder agin the door. The roof went off. Then me and the door went up through the hole. That is all I know about it."

Jewett Ames, the little boy whose father and mother and sister were killed, told how it happened in this way:

"Papa and mamma and all of us were on the bed when it struck the house. I saw sister taken up to the ceiling twice and dropped back to the bed, and then it seemed like the house exploded."

The rotary motion wrought its perfect work in the middle line of the path. North of the Ely home was a fine grove, in which a Sunday-school picnic was to have been held on the day following the cyclone. The trees were wide-spreading oaks and elms, with trunks from 1 to 3 feet thick. Some of these were dragged up by the roots and laid down with their tops toward the middle line of the cloud. Directly on that line the spiral force twisted the trees from bottom to top, leaving them standing, in the form of a corkscrew, with trunks splintered by the twist and branches interlaced. Bois d'arc is the toughest wood in North Texas. To drive a nail into a bois d'arc stick requires a skilful hand. When bois d'arc posts are used a fence is good for five times the life of oak. Where the rotary motion got a good grip on a bois d'arc post it twisted it off as if it had been a pine lath.

Just to the left of the Sherman suburb of Fairview and passed into the country the storm cloud gave one of the amazing exhibitions of its rotary force. At the end of High street it came to the Irvine and Stadler places, two of the finest in Fairview. The Irvine residence was on the west side of the street. The Stadlers lived diagonally opposite. Both houses were new and complete in all appointments. The middle line of the cyclone was midway between them. The path at this point was wide enough to include the residences and the other buildings. When it reached the north edge of Fairview the storm cloud had maintained a continuous ground connection for fifteen miles, an unusual distance for a cyclone to "dip." And yet the havoc wrought showed no diminution of the destructive power. The wrecking of the Irvine and Stadler places was as complete as anything to be seen in the entire path.

The fragments of Mr. Irvine's house were scattered in his neighbor's yard east of the street. A section of the floor, which was about all that the grinding had failed to reduce to kindling wood, was left on the ground near where the foundations of the Stadler house had been. When Mr. Stadler got home after the storm and started out to look for the remnants of his house he found them on the west side of the street. The Irvine house went eastward across the street. The Stadler house went westward across the street. Yet the centre of the cyclone travelled between them.

Eight members of the Irvine family were at home. The hired man, William Bostick, and a visitor, Miss Mollie Strong, made ten, who gathered in one room just before the cyclone came. They saw the cloud approaching and clasped hands. When the house went to pieces they were lifted up, carried through the air, and dropped in the Stadler and Mattingly yards east of the street. Not one of the ten escaped injury. One, the oldest boy, has since died from the terrible wound a splinter made in his thigh. The youngest of the ten, a baby, is the least hurt.

Mrs. Stadler and her daughter heard the roar and saw the cloud. They went down cellar. The house disappeared from over them and neither was hurt.

"I was in the cellar in the cellar," said Mr. Stadler, "my wife wanted to get in the southeast corner, but my daughter said the southwest corner was the safest. The wind blew open the cellar window, and my daughter tried to shut it. Nothing that the sticks were beginning to fly, my wife told her to come away. They took hold of hands and got down in the southwest corner, between a box and the wall. They didn't know how long they were there, but think it was only a very short time. My daughter became choked from the dust of the cement, which fell when the house went. She raised her head to get air. There had been complete darkness, and now all was light. It became calm at once. She said to her mother:

"'Let's get out.'

"She climbed upon a box and could see the cloud going out the road toward the country. She looked around over the garden and saw a girl sitting on the ground. Thinking she was Mrs. Smith's cook, she called out:

"'Is that you, Ida?'

"The girl answered back, 'No; it's Mollie.'

"My daughter couldn't recognize her. She looked out in the front yard, and there lay a man. The slights were terrible. Both the man and the girl were plastered with mud from head to feet. They looked like negroes. My daughter could recognize neither. The girl was Miss Mollie Strong, who had been blown from the Irvine house when the storm came up. The man was Bostick, who worked for the Irvines. He had a piece of glass driven into his hip. As soon as she could get out my wife went to him and asked him if he was hurt. He said, 'Yes; but go to Mrs. Irvine first.' Mrs. Irvine and the children were found scattered about in the Mattingly yard. Both Miss Strong and Bostick were conscious while sailing around in the air, and are able to describe the sensation. Miss Strong came down in the garden sitting. You can see the print in the ground where she landed. She was still sitting there when my daughter spoke to her, and remained until helped upon her feet. At first she didn't seem much hurt, but now she is so sore all over she can't be touched. The Irvines had time to escape, but they didn't know what to do. So they sat there clasping each other's hands. If they had run right out in the orchard they would not have been hurt."

Beyond the Irvine and Stadler places the city ends and the farms begin. A race track is laid off in the first large field which comes up to the crossing of the surrounding Fairview. In the edge of the field stood a collection of frame stables, 300 or 400 feet from the High street corner. When Irvine's buildings went eastward and were scattered over Stadler's lot, Stadler's disintegrated house and barn were strewn to the west, among the scattered stables on the race track field, and at the same time the race track stables were being distributed in bits of boards to the southward upon the grounds of Mr. Irvine. It was a strange mix-up, a game of "Pussy wants a the corner," with the cyclone cloud for catcher.

What the Irvines might have done a man named Edmundson did do. He was near the race track stables north of the Irvine place when the cloud came up. He ran down the cross road to the west and escaped easily.

Mr. Maxey, the owner of the race track, lives down this road, about 600 feet west of High street. His house faces south and he was at home.

"I heard the roar," he said, ""it seemed to me, for twenty minutes before the cyclone reached us. The noise at its loudest was like a dozen railroad trains going through a railroad cut. When I first heard it I thought it was a Texas Pacific train going through the cut south of my place. I went out on the porch, saw the cloud, and in a minute or two I was satisfied it was going to the east of us. I called my sister, and we stood there and watched it until it passed. The cloud was as far south as the cemetery when I saw it. It must have been fully ten minutes getting up to High street. We had a perfect view from where we stood of the course through Fairview. I saw the houses go up one after the other as the cloud reached them. They were lifted up whole and then seemed to go to pieces and disappear in the direction of the cyclone. The cyclone travelled at such a slow rate that I could have gotten away from it easily on a horse. I watched the cloud pass Fairview and go into the country. About a mile out it rose, and that was the last of it. While the cyclone was going by us more mud fell than could have come from a cloud. Since Friday I have heard people say they saw red and blue clouds. I didn't see anything of that kind. The cyclone had, to me, the appearance of a heavy black cloud, and I watched it steadily all of the time it was in view from my porch, and while it was passing not more than 600 feet away. As soon as it had gone I ran over to High street. You couldn't tell any of these people who had been in it from negroes. Even their ears were full of mud."

The cyclone travelled in a straight line, by a country road running a little west of north. Prof. Nash, who made the measurements, says the road for some distance is a straight line 16 degrees west of north. The cyclone's centre kept very nearly in the middle of this road. For the best part of a mile its path lapped over the fences on both sides. These fences show in a striking manner the exercise of the forces in different directions. They were four-strand wire fences, strongly built. Hundreds of the posts were drawn from the ground or twisted off. The wires were torn from the staples, twisted into one strand, carried toward the middle of the road, and beaten down under from half an inch to two inches of hard dirt. This road is a well-travelled one. But for several days after the storm it was impossible to drive along this road without danger. On the day that the repairers were engaged in rebuilding the fences they dragged the wires from the covering of dirt, and so placed they were in no straight sections them out. A horse could with difficulty find a safe way. This feat with the wires the cyclone performed just before it released its ground connection and went upward. The capacity for destruction seems to have been unimpaired by doing as that ground connection was maintained.

There are four very gradual curves in the path of the cyclone. Taken together they are sufficient to change the direction from north by 22 degrees east to north by 16 degrees west. These curves represent a change that probably not one person in a hundred would notice them. The first of them is at the Binkley farm hill. The last of them is beyond Fairview. The cyclone approached Sherman, coming 22 degrees east of north; it left the city coming 16 degrees west of north. And to that curvature Sherman owes her escape from a far worse calamity than the one which has befallen her.

What caused these curves? That is the most interesting problem in the scientific study of the cyclone. There is no doubt that it is comparatively so the tendency of the funnel-shaped cloud is to move along a straight course. This straight course is from southwest to northeast. So true is this cyclone law that people who do not know it flee from the cyclone in the same way as they would run out of the way of a locomotive. Presently a fear seized him on the shoulder and said: "Say, do you know you're breaking the rules?"

"Sure, I ain't," replied the Irishman. "Yez can shmoke in th' back seats. Barrin' the leddy's priference fer a seegare, I'd be puffin' me pipe. It's agin no rules to shmoke a seegare here."

"Oh, I'm not talking about the trolley rules," said the objector. "It's the city ordinances you're violating."

"Wid this seegare?"

"Oh, yes; you can't fool us into thinking that's a cigar. What you want to go with that is a permit to light bonfires in the public streets."

"That's a joke, I don't think," said the smoker after deep cogitation, and thereafter he blowed the bulk of the fumes toward the objector.

By this time the car had reached Atlantic avenue, where there is a transfer station, and another mob rushed for it. All the seats had been filled before. Now the steps were crowded and the aisles jammed.

"Move up, move up," exhorted the conductor from his place against the rear rail. "You can make more room there. You folks in the second seat there. You can make more room. There's only six of you there."

"Yes, to that," replied a spectacled lady sarcastic voice from the centre of the seat designated. "Well, nothing less than a pile driver can move me up. All I need is a squeeze of lemon to be a sardine sandwich."

"Let 'em in the aisle, then," said the conductor. "You'll have to, why don't you go on, there? I've rung for you three times."

This was addressed to the motorman in a yell, and that worthy answered back in the same tone.

"Can't do it. There's an old woman on the track and she won't get off."

"Hi! Get off there or I'll run over you."

"I won't," returned a thin, high voice from in front. "I've tried to get on three cars already and they wouldn't stop for me. Now I've made you stop and I won't get up until you promise to take me aboard."

"We're all full," shouted the motorman.

"Stand up and let us go on."

"Not till you promise to take me on," returned the voice firmly.

Off jumped the conductor and grabbed her by the arm, but she hung a dead weight in his hands.

"Oh, get on then," he yelled in desperation, for half a dozen other cars behind him were clanging for a clear way. "I'll put you on, and I hope you'll fall off and kill yourself. If I had time I'd have you arrested."

"Then I'd sue the company for ten million dollars," promptly retorted the owner of the voice, who proved to be a wiry little creature of middle age.

How she ever got on is a mystery. There was no room for her hands or her feet, but she succeeded in clinging to a step. Maybe she had preheasile ears. After her there were no new arrivals, because nobody could get on. The car wouldn't stop for them. As it whizzed by they set out in hopeless pursuit, or shook their fists and cursed, according as their bent of character might be. To see the conductor collecting fares was something to remember. He crowded over seats and between legs and swung giddily from braces and straps, and contrived in some inexplicable way to get around without falling off. Otherwise than as a fare collector he wasn't a success. In front of the reporter sat a man who wanted to get off at Bensonhurst.

He got hold of the conductor and told him so, in so many words, saying:

"I want to get off at Bensonhurst."

"Do you?" said the conductor, apparently not greatly interested.

"Yes, I do," said the man. "You tell me when we get there, will you?"

"Hey?" said the conductor. "This car goes to Coney Island."

"Don't it stop before it gets there?" asked the passenger anxiously.

"Oh, yes. It'll stop when I pull the strap."

"Well, you pull the strap at Bensonhurst."

"I don't know nothin' about Bensonhurst. This car goes to Coney Island."

"It goes through Bensonhurst on the way," volunteered one of the passengers.

"Does it?" asked the conductor. "I don't know nothin' about Bensonhurst. I ain't much acquainted on this line."

"Well, I want to go to Van Pelt Manor," said another man. "Can you let me out there?"

"I dunno. I guess maybe," replied the conductor.

He finally put them both out at Ulmer Park, and left them to find their way as best they could to their respective destinations. Arrived at Coney Island the jammed car disgorged its contents and went back with comparatively few. But as the afternoon waned the crowds began to make for the returning cars. Then there was another great jam. If possible, the crowd was worse than on the trip down, because, perhaps, the people were tired out and ill-natured, and so did not adapt themselves so smoothly to the discomforts. Half a dozen incipient fights on the car stopped simply because the combatants hadn't room for flatic operations. Opposite the various resorts the car stopped, but it was only a mockery, for there wasn't room to get on. At Ulmer Park the reporter heard a pitiful appeal of a fat German who had just come hurrying up to catch the car only to find it full.

"No room," said the conductor. "Take the next."

"Hod der next vill be yust der same crowded," objected the German.

"Well, there's no room here."

"I musd ged me on someveres," pleaded the other. "I'll be lade by mein dinner."

"Can't help it. No room here."

"Kind you god no room by der railing?"

"No, you can't sit there. It's against the rules."

"Cand I climb der roof onto?"

"No, you can't. I'll tie a rope around you and tow you on behind if you like. All right there? Go ahead."

Ding-ding, went the bell and the car whizzed away.

A FIVE-CENT SUNDAY TRIP.

TROLLEY RIDE FROM THE BRIDGE TO CONEY ISLAND.

Six on a Seat Not too Many and Lots of Fun Listening to the Complaints of Crowded Humanity—Hanging on by Straps and Clinging to Side Stanchions.

All the world does not ride a bicycle. If confirmation of this is desired, the doubter needs only to take a Sunday trip to Coney Island on a trolley car. It costs but five cents in money. What it costs in damage to person and raiment depends upon circumstances. Some thousands of persons take it every Sunday and come out alive, which is something in its favor. What's more, they all start at the same time, and the crowds that beset the cars at the rush hours are comparable only to those which make a terror of the Brooklyn Bridge botch at 6 o'clock at night.

From the bridge to Coney Island is all one trip now. A SUN reporter took it on Sunday along with some other citizens of Greater New York, all of whom struggled in strenuous rivalry as to which should take it in the greatest comfort, with the result that nobody got any comfort out of it at all. As the crowd came down from the bridge steps they beheld standing outside an open car with the sign "Coney Island" on it. Instantly a free-for-all race was instituted. Men, women, and children joined in. They swarmed upon that car like flies upon a sugar loaf. They pushed and jammed and squeezed and shoved and hauled and mauled and jabbed and squirmed and wriggled and hunched and fell into seats three deep, until finally every one was in. In the seat where the reporter sat six people were wedged, all of them of pretty good size. It would have accommodated four with reasonable comfort. Each felt him or herself, as the case might be, to be getting a little less of the seat than was right and proper, and wriggled accordingly. It was a "real lady" of the Sunday-out variety who opened up in outspoken protest:

"Will ye stop squinchin' there?" she demanded of the man who sat next her, an inoffensive-appearing, undersized individual. "Can't a lady have the sate she's paid her money for?"

"I can't help it," he returned meekly. "It ain't me. They're pushing from the end."

"Don't talk to me," she retorted. "I can see ye hoompin' back with them feet o' yours agin the next seat. Git forward there," and she gave him a jab in the ribs with her elbow that almost caved him in.

Thereupon, instead of resenting it or appealing to to the conductor, the poor man arose from his seat and wended his way out to the step, where he perched. Straightway the victorious lady spread herself out so as to preclude the possibility of anybody else getting in, with such effect that there wasn't perceptibly more room for her four remaining seat companions than there had been before the fifth removed. Meanwhile, he was explaining his action to the men at the end of the seat.

"There ain't no use in disputin' about it," said he. "I'd rather give up my seat. I know them females that travels on these cars. If I'd stay in that, I'd have to go home and fight to her, likely as not she'd holler 'Murder, watch!' and I'd a got fired off by the neck. I don't want no trouble with them females."

"Who ye cahlin' a female," demanded the lady in strident tones. "If I could reach you I'd tear the eyes out ver homely face. I'd show ye who's a female. Insultin' blaggard!"

No answer came from the man. He simply kept his eye on her, in case of a sudden movement, and hung to his place. On the seat behind, however, his sex was making things even on the general average. It was done by an innocent-looking Irishman, who hauled a big pipe from his pocket and proceeded to fill it.

"What are you going to do with that?" demanded a sharp-faced little woman next him.

"Shmoke ut, to be sure. Do yez object to a pope?"

"Yes, I do," snapped the woman.

"Ahl right," said the Irishman. "I'll dishcommode no leddy. I'll shmoke a seegare instead," and pulling an enormous black object from his other pocket, he proceeded to light up and puff the smoke contentedly into the face of his neighbor. The fumes of the thing pervaded the entire car. They were like the aftermath of an abortive chemical experiment. Glances of disgust and wrath were levelled at the smoker. They had no effect. Presently a fare collector laid his on the shoulder and said:

"Say, do you know you're breaking the rules?"

"Sure, I ain't," replied the Irishman. "Yez can shmoke in th' back seats. Barrin' the leddy's priference fer a seegare, I'd be puffin' me pope. It's agin no rules to shmoke a seegare here."

"Oh, I'm not talking about the trolley rules," said the objector. "It's the city ordinances you're violating."

"Wid this seegare?"

"Oh, yes; you can't fool us into thinking that's a cigar. What you want to go with that is a permit to light bonfires in the public streets."

"That's a joke, I don't think," said the smoker after deep cogitation, and thereafter he blowed the bulk of the fumes toward the objector.

By this time the car had reached Atlantic avenue, where there is a transfer station, and another mob rushed for it. All the seats had been filled before. Now the steps were crowded and the aisles jammed.

"Move up, move up," exhorted the conductor from his place against the rear rail. "You can make more room there. You folks in the second seat there. You can make more room. There's only six of you there."

"Yes, to that," replied a spectacled lady sarcastic voice from the centre of the seat designated. "Well, nothing less than a pile driver can move me up. All I need is a squeeze of lemon to be a sardine sandwich."

"Let 'em in the aisle, then," said the conductor. "You'll have to, why don't you go on, there? I've rung for you three times."

This was addressed to the motorman in a yell, and that worthy answered back in the same tone.

"Can't do it. There's an old woman on the track and she won't get off."

"Hi! Get off there or I'll run over you."

"I won't," returned a thin, high voice from in front. "I've tried to get on three cars already and they wouldn't stop for me. Now I've made you stop and I won't get up until you promise to take me aboard."

"We're all full," shouted the motorman.

"Stand up and let us go on."

"Not till you promise to take me on," returned the voice firmly.

Off jumped the conductor and grabbed her by the arm, but she hung a dead weight in his hands.

"Oh, get on then," he yelled in desperation, for half a dozen other cars behind him were clanging for a clear way. "I'll put you on, and I hope you'll fall off and kill yourself. If I had time I'd have you arrested."

"Then I'd sue the company for ten million dollars," promptly retorted the owner of the voice, who proved to be a wiry little creature of middle age.

How she ever got on is a mystery. There was no room for her hands or her feet, but she succeeded in clinging to a step. Maybe she had prehensile ears. After her there were no new arrivals, because nobody could get on. The car wouldn't stop for them. As it whizzed by they set out in hopeless pursuit, or shook their fists and cursed, according as their bent of character might be. To see the conductor collecting fares was something to remember. He crowded over seats and between legs and swung giddily from braces and straps, and contrived in some inexplicable way to get around without falling off. Otherwise than as a fare collector he wasn't a success. In front of the reporter sat a man who wanted to get off at Bensonhurst.

He got hold of the conductor and told him so, in so many words, saying:

"I want to get off at Bensonhurst."

"Do you?" said the conductor, apparently not greatly interested.

"Yes, I do," said the man. "You tell me when we get there, will you?"

"Hey?" said the conductor. "This car goes to Coney Island."

"Don't it stop before it gets there?" asked the passenger anxiously.

"Oh, yes. It'll stop when I pull the strap."

"Well, you pull the strap at Bensonhurst."

"I don't know nothin' about Bensonhurst. This car goes to Coney Island."

"It goes through Bensonhurst on the way," volunteered one of the passengers.

"Does it?" asked the conductor. "I don't know nothin' about Bensonhurst. I ain't much acquainted on this line."

"Well, I want to go to Van Pelt Manor," said another man. "Can you let me out there?"

"I dunno. I guess maybe," replied the conductor.

He finally put them both out at Ulmer Park, and left them to find their way as best they could to their respective destinations. Arrived at Coney Island the jammed car disgorged its contents and went back with comparatively few. But as the afternoon waned the crowds began to make for the returning cars. Then there was another great jam. If possible, the crowd was worse than on the trip down, because, perhaps, the people were tired out and ill-natured, and so did not adapt themselves so smoothly to the discomforts. Half a dozen incipient fights on the car stopped simply because the combatants hadn't room for flatic operations. Opposite the various resorts the car stopped, but it was only a mockery, for there wasn't room to get on. At Ulmer Park the reporter heard a pitiful appeal

FREE ICE WATER FOUNTAINS.

Eight of Them to Be Ready for Business in Tenement Districts on June 1.

By June 1 eight ice water fountains, set up by the Woman's Auxiliary of the Church Temperance Society, will be ready to supply ice water free, chiefly in the tenement districts. Robert Graham, secretary of the society, tells this story about the new project:

"Three years ago," he began, "when the proposition was made to grant to some liquor saloons all-night licenses on the ground that New York never went to bed the General Society and the Woman's Auxiliary put their heads together to consider plans for supplying food and harmless drinks. They hit upon the lunch wagon plan and furnished the money to buy the first wagon. It cost them $1,000, and at first was a very bad investment so far as money is concerned. Then it was kept open only at night. Finally they kept it open night and day, and it began to attract customers. The first one was placed at Herald square, and as soon as it became self-supporting another was purchased and placed near Bryant Park. Soon there was one at Longacre square, one at Union square, and now they are looking around for a place to set up the fifth. Before they got to the fifth the wagons began to be more than self-supporting, and naturally the question arose as to how the surplus could be applied so as to be of the greatest benefit to the city. A very thorough study of the tenement house problem has been made by the society, and we knew that one of the greatest needs in the city, and one that New York is most behind in, is drinking fountains, especially ice water fountains, so the women concluded to devote their extra funds to the establishment of such fountains. We decided to put them uniformly in the poorest and most crowded parts of the city.

"Underneath the sidewalk there is placed a large double ice chest with coiled water pipes running through it. We have an agreement with an ice company to supply us with 300 pounds of ice for each fountain every day. Half is put in early in the morning, and the balance in the afternoon. At first we hardly knew what to do about Sunday, for we did not want the ice wagons to run that day, and at the same time we knew that families were at home on Sunday and they needed more water than on any other day. The icemen came to our rescue and agreed to put 300 pounds of ice into each fountain every Saturday night at 10 o'clock. This gives plenty of cold water up to midnight Sunday.

"Three of these fountains were in operation last summer during June, July, August, and September, and proved of great value to the dwellers in tenements. Experience proved to us that when cold water can be had free the beer pitcher is less frequently used. The fountain was placed at the Tryon Natural, Spring Stanton street, in the midst of a dense tenement population, mostly Jews. The second was set up at St. Ambrose church, corner of Thompson and Prince streets, also the centre of a large and poor foreign population. Grace Mission was placed in East Thirteenth street, away over near the river, in a very crowded part of the city, got the third.

"The first three established this year are at God's Providence House, 330 Broome street; the Italian Mission, 307 Mulberry street, and St. Chrysostom's Chapel, Avenue A and Ninth and Third avenue, and they belong to the City Mission of the Episcopal Church. The members of the Auxiliary concluded that they had as many as they could carry, but such urgent appeals came in for two more that they decided to set them up temporarily in front of All Saints' church, Scammell street, and the other at Coenties slip, where there is a seaman's mission. Within three blocks of that little church there are no less than thirty liquor saloons, and the ice water fountain is the only competitor. All these fountains will be running from June 1 until Oct. 1. Above each is a tablet two feet square, having on it 'Woman's Auxiliary Church Temperance Society' at the top, and just above the button 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'

"The cost of erecting a fountain and maintaining it for the first four months amounts to about $200. After that the cost is only $75 yearly, as the only expenditure necessary is for ice. This year we propose to spend $1,500 in all in this way, and the money is the profit from the first three fountains established. When I asked the Rev. Phillip Schuyler, rector of St. Ambrose church, what he thought of the good affected, he answered:

"'It was a common sight to see several trucks standing in front of the church, their drivers waiting on sidewalk for their turn at the fountain. But perhaps the most significant result accomplished by the fountain which I noticed was the little children carrying tin pails to take the water home. It struck me at once that the direction of these pails had been changed from the many saloons which surround us to the Church of God. I feel sure that the ice used and the expense of building the fountain has been paid, not to the Church Temperance Society, but in savings in the many poor families near our chapel, who this summer have used ice water to refresh themselves instead of beer.'

"During the last year letters have poured in from wheelmen and wheelwomen urging us to establish a stand to supply food and drink on some of the popular roads, where such things can now be obtained only at liquor saloons. We are now having built a kiosk for that purpose. Just where we shall set it up for the cyclists has not been decided, but we hope to stand it on a favorite road near a public park. If we can get permission to do this, we will buy a plot of ground."

THE STRUGGLING YOUNG AUTHOR.

Some Further Account of His Interesting Experiences.

"For six months," said the struggling young author, "I had been sending out manuscripts to the publishers only to have them returned; in all that time I had never a line accepted. Some of them were returned, as it seemed to me, with precipitancy; I would send them out one day and get them back the next; it seemed as though they wanted not only to return the manuscripts, but to get them out of the way as speedily as possible. And then there were some that were kept so long that I built hopes of their acceptance, and when finally they did come back I fancied that they had been kept for politeness sake, so that I should not be pained by their too hasty rejection; though sometimes I fancied that they were kept so long so as to stave off as far as possible the coming of the next manuscript, which they must have come to know was