

TEXAS CARS
FIRELESS COOKERS

Describes the Tortures of Being Broiled During Fourteenth Street Ride.

HORRORS ARE WORSE THAN THE SAHARA

Suffering of Hapless Passengers Likened to Those of Travelers in Death Valley.

To the Editor of The Washington Times: Being a fire-eating Texan by birth, a resident of Yuma by accident, a stoker in the hold of an Atlantic liner from financial necessity, a Kansas wheat-cutter by profession, and a Washington citizen by virtue of a friend in the Senate, I set out yesterday afternoon to discover for myself just what sort of little roasting ovens the poor, poverty-stricken traction companies are operating here and among street cars.

Through the Tropics, or Forty Minutes on a Washington Car, is the title of my story. It is a tale of a hot, steamy, moist, water-moistened with great beads of water extracted from the brows of my unfortunate fellow passengers.

Should Get Nobel Prize

If it's healthy to perspire, the Washington street car companies should be given the Nobel medal for the greatest service performed for humanity in 1910. They surely are the prize perpetration promoters of history. They are entitled to membership on the board of directors of the steam, the electric, the gas, the water, the laundry trust and the hot air combine. I propose them for unanimous election to the Society of Sun Worshipers.

Having once crossed the burning sands which border the Mystic Shrine, and remembering my experiences astride the Equator in the Sahara, I took my overcoat along when I sallied forth for my memorable journey from the Peace Monument to Piney Branch road, fearing lest the fresa breezes that don't blow through the theoretically ventilated cars would cause me to catch cold. My more than rude awakening came when I stepped nimbly upon the rear radiator and beheld the fare collector, leaning feebly against his iron railing, his tongue thick from heat and dust and his collar wilted about his pasty throat. Just then somebody opened the little door into the car and I was nearly blinded by the hot blast that struck me in the face.

Enters the Incubator.

"Shades of Sam Houston!" I muttered, "am I back on the sun-baked plains of dear old Texas? Is that the outer edge of a Rio Grande dust storm or did some fiend in human form lift the lid of the lower regions?"

Head down, I struggled blindly forward, battling against the surging heat waves. Some way, I know not how, I stumbled inside the car and fell panting across the back of a seat, slipped down, and landed in a sitting posture near an open window.

With a vicious snarl my steel prison lunged ahead and an unfortunate woman, who had been trying to fight her way into the furnace, was hurled into the air. She fell on one heel, did a serpentine dance, clutched wildly at space for support and went sprawling back onto the rear platform, square into the arms of a fat party who was wedged in between the side of the car and the iron railing.

Now a fat man who rides on Fourteenth street cars has no business to have corns, just as if he played football. Individual evidently didn't understand the ethics of Washington surface transportation. For that matter, the large, bristly crop, and the rear he let out of his agonized face must have made the Monument tremble.

Only the Splash of Perspiration.

Finally, the weary conductor took a hand, pried the lady off the fat man's feet and got them both steered inside the car. Peace began to reign. At least, I thought it was peace, but my only consolation was the perspiration trickling off the passengers' faces and hitting the floor with sibilant splash.

Mercury Goes Up and On Up.

In the meantime, the temperature kept going up, and up, and the air kept getting scarier, and scarier, and scarier. Still the car kept stopping with a jerk and starting up again with a yank till the crowd in the aisle made me feel like the egg in a silver tin lizz just as the barkeeper goes through with the shaker.

I began to feel queer in the pit of the stomach, just as if I'd hooked hooky and was coming home at 6 o'clock and knew teacher had seen me. Reeling up into the crush of sticky, panting people I started fighting my way to the rear door, that being nearer to me.

I got jabbed in the ear with a hatpin and poked in the ribs with an umbrella handle. I was rolled and twisted and squeezed past folks with fiery red faces. One lady's pound of butter escaped and spread itself neatly between my shoulder and another man's back. I stepped on my own feet and a lot of other feet.

I'd never seen before and wouldn't ordinarily have had a thing to do with, and when, at last, I gained the glass partition leading to the rear door, I found freedom and fresh air.

"CONVENIENT AND COMFORTABLE" RIDING



A FIRELESS COOKER

The above cartoon was submitted to The Times for publication in connection with its campaign for open street cars on those lines which now use closed cars in hot weather.

The Times has decided "it was good enough to print," and also has arranged a contest for the purpose of obtaining from the public other evidences of the state of its feelings on the closed car issue.

The Times offers a prize of \$10 for the best cartoon on the closed car question. The award will be based on the cleverness and appropriateness of the idea as well as upon the character of the drawing itself.

This amateur will have as good a chance as anybody to win the prize. Your theme is original and tells the story in an effective way, the fact that your execution may be faulty will not necessarily bar your work from consideration.

The best of the cartoons submitted will be printed from day to day and the contest will close Saturday evening at 6 o'clock.

The winning cartoon and the name of the winner will be printed one week from today.

Director sketched me to go back and leave by the front end of the car.

The Acme of Suffering.

That's where I gave up the ghost. I realized then that I was going through to the top of the line. When I looked upon the faces of those palpitating creatures whose clothing I'd almost rubbed off getting to the rear of the car I didn't have the heart to undertake to fight my way back.

I settled myself with as much comfort as possible in the small of the back of the man next to me and gasped for breath.

Above the heads of the passengers I thought I detected steam spirals floating, almost motionless in the dead calm. Uncertain heat waves radiated about those portions of persons visible to the eye.

Once beautiful women, their hats askew, their brows damp, their lips dry and feverish, cast wistful, pitying glances from window to window, vainly hoping that a trembling bow or feather would reveal the presence of a breeze.

The breezes, however, "weren't on the job." Probably they thought that mass sweating humanity was far enough to be riding for pleasure and didn't realize the travelers had merely taken what they hoped would prove the lesser of two evils—ride home in a closed car instead of on shank's mare. Anyway, Mr. Breeze "threw us down hard."

Prize For a Full Car.

Some day I'm going to offer a string of beads and a nickel-plated bicycle to the person who can prove that he ever saw a Washington street car on a hill that wouldn't hold any more, and I'll bet right now that when the contest is over I'll still have the prizes.

I thought that car was full when we started out Fourteenth street, but the conductor held up his hand and said, "Right now that when the contest is over I'll still have the prizes."

That car kept picking up more and more people all the time, and it kept getting hotter and hotter.

At S street I resolved never to fear the heat. No matter what the next world has in store for me, it can't be any worse than that ride on the Fourteenth street car.

At Chapin street I began to see things "as through a glass, darkly." I wouldn't have been surprised if I had seen the back of a seat. My head was swimming and the perspiration puddles about my feet had become so deep that the Hudson was complete.

Thoughts of Torture.

I thought I was swimming, submerged, in a tank of boiling water, filled to the brim with other luckless humans. I threw up my arms. I tried to shout, but my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth. My past life spread out before me like a great picture, and I realized, even in my suffering, that the only thing I'd ever done that I'd be ashamed of was to embark on that fatal Fourteenth street car ride.

When I regained consciousness the car was slowing up for the end of the line. It stopped with a jerk, and I cursed the great instrument of torture. I cursed the motor, and I cursed the conductor. I cursed the company. Then I took a long, deep breath of fresh air, and started back to the city on foot.

Never, Never Again.

Never again for me. I can ride the plains on a cow pony with the thermometer 110 in the shade, and never feel it.

I can stoke the fires in an Atlantic liner when men drop over every five minutes from exhaustion. I can live without water seven days in a desert.

I'd be willing to hike around the world through the very middle of the tropics.

I've even spent a summer in St. Louis and an August in Manila, but I'm an old, old man, doddering along in my second childhood, infirm and mentally incompetent, before I ever tackle another one of those up-date fireless cookers on wheels.

I'm thankful that I live on the Georgetown line, where they run open cars. That distant and mythical time, the "old day in July," must be the time against which the traction company laid in its supply of summer torment. It's the only day those cars will ever do their duty by the public—and we do live in Washington.

ONE OF MANY.

CLOSED CARS BRING SCOPES OF LETTERS

People Protest Against Imposition Said to Be Practiced on Them.

(Continued from First Page.)

Pleasant. I wrote to the District railway commission several months ago complaining about the dilapidated condition of all cars run on this line. The closed cars are the most uncomfortable in the city and have been repaired and painted to try and fool the public, to keep them satisfied about the little open cars which are entirely worn out and would positively be a disgrace to a country side.

The companies impose these cars on the residents of this section because there are no organizations to kick and otherwise complain about them. As I said before, all these cars are in such bad condition that the noise they make is positively sickening to a nervous person. I have had tenants along this line threaten to vacate, and other people say they could not stand the awful racket they make.

The companies should be compelled to put on modern cars in the summer with wire gratings up to about the top of a person's head when sitting down, and aisles in the center with seats on each side of the aisles, according to the law over two persons. I was informed some time ago that these little open cars used to be run in the city, but the people complained about them so much that they put them on the Mt. Pleasant line.

The winning cartoon and the name of the winner will be printed one week from today.

Washington, D. C. July 3, 1910.

To the District Railway Commission:

I am a regular patron of the Capital Traction Company. I am put to great inconvenience by the action of the Capital Traction Company in using closed cars over that line during the hot weather.

I hereby make formal complaint that the Capital Traction Company is not furnishing me "convenient and comfortable transportation," and I request the District Railway Commission to conduct an investigation with a view of compelling the Capital Traction Company to operate more open cars on my line when the weather is such that closed cars are inconvenient and uncomfortable.

Name: O. C. W. WHITE, 115 F street northwest.

CALLS IT IMPOSITION

To the Editor of the Washington Times. I wish to add to the enclosed complaint that I think the service rendered by the car companies of this city during the hot weather is the greatest piece of imposition ever perpetrated on the public. There seems to be no thought tending to the comfort of the patrons of these companies, but there is no lack of glaring signs as to what the companies are doing to the benefit of the car company.

Things have reached a point where it is absolutely necessary to compel the Washington Railway and Electric Company to run open cars and to run them on a double schedule.

MISS MARGUERITE M. LISTON, Fourth and Savannah streets, Congress Heights.

HIS PROTEST IS ADDED

To the Editor of the Washington Times. I want to thank you for the noble fight you are making in behalf of the people of the city against the injustice of the street car service.

The Times has always fought for the people's rights on every subject that affects them, and I trust that it is duly appreciated. At any rate, it is a great work you are doing for Washington, and if human nature was as prone to render thanks for the benefits received as it is to criticize mistakes, you would be flooded with letters of thanks and congratulations. I want to add my protest against the Fourteenth street line of the Capital Traction Company.

W. B. HENDERSON.

EXCURSIONS BARRED

To the Editor of the Washington Times. Closed cars means no summer excursion rides to Chevy Chase for me and my family.

C. C. NORTH, 1400 N street northwest.

"DISGRACE TO THE CITY"

To the Editor of the Washington Times. I hereby wish to call your attention to the condition of affairs on the Anacostia line, which is a disgrace to the city of Washington.

The patrons of this line have the convenient and comfortable transportation enjoyed by the patrons of other lines in the city.

Leaving my office at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, I am compelled to wait eight to ten minutes for an Anacostia car, which, when it finally arrives, is a closed car and packed to the doors.

LOCAL MENTION

A Domestic Eye Remedy. Comounded by Experienced Physicians. Conforms to Pure Food and Drugs Laws. Wins friends wherever Used. Ask Druggists for Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine in Your Eyes. You Will Like Murine. Doesn't smart.

Carpenter Work—All Kinds. C. D. Collins, 719 15th st. n.w.

Caverly's plumbing, 131 G St. N. W.

Do You Demand Open Cars?

Today's mail brought in another flood of closed-car protests.

As stated in The Times Friday and Saturday, these protests are desired for presentation to the District Railway Commission, which has asked for specific complaints of public dissatisfaction.

The Times is offering you a chance to make formal complaint.

A great batch of protests has been received, but more are desired. The commission will meet again Wednesday, and The Times wants to be in position to turn over to it such an array of evidence against closed cars that it will be forced to make an investigation.

Do you want closed cars on your line?

If you do, fill in the accompanying form and send it to The Times.

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Name: O. C. W. WHITE, 115 F street northwest.

Address: O. C. W. WHITE, 115 F street northwest.

(Note—Fill out and send to The Washington Times.)

Why, a Turkish bath his a summer home compared to the crowded, foul-smelling, abominable condition of these closed cars on a summer day. If the District Railway Commission only lived on this side of the Eastern Branch for one day, it would have all the substantial reasons necessary to compel the Washington Railway and Electric Company to run open cars and to run them on a double schedule.

MISS MARGUERITE M. LISTON, Fourth and Savannah streets, Congress Heights.

against the closed car system. Please assure the District Railway Commission that the cause of humanity calls for speedy action. Many stay in the parks or at home rather than be in a closed car, and, after hearing the opinions of many, with but one dissenting voice, we write to urge the early use of open cars. We thank you for your interest in the matter.

S. D. WHITE, 215 Ninth street southwest.

CHEERS DESERVED

To the Editor of the Washington Times. I do hope your laudable effort on the part of the public's convenience in these closed cars on the Fourteenth street line of the Capital Traction Company will result favorably.

You serve three cheers and a tiger for your sturdy persistence.

SAMUEL R. STRATTON.

ONE DISSENTING VOICE

To the Editor of the Washington Times. We, the suffering people of Washington, thank you for lifting your voice against the closed car system.

CHARLES E. WILL, 1211 Pennsylvania avenue.

STEWING ON STRAPS

To the Editor of the Washington Times. Accept our congratulations and thanks for leading off in the fight against the street car abuse.

Freezing in winter and stewing and parboiling in the summer while hanging to straps and being elbowed and jostled from the beginning to the end of one's trip are growing monotonous.

Were the companies poverty-stricken car users bright still suffer in silence, but it is known that they are not. I trust The Times will continue its agitation until the existing intolerable condition is remedied.

CHARLES E. WILL, 1211 Pennsylvania avenue.

Excursions Barred

To the Editor of the Washington Times. Closed cars means no summer excursion rides to Chevy Chase for me and my family.

C. C. NORTH, 1400 N street northwest.

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Caverly's plumbing, 131 G St. N. W.



Never Mind That Soiled Spot

W. H. FISHER will clean waist or skirt to perfection

My method of cleaning is above the ordinary and my prices are as low as is consistent with the high class of work done. Besides, it's sanitary. Laces, Silks, Flannels, renovated, and the original luster brought out.

W. H. FISHER

Dyer and Cleaner. 709 9th Street N.W. Phone, Main 1152. The Best Dry-Cleaning Plant in Town.

Certain Articles of Jewelry

Make appropriate gifts for summer wear. We have large assortments of the following: Lavallieres for low neck dresses, solid gold, \$5 up; bracelets for short sleeve, solid gold, \$5 up; belt buckle for shirt waists, sterling silver, \$2.50 up; chainette sets and neck bags for pocketless dresses, \$2.50 and \$3 up.

R. HARRIS & Co., The Jewellers, Seventh and D Streets.

Make Your Home Attractive

Alabastine will do much to make your home beautiful. Its rich, soft, and velvety tints, which do not fade or change color, will set off your pictures and furnishings to the best advantage. Besides, it's sanitary.

5-lb. package will cover from 300 to 450 square feet. PRICE, 45c P.A.K.A.G.E.

Geo. Muth & Co. Formerly 418 7th St. Rynca's. 418 7th St.

A Good Refrigerator

Is a Blessing These Days. We Have Them as Low as \$4.98

R. E. BURKS Furniture & Floor Coverings 729-731 7th St. N.W.

Fresh Strawberry ICE CREAM

The Velvet Kind For Sale Almost Everywhere in Washington

CHAPIN-SACKS MFG. CO.

Silk Stripe Pongee Shirts

\$1.00 Regular \$1.50 Grade With Turned Back Collar

SOL HERZOG, The Clothes Shop, 807 Penna. Ave. N.W. High-grade Clothing and Furnishings

RUN DOWN SYSTEM

due to malarial conditions does more toward development of typhoid fever germ than contaminated water or milk supply. By the use of

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you will dispel the malarial poison from your system. Used successfully over 25 years. 50c. At all Drug Stores.

The Young Men's Store.

CLAS KAUFMAN & SON'S 433 Seventh St. N.W.

Sun Proof Serge Suits

\$14.95

ALL-WOOL GUARANTEED BLUE SERGE SUIT

the very finest Weave. A \$17.50 Suit—Our Special Price this week

Friedlander Bros., 9th and E Sts.

BLACK RAVEN SHOES FOR MEN

\$2.50 "Save You A Dollar"

Wm. Hahn & Co.'s Three Reliable Shoe Houses } Cor. 7th and K Sts. } 723 Pa. Ave. N.W. } 223 Pa. Ave. S.E.

Millinery at Great Sacrifices

Ten dozen Black and Burnt Ladies' "Chip Hats" in all grades just received; all styles; worth up to \$4.00; close out at..... 98c

Five dozen Ladies' Fine Trimmed Hats, in all colors; worth up to \$4.00; close out at..... \$1.98

Three dozen Ladies' Fine Trimmed Hats; worth up to \$10.00; close out at..... \$4.98

ALEXANDER FISHEL, BIRDES A. JACOBS MILLINERY—Not Connected With Any Other Store

"Remember the Number" 726 SEVENTH STREET N. W.

MAY BAR DISTRICT OF EIGHT PICTURES

The Rev. Dr. J. C. Ball Starts Crusade Against Exhibition Here.

(Continued from First Page.)

our greatest national holiday," the Rev. Dr. Ball continued, "and it is betting that we pause and take stock of ourselves. Among our many failures there is one glaring evil that stands out before the world an against which we desire to cry aloud in our agony—that brutal fight—crime man becomes lower than a beast and pulls down the whole social structure of our land.

"This may be sensationalism. If it be, then I wish that from every pulpit there might go out a denunciation of the evil and from every heart this might go up a prayer to God to make bare His arm and prevent this disgrace to our nation.

"This contemplated fight is a fourfold sin—it is against God, the nation, society, and the home.

Newspaper Effect.

"What is to be the effect of the newspaper accounts of this battle? What shall we say of the morning paper that advertises a week in advance that this fight is to be written up by a noted literary genius, and the story told in detail? Simply that a greater disgrace could not be written under; nor any paper sustain.

"But worst of all," the speaker went on, "is that we are to suffer night after night in our music hall pictures depicting the infamous scene in all its ignominy. Is there no help?"

"Verily there is. The good people of this National Capital will arise up in arms and petition our Commissioners that no pictures of the fight be allowed in its boundary, and I will start the fight and will be protected."

In closing Dr. Ball sounded the warning that if the battle occurs and the colored man wins, it will be unsafe for women and children on the streets at night, for race harmony will be endangered.

A large audience congratulated Dr. Ball on his sermon, and several members of the Young Women's Christian Association volunteered to help him in the work of abolishing fight pictures in the District.

PREACHER ASSAILS RENO PRIZE FIGHT

BALTIMORE, Md., July 3.—A sensational attack on the big Reno fight was made here this morning at Brantley Baptist Church, by the Rev. Henry W. Wharton, one of the leading evangelists in his denomination, in the course of his sermon on "The Fourth of July."

"The Fourth is to be celebrated in the West by the most brutal performance that has blackened the annals of our country—the Jeffries-Johnson prizefight. And the worst of it all is that the whole civilized world will stand on tiptoe, straining eyes and bated breath to watch the result. To the credit of our great country be it said that the promoters of this fight have had a hard time to find a place to 'sell it'."

"Another unfortunate phase of this fight is that it stirs up bad blood between the white and black races. It is bad for our nation and of course we are not surprised that the colored people are being urged by their man to win and the white men are swearing that theirs will."

"Only evil can result from this prize fight. It is bad for our nation and will do more damage than a dozen earthquakes or a score of cyclones. It should be the last and it will be. You can trust Christian America to put an end to it forever."

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