

CONVERSATIONS WITH CASEY

HE EXPRESSES HIMSELF CONCERNING SAN FRANCISCO STREET CARS.



"THEY PACK 'Y' IN THE CARS TILLY 'INVY TH' SARDINE IN HIS COMMOSUS QUARTERS."

By Ben Blow

THE foot of Market street was thronged with people waiting more or less impatiently for the car that came not, when Casey strolled up to me puffing his pipe. "Whin in th' coorse av humin evnts," he said, "In twenty minits or wan hour or six weeks th' platial crvey'nice provided by th' graspin' trust arrives 'till git here." Then he grinned. "Are y' a member av th' roof riders union?" he said. "Kin y' perch on th' eaves av a street car, like a swally on a barn roof an' hold n by y'r toes? D' y' carry a can opener in y'r pocket so's y' kin move up front whin th' conductor hollers at y'? Av y' ain't an' y' can't an' y' don't y'r a disappointment t' th' blinvlint corporation that owns th' town. They slap y' on wan cheek an' th' gin abstin mindin' an' slap y' on th' same cheek agin. They pack y' in th' cars till y' invy the sardine his commosus quarters in th' can. They grab y'r money from y' wit' grim indifference t' y'r angulated screams av protest, an' th' conductor is compelled t' stand on y'r fut whin he cleets y'r fare.

an' th' other day on a Valencia street car whin I wuz imminitly sober I wuz whirled around four times inside av me clothes by th' mad rush av th' crowd. "Y' were? I says. "I wuz," he says. "Believe it 'r not an' no lie." "Y're a cousin av mine, I says t' him. "Wanst I made eight revolutions meself an' stopped on th' half lap. Whin I ceased whirlin', I says, 'me coat wuz but'ned up th' back an' me modesty prevents me sayin' anny more.' "Y'd think it couldn't git anny worse," he says, but it's deliberately deder'ratin' ivery day. "It is," I says. "Th' iniquity av th' manigmit is stupinjus an' th' hunger av th' squid grows each day more raymoreless."

past me while I slept. From Billy Goat hill t' Hunters Point an' from th' Ferry railing and not necessary whin it ain't. An' th' worst part av ut, I says, 'is th' bulidin' t' th' windmills on th' beach y' hear indignat squawls av protest from an oppressed public that may howl but must ride, an' ride they do in th' most discrepable apollgyies fr public cr'veyances that ever wandered round wit' weary groans. "G'on!" he says. "I're doin' noble; keep it up!" "Av I had th' gifted pin av E. P. E. Troy, I says, 'or th' wagglin' tongue av Willy Bryan, I might tackle wan little hind beeler av th' Octypus wit' some hopes av makin' it wince, but it's tanned in its iniquity an' pickled in its sin an' th' Lick telescope couldn't locate its soul at a distance av four feet." "Horrible," he says, "y' make me shiver, but g'on."

"Y' couldn't choke me off," I says t' him. "It has ceased bein' an abstract disciplinatin wit' me an' blossomed out into a deadly imity. I have rode on th' roof whin it wuz rarin' an' I have been an inside sardine whin the day wuz sweeterin' wit' heat. I have clung wit' me few hairs wavin' in mortal terr' t' th' windy posts on th' rarin' and not necessary whin it ain't. An' th' worst part av ut, I says, 'is th' bulidin' t' th' windmills on th' beach y' hear indignat squawls av protest from an oppressed public that may howl but must ride, an' ride they do in th' most discrepable apollgyies fr public cr'veyances that ever wandered round wit' weary groans. "G'on!" he says. "I're doin' noble; keep it up!" "Av I had th' gifted pin av E. P. E. Troy, I says, 'or th' wagglin' tongue av Willy Bryan, I might tackle wan little hind beeler av th' Octypus wit' some hopes av makin' it wince, but it's tanned in its iniquity an' pickled in its sin an' th' Lick telescope couldn't locate its soul at a distance av four feet." "Horrible," he says, "y' make me shiver, but g'on."

"I see a Haight street car wit' only 19 happy, singin' people on th' roof this mornin' at 6:15, instid av twinty, as they shud have been," says a straw boss t' th' superintindint. "Horrible," says th' superintindint, an' y' kin see his forehead bulge with raymore. "Five cents gons t' hell," he says. "Just fr that I'll take off wan car on Turk street, three cars on Eddy an' sivin on Haight an' rayjuce th' expines av this company by th' wages av 44 mln t' make up fr th' nickel we lost. An' don't never let it occur agin," he says, wit' baleful scowls. "Don't lver let me hear av an unoccupied nook or cranny th' size av a guinny pig's tail on anny car at anny time." "An' th' in," I says, "the thurly dispirited San Francisco public compresses itself an' draws in its stumpleck and crowds into the rayjuiced number av cars, usin' its mout' fr a purse fr the car fare, hopeless av iver gettin' enough arm movemint t' dig up a nickel whin th' conductor says its y'r money or y'r life."

"Y'r conversation is highly unintelligible," he says, "but it sounds good; g'on!" "I'd do that," I says, "wit' ceaseless diligince fr wan year an' not relate wan tith av th' iniquity av th' United Railroads av this town. They have nather sense n'r declincy. They have th' goldin' goose an' they're experimentin' wit' a view of deprivin' it av wan year's supply of unlaid eggs. They have a grafted franchise an' they clutch t' it like Misher Eliza Biggy hung on t' Abe Ruef."

"Th' cr'veyances they supply th' desprit public wit' wud make Tacoma groan in its sleep, t' th' first city on th' whole coast. Y' see crippled streetcars hobblin' in every direction but th' wan y' wish t' go. Av there's a bit av th' track that hasn't got a low joint on it I have missed it on me travels through the town. Av there's a car in th' service that ain't poundin' along on a flat wheel it has slipped

port an' th' starboard sides av th' s'loon deck. I have pursued cars fr miles wringin' me hands in anguish an' hollerin' me throat hoarse fr a low on th' trolley rope, an' the only experience that I niver did have an' that I niver expect t' have, an' that I niver will have, is t' see an empty seat. Av they have wan car washer on th' pay roll he has strict orders not t' wash anny cars. The windy glasses are left caked wit' mud fr the purpose av o'ncleatin' from a tinder hearted public the panjemonium av the inmates. Th' floors av th' cars are not swept, owin' t' th' tremenjous xpluse incidental t' th' purchase av wan broom, an' the leaky roofs are not mended fr the reason that it's too wet whin it's



"ARE Y' A MEMBER OF TH' ROOF RIDERS UNION?"

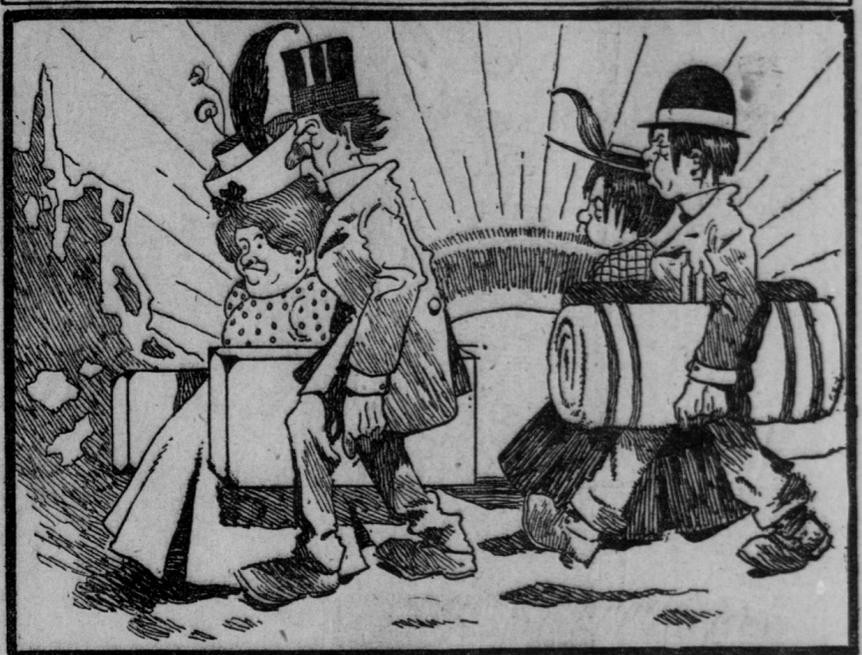
"HOPELESS AV IVER GETTIN' ENOUGH ARM MOVEMINT T' DIG UP A NICKEL"

Embroideries on Silk
ONE of the latest ideas for the amateur needle woman is the use of silk instead of linen as a background for her embroidery. Table covers, cushions and all the usual articles on which women expend handwork of this sort are now being made of silk and trimmed with the daintiest embroidery. The latest sofa pillows are of moire silk with delicate designs in French embroidery. These designs are carried out in baby ribbon in chenille and embroidered silk, being further supplemented by delicate jewel work and the use of gold thread and sequins. Gros grain and taffeta silk are also used for sofa pillows, picture frames, mirror frames, work boxes, needle books, dressing table fittings, candle shades, etc. A favorite combination of colors for all these purposes includes the use of very pale green, with the pompadour shade in pink, lavender and blue. Very pale yellow is also

used as a background for the embroideries and is particularly effective when gold thread is to be employed. Rose pink and pale gray are other shades suitable for the same purposes. One of the necessary items of an up to date dressing table is the hatpin holder. This may be most attractively made of moire silk, trimmed with linen flowers and with embroidery in gold cord. One such hatpin holder was cylindrical in shape. The silk was put on plain, with a little founce around the bottom and another beyond the top. The top of the holder was covered with a gilt network suitable for holding the pins. The cord embroidery encircled the holder and the cords were tied in a bow at one side toward the top. The ribbon flowers stood out in a ruffle around the top of the holder. Waste baskets for use in drawing rooms or bedrooms are also made of the moire gros grain or bengaline silk, put on plain and embroidered with garlands or wreaths of ribbon flowers, supplemented by cords and bows of gold cord

The Eskimo Couple

Who Froze In The Balmy United States.



AND SO THEY STARTED FOR CIVILIZATION.

By John G. Berry

ATAVILLA had caught a whale that netted him about \$2,000. The bone should have brought at least \$5,000, but Atavilla owed the trading company much money in the first place and he didn't know, as the traders did, that whalebone had gone up many hundred per cent in price during the last 10 years. The Rev. Arthur Jenkins and his wife had been in charge of the mission at the village where Atavilla and Tabalok, his wife, made their home. Having paid off his indebtedness to the trading company Atavilla was at liberty to leave the settlement, and it occurred to the missionary that here was a splendid chance for him to return to the States and, at the same time make some money by lecturing on Alaska, with the Eskimo family for drawing cards.

That they live only along the coasts is due mainly to the fact that they can get food there more easily than in the interior. But their traditions, even to this day, tell of the dangers that lie beyond the mountain ranges toward the interior, dangers terrible and indefinable. It looks as if there were once a time when the danger was real, when it consisted of real Indians with bows and arrows and spears and tomahawks. Had they dressed in their fur clothing, they would have been followed on the city streets by crowds of the curious. But the supposed Japanese excited little if any comment. Going across the continent, our Eskimo sheep in the white wolf's clothing were a never ending source of delight to the other passengers on the train. Nothing could equal the hauteur of their bearing as they strutted up and down in front of the blanketed Indians who came to the train to trade with the travelers. The lecture tour began in the New England states in the dead of winter. People were very considerate toward the two Eskimos, whom they looked upon as their guests. In order that Atavilla and Tabalok should not suffer from the heat and to make them feel entirely at home and schoolhouses and churches where the lectures were held were kept at so low a temperature that the Eskimos shivered in their fur clothing. The lecturer attracted attention sprang from the same feeling of humanity which prompts the showman to put a cake of ice in the polar bear's cage.

house, where they would be comfortable so soon as the first chill wore off. They had lost all hope of comfort in the United States, for the good people to whom Mr. Jenkins lectured were as considerate of these arctic dwellers in their home as in their churches. Some family in each community volunteered to take them in and provide for them during their stay. A family that undertook to provide for the Eskimos for a couple of days invariably undertook also a policy of shivering self denial. In all that lecture tour Atavilla and Tabalok met with no warm room. Bed clothing, even, was insufficient. It would never do to overheat these coldblooded children of the arctic ice. The aforesaid children after a while circumvented this misguided consideration by hauling the mattress to the floor and sleeping under it. After this their lot was slightly less desolate, because they felt they could get partially warm after going to bed. For two long, cold, dreary months Atavilla and Tabalok toured the country. They took no pleasure in traveling. Scarcely anything interested them. All the people that they met were strangers and all were in one great conspiracy to freeze them to death.

Even if the lecturing didn't pay the cost of the trip Atavilla and Tabalok would have a chance to travel and see sights that would more than compensate them for the outlay of money. It might also have a marked effect on the ultimate civilization of Alaska if the wonders of the white man's world should be brought home to the native inhabitants by their own people. So the plan was proposed to Atavilla. That worthy gentleman promptly responded: "No good. House fall in, Dogs die, Boat peechuck." Meaning that the malamute dogs of the village would take the first opportunity to chew up the walrus skin umiak, which was his whaleboat, if he were not there to drive them away. Argument was useless. He preferred, as expressed in his fluent English: "Stay home. Buy hootch. Good time."

The audience also suffered from the cold. But they were thus enabled to follow with more intelligent understanding the descriptions of the speaker when he told of the terrible hardships of the arctic winters. As a matter of fact, fully as much snow falls in our eastern states as in arctic Alaska. It is not quite so cold in New York or New England, but when the thermometer falls below zero, Fahrenheit, it makes very little difference whether it goes to 30 degrees below or to 60.

To be sure, the winter in arctic Alaska begins in October and continues through May, while the melting ice floes go floating past until September, when they begin to freeze again. In the northern part of the United States, however, the winter begins in December and ends in the middle of April. For the rest of the year the ice goes by only in carts, and it costs so much that only the rich are affected by it. Rev. Mr. Jenkins described the long sledge journeys which are made by the dwellers in the arctic, where 200 mile trips over the snow covered tundra are not considered at all remarkable. He told how the natives break trail for the dogs, while others run behind the sledges to steer them, so that riding on a dog sled is like the job of the tramp who volunteered to work his passage on a canal boat and was set to driving the mules.

On the way down to Unalaska the Eskimos were quartered in the cockpit of the Cub, the Bear's steam launch which was lashed in her cradle on the hurricane deck. They made the place warm by fastening up blankets, so as to exclude every particle of air, and were very comfortable. Wood is scarce in the Arctic and coal is too expensive to burn. Hence the Eskimo closes every cranny of his hut and lives in an atmosphere of warm, almost hot, carbonic acid gas. The fact that a great number of them die each year of tuberculosis is ascribed to malarious spirits. And it is difficult to make them understand that a draft of air can be a devil killer.

At Unalaska they were transferred to an ocean steamer, where they had a room with steam heat. They didn't have to close this one up tightly. But they turned on the steam and kept it on, so that they lived in a temperature of about 110 degrees Fahrenheit and were happy. Tabalok had expected to find the streets of San Francisco paved with gold. They were, but she didn't know it. Yet she was delighted with everything she saw, but Atavilla received new impressions with a stolidity that was proof against any surprise. The one thing that charmed him was the discovery, immediately developed, that there was so far as he could see, no gold in the state of California which prevented the sale of liquor to "native inhabitants" or to anybody else.

And the Eskimo and his wife drew their stools still closer to the fire, while a beatific smile of content spread over their faces. "What do you think of the United States, Atavilla?" I asked. "Damn cold place. Me freeze, Tabalok freeze. Missionaries freeze. Everybody freeze," answered Atavilla comprehensively. "And the Eskimo and his wife drew their stools still closer to the fire, while a beatific smile of content spread over their faces. "What do you think of the United States, Atavilla?" I asked. "Damn cold place. Me freeze, Tabalok freeze. Missionaries freeze. Everybody freeze," answered Atavilla comprehensively.

Atavilla and Tabalok, shivering in their furs, wished that they might be permitted to run around the cold hall in order to get warm. As they heard the hardship of the trail described they longed to be back in Alaska enduring them, because they knew they could always build a warm little snow

The minister was not used to metropolitan audiences, any way. He felt that his lecture field was in the small villages. He knew them. Before drifting into the missionary branch of his profession his few pastorate had been in the country and the small towns. The two Eskimos attracted little attention in their travels. Dressed in the clothing of western civilization, they looked as much like Japanese as anything else. Their ancestors, in all probability, lived originally on the Asiatic shore, and were gradually driven farther and farther into the north and across Bering straits by races more numerous and more warlike than they.



ONLY THE RICH CAN AFFORD ICE.