SEEING LIFE *with* JOHN HENRY

By George V. Hobart

John Henry on the Street Car

MY friend, Hep Hardy, presented me with a neat little gold hammer day before yesterday. Why, I don't know.

But now that I have it I might as well use it.

Every time I hop into one of those roomy, comfortable street cars in a city of the second, third or even fourth class I immediately contrast it with the wood boxes we use in New York, and I find myself growing red in the face and biting my nails.

Those Squeezer cars that prowl the streets of New York are surely the breathless limit, aren't they?

The Squeezer car is the best genteel imitation of a rough-house that has ever been invented.

They are called Squeezers because the conductor has to let the passengers out with a can opener.

Brave and strong men climb into a street car, and they are full of health and life and vigor, but a few blocks of the road they fall out backward and inquire feebly for a sanitarium.

To ride on a Broadway street car, for instance, about eight o'clock of an evening brings out all that is in a man, including a lot of loud words he didn't know he had.

The last census shows us that the street cars in the city of New York have more ways of producing nervous prostration and palpitation of the brain to the square inch than the combined population of Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Tinkerdam and Gotterdammerung.

To get in some of the street cars about six o'clock is a problem, and to get out again is an assassination.

One evening recently I rode from Forty-second street to Fifty-ninth street without once touching the floor with my feet.

Some of the New York street cars lead a double life, because they are used all winter to act the part of refrigerators.

It is a cold day when we cannot find it colder in the street cars.

The germs in our street cars are extremely sociable and will follow a stranger all the way home.

Often while riding in the New York street cars I have felt a germ rubbing against my ankle like a kitten. Being a gentleman, at least superficially, I did not reach down and kick it away, because the law says we must not be disrespectful to dumb brutes.

Many of these street cars are built on the same general plan as a can of condensed milk.

When you get out you cannot get in, and when you get in you cannot get out, because you hate to disturb the strange gentleman that is using your knee to lean over.

Between the seats there is a space of two feet, but in that space you will always find four feet, and their owners, unless one of them happens to have a wooden leg.

Under ordinary circumstances four into two won't go, but the Squeezer cars defy the laws of gravitation.

A Squeezer conductor can put twenty-six into nine, and still have four to carry.

For a man with a small dining room the Squeezer car has its advantage, but when a stout man rides in them he finds himself supporting a lot of strangers he never met before.

One morning I jumped on one of those Squeezers feeling just like a two year old, full of health and happiness.

During the first seven blocks three men, fresh from a distillery, grew up in front of me and removed the scenery.

One of them had to get out in a hurry, so he kicked me on the shins to show how sorry he was to leave me.

One of the other two must have been in the distillery a long time, because pretty soon he neglected to use his memory and sat down in my lap.

When I remonstrated with him, he replied that this is a free country, and if he wished to sit down I had no business to stop him.

Then his friend pulled us apart, and I resumed the use of my lap.

During the next twenty blocks I had one of the worst daylight nightmares I ever rode behind.

The party who had been studying the exhibits of the distillery became obsessed with the idea that my foot was the loud pedal on a piano and he started to play the "Blue Danube Waltzes."

That man was such a hard drinker that he gave me the gout just from standing on my feet.

Then I jumped off and swore off and swore at and walked home.

If the man who invented the idea of standing up between seats in a Squeezer is alive he should have a monument.

My idea would be to catch him alive and place a monument on him, and have the conductor come around every ten minutes for his fare.

I've been up and down and over and across in the surface cars and my experience is ornamented by ripped trousers and discolored shins, but my intellect blows out a fuse every time I try to dope out the real way not to be an End-Seat Hog.

Last Monday I jumped at an early-bird open-face car and it seemed that all the world was filled with joy and good wishes.

I was smoking one of those Bad Boy cigars. I call it a Bad Boy cigar because as soon as it goes out it gets awful noisy.

The car was empty with the exception of a couple of benches.

Two blocks farther on the car stopped and a stout lady looked over the situation.

I think she must have been color blind, because she didn't see the empty seats and decided to cast her lot with me.

It was a terrific moment.

"John," I said to myself, "don't be a Hog—move over!"

And virtue triumphed.

I moved over, and the stout lady settled squashfully into the end seat.

Her displacement was about fifteen cents' worth of bench.

After we had gone about ten blocks more every seat in the car in front and behind us was crowded, but nobody could get in our section because the fat lady held them at bay like Horatius held the bridge in the brave days of old.

People would rush up to the car when it stopped, balance carelessly fore and aft until their eyes rested on the vacant seats in our direction, and then they would see the stout lady sitting there, as gracefully as a concrete Sphinx.

The people would look at the stout lady with no hope in their eyes, and then, with a sigh, they would retire and wait for the next car.

No one was brave enough to climb the mountain which grew up between him and the promised land.

After a while I began to get a toothache in my conscience.

"John," I said to myself in a hoarse whisper, "perhaps after all you were the Hog because you moved over. After the lady had climbed over you she would have kept on to the other end of the bench where now there is nothing but a sullen space."

I began to insult myself.

"John," I exclaimed inwardly, "what do you know about the etiquette of the street car? According to the newspapers it is only a Man who can be a Hog on the street cars, and since you are the original cause of blockading the port when you moved over, you must be the Hog!"

Then I got so mad at myself that I refused to talk to myself any further.

The next day I was riding downtown on the end seat with my mind made up to stay there and keep the harbor open for commerce.

"Never," I said to myself, "never will anyone become a human Merrimac to bottle up the seating capacity of this particular bench while the blood flows through these veins and the flag of freedom waves above me."

At the next corner a very thin little gentleman squeezed by me with a look of reproach on his face, the like of which I hope never to see again, but I was Charles J. Glue and firm in the end seat.

Then a couple of Italy's sunny sons of the name of Microbeini and Germicide crawled over me and kicked their initials on my kneecap and then sat down to enjoy a smoke of domestic rope, which fell across my nostrils and remained there in bitterness.

After I had been stepped on, sat on, clawed at and scowled at for twenty minutes, I began to discuss myself to myself.

"John," I whispered, "do you really think that the general public appreciates your effort to keep the Harbor open?"

And then myself replied to myself with a sigh of exhaustion, "I don't think!"

"John," I said to myself, "no matter what your motives may be the other fellow will always believe you are trying to get the best of it. If you move over and give the end seat to another gentleman, he will consider it only as his right. If you don't move over he will think you are a Hog for keeping that which is as much yours as it is his."

I began to grow confidential with myself.

"Civilization is a fine idea, but Human Nature can give it cards and spades and then beat it out!" I told myself. "The Human Hog was invented long before the openface street car began to stop for him, and there isn't anybody living who should stop to throw stones at him, because selfishness is like the measles—it breaks out in unexpected places. All of us may not be Hogs, but there is a moment in the life of every man when he gets near enough to it to be called a Ham Sandwich."

Just then the Disinfecti brothers, Microbeini and Germicide, walked over me and I had a short but exciting visit to the slums.

Since that eventful day I have moved over thirty-six times, and out of the thirty-six people I gave the end seat to all but three of them belonged to the Mucilage family, and stayed there.

Therefore I made myself a severe promise not to worry any more about my Hog qualifications when movable or immovable on an openface car.

I will do as my conscience dictates, and walk downtown as much as possible.

And, speaking of street cars, I was in one of those cities recently where some of the cars stop on the near side of some of the streets and some stop on the far side of some of the streets.

Honestly, they had me in the air.

I left the hotel to attend to some business downtown and went over to the near side of the street to wait for a car.

When the car came along I held my thumb up in the atmosphere warningly, but the motorman kept on to the far side and stopped.

By the time I ran over to the far side he was gone again, and another car had stopped at the near side.

When I rushed back to the near side the car passed me going to the far side, and now the near side looked so much like the far side that I went back to the other side, which should have been the near side, but how could it be the near side when the car was on the far side, and I could not get near the side in time to catch the car before it was far away on the far side?

"Have the Conductor Come Around Every Ten Minutes for His Fare."

Just as I rushed back again to the far side the near side became the nearer side to catch the car, and when I rushed over again from the far side to the near side the nearer I got to the near side the clearer I could see that while the far side was far away it was nearer than the near side, which was always on the far side when I hoped to take a car on the near side.

Then I began to grit my teeth and made up my mind to anticipate the action of the next car by standing half way between the near side and the far side, so that I could run to either side the emergency called for.

I was standing there about a minute, much pleased with the idea, because the near side was about as far away as the far side, when just then an automobile sneaked up behind me and one of the forward turrets struck me on my personal far side and hoisted me over to the near side just as a car left for the far side.

I reached out my hand to grasp the far side step, but I missed it and caught the near side, and by this time the car was on the far side and the motorman grabbed the near side of the electric controller and pushed it over to the far side, whereupon the car started for El Paso, Tex., at a speed of about 3,000 miles a minute, and there I was with the near side of four fingers holding on to the far side of the step and the rest of my body sticking straight out in space like a pair of trousers on a clothesline in a gale of wind.

Then suddenly the near side of my fingers refused to hold on to the far side of the step, and with the near side of my face I struck the far side of the tracks, and the near side of my brain saw every individual star on the far side of the Universe.

Then I went back to the hotel and crawled into the far side of the bed while friend wife sent for a near-side doctor who lived on the far side of the block.

"Nobody Could Get in Our Section Bec ause the Fat Lady Held Them at Bay."

New Idea in Gymnastics.

Cliff-climbing has become tame sport for the students of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy. Sighing for a new method of testing the condition of the nerves, the physical instructor, W. Ward Beam, hit upon a decided novelty—crossing a river on a rope bridge.

The idea possessed one charm: the outfit was cheap and easily portable, for it consisted of two stout ropes and nothing more. One rope, according to the plan broached to the eager students and co-eds by the physical instructor, was to serve as a support for the foot, the other to balance the one who essayed to cross a river on this precarious foothold.

According to Mr. Beam, the object of the rope-walking is simply to harden the nerves of the students. We lack nerve, he says, chiefly because we never do anything to cultivate strength in that direction.

This novel form of gymnastics is now a part of the college curriculum and the women students are as expert at it as the men.

What He Meant.

The Sultan—I want to speak to you about the light of the harem.

Grand Vizier—The beautiful Fatima?

The Sultan—No, the gas bills. They're getting too high.—Boston Globe.

Not That Kind.

"Don't you think, my son, you need a tutor?"

"No, indeed, dad. That new auto horn of mine is a tooter that beats the road."

KEEPING BABY WELL

MATTERS OF GREATEST INTEREST TO EVERY MOTHER.

Care of Infant in City Much Greater Than in Smaller Places—Welfare Societies Have Done Excellent Work.

(Prepared by the Children's Bureau, U. S. Department of Labor.)

There is no doubt that the problems which arise in taking care of a baby in summer are more difficult for the city mother than for the one who lives in a village or in the country.

Overcrowded houses, lack of fresh air, of sunshine, and of open spaces for play and out-of-door life make very hard conditions under which to try to rear healthy children.

During the summer months in most of the larger cities there is an enormous increase in the number of sick babies, many of whom fail to survive this period. These well-known facts have led to the establishment all over the country of what are known as infant welfare and milk stations. These stations are rooms in charge of trained nurses and physicians, to which any mother who desires may bring her baby for help and advice in his care.

The object of these welfare stations is to keep the babies well, and to prevent illness by watching the babies closely and by teaching the mothers how to take care of them. If a baby is found to be sick the mother is referred to her own physician if she has one. If not, she is usually sent to a dispensary. The principal factor in keeping the baby well is to have him properly fed. Accordingly the physician who cares for the baby should direct this very carefully. If the mother has no physician, the station doctor will examine the baby and order a diet for him. The nurse will be glad to assist the mother in following out his directions, and will visit her in her home for this purpose.

These stations are sometimes maintained by the city and sometimes by a private society. The mother can find out the location of the station nearest her home from the papers, or by inquiring of the health officer.

The baby is weighed at each visit, and examined to see if he needs any special care. If so, the doctor explains this to the mother. The baby should be brought back to the station at regular intervals in order that the doctor and nurse can watch him. In this way much of the illness from which babies suffer can be prevented and mothers and babies spared a great deal of suffering.

The mother who is expecting the birth of a baby should go to the station about once a month during her preganacy for advice about herself. The doctor and nurse will tell her what food is best for her to eat, how to take care of the breasts and nipples, and help her to prepare for the baby's coming in the best way.

If she is suffering from any ailment, such as vomiting, varicose veins, headache or swollen feet, she may learn what to do for these troubles, and if she desires to go to a hospital for the birth the station doctor will probably be able to arrange the matter for her.

After the baby is born and the mother is up again, she may, if she chooses, send word to the station nurse, who will come to see her, now and then, until the mother is able to take the baby to the station again.

Mothers who are ill or worn out with the burdens of home, may find in a visit with the baby to such a station unexpected help in their problems. Some effort is made to teach mothers the rudiments of domestic science in the home, when this is needed.

Mothers especially who go out to work by the day, should try to send the baby to the station by a caretaker, for such babies need the welfare station's help even more than others.

If some member of the family is sick other than the baby and the baby is registered at the station, the nurses and doctors there will usually be able to advise her where and how to seek asistance.

These infant welfare stations are intended for the use of all mothers in the neighborhood who need help in the care of their babies, and no one needing it, should fail to avail herself of this opportunity.

Oil Cloth Table Mats.

Oil cloth table mats for the children will save many soiled table cloths. They can be made by taking either a square or an oblong of white linen, drawing threads and hemstitching all around. Sew on a back, making the finished article look very much like a pillow cover with one end open for the pillow. Into this slip a piece of oil cloth the size of the mat, and you will have a useful and attractive means of keeping the table neat. The child's initial embroidered in the center would add much to the beauty of the article.

Apricot Dainty.

Apricot dainty is one of the nicest apricot dishes I know. Pare and cut in halves a dozen ripe apricots. Arrange them on the bottom of a glass dish and sprinkle thickly with sugar. Let them stand for several hours, then sprinkle with chopped walnuts and rolled macaroons. Pour a rich boiled custard over them, and top with a meringue made of the whites of eggs. Flavor with almond. Stand in crushed ice and salt till very cold.—Exchange.

Dates and Cream for Breakfast.

Take about one-half pound of dates, cover with tboiling water, stir and separate them in the water with a silver fork, skim them from the water to an agate pan and set them in the oven for three or four minutes to dry off. Cut each date in halves and remove stone. Serve with cream.

To Keep Pies From Burning.

To prevent cakes, pies and other pastry from burning on the bottom, sprinkle the bottom of the oven with fine, dry salt, and your cake or pies will bake perfectly.

AMERICAN MARTYR TO SERBIAN TYPHUS

Grave of Dr. Ernest Magruder of the American Red Cross, who succumbed to typhus in Serbia. Standing at the grave are Dr. Samuel Hodge, his comrade, and his Serbian orderly.

RICH IN RESOURCES

Russia Faces Indefinite Future of Warfare Undismayed.

"The Most Powerful Country of the Future" Was Just Finding Itself When War Broke Out—Wealth Untouched.

Washington, D. C.—With the greatest wholesale destruction of treasure in all history taking place, with war-wrought economic losses piling up in such stupendous aggregates as no panic ever caused, the question as to how long each of the belligerents can stand the fearful strain upon its resources is becoming as important and fully as interesting as are any of those more stirring questions growing out of the purely military phase of the world-war. In a bulletin just issued, the National Geographic society sketches the pre-war economic condition of Russia, which, having expended $3,500,000,000, having lost hundreds of millions of dollars in foreign trade, and cities and provinces worth hundreds of millions more, is facing an indefinite future of warfare undismayed, confident. The bulletin reads:

"Commercial and industrial revolution were stirring in Russia before the war; the work of opening its magnificent domain was being rapidly carried forward; plans for developing its almost unlimited resources were in process of confident organization; modern cities were springing up like mushrooms in rich Siberia; textile, metal and other industries were laying firm foundations, and foreign trade had been brought up to about $1,500,000,000. What has been called 'the most powerful country in the future' was finding itself, and was preparing to enter upon the centuries of expansion that it will need to exhaust the possibilities of its boundless natural wealth.

"About two and one-half times larger than the United States, with an area of 8,650,000 square miles and a population of 170,000,000, which is increasing at the rate of 3,000,000 a year, Russia's natural resources resemble those of this country, and are proportionate. It has nearly 900,000,000 acres of forest—compared with the 544,400,000 acres of the United States—much of which, even now, is carefully administered, and which, one day, will be the world's first source of timber. It has 250,000,000 acres of land under cultivation, while this country has a cultivated area of about twice as great; but Russia can expand her farm lands twenty-fold and still leave virgin land to the future. It can become the granary and the stock farm of the world.

"Scarcely two score years have passed since Russia began with serious purpose the task of her internal development. Progress, during the first thirty years of this period was hesitant. In the last decade, however, it has doubled its foreign trade, of which 56 per cent is exports; still this foreign commerce is less than half that of the United States. But Russia before the war had scarcely begun to gather steam for the prosecution of her tasks. There remain hundreds of millions of acres of fat lands to be brought under the plow; tens of thousands of factory plants to build; rich mines to be opened; great railway and canal systems to be built; millions of home-builders to be moved into Siberia, the silver East of the czar's empire, and many millions of illiterates to be educated to a higher standard of life and efficiency.

"Russia is a vast storehouse of raw materials, and must for many years remain a purchaser of machinery and manufactured goods in increasing quantities. Yet the mills of Russia consume $130,000,000 worth of raw cotton annually, and Russian iron and steel rails have already found their way into competition in the markets of the world. Germany bought more from Russia than any other three countries, and sold to the Russians about half of all their imports. These two empires did a tremendous, thriving business with one another before the war, and a great stream of German capital flowed into the northern empire for investment. England, Holland, Austria-Hungary and Italy, in the order named, followed Germany in business with the Russians. German trade promotion was thoroughly organized throughout the land, and in Riga, Petrograd and Moscow names of thousands of German firms could be seen.

"Russia, as are but few other great nations, is self-sustaining in the matter of raw materials; but the Muscovite empire is dependent upon the factories of other lands for every step that it may take in the upward scale; it is even dependent upon foreign manufactures to maintain standards in its wide-sweeping territory as high as they are today. There is fabulous riches awaiting transmutation by Russian industry, but Russian industry has hardly passed the birth."

GLAD TO GET BACK

Maj. Gen. George W. Goethals, governor of the Canal zone, arrived in New York recently on board the S. S. Pastores. He said he would offer his resignation to take effect in November. Colonel Goethals is accompanied by his wife and son Thomas, and is here on a leave of absence to visit the Panama-Pacific exposition. The colonel expects to be put on the active army list, and if this is not possible, he will ask for his retirement with the rank of brigadier-general. He told newspaper men that he intended to visit the exposition as a private individual, and desired that no fuss be made about him by any of the officials. That Mrs. Goethals is anxious to leave the Canal zone permanently was shown by a remark she made shortly after the ship left quarantine and started for the pier: "I hope never to go back," she said.

STAND ON ANCIENT RIGHTS

Northwestern Indians Insist on Fishing Without Licenses According to Old Treaty.

Bellingham, Wash. — Attorney-General W. V. Tanner came here to confer with County Attorney W. P. Brown relative to issuing informations for the arrest of Indians for alleged illegal fishing, County Attorney Brown having declined to issue informations recently for the arrest of five Lummis who had been picked up by a deputy State fish commissioner. Mr. Tanner was advised that until cases now in the courts are settled one way or the other no more informations will be filed.

The Indians are defending their stand under the treaty of Territorial days, giving them the right to fish when and how they please on ancient and accustomed fishing grounds. The fish commissioner is attempting to compel the Indians to take out licenses.

Apparent Contradiction.

"She twists her husband around her little finger." "Why, I thought you said she had him under her thumb."—Baltimore American.

NEW ARMY IS FIT

French People Are Well Pleased With "Keecheenaires"

Bring a New Element Into Life at the Front in France—They Sing and Whistle as They March, Say the Peasants.

By FREDERICK PALMER.
(International News Service.)

British Headquarters, France.—The "Keecheenaires," as the French peasants call the new army, have joined "Tommee Akeens," the regular, and the "Tereetoreeals" at the front. Tommee begins to feel like the oldest inhabitant. By the way, he does not like to be called "Tommy," though the world persists in a word which is as objectionable to him as "Jacky" is to the American bluejacket.

The British regular did all the fighting for the first five months of the war. He had his jokes at the expense of the Territorials, who are about the same as our National Guard, when they arrived. The Territorials thought that they were made soldiers when the war broke out; but they were drilled some more and set to digging reserve trenches behind the line. In the spring they had their turn, and the Canadians, too.

"Don't be downhearted! There are still some Boches left!" the Territorials join the regulars in saying to the new army. Beside the new army the Territorials feel like G. A. R. men.

"It's kind of you! We knew that you could have killed them all off, if you had wanted to," the Kitcheners reply.

"Don't charge too fast! Wait for us to catch up!" call the regulars.

"We'll wait on the Rhine!" answer the new army.

Well named is the new army. It has brought a new element into life at the front. When I heard the tramp of a company past my window the other morning I guessed they were new army men by the peculiar vigor and precision of their tread on the pavement. They bore the stamp of long route marches over English roads and of the merciless formal training of the drill ground.

If the average old-timer of the trenches had to run five miles against the average new army man he would be blown half away and the new army man would trot past the goal an easy winner.

The other night when one heard some soldiers billeted in a barn singing one was certain without asking that they were new army men.

The British regular rarely sings in camp or on the march. Neither elated or depressed he plugs along doing his day's work. As the new army flows in he will be outnumbered but unchanged.

Those new army men were singing "God Save the King" before they lay down in the straw for the night in the land of France which was all so new and strange to them and so commonplace to the veterans. Their fresh young voices were pleasant to the ear.

"It is good. The Keecheenaires sing and whistle as they march," say the French peasants.

Everyone hopes they will keep on singing.

If there is any ornament which is obsolete at the front it is the sword.

The sword is the officer's symbol of authority; the sign that he is on duty. In place of it the officer at the front wears his sword belt. His sword along with countless other swords has been checked outside the cloakroom of war along with his umbrella which no one thinks of carrying at the front. You cannot tell him from the other officers except by his eagerness and his battalion insignia.

For ten months the new army had waited for its Mecca. Its soldiers have read all about the effects of modern shell fire. They know what they are in for. Learners, they came among experts expecting to be nagged a great deal as novices by the old hands, and except for the veteran regular's little jokes at their expense they have found everybody very kind.

"We need you—and there can't be too many of you," say the old-timers. "It's you who must finish the job which we have begun."

There are men in this new army who have incomes of ten thousand a year digging trenches beside a man who had not a shilling when he enlisted, university graduates taking their baptism of shell fire as privates who "pal up" with men who can hardly read and write.

"We like the Keecheenaires," said a Frenchman. "They are all classes shoulder to shoulder the same as in our army. Rich or poor, a man is nothing except the life he can give for his country.

THIS DOG CATCHES FISH

Water Spaniel Supplies the Needs of Owner and Neighbors in Indiana.

Aurora, Ind.—James C. Duggens, a farmer, who lives on the Laughery Creek, has a water spaniel that is noted along the stream for its method of catching fish. The dog has caught several hundred pounds during the last few months for its owner and his neighbors.

The dog dives into the water and soon appears with a fish in its mouth, and will repeat its diving for several hours at a time.

COPPER AS HARD AS STEEL

Maine Blacksmith Claims to Have Discovered Centuries' Lost Art of Tempering Copper.

Milbridge, Me.—James Walter Foss, the village blacksmith, sixty-seven years old, says he has discovered the centuries' lost art of tempering copper. He shows copper knives that will whittle long shavings from a hickory wagon spoke, and a copper draw shave that slices the knots in the toughest ash hoop pole. He cuts a mortise in an oak heart plank with a copper chisel and he has a copper razor which the village barber says is about the slickest tool he ever handled.

These tools were forged of discarded soldering coppers from the sardine cannery, bits of copper wire and an old copper kettle. They may be ground, whetted or honed like steel. Foss says he can make a copper file, or a copper hand saw, or anything with a cutting edge and of any degree of hardness.

He says that he hopes to get enough out of his discovery to spend his last days without work and then the world is welcome to it. He is sixty-seven years old and thinks he has worked long enough, but until he made his discovery it looked like years more of labor for him.

Lacrosse an Indian Game.

The game of lacrosse is of American origin and was introduced by Canadian Indians.