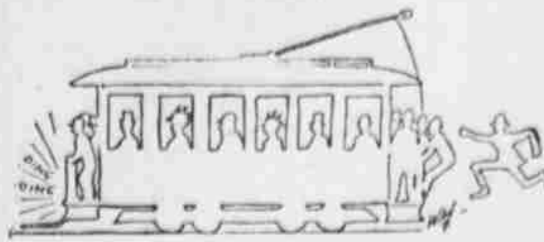


JOHN HENRY ON RAPID TRANSIT



BY GEO. V. HOBART, ("HUGH M'HUGH.")

Dear Bunch: 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 general imitation of a rough-house that has ever been invented.

The 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 up 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



Leaves the Rebellious Standing on a Corner.

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 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, Tinkersdam 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 I rode from Forty-second street to Fifty-ninth without once touching the floor with my feet.

Part of the time I used the outposts of a stout gentleman to come between me and the ground, and during the rest of the occasion I hung from a strap and swung out wild and free, like a Japanese flag on a windy day.

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

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

In Germany we find Germans in the cars, but in America we find germs.

That is because this country is young and impulsive.

The germs in the 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, but, being a gentleman, I did not reach down and kick it away because the law says we must not be disrespectful to the dumb brutes of the field.

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

The only difference is that the street cars have a sour taste, like a lemon-squeezer.

When you get out you cannot get in, and when you get in you cannot



The Germs Will Follow a Stranger All the Way Home.

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 26 into nine and still have four to carry.

The ladies of New York have started a rebellion against the squeezer cars, but every time they start it the conductor pulls the bell, and leaves the rebellious standing on the corner.

We are very nervous and careless people in New York. To prove how careless we are, I will cite the fact that Manhattan island is called after a cocktail.

This nervousness is our undoing

because we are always in such a hurry to get somewhere that we would rather take the first car and get squeezed into breathlessness than wait for the next, which would likely squeeze us into insensibility.

Breathlessness can be cured, but insensibility is dangerous without an alarm-clock.

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 evening I jumped on one of those squeezers feeling just like a two-year-old, full of health and happiness.

The thought of it makes me feel quite Tennysonian!

From Cortland street he proudly strode at supertime that day to take the elevated road which goes up Harlem way. He shook and shivered like the deuce, and then he sadly sighed, because the path was long and loose which led to Morningside.

He kissed the down-town girl he rushed, and said: "I know you'll miss me! but don't start weeping if I'm crushed; just kiss me, sweetheart; kiss me! 'Tis miles to go, long miles to go to where I do reside, and boogie men are in the cars that run to Morningside!"

Her eyes were like two stars that shine and sparkle through the rain; she sobbed: "Good-by, sweetheart of mine!"—he kissed his love again. "And should I not return some day to claim my blushing bride, you'll find me on the right of way twist here and Morningside!"

"Oh, Phyllis, I must pull up stakes this awful trip to make—hark! do you hear the broken brakes refuse to make a brake? Good-by, my love; good-by, my dove! on this I do decide; when airships come in use I'll take you up to Morningside!"

He found a car well loaded down with 50 souls or more to take the pathway through the town he'd taken off before. The guard upon his voice gave vent: "Ooftgoofteenooftevide!" then closed the gates and off they went, bound for Morningside.

Fat men sat down in ladies' laps they'd never met before; and sad and solemn-looking chaps exploded some



Genteel imitation of a Rough-House.

and swore. Some used the air to stand upon, the floor was occupied by 27,000 feet bound out for Morningside.

"I want my hat!" a small man cried in accents full of heat; and when to reach for it he tried, somebody swiped his seat. Ten thousand souls hung onto straps and did the slide-the-slide; the human laundry which at night hangs out for Morningside.

Beneath the car the third rail snaps and barks and tries to bite while those who hang around on straps turn over then turn white. It sighs for those and cries for those who in the coaches ride, and makes them wish they did not live far out at Morningside.

Where does the fat director ride who owns the iron road? With human sardines does he hide while homeward he is towed? Not on your life! a squeezer like that would surely hurt his pride; he takes the benzine buggy when he goes to Morningside.

The cars will crowded be to-night; there'll be another crush; for hunger waits on appetite and all must homeward rush, and stand like men to pay the debt monopolies provide on any road, on every road—including Morningside!

How about it!

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It is "O. K."

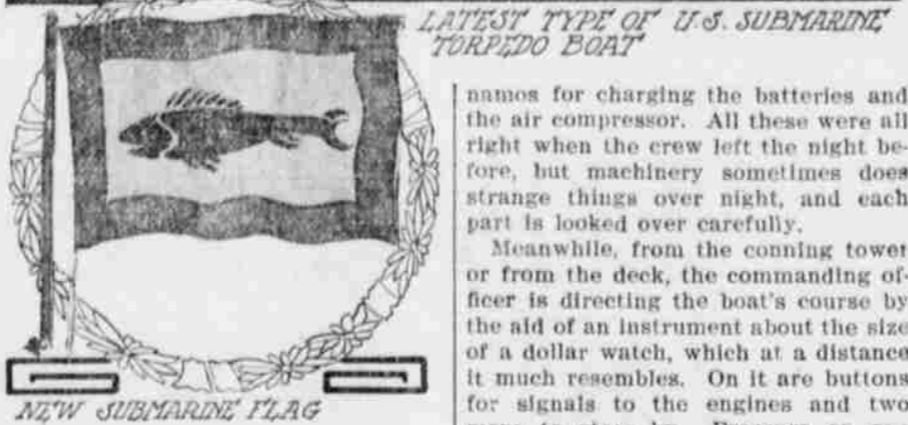
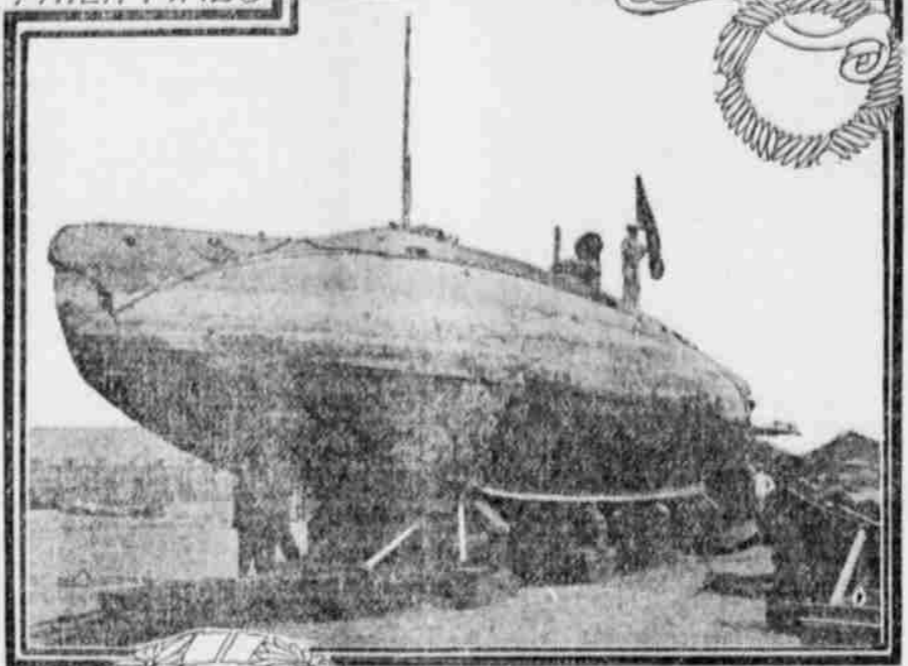
"O. K." was not long ago passed upon by a court in Illinois, and has received judicial sanction.

Two prominent manufacturing concerns had become involved in a disagreement which threatened legal complications. Their lawyers induced them to compromise their differences, and to append their signature to an agreement that was made mutually satisfactory and legally binding. In attestation of the facts in the case, the attorneys merely used the letters O. K., thinking the matter happily settled. Suddenly, however, one of the contestants brought suit to have the agreement annulled, on the ground that O. K. was a mere slang phrase, and hence not legally binding. But the court ruled that it undoubtedly gave that which is the universal conception and understanding, and was therefore correct, valid and legally binding upon the parties concerned.

In brief, it was O. K.—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

LONG VOYAGE FOR SUBMARINES

PROPOSED TRIP OF LITTLE CRAFT TO THE PHILIPPINES



LATEST TYPE OF U.S. SUBMARINE TORPEDO BOAT

The recent announcement that the navy department contemplates sending the submarines now at Buzzards Bay, Mass., to the far east on their own bottoms attracted a great deal of attention. That such a trip is practical is not for a moment doubted; indeed, it is pointed out that for a very considerable portion of such a trip the vessels could operate under their own power, resorting to the towline only in very bad weather or in the event of an engine becoming disabled.

With a well equipped parent ship as the *Castine* will be when the work now being done at Portsmouth is completed, such a trip would offer few more dangers than the trip from New York to Norfolk last winter, when for days officers and men went without rest and with no food save cold meat and bread and a few frankfurter sausages and coffee it was possible to cook on the tiny electric stove each boat is equipped with.

That trip ended with all hands nearly exhausted but ready to repeat the task after 24 hours' rest.

"I never really appreciated Josie Sadler's desire for 'a decent sleep,'" said one of the officers who made the trip, "until it was over."

On that trip what little sleep the men had was in cramped quarters, where the bare deck, and not much of that, was all that was available, and the cold made sleeping difficult, the lack of heating apparatus of any sort in the boats making the temperature about that of the water. One feature of that trip was a heavy snowstorm, and it is not thought probable much more severe weather would be met on the longer journey.

On the longer trip it would usually, at least, be possible for the men to be fed from and sleep on tenders when the boats were running under their own power. The tenders could also care for those who may be made sick by the gases from the gasoline engine. These fumes, or carbon monoxide, are deadly in their effect, and in short runs partially submerged when the gasoline motor is used it is not uncommon for men to be rendered unconscious for periods of 20 to 30 minutes. When consciousness does return the victim suffers an intense headache and pains in the stomach.

Interest in submarines has not been confined to those who work boats either for profit or pleasure. But few persons outside the navy have been privileged to inspect one of these deep-sea divers as the service regulations forbid allowing visitors on them.

Work on these boats begins early in the morning. Usually before seven o'clock all the men have had their breakfasts on the tender and gone over the side to the smaller boats to relieve the one man of the 12 or 14 assigned to each who has remained on watch on board all night. With them goes another commanding officer. The anchor, of mushroom design, which swings from a chain run through the center of the boat, is hoisted and deep water is headed for.

The boat is now almost awash, that is to say, only a few feet of her sides, the tiny deck and conning tower are out of water. Below the men are at their stations, caring for the engines or looking over valves. To the layman it seems as though there were almost as many valves as rivets. They are everywhere. Where there are not valves there is machinery or piping, and an occasional tool box.

Forward, under the deck, are the huge gasoline tanks, holding 3,000 gallons of this highly explosive fuel. Amidships and under foot are the great storage batteries. Aft is the propelling machinery, the electric motors for driving the screw while submerged and steering, the six-cylinder gasoline motor of 500-horse power, used in operating when on the surface; the dy-

CEREBRO-SPINAL MENINGITIS A FATAL DISEASE OF HORSES

Probable Causes of the Malady and Its Symptoms—By H. J. MILKS, D. V. M., Louisiana.

Cerebro-spinal meningitis in horses is also known as staggers, blind staggers, sleepy staggers, bottom sickness, etc., and scarcely any section of the country has escaped the ravages of the disease at some time or other.

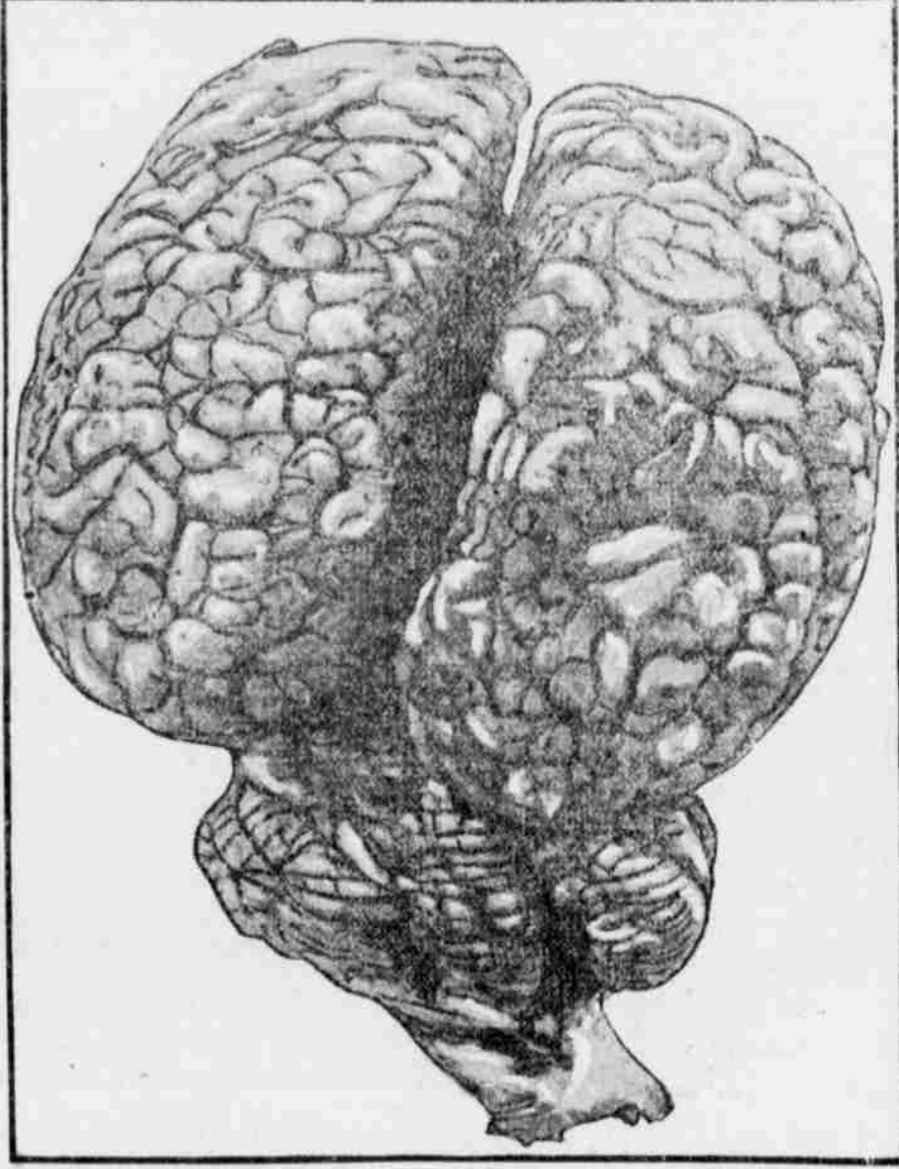
Numerous theories have been advanced as to the cause of this disease. It has been attributed to grazing upon low, marshy places, hence the name bottom sickness. The cause also has been laid to moldy corn or fodder, poisonous plants, exposure to sun, impure water, etc. Mayo, reporting a very similar disease, concludes it to be due to a fungus, *Aspergillus glaucus*. The spores enter the circulation, find lodgment in the organs and set up inflammatory conditions. The cerebral symptoms were due to an abscess of the brain. He has also recovered the above fungus from the different organs.

Chester of the Delaware station has carried on a series of feeding experi-

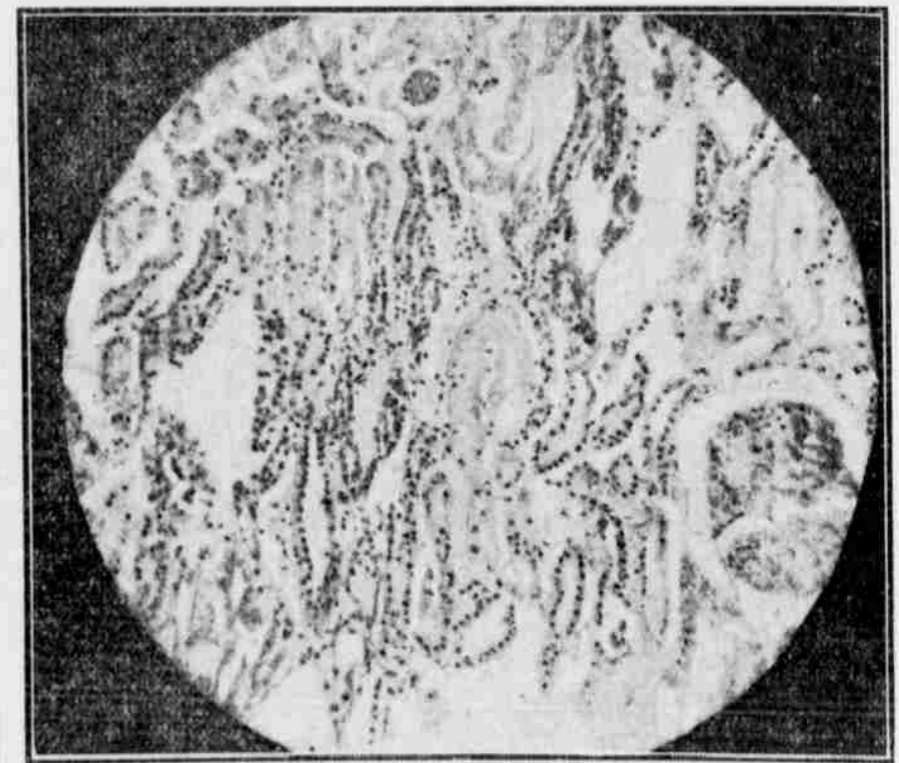
ments in those cases that survived, the disease attacked slowly, the animal gradually taking some nourishment and showed all the symptoms of a mild attack.

The mortality was 20 per cent or more. Treatment availed little, unless started in the first few hours of the disease, and even then prognosis was unfavorable.

Although the exact cause of meningitis in horses and mules has never, as yet, been satisfactorily demonstrated, either in this country or abroad, it has been the opinion of Dr. W. H. Dalrymple of the Leaside, a London, who has experienced several serious outbreaks in that state, during both the spring and summer months, that the cause was, in some way, associated with the condition of the feeding material—either grass or cured products, such as corn, etc.—brought about by the attack of molds or fungi; and that when a complete



Brain of horse. Note the injection of the blood vessels.



Kidney of horse showing degeneration of the tubules. The tubules to the right and in the center show the condition to be especially good.

ments with negative results. Some even point out the infectious nature of the disease.

In the mild cases we get dullness, stupor, weakness, hanging of the head, paresis or slight loss of control over one or more limbs, a slight rise in temperature, 102 to 103 degrees Fahrenheit, often difficulty in swallowing. The visible mucosae were congested and brownish yellow. In these mild cases the weakness never became so great that the animal could not stand and usually it was able to take some nourishment and water.

The more severe cases were manifested by the same general symptoms, often, however, the respirations were much increased and labored. In the severe cases the animals usually refused food, but often showed a desire for water, although unable to drink. The digestive tract was almost completely paralyzed. Purgatives seemed to do little good, no matter what the dose. The hypodermic use of eserine or arecoline did not produce purgation, but did exhibit other physiological phenomena.

The disease generally runs a rapidly fatal course, lasting from a few hours to four or five days—usually not more than three or four days. The time given by some authorities, eight to twelve days, is entirely too long, except in cases that survive.

change to food that was absolutely sound was made, the disease was either checked, or disappeared entirely.

This, also, would seem to have been the experience of other investigators.

Consequently, until the exact nature of the agent producing meningitis, as well as a possible remedy, has been discovered, we would urgently recommend to stock owners, that, as soon as they observe the first symptoms of so-called "staggers," they at once make a change from feeding materials that are at all suspicious, to those that are perfectly sound. Or, as a matter of prevention at all times, that they do not supply to their animals, or permit them to consume, food of any kind that is not absolutely sound and free from molds or fungi.

Feed Light.—Very little should be fed to brood sows, as it makes them too fat. They should be given plenty of thin slop in which there is always valuable nutriment.

Cause of Sickness.—Much sickness among hogs is due to uncertain quarters, wet pens and exposure.

Provide Clean Water.—Keep plenty of clean water within reach of your hogs at all times.