

Gypsies Leaderless, But They Are Not Worried

DETROIT, May 1.—This should be a gala day for the gypsies of Detroit, but it is not. Yesterday and the days preceding should have been keen with whispered councils, tentative plans, the welcome of strangers from strange lands, and hidden jealousies, but it was not. The first of May, the time set at the death last February of Steve John, king of gypsies of America, for the election of his successor, has come and with the nonchalance of children the dead king's subjects wave their hands at the august idea of coronation, and offer to tell your fortune.

Since the death of King Steve, the "palace" at 264 East Elizabeth street has been changed to an even more squalid frame building down the street. Outside of the royal dwelling, or its real estate successor, gypsy children, in skirts as long and brilliant as their mothers', scramble over the several cars belonging to the royal entourage.

"A new king?" they laugh, hold cards not so clean to your face, and lips: "Fortune, good luck, yes! No?"

In a darkened room in the rear of the palace, shadowed with huge red and orange cloths, hung on the walls, and scattered about the floor, a group of men and women appear from nowhere in particular.

"I should give you good fortune, yes? Good luck, your head, your hand, give me," the women offer. The men are silent and sullen before intruders.

"A new king?" they repeat. "Naw—no new king." A thin veil of hostility falls about the group. A mention of the name of Steve John, or Steve Miller, of Bob John, his two nearest descendants, the feeling is unchanged. "A new king—sometime, maybe," one man admits, "Today, naw." The first positive statement that has been uttered.

Further probing brings the admission that perhaps, very much perhaps, sometime in May there will

be an election of the new king, but only perhaps.

One gypsy fortune teller on Jefferson avenue, with an unpronounceable name, gave a possible reason for the diffidence in the matter of royalty.

"Steve John, he was a very old man. He was king of gypsies in all America. He is now dead. A new king? Now," she waved her hand dramatically, "each, his own king. I, my king; you, yours. No gypsy king."

"Sometime," she added, like the others, "we will have a king. Now there is no gypsy law, only the law of the United States. It is good enough. Sometime when all the peoples come, there will be a new king, but first we get together and talk, and there has been no talk. From South America, there must come Juanco, the king there, before we have a king here. He will come, yes, sometime, perhaps, but only when he wants."

With a swish of her red and lavender skirt she vanished into the dark recesses of the draped cubby hole where she conducts her business, for business had come in the form of two giggling flappers.

Steel Walls Check Oil Fire Spreading

BAKERSFIELD, Cal., May 1.—Steel fire walls and earthen dykes Friday checked the spread of the fire from the 496,000-barrel oil reservoir which was ignited by lightning Thursday on the tank farm of the Standard Oil Company, five miles northwest of Bakersfield.

The burning reservoir boiled over Friday afternoon, but the work of the approximately 1,000 fire-fighters held against the flood of flaming liquid.

The loss was estimated at approximately \$300,000.

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