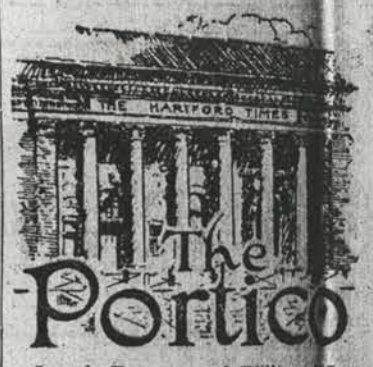


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Joseph Demers and William Lean were coming this way on the New Haven turnpike Tuesday in a light sedan when a deer ran across the road at the wrong time, collided with them and overturned their rolling stock. The old deer beat it, pronto, and garden Fisher investigated the circumstances, the local correspondent reported "but could not locate the animal that had caused the mishap."

We hate to think what the arm of the law would have done if our culprit had been apprehended. A hit-and-run fad has even infected four-footed cousins, and it is understood from sources close to the work that those who properly appreciate the gravity of the situation are undertaking drastic measures.

Governor Trumbull's enthusiasm for outboard motorboats, as depicted at the Connecticut river regatta last fall, is taken up in the November number magazine, which continues to become so interested in outboards that he stated emphatically that he would buy one within a very few days.

Certain mariners are nonplussed as to what part of the sea coast of Maine would allow his excellency to embark, but it must be remembered that outboards are extremely shallow and a heavy dew on the vacant deck might answer.

It has been said that the people do not fully appreciate the range of matter offered free for their perusal at the public library, and after noting that now the shelf of new books includes "The Private Life of Tukhamen," by Tabouis, we are inclined to believe it.

They've been talking about a tunnel under the English channel for years and haven't arrived anywhere; they'd only taken a bathing suit, an application of grease, and emulated Erude Ederle's stroke they'd have been across in time for dinner.

"This is 'hate week' at Cambridge and New Haven," says George Revor in the New York Sun, "but it is because Harvard and Yale grads are paying their respects to one another in barrack-room language and Rabesian ballad let no non-resistant conclude that Johnnies and Yales do not inaugurate a warm mutual affection beneath this veneer of hostility."

"If he hadn't gone to Harvard almost every Cantab would have gone to Yale and vice versa. What rightly or not Ellis and Johnnies actively feel that their degrees give a distinction paralleled only in a case of Oxford and Cambridge. The assumption of 'caste' implied if pressed, explains why victory over Harvard or Yale tastes so sweet to others, why the outsiders' point toward and Yale with an eagerness that borders on fanaticism."

"For six or seven years in succession now the Yale body, expressing its verdict on the Banner Potpourri Senior Book, has named Harvard as a better college outside Yale." If you had seen the Harvard crowd stand in front of Soldiers' field after the football game, its eyes fixed on the Yale bulletins, if you had heard the cheer which greeted Booth's victory you would have understood that Harvard reciprocated Yale's esteem."

Now they've experimented with and loaded every species of traffic signs in captivity in order to stop, delay and disgust the driver, why can't they do something in behalf of the driver, such as alleviating his parking problem by employing only small signs for the fire department? In the way they wouldn't need so much room on the curbstone, legally, when facing the hose to the hydrant.

They say the breaks in the Atlantic cables the other day can be laid directly at the door of the earthquake, but how do they know? When you speak of ocean cables you are speaking of things which are extraordinary. Being very communicative, perhaps they possess other human qualities, among them "feelings." A certain news dispatch, which, traveling along their submarine arteries, is hard for humans to

GET YOUR MISTLETOE EARLY BY FREDERICK P. LATIMER.

And also holly. In the Hawley letters yesterday was a most beautiful paragraph about kissing. Many readers must have lingered over it. It puts us in mind of mistletoe. Christmas is coming. Once years ago we were so anxious about there being some mistletoe for Christmas that not being able to buy any we made some of twigs and putty. When tied with a ribbon and hung up on the chandelier it worked just as well as the real article. And holly is the prettiest of all Christmas greens. It does not grow around here. If you wish to get it in anything like considerable supply, you should do some ordering right soon.

There is an old carol about holly. It goes:

Here comes holly that is so gent,
To please all men is his intent.
Allelujah!

Whoever against holly do cry
In a rope shall he hang full high.
Allelujah!

Whoever against holly do sing
He may weep and his hands wring.
Allelujah!

The old English ancestors used to fairly cover the town with greenery, Christmas time; all the houses and buildings and churches, inside and out. Wreaths and branches of green were even tied to eaves-troughs. In 1444, in Cornhill, near London, the people set up an out-of-doors Christmas tree on the pavement, and, strange to say, lightning struck it and burned it up. The English had no "Princess pine," trailing evergreens or mountain laurel, such as Americans are accustomed to. They had to use "holm," which was an evergreen oak; rosemary, ivy, and holly. For a long time, in the very early Christian centuries, there was much prejudice against the use of ivy for a Christmas green because the heathen Romans had decorated with it for the Saturnalia festival.

Perhaps the whole custom of having Christmas greenery originated from the old Roman Saturnalia, but we may doubt it, as far as Germany and England were concerned. The German peoples even when worshippers of Thor and Odin kept a holiday season beginning with the December solstice, and decorated as our people do now. And in the Celtic countries the Druids had done the same thing from ages almost as ancient as Stonehenge. And that is where the mistletoe came in.

The word mistletoe in the Celtic tongue was "mistlelan" and meant, "mist-twig" because, as everyone knows, the plant is a parasite (Viscus arboreus) growing upon tree limbs, especially oak limbs, and the fancy of antiquity was that in moist weather the winds planted the seeds of the mistletoe upon the bark. And there was an old legend about it, too. The story was that at first mistletoe was a tree of itself, but because the wood from it was taken for the making of Ours Saylor's Cross, ever afterward the mistletoe was condemned to be the parasite that it is.

However, the Druids had no such thought. They supposed that the mistletoe had magical powers of healing, that it was a charm against all poisons and diseases, but especially potent in the conferring of fruitfulness. It was used medicinally, and in unromantic prescription even for cows, as late as the days of Sir Thomas Brown.

In the third week of December, after a general religious service of sacrifice, the Druid priests would marshal the people and go in procession to the woods where mistletoe was found. A leading priest, dressed in long white garments, would climb a ladder and with a golden hook cut off the spray of "mist twig" and very reverently bring it down and deposit it in a snow white cloth which another priest would be holding, and with prayer and song the precious substance would be conveyed home. They then called the mistletoe "all heal," and it may be that the phrase, "All hail" could have sprung from that; and what a queer thing it is to think that in singing, "Hail, hail, the gang's all here," we may be singing really about mistletoe without knowing it.

Another reason why the Celts hung up mistletoe sprigs in their houses was because they believed it would keep away wood sprites. We may laugh at that, but there are plenty of old houses still in New England with double-cross doors, built in that way at first, not as a whim for ornament but in conviction that such doors would keep out witches. Superstition has been very slow to disappear from the world. The gravestone of David Jones, Baton Rouge, Louisiana, still reads:

Letters of General Joseph R. Hawley

Hero of the Civil War, Hartford Editor, Governor of Connecticut, Congressman and United States Senator.

Written to
CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER
His Lifelong Friend and Associate in Newspaper Work.
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NO. XI. Urges Advantages of Hartford.

Hawley was determined to have Warner with him and as the year waned he renewed the urging. Warner was to graduate the following June and contemplated the study of law. Hawley wanted him to take up the study with Hooker and himself. Above all he believed Warner would find social advancement easy in Hartford. He advised him practically to remain heart-whole and fancy-free until he could establish himself in Hartford where a matrimonial union that would be eminently successful in both sentimental and practical aspects would be easy.

The young attorney had gotten into the Young Men's Institute and reveled in the opportunity to debate with the lawyers, ambitious politicians and others who composed it. The new law firm of Hawley & Hooker found Hartford a satisfactory field. Hawley had taken the measure of the Connecticut political situation. He found few giants in official places and felt sure that courageous and determined men could leave their impress on the state's affairs. On November 9 he wrote to Warner:

Hartford, Connecticut.
November 9, 1850.

Lay yourself out on law, save your money, and come down to us next year. I will warrant your liking it here in every respect. (Don't entangle yourself, I beg you, in any feminine alliance out there. Better game here. Money plenty. Rich fathers and beautiful daughters in abundance. Remember.) You will like Hooker. Mrs. Hooker is well there isn't any adjective within reach that suits. Improve "Jane Eyre" a little and you will have a faint idea of Mrs. H.

We came here, as we anticipated, on the 1st of September. We have the best furnished office in the city in the finest building—not however the best in the building—it is a 3rd story back room giving us a splendid view of the west part of the city and the country beyond—quiet and clean, the building is just completed. As I anticipated there is a falling off in our business on removing, be it but 10 miles. We are doing perhaps as well as we ought reasonably to expect. In the Superior Court which has just adjourned after a short session we had 19 cases—10 of which were withdrawn or defaulted and the rest continued, so we didn't try a single case as it happened, though Hooker assisted in 2 or 3 belonging to other lawyers. In the County Court to sit next Tuesday we have 40 cases. Many of these are always settled or defaulted, however—but we get some fees nevertheless. I have not yet done anything in Court. Next week, Deo volente, I shall open on 'em.

I think we shall do well here. Perhaps for the first year the dividends will not be large but ultimate success, if our lives and health are continued, is not doubtful. There is no office more thoroughly attended to. One or the other is in it from 7 in the morning until 10 at night. Indeed I sleep in it. We mean to work hard and do everything thoroughly & in season. Human nature is never quite satisfied but if you were here studying with me I shouldn't ask much more. Now this evening I am entirely alone, and though I have enough work to busy myself with I have grown a little weary & homesick and dropped my work to torment you.

Nov. 19. Your letter has lain on my table in sight for more than a week but I have been busy during the whole time—so much so at any rate that I have done nothing in this line but write a long letter home that I could not delay.

The Debating Society.

There is an old Debating Soc. connected with the Young Men's Institute here composed of young lawyers aspiring politicians etc. Of this I am Prex for three months and have (inter nos) gained a little reputation there. On coming here I was exceedingly cautious about measuring strength. But I am not much afraid of most of them. Charlie, there are quite as many weak brethren in the world as in college. If you are able to whip the majority of them in college you can in the world—if you make the same vigorous efforts. Lay on the Mac Duff. Come out with honor "de boy." I wish you to do yourself, the dear Psi Upsilon, college and "old Cazenovi" honor. I hope to listen to your valedictory next commencement. Now don't fret if you don't get it. Just as good fellows as you and I have missed it. I hope you deserve it. That

called to his death is usually packed to capacity.

On the other hand, a west side apartment house in which a deflowered Broadway rose was found garrotted several years ago, proved such a heavy financial loss it was finally torn down, and is now occupied by a garage.

A great theatrical producer now in ripening years and very rich has a household keyed up to royal pretensions. His insatiable vanity is fed with all the flattery and complete servility of noblesse oblige. From his bed to that of

At Last the Needle in the Haystack Is Found

BY ROBERT QUILLEN

Science has at last solved the problem of feeding the human race. Worn-out soils, drouths and weeds no longer hinder the growing of crops.

The "dirt farmer" must go the way of the hand scythe and the spinning wheel, for dirt isn't needed. The wonder is that farmers themselves didn't discover the truth long ago. For years they have bought commercial fertilizer by the ton, knowing that each pound contained but a few grains of plant food.

The best of soils, like the best of fertilizers, consist almost wholly of elements the plants can't use. In order to survive, the plants must send roots far and wide to search out and absorb scattered particles of food that are hidden in a mass of useless "filler." Why not give the plants concentrated food, and make it instantly available?

That is what the University of California has done. Dr. W. F. Gericke, head of the university's department of plant physiology, patiently experimenting for a period of five years, has discovered a way to grow bountiful crops without soil and without rainfall.

Plants feed on nitrogen, phosphorus, magnesia, iron, potassium, sulphur and calcium.

These elements, placed in small capsules in various proportions to suit the needs of different plants, are fed to growing things as corn is fed to hogs. The plants are placed in shallow cement tanks or small vessels that contain nothing but water. A capsule dropped in the water quickly dissolves and the plant roots absorb the whole of its contents.

For the first time in history, plants get all the food they can use and their response is amazing. Parsnips five inches across develop as if by magic. Cotton loads itself with full-grown bolls in 90 days. Potatoes, tomatoes and grains double and treble their normal yield and mature in two-thirds of the usual time.

In desert lands an ordinary well provides water enough for ten acres of shallow tanks. And plant food for an acre costs only half as much as the best commercial fertilizer.

No more plowing. No more crop failures. No more praying for rain. Every back yard and housetop a prolific garden. Every family feeding itself.

Dr. Gericke has emancipated the man with the hoe.
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The Once Over

BY H. I. PHILIPS

(As It May Develop If the Tendency to Indorse Nationally Advertised Products Increases.)

Colonel and Mrs. P. Stuyvesant Marleydew of Park avenue gave an opera party last evening to a party of twelve. Mrs. Marleydew was the former Mill-cent Gwish who will be remembered for her lovely facial cream indorsements.

Mrs. Dudley Q. P. Keetsley-Keetsley has closed her Piping Rock home and is back in town where she will spend the winter writing reminiscences for a sparkling ginger ale, assisted by her daughters Penelope and Pert.

Mr. and Mrs. Regina D. Van Martingale, Jr. have opened their new Fifth avenue mansion and were hosts yesterday to four dozen photographers and a merry group of eighty advertising men. After tea, photographs were taken of the unishings. Mr. and Mrs. Van Martingale cleared expenses last season allowing the use of their names in the furniture advertisements.

Mrs. T. Chevy Tottingham, the former Gladys Oeelet, daughter of General T. Withers Oeelet, copper magnate, indorsed a nationally famed bed Tuesday. She was photographed in it for a full-page rotogravure section advertisement in two tones.

Lady Mullet-Mullet, who was before her marriage in London last season Bernice Waddingham of the De Witt Waddingham branch, announces that she has withdrawn her approval of the Zimmet box-mattress and springs due to the fact the advertising company's check was late arriving. She is considering a handsome offer to say a word for a well known ice-box.

Mrs. Emporia X. K. Abercrombie's four daughters, Luella, Zola, Dorothy and Yvonne are home from Miss Geezle's school and will fill in the vacation singing the praises of an imported perfume. The Abercrombie girls are coming on famously as indorsers.

The H. Travis Skiffingtons have separated, according to gossip in the Smart Set. The trouble is said to be due to a difference in advertising policies. Mrs. Skiffington, the former Minnie Henchy, favored coming out publicly for a well known brand of mineral water while Mr. Skiffington believed more money could be made indorsing a deplorable hair-oil or console radio.

Another Margin Account.
It is now reported that the rich Long Island man who sold his dog to get food and fuel the other day has had to cancel the transaction. He had the dog only on margin.

This is Hoover Huddle Week.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Nov. 22.—Thoughts while strolling. Wonder if fish merchants ever eat fish? Sign on a blind man's hat: "Cheer up—it might be worse!" A 5 and 10 grocery. The melancholy wail of river tugs. Jane Cow's dreary languor. Male flappers with eyebrow mustaches. Few of us are as well to do as formerly, heigh ho!