



The Post

Dear Santa: I wish you could have taken that 5.8 inches of snow on Monday. I hadn't bought my rubbers of chains and saved it for the 25th. I would really like to see it, very, very clearly.

There were many accidents in the snow, but few if any on run drivers, the only elusive one apparently being that attached to a coal truck which, however, hit more than a fire alarm box and incidentally called out four companies to the blizzard. Evidently, when everybody's doing it, there is no shame involved, and one picks up one's man and taxis him to the hospital with a spirit approaching martyrdom.

"The piano industry will do its part to co-operate with President Hoover in his program to keep the wheels of industry moving," Edward C. Boyd of the National Piano Manufacturers Association announces in a release describing "a canvass of the entire piano industry." Whether this presidential backing involves chiefly just pianos or the more commercial and roadhouses where you pay for a nickel for a dulcet, mechanical, glib performance is not clear. The more elaborate type of the latter goes with a bay window giving a public view of the automatic orchestra of resplendent violin, banjo, kettle drum and cymbal, illuminated by pink lights. Costs should be heavily stressed in this new move—the wheels in the machinery which drives the orchestra into election to its crescendo being highly visible, so that a nationally public and patronizing public can see how much its money is accomplished in keeping "the wheels of industry moving."

It was found that 90 per cent of the homes in America are need of some sort of a musical instrument in the "survival" states. Which indicates as some have always maintained, the radio is something else again. Mr. Boykin quotes Sherlock Holmes (paraphrasing William J. Burns): "Show me a city with a maximum of music and I'll show you a city with a minimum of crime," and we also think this is an effective way of killing off the bad men, Grover Whalen notwithstanding. Mr. Boykin would see a musical instrument in the hands of practically every boy and girl in the country and give them lessons, and even if some crime as we know has been leaking out, it would be a comparison into insignificance.

Inevitably, we progress: inventions multiply; the sum of knowledge gains stupendously. We want a croaker: one to sit and mutter, and let then let what will be. The gun intended—upward goes the race and all have cars—and look for parking spaces.

HUGH R. WRIGHT.

PHYSICS, MECHANICS, METALLURGY, ETC.
BY FREDERICK P. LATIMER.

We ask the indulgence of our readers while we make some additional comments upon our old radio set, Hard Struggle, which for a long time this set slept in the dust of a bedroom corner, but was hooked up again a few weeks ago, another set we were experimenting on not yielding wholly satisfactory results.

As soon as we procure a new one, as we hope to shortly, to save our family from nervous exhaustion, we shall probably offer Hard Struggle for sale to some wealthy foundation for engineering research because it probably contains more and deeper scientific problems than any other similar piece of apparatus in the world.

For example, take the out-board transformer, known as an impedance-adjusting transformer. There is something the matter with it, but what? The other night it would not work at all, no sound whatever coming through the line to the loud-speaker. But as we held the transformer in our hand, the music would unaccountably start up, intermittently. Then it went dead again. No sound until we accidentally dropped the transformer on the floor, where, lying on its back, it worked perfectly. We turned it over and it stopped. We leaned it diagonally up against a card table and there it would run all right. Once in a while it ceases, but if we hit it a moderate crack against the floor it comes to life. Just why this happens is so far beyond us that we do not even try to reach it. It is only paralleled by what is happening with the plug.

We are using an old plug, because the variometer, volume-control plug we used to use will no longer operate, notwithstanding all the soldering a kindly neighbor has done on it for us. We helped him do the soldering and put the parts back together again, but when we tried it in the set, it would not go. Probably the trouble is due to some little pieces that came out of the plug last October and we have not been able to find them. At any rate, the thing is no good any more and we are using an old plug. The funny thing about this one is that there is only one position in which it will go, catcornered at an angle of thirty degrees. Stamp on the floor; the jar shifts the plug, and the music stops.

But that is nothing; the out-board transformer and the plug. What is more amazing is the way the wave-trap acts. This wave trap was originally made by Mr. Murray, formerly of The Times staff, after drawing an enormous amount of diagrams and charging six dollars, for the materials, he said. It looks like a wire sea-urchin, with a plate in front, a micrometer dial and an aperture showing degrees of turn. It has three connections at the top of the panel. However they are connected the trap has never trapped, except you connect it one way and then it traps everything. It is then a damper.

Being out of use before WTIC came to high power, as we had no need of the trap, it lay in the hall closet under a vacuum cleaner and an iron folding stool. Just possibly these may have damaged it a trifle. When we hooked up Hard Struggle once more, if WTIC was there, that would be the only station we could get and so we thought we would try on the wave-trap. On examining we found that turning its knob would turn anything. Looking inside it seemed as if some solder was broken a brass arm under the dial cap, carried it over to Clarence who is a solderer. He took it all apart and hit it with a hammer and said there was nothing the matter with the trap, but some solder ought to be put in the lug, and the shaft of the condenser. Also a screw worm was broken and a nut had come off a bolt. It took an hour to get these things repaired, holding a screw driver on it while he soldered. After that the dial cap could not stay on unless you held it with your hand. He hit the trap twice again with a hammer and got some molasses candy on it, but thought it ought to work. We thanked him and took it home.

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. XX.

The Offer Is Made.
Events moved rapidly and in the direction Hawley desired. Balancing the books of The Press for the twelve months showed the paper had had an even better year than Hawley hoped and far better than his partners dreamed possible. That made it easy for him, at the annual meeting, to broach and press the matter of engaging Warner, to which the partners agreed.

The whole-souled Hawley, who had wanted Warner in Hartford for a friend and associate ever since he came here in 1849, was overjoyed. On January 19, 1860, he wrote:

Hartford, Conn. Jan. 19, 1860
Charley, My Dear Boy:

It's eleven o'clock, my room is cold and I didn't go to bed last night till 2 o'clock but I can't go to bed now until I write the letter to you which must go by the next train.

The partners of the Press have had their annual meeting; the Press earned in 1859 above all expenses \$1,221, when they only expected that it would come out even and thought that that would be a good healthy growth for one year. So they felt very good natured and ready for plans for its improvement. After the other business had been disposed of I brought up the idea of having an assistant editor, and praised the abilities of an anonymous friend whom I finally called Warner—Chas. D., of Chicago.

Neither Fisher nor Gillette had ever heard the suggestion before nor to do them justice had they read very particularly the Chicago correspondence of the Press but on my and Hooker's delineation of the duties that would devolve upon you, of giving the Press a higher literary, miscellaneous, social and family character, and noting the greater leisure which it would give us for drumming for subscribers and advertising, and the greater excellence which I could give the political department, they fell into the plan at once and I was unanimously authorized to write you immediately and invite you to take up your residence in Hartford at the earliest convenient moment as assistant editor of the Press.

Hooker's house is open, they direct me to say, to you both, most cordially until you can find a boarding place. Come, old boy, right along. Aint it jolly? Do you really like the idea? Do you tell the truth when you say you like us out here? Pack up, sell out; move right along. Do you want money? If so don't be modest. I'll send you a check for \$100. or \$200. if you need it. Tell us just what you want.

\$800 a Year.
By the way, stupid that I am, I forgot to say what I was authorized to give you. For fear my project would fall through I said that I thought that I could get you to come for \$800. Now our profits were but \$1,221. We must lay out about \$600 in new type some time during the summer or fall, the salary of Faxon and other expenses must be augmented, and though our profits increased in 1858 \$1,400. and in 1859 \$2,800., we yet feel that we must be cautious and build up prudently.

But I had the mental reservation that if you could not live on \$800. I would pay more out of my share of the profits if there were any; if not out of my own funds in the certainty of it's—I have \$800. and a share of the profits, when they come—being a good investment. The Press has reached the top of the hill; future prosperity is absolutely sure.

Come, old boy and live with us. They tell me now that it is the best paper in the state; we will make it immeasurably better than any rival. I know that we can do it. I know what my rivals are. Come and grow up with us in the management of the ruling power of the state. We'll give old fogymism, treachery, meanness, doughfacelism, illiberality in church and state and all the ills that the bodies politic and social are heir to—particular Jesse, and make an "entertaining and instructive journal for the family circle."

Our election is on the first Monday in April. Our state convention is next Wednesday. Work is piled up before me. I must add 200 subscribers to my daily this summer and 1000 to the weekly—at least this, and—in short—come—Charley and Susie, come along. Here are friends and a sure living and—but come along, do. Write me, please by the next mail.

Yours as ever,
J. R. HAWLEY.

Warner Is Delayed
Warner was eager to join his friend in Hartford, but he could not come at once. There were details of his law practice in Chicago to be arranged and, besides, he had a house on his hands, arrangements concerning which would have to be made. He was afraid the Hartford opportunity would pass before he could grasp it. There were also questions about living costs in Hartford which he wanted answered. It is, therefore, timely to reproduce a letter of Warner, to give an insight into his side of the correspondence, as well as to

excited about it. I think we can labor together harmoniously. I hope we can swing into the fight with as much vim as freedom. It is a realization longed for. To live with you & be engaged so congenially. As to the salary. That for my time of life is small. But I lay little stress on that. You say I can have \$1,000 if I can't do with less. I am not extravagant. If I am with you I shall make everything subordinate to the success & prosperity of the Press. I understand you to say that my pay can increase as yours will with the growth of that. That is enough if I am sure of a moderate living now. I am willing to take the chances. Maybe we can own the paper by & by. It is jolly, glorious.

The only question now is one of time. You have my letter stating the difficulties. I will try to dispose of them as fast as possible. I told you that we were comfortably housekeeping. One of our principal regrets at leaving is that we must break up this. I can't beat to go back to boarding, & shall not unless as a matter of economy. Therefore tell me as plainly as you can how much it will cost for keeping a moderate house. Also what we would pay for board—at a good private house, not a regular boarding place. (Ye Gods permit me never again to go into those dens). In breaking up here shall we pack up & bring our crockery, carpets & a few pieces of parlor furniture? The one is china, the other brussels & very pretty, & the few pieces of furniture wood, substantial. Shall we bring bed room furniture? The kitchen stuff & dining room, tho' good, I suppose would hardly pay to carry. You have no dear nicely we are fixed. Now, if we can slide into a little house down there we would like to. But we are coming in some shape, in any that is thought best.

There is something that I greatly desire to do, & that I think is necessary before I go with you. I must see Washington. I have never been there & I consider it positively essential if I am going into a newspaper. Don't you? I must see it. My plan is this. It costs no more to go to New York, or Phila., by the Baltimore & Ohio road than by any other & I can get a through ticket to Washington so that it will only increase my expense a trifle—the only extra would be the two or three days I spent at Washington. Would you like to introduce me to anybody there? My wife would go direct to Phila. & visit the Prices while I went to Washington. On leaving here I should pack up such of our things as it is deemed best to carry, & probably, leave them till navigation opens. Meantime I would go right on to Hartford (stopping to see if I can't make some arrangement with Dan F. to give us every week a good literary N. Y. letter) take off my coat & roll up my sleeves & begin to hunder & lighten over the Eastern coasts through the Press. Sue would finish her visit in Phila. & then spend some time with her folks at Syracuse, as it is a long time since she has seen them. She would be ready to come on to Hartford as soon as I got a house or a boarding place or what not. The Hookers are very kind & hospitable & please thank them for us. But I should rather not intrude. What do you think of my plans? Now, how quick can I come? Do you think I had better sacrifice the rent here? I suppose it is important that I commence with you at once. I ought to have gone there last summer. Oh, that you had made this proposal to me last winter at this date. I then had not a tie to bind me. I could have been with you by return mail.—Write at once & rely on me to hurry up.

Yours aff
CHAS. D. WARNER.
Hawley's Answer:
The moment Hawley got the letter he sat down to answer it. He was overjoyed at the prospect. It was the fruition of his dreams. He made haste to reassure Warner upon the stability of the offer made him and to inform him concerning living conditions in Hartford, which may be contrasted with those prevailing to-day. His reply of January 27:

Hartford, Jan 27. '60.
Dear Charley:
I have consulted with my three partners on your last and give you our ideas. First nobody has thought that we don't want you unless you can come immediately. But the quicker the better. Our spring campaign has just opened. Now is my harvest time to get subscribers, and do drumming generally, & the time too for you to learn our politics & get into working shape for the summer and fall. But I only say do the best you can. The rent is the only point that seriously bothers me. Could you get rid of it? Will your landlord take it off your hands?

2. Furniture. We think furniture is cheaper here. Would sell; heaviest and bulkiest but keep and bring on beds, carpets, etc.—everything woven—small & valuable. But see what transportation would be & get an idea of how you could sell.

3. You can live comfortably on \$800, but all depends on your tastes & your wife's experience in household economy. I never have spent \$900, a year and you would not be subject at first to at least \$60, probably \$100. taxes, church and state, that I cannot dodge. Rents are considerably lower here, \$150 to \$200 will get a house good enough for all respectable people. Meat & poultry are much higher but heavy groceries are lower.

Inability to Cure the Disease Confers No Right to Kill the Patient
BY ROBERT QUILLEN.

Is it right to kill a man afflicted with cancer, and wrong to kill another doomed by tuberculosis?

A young man in France killed his invalid mother to end her sufferings. A jury of his fellow Latins, having listened to his explanation, agreed that he had done well; but Americans regard his "act of mercy" as the most brutal of murders.

The emotionless detachment peculiar to men of science prompts a few critics to condone the act in principle, but even these question the right of an individual to take another's life under any circumstances.

"If reason and mercy require the killing of hopeless sufferers," they say, "it is a task for the state."

Let the state do the evil that is necessary. If murder is required, let it be anonymous. Thus man soothes his conscience by shirking responsibility.

The Arab will not kill a wounded camel. "The camel prefers to live," says, "and its right to life is equal man's."

Nowhere among civilized men of majority opinion favor the killing of diseased, deformed or incurable sufferers.

And yet all races kill their criminal. Is an affliction of the mind reprehensible than an affliction of the body?

Men inherit their brains as they inherit the color of their eyes and a mental deformity is a misfortune as real and as unavoidable as a deformity of the spine.

If a man inherits a warped mentality from diseased or feeble-minded parents, he is a dangerous member of society and must be confined, as are afflicted with smallpox are confined to the protection of those who are fortunate.

But his mental deformity is not more than an incurable affliction makes him a menace to the orderly of civilization, and to take his life is to take the life of one incurably diseased.

Common sense requires the punishment of evil-doers and the confinement of the dangerous, but common sense also distinguishes between normal men and deformed men.

The mentally deformed are like men born blind. They are incurable. And society cannot consistently take their lives until it is ready to kill the incurable victims of cancer.

Men are not yet wise enough to determine where fate ends and personal responsibility begins; and if they are unfit to judge a life, what right have they to take it?

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The Once Over
BY H. I. PHILIPS

THE SHOWGIRL VAGUELY SENSES THE DEPRESSION.
"What's all this talk of Hoover holdin' meetin's ev'ry day? What's this I hear of business needin' aid? What's all the line of chatter about trouble on the way And hints about no money betu' made? I dunno what it's all about—my readin's very slight— At headlines I have only taken peeks; I had a sort of feelin', though, that somethin' wasn't right For no one's sent me orchids, oh, for weeks!"

"I've been a little out of touch with what's been goin' on; I've been so busy—you know how it is I've heard some friends discussin' Wall Street prices pro and con, But I'm a girl what always minds her biz; I wish somebody'd tell me what has happened before long—I'm anxious for to hear about it all; I had a faint suspicion that there must be somethin' wrong For I ain't had no orchids now for weeks."

"The headlines that I chance to read are full of items such As 'Hoover Urges Leaders to Expand,' Big Business Men in Parley Say Slump Won't Amount to Much, And 'Building Boom Is Urged Throughout the Land,' I've overheard some persons talk of losses that they've had (Head waiters, actors, barbers, clerks and shekls), And I just had a feeling that there must be somethin' bad— For no one's sent me orchids now for weeks."

"I s'pose I ought to keep in touch and know just what is what, And why it is and when it is and how; I hate to think I'm not a very well read person, but I've simply been too busy up to now; I know that somethin's happened, though, that must be pretty tough And I'll just quiz my 'daddy' till he speaks; He can't fool me no longer with his 'Nothing wrong, dear' ent—"

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But that is nothing; the out-board transformer and the plug. What is more amazing is the way the wave-trap acts. This wave trap was originally made by Mr. Murray, formerly of The Times staff, after drawing an enormous amount of diagrams and charging six dollars. The funny thing about it looks like a wire sea-urchin, with a plate in front, a micrometer dial and an aperture showing degrees of turn. It has three connections at the top of the panel. However they are connected the trap has never trapped, except you connect it one way and then it traps anything. It is then a damper.

Coming out of use before WTIC came along with high power, as we had no need of a trap, it lay in the hall closet under vacuum cleaner and an iron folding stool. Just possibly these may have damaged it a trifle. When we hooked up the struggle once more, if WTIC was that would be the only station we could get and so we thought we would try on the wave-trap. On examining we found that turning its knob would turn anything. Looking inside it seemed as if some solder was broken and carried it over to Clarence who is a solderer. He took it all apart and hit it with a hammer and said there was nothing the matter with the plug, but some solder ought to be put in the lug, and the shaft of the condenser. Also a screw worm was broken and a nut had come off a bolt. It took an hour to get these things repaired, holding a screw driver on it while he soldered. After that the dial cap would not stay on unless you held it with your hand. He hit the trap twice with a hammer and got some compasses candy on it, but thought it ought to work. We thanked him and took it home.

We mounted the trap on top of the set and connected it up. Oh, Oh, what a trap! With terrific volume it brought three stations at once, WTAM, Cleveland; WBZ, Springfield, and Toronto, Canada. As these were an organ recital, a sermon, and a jazz band, the effect was so thrilling our family practically went into convulsions.

We therefore re-connected the trap in a different manner. This time, when we set the dials of the set for WEAF, a musicale from Miami, Florida, came in with magnificent smoothness, interspersed with an occasional blast of sound like a steam siren. Turning the knob of the trap its dial cap came off. Pushing it back on we reached in back and turned the movable condenser leaves by hand. And by connecting it up yet a third time, the trap has ever since functioned admirably and what might be denominated an alternating, polyphase, automatic, unbalanced volume-increaser and diminisher, with the saving grace that it does trap out WTIC enough to confine it to the lower half of the set's dials. But it is a most disconcerting thing to listen to old Hard Struggle now. It is still a marvel for distance. Miami or Denver are nothing for it, likewise Texas or Birmingham. But it is unsteady as the Dickens.

First, if the plug is jarred, everything stops until it is readjusted. Then the out-board transformer every little while gets too much impedance and you have to get up and bang it or the floor, or lean it differently against a chair leg or something. Then as you get settled comfortably to hear the orchestra from Cincinnati, or Detroit, or Chicago! Suddenly the set sounds as if it were a cement mixer, grinding up water shells; there may be a sharp rattle, making an ear-splitting screech when that passes and the whole reception fades away to the magnitude of a whisper. As you leap to turn down the left-hand dial the reception is reduced to perfect with only the fresh circumstance that instead of now hearing the orchestra from Cincinnati or Detroit, it is a community-sing from Wheeling, West Virginia. In three evenings we have lost four pounds weight this morning when our family tried to sing on "Cherio" the canary bird sounded like Indian warwhoops at Schenectady massacre, 1692, and said, hurrying in, "What's the matter, don't you know how to tune?" she said down and wept.

We are sorry to say that old Hard Struggle gives every sign of being in the throes of last gasp; and we are penning an ardent private epistle to Santa Claus with what are probably observations on this romantic subject.

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Honk! Honk!

Peter Arno, famous cartoonist, is suing because an automobile sold him will not make 100 miles an hour. The best he has been able to do, he says, is about eighty-five. It's having to poke along like that that slows up traffic. (Copyright, 1929, By the Associated Newspapers.)

also an active member of a spiritualistic cult.

Miss Rambova is distinguished for models of severely plain head dress which she has designed and popularized. And in this connection there is a story of a lady at a theater whose evening head dress annoyed a tittup gentleman who sat behind. He demanded its removal, against her protest, until the house manager was called and upheld the complainant. The lady finally snatched it off. She was entirely bald.

Fritz Scheff, at 50, gave a spirit revival of her play, "Mlle. Modiste" recently, and the years turned back many who again heard her trill notes in the song, "Kiss Me Again," when she marched on rat-a-tattling drum—remember that?—Courtney ley Cooper and I joined several of antiquarians in what, for old asthma has been, was quite a lousy cheer.

In her heyday, and she is not p now by any means, Fritzi Scheff perhaps, the greatest musical com favorite the Rialto has ever known. daily mash notes, without the ex generations of a press agent, filled bushel basket. And come to think o who has taken her place?

It was John Fox, the late novelist her ex-husband, who, I think paid Scheff her greatest compliment. day after his divorce from her, he "Miss Scheff is too great an art be domesticated."

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NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Dec. 4.—That unspeakable male horror known as the gigolo has almost disappeared from Broadway's shifting sands. Buckling up of the night clubs and cabarets along with the blasts of unwholesome publicity caused his undoing. Scarcely a handful is left. The gigolo was spawned in war time Paris when real men were at the front. He was the sleek dandy with glossy hair and expert social graces who helped relieve the monotony of lonely women by dancing—for so much a dance. In those days he was not vicious, but more the amiable moocher with a gift for evening clothes.

They were in the majority of instances cast-off sons of respectable Latin-American families, and with the armistice they began to drift to America. They found New York a gold mine and became greedy and rapacious. Hundreds of them lived off women who to the world appeared happily married.

The middle-aged and wealthy wives who husbands were absorbed by business were the gigolo's especial targets. They escorted them to teas, lunches and the night clubs. Aside from being "divine dancers," they were gallant hand kissers and adept at whispered nothings. The gigolo would let it be known that

he was the son of some defunct Argentine coffee king or such. He was reared in luxury and how could he make a living? He must live and so he danced "professionally." And along came the tango craze and he rode the top wave.

Ordinarily straight-laced ladies were charmed by his dancing and personable air. They began, chiefly in a spirit of sympathy, to give him platinum watches and chains, ruby cuff links and pearl studs. Then he would find mysterious bills in his mail. In the end he attained the pinnacle of villainess—black-mailing.

For a time there were white-haired grandmothers being squired about by gigolos. Two wealthy women of some social standing—one 61 and the other 73—indeed married gigolos and now live in European seclusion. But a public's scorn finally triumphed and the gigolo's jig was up.

Natacha Rambova, the former Winifred Hudnut, and wife of Valentino, has become quite successful in the field of dress designing. From an obscure little shop high up in a side street building, she now presides over an elaborate ground floor establishment on a select block in the Fashionable Fifties. She is