



GETTING OUT SOME OF THE KINKS BY FREDERICK P. LATIMER.

What Marriage is Like. female column conductor says every and girl knows what marriage is. They cherish no illusions—oh, no, no. They just think theirs is going to be different.

THE DOPPLE.

Live Raccoon For Sale—\$15. —Ad in Middletown Press. Criminals they seem to be more valuable dead than alive, and higher priced.

"The Portico".

Time draws near when we make annual Good Resolutions, about to be broken—yet we keep putting it up on "try, try again" and "too late to mend," we keep at it, some day to arrive.

Contributions From Above Us.

"Deep thinker" is usually one who goes to solve that cross-word puzzle, and an nature makes an ideal pin. A pilot should get up high on looking earthward he might sign near the equator reading Drop Inn. For transients only. Cold water baths aplenty. Rates are in improvement of mind or s. Instead of calling your neighbor "loud-mouthed yap," put it this dear sir, you are the perfect executor of the Forty Winds of Hades at the crossroads of Lullaby. He might hand you a cigar.

About o'clock of Thursday's cold morning came into our house, assured anxious family that we were all right. She ate the apple, core, seeds, stem and all while we thought it would be a good idea to see if we could get KFI on the new radio. So we dial on the proper kilocycle. Distortion came in beautifully with no defect. At the conclusion of the piece the announcer said, "This is WIAL, Washington."

The do not work, and we then noticed a hand, a bulky green bottle similar to Poland water bottle, of the quart. The lettering on the bottle said "WETMORE, OZONE PARK, NEW YORK." That seemed to be an excellent hygienic name and as the contents of the bottle looked like water, we drank of course, it was water, and the glass full of it. In the glass it looked exactly like water.

"GOOD SAMARITAN."

Really in whether the lights had been myriads beautifully colored, but not like the horrible hypothetical of which we have spoken. It is worth anybody's while of an evening to go to Manchester (North Manchester is only the station) and look at the Christmas illuminations. The streets in Manchester are broad and long and that the festoons of

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. Copyright, 1929, by The Hartford Times, Inc., Trustee.

XXVIII.

Hawley's letter from Port Royal in December, 1861, continues:

Occupation of Beaufort. The Northern papers made a great ado about occupying Beaufort. Sherman was bothered so much about it that he broke out one day with "damn the occupation of Beaufort." I suppose, that he did not regard the place as having any great strategic importance. And I suppose, too, that his final occupation of it was in consequence of orders from Washington. We probably appeared to move slowly here, and indeed we did. It must be remembered that it was a great job to land all these men and horses & provisions & guns & ammunition & lumber etc. etc. And when you go ten miles from your ships & stores you require a great many horses & wagons & men to do the work besides those who keep the line protected.

Moreover, Gen. Sherman is right about his having a "mob," though wrong in getting discouraged about it. There is the material for making first rate soldiers. Our regiment & the 6th & two or three others were greatly benefited by having quite an infusion of three months men, officers & privates. But there are some regiments here without one, and with scarcely a good drill master among them & not one who has any idea of discipline.

The 76th Pennsylvania that came down here without arms is a disgrace to the country. It is well clothed but the officers are fools. The men are stout & hearty & would do well if taken care of. Capt. Rathbun of the Illinois says he never heard an order given the men on board ship, and they had meat but once on board, though the ship had great ranges & good steam apparatus at their disposal. They had not even organization sufficient to draw rations. A man told the Colonel "go to Hell" & was not punished. The first night on shore, the men were "located" about half a mile from Fort Welles, and the officers all went back to the Illinois to sleep. About 8 or 9 o'clock the next morning I met one of the men hunting for the division quarter master to get some boats that he might go off to the ship and get some bread. The imbecile Colonel had sense enough to have some fresh beef sent them, but he came back saying that he had left it in a pile with a guard around it as he could find no officers to receipt for it.

This is an extraordinary case, but the 47th N. Y., 9th Maine & some other regiments are not much better. Gen. Viele says the 47th N. Y., ought to be disbanded & sent home—it is composed of worthless broken down old men—paupers—or young rowdies. I presume he is correct. The Board of Examination has now (Dec. 14) been at work two or three days & will reject or dismiss a dozen or twenty incompetent officers, if not more, beginning with the Colonel of the 8th Maine. He desired to resign, is an elderly man & never wanted to take the place, but Sherman has got a notion that he will not accept resignations, but must drive men out through some wile, if he lets them go at all. Some of the officers are not a whit above the average run of railroad Irishmen & don't know beans about their business. I do not know that this is true of more than one or two New York and Pennsylvania regiments.

Discouraging Conditions.

And what time have we to make men better? Our seven companies here number about 660, officers and all. 115 are on the sick list (about 25 more out of the 3 cos. at Iraddock's Point are sick also) That leaves 545. It takes 67 to do camp guard duty. When they come off they are generally excused for 24 hours, so that practically there are 134 on guard. From two to 15 are in the guard tent for petty offenses, on an average a dozen on fatigue duty about camp, 6 or 8 cutting & hauling wood, 8 or 10 regularly detailed as boatmen, five or six as clerks & orderlies about the various headquarters, etc. Take out the cook's helpers also. They send 100 off on the advance guard or picket for 24 hours every fourth day; then take from 150 to 300 every day for work on the fortifications, etc. and how many are left for drill? And yet our regiment makes fine progress in spite of it all.

Gov. Buckingham was awfully cheated in the matter of our tents. They are turning to rags—We see rows of stables & storehouses 300 to 400 feet long going up all about but cannot get a board to build a hospital with. Orders were issued that the lumber about the island should not be taken as the division quartermaster would need it for public uses. We obeyed & have the satisfaction of seeing other regiments flooring tents & building stables, or putting up hospitals, while our sick lie in flimsy tents. We are done with modesty. On Monday we move half a mile to take post in rear of the fortifications, learn the use of heavy guns—for a portion of the men & practically go into winter quarters. We have discovered two or three flat boat loads of lumber and shingle on Bull Island and have sent orders down to the major to bring it all over and secrete it. We straightway cart it up & build a hospital; then kitchens, stables, storerooms, etc. & set the men to building log huts.

The enormous earthworks—larger than any put up by our army in Mexico, Gen. Sherman says—others say heavier than the Malakoff or Redan, will be done in a week and we shall be easier. —But we shall be liable to be called at any moment to reinforce other troops at exposed points—Beaufort or The

good-for-nothing harum scarum yellow boy who strayed along from New Haven—"She's got troops on too sir."

So I step out of my tent & take my field glass with me. The waves sweep up from the Atlantic within 100 feet of my tent & the view of the harbor, the shipping & the sea is beautiful—Lyman is right; it is the Ericsson with her sharp bows, and four smoke stacks, and decks swarming "oh jis like black ants," says Slab, one of Rev. J. A. Lawton's contrabands. Slab is a very remarkable boy, black as tar and very bright and good. We mean to "steal" him. He came very secretly to Dr. Bacon soon after we first reached Lawton's and said with a great deal of feeling, "I want to go away Doctor, I was born jis right yere and I don't want to leab my bones yere. I want to see how de world stands." We got him up here but he fell into the Provost Marshal's hands and got registered and Quarter Master Terry who takes him as a servant had to promise to account for him again when required.

Third English Ship Taken.

We hear that the English ship referred to is the third that has been taken lately—The name of this is the Admiral—loaded with blankets, coal and salt. Gen. Sherman it is again reported is about to leave us—next week—for what point I do not hear. But I shall soon begin to expect the occupation of more places at the north of us with the ultimate design of drawing the cords around Charleston—When Gen. Sherman goes I suppose that he will take Viele with him & that will leave Gen. Wright in command here, which will suit us exactly. He is not up to the age by any means but is a great deal better than Sherman.

I finish this on Sunday morning the 15th—bright beautiful & warm—scarce a ripple on the sea, except where the swell touches the breakers or washes gently against the broad beach. The island is as still as a New England village—the music of our morning dress parades having ceased.—The drum has just tapped (9 1/2 for our Sunday morning inspection of arms dress, knapsacks, etc. At 11 1/2 the regiment will fall in for divine service.—The afternoon will be a season of leisure. The men bathe, wash clothes write letters or sleep, or get horses to visit friends in neighboring regiments.

Looking back at what I wrote about liking to be a general—it seems likely to be misconstrued—With my present stock of military knowledge, I would not take the responsibilities of any such place for millions. I only mean that in disciplining men—volunteers—aside from maneuvers in the field & C., I could do as well as nine tenths of these regulars. We are all alike green at that—except that those who have been through the formation of two new regiments, like myself & Col. Terry have had more experience than either Sherman or Wright, in many things. A regular officer never has anything to do with drilling a recruit; that is left to sergeants & corporals and recruit, coming in slowly, are absorbed in the mass of regulars and catch the spirit and style with little trouble.

Sunday afternoon. It is an exquisite May or June day.—At 8 there was company inspection; at 8 1/2 dress parade; at 9 1/2 regimental inspection, only about 300 men from 5 companies being present—two cos. being out on the advanced guard. At 11 1/2 all assembled on the parade ground and attended divine service. The chaplain did better than usual—in three things out of four he is most unfit for his post. Good as can be, but green. He would do well for a small country parish where everybody is good & most of them old ladies.

It is now at 12 1/2 still cloudless & warm. Returning from church I have taken my coat off for comfort—yet I used all my blankets last night.

Times Editors Try Patience.

We are rejoiced to hear of your town election.—only the majority ought to have been ten times as great. That Times does indeed try the patience of God & man. I wish the editors would give excuse enough to send them to Lafayette. They are as arrant traitors as ever hunt or shot. They and their clique ought to be followed with the severest proscription in all their social and pecuniary relations. The republican, indeed the Union man who carries a farthing to the treasury of The Times is giving aid and comfort to the enemy more powerfully than if he sold them powder & shot. The moral influences that would palsy the North, stop recruiting & depreciate the U. S. bonds are altogether more dangerous than Southern rifles. Let them get ever so small a majority and we are a ruined nation; keep them under foot and we are invincible.

Hartford came within 100 to 400 of being sold out to South Carolina. And what a miserable ticket the rebels put up. It is astonishing that such a set could have got so many votes in a place of so much intelligence. Very glad Barbour is smashed. Congratulate Mr. Gillette for me.

New Haven disgraced itself. I know it was not a fair fight. Russell Hotchkiss' name was fraudulently used, and the town clerk is a Union man used to catch gulls with. But if it be true that N. D. Sperry and J. F. Babcock worked against the Union ticket they ought to be openly denounced. They are both capable of any meanness. Col. Terry has given me the private and local political history of Jim Babcock and putting that with my own observation I am satisfied that he is a mean dog.—utterably selfish mean unprincipled

A Bully in a Strange Land Is Polite Until He Feels at Home

Home BY ROBERT QUILLEN.

The psycho-analysts and the behaviorists find many obscure and indirect causes of divorce, but one of the most prolific causes is no more obscure than a sore thumb.

It is bad manners—not the kind that results in awkward violations of formal etiquette, but the boorish manners that are revealed in common, vulgar discourtesy.

People who practice such manners almost invariably win their mates under false pretense.

They know how to behave well. Their manners during courtship are flawless. They are play actors.

It is not conscious acting, with the deliberate intention to deceive. They are not stage villains, hiding their evil hearts to seduce the miller's daughter; they are primitive creatures seeking mates, and endeavoring by every art they know to make a good impression.

They are on their good behavior, as all supplicants are, and they have no motive more sinister than a desire to please. Also, they are strangers, on unfamiliar ground, and without thought or conscious effort they practice the guarded courtesy common to people who feel a little out of place and are not sure of their ground.

Marriage ends the pretense. With nothing more to be gained, as they see it, and nothing to fear, they dare to relax and be themselves. They make no effort to restrain their occasional ill humors; every impulse is given free rein; they are "natural"—which means that they frequently are peevish, petty, quarrelsome, insulting, inconsiderate, spiteful, hateful, rude.

Their marriage is a failure because they make home a bedlam.

How can one who is courted or one who is courting discover in time that the other's apparent good manners conceal a nature that will make the intimacy of married life intolerable?

Simply by observing the manners practiced at home or among equals and familiar from whom nothing is to be gained.

One who is disagreeable and rude to brothers, sisters, parents, servants or familiar will behave in the same manner in a newly established home when familiarity brings assurance and a sense of security.

The inconsiderate brute or cat who darkens one home will be the same creature in another when it has become familiar ground.

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The Once Over BY H. I. PHILIPS

BEING NICE ABOUT BEING NOISY.

The Irving Trust company, building a skyscraper in lower Broadway, New York, has sent a courteous note to all houses in the vicinity apologizing for the riveting about to begin and assuring neighbors that the work will be rushed "to minimize the discomfort."

That's the idea! A courteous note of apology, a little expression of regret soothes the outraged ear and tempers the strained nerve. If you must be noisy, be nice about it. The following form letters for various occasions of major disturbances are suggested:

Gentlemen: Is it too much to ask that you be tolerant and forgiving during the next couple of months, during which time it will be necessary for me to make a pretty terrible racket in your vicinity? Any steam-whistle is annoying enough, and I am sorry to have to confess that this one has a shriek that will split your eardrums.

To me this means that the cellar is being dug with gratifying dispatch, but to our neighbors it must seem that I am just an old nuisance.

Appreciating this, I wish to assure you that every effort will be made to get it over with so you soon may cease dictating letters through a megaphone.

Love and kisses, Steve, The Steam-Shovel Man.

Sir: May we respectfully ask your forbearance for the next eight or ten weeks during the dynamiting? While to use each blast will mean a thrill of accomplishment, we feel that to our neighbors it will be, to say the least, disconcerting.

Accept our assurances that the blasts will be set off as speedily as possible and please remember us to your Aunt Minnie and all the children.

Affectionately, The Esposito Excavating Co.

Dear Sir: We take this occasion to announce that for an indefinite period we expect to operate a flat-wheeled surface car by your house. Much, as we hate to do this there is no way out. It is comforting to realize, however, that you can always stick your head under a pillow.

Your devoted friend, The Municipal Trolley Company.

Dear Madam: May we hope that you will show poise and self-control during the next few weeks until we get tired of the new radio we have just bought? My husband and the seven children now regard it as a thing of beauty and a joy forever. It must, however, make the neighbors pretty sick.

Your as ever, The Mahoney Family.

"...to mend," we keep at it, some day to arrive. myself, I am resolved to quit to account for this world and people in it, especially as I can account always for being the person exactly. Those of us determined to go in the right direction must day and night, early and late, in endeavor to acquire a few of the human virtues. A dog is born with them highly developed, which me to wonder if, possibly, he isn't vance on the human race. When under a particularly exasperating of that race, I am sure of it.

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don't they change the name, Daddy? street should not be Wall." nk I've got your idea, Laddie— reform it shall be Gall."

not a knee-sy job to elbow your ough the world.

ampion fighter of this day has d about as much damage as a ful contestant in a poultry yard rap.

honest, now: Which would you listen to—parson, priest or cloth-

y of us are having a rumble seat 1 our way to paradise.

— JOHN MALCOLM KNOX.

se who have no children under- the problems of life about as well nan who never has used his legs stands the art of walking.

can be happy in the knowledge our radio is the best made if you he ads that describe it and don't ny others.

lle for to-day: As patiently as an can stands in line.

se who maimed one another to Roman crowds were called vic- instead of college heroes.

educated man is one who knows er the Chinese are fighting again

erica just seems to have more rs than other countries because hers called them official execu-

blows from within by the hoofs of a wild horse of the deserts; with iron shoes on the hoofs. At the same time our head and neck appeared to be wrenched about a foot upward from our shoulders while our various sides seemed to be being blown outward in small pieces in the direction of the four winds. A ringing of distant bells could be heard in our ears and the ceiling of the room went around and around in a rapidly scintillating blaze of brilliant sparks, succeeded by pitch darkness and alternate flashes of red, green and blue, ambient light.

In the dream there was no explanation of what it might have been which we quaffed from the glass, and probably there could not have been any that would be rational because unless you liquify dynamite and charge it with 9,000,000,000,000 volts of 875,000 amperes of alternate electricity and then heat it to the degree of temperature there is in the interior of the sun, you could not by any chance or ingenuity produce such a beverage. It was just another one of those events which happen perhaps once in a lifetime and are inexplicable even for psychiatrists. How glad we are it was only a dream.

Really in Manchester the lights had been myriad and beautifully colored, but not like those of the horrible hypothetical potato of which we have spoken. Either way it is worth anybody's while now of an evening to go to Manchester (North Manchester is only the railroad station) and look at the Christmas illuminations. The streets in Manchester are broad and long and wavy, so that the festoons of electric bulbs strung transversely across the roads appear as one gazes at the fairy vista to be millions instead of merely thousands. It makes Manchester look like a city of stars, gorgeousness itself like the checked outing suit of the police commissioner of Manchester, well known to the police of many states, and others. Twinkling over the snow the lights are like a palace of Santa Claus amid the aurora borealis. If Manchester is not proud of these lights it ought to be. We did not count the lights, but we have never seen as many in any city before. And, of course, when you return, Hartford is also very pretty with lights.

We would not boast, because it would not be modest, but anybody coming around in front of the portico below our sanctum during coming nights who does not say, "Ah! Isn't it lovely!" must be blind, dumb and deaf. There are leaves of laurel twined around the pillars, Christmas trees from the north as good as any in the only Brattleboro in the universe except Dakota and New Mexico—but come and see.

Well, when the alarm clock went off at 7 o'clock and we got up, we felt extremely clinkery and drawn all over. We went to the spout and drank four glasses of cold, cold water before filling the coffee pot. And we turned on the radio and thought best to get out on the living room floor and go through the exercises on the chart, page 43, as the directions came in from Newark. The man said, "Now we will take a little railroad trip; now we are in Philadelphia, raise the left leg in a weaving scroll; now we are in Washington; squat—ha, ha, Baltimore!" It was tough work, but advantageous, and we did hope that on the next night, although we are going to another banquet, might have a dreamless sleep. We would go lightly on the heavier viands as with advancing years we are getting too fragile for nightmares. We shall have to be taking gentian or something if it keeps up.

are on the sick list (about 25 more out of the 3 coos. at Ifraddock's Point are sick also) That leaves 545. It takes 67 to do camp guard duty. When they come off they are generally excused for 24 hours, so that practically there are 134 on guard. From two to 15 are in the guard tent for petty offenses, on an average a dozen on fatigue duty about camp, 6 or 8 cutting & hauling wood, 8 or 10 regularly detailed as boatmen, five or six as clerks & orderlies about the various headquarters, etc. Take out the cook's helpers also. They send 100 off on the advance guard or picket for 24 hours every fourth day; then take from 150 to 300 every day for work on the fortifications, etc. and how many are left for drill? And yet our regiment makes fine progress in spite of it all.

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unfit for his post. Good as can be, but green. He would do well for a small country parish where everybody is good & most of them old ladies.

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We are rejoiced to hear of your town election.—only the majority ought to have been ten times as great. That Times does indeed try the patience of God & man. I wish the editors would give excuse enough to send them to Lafayette. They are as arrant traitors as ever hunt or shot. They and their clique ought to be followed with the severest proscription in all their social and pecuniary relations. The republican, indeed the Union man who carries a farthing to the treasury of The Times is giving aid and comfort to the enemy more powerfully than if he sold them powder & shot. The moral influences that would palsy the North, stop recruiting & depreciate the U. S. bonds are altogether more dangerous than Southern rifles. Let them get ever so small a majority and we are a ruined nation; keep them under foot and we are invincible.

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I'm sorry to hear that Col Deming's regiment gets along slowly. Let him go out & hold meetings & stir up the people. We have been hoping to see some of our Connecticut regiments down here, but I suppose we shall not get them. I wish the governor would let us send a recruiting officer back & get about 100 new men. We left some sick behind have had 5 deaths and shall discharge a number for original or acquired disability—and I really wish that our new men might be the very soundest.

Yours "J. R. H." (Continued To-morrow).

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Dec. 13.—Thoughts while strolling: Broadway movies with electric signs on all day. The batteries of phones in ticket agencies—one direct to each theater. Drooping piano thumpers in song sheet shops. Justine Johnson looks the same as ten years ago. Hall-room-sized haberdasheries with bediamonded proprietors. Tiny gown shops that rarely have a customer. And that umbrella renting shop that only does business on a rainy day. Charles Darnton, the Beau Brummel of the dramatic critics. Major Bowes. The Times Square "drug store" selling nothing but sandwiches and soda. Where do soft drink clerks go in the winter time? Glittering nut stores. You can usually spot an acrobat by his leather wrist supporter. Nothing so invigorating as the smell of pine. The Indian who runs a chill parlor and has a sign: "Everything hot—but fire water." What became of canes with leather loop handles? Charles Hand, a reporter, who became secretary to Mayor Walker. Bobbe Arnst who pouts if you spell it Bobbie. Sign on a reducing parlor: "The way of all flesh!"

Broadway's bloated and mocking cackle. Tweedy fellows in wide flat brogues. Who smoke comfortable pipes and saunter. Jack Baragwanath, Neysa McMien's husband. Tickless hospital clocks. A lone man looking at a ticker tape. An all white plush bath robe. The weighty Latin inscriptions on university clubs. Rex Beach, an Atwood, Michigan, boy, who made good in the city. A Negro family with a limousine and liveried chauffeur. Maury Paul bouncing along. Al Woods' cigar and tousled hair. Betty Compton. What became of tete-tete chairs? Walter Huston—and about the best actor on the stage. Lillian Laufferty. (The original Marion Fairfax.) And she writes novels, too. That handsome boy who poses for the haltosis ads. Drake's restaurant—where women cannot smoke. And always crowded. They occupied a seat on a bus top discussing with a little too much enthusiasm the clear, calm chill of a beautiful evening. It was the sole topic for ten blocks when conversation went

Any steam-whistle is annoying enough, and I am sorry to have to confess that this one has a shriek that will split your eardrums.

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Slogan for that new stock market ticker: "Read 'em and leap!" (Copyright, 1929, by the Associated Newspapers.)

into a tail spin. After a few blocks, he suddenly roused himself to observe: "No matter how you look at it, it is still a beautiful evening!"

George Jean Nathan's frequent companion to the theater is the fragile Miss Lillian Gish. Their friendship is one of many years—each year of which has included at least three announcements by rumor specialists of their engagement.

For some time I have been observing those policemen who drive around town in green P. D. cars. So far the only upholding of the law I have noticed is to stop and frighten some lady into muzzling a fluffy little bulbous-eyed dog.

Above the early morning ash can roundelay to-day, a voice called out: "Hey, Pete! What does a guy git for reaching the North Pole?" "He don't git nuthin'. But science gits a break," was the reply.

A young man writes that he has lost his job because his employer caught him "niggling" with a cross word puzzle. Until I looked it up I did not know there was such a word.

A Wall street operator who has won and lost several fortunes and cracked for two millions on a recent Tragic Tuesday is temporarily a night clerk in a hotel in the Pershing Square zone. "It is a way to hide for awhile and live comfortably," he explains.

He came minging down the theater aisle in his mignon way after all the audience had been seated. "A fellow like that," snorted Will Hogg, "creates an abhorrence for both sexes." (Copyright, 1929, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)