

PURSuing THE CURRENT SUBJECT BY FREDERICK P. LATIMER.

Mr. Maxim's letter describing the merry melanges of massaged traffic aduced a number of posers, some of which were not in his text.

To this there is an exception. One lady who lost for the time being a skirt in such a struggle, although regaining it afterward as it was passed back to her from the curbing by a dishevelled fellow who was clamoring to have his overcoat passed out to him so that he could continue his journey homeward.

The whole thing gets ramifying, Mr. Maxim. The more you tackle a great public problem, and the more you wade into it the more involved and baffling it becomes.

Again, night before last, when, after talking with a young man on the back seat, we pushed the button and went up to the door, we asked the man by the mite box "if this was Willard street?"

We wish one of our public service companies would take down some of the tattered wire it has up on the west side of May street and sell it to Mr. Ford for his museum of industry.

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.

NO. XXXIV.

Preparations were in the making for the investment of Charleston, South Carolina, and Hawley had been recalled to Hilton Head where he was tremendously busy with activities that related to the drive on the rebel stronghold.

Dear Charley: Despite my personal labors and anxieties—chucked into command of a miscellaneous head of soldiers, civilians, quartermaster's people, negroes, sutlers, etc. a infinitum—new works half done, old works dilapidated, workmen all taken on with their regiments, cannon half furnished with implements, carriages, untried and rickety—place like an old house, moving day, well founded apprehensions of ironclads from Savannah, civilians scared some—two grand old ships, Wabash and Vermont, anchored near the shore, helpless against rams but omnipotent against everything else—despite all this and the terrible suspense listening and looking toward Charleston—all Connecticut men day before yesterday thought of their beloved state.

We hear from Charleston as late as yesterday, Tuesday morning. All was going well. 1500 troops had landed on Folly Island and advanced to near Light House Inlet (look at your map). The Weehawken was very near Fort Sumter the Ironsides near Cummings Pt. All the iron-clads and other war vessels were over the bar.

There is something exhilarating in all this—and yet a great strange feeling comes over me at times right in the midst of the busiest work.

Perhaps before I close I'll give you the last from Charleston. Rec'd letter from Mr. Hooker with his most excellent letter and also the circular of the ladies league. All good—excellent—especially the rebuking every disloyal sentiment uttered in their presence.

2 1/2 p. m. Nothing further heard and the mail closes. . . . Privately, I don't think that Lt. Col. George F. Gardiner, 7th C. N. will remain in the service many weeks.

Yours as ever—Love to all. JOE HAWLEY.

The Attack On Charleston. On April 10 Hawley added more of the details he had been able to glean of the attack on Charleston:

Dear Charley: Last night I saw some of the N. Y. reporters who had a steamer to themselves and ran down here. There was a grand fight on Tuesday afternoon lasting two hours and twenty-five minutes.

I will only help you with some outside opinions. The reporters were at first forbidden to send anything by the Arago but Gen. Hunter wisely overruled the order, as a great story is sure to go through rebel channels. It is not safe yet to prognosticate. Unless the wind was too heavy—it was easterly—they have been fighting to-day and perhaps—perhaps either way.

The Potapico lies here, 3/4 of a mile from the wharf and I've been too busy to go out to see her. She had some heavy cables wound around her turret, and a shot or several shots plugged them into the crevices in such a way as to wedge the turret. They say she will be ready soon. I don't know.

concealed the little iron-clad which soon emerged and banged away with her two great thunderers. The damage done to Sumter I could not learn. But 100 shots were fired by our side and many of them were in other directions.

I cannot learn for a certainty whether or not the rebels fire from the lower tier of casemates. If they have blocked that up solid and well backed and faced it, the job is much harder. But I don't care what Sumter is made of; if the iron-clads will stand so as to avoid as much of Moultrie as possible and if they can stand it a very few days, the Fort will be crumbled, pounded, hammered down.

We are all hopeful yet. To-day's work will tell. "Yours ever. "JOE."

Charleston resisted attack stubbornly. It was not taken in the investment of the spring of 1863 nor even that year, although union forces captured several of the defending forts and Hawley had a part in some of the operations.

The "good fight" to which he alluded in his letter very likely was the political drive in the spring election of 1863 to defeat Alvan P. Hyde, democrat, for congress and Colonel Thomas H. Seymour for governor.

Hawley had a bitter hatred for him and The Press under Warner reflected it in his satisfaction. Still, in spite of it, Seymour and the democratic ticket generally had carried Hartford.

"Fernandina, Fla. April 10, '63"

"Not a word from a single old friend in Connecticut, save a brief note from Mr. Hooker and a business letter with a little news from Nichols, since yours about March 1st."

Speaking of The Press, I tell you truly that you have fought the good fight—you have done most nobly; we couldn't ask anything better. Seems to me I'm not much needed there—but oh! God! how I sometimes long unutterably for blessed days of peace and rest.

"My reign at the Head lasted a week, Gen. Hunter and his chiefs of staff, Gen. Seymour and Lt. Col. Halpine, voluntarily told me that they were much pleased with my short administration. We started back a week ago this (Sunday) afternoon.

Man Can't Prove Himself Wise by Making Artificial Flowers and Neglecting the Garden BY ROBERT QUILLEN.

Why do so many wild creatures sicken or die or fail to reproduce themselves in captivity? For the same reason that a fish dies when taken out of water.

Man is the only creature that deliberately deprives himself of fresh air and sunlight. He survives his own folly because his race has punished itself for ages and thus has developed a unique power of resistance.

Apes kept in captivity die of tuberculosis; men survive countless attacks of tuberculosis germs because they have harbored the disease for ages and thus built up a racial immunity similar to that given by vaccination.

But while men survive in airtight and sunless houses, they suffer from many diseases unknown to wild creatures, and not one among them has the grace and vigor and placid joy in life that is common to children of the sunlight.

Men feel wise and superior because their scientists recently have discovered rays of light above and below the visible range. "We have found the source of vitality," they say. "The infra-red and ultra-violet rays of sunlight are absorbed by our bodies as a sponge absorbs water, and our glands respond to them as to a touch of magic."

Wonderful discovery! And the men of science demonstrate its worth by making artificial rays and using them to hasten and increase the growth of plants and animals.

But what does it all mean? Men discovered oxygen in the air and isolated it to work wonders, but laymen who endeavor to use it as a substitute for the natural atmosphere may do themselves great injury.

All this learned talk concerning invisible rays simply means that science has at last discovered a truth known to birds and beasts and cattle since the world began—that the sunlight provided by nature is the source of life and health and vigor.

Artificial rays may benefit those deprived of sunlight, as oxen saved those deprived of air, but there is no substitute for sunlight. Only by exposing the naked body to the light of the sun, as other creatures do, can man gain the vigor and immunity to disease that is the common heritage of the birds and beasts.

We have little reason to boast over the tardy discovery that the Creator arranged all things well. We still lack the courage and wisdom to absorb nature's bounty as savages do.

N. B.—In Arctic lands free of fog, the disease of rickets is unknown. The "sky shine" that continues for hours after the sun goes down radiates the violet rays almost as generously as the sun itself. You can absorb the rays through a quartz window or in the shade of a tree, though the sun itself never strikes you.

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The Once Over BY H. I. PHILIPS

THE GARBLE SISTERS.

(They discuss the Chinese war, or nearly so.)

"Every time I pick up a paper it seems to me there's a new war over in China."

"Yeah. I notice that, too. I think Hoover makes a big mistake sending marines there to make 'em stop."

"Did he send marines to China?" "Only a few days ago. There was a protest by Chile or somebody."

"I can't make out what the Chinese are fighting over anyhow, can you?" "Them West Indian countries is always scrapping. It's generally over a Mexican election."

"All I can get from the newspaper is that it's all on account of the sugar tariff. The president of China, a man named Grundy, did too much lobbying to help the Chinese sugar-growers. Senator Walsh found it out and in the riot that followed several prison keepers were shot."

"We sent a new ambassador to Shanghai the other day and he may straighten things out."

"Who is he?" "His name is Edge. He comes from Haiti."

"Oh, I remember. The governor of Pennsylvania named him when the League of Nations wouldn't accept Senator Vare."

"What was all the row over Vare, anyhow?" "He gave out a statement that the stock market was only showing a rally in a bear market and that lower prices would be seen before New Year's or something."

"A lot of people have been killed in the Chinese war, ain't they?" "Yeah. Mostly on account of the lack of automatic sprinklers. It would have been all over last week, though, if the Russians hadn't come in."

"What made the Russians come in?" "They claimed the I'm Alone case was neutral territory and got sore over that note Secretary Stimson sent Trotsky."

"What note was that?" "The note warning the Agha Khan he would have to take a license to marry that Paris salesgirl."

Santa Claus Types.



Let this be said—else breaks the heart, betimes, To burst the bonds of the humility— The hour hath struck at, clangorous, the chimes Ring out the doom of evening Destiny That bound with one things of "should" and may Heroic limbs that were framed for fray, And bade the mind's blade conspire with rust— The very scabbard cut itself away!

No longer blind, I will no longer wait On wasteful thrift, whoards improvidence; Her plod a path where slowly is, and straight, While steep-ascendingals lure me hence To storm unconquered heights, and scourge the plain With golden whips through hail and rain.

The proprietor of establishment somewhere in the depends in a reader announcing that "an addition has been making the summer to overcome storms that had to be turned away." For the sake of the people the establishment and the people rewrite man, having seen he has done well.

Authorities at St. and were unphussed over the of what to do with twenty-five landed from the Fort Victoria sank in the channel. Stated comparatively small, and you at twenty-five of them to work without starting a laundryman.

Girls Near Knees—headline. The question is, says R. L., what are they going for them with?

Here we are. We don't why. We know we're born, how well die. We had no say as to our But pell-mell flung upon th.

For some, Life is an art; They're tempest-tossed, swept debris. For some, Life is a stagnant, Storm-sheltered, where they float. Well, here we are. And they say Until bumped off on some. When we will know, the comma, Just what we knew ere we were. —O. B. Jc.

After glancing over the mand surgical positions which were at the annual meeting of the lord hospital, our customary respect the profession has risen even hand we are convinced that a standstill course of instruction makes several years' more time thanurse for prospective teachers of or physical education is fulfilled. Ophthalmic surgeons and aetrian and gynecologist; an pedicurgeon and a roentgenologist; rhinologist, laryngologist andogist oled into one; neuro-psych and iediatrists; urologists, dergists and a cardiologist. We were very good at spelling, anyway, we new nothing more than to spell hose things when time can successful classmates to acceptleepkin, we would feel repaid.

The Saturday Evening Post week as a smuch smaller girthment an usual, which proves some ople are taking it for g that e country at large has doishopping early.

It would take Alice in erland own a peg or two to seat the ildren's toy departments displaying in this age of advancement.

"Politeness," says Liam Certy in preface to "Bitter War" by his lend, Heinrich Hauser, was out the bookfende lect "is the



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to enjoy it.

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we are convinced that  
cal course of instrum  
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for prospective teach  
physical education  
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surgeon and a roent  
nologist, laryngolog  
rolled into one; he  
pediatrician; urolog  
and a cardiologist  
good at spelling  
knew nothing more  
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cessful classmates  
skin, we would

When we will  
Just what we know  
The Saturday  
has a smuch smaller  
than usual, which  
people are taking  
the country at large  
ping early.

It would take  
down a peg of  
children's toy  
ing in this age of  
"Politeness,"  
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ND COMMENT.  
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acks the commission-  
t first-hand informa-

No wonder  
tariff on  
time to  
find out  
Don't  
You  
much of  
for a

Merrily we roll along, crush along,  
squirm along,  
Merrily we bowl along,  
As-lum Avenue.

The pop-popping you hear is a bag  
McC. 1924.

mockery of the habit of  
on material means equal  
busted bus.  
ight before last, when, after  
a young man on the back  
pushed the button and went  
door, we asked the man by  
box "if this was Willard  
He said, putting his tongue in  
and pulling chucklingly at an  
heard (which we consider  
ature), "Oh, yes, this is Wil-  
" and he yawned, yanking  
open like "good riddance to  
Well, it was Woodland  
and raining cats and dogs. Per-  
public utilities commissioners  
be dragged in to explore an  
of this kind. It is a dreadful  
be dumped down on Woodland  
when anybody ought to know you  
on Willard. You can tell the  
sioners when you see them, Mr.  
by their looking as if they lived  
Winsted, Avon or New Haven.  
you ever ridden on the Ashley  
ear? Crunch.

with one of our public service  
would take down some of the brass  
ire it has up on the west  
of May street and sell it to Mr.  
for his museum of industry. In  
interest of the new church now  
ding completion, we wish the com-  
y would comply with this request.  
now getting down to the brass  
of this etiquette issue, Mr. Maxim.  
Wednesday evening in spite of many  
some interruptions about the  
we had in the paper wanting  
if we had been hired by the  
to raise a standard of radio  
before a dying world, we made  
points in one rubber of contract  
closed by a successful grand  
bid. Our opponent who had  
come in to dry off from the  
and get some cake she smell'd  
the court, bid one spade. We had  
AKQX, clubs; A of spades; Axx,  
diamonds, and four hearts to 9 spot-  
said "We challenge." Our family,  
a count of one, passed. Our  
gripped his hand together in  
old mass and said, "four hearts."  
then went to seven hearts with a  
stroke and it was made with 100  
aces.

Then came the cake. Oh, Boy, what  
we gave the company only two  
pieces because it was a personal  
ession, given to us by a lady from  
whom we had taken away a great deal  
of cake. It had beautiful holly leaves on  
and maraschinos, on the snowy frost-  
ing, and it was made by a recipe as  
as the inscriptions on the tomb-  
stones of ancient Ledyard and Hebron.  
Including sour cream, which in some way  
gives a magical metamorphosis;  
had nuts and prunes magically com-  
ing in the upper part under the  
star you take one bite of it and ah  
troubles of this world are forgotten.  
of regard for poor Billy Raphael,  
is sick a-bed, we forbear to tell  
any more about this cake. But, Mr.  
Maxim, if we could only get the people  
that you have almost massacred in the  
and yourself, and Dr. Harper, and  
and the driver who was hammering  
under the bus, the directors of the  
Connecticut company, and the commis-  
sioners, Ed, Joe and Charley, and the  
authorities of the church clock, and  
the schoolhouse-crossing cops, the  
porter at Trumbull street and all the  
other parties to this great, perennial  
drama of riding in the bus, to-  
gether around a cake like this, with  
sper of subdivision in the loaves and  
breads, we would all be happy as the  
day. Etiquette would be simply tri-  
phant rejoicing, as we sang:

Merrily we roll along, crush along,  
squirm along,  
Merrily we bowl along,  
As-lum Avenue.

The pop-popping you hear is a bag  
McC. 1924.

JOE HAWLEY.  
The Attack On Charleston.  
On April 10 Hawley added more of  
the details he had been able to glean  
of the attack on Charleston:  
Hilton Head, S. C.  
April 10, '63.

Dear Charley:  
Last night I saw some of the N. Y.  
reporters who had a steamer to them-  
selves and ran down here. There was  
a grand fight on Tuesday afternoon  
lasting two hours and twenty-five min-  
utes. I am as busy nearly every day  
and all day, to-day especially, as you  
are on Thursdays from 10 to 5 p. m.,  
so I shan't write you much about it.  
One of the Herald men, Osborne, hand-  
ed me his report last night and you  
will find it quite correct, I think. The  
N. Y. Times man is very reliable. Our  
old friend Rob't Allen is assisting the  
Tribune reporters.

I will only help you with some out-  
side opinions. The reporters were at  
first forbidden to send anything by the  
Arago but Gen. Hunter wisely over-  
ruled the order, as a great story is sure  
to go through rebel channels. It is not  
safe yet to prognosticate. Unless the  
wind was too heavy—it was easterly—  
they have been fighting to-day and  
perhaps—perhaps either way. The Keo-  
kuk was thin skinned and her captain  
ran up closest of any; it is suggested,  
to let the barrette guns fire over him.  
They plugged him through and through;  
some say two or three hundred shots  
hit him; a navy officer tells me 96.  
She steamed however as proudly as  
ever and did not sink till the next  
morning.

The Potapico lies here, 3/4 of a mile  
from the wharf and I've been too busy  
to go out to see her. She had some  
heavy cables wound around her turret,  
and a shot or several shots plugged them  
into the crevices in such a way as to  
wedge the turret. They say she will be  
ready soon. I don't know.

A Magnificent Spectacle.  
Last night the best informed were  
very hopeful. Admiral Dupont said he  
should lick 'em. Gen. Hunter had  
brightened up. The rebels have infernal  
batteries. By all accounts it was a  
spectacle. The grand broadside from  
Fort Sumter, the first it fired was in  
a volley like infantry firing,—raised  
great columns of water and completely

in Connecticut, save a DEER HOLE FROM  
Mr. Hooker and a business letter with a  
little news from Nichols, since yours  
about March 1st.  
Speaking of The Press, I  
tell you truly that you have fought the  
good fight,—you have done most  
nobly; we couldn't ask anything better.  
Seems to me I'm not much needed there  
—but oh, God! how I sometimes long  
unutterably for blessed days of peace  
and rest. Life with its ordinary duties  
would be a long holiday. But while this  
war lasts, neither you nor I could find  
a resting place short of the grave. The  
more remote the valley where we would  
seek it, the worse the torment, as we  
should be compelled to think of the  
duties we had fled from. I don't feel  
like a free agent; it seems as if 'General  
Orders' from Heaven came through  
the Department Hd. Qrs. and put me here.  
'Hold on'—stick to it—all come right—  
'world does move'—sure to whip 'em'  
and so on—such things keep saying  
themselves—and then sometime the  
sublimity of the time and the struggle  
swells the heart and this still summer  
air seems full of trumpets and the  
grand thunder of great cannon.

"My reign at the Head lasted a week,  
Gen. Hunter and his chiefs of staff,  
Gen. Seymour and Lt. Col. Halpine,  
voluntarily told me that they were  
much pleased with my short adminis-  
tration. We started back a week ago  
this (Sunday) afternoon. Yesterday  
evening another message came and I  
sent off now only the two Sharpes Rifle  
Cos. A. (Capt. Chamberlin) and B  
(Capt. Burdick) under Major Rodman.  
I cannot wait to give you all the little  
gossip afloat. It is believed by the  
naval people that the Monitors can  
smash Sumter. Hold yourself braced  
for any result. We have not force  
enough here—in this department I  
mean. Stand up strong for the con-  
scription. I want about 140 to fill up  
with. Only one death, Kimball, pri-  
vate Co. F.—this year. Wish I could  
see the 10th; it has a good reputation.  
"Rather sorry I can't go to Charles-  
ton, but I must console myself with  
the little honors of this post. The labors  
are constant and Gen. Hunter considers  
it an important place.  
"Yours,  
"JOE."

(Continued To-morrow.)

# NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Dec. 20—Thoughts while  
strolling: A tea room called "The Meet-  
ing House." Who remembers when iso-  
lation homes were pest houses? Fake  
raincoat sales. An old fashioned quilt  
shop. Ralph Barton, a Kansas City,  
Mo., boy, who made good in the city.  
Joe Urban's back resembles the back  
of a hack.

Most of the old Waldorf employes are  
now at the Hotel Governor Clinton.  
Those nervous fellows who are always  
twisting their necks in their collars. So  
many chauffeurs wearing horn-rimmed  
glasses. The snow-white 5th avenue  
bus with safety mottoes in gold. Frank  
Pay.

Boys who wear the wide-shouldered  
Ulsters. And puff S-shaped pipes. The  
new cageless banks—like a sombre, pan-  
eled wing in the Metropolitan Museum.  
Shawled old women, who resemble Ruth  
Draper's imitations. Short ladies grown  
tall in long skirts. Rothstein's apart-  
ment house, the Fah field, now the  
Franconia.

Winter panhandlers who wear sev-  
eral suits of heavy underwear. And go  
about without overcoats—for sympathy.  
Cockatoo ladies with white streaks in  
their hair. Those deferential assistant  
hotel managers who stand about—bow-  
ing from the waist. Louis Brimfield, the  
novelist.

W. R. Hearst, jr., resembles his father.  
Floppish Japs with slight mustaches  
and beady bright eyes. Vaudeville scouts  
who talk of "catching an act." Im-  
maculate flappers with upturned sickles  
of hair plastered on their cheeks. What's  
become of all the diamond bracelets?  
Dean Palmer.

Easy money boys of a few weeks ago  
begin to look seedy. Purple tinted Chows.  
A Rockwell Kent lithograph attracts a  
window crowd. Lads who put on dinner  
jackets to stand about lobbies on first  
lights—but never see the show. Nothing  
so interesting as a cabinet display of  
theatrical photographs.

Harry Hirschfield is getting snow white  
too. Clare Luce swathed in black furs.  
And they say you can pick up a milk  
coat for a song these days. Sarmy  
Shipman, the playwright. A dollar an  
hour punching bag studio. Don Marquis,  
from California. Ruddy and beaming!

When a theater ballyhoos a new pro-  
duction as a "Limited Engagement" it  
is another way of saying they do not  
expect it to linger long.

"Why," writes someone, "does any  
mention of a night boat to Albany on  
the stage always inspire a guilty snig-  
ger? I chuckle myself, although I was  
never on one."  
I wish that was all I had to worry  
about.

Just now I am concerned about the  
statement of a distinguished scientific  
gentleman at a dinner last night that  
we have no absolute proof that what  
looks like a material object—say a chair  
—is anything more than a mental  
image. That makes you catch at your  
thumbs.

Those who remember Coogan's Bluff  
in Harlem as mostly shanties, dump  
heaps and roaming goats should see it

marines there to make 'em stop."  
"Did he send marines to China?"  
"Only a few days ago. There was a  
protest by Chile or somebody."  
"I can't make out what the Chinese  
are fighting over anyhow, can you?"  
"Them West Indian countries is al-  
ways scrapping. It's generally over a  
Mexican election."  
"All I can get from the newspaper is  
that it's all on account of the sugar  
tariff. The president of China, a man  
named Grundy, did too much lobbying  
to help the Chinese sugar-growers.  
Senator Walsh found it out and in the  
riot that followed several prison keepers  
were shot."  
"We sent a new ambassador to  
Shanghai the other day and he may  
straighten things out."  
"Who is he?"  
"His name is Edge. He comes from  
Haiti."

"Oh, I remember. The governor of  
Pennsylvania named him when the  
League of Nations wouldn't accept Sen-  
ator Vare."  
"What was all the row over Vare,  
anyhow?"  
"He gave out a statement that the  
stock market was only showing a rally  
in a bear market and that lower prices  
would be seen before New Year's or  
something."  
"A lot of people have been killed in  
the Chinese war, ain't they?"  
"Yeah. Mostly on account of the lack  
of automatic sprinklers. It would have  
been all over last week, though, if the  
Russians hadn't come in."  
"What made the Russians come in?"  
"They claimed the I'm Alone case  
was neutral territory and got sore over  
that name Secretary Stimson sent  
Trotzky."

"What note was that?"  
"The note warning the Agha Khan  
he would have to take a license to  
marry that Paris salesgirl."

Santa Claus Types.  
Skinny, thin  
So pale you jar me;  
Egg on chin—  
Salvation Army!

Eyelids red,  
On nose a wen;  
Underfed—  
The Five and Ten!

Dye-stained wig,  
And beard stained more—  
Any big  
Department store!

Red hls nose is,  
Costume bad;  
Hallitosis—  
Must be dad!

(Copyright, 1929, by the Associated  
Newspapers.)

to-day. Ramparted with skyscraping  
apartments, it is a fairyland of light of  
night. The Polo Grounds—so called be-  
cause polo is never played there—occu-  
pies a vast acreage with its baseball  
amphitheater. Along the Harlem river  
stretches the famous Speedway with its  
stone parapet and constant procession  
of costly cars. In the river, once dotted  
with coal barges, there are now high-  
speed motor boats, yachts and collegiates  
in sculls are constantly rushing along.  
On pleasant Sundays the promenade  
is filled in the late afternoon with silk-  
hatted men and fashionably dressed  
women who may enjoy a three mile  
straightaway walk without crossing a  
street intersection.

On the slant of Coogan's Bluff there  
is an old-fashioned spring, to which a  
trickle of people is always mounting—  
a "back home" touch few can resist.

Come to think of it, there isn't much  
to an artichoke. But there is no vege-  
table you order providing so much genu-  
ine fun.

And if there is anything providing a  
gustatory tang like a bowl of hot chili  
on a wintry night, I have never found  
it. Indeed it doesn't always have to be  
hot. I have often enjoyed it off my  
vest, cold.

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