



A La Mode. We walk in stateliness at last—

You might expect the earth to shake

The right little, tight little isle of

Things are more annoying than

All of the world's automobiles

The difference between an investment

Large Ade's new fables, in slang

THE POETS' CORNER

Edited by Martha L. Spencer

"Hark! Hark!" No sight of it, only the song.

As if a pranking star had lowered it

Leonora Speyer at Poetry Club.

The November meeting of the Poetry

Mrs. Speyer quoted from the first

Saying that, "Of Mountains" was too

A group of lyrics written in the Black

Five little faces lifted to the Word

Often he prayed so near to bedtime

Myself a nodding shadow on the wall,

Nancy Byrd Turner has had a large

The poems to-night are from mem-

Every Soul. Thy soul hath will and scope to be

Thy soul hath will and scope to wing

Thy soul hath will and scope to share

Where the wild swell rolls

Letters of General Joseph R. Hawley

Hero of the Civil War, Hartford Editor, Governor of Connecticut,

Written to CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

NO. VIII. Not a Very Merry Christmas.

Hawley's was too vigorous and robust

Hawley held his friendships dear

My dear Charlie: I wish you a Merry Christmas.

I wish you a Merry Christmas. It has

Any one who looks at the back of my

There has been no winter here worth

Remember your promise to write.

Friday night 4 1/2 o'clock.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Nov. 19.—Broadway has

Records show nothing calls the bluff

For the sake of innocent wives and

Their wives report receiving myster-

Tables were turned during the past

Last night I read till 11 and night

No Christmas will ever pass without

The Middle of the Century!

Jan. 3rd, 1850. Charley, it is 1850—

R. C. Crampton, of Yale, a Junior,

Famous Scott's Swamp Girls.

Your education will be incomplete,

I received a letter from McMaster

In a letter from my grandmother in

Remember your promise to write.

Grantland Rice's beautiful daughter

It is 2 a. m. In the next block they

Grantland Rice's beautiful daughter

Politics," someone has said, "is the

To Lay the Keel of a Battleship Is to Start the Widow's Tears

BY ROBERT QUILLEN.

When a New York police official

It is a truth that should be obvious

A few exceptional men gather great

But the accumulation of wealth is

As every act contains within itself

A kind act prompts a return of

The wisdom or unwisdom of an evil

THE AUTO ADDICTS GO TO THE

The scene is a day coach. The

First Fan (when the train doesn't

Second Fan: Must be the red light.

Third Fan: Probably some fool

Fourth Fan: Give him the horn,

Second Fan: Traffic is getting worse

First Fan (as the train finally ar-