



STRANGE INTERMISSION.

"I'll try to make you happy, Sammy," says Nina, and then thinks out loud to the audience on a biological theme as the Act Five curtain falls.

"Gives us just one hour to eat comfortably without hurrying. Gotcher coat?"

"Yes. Just a minute, dear. Help me on with it, won't you?"

"Now, let's go— Get out ahead of this crowd."

"These rubbers are so hard slipping on, Phil. Can you reach that one for me? There, under that seat." (There's no need of getting panicky. We'll have plenty of time.) "Ouch!"

"I'm sorry!" (I didn't mean to step on her toes. Why are women always forgetting something or other? Foolish idea this, anyway, spending all day going to the theater!)

"Thank you! What a marvelous play! And what characters! So real! Right from life, aren't they?"

"Yes. It's pretty good. Where do you want to eat, Sally?" (Good to get out doors. What a crowd of women? Some men, too. Suppose they sneaked out of the office. Pretty soft for these brokers and insurance men. Funny how women flock to these neurotic shows! They say this bird O'Neill's always getting married or divorced. Must be a smart guy, though. Probably worth a lot o' dough!)

7:45 p. m. Two youths at a restaurant table.

"Where's the other menu, waitress? The one with the combinations."

"Oh, that's off now, sir, on account of the show."

"They must of raised their prices, Joe. This's too steep fruss."

"It's on account of the show, sir. You'd better give the order now because the crowd'll pile in here in a minute."

"What show?"

"The O'Neill show."

"Whatzatt, a movie?"

"No. A regular play."

"Oh. Well, I'll have this calf's liver 'n' bacon. An' coffee. No!"

"What's yours, Joe?"

"Make it two. . . . Lissen."

This show she's talkin' about is a stage idea. It's on the stagger.

You see it in installments on a stage at night. Part in the afternoon and part at night. The audience out to eat about this time and t' back again for the night shift."

"Does this egg O'Neill get a rake-off from the hash houses?"

"He oughta. He sends 'em enough business. . . . Lissen, Fred. It's all about this dame who finds out her

afraid their baby might get looney. So her mother-in-law tells her . . ."

The crowd, in the words of the waitress, piles in. The ratio is about ten women to one man. They all look rather tired, as if under repressed excitement from mental strain. Much thinking.

"Table for five, please!"

"Yes, madame. Right this way."

"Oh, dear. I haven't any appetite!"

"Hot soup!"

"Will you have your coffee now, later, sir?"

"Let me have a cigarette, darling. I'm so utterly fagged!"

"Oh! I think Charles Marsden is too sweet!"

"As our English says.—Of course, O'Neill is purely a mystic."

"Order of lettuce mayonnaise!"

"In New York they dressed for the second part. Of course, if there were time, I should go home and put on a tuck."

"Now, don't gobble your food, Mamie! There's no need of getting excited. . . . and we've got a full hour."

"Of course, the idea of asides has been in use for ever so long. Now, in 'The School for Scandal,' or . . . Well, you take the Greek masques . . ."

"Glass of milk, please!"

"Make that two egg-wit's!"

"But, they never banned 'What Price Glory?' in Boston! . . ."

"No, put it all on one check, waitress!"

Come back at 11:15. Dennis! Here

BUS TECHNIQUE

BY HIRAM PERCY MAXIM.

A mutual understanding between the operators and the users of a bus line would seem to be essential to the attainment of the highest efficiency. It is a desire to help further such mutual understanding that this study is offered.

One of the major problems, and one which the public does not fully appreciate, is providing for the peak loads that come in the morning and evening. It so happens that this coincides with the times that buses prefer to break down. The records show in all kinds of transportation apparatus that during the middle of the day the machinery functions very satisfactorily. In the morning or the evening, however, if there is a tired tire, or a sickly axle or an asthmatic carburetor, we may count with certainty upon one or the other or all of them throwing up the sponge at the slightest provocation. This results in making the peak load problem doubly difficult. If only those parts of transportation apparatus which are suffering ill health would give up during the middle of the day, the problem for the bus company would be simplified immensely. But long years of experience with temperamental machinery indicates clearly that this diabolic propensity to let go at the wrong time is not susceptible of human correction.

All this bears a relation to the peak load, because the concentration of traffic in the morning and the evening, when the apparatus is the most touchy, frequently results in a reduction of the number of buses that are operating, which is directly the opposite of what is desired. More buses are needed, therefore, during peak load hours, not less and less buses. At least so it would appear upon the face of things.

But bus line operators have made efforts in the past to put on more buses when the peak load is experienced, and the results have not been encouraging. Buses cost money, not to speak of the salaries of the distinguished specialists who drive them, and unless the added expense effects a correction it is not good business wisdom to continue it.

The difficulty appears to be that just the moment it becomes known that a special bus has been added to help carry the peak load, the people simply turn out in added numbers and crowd it, and the matter is just where it was in the first place. The public must put itself in the position of the operators of the bus line. If every time an additional bus is put on, the public crowd into it, would not the best of us become discouraged? There are so many of the public that the situation becomes entirely one-sided. What chance has one bus company against all the people in the west end of Hartford?

It has become common knowledge that Willard street is the worst offender in this particular, as far as the Asylum avenue bus lines are concerned. It appears to be a fact that no matter how many buses are added to this line, the people who live on Willard street take an apparently fiendish delight in filling them up. There is something quite significant, if not suspicious about this, because Willard street does not appear to offer any crowds in the morning going down town. In the evening, however, there seems to be hordes flocking to Willard street. It might be thought that Willard street would become clogged with people, but this thing has been going on for years. I have held many lengthy conferences with bus drivers on this matter, and they all have noticed the surprising number of people who get off the buses at Willard street, and the few who board buses at this point. Certainly, some day Willard street must become utterly choked with people, for it can be shown mathematically that this unbalanced traffic cannot go on forever.

As regards the crowding of buses and the peak load problem, it should be pointed out that there is a natural law that governs. Were we to go on reducing the number of buses on Asylum avenue we should eventually come down to zero buses. At this point there obviously would be no overcrowding. From this it follows that were we to have twenty buses, and serious overcrowding, and zero buses with no crowding, that the bus company may be right after all, in running fewer buses.

Another serious problem confronting bus operation is the lack of technique on the part of the general public. An example of lack of technique was illustrated very clearly one of the rainy evenings lately. A young lady, doubtless somebody's valued stenographer, decided to escape a wetting by taking a bus to the railroad station from the terminal on Trumbull street. Lack of technique led her to take any bus. Had she possessed even a rudimentary bus technique she would have known that one of the far West Hartford buses would be jammed to the guards by the time it reached the railroad station, whereas, the Sycamore lane bus would not be jammed. She, furthermore, lacked the bus experience which would have led her to hold back until the bus was ready to start, before getting aboard, so that her position in the bus would have been near the door. But she knew nothing of bus technique.

When the bus passed the railroad station she was buried in the extreme back of the vehicle. There was a solid mass of wet and steaming humanity and umbrellas between her and the door. In the excitement of being carried by she became flustered and went on. I was on foot, being on my way to the Willard street stop, and I was able to note the conditions as the bus paused at the railroad station. I was surprised to overtake the bus at Garden street, just at the top of Asylum hill. As I approached I noticed that something unusual was going on. Some dozen passengers were out in the wet at the front door of the bus, and just as I came up the young lady coaxed out

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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LXII.

Hawley spent the Christmas holidays in 1872 in Connecticut but was back in Washington soon after the first of the year. A group of capitalists organized a company and proposed to lease an enormous tract in the Island of San Domingo for speculative purposes. Hawley foresaw that the country might be embroiled as result of such a venture and he was opposed to it.

Reconstruction was still making much trouble. In Louisiana there were four claimants for the governorship. Warmouth, who aspired to be senator claimed the office and so did Pinchback, colored lieutenant governor-elect. Other claimants were John McEnery, democratic candidate in the election of 1872 and Kellogg. Two legislatures met and the state was in turmoil. Troops were called out and the federal government had to intervene.

The Credit Mobilier case also was boiling. No one knew to what extent fraud would be discovered or who among public men would be besmirched. Congress was about to launch an investigation and Representative Randall offered a resolution declaring that the Union Pacific railroad had defaulted more than \$4,000,000 in bond interest to the federal government due to alleged payments to the Credit Mobilier and asking that suit be brought to recover. Hawley voted for the resolution, he stated in a letter of January 7:

House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., Jan. 7, 1873.

Dear Charley:

You asked me to give you gossip, news, criticisms, anything that came to mind here.

Monday's Courant contains a well-written article upon the commercial speculation in San Domingo. The objection that occurs to me is this: the speculators are of the original San Domingo ring. They had extra-ordinary concessions from Basz long ago and the annexation would have made them millions richer, & most of them are rich enough. They furnished the sinews of war for the original intrigue. If they get the foothold proposed they will soon make such difficulties with San Domingo that we shall be called on to "protect our commerce" & take the island. That is what they mean. Dr. Howe is right; it is the first and inevitable step to annexation; if it is to be sanctioned by our government, or is to involve our government. And we should indeed, as the Courant says, be building up another East India company, trying to, for it would be the East India Company with its mischiefs & not its benefits. Great Britain swept away the Company & took the assets practically, if I recollect aright. We should not do that; we should give the speculators all the benefit. It is a covert device for an annexation of which a ring of monopolists would get the chief benefit.

A Lesson in Grammar.

See "Brief Mention" (A department of the Courant.—Ed.) of Monday for an item of a "singularly unique" appearance of a lamp, whatever is "unique" is the only thing of that precise description and is therefore single. God is "unique," if I may be allowed the illustration without irreverence. "Singularly single" is not a good expression.

In two or three days the President will send to the House a full report in the Louisiana case, containing the statements of both sides. He talked steadily to me this morning 20 minutes on the matter & seemed to me right throughout. He tho't Pinchback & Warmoth equally corrupt, but that the Pinchback party unquestionably represents the large majority. He appeared to base his action solely upon the ground that the executive must sustain the Federal courts, though it seems to me he has gone farther.

I made a little two minutes speech this morning purely on a law point & was well listened to. I felt no embarrassment whatever, as I did the first time.

Monday was an interesting day and not, I think, unwholesome in its general result. I voted for Randall's resolution though its language was distasteful. Poland made a strong statement of the reasons against public session of the Credit Mobilier Committee, & but for the public clamor, I think the House would have let them go on in secret. I confess he shook my confidence in the open session.

See in Monday's Globe the action on bill to tax U. S. bond. The Democrats voted for it. Though no ayes and noes were called, it was a party vote. This Democratic party is the same old copperhead concern.

Yours, JOE.

Rivalry With Jewell Begins.

After the exciting incidents of 1871 and 1872 the stage was set for a bitter campaign as 1873 opened. In his own party Hawley had the enmity of the Sperry ring in New Haven while the Ferry supporters in Fairfield county had stood by their champion rather

NEW DAY

New York, J. 6 p. m. New York—the metropol wrought nerves have phones in night impossible wire at this per

A curious cit three reporters a selected list bathing interlu prominent ban shop keepers ar was found that evening splash.

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the defenders of the fra- of collegiate housekeeping Harkness project out of t its sponsors. From an standpoint the new plan nsiderations in its favor ion at Harvard is a note- ement. Even if Yale must few customs, progress has that price. Under the nstances, with no sacred oived, a period of orator- ical storm and stress may divergence in view and

NOT TO BE MISSED.

al campaigns of 1870, 1871 Connecticut were extreme- to say rough encounters. a good deal of bitterness flected from the republi- me to nominate its can- overnour in 1873. General wley had been an innocent rty treason. How he re- nd what his attitude was matters and public office e to those who aspire nors. To-day's install- letters in The Times dis- ability and magnanimity ter and expounds a theory conduct worthy of being every citizen. It will be ere on this page.

LOQUE EXHIBITION.

e of the directors of the orial museum is undoubt- their museum as fine a sible in a city like Hart- means to this end they the policy of holding one each year. The first of ars ago, met with a suc- gured most favorably for st year's show, dealt with t not well known in this which lacked some attrac- ty. This year, however, a ; has been chosen which ng on a constantly grow- popularity and which has been adequately exhibited ry.

ation of these two factors, style which is growing in onnoisseurs and that the the first of its kind, should ow one of the foremost e artistic calendar of the nly it reflects great credit um and on the city that npt should be made here. s of the exhibition seems l by the large number of drawings which have been it. Some of these are st examples of this school ry; some have been ob- abroad.

on in the show of the two loaned by Sir Joseph e not strictly in line with e exhibition, is indicative being made to secure the possible. In addition to h of the list of museums s lending pictures shows pidespread interest in the out a great deal of effort of the museum.

Of this sort serve two ey advertise the museum ums, building a reputation make future shows more e they also advertise the e public, the public which e museum's work worth- ing the galleries and the can aid by contributing or means of obtaining

s that a city of the caliber needs and should have a pproving museum of art. f visitors must be the only of an exhibition's success point of view. Critics may raise, but at any rate, the e museum directors and which guide them are public commendation and

EVARD TRAFFIC.

boulevard traffic system," the control of traffic on avenue, West Hartford, has misunderstanding because ce of a street in the town e distinctive name than rd." Some motorists are ppression that the stop re- pering Farmington avenue street also is required on , but this is not true. The rd system" merely applies f traffic control whereby traffic is allowed to pro- regard to the usual rule right-of-way to vehicles a street at the right. ing the main thorough-

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"Glass of milk, please!"

"Make that two egg-wit'als!"

"But, they never banned 'What Price Glory?' in Boston!"

"No, put it all on one check, waitress!"

Come back at 11:15, Dennis! Here we are, Laura. Just in time! (I should have read the play in advance. Perhaps I can get a tip from the review.) "What? Oh, yes!" (Gosh! I forgot all about that cigarette burning. Now I suppose this'll delay us while I throw it outside!)

Nina, thinking aloud to the audience. . . . "I wonder if there's a draft in the baby's room?" . . . as the Act Six curtain rises.

—RUSSELL RHODES.

A New York Times book review is entitled "Coke and Bacon Bitter Rivals for Queen Elizabeth's Favor," automatically exploding our old belief that she probably lived on cake.

Americanism: Flipping the porter a half dollar to make him think you are as rich as the millionaire who haads him a dime.

A prominent clergyman says doctrine changes to meet the needs of the times. This is especially true of the Monroe doctrine.

Correct this sentence: "I have a pretty kid wife," said the old man, "and I never sigh for the companionship of a wise woman."

Let us hope the White House fire didn't destroy Mr. Hoover's yardstick.

In the old days the office conferred honor; now the honor consists in sacrificing a good job to accept the office.

The tumult and the shouting dies; the heroes and the crowds depart. Still stands the big game's sacrifice—a crippled back and leg and heart.

But bus line operators have made efforts in the past to put on more buses when the peak load is experienced, and the results have not been encouraging. Buses cost money, not to speak of the salaries of the distinguished specialists who drive them, and unless the added expense effects a correction it is not good business wisdom to continue it.

The difficulty appears to be that just the moment it becomes known that a special bus has been added to help carry the peak load, the people simply turn out in added numbers and crowd it, and the matter is just where it was in the first place. The public must put itself in the position of the operators of the bus line. If every time an additional bus is put on, the public crowd into it, would not the best of us become discouraged? There are so many of the public that the situation becomes entirely one-sided. What chance has one bus company against all the people in the west end of Hartford?

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I was on foot, being on my way to the Willard street stop, and I was able to note the conditions as the bus paused at the railroad station. I was surprised to overtake the bus at Garden street, just at the top of Asylum hill. As I approached I noticed that something unusual was going on. Some dozen passengers were out in the wet at the front door of the bus, and just as I came up the young lady oozed out. The crowd outside repacked themselves back and the bus groaned on its journey.

The young lady was a sight. I know something about young ladies, having brought one up, and I know that if there is one thing they despise more than another it is being a sight. It was a wet, nasty evening, and she had no subbers, as is the case with many young ladies, and she had been carried beyond the railroad station, and no doubt had missed her train to Windsor Locks, or Elmwood or Newington. Her umbrella was completely out of plumb, her hat was down over one eye; her hair had leaked out from under her hat, and was wet and strabbly, and her suit of clothes, or however her principle garments are termed, was twisted around on her little person something of the order of ninety degrees of arc. Her impulse upon gaining the wet sidewalk was to burst into tears. I know the symptoms from long experience. But she controlled herself because she realized there were other yet more pressing matters that required attention. Her suit of clothes, for example, was cramping her style seriously. She leaned her poor little mistreated umbrella against a friendly hydrant, gave her hat a dab, and, catching hold of her suit of clothes down around the middle, rotated herself around inside of them until the front came in front, where it belonged. A few skillful and lightning-like jabs and pulls here and there repaired her damages amazingly, and exchanging a burning glance with me, she snatched up the poor little umbrella and flounced down the hill.

Still another flagrant example of lack of bus technique is the typical middle-aged woman who enters a downtown-bound bus with no tokens, a badly organized purse and who wants a transfer. She invariably enters first of some ten other persons. These latter cannot get into the bus and everything comes to a dead standstill while the dear lady unhooks one compartment after another in her unsystematically organized purse, searching for something which you suspect at once is not there. Your suspicions are verified, and she hands t' bus driver a dollar bill,

Randall offered a resolution declaring that the Union Pacific railroad had defaulted more than \$4,000,000 in bond interest to the federal government due to alleged payments to the Credit Mobilier and asking that suit be brought to recover. Hawley voted for the resolution, he stated in a letter of January 7:

House of Representatives,
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I made a little two minutes speech this morning purely on a law point & was well listened to. I felt no embarrassment whatever, as I did the first time.

Monday was an interesting day and not, I think, unwholesome in its general results. I voted for Randall's resolution though its language was distasteful. Poland made a strong statement of the reasons against public session of the Credit Mobilier Committee, & but for the public clamor, I think the House would have let them go in secret. I confess he shook my confidence in the open session.

See in Monday's Globe the action on bill to tax U. S. bond. The Democrats voted for it. Though no ayes and noes were called, it was a party vote. This Democratic party is the same old copperhead concern.

Yours,
JOE.

Rivalry With Jewell Begins.

After the exciting incidents of 1871 and 1872 the stage was set for a bitter campaign as 1873 opened. In his own party Hawley had the enmity of the Sperry ring in New Haven while the Ferry supporters in Fairfield county had stood by their champion rather than him. He had the bitter hatred of English for the incidents of 1871, the enmity of Alfred E. Burr, Waller, Eaton and other democratic leaders. Hawley had had two tries for the senatorial nomination, both unsuccessful. Naturally his friends intended to secure the promotion for him at the first opportunity. They suspected that Governor Jewell was scheming to get to the senate too and they foresaw that if Jewell got there Hawley couldn't. With all the zeal of friends they rushed to the aid of Hawley without too much thought as to where their methods were leading.

After the division over the senatorship in 1872 and the bitterness and animosities engendered by it the republican situation in the state was not good.

A. S. ("Al") Hotchkiss, political reporter for the Courant and a good one, sent a letter from New Haven signed "ASH" in early January in which he recounted the dissension among Elm City republicans. Henry B. Harrison and Colonel Dexter R. Wright were rivals for New Haven's support for the gubernatorial nomination. The former had the backing of what the Courant called the "Sperry ring," headed by

22 the Courant printed another "ASH" dispatch from the Elm City which went into great detail as to the Sunday meeting, played up considerably Governor Jewell's part in it and laid the blame for the fact that it was held on the Sabbath on Simeon E. Baldwin, later to be a democratic governor, who had argued that it was better to meet after sundown Sunday than on Saturday evening which might be strictly considered as a part of the Sabbath. The point was interesting because one of the attendants at the meeting was the Rev. Leonard Bacon of the First Church, New Haven.

Jewell and Hawley had been close friends. Hawley had launched Jewell's boom for the governorship and supported him warmly. Warner and the other friends of Hawley in Hartford thought they saw in the New Haven maneuvering with Sperry signs of an aspiration on Jewell's part to succeed Ferry in the senatorship. Obviously if Jewell should go to the senate Hawley couldn't. And so, or at least Hawley apparently thought so, his friends let their zeal in his behalf run away with them. The result was the only sharply critical letter in the entire series and one which must have affected Warner deeply. On January 23 Hawley wrote to his friend:

Sick and Sad.

Washington, D. C.
Jan 23, 1873.

Dear Charles:

I am sick and sad. I cannot bear to find fault. I cannot even bear to differ with you and Hubbard. But, in the first place you are wrong. In the second place, you are killing me. I have this moment read your letter from New Haven, and Sunday evening caucus my wife's note about it—"spiteful and ungentlemanly."

I don't care a cent whether Harrison is from New Haven or else. He is cowardly in the senatorial matter, but if he is nominated I shall do my level best to get him a full vote. I don't expect to win any good-will from the Sperry ring. I would rather exhibit a larger soul than they can comprehend. They will only sneer at it. Others will respect it. But if nobody does it justice, I shall have my own respect.

We are degenerating into a miserable local and personal squabble. It can't as easily as not be prolonged for years. Since 1850 I have had a dozen opportunities to breed such feuds. I have been in the opinion of many too quarrelsome. They don't know how much I have borne and overlooked. The Sperry feud was unavoidable. We never can agree. It is morally and mentally impossible. But in that case I have never lain in wait for him, nor "struck back" any further than was necessary to the purpose then in hand. Whether I felt his indignity is another question. Many a time I have secretly lamented that the duelling code was not admissible and recognized as binding. There have been several occasions when I would have resorted to it. I would rather do that than continue a Sperry-Bromley-Bowles snarling war of innuendoes and abuse.

Bringing In War With Jewell.

The Courant is bringing about a war between Jewell and myself. I know all you will say about Jewell's secret ambitious rivalries, etc. Let the people judge. When it is necessary to publish disagreeable facts, publish without malice or coloring.

Starkweather and Ferry (Congressman and Senator.—Ed.) think Haven will be nominated. So does Carter of Waterbury. I don't care, so far as the individuals are concerned, whether it is Haven or Harrison. All my friends—or nearly all—are now for Haven, so I feel a certain sympathy with them.

You may say the public have rights and the party has rights concerning the men who have coalesced with the democracy—the Sperry ring, etc.—and the matter overrides Hawley personally and involves the integrity of the party. True, I fear to exaggerate the importance of my own views or griefs, and that is one reason why I don't want to see in the Courant a tone of bitterness and a tendency to personalities. So far as these questions concern the party at large, let the party at large take care of them. My interest is so obviously partial that modesty and propriety demand that I be quiet. Good policy demands it. My own tastes drive me in that direction.

Wisdom of Making Jewell Enemy.

Have you reflected upon the wisdom of making Jewell as bitter an enemy of mine in Hartford as Sperry is in New Haven? Hitherto he has not dared, even if it can be imagined that he has secretly wished, to fight me in Hartford. We may drive him to do it in self-defense. I can beat him before the great tribunal, the people at large; he can beat me out of sight in manipulating caucuses and working cliques and committees.

Now I have not read everything that has been printed. I have not received all the Courants. Perhaps I should modify if I were there for a day to hear all that can be said. Pardon me if I have seemed harsh or ungrateful.

Sincerely yours,
J. R. HAWLEY.

(Continued To-morrow.)

The mastodonic apartment on the upper East Side are feature the size of ordinary rooms agents have found the first prospective tenant asks to see bath. It is a pivotal point over a long lease.

Literary folk are looking for the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Arlen shortly—especially Mr. As the very beautiful and Countess Atlanta Mercati sought by the beaux of five before the dashing author can and carried her off in a cyclo ship. Mrs. Arlen is described as a brunette with a haunting expression, grave-eyed sweetness—and her lashes in all Europe. Arlen while skiing at St. Moritz. He over from Paris for the week remained five months.

As St. Moritz gossip Countess had never read an until she met him. After a dinner she sent her an autographed "The Green Hat." She began at midnight and did not put until finished. And thus she began.

The most expensive maus New York territory is planned south shore of Long Island. It will be required for its construction There will be 12 crypts, priced 000, which includes permanent tenance.

And on the north shore Island there is springing a exclusive section between Port ton and Sands Point to be Harbor Acres. It is sponsored cent Astor, and is for the There is a polo field nearby, clubs and the New York Y landing is opposite Hempstead at Glen Cove. Everyone there naturally comes to the club.

Whipsy-whopsy is a dented jewelry is a doorman who met afternoon close his lapel and was kid gloves.

A jobless comedian in a hotel called up the clerk at the other morning and said "Some of us will have to get a bed."

Somewhat I wouldn't give a father who doesn't like to be with snapshots of his children (Copyright, 1930, McNaught & Inc.)

Are Thirsty Men Silent the Well Is Pumped D Water Flowers? BY ROBERT QUILLE

No individual owns any part earth on which we live. That is a truth seldom understood and yet it is recognized in by common law.

A man who uses river water erate power must return it to bed at his property line; no a right to pollute the air breathe; the people can cond appropriate land needed for highway.

In principle and in fact it belongs to all.

Now suppose a case. Suppose some scientist should cover a way to generate power common dirt, so that an acre now worth \$100 as a source should be worth many thousands of power.

Every farmer who has 80 acres become a millionaire, but would become a hole in the stripped of topsoil and clay to of five to fifty feet.

In time all earth would be c highways would wind between cavations filled with stagnant and there would be no forests fields or gardens.

Would the people and the ment tolerate any such destruction of earth's resources? You know they would not.

Your ownership of the land would say to the farmer, "me: fers the right to use it while You cannot destroy it. The resources belong to all who earth."

No man can have the right stroy or waste natural resource by all the people.

That is so obviously true that can understand it.

Yet the earth's stores of na and oil are being wasted and is done about it.

Where there is oil there is the gas is of first importance, oil is lost in the sand when is exhausted.

Yet untold millions of feet o wasted in the air every year operators drill and pump and r oil to market.

They are like two small b two straws and one glass of sc afraid to draw breath lest t get more than his share.

Greedy men, exhausting and earth's resources—everybody's—and the government merely and suggests!

The waste must be stop stopped quickly, and congress a do it.

Would the foolish people silent while a few men destr earth itself to get a profit? (Copyright, 1930, Publishers Sy

is office bound, when you pa opposite end (of the run, no bus), provided bus is going do when it is the rule to pay as y except in those cases where yo and office are out from in to you pay the other way. This laboriously worked out by the l pany as offering the greatest the greatest number and as sa lay. It is quite simple when used to it.