

a battered grand piano. Little round tables everywhere, and gathered round them the most bewildering galaxy folk: hoboes—the real thing—highly respectable family parties, habits of Manhattan cafes, wealthy, stylishly clad men and women out to



see the sights, children, grandparents, brides and grooms!

The waiters are hoboes, clad in frayed attire. On the stage Banjo Ike is playing the instrument which gave him the only name he owns, while Tennessee Jim is doing a red-

hot shuffle. The whole thing is bona-fide.

"The boys are real hoboes," said Jeff. "They drift in, down and out, and I give 'em a job. There are about a dozen here now. They're always coming and going."

The Cabaret De Gink is, in fact, the only indigenous, spontaneous cabaret in America. For true bohemian atmosphere only the reputed hang-outs of the apaches in the cheap cabarets of Paris beat it.

But for all that, it's the best run place on the island. Coney's chief of police himself said so. Jeff himself drinks only one miniature glass of beer in an evening. And though everything from whisky to champagne flows freely Jeff and his stick see to it that no disorder arises. The hobo waiters and entertainers make enough in tips in an evening to satisfy their souls, and they take to the open road next morning, while new arrivals, in dirt and tatters, take their places.

—o—o—o—
SO JOLTS THE WORLD ALONG

A loved B, and B loved C
And cared not whit for A;
While D loved A, but courted E
And dared no word to say.
E wedded F and was adored
For two whole years or three.
When each with each grew badly bored,
And F sought balm with G.
A tired of life and gave it back
Unto the mother earth;
E earned her bread and found it cost
Far more than it was worth.
D live alone and grew at last
All wrinkled, sad and old;
But B and C had seven sons
And tablespoons of gold.

—Eva Dean in Judge.

—o—o—o—
New kid gloves will "go on" easy if the gloves are laid between the folds of a damp towel for an hour before putting them on.