

**BOX**

**19**

**FOLDER**

**205**

**Sunday Laws**

**1912-1913**

June 11, 1912.k

Dear Dr. Bailey:

Your letter communicating to me the resolution passed by the Prospect Heights Presbyterian Church with regard to playing games in the parks on Sunday is at hand. I suppose you know that games have been continuously played in our parks for many years on Sunday, and it may now be very difficult to stop them. Moreover, a great majority of the people of the city, and I think of the clergymen of the city, would be opposed to stopping them. I was myself brought up to the observance of a still Sabbath. But as we had to work hard in the fields and woods we were willing to keep still on Sunday. Of course you know that is not the case with our city men and boys. Many of them have no day of recreation except Sunday. What would you do with them? If they do not play in the fields they will go somewhere else, as you know. No doubt your church has solved that problem, and I should be very glad to have you let me know how it has been solved. Some of our clergymen who have not been able to solve it are offering to go into the fields and play with the boys of their congregation on Sunday afternoons. They dread to have the boys driven to the saloons, or to worse places. The conditions in cities and in the country with regard to Sunday are very different. Please remember also that people have a right to indulge in any game or recreation on Sunday which is not prohibited by law.

Very truly yours,

*M. Quinn*  
Mayor.

Rev. Edwin D. Bailey,  
492, 12th Street,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

*Prospect Heights Remond*  
June 11, 1912

November 15, 1912. b

Dear Madam:

I have just received your second letter to me about Sabbath observance, by which you mean Sunday observance. I agree with you about observing the day of rest. But we must be fair and charitable to others. The Christians do not observe the Sabbath Day, namely the seventh day, established by God according to the 4th Commandment, or the 3rd, as some number it. The Christians abandoned that day, and adopted Sunday, which is the first day of the week. It is all right for us to observe Sunday, but let us have no miserable little prejudice against the Jews because they stick to the Sabbath. Some Christian sects also adhere to the Sabbath, stoutly maintaining that no one had the right to change the day of rest ordained of God from the seventh to the first day of the week.

Very truly yours,

*W. J. Jayson,*  
MAYOR.

Miss Lillian Freund,  
57, Mangin St., N. Y. City.

C O P Y

To, THE COURT OF GENERAL SESSIONS OF THE PEACE  
IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF NEW YORK:

The People, &c. on complaint of )	CHARGE: Sabbath Breaking--
CORNELIUS GOODYEAR )	Violation of Sec.2147 Penal Law-
-against- )	Public Traffic on Sunday.
PHILIP FRIEDMAN . )	

The undersigned City Magistrate herewith makes return to appeal allowed by Your Honorable Court on November 27th, 1912, in the above entitled case.

The defendant, Philip Friedman, was arraigned before me at the Seventh District City Magistrates' Court on affidavit and complaint of Cornelius Goodyear, a Police Officer attached to the 28th Police Precinct, Manhattan, who did make affidavit that on Sunday, November 17th, 1912, in the City and County of New York, at premises No. 527 Columbus Avenue, Philip Friedman did then and there publicly sell, cause, suffer and permit to be sold and offered for sale property, to wit, cooked meat, at 4.30 o'clock in the afternoon, contrary to and in violation of statute in such case and made provided.

Upon the arraignment of the defendant I did adjourn the trial of the case to the 20th day of November, 1912, at 9 o'clock a. m. and paroled the defendant, at which time the defendant being represented by counsel, I did proceed to an examination and trial of the above entitled case.

Cornelius Goodyear, the complainant on behalf of the people, being duly sworn, testified that he was a Police Officer attached to the 28th Police Precinct of the City of New York; that he summoned this defendant on the 17th day of November, 1912, for a violation of the Sabbath Law; that he personally saw him selling cooked meat at the hour of 4.30 o'clock p. m. on the 17th day of November, which was a Sunday. In answer to a question the deponent said he saw the defendant make a sale; that he saw the property that was sold, given to some person in the store, and that he saw the money passed. That the door of the store was wide open, and people were going in and out.

From the testimony of Philip Friedman, the defendant, it appeared that he did sell cooked food on Sunday, November 17th, the day in question, the claim being made that he was a caterer.

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After hearing motion on behalf of defendant to dismiss the complaint, which motion I did deny and exception was duly taken, I did find the defendant guilty of a violation of section 2147 of the Penal Law of the State of New York, and imposed a fine of five dollars, or in default five days in the city prison. The fine being paid the defendant was duly discharged.

The only question before me was the meaning and interpretation of section 2147 of the Penal Law, which is as follows:

Section 2147. - Public traffic on Sunday -  
All manner of public selling or offering for sale of any property upon Sunday is prohibited, except that articles of food may be sold and supplied at any time before ten o'clock in the morning, and except also that meals may be sold to be eaten on the premises where sold or served elsewhere by caterers; and prepared tobacco, milk, ice and soda water in places other than where spirituous or malt liquors or wines are kept or offered for sale, and fruit, flowers, confectionery, newspapers, drugs, medicines and surgical appliances may be sold in a quiet and orderly manner at any time of the day. The provisions of this section, however, shall not be construed to allow or permit the public sale or exposing for sale or delivery of uncooked flesh foods, or meats, fresh or salt, at any hour or time of the day.

The testimony of the complainant and the defendant established that cooked meat was sold by the defendant on Sunday, and the only question raised was that this defendant was a caterer, and that as provided in section 2147 of the Penal Law he had a right to sell cooked meats on Sunday. I decided that the defendant was not a caterer within the meaning of the law, and that his right to sell articles of food on the Sabbath was limited to ten o'clock in the morning, and that the sale of food to persons who entered the premises after ten o'clock a. m., which food was not to be eaten on the premises, was a violation of the Sabbath Law.

A copy of the affidavit and complaint, and the minutes taken by the official stenographer are herewith attached and made part of this return.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

(Signed) Daniel F. Murphy,  
City Magistrate.

Dated, New York, December 9, 1912.

OFFICE OF  
THE CHIEF CITY MAGISTRATE  
FIRST DIVISION, CITY OF NEW YORK  
300 MULBERRY STREET  
MANHATTAN

WILLIAM McADOO  
CHIEF CITY MAGISTRATE

NEW YORK December 12, 1912.

Hon. William J. Gaynor,  
M a y o r ,  
New York City.

My Dear Mayor Gaynor:

You will find that Sec. 2143 of the Penal Law relates solely to labor on Sunday, all of which is prohibited except works of necessity, charity, etc. Sec. 2147 deals with public traffic on Sunday and reads as follows:

"All manner of public selling or offering for sale of any property upon Sunday is prohibited, except that articles of food may be sold and supplied at any time before ten o'clock in the morning, and except also that meals may be sold to be eaten on the premises where sold or served elsewhere by caterers; and prepared tobacco, milk, ice and soda-water in places other than where spirituous or malt liquors or wines are kept or offered for sale, and fruit, flowers, confectionery, newspapers, drugs, medicines and surgical appliances may be sold in a quiet and orderly manner at any time of the day. The provisions of this section, however, shall not be construed to allow or permit the public sale or exposing for sale or delivery of uncooked flesh foods, or meats, fresh or salt, at any hour or time of the day."

You will find a <sup>2</sup> number of cases cited in the construing of this provision.

The question presented to the Magistrates by the delicatessen dealers was this-- it being admitted that they can sell articles of food up to ten o'clock Sunday morning-- whether or not they could sell articles to customers to be

to be carried out of the premises. The delicatessen people contend that they could do so because of the words in the Section; "--or served elsewhere by caterers." My own opinion is that the caterers referred to here are people who take orders for meals and deliver them through their servants or agents at the houses or dwelling places of customers.

I suggested to the representative of the delicatessen dealers that one or two additional wards, by way of amendment to this law, would remove all doubt.

As the law now stands, the question at issue is, *I*s a delicatessen man a caterer when he sells cooked food to be taken off the premises? There is no case in the higher Courts directly to the point. There was a trial some years ago before Judge McMahon in General Sessions, and he charged the jury that the delicatessen men were caterers and that they had not broken the law when they sold cooked food on the premises to be carried off by customers.

I enclose herewith copy of return made at this office on a case now pending.

Section 2144 of the Penal Law is with reference to those citizens who observe some other day in the week as a holy day other than Sunday, but you will see on reading it that that only refers to work or labor and, as far as I can see, has no relation to Sec. 2147 with regard to selling. Some Magistrates have confused these Sections, in my judgment, and attempted to apply the exemption to those who sold goods as well as those who labored, but I think you will agree with

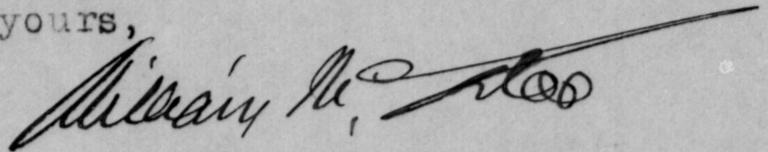
The Mayor.

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12/12 '12.

me that the statute makes a clear distinction between both actions.

Very sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "William H. Wood". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the typed name of the Chief City Magistrate.

Chief City Magistrate.

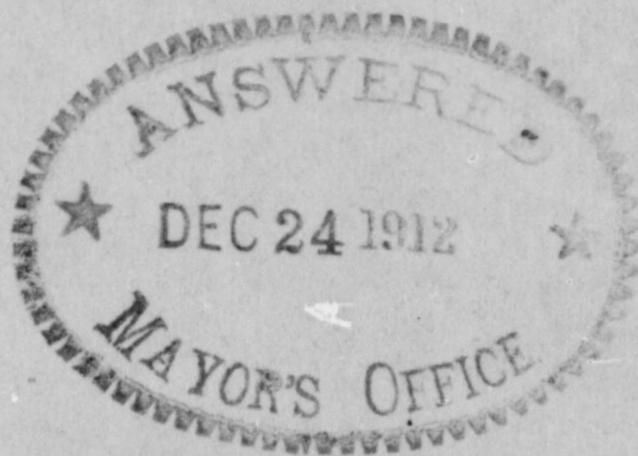
# Current Literature

134 West 29<sup>th</sup> Street  
• New York •

Offices of  
George Sylvester Viereck

December 19th, 1912

His Honor,  
Mayor Gaynor,  
New York City.



My dear Mr. Gaynor:-

I am delighted with your interpretation of the Sunday Laws and Christianity. I suspect that you and I are both better Christians than Dr. Parkhurst.

I take pleasure in sending you a poem of mine, "A New England Ballad" which appeared in my book, "The Candle and The Flame," in which I flayed the old Puritan conception of the Lord's day.

It may interest you to know that Dr. Parkhurst urged me not to publish this poem.

Sincerely yours,

*George Sylvester Viereck*

A NEW ENGLAND BALLAD

( For Alexander Harvey. )

He saw the drab and dreary town  
Upon a mirthless Sabbath day;  
All pleasant things had crept away  
Like serfs before the master's frown;  
The very trees their heads hung down  
Upon the mirthless Sabbath day.

Through joy-deserted streets He trod,  
The church bells tolling mournfully.  
There was no sound of childish glee,  
No peal of laughter praising God  
Hailed Him that loved the little ones  
From Judah unto Galilee.

Barred in His name the magic bower  
Of mimic kings and queens that seem,  
Where still the fairy-jewels gleam  
And sonant for a little hour  
- From faded parchment conjured up -  
Incarnate walks the poet's dream.

But through a gate obscure and small  
He watched a pale-faced stripling crawl  
Into a closely-shuttered place  
Where Magdalens untouched of grace  
Held their unlovely festival,

Wearing the hunted look, uncanny,  
Of them that love not much but many.

And right across the house of guilt  
Where sweet young lips were made all-wise  
In unchaste knowledge, and the wine  
Of glorious youth was hourly spilt -  
Grinning upon Him like a skull,  
With windows bare like sightless eyes,  
There rose the House Unbeautiful  
Wherein God's holy shrine was built.

And buzzing like a swarm of bees  
Around the church's open door,  
In long frock coats and tall silk hats,  
The sleek, the oily Pharisees  
With the complacent smile of yore -  
Dear God, how He remembered these!

Upon a cross of ebony  
He saw his image painted bleak  
With pallid lips that seemed to speak;  
"My God, thou hast forsaken me!"  
Such was the symbol of their faith -  
Not like a godhead, like a wraith  
Convulsed with futile agony,  
Wherefrom no man might solace seek.

There was no incense in the air,  
    Never a sweet-faced acolyte,  
No priest in sacrificial dress  
    Trailing with colors strange and bright;  
No organ sounded pæans there,  
    No candelabrum shed its light.  
No gleam of hope . . . of loveliness,  
    Of awe . . . or beauty anywhere.

Beside the tabernacle stood,  
    Choked with things hateful that destroy,  
    A weazened parson cursing Joy;  
And in his veins there flowed no blood.  
Upon his tongue were words of grace,  
    Yet every time he spake afresh  
    He drove a nail into His flesh,  
And praying spat . . . into His face!

And when his curses poured like showers  
    Upon all things that men hold fair,  
    The pearls, the satin and the flowers,  
    Life's graces, perfumed, debonair,  
With voice of thunder spake the Master:  
    "Hold, parson! Cease thy plasphe-my!"  
    "Who art thou, stranger?"

    " I am He

Who suffered her of Magdala

With the smooth satin of her hair  
To dry His consecrated feet.  
And break for Him the alabaster  
That held the spikenard rare and sweet."

The weazened parson deaf and blind  
Proceeded of God's wrath to tell,  
And of a lad, of one who feel  
Through his hot blood and fates unkind,  
Whom to the terrors of God's Hell  
And to His vengeance he consigned.

Again the voice rose threateningly:  
"Hold, parson! Cease thy blasphemy!"  
"Who art thou, stranger?"

"I am He

Who in the wilderness forsaken,  
There having felt temptation's spur,  
Forgave one in adultery taken  
And bade ye throw no stone at her! "

And still the parson cursed and whined,  
And thus he spoke to womankind:

"Vileness and sin of every shape  
Lure in the ferment of the grape.  
Seize by the root the fruit malign  
That turns all good men into swine! "

"Impious parson, on they knee!  
How dare ye judge your Maker? He  
I am who at His mother's sign,  
And for her glory, turned the water  
In the six water-pots to wine!  
I am who through the bigot's pride  
Of righteous fools is crucified.  
All lovely things, if these be slain,  
Then were my sacrifice in vain!  
For man is not the devil's booty,  
Not Mine the scorpion and the rod,  
Not sorrow is your heavy duty,  
And they that worship Him in beauty  
And gladness . . . are most dear to God.

"Men of the New World, heed Me, bliss  
And all God's good gifts are your gain!  
From Old World nightmares cleanse your brain:  
Columbus has not crossed the main  
To open up new worlds to pain!  
But he and they who tell you this,  
Good folk, betray you with a prayer  
As they betrayed Me with a kiss! "

And like mysterious music died  
His accents on the shivering air;  
And through the heavens opening wide  
He vanished where no man might follow.  
Roses for thorns were in His hair,  
And on His visage, dwelling there,  
Those who beheld Him saw, enticed,  
The awful beauty of Apollo,  
The loving kindness which is Christ -  
While choked with visions that destroy  
Still by the cross the parson stood,  
A gibbering madman, cursing Joy!

From "The Candle and The Flame" by George Sylvester Viereck

copyright 1912

## A NEW ENGLAND BALLAD

This poem embodies a Hellenic conception of Christ. My Christ, like the Aryan Christ of Houston Stewart Chamberlain ("The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century"), is a joyous figure pointing not to death, but to life. "Many founders of religions," declares Chamberlain, "have imposed penance in respect to food upon themselves and their disciples; not so Christ; He emphasizes particularly that He had not fasted like John, but had so lived that men called Him 'a glutton and a wine-bibber.' . . . What Buddha teaches is, so to speak, a physical process; it is the actual extinction of the physical and intellectual being; whoever wishes to be redeemed must take the three vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience. In the case of Christ we find nothing similar: He attends marriages, He declares wedlock to be a holy ordinance of God, and even the errors of the flesh He judges so leniently that He himself has not a word of condemnation for the adulteress; He indeed speaks of wealth as rendering the 'conversion' of the will more difficult - as, for example, when He says that it is more difficult for a rich man to enter into that kingdom of God which lies within us than for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, but He immediately adds - and this is the characteristic and decisive part - 'the things which are impossible with men are possible with God.' "

Christ, Chamberlain might have added, suffered woman to anoint His forehead with spikenard, and to dry His weary feet with the caress of her hair. Jesus to me is the beautiful youth who confounded the scribes in the temple, not the sorrowful bearded figure of

the last movement. Wilde, too, in "De Profundis," dwells on the Greek aspect of Christ. The synthesis of Greek and Christian always has been to me a subject of fascination. I can trace the growth of the idea in my own work. More than seven years ago, in the final stanza of "Hadrian" (Gedichte, 1904) this conception is clearly foreshadowed.

"Where unto Beauty sacrifice is given  
There let us kneel to worship and adore,  
Whether its star transcendent rose in heaven  
O'er Grecian hill or Galilean shore."

In "Before the Cross" and "Provocatio ad Mariam" (Nineveh) the pendulum swings, and my spirit turns again to Golgotha. "Spring" speaks of a healthy pagan reaction. I am again a denizen of Greece. But, unlike Swinburne's, my paganism never blasphemes. "Prince Jesus, set me free," is my prayer. A drop of blood slowly drips from the wounded head. I am free.

"O sweet Lord Spring, I am free at last  
To follow wherever thy feet have passed,  
Over the dales and over the rills,  
To the gladsome Grecian hills."

The pagan note prevades the last chord of Nineveh. But no philosophy can emancipate us from the Nazarene. "We are not," as Chamberlain remarks, "Christians because we were brought up in this or that church, because we want to be Christians; if we are Christians, it is because we cannot help it, because neither the chaotic bustle of life, nor the delirium of selfishness nor artificial training of thought can dispel the Vision of the Man of Sorrow when once it has been seen." In "A New England Ballad" I attempt to reconcile what is Greek and what is Christian in me.

I was delighted when, years after, I found in Chamberlain my philosophic justification.

"A New England Ballad" is my answer to Puritanism. Puritanism may have exhausted its force externally, but the virus of intolerance still corrodes our minds. Puritanism crucified Whitman and I slandered Poe; its breath is deadly to art. I love Merry Old England, but for New England, at least in this aspect, I have no affection. I regard it as a duty to my Germanic ancestors to supply an antidote to the poison bequeathed to us by the Pilgrim Fathers.

"Barred in His name the magic bower  
Of mimic kings and queens that seem," etc.

Not only in New England, but in New York, theatrical presentations on the Sabbath are, at this writing, illegal.

"..... through a gate obscure and small  
He watched a pale-faced stripling crawl  
Into a closely-shuttered place ..."

Though Shakespeare be barred on Sunday, the peripatetic Venus and traffickers in vice ply their trade every day in the week.

"Wearing the hunted look, uncanny,  
Of them that love not much, but many."

"Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little" (Saint Luke vi:47). "Quia multum amavit" - there is nothing more beautiful in the world, except one sentence in "De Profundis": "Where there is sorrow, there is holy ground" . . .

"The sleek, the oily Pharisees  
With the complacent smile of yore -  
Dear God, how He remembered these!"

Garments are subject to fashion, but the Pharisee of to-day is  
brother under his skin to the Pharisee of Jersualem.

" . . . He  
I am who at His mother's sign,  
And for her glory, turned the water  
In the six water-pots to wine!"

In view of the campaign waged by intolerant females, in  
favor of Prohibition, the fact that Jesus performed His first  
miracle, the turning of water into wine, at the request of His  
mother (Saint John ii:1 - 11), assumes additional pregnancy.  
Christ's opinion of wine was evidently as pronounced as His opinion  
of the Sabbath. "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for  
the Sabbath."

"Columbus has not crossed the main  
To open up new worlds to pain."

Small as may be the baggage of our immigrants, they bring with  
them too often the intolerance and the prejudices of the Old  
World. Here, as Professor Sumner remarks, America has missed  
her great opportunity, the opportunity of creating a continent  
entirely free from prejudice and convention.

"The awful beauty of Apollo,  
The loving kindness which is Christ."

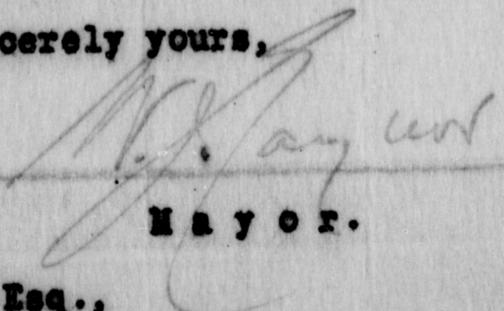
Since Nietzsche, every thinker has formulated his conception of  
the Overman. My Overman is both Christian and pagan. He transcends  
man, but is still human. He is Christ-Apollo.

June 17th, 1913. s

Dear Mr. Weinstein:

I am very glad indeed to receive your letter. Games have been permitted in the park on Sundays for many years. To stop them would do great harm. As a health measure, not to mention anything else, the young people who are confined in factories and offices during the week must be allowed to get out in the fields and take exercise on Sunday if they want to. What a man shall do in the way of exercise on Sunday is for himself to determine, provided he does not do anything in violation of the law. The Christian Church never laid down any rule on the subject. When John Knox visited John Calvin at Geneva on a Sunday afternoon he found him out in the fields playing at bowls with his two sons and his neighbors.

Sincerely yours,

  
M a y o r.

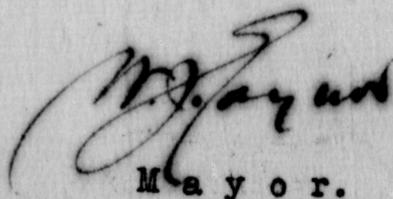
Gregory Weinstein, Esq.,  
165, William Street,  
New York City.

June 18, 1913. v

Dear Sir:

There is a doubt in the law whether merchandise can be sold on Sunday, and therefore your people had a bill in Albany last winter to make it lawful to those who close their places on Saturday but the bill did not pass. It may be that it is lawful now to those who keep the seventh day but that is for the courts to decide, not for the Mayor.

Sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "W. J. Gaynes".

Mayor.

David B. Cohen, Esq.,  
239-41, South 2nd St.,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

July 24th, 1913. a

Reverend and dear Sir:

Your letter of July 17th is at hand. You advise me of an opinion of the Attorney General on baseball playing on Sunday. The opinion adds nothing new to the legal question. You also say to me as follows:

"In the light of this decision it is clear many of the baseball games played in this city every Sunday is in clear violation of the law."

You add as follows:

"We do most respectfully request you to inforce the law."

It may be I should correct your inadvertent mistakes of grammar and spelling, but I hesitate to take that liberty.

I do not know of any illegal ball game, golf game or other game being played in this city on Sunday. You specify none. You only say generally that many of them are in violation of law, and add that it is a disgrace to the city. If you know of any you ought to specify it to me if you want me to help to prosecute the offenders. While I thank you for writing to me so often, and admonishing

me, and even nagging me, I think you will admit that I ought to ask you to be specific. It is easy to indulge in general statements, and, as you know, error and untruthfulness lurk in generalities.

And let me add that you ought to do your part as a good citizen in this matter. You should help as well as find fault. You and several others with you are employed to go all over the city every Sunday to see whether any one is violating the Sunday law, and you are paid wages therefor by a society which you got together for that purpose, and you make your living in that way. When you discover violations you should go before the Magistrates of the city and make complaints and obtain warrants to arrest the offenders. You write to the Mayor as though you think he ought to do that. Did it never occur to you that you ought to do it, especially as you hire yourself out for the purpose of enforcing observance of the Sunday laws? That is the way the Sunday law against work or unlawful games has been enforced in this State from the earliest times. Many people do not wish to meddle with the Sunday habits of their neighbors in respect of playing golf or ball. Others do like to meddle therewith. You are employed and paid wages to meddle therewith. I do not complain of that. I am willing to help you, but it

seems to me that you should do your full share, and also share in the credit or the odium, whichever may follow.

It may be that as a health measure, without mentioning other considerations, the men and boys and girls and women of this great city who have to work indoors all the week days, many of them in hot and uncomfortable places, ought to be encouraged to go out in the parks and fields and play games on Sundays, after church hours. Of course they should not play games forbidden by law. I fear you misinterpret the law. I am unaware of any Divine law forbidding us to play games on Sunday. If you think there is such a Divine law I shall be glad to have you cite it to me and correct me. When the great Christian minister John Knox of Scotland went to Geneva in Switzerland to visit that other great Christian minister John Calvin, and called on him at his home of a Sunday afternoon, he found him out back in the fields playing at bowls with his sons and neighbors. He knew of no Divine law prohibiting him from doing so, nor did John Knox know of any. Do you?

As to our State statute on the subject, it forbids work and public games. If the games are not public but private they do not offend against this statute. And this word public as used by the statute needs to be understood. A game is not public within the meaning of this

statute simply because it is played out-doors and in sight of people. A public game is one to which the public are invited by a previous public announcement thereof. Such are the court decisions. I should add that a private game may also be unlawful if it "disturbs the religious repose" of any one. In that case the person who is thus disturbed is the one who ought to complain. He is the one who knows it. This accusatory method of enforcing the criminal laws is open to every citizen. May I add that if the players are hired to play, that violates the statute, because the players are then working for wages, and work is forbidden. And also those who get up a public game and advertise it to make a profit out of the admission fees may be guilty of violating the law by the work of running a business on Sunday.

Now I do not like to say anything to you in the way of admonition, although you write to me and admonish me, instead of going to the police captains and the Magistrates who are appointed to receive your complaints and act thereon. If I should admonish you it would be in the most hesitant way, yea, even touching you only by the very tips of my fingers, so to speak. In that spirit may I say that some think that what you are doing on Sunday, namely, trudging all over the city, and watching your

neighbors, and receiving wages therefor, is "work" within the meaning of our Sunday law, and also of the Divine Commandment which says "thou shalt not do any kind of work" on the Sabbath. Your case, to say the least, may be as debatable as the case of the games on Sunday in the fields which you are objecting to. If these games are of doubtful legality, is not that also the best that can be said of the work which you are doing on Sunday for pay? If a private citizen hires out to other private citizens to go about as a sort of catchpole on Sunday to watch whether his neighbors play ball, and stop them, is he not working? I will not try to decide it, for I do not wish to condemn you in any way. On the contrary, I would rather do something to content you and make life easy and happy to you.

Come in and see me some day and we will debate the whole thing scripturally, theologically and legally. We will not leave a stone unturned, and if necessary we will even split a hair now and then. That would give me a pleasant half-hour, and I assure you all of my half-hours are not pleasant, although I believe I am of a cheerful disposition and try to make them so.

Sincerely yours,

*H. J. Raymond*  
MAYOR.

Rev. Joseph Keevil,  
135, Russell Street,  
Brooklyn, N.Y.