

Well anyhow, they almost got my fingerprints in the Public Bath along with my current history at Cherry and Oliver Streets. They would not take my word for it that I had a towel and demanded to see it. (Can't hardly blame them for their doubts, in these hard times when people are inclined to lie about their possessions.)

After showing the great men my towel, the result of 45 years <sup>of</sup> hard labor and savings I walked out of the place less worse happen and I haven't killed a man for a long time.

From outward appearances the joint is immense - late as was no doubt its conception and even Al Smith who was raised in the neighborhood might hesitate about entering it for such a prosaic office as a bath.

This condition of third-degree makes it necessary for the abolitionist to travel great distances to places where he can gain civil treatment or forego the pleasure of a bath entirely; a saving to the city in hot water and wear and tear in the edifice.

The frustrated bather must not consider he has the "world by the tail" through these artifices for the powers that be can through their One Big Union put all public baths under strict regimentation and all bathers subject to civil service requirements and obligatory to prove themselves natives of the province and expose their navel for rigid examination - this ought weed out about half of the bathers and it is reasonable to suppose that the half thus excommunicated can bring to bear American ingenuity and logic upon the matter and convince the cleanly remainder that "filth is the best policy" - an ideal condition that would preserve the public baths as a monument to posterity and unnumbered generations yet to come. Unsatisfied to doze the day long hours they snap into wakefulness and run flank attacks upon the