About New York

Blindness Is No Handicap When a Child Needs Protection—A No-Parking Ruse

By MEYER BERGER

PA SCOTTI left the Light-House Craft 3:40 at 111 East Fifty-ninth Street the other night and went over to work at the Braille Press. She stood at the curb at Fifty-ninth and Fifth Avenue as usual waiting for Missy, her dog, to read the traffic light for her and start her across.

Suddenly a small hand lighted on Miss Scotti's forearm. She couldn't tell whether it was a little boy or a little girl, but child's voice said "Will you cross me, please?" That is a town kid's way of saying, "Please get me across the street." Miss Scotti found the child's hand and held it.

A few moments later when the light went green for north-to-south crossing. On the far side of the street there was a large stone through an open window on an upper floor. There, fifty-seventh.

He hollered excitedly to Jim Burns, head of the working crew, "Jim, get your pumplin' and your pumps." He meant the mud-hogs, the machines that can knock huge stones into place as the ground is encountered in the excavation. The stuff courses down the Eleventh Avenue to the Avenue of the Americas.

Jim stopped the pumps. He and his men got their pumplin' and pumplins, or forty feet westward, but it glinted through the brown waste. He walked off with it. No hint of reward.

"To the best of my observa-

MARGINALIA: Some of the horse-drawn hackets at Central Park are sure to read the window signs, "Beat-
ed," a lure during the current sharp snap. The heat source is just an old-fashioned foot-warmed stove with charcoal. The management of the American Meteorological Society at New York University this week is Arthur Mereweather. . . . Any Briton in town who years for the British Museum may send his requests to the British Museum in London through the University of London. The Coolidge Foundation is planning a trip to Britain 100 years ago for their Staten Island lawn, and it has held through the years.