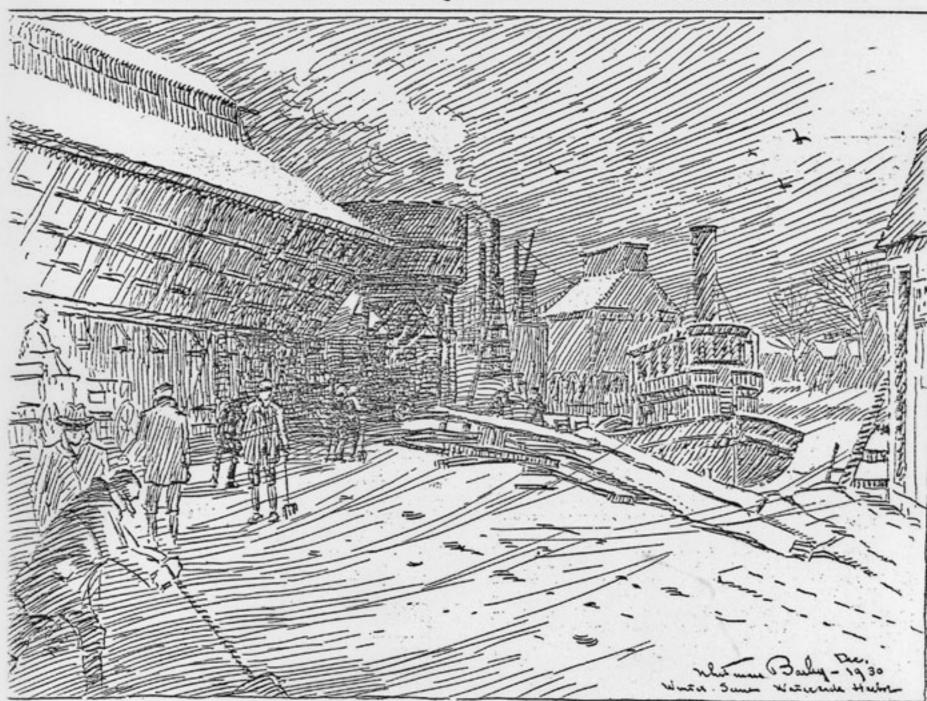
VIEW OF RECENT SNOW SQUALL AT WATERSIDE HARBOR



. week or so ago old Waterside; bor was visited by the Winter's t snowstorm. Black coal pockets e piled high with sifting snow es. Overhanging cranes were ted white. Tall mast heads amed and glittered. A deserted boat was draped and festooned h silver lace. The guide ropes, reover, had been transformed to tight strings of magic pearl. In inner harbor, cakes of ice crack- rails had been softened to swan's ing to the M. W. Flemming Com-

other with the rise and fall of tide. and the crescent shaped inlet took on the likeness of a huge wedding cake. Here many an upturned rowboat was held fast to the ice-bound shore. It was indeed a different place along these old Waterside docks from what one usually sees it. So much so that one was reminded of these famous lines from James Russell Lowell: "The stiff the sand and stone hopper belong-

ed into curious shapes jostled each, down and still fluttered down the pany. The Genovese Coal Comp. snow."

> Over the whole scene there seemed to hang a wintry hush. Workmen hovered about here and there as if they walked soundlessly, on tip-toe; and there was no noise except for the sounds of crushing ice.

> It is interesting to note in the writer's sketch above, the huge coal pocket in the foreground and also

yard may likewise be seen, sh ing faintly in the distance. The distant stacks of what was the chocolate factory and is now a p of the Petroleum Heat and Po-Company, also lend height and nity to the whole scene.

Old Waterside Harbor is ind a fascinating spot to visit at season of the year, but it is at best when its contrasts are heigh ened by the effect of snow.

Whitman Baile