A REGISTERED LETTER BRINGS BAD NEWS FROM THE SOUTH AND I START LOOKING FOR A SUMMER JOB — HOPEFULLY, NOT IN A FUNERAL PARLOR.

like Harlem in the summer except when it gets too hot, which it had been for the last week and we hadn't even reached July yet. On my block, women sat in their windows and kids hung out on the fire escapes trying to catch whatever breeze got lost and wandered up to Harlem. Old Man Mills and Jimmy Key were sitting on the stoop playing checkers. Jimmy had been wounded in the war and walked with a cane that he held across his lap as he studied the board. Everybody, except maybe Jimmy, knew that Mr. Mills was going to win.

"Man, it is some kind of hot out here," Mr. Mills said, as he jumped two of Jimmy's men. "Little while ago I saw a dog get up from where he was lying under a tree to get a drink of water from that leaky hydrant down the way. But what surprised me was that his shadow didn't get up and go with him. It stayed right under that tree where it was cool."

"I'm thinking of getting me one of those new electric iceboxes," Jimmy said. "If I get one I'm going to keep the door open and sit right in front of it all day."

"I heard that some rich folks got two or three of them refrigerators in their house so they can have a cool glass of water in whatever room they're in," Mr. Mills said. "That's what you call high living."

"I still don't see why you need an electric icebox when all it does is make the same kind of ice that the iceman brings," Jimmy said.

"Don't pay him no stead, Mark." Mr. Mills turned toward me and jerked his thumb toward Jimmy. "He don't realize this is 1925. He's still living back in the old days when they used to feed Christians to the lions and whatnot."

"This conversation don't have a thing to do with no Christians and lions," Jimmy answered. "It's okay being modern but you can't let it go to your head. That's what's wrong with that teacher down in Tennessee talking about how people come from monkeys. He's trying to be modern but what he's talking about don't make a bit of sense."

"I read in the paper where they interviewed a monkey and asked his opinion on the subject," Mr. Mills said.

"Now you know you lying, Mr. Mills," Jimmy said. "Nobody asked no monkey nothing!"