



It is apparent that there is one infallible cure for the employe who in no other way can be persuaded to reach the office on time in the morning. Cut down the company's automobile parking space so that it's a case of first come, first served. Time clocks will be unnecessary.

To Paradise Cottage. Little house upon the hill, House of laughter, song and cheer, Host to quiet hours—and peace (Heaven, I think, is with us here). Show me sun-swept fields below When the August day smiles fair. In October, let me smell Chimney smoke on frosty air. Take me in your little door, Cherish me beside your fire. Spread out simple things to eat. Give me comfort when I tire. Grant me strength to realize The finer things, all else above. And, so my heart won't break in two, Little house—please bring me love. —IRIS STUART.

Alonzo B. See, the elevator man, opines there are too many commissions appointed, the country is being "commissioned" to death, but asks if it wouldn't be well if another commission, however, were appointed to "see if Herbert Hoover isn't demoted." But why not take things in order according to parliamentary procedure? If we hear aught, there is a small, still voice at the back of the hall attempting to claim the floor and move the appointment of an A. B. See commission.

All our friends seemed to have gone back on us relative to the receipt of an announcement of the passing of the jolly, old-time traveling salesman. At least a column was expected. However, come right down to it, there isn't so much left to tack a wise-crack onto when you eliminate the Falstaff of the Pullman car.

The Unemployed. Oh, happy cow! You have your chow, How low so'er the "market" fall; When you fall ill, no doctor's bill; 'Gainst winter wind a sheltered stall. See yonder cloud—indignant god— Like chaff that's swept before the wind; His work or starve—his rob or starve Unless he can a master find. —M. J. C.

Thoughts That Come to Me While Studying for a History Test. "What's the picture playing at the theater?... history is awful! ... isn't that song on the radio pretty?... hope it doesn't snow to-night.... I use these words in the book mean next to nothing, if not less... only no more days of school before Thanksgiving.... April, 1776; I've heard of that date before, in fact I'm quite certain there was such a date, but what happened?... how many pages have I left? About fifty.... wouldn't I love to have an Washington in his canary-colored uniform, drawn by cream-colored horses! ... my hair needs combing.... I've been studying this history for the longest time; think I'll call it a day and go to my next subject...." —FELICIA GOLDBERG.

Speaking of ancestors, a gandsire who was a captain seems a wonder if you are a corporal instead of a colonel.

How easily the common people could make money when stocks are low—if they hadn't been dry-cleaned when blues fell.

They also serve who merely howl. When the din is great enough, somebody finds a way to remedy the condition that caused it.

"When a man is through, he's through," says a popular cynic. Not if he's eating spaghetti.

A hick town is a place where anybody who takes money for flowers is called a penny-pincher.

Justice isn't sold like other commodities. The more you spend, the less if you get.

ALONG THE TURKEY LINE

BY FREDERICK P. LATIMER.

On Thanksgiving day we let our mind run back a long distance, first of all to the very earliest day of national thanksgiving for English-speaking people, as we recall in 1558, after the defeat of the Spanish armada. We have seen many a turkey after a certain hour Thanksgiving day, resemble the defeat of the armada. It looks as bad as the fall of Troy.

Always after the last filling of dessert we become meditative, not being able to move or talk much. We meditate upon the situation of the early Pilgrims when they started the great American Thanksgiving observance by prayer and feasting and some merry singing, too, away back yonder in the mists of Plymouth antiquity, in the late autumn of 1621, having reaped their first harvest on the soil of their New England. They had been greatly comforted, that year, by the arrival of a new company of immigrants with provisions and supplies, but the previous winter had been awful enough. The poor, huddled creatures in the savage woods of Massachusetts bay had lost about a half their number from deaths, due to hunger and exposure and a homesickness for which there was for those who succumbed to it no cure.

One might have supposed that as soon as the relief ship came from England everybody would have clambered on board and insisted upon being taken back to the land from which they came, where if they could not practice their religion in all points as they wished, they could at least be warm and fed and clothed, and there were no Indians lurking in the forests to shoot them down. But they remained, with a bravery and grit such as we people in our comfortable days can hardly imagine.

Just think what memories were in the bosoms of the survivors of that first winter, when they sat down to "rejoice," while the graves of so many of their friends and relatives were still fresh. It must have been difficult for those Puritan fathers and mothers to have a happy spirit, yet they had it genuinely, looking forward and not back.

These Pilgrims were fanatics, as good luck would have it. Who could be more visionary? They were but a handful, even after the accretions of 1621. They were in a little niche of the continent, on one side of them an ocean which it took months to cross, and on the other wildernesses upon wildernesses far as eye could see if from months of travel. In Massachusetts they were outnumbered ten to one and more by the aborigines. The settlers were in huts of logs and without means of knowing whether they could again survive the severity of the climate. Back in England their government was not supporting them. Only a little change in the tide of events could cut them off from any help from home. Yet they believed as much as they believed they were in the world at all, that in the same miraculous way that the walls of Jericho fell down at the sounding of the trumpet, so a miracle would be done in America and a great nation was to be established here from these humble and feeble beginnings.

They thought that the Lord had especially and signally commanded them to make this thrilling adventure and that He would sustain them unflinchingly as He did Moses coming out of Egypt and the Israelites when they went into Canaan. The region toward Worcester was to them a Moab or something; and the Mt. Hope Indians inhabitants of Gog. Crazy, these chaps with the tall, funeral hats and lantern-jawed expressions were. Crazy almost as the John Brown to be, crusading against the devil in Kansas and Harper's Ferry. We would have given much to have been able to look in the window and see and listen at the first Thanksgiving day of New England. The solemnity of its grace and the bravery of its cheer were enough to make the angels weep. We take a pride in knowing that we had an ancestor who was there. He may have carved the turkey, or he may have not had as much dressing as he wished, but at any rate he was there, old William Bradford with soul as rugged as Pike's Peak.

Our mind went back, too, after skipping a great many decades, to the old homestead in the New London hard-scrabble, where our grandfather gathered about him his family on Thanksgiving day, let us say in the year 1850, when he and grandmother were still young and all their children were with them. They lived in one of those big,

Letters of General Joseph R. Hawley

Hero of the Civil War, Hartford Editor, Governor of Connecticut, Congressman and United States Senator.

Written to
CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER
His Lifelong Friend and Associate in Newspaper Work.

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NO. XVI.
Warner agreed to come on for a visit and Hawley was delighted. Writing on June 8, 1855, he gave his friend directions for finding him:

Hartford, June 8, 1855.
God bless you Charley!
Come as soon as you can, (let me know what day & what train) take a hack to 248 Main St. (if you come in the evening) ring at Dr. Kob's door, or better still run right up to "3rd story back corner" & walk in. That's my den. You'll find right cordial welcome, easy chairs, pipes and a little—warm with sugar & nutmeg in honor of the occasion. If you come by the noon train (leaving N. Y. in the morning) go to the "Eagle Hotel" with your baggage & then come right over to the State Bank Building—west side of the square, go up stairs & you can't miss Hooker & Hawley's office. You will be welcome a thousand fold. No better letter than yours has come to 444 in a long time. My chum, Pierce, & my partner Hooker will be glad to see one of whom they have often heard me speak. You shall spend some evenings at Blithedale—the genuine, the successful Blithedale.

I scarcely dare to hope that you will really come. You had better let me know just when you can come. Sometimes I am called on to go out of town for a day or two generally not more than a day, but any man who even asks me to do that when you are here or coming shall get kicked—kicked, sir, like a dog.
Cannot Dan come too? That would finish perfection.
For some months back I've been setting a time when I would should go to New York for a few days, but the time has never come. Last summer I didn't go to Cazenovia & for 18 mos have been tied down to this office & this table.

In honor of your coming Charley I shall stop work to-totally. I shall strike for higher wages—for leisure; fun.
Yours—both of you
Joe Hawley

Plans for the Wedding.
Fall was waning before there was another letter. Hawley was preparing for his wedding, the date having been set for Christmas day and he wanted Warner as a groomsman. Meanwhile he planned to visit his friend in New York. Thus on November 27:

Hartford, Nov. 27, '55
Dear Charley:
Your note is received. There is about half of what is intended to be a long letter to you lying in my room & it has been there too, for several days. Don't think me careless or forgetful. I was heartily glad to get your excellent letter, but was so anxious not to send you a hasty scrawl in reply that I delayed answering too long. The last two or three weeks have been quite busy. Yesterday was town election—quite an important event just about the square here where it makes so much difference with the income of the younger of us.
When your letter came yesterday, and you didn't date it I handed it over to Hooker just to see if he could have resisted such an appeal. This morning he left on business to be gone until to-morrow (Wednesday) noon—The next day is Thanksgiving & of course the office will be shut, but on Friday & Saturday Hooker again wishes to be absent. We cannot afford to shut up shop much. Besides I am necessarily undergoing considerable expense now a days for my Dear Fellow four weeks from to-day—Christmas will be the great day of my life.

Warner in Love, Too.
I can give you no idea of my feelings unless by reminding you of your own. So you too are dreaming—Delicious this loving, isn't it—I don't know at what stage of the affair you are. There are periods of misery—I've passed all doubt. I know that I'm loved and am only waiting calmly and happily for the day when I shall take her home as my wife.
Well: this will go better by moonlight when we can talk face to face—I shouldn't have said half as much if you had not placed yourself in a predicament to appreciate all this which

the world usually calls stuff.
It will afford Miss Foote and myself the greatest pleasure to see you at Guilford Christmas and I will promise you that you shall stand by the side of a beautiful girl—a bewitching woman (a cousin of Miss F.'s) whose old white-haired father is worth \$300,000. 25 years a sailor—a regular old Cheerybie—And you shall see some new people—You understand me, new people. You don't see such folks often. But you would have to study something besides the architecture of the old farm house—or the ungainly unshorn half fisherman, half farmer boys of Miss Foote's own family. It will be a small company only the immediate relatives of Miss F. (20 or 30 in number) and for my friends only Hooker, Shipman; train & Charley Warner if I can get him. The latter three shall "stand up with" three beautiful girls each far eclipsing in beauty my own dearly beloved. You can come as far as New York easily can't you? Guilford is just beyond New Haven on the New London road.
I began this letter with the intention of begging off from going to N. Y. but I'm surely tempted. I will go. I cannot stay away. Business may go to the devil.
No time for more.
I leave 12 1/2 Wednesday noon; at New York in 4 hours. Meet me at office of New Haven House right by Canal St Depot.

Yours
Joe
Love to Dan.
Warner Unable to Promise.
Warner did not find it easy to promise to attend the wedding and after his return from New York Hawley renewed the urging, writing under date of December 5:

Hartford, Dec. 5, 1855
My Dear Charles:
My particular object in writing to-night is to renew my urgent invitation to attend my wedding. If there is anything that I can do to bring you I will do it. Though I have many friends and acquaintances there are very few who are fit for such a duty—I consider you peculiarly fit. I shall be glad to introduce you as my friend and I am quite certain that you will see some few individualities there worth studying. There are two or three friends here whom I would have asked, in the event of your refusal—though I should first have asked you—but they have been so impolite as to get married first and thus disqualify themselves.

Miss Foote has often heard me speak of you and moreover having seen you, I know that this invitation meets her hearty approval.
Charley, I do most urgently beg you to come—I insist upon paying your expenses—You must at the very least allow me to bear a portion of them, for I know you are not by any means rich. (You did wrong not to allow me to pay more in N. Y.)—and besides I am willing to pay for the favor—this I mean in the gross pecuniary view—which is—you of course understand—not the inducement I offer you.
There is another person whom I can get to supply your place but I dislike to very much, though he is a gentleman.
What shall I say to gain your consent. I know your unwillingness to seem negligent in business. I appreciate it fully & honor it, but if you have any such partners as mine show them this letter and tell them we are old friends & most intimate friends, that this is my most earnest request of you as a dear friend and that I feel as though I cannot be refused.
It would seem necessary for you to leave New York as early as Christmas morning. You would then arrive at Guilford at noon & go to Bradley's Hotel where you will find a room for you and Hooker, Shipman, whom you have seen—& two or three other friends of mine—the lady with whom you are to "stand up" and her sister & father—and others. I should meet you at the Depot.
Write me immediately & pray do not refuse me.
I received an invitation from Coolidge to lecture in Caz.—Declined of course.

Yours,
Jos. R. Hawley.
(Continued To-morrow.)

If He Cleans the Great Man's Shoes He Has Some Share in Greatness

BY ROBERT QUILLEN.

A man may be down, but he isn't whipped until he is shamed.
Beat him and starve him and break him, and yet he will lift his bloody head and mutter through set teeth: "It takes a man to stand punishment like that."

Poor and jobless, an outcast in tatters, he still will look about for some peg on which to hang a shred of self-respect—and having found it will also find grace to lift his head and keep trying.

In any extremity he will find something of which to be proud.
Why? Why does the meaneast of men overlook his shortcomings and fix his attention on some fancied excellence? Because self-respect is the breath of life to his nostrils. Because he must respect himself if he would live. Because, when self-respect is gone, he hides from men and at last makes an end of life in an effort to hide from himself.

Knowing his vital need of self-respect, Nature blinds him to his faults and gives him something of which he can be proud—if only his humility, or the toughness of his beard.
Pride protects him—as spurs and claws and teeth protect other creatures that have other enemies.

At different stages of his life he is proud of his muscle, his mental agility, his social success, his family, his wealth, his achievements. Whatever the cause may be, the result is a self-respect that enables him to look the world in the face.

The world's workers, poor and unknown, respect themselves as kings do. If a bridge is built or a tunnel dug, the dirtiest mucker on the job feels the same decent pride in accomplishment that lifts the chin of the chief engineer.
And this satisfaction in doing something useful and worth while—the consciousness of being necessary to the world's welfare—gives to the worker an independent and unquestioning self-respect capable of enduring shocks that would break the pride of those who lean on wealth or birth.

The dignity of usefulness is known, as though by instinct, to the most ignorant of men. And instinctively they busy themselves at some useful or helpful task when some extremity of misfortune threatens their reason.
To be useful and helpful is to salvage self-respect, and when self-respect is saved the man is saved.

This is the way of salvation for those who are cowed by shame. The bum who lifts another bum from the gutter has begun his climb back to manhood. (Copyright, 1929, Publishers' Syndicate)

The Once Over

BY H. I. PHILIPS

THINGS I NEVER KNEW TILL NOW (With two bows to Walter Winchell).
That Senator Heflin's real name is Terrance Callahan and that he was once a trick bicycle-rider with an Al Reeves unit.

That Arthur Brisbane always matches pennies with somebody while writing "Don't gamble" editorials.

That a man taking ice out of an automatic ice-box pan and replacing water in the compartments makes three times as much of a mess as the old-fashioned iceman used to when delivering ice.

That a lady named Araball Gleetchpoody really expects guests to use the guest towels.

That the secret of making mashed potatoes was discovered by a twelfth century monk who placed a baked potato between the leaves of a book as a bookmark and left it in a chair while he left the room, and who found upon his return that somebody had closed the book and sat on it.

That split peas in split pea soup are not split but sprung by compressed air.

That the idea of elevator orchestra platforms was suggested by a conductor who was so short he couldn't be seen any other way.

That captains of ferryboats spend their lives in the service without ever determining which is really the front end of the boat.

That there are 26,786,536 homes in America in which there is no polo mallet.

That there is a man named Wemp who isn't sick and tired of news reel pictures showing football games.

That two-thirds of the real beer you get to-day is made from the juice obtained by boiling violin bows.

That you can take the crackle out of celery by soaking the stalks in a solution of sulphuric acid, cold tea and Dr. Crosby's Eye Balm and then boring holes top and bottom and filling them with cotton.

That a horse collar worn about the waist will cause a person to forget acidosis.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Nov. 29.—Thoughts while strolling: Why do heavy literary journals have such dingy offices? Fay King, the caricaturist. Cafeteria sign: "A trayful for a trifle." Dr. Jerome Wagner, a physician to stage folk, and his beautiful actress bride, Norma Terriss.

Lillian Gish's mouse-like manner. Dave Bernie—Ben's brother. And also an orchestra leader. Nothing but double breasted coats this fall. Ben Hampton, now a scientific dairyman. The next autoist who makes me jump out of my shoes with a quick toot—well, he better not.

Ned Wayburn's long strides—"High Hips" chorus girls call him. Whatever became of Dorothy Knapp? A policeman in an official car ignores the traffic lights. A swell lesson in law and order. Those lads with oiled hair who jog through town in running pants. Brock Pemberton, an Emporia, Kansas, boy who made good in the city. Never see a window demonstrator any

more men is at Christmas time. Many receive gratuities tripling yearly salaries. In some of those Park avenue apartment houses known only by numbers the Yuletide for the faithful lift men has brought sums of \$5,000.

Speakeasies have put a crimp in "the number only" address snootiness. The best known have no names, just numbers.

A glossily tailored gentleman informed me to-day that he was "a director of public relations." And as a one time press agent—and a fair to middling one, too—I could have walked under a nearby desk wearing a high hat. I felt that small.

From Portland, Maine: "I see you New Yorkers are still paying \$1.50 for a pint of table water we bottle up here for three cents. It is enough to make a