

this be said-else baks the heart, betimes,

ro burst the bonds of the himility— e hour hath struck it, clagorous, the chimes Ring out the doom of neering Des-

tiny bound with the thongs of "should" and mu Heroic limbs that Nam framed for fray,

d bade the mind's blade conspire with rust-The very scabband, sitself away! o longer blind, I will longer wait On wasteful thrift whoards im-

providence; plod a path while wly is, and straight. While steep-ascending als lure me

hence storm unconquent lights, and scourge the plan

ss through ith golden whips the hail and rain KNOTT.

The proprietor of ablishment newhere in the ends in a that "an der announcing to idition has been pa furing the mmer to overcome trons that d to be turned and fall." For sake of the profile estab-hment and the purite rewrite an, having seen in has done

authorities at Star ind were implused over the of what do with twenty-its landed on the Fort Victor sank in channel. States Comparaely small, and you at twentywithout of them to wo rting a laundryme

of Idaho Declares

Girls Mr. Knecs

— Paciline.

The question is, acres R. L., hat are they going er them

Life. Here we are. We don't why. We know we're born, bw we'll aie.

We had no say as to o But pellmell flung upon th.

For some, Life is an ar They're tempest - tossed - swept debris.

For some, Life is a stangat, Storm-sheltered, where the fle ly float Well, here we are. And be the Until bumped off on some When we will know, the combra Just what we knew ere we wirn.

O. B. Ju.

After glancing over the mand surgical positions which were at the annual meeting of the ord hospital, our customary respethe profession has risen even hand we are convinced that a stancedical course of instruction wakes several years' more time thaurse for prospective teachers of Cr or physical education is fullified. Ophthalmic surgeons and aetritian and gynecologist; an pedic surgeon and a roentgenologirhi-10logist, laryngologist andogist olled into one; neuro-psychi and ediatrists; urologists, dergists nd a cardiologist. We were very ood at spelling, anyway, i we new nothing more than h spell hose things when time can sucessful classmates to accepteepkin, we would feel repaid.

The Saturday Evening Poweek as a smuch smaller girth mement nan usual, which proves some eople are taking it for gi that ne country at large has do shoping early.

It would take Alice in erland own a peg or two to seat the nildren's toy departments isplayig in this age of advancence.

"Politeness," says Liam Certy in preface to "Bitter Wat by his lend, Heinrich Hauser, wiwas out

PURSUING THE CURRENT SUBJECT BY FREDERICK P. LATIMER.

Mr. | Maxim's Jetter describing the merry inclanges of massaged traffic adduced a number of posers, some of which were not in his text. For example, one rady has told us with considerable show of feeling that the next time she puts on too much sun tan lotion to produce a brown complexion, she will not ride in a bus and be crushed by Mr. Maxim as she was, so she asserts, in the affair to which he has referred. And a great number of women have told us that they consider themselves to have been affronted by having Mr. Maxim call them "colored persons." For each of these ladies stoutly insists that she was the one will was jammed from behind almost to the flatness of a pancake in the bus aisly by a gentleman who attempted to wedge and knife, buck, rip and tear his way past them in the way Mr. Maxim has related; and they take it for granted he must have been the man.

To this there is an exception. One lady who lost for the time being a skirt in such a struggle, although regaining it afterward as it was passed back to her from the curbing by a dishevelled fellow who was clamoring to have his overcoat passed out to him so that he could continue his journey homeward, has suspected it was not Mr. Maxim, but Dr. Harper who made so many yards around her laft end in what the football sharps call a "wing-shift" play, so to speak. She says she is going to get her revenge. She is going to see to it that the clock in the Asylum Hill Congregational church goes to striking again after 10 o'clock the same as it used to before the authorities in the interest of good people's slumbers had the striking stopped.

We tried to tell her she ought not to be vindicative, but she says she is going to see that the striking is set going again.

The whole thing gets ramifying, Mr. Maxim. The more you tackle a great public problem, and the more you wade into it the more involved and baffling it becomes. It is difficult even for an old, experienced statesman, who has been in so many jams of this world that there is scarcely a sound bone left in his body, to explain and reform everything as it ought to be dome. Only the other morning, as we looked over on the north side of Asylum avenue somewhere opposite Harriet's house, there was a bus standing there with its blunt nose catacornered in the direction of the schoolhouse, and its humping rear close to the walk. The driver standing in the wet by the nigh hind wheel looking into the underworks in a melancholy manner and from time to time hitting them savagely with a hanmer. There was nobody in the bus. Where they had gone we do not know. The tragedy which had been played, whatever it was, was all over and the curtain down before we caught scene. To our mind there is hardly any mundane mockery of the habit of this age to rely on material means equal to that of a busted bus.

Again, night before last, when, after talking with a young man on the back seat, we pushed the button and went up to the door, we asked the man by the mite box "if this was Willard street?" He said, putting his tongue in his cheek, and pulling chucklingly at an imaginary beard (which we consider an idle gesture), "Oit, yes, this is Willard street," and he yawned, yanking the door open like "good riddance to bad rubbish." Well, it was Woodland street, and raining cats and dogs. Perhaps the public utilities commissioners should be dragged in to explore an episode of this kind. It is a dreadful thing to be dumped down on Woodland street when anybody ought to know you belong on Willard. You can tell the commissioners when you see them, Mr. Maxim, by their looking as if they lived either in Winsted, Avon or New Haven. Have you ever ridden on the Ashiey street car? Crunch.

We wish one of our public service companies would take down some of the tattered wire it has up on the west side of May street and sell it to Mr. Ford for his museum of industry. In the interest of the new church now nearing completion, we wish the company would comply with this request.

But now getting down to the brass tacks of this etiquette issue, Mr. Maxim. On Wednesday evening in spite of many telephone interruptions about the article we had in the paper wanting to know if we had been hired by the

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 Wo, k.

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NO. XXXIV.

Preparations were in the making for the investment of Charleston, South Carolina, and Hawley had been recalled to Hilton Head where he was tremendously busy with activities that related to the drive on the rebel stronghold. Nevertheless April 8 found him wondering about the outcome of the election in Connecticut, though always looking toward Charleston for news of the operations there. So he wrote:

Hilton Head, S. C. April 8, '63.

Despite my personal labors and a vieties—chucked into command of a ma cellaneous head of soldiers, civilians, ma cellaneous head of soldiers, civilians, quarter-master's people, negroes, sullers, etc. at infinitum—new works half done. old works dilapidated, workmen all taken on with their regiments, cannon half furnished with implements, carriages, undied and ricketty—place like an old house moving day, well founded apprehensions of ironclads from Savannah, civilians scared some—two grand old ships, Wabash and Vermont, anchored near the shore, helpless against rams but omujotent against everything else—despite all this and the terrible suspense ustening and looking toward Charleston—all Connecticut men day before yexterday thought of toward Charleston—all Connecticut men day before yexterday thought of their beloved state. Oh, God, grant that she saved herself from eternal dis-

We hear from Charleston as late as yesterday, Tuesday morrying. All was going well. 1500 troops had landed on going well. 1500 troops had landed on Folly Island and advanced to hear Light House Inlet (look at your map). The Weehawken was very near Ford Sumter the Ironsides near Cumings Pt. All the iron-clads and other war vessel's were over the bar. Heavy firing was heard at Edisto yesterday at 2 p. m. in the direction of Charleston. The grand ball was to open at 3 p. m. yesterday. I have heard heavy firing this foren on. Sent over to the signal stations tunret (on a high house close by) to inquire of Pulaski, what it was—received there two answers.

Finds War Exhilarating.

There is something exhibitating in all this—and yet a great strange feeling comes over me at times right in the midst of the busiest work. I have the midst of the busiest work. I have to rub my eyes and ask who I am and what I am doing.

Perhaps before I close I'll give you

the last from Charleston.

Rec'd letter from Mr. Hooker with his most excellent letter and also the circular of the ladies league. All good—excellent—especially the rebuking every disloyal sentiment uttered in their presence. In the name of all that is beautiful and chivalric and honorable and holy, why should not this filthy loathsome treason be "unfashionable." I do not know how I can live in Connecticut again; we are so in the habit of openly cursing and instantly arresting all people. I can never speak to them. How the soldiers will live there again without innumerable fights I do not see.

2½ p. m. Nothing further heard and it to his satisfaction. Still, in spite of the mail closes. Privately, I don't it, Seymour and the democratic ticket think that Lt. Col. George F. Gardiner, 7th C. N. will remain in the service ley's letter:

many weeks. "Fernandina Fig. Be careful about what you print

Yours as ever—Love to all. JOE HAWLEY.

The Attack On Charleston.

On April 10 Hawley added more the details he had been able to glean of the attack on Charleston:

Hilton Head, S. C. April 10, '63.

Dear Charley: Last night I saw some of the N. Y. reporters who had a steamer to themreporters who had a steamer to themselves and ran down here. There was a grand fight on Tuesday afternoon lasting two hours and twenty-five minutes. I am as busy nearly every day and all day, to-day especially, as you are on Thursdays from 10 to 5 p. m., so I shan't write you much about it. One of the Herald men, Osborne, handed me his report last night and you will find it quite correct, I think. The N. Y. Times man is very reliable. Our old friend Rob't Allen is assisting the old friend Rob't Allen is assisting the Tribune reporters.

I will only help you with some out-

side opinions. The reporters were at first forbidden to send anything by the Arago but Gen. Hunter wisely overruled the order, as a great story is sure to go through rebel channels. It is not safe yet to prognosticate. Unless the wind was too heavy—it was easterly—they have been fighting to-day and perhaps—perhaps either way. The Keokuk was thin skinned and her captain ran up closest of any; it is suggested to let the barbette guns fire over him They plugged him through and through some say two or three hundred shots hit him; a navy officer tells me 96. She steamed however as proudly as ever and did not sink till the next

morning.

The Potapico lies here, % of a mile from the wharf and I've been too busy to go out to see her. She had some heavy cables wound around her turret, and a shot or several shots plugged them into the crevices in such a way as to wedge the turret. They say she will be ready soon. I don't know.

A Marmidant Cuartant

concealed the little iron-d'ad which

concealed the little iron—and which soon emerged and banged way with her two great thunderers.

The damage done to Sumter I could not learn. But 100 shots were fired by our side and many of them are in other directions. They seem to have spent a good portion of their time running about and exploring. Some time elapsed before they settled upon a at least concentrated their fire upon the point of attack.

least concentrated their fire upon the point of attack.

I cannot learn for a certainty whether or not the rebels fire from the lower ties of casemates. If they have blocked that up solid and well backed and faced it, the job is much harder. But I don't care what Sumter is made of; if the ironclads will stand so as to avoid as much of Moultrie as possible and if they can stand it a very few days, the Fort will

stand it a very few days, the Fort will be crumbled, pounded, hammered down. The reporters must say nothing of the position of the land forces; neither must you print anything as you value my life. The grand rendezvous is at Nor. Edisto, where they stay on transports a brigade The grand rendezvous is at Nor. Edisto, where they stay on transports, a brigade or so having landed to guard the shores. About a brigade has landed on Folly Ikland and moved up to Light House Injet, which separates Folly from Morris Island. They must be within less than five miles of Sumter. Yesterday afternoon they sent down here for pontoon bridges. They have a heavy battering train, if the iron-clads prosper they will commence siege operations. (Two large steamers just signaled, coming in loaded with troops; what under heaven can with troops; what under heaven can that be? Reinforcements? Two Prig. that be? Reinforcements? Two Prig. Generals, Vogdes and Gordon, came by the Arago. Wonder if troops were com-

ing too?)
We are all hopeful yet. To-day's work will tell.

"Yours ever. "JOE."

Charlestor resisted attack stubornly, It was not taken in the investment of the spring of 1863 nor even that year, although union forces captured several of the defending forts and Hawley had a part in some of the operations. He had not remained long at Hilton Head, being ordered back to Fernandina where he wrote to Warner on April 18.

Seymour Defeated.

The "good fight" to which he alluded in his letter very likely was the political drive in the spring election of 1883 to defeat Alvan P. Hyde, democrat, for congress and Colonel Thomas H. Seymour for governor. The drive was success ful in both instances, Colonel H. C. Deming being elected to congress and Governor Buckingham re-elected. Republican papers were particularly bitter against Colonel Seymour. As a member of the house in 1861 he had offered a resolution opposing the war, declaring for conciliation with the south and "stoutly oposing" war-like opposition to slavery.

Hawley had a bitter hatred for him and The Press under Warner reflected it to his satisfaction. Still, in spite of "Fernandina, Fla. "April 1, '63

"Not a werd from a single old friend in Connecticut, save a brief note from Mr. Fooker and a business letter with a little news from Nichols, since yours

". Speaking of The Press, I tell you truly that you have fought the good fight,—you have done most nobly; we couldn't ask anything better. Seems to me I'm not much needed there but oh God! how I sometimes long unutterally for blessed days of peace and rest. Life with its ordinary duties would be a long holiday. But while this would be a long holiday. But while this war lasts, neither you nor I could find a resting place short of the grave. The more remote the valley where we would seek it, the worse the torment, as we should be compelled to think of the duties we had fled from. I don't feel like a free agent; it seems as if 'General Orders' from Heaven can'e through the Department Hd. Qrs. and pa't me here. 'Hold on'—'stick to it—all coma right'—'world does move'—'sure to whip 'em' and so on—such things keep' saying themselves—and then sometime. The sublimity of the time and the straggle swells the heart and this still summer swells the heart and this still summer air seems full of trumpets and the grand thunder of great cannon.

"My reign at the Head lasted a week Gen. Hunter and his chiefs of staff Gen. Seymour and Lt. Col. Halpine, voluntarily told me that they were much pleased with my short administration. We started back a week ago this (Sunday) afternoon. Yesterday this (Sunday) afternoon. Yesterday evening another message came and I send off now only the two Sharpes Rifle send off now only the two Sharpes Rifle Cos. A. (Capt. Chamberlin) and B (Capt. Burdick) under Major Rodman. I cannot wait to give you all the little gossip afloat. It is believed by the naval people that the Monitors can smash Sumter. Hold yourself braced for any result. We have not force enough here—in this department I mean. Stand up strong for the conscription. I want about 140 to fill up with. Only one death, Kimball, private Co. F.—this year. Wish I could Man Can't Prove Himself Wise by Making Artificial Flowers and Neglecting the Garden BY ROBERT QUILLEN.

Why do so many wild creatures sicken or die or fail to reproduce themselves in captivity?

For the same reason that a fish dies

when taken out of water. They are deprived of the elements from which they absorb vitality.

absorb vitality.

Man is the only creature that deliberately deprives himself of fresh air and sunlight. He survives his own folly because his race has punished itself for ages and thus has developed a unique power of resistance.

Apes kept in captivity die of tuberculosis; men survive countless attacks of tuberculosis germs because they have harbored the disease for ages and thus built up a racial immunity similar to

built up a racial immunity similar to that given by vaccination. But while men survive in airtight and

But while men survive in airtight and sunless houses, they suffer from many diseases unknown to wild creatures, and not one among them has the grace and gror and placid joy in life that is complete in the children of the sunlight. I fen feel wise and superior because the rescientists recently have discovered rays of light above and below the visible "ange. "We have found the source of v n ality," they say. "The infra-rad and in tra-violet rays of sunlight are absorbed by our bodies as a sponge absorbs in ter, and our glands respond to them as to a touch of magic. We gain new vig n," our minds function better; our bones and teeth harden; we overscome the greens of disease and prolong our lives."

Wonderf n discovery! And the men of

wonderf at discovery! And the men of science den instrate its worth by making artificial rays and using them to hasten and a crease the growth of plants and reference.

But what dears tall mean? Men discovered oxygen in the air and isolated it to work wond are but laymen who endeavor to use it as a substitute for the natural atmosph. To may do themselves great injury.

great injury.

All this learned talk concerning invis-All this learned to the concerning invis-ible rays simply me and that science has at last discovered a truth known to birds and beasts and cattle since the world began—that the sunlight provided by nature is the sounce of life and health and vigor.

Artificial rays may be medit those day

by nature is the solated of life and health and vigor.

Artificial rays may lanefit those deprived of sunlight, as ox agen saves those deprived of air, but there is no substitute for sunlight.

Only by exposing the racked body to the light of the sun, as other creatured do, can man gain the vigor and immunity to disease that is the common heritage of the birds and beasts.

We have little reason to a loat over the tardy discovery that the Christor arranged all things well. We still lack the courage and wisdom to absorb a lature's bounty as savages do.

N. B.—In Arctic lands free configurations after the sun goes down radiates after the sun goes down radiates as the violet rays almost as generously as the sun first the continues for Inches in the sun sun first the sun goes down radiates as the sun first the sun goes down radiates the sun first the sun for the sun the sun the sun title to the sun the sun title the sun sun first the sun the sun title the sun title the sun the sun title after the sun goes down radiates the violet rays almost as generously as the sun itself. You can absorb the rays through a quartz window or in the shade of a tree, though the sun itself? never strikes you.

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The Once Over BY H. I. PHILIPS

THE GARBLE SISTERS.

(They discuss the Chinese war, or near-ly so.)

"Every time I pick up a paper * seems to me there's a new war over in

Yeah. I notice that, too. I think Hoover makes a big mistake sending marines there to make 'em stop."
"Did he send marines to China?"
"Only a few days ago. There was sprotest by Chile or somebody."
"I can't make out what the Chinese are fighting over anyhow can provide."

are fighting over anyhow, can you?" "Them West Indian countries is ways scrapping. It's generally over Mexican election."

Mexican election."

"All I can get from the newspaper is that it's all on account of the sugar tariff. The president of China, a man named Grundy, did too much lobbying to help the Chinese sugar-growers. Senator Walsh found it out and in the riot that followed several prison keepers were shot."

"We sent a new ambassador to Shanghai the other day and he may straighten things out."
"Who is he?"

"Who is ner"
"His name is Edge. He comes from Haiti."
"Oh, I remember. The governor of Pennsylvania named him when the League of Nations wouldn't accept Senator Vare." ator Vare.

"What was all the row over Vare

'He gave out a statement that the "He gave out a statement a raily stock market was only showing a raily in a bear market and that lower prices in a bear market and that lower prices have before New Year's would be seen before New Year's comething."

"A lot of people have been killed a

the Chinese war, ain't they?"
"Yeah. Mostly on account of the lack

of automatic sprinklers. It would have been all over last week, though, if the Russians hadn't come in."

"What made the Russians come in?"
"They claimed the I'm Alone case
was new tral territory and got sore over
that nate Secretary Stimson sent Trotzky.

"What note was that?"
"The note warning the Agha Khan
he would have to take a license to marry that Paris salesgirl."

Santa Claus Types.

e when part When we Just what we know a urban and The motor ne and radio into somesurgical positions and fearful the annual m y years ago. hospital, our c ne must be a profession has to enjoy it.

a new meanmean slipping s making a

Ophthalmic sur e; and when cian and gyn surgeon and a ert D. French nologist, laryn tion of being rolled into one; pediatrists; un useful teachers h literature in n must be just good at spelli Chaucer class knew nothing more than 300 those things w known as a cessful classma en were it as skin, we would William Lyon The Saturday has a smuch m than usual, w people are tal

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p which musty things, and in English under something ition are awarded endation of the cluded in 1 literary re seven professors They have denied to others: French. We shall ticise a decision esident Angell and me say the board aduate instruction ited to graduate-We believe that ew provost and inility, and Yale is 1 afford to surren-English literature l; that is to say ry of fossils, a difht exist.

ND COMMENT.

r of an old, unused tht idea of practical mated the structure ne proviso that the able for poor people. ess warms those who iffer from cold and earts of others who coat with him who

n in the new evening noted, has all been

authorized the apommission to investiirs. It will be interw far inland among acks the commissiont first-hand informa-

mockery of the habit of yon material means equal busted bus.

ht before last, when, after a young man on the back hed the button and went door, we asked the man by "if this was Willard said, putting his tongue in and pulling chucklingly at an beard (which we consider ture), "Olt, yes, this is Wil-" and he yawned, yanking open like "good riddance to Well, it was Woodland raining cats and dogs. Perpublic utilities commissioners dragged in to explore an of this kind. It is a dreadful be dumped down on Woodland en anybody ought to know you willard. You can tell the gers when you see them, Mr. by their looking as if they lived Winsted, Avon or New Haven. wever ridden on the Ashiey or? Crunch.

ish one of our public service les would take down some of the wire it has up on the west May street and sell it to Mr. his museum of industry. In est of the new church now apletion, we wish the com-

ould comply with this request. getting down to the brass this etiquette issue, Mr. Maxim. sday evening in spite of many me interruptions about the me had in the paper wanting if we had been hired by the attoraise a standard of radio mefore a dying world, we made white in one rubber of contract classed by a successful grand coints in one rubber of contract closed by a successful grand bid. Our opponent who had come in to dry off from the and get some cake she smelled the court, bid one spade. We had KQxx, clubs; A of spades; Axx, ros, and four hearts to 9 spot. If "We challenge." Our family, a count of one, passed. Our gripped his hand together in the mass and said, "four hearts." Then went to seven hearts with a stroke and it was made with 100 security.

n came the cake. Oh, Boy, what m came the cake. Oh, Boy, what we gave the company only two pleces because it was a personal stion, given to us by a lady from we had taken away a great deal uside interference by resetting her al. It had beautiful holly leaves on a maraschinos, on the snowy frostand it was made by a recipe as as the inscriptions on the tomb-of ancient Ledyard and Hebron. ing sour cream, which in some way nuts and prunes magically comin the upper part under the you take one bite of it and all ubles of this world are forgotten. of regard for poor Billy Raphael, is sick a-bed, we forbear to tell more about this cake. But, Mr. if we could only get the people to have almost massacred in the yourself, and Dr. Harper, and nd the driver who was hammering bus, the directors of tites of the church clock, and schoolhous?-crossing cops, the at Trumbul street and all the parties to this great, perenmial frama of riding in the bus, to-around a cake like this, with of subdivision like the loaves and we would all be happy as the Edguette would be simply tribut religion as we same. ant rejoicing, as we sang:

Merrily we roll along, crush along, squirm along, -lum Avenue.

pop-popping you hear is a bag - 6 6 10 10 10

JOE HAWLEY.

The Attack On Charleston.

On April 10 Hawley added more of the details he had been able to glean of the attack on Charleston:

Hilton Head, S. C.

April 10, '63. Dear Charley: reporters who had a steamer to themselves and ran down here. There was a grand fight on Tuesday afternoon lasting two hours and twenty-five minutes. I am as busy nearly every down. Last night I saw some of the N. Y. lasting two hours and twenty-five minutes. I am as busy nearly every day and all day, to-day especially, as you are on Thursdays from 10 to 5 p. m., so I shan't write you much about it. One of the Herald men, Osborne, handed me his report last night and you will find it quite correct, I think. The N. Y. Times man is very reliable. Our old friend Rob't Allen is assisting the Tribune reporters.

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I will only help you with some outside opinions. The reporters were at first forbidden to send anything by the Arago but Gen. Hunter wisely overruled the order, as a great story is sure to go through rebel channels. It is not safe yet to prognosticate. Unless the wind was too heavy—it was easterly—they have been fighting to-day and perhaps—perhaps either way. The Keokuk was thin skinned and her captain ran up closest of any; it is suggested, kuk was thin skinned and her captain ran up closest of any; it is suggested, to let the barbette guns fire over him. They plugged him through and through; some say two or three hundred shots hit him; a navy officer tells me 96. She steamed however as proudly as ever and did not sink till the next

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The Potapico lies here, ¾ of a mile from the wharf and I've been too busy to go out to see her. She had some heavy cables wound around her turret, and a shot or several shots plugged them into the crevices in such a way as to wedge the turret. They say she will be ready soon. I don't know.

A Magnificent Spectacle.

A Magnificent Spectacle.

Last night the best informed were very hopeful. Admiral Dupont said he should lick 'em. Gen. Hunter had brightened up. The rebels have infernal batteries. By all accounts it was a spectacle. The grand broadside from Fort Sumter, the first it fired was in a volley like infantry firing,—raised great columns of water and completely

in Connecticut, save a pries note from Mr. B'ooker and a business letter with a little news from Nichols, since yours

about March 1st.

"Speaking of The Press, I tell you truly that you have fought the good fight,—you have done most nobly; was couldn't ask anything better. Seems to me I'm not much needed there beems to me I'm not much needed there—but oh; God! how I sometimes long unutterably for blessed days of peace and rest. Life with its ordinary duties would be a long holicay. But while this war lasts, neither you nor I could find a resting place short of the grave. The more remote the valley where we would seek it, the worse the torment, as we should be compelled to think of the duties we had fled from. I don't feel like a free agent; it seems as if 'General Orders' from Heaven can't through the Department Hd. Qrs. and put me here. 'Hold on'—'stick to it—all come right'—'world does move'—'sure to whilp 'em' and so on—such things keep saying themselves—and then sometime the sublimity of the time and the stringle swells the heart and this still summer air seems full of trumpets and the grand thunder of great cannon.

"We reign at the Head lasted a week." -but oh God! how I sometimes long grand thunder of great cannon.
"My reign at the Head lasted a week

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"Rather sorry I can't go to Charleston, but I must console myself with the little honors of this post. The labors are constant and Can Hunter consideration.

are constant and Gen. Hunter considers it an important place.

"Yours. "JOE."

(Continued To-morrow.)

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. M'INTYRE.

New York, Dec. 20—Thoughts while strolling: A tea room called "The Meeting House." Who remembers when isolation homes were pest houses? Fake raincoal sales. An old fashioned quilt shop. Balbh Barton, a Kansas City. shop. Ralph Barton, a Kansas City, Mo., boy, who made good in the city. Joe Urbal's back resembles the back of a hack.

Most of the old Waldorf employes are now at the Hotel Governor Clinton. Those nervot's fellows who are always twisting their necks in their collars. So many chauffet is wearing horn-rimmed glasses. The snow-white 5th avenue bus with safety mottoes in gold. Frank Fav.

Boys who weat the wide-shouldered Ulsters. And puff S-shaped pipes. The new cageless banks—like a sombre, pannew cageless banks—like a sombre, paneled wing in the Matropolitan Museum. Shawled old women, who resemble Ruth Draper's imitations. Short ladies grown tall in long skirts. Nothstein's apartment house, the Fah field, now the Franconia.

Franconia.
Winter panhandlers who wear several suits of heavy und rwear And go about without overcoats—for sympathy. Cockatoo ladies with white streaks in their hair. Those deferential assistant hotel managers who stand about—bowing from the waist. Louis Brumfield, the novelist.

ing from the waist. Bods provelist.

W. R. Hearst, jr., resembles his father. Floppish Japs with slight roustaches and beady bright eyes. Vaudeviñ's scruts who talk of "catching an act." Immaculate flappers with upturned sickles of hair plastered on their cheeks. What's become of all the diamond bracklets? of all the diamond bracelets? become Dean Palmer.

Easy money boys of a few weeks ago begin to look seedy. Purple tinted Chows. A Rockwell Kent lithograph attracts a window crowd. Lads who put on dirner jackets to stand about lobbies on first nights—but never see the show. Nothing so interesting as a cabinet display of theatrical photographs.

Harry Hirshfield is getting snow white too. Clare Luce swathed in black furs. And they say you can pick up a mink coat for a song these days. Sarrny Shipman, the playwright. A dollar an hour punching bag studio. Don Marquis, from California. Ruddy and beaming!

When a theater ballyhoos a new production as a "Limited Engagement" it is another way of saying they do not expect it to linger long.

* * "Why," writes someone, "does any mention of a night boat to Albany on the stage always inspire a guilty snigger? I chuckle myself, although I was never on one."

I wish that was all I had to worry about

about.

Just now I am concerned about the statement of a distinguished scientific gentleman at a dinner last night that we have no absolute proof that what looks like a material object—say a chair—is anything more than a mental nything more than a mental That makes you catch at your

Those who remember Coogan's Bluff in Harlem as mostly shanties, dump heaps and roaming goats should see it

thumbs.

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marines there to make 'em stop."
"Did he send marines to China?" "Only a few days ago. There was a protest by Chile or somebody."
"I can't make out what the Chinese

are fighting over anyhow, can you?"
"Them West Indian countries is always scrapping. It's generally over a Mexican election." "All I can get from the newspaper is nat it's all on account of the sugar ariff. The president of China, a man tariff.

named Grundy, did too much lobbying to help the Chinese sugar-growers. Senator Walsh found it out and in the riot that followed several prison keepers

were snot."

"We sent a new ambassador to Shanghai the other day and he may straighten things out."

"Who is he?"

"His name is Edge. He comes from Haiti."

"Oh, I remember. The governor of Pennsylvania named him when the League of Nations wouldn't accept Senator Vare."
"What was all the row over Vare,

"He gave out a statement that the

stock market was only showing a rally in a bear market and that lower prices would be seen before New Year's a something." "A lot of people have been killed the Chinese war, ain't they?"
"Yeah. Mostly on account of the lack

of automatic sprinklers. It would have been all over last week, though, if the Russians hadn't come in."
"What made the Russians come in?"
"They claimed the I'm Alone case was new tral territory and got sore over that nate Secretary Stimson seek

Trotzky "What note was that?"

"The note warning the Agha Khan he would have to take a license to marry that Paris salesgirl."

Santa Claus Types. Skinny, thin
So pale you jar me;
Egg on chin—
Salvation Axmy!

Evelids red.

On nose a wen; Underfed— The Five and Ten

Dye-stained wig, And beard stained more— Any big Department store!

Red his nose is, Costume bad, Hallitosis-Must be dad!

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to-day. Ramparted with skyscraping apartments, it is a fairyland of light of night. The Polo Grounds—so called because polo is never played there—occupies a vast acreage with its baseball ampintheater. Along the Harlem river stretches the famous Speedway with its stone parapet and constant procession of costly cars. In the river, once dotted with coal barges, there are now highspeed motor boats, yachts and collegiates in sculis are constantly rushing along. speed motor boats, yachts and collegiates in sculis are constantly rishing along. On pleasant Sundays the promenade is filled in the late afternoon with silk-hatted men and fashionably dressed women who may enjoy a three mile straightaway walk without crossing a street intersection. street intersection.

On the slant of Coogan's Bluff there is an old-fashioned spring, to which a trickle of people is always mounting— a "back home" touch few can resist.

Come to think of it, there isn't much to an artichoke. But there is no vegatable you order providing so much gentuine fun.

And if there is anything providing a gustatory tang like a bowl of hot chili on a wintry night, I have never found it. Indeed it doesn't always have to be hot. I have often enjoyed it off my yest, cold.

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