



**The Grown-Ups' Christmas,**  
Christmas with its mistletoes  
And wreaths of green-red lolly  
Make a person's feelings turn  
Rather good and jolly.  
Now it's nearing Christmas eve,  
The kids have planned their fun,  
Happiness is gleaming  
For nearly everyone.

Oh, you can't imagine  
How lonesomely I feel  
Because I know that Santa Claus  
Is not truly real;  
And my gift-piled Christmas  
Won't bring me joy at all  
Because I know that there won't be  
Any Christmas Doll.

—GROWN-UP.

"Grown-up" encloses with the poem a note, in part as follows: "Please print it in the Portico, not because of its merit, for there isn't much merit in it, but because of its sentiment. Little people so often feel it is very bright to deny the existence of such a jolly, kind old fellow whom most of us all Santy Claus."

**World's Fastest Trotter**

**Rehms Just Like Inferiors**  
(Hartford Times headline.)

Even aristocrats have to take off the high hat and roll in the dirt once in a while.

The Portico received a Christmas greeting in the day's mail. Truly it did not expect it; this being a season of wholly felicitous exchanges, the column sat back in its chair, resigned to a conviction that the letter opener would be little needed. But Santa brings a message with a whiff of Scotland about it, a card with a highlander (we hope it is a highlander, with red and white plaid kilts—we don't want to start sectional hostilities) standing on the left hand side, a wreath of holly over one arm and a detachable slip of paper inserted under the other arm. On the slip is written, Ann B. "A Merry Christmas to ye!" she shouts and begins to recite:

"An when anither Christmas comes,  
In case that times be hard,  
Juist substitute for this o' mine  
Your ain we callin' card."

Very good, Ann; we shall try to keep it in our desk until Christmas, 1930, if those who rummage around in our effects trying to locate our seasons, don't misplace it ere another year of wadings, murders, conventions and snow-storms rolls around; and, substituting ul our ain we callin' card, return it with the good cheer of another holiday. We cannot forget on account of the postscript in the lower corner, "Dana, forget tae dae as ye' hae been tae by." Capital! We wish all our friends would send the same sort of perennially pat-board. There is a peculiarity in the buying of holiday cards. We read this sort of shopping early, the we make up our minds and when finally launched into the sea of shoppers that swirls in eddies and Main street we find that the tide toward the Christmas cards comes even stiffer than we predicted. We do confess a weakness for the days of cards, once we find them, and no more diverting, edifying gallery art and caricature in the world, at this other way of exchanging, which may, year after year, be negligible still, is safer. And it makes for immortality of the very card itself.

**Tyro.**

He dabbled in stocks—  
Went on the rocks—  
Now he raves as he talks  
Of a Christmas box  
And fanciful frocks  
And sundry smocks  
For Curly Locks.  
Poor boy! How he talks  
Behind closed doors with locks—  
His brain playing pawks\*  
On this novice in stocks—  
Again recalls the paradox  
Of money that talks.

—A. M. J.

\*Scotch word for tricks.

**Better Luck Next Time.**

William Coumbe, a youthful Jersey farmhand, saw some men try to pull an airplane off a soft field on harder ground for a take-off, so

**KEEPING THE WEATHER EYE PEELED**  
BY FREDERICK P. LATIMER.

Saturday morning one might notice that the moon at almost its last quarter was hanging in the west. The actual "last quarter" came on Sunday. Now the weather bureau officials would scout the idea, but it has been our personal observation that much of the coldest weather of winter comes for this part of the country in the old of the moon. We are not afraid to predict that the next few days will be colder hereabouts than was last week. Another thing that we seem to find rather common is that the weather as far as temperature is concerned tends to run on the average in ten-day cycles; not always, but usually. If the first third of a month is colder than normal, we look to see the second ten-days warmer, and the last ten cold again. Not every day, of course, but take the ten as they run.

Any one who has watched the natural developments for a great many years is bound to have a number of superstitions about the weather, and not all of them false. Time and again the federal weather bureau officials have proclaimed that the moon has nothing whatever to do with weather. We have no expectation that it would endorse much of what follows. But the proof of the pudding is in the eating.

Every equinox and solstice time we watch the weather with especial care, not merely locally, but country-wide, and all over the world, as far as reports extend, for a week or so each side the 21st, with the idea of noting what kind of weather is set up as "prevailing" for the period. That is to say, we look for a weather type, believing that in most years the type of weather so disclosed, if there is one, will be the prevailing type for the next three months, or thereabouts. Once in a while we fall, either to perceive accurately the type, or see it work out steadily enough to justify the forecast. But most of the time we seem to us to succeed.

For example, we correctly prefigured in general the character of the weather in southern New England for last spring, last summer and autumn, up to the middle of December. The forecast was not perfect, but it was pretty good. In September we put down in writing that the fall would be early and dry, the leaves drop sooner than usual and winter show itself well ahead of time. In making up these forecasts we do not rely simply on local observations, although we take them into consideration. We keep track of the national weather map, noting the appearance of high and low atmospheric pressures, and what tracks they take across the country; how fast or slow they move, and so on. So, for instance, when the papers say, "The barometer in Montana is up to 31 inches," we are as intensely interested in that as some people are in market reports or a change in the reserve bank discount rate, for it is a signal, having much weather meaning, reflection of which anybody could see, who knows about such things, that cold was going to run far into the south and blizzards and snows were due to drive eastward.

It was significant, last week, that the weather was colder in Tennessee and Alabama, and, at one time, in New Orleans, than it was here; while a great storm, developing in Arkansas, dragged its way northeastward toward the Gulf of St. Lawrence, at very slow pace. It is odd, but the kind of weather the central and southern parts of the country have had in the most of December to date has resembled the symptoms of February rather than the earlier winter. It has been freakish. We can add that Connecticut's weather has been freakish, too; winter came on early with a bang, and remarkably low temperatures with a great deal of snow, and gave us a "January thaw" in December. In the month were a rare number of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. Western Europe had also freakish terrific storms.

It will be some days before we come to mental conclusion about what the rest of the winter will be like, until the latter part of March, but we are quite confident that a type has already asserted itself. We believe that as was common for two winters past, through December, January and early February the high barometric pressure areas working down from the Canadian northwest will center and hang persistently, with occasional interruption, in the western and southern portions of the country rather than this side a line from northern New England to the neighborhood of Mobile. Also that

**LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE**

Communications designed for publication in this column must be signed by the writer and address given. Anonymous letters will not be printed.

**Tribute to Madame Ruerat.**

To the Editor of The Times:  
Through the columns of your paper may I have space to bear tribute to the memory of Madame Ruerat, a former French teacher at the Oxford school, whose funeral took place at Booth Bay Harbor, Me., this afternoon.

She was modest, unassuming, possessed unusual initiative powers, and was so faithful in the performance of her duties that she always gave more than the scripture measure. Soon after calling for helpful suggestions of thought from the faculty and student body to be used at the morning assemblies, she handed me the following:

"Just to be tender,  
Just to be true,  
Just to be glad the whole day through,  
Just to be merciful,  
Just to be mild,  
Just to be trustful as a child,  
Just to be gentle, and kind and sweet,  
Just to be helpful with willing feet,  
Just to be cheery when things go wrong,  
Just to drive sadness away with a song,  
Whether the hour is dark or bright,  
Just to be loyal to God and Right,  
Just to believe that God knows best,  
Just in his promises ever to rest,  
Just to let love be our daily key,  
That's God's will for you and for me."

We used this the last morning she was present at an assembly. After the girls passed from the hall, she stepped to my side and said, "That may not be good poetry but it is my creed." I told her that it was not only her creed but her life. She has left a vacant place not only in her home, but in the lives of her associates and the pupils who will ever hold her in loving memory.

MARY E. MARTIN.

Former principal of the Oxford school, Hartford, Dec. 21.

**Pledge Obedience to Laws.**

To the Editor of The Times:  
The proper enforcement of law is the serious concern of every right-thinking citizen. But law enforcement never can be adequately secured until the individual citizen acknowledges his personal responsibility in the matter. In the belief that it may help to focus attention on the matter of respect for and obedience to law the following pledge has been devised:

"Trusting in God for strength, I hereby pledge allegiance to the Constitution of the United States of America, and the laws enacted thereto, for the purpose of cheering the heart and strengthening the hand of our president in his efforts to create respect for and obedience to the laws of this country."

This pledge was presented to the members of a local church at the close of the Sunday morning service recently and was favorably received, a large number of the congregation signing it. The sponsors of the pledge wish to emphasize, however, that it is a non-sectarian and non-political pledge, and is not aimed at securing obedience to any one law but to all law. It is their hope that many men and women in this section of the country will become interested in this effort to fasten the attention of the individual on his personal responsibility for law enforcement. They also are urging interested persons and organizations to secure signatures to the above pledge and forward them to the writer of this letter who in turn will see that they reach the hands of our president.

NATHAN COE.

Newington, Conn., Dec. 20.

**Wants Sensible Dress.**

To the Editor of The Times:  
I am glad to see the women are putting up a fight against the effort to make them go back to long skirts. I hope this may indicate a start to use some real intelligence in the matter of dress. We all know that the human animal is gregarious and it is natural enough that people, especially young people, should incline to do what others do. Still, it seems pitiful to see girls who seem to be at least moderately intelligent, adopt this nasty trick of the unfastened galoshes. Of course a certain class of slovenly women would welcome the chance to be slatternly in public with the excuse of being in fashion. One may dismiss at once the girls with the whole overshoe flying open. They of course are beyond any teaching. But what about some who seem of a somewhat higher type and yet seem to feel that while not willing to be complete slatterns, they will yet admit that they are not intelligent enough to be above a fear that some people below them in intelligence may accuse them of not being up to date. So they take even some pains to leave the overshoe partly loose and contrive to look nearly as ungraceful as the complete slatterns who have the whole thing flying open. If the fight against the long skirt helps to get our girls to use a little independent thought it will be a good thing.

PHILIP VAN CORLAER.

Hartford, Dec. 20.

**Whether Suns Grow Cold.**

To the Editor of The Times:  
I was greatly pleased to read your editorial entitled "Final Light and Heat." You expressed so well what I thought after reading Eddington's "The Nature of the Physical World" and again after reading Jeans' "The Universe Around Us." Eddington speaks of the theory of the intervention of 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 Work.

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**NO. XXXVI**

The following is the conclusion of General Hawley's letter of June 14, 1863, part of which was published on Saturday. Hawley is writing from Ferdinandina, Fla., where he was in charge of the occupied area. His letter goes on:

**Encounter With Rebel Women.**

Tell Mr. Hooker that I had the satisfaction of sending out of Augustine the other day to be set across the lines into rebeldom, Mrs. Kirby Smith, mother of rebel Kirby Smith and her sister, Mrs. Putnam, wife of rebel Judge Putnam, both daughters of old Kirby of Kirby's Reports of Connecticut. Neither of them would Mrs. Hooker's Loyal League tolerate but they are much more to be excused than Waldo and Seymour. All our talk about the great wickedness of Tom Seymour and Eaton is believed to be bosh when we come to the election of judges and say, "oh, never mind that talk now we have come to the serious business of electing judges. That will do well enough for politicians."

My orders were from Gen. Hunter to remove those ladies and I executed them firmly but the ladies appeared to think me very obliging as I tried to be, without any humbug politeness to spare for real treason. I think Connecticut lost good blood when these Kirbys went out. Would that all such people staid there and kept true. The elder lady, Mrs. Smith, is a regular old brick if she is a rebel. You should have heard her and me talk chivalry at each other in "the style that most doth ancient foes befit." As the wife and mother of soldiers she understood that I must obey orders and she is too much of a real lady to be personally venomous. The trembling old woman was like a blood-hound so held that he couldn't move a foot. Fighting such soldiers as she would raise would be reviving the ancient days—hats off on both sides—"gentlemen will you please to fire first?"

You speak of the election of congressmen. Well I did take a little melancholy satisfaction in looking at the matter from a philosophic height and seeing how almost ludicrously true it is "out of sight, out of mind!" But I never felt so almost happy—over what is in one sense a serious loss (of what I never had) as on that occasion. What miserable dogs they are who will lie and sneak and creep and bribe and bully to get an office and agonize over it as if it were all Honor and Glory and even Heaven itself. Not that your people all do so—but some do. I rejoice to see Deming on the right side; if he would how nobly he might run the race. I am a little afraid that he may not be all we hope. That dreadful mistake of his in going over to Rum Democracy when the glorious future was just opening, when old organization crumbled as the ground heaved with new fires shook my confidence in him. He has not quite the "instinct of the future."

**Working Toward Big Things.**

We are slowly working along toward big things in this Department. We have carried great loads and still carry some, but even so the cause is too strong for them. The Mississippi does get along in spite of great snags and miraculous bends. Gen. Hunter is impressing everything black with two legs almost. Col. Littlefield of the 4th So. Car. came down on this boat with orders that took all our quartermaster negroes, even leaving no able bodied negro man here but a few officers' servants. I must put white soldiers at chopping wood, shoveling away manure, rolling beef and flour barrels, etc., while our first rate 14 good faithful happy negroes go off at 5 in the morning to be made soldiers.

They bore it well; not one tried to dodge the "draft." Down they came with their bundles to the boat and our superintendent of contrabands let them go over night, pledging his word that they would all be at the boat in season! Tell Havens, who I had as boss of negroes for 4 months and who is supt. of contrabands here, knowing all the old women and children, allotting gardens to this and that, keeping the list of all who must be fed by government and overseeing those whom we hire, half way negro driver and half "Father Hawley" among them—Ed. Welles, well known to everybody in Hartford—the old auctioneer—and one of the best soldiers I ever saw and a most faithful practical man. He won't believe it but it is so. Welles is bald, short and fat, the very precise picture of Pickwick, indefatigable and never known to look cross.

Well, Higginson (Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson of Massachusetts—Ed.) didn't understand negro nature; had a little false philanthropy and mock sentiment; thought them all Uncle Toms and when he found that a negro soldier was so human that he could be a little mutinous and saucy

and might require to be knocked down or shot like the rest of us, the "ingratitude" of the thing touched him and I shouldn't wonder if he sat down and cried. His men came pretty near running away with him. He is getting wise but isn't a great soldier yet. Col. Montgomery isn't so great at marching a battalion regularly into battle but for taking a crowd of fellows out to be making a tip-top raid he isn't to be beaten. They are getting up an effective black brigade, and settling on St. Simons Island. By and bye you may hear of a big raid into Georgia.

**An Incompetent General.**

Either Hunter will get the privilege of doing something or he will get relieved. There are so many good things about him that I wish there were a few more. Hunter and Mitchell put together would have made one magnificent man. Saxton has a most important place but he is an infinitely greater failure than McClellan or Lincoln. Father Abraham has a great faculty for condensing an abstraction. Saxton don't know what an abstract idea is. He is muddle headed, don't know what logical thinking is; don't understand either negro or white nature; gets continually imposed upon and is a darned fool. Beg pardon for the vulgarity but nothing else will do the subject justice. It is true, just as I tell you; I know him like a book, personally and every way. His eye-teeth, yea and his eyes, can be humbugged out of him any day.

He has always had some rascal sucking his blood, for whose honor he would almost fight a duel. Co. O. T. Beard who stumped Conn. was one. He was Saxton's Pro. Mar. Gen. (Latta's worthy predecessor). B. used to preach or as he says, was "one of those d-d itinerants." It is high time that Saxton was changed but I'm afraid it won't be done. He is honest and honorable and really thinks he is something of a great man but oh dear! what a mistake! He knew nothing of the Liberty and Slavery question before the war and don't read and can't think it out now. He has adopted some good ideas but it will be years before his slow intellectual digestion gets them into his blood and some of them will be found whole in his stomach when he dies.

What a graceful, kind, friendly letter I had from Mr. Welles (Lincoln's secretary of navy) last evening. Charles Lamb could hardly have done better. James Beecher has indeed had a sad history. How well I remember the jolly boy as I saw him on a stage coach once with some college friends, singing and rollicking.

Somebody ought to get up a story that Miss Kate Beecher (Catharine Beecher the head of the Hartford Female Seminary and sister of Harriet Beecher Stowe—Ed.) has just had a baby; that would just pay her off for the hoax about Thos. K's (Beecher's jr.) wife.

Please don't let friend Hooker get into a western land speculation. He has made one good one but Providence made him for something else, to be just what he is now—not a speculator and he'll go to wrack and ruin sure. Well, he may share my lot when he loses all his own.

**Press Makes \$2,500.**

You made me jump right out of my chair by saying that The Press made about \$2,500 last year. Pray let me vote to increase your salary. I only hoped to see it live through the war. I know that you noble fellows in that office work for the cause and not for money but was ever a concern so worked by men who didn't own a farthing in it? I don't want a cent of all it may make if I live to the end of the war and find a chair editorial for me when I get back.

I wonder how it is with my account there. I sent you some money some months ago to pay some bills with. Is there a surplus there to meet my taxes and such little bills? I want to pay \$10 or \$15 a year to the Fourth Church. Please keep a seat for me there, or pay a tax, and give my respects to Mr. Burton. (Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Burton—Ed.) We live cheaper down here than if Habtie were at home. We occupy Mrs. Kingsley C. Gibbs' fine house, the broad piazza of which is about 75 feet from the sea wall, and pay no rent for house and furniture. Uncle (Uncle Sam.—Ed.) keeps my horse and pays two servants, so I have board and clothing and incidentals to attend to, including all sorts of little regimental taxes. . . . So Joe Flower is wounded. Congratulate him. I envy some of our privates their beautiful scars and I've never had even my clothes touched save by the dirt from cannon balls.

George Foote is a noble boy, isn't he? Boone is Julius Caesar—surely he is. Congratulate him, too, on his wooden leg. And Charley Weld swells the list of honorable dead. So mote it be. It's worth while to live or die either now, God help us, anyway.

Yours as ever,  
JOE HAWLEY.

(Continued Tuesday).

agents in procuring new business. He may be justified in his statement in some cases and in some companies but it is not true in general. Why not correct the evil at its source, and not make the innocent suffer for the actions of the guilty? There are thousands upon thousands of life insurance agents scattered throughout the United States, representing countless legal reserve companies, but as in any other field of occupation or profession there are always

ventable disease of bacterial origin in the future could accomplish such a reduction of the morbidity and mortality of the community as would undoubtedly follow the elimination of alcohol as a beverage." In reference to the effect of alcohol, he says: "Alcohol has the physiological effect of gradual anesthesia, acting upon the powers of preception, judgment, self-control, reasoning and intelligence until the human being is gradually stripped of all capac-