



And a happy New Year to the lady contributor who very recently as much as said over the telephone that we, because we are journalists, are pardoned for making a mess of literary values.

The hoped and wished-for merriment of Christmas would have been realized if the kid had only enjoyed playing with the toy dump truck as much as his old man.

Aftermath.

Christmas comes but once a year; Dad says that's a bit o' cheer! Sister wants a doll and bed; Bobby, skates, a painted sled; Mother wants a million things—Diamond wrist watch, bracelets, rings—Daddy hollers "Holy smoke! Every Christmas I'm dead broke."

God rest you, merry gentlemen; a dispatch from Washington says that President Herbert Hoover's "files" are saved. That means the country is, for as everyone knows an engineer-president just can't function without a few handy files around.

The Doppie is exceedingly interesting; in fact, more than that, he is amusing. His literary chants are more or less jettisons of journalistic art. The Doppie apparently has an analytic, introspective and acute but caustic mind which leans, according to a natural transition, upon stoicism. He intends that we should believe him to be an epicurean.

While the Doppie writes in a diction that is singularly his own, we have a growing suspicion that he resorts too much to a common aptitude, pseudo-sophistication. We surmise that the Doppie must have been at one time in his existence or is grooming himself to become a movie critic on a small town weekly.

"Marriage No High Old Fling."

There, being no fat person to lean against, I back up against the wall when starting to talk on married life. I am a great believer in the natural judgment of normal young folks in their choice of mates and their ability to adjust themselves to each other and to the duties and privileges of marriage.

There is a lot of fool talk and more fool writing which, when it is not actually vicious, contains subtleties lessening the confidence of young folk not only in marriage but also in their parents; and more or less of this is done trying to be funny, but the effect is the same as the serious way. Who can tell whether marriage is happy or not? A very good one to follow sometimes is to believe nothing you hear and very little of that you think you see. Quite likely they may have started cooing like love birds before you are out of sight.

When I was in Scotland four years ago the most beautiful thing I saw was the look of love and confidence, yes, fondness! that was everywhere noticeable (and fascinating to me) between older couples. They had traveled through many a stormy sea, but their love for each other remained the thing of beauty that was lovely beyond rubies.

One does not get into marriage for a high old fling, but for a purpose, a home for the raising of children that are happy in childhood because they are guided aright and gradually fitted for life. It will, if done, react to the happiness of all and any outsider who menaces or tries by wiles to disturb the homes of these children should be dealt with summarily, and anyone who has the interest of all at heart should constantly rebuke and constantly refute attempts to break down and belittle the dignity and happiness and sacredness of the marriage relation.

—ANN B.

A woman's "no" seems to mean "yes," alright, if she's referring to long skirts.

The power of the printed word! How impressive it is when you can't see the bald-headed little sardine who wrote it!

WE'RE IN SOME GLORY NOW BY FREDERICK P. LATIMER.

In many ways we got more out of this Christmas past than any in a long time, although there was some sobering handicap about it in a personal sense because while you are wondering whether your smallest daughter is having a good time in Bournemouth, England, or not, when a terrific storm is raging on the Cornwall coast, and you don't know how your far-away granddaughter filled the furniture Santa Claus sent her for her doll house it is not quite the same as if you had such strays around your own Christmas tree and in front of our own turkey. But how beautiful the day before Christmas was, with the good white snow everywhere, and the grass and the trees all silvered with ice that made a fairyland of the countryside in the sunshine! Everybody must have spoken of it. And whether it is because we have better eyes than once, or more because as we think it really is so, it seemed to us as we traveled around amid the lights and the trees and all; wherever we went, into the homes of friends, or at the club, or wherever we strolled to say a Merry Christmas to somebody; whether we were thanking Peggy in her bed where her face was all tied up with a poultice; or we patted Tom and Jerry, the new goldfish that came to our house, it does seem like the world is getting kinder and more thoughtful and more understanding of the gospel of unselfishness every year. Look at the New York World, for Christmas day—it ran the story of the Nativity from the Bible as its leading editorial. And did you listen to Floyd Gibbons on the air Christmas night and get his contribution to the season's messages? Or did you read in the Herald Tribune of last Sunday that wonderful article on "They Say Christmas is Dead"? If you did not, you should get it, because it was a classic. We listened to the reading of it, aloud, after the Christmas dinner, which was delicious, and only marred by the broadcast from London not coming in as well as it might where we happened to be. Anyway, it was "terrible."

We can say as much for the drip coffee from Louisiana we are now diligently trying out several times a day. We thought, at first, we had drawn a cocktail-shaker, for which, of course, we have only ornamental use, but when the wrappers were taken off the package, there appeared a "drip coffee pot," and in another parcel was a bag of parch-roasted coffee to go in it. You fix the coffee in the perforated discs at the top of the dripper, and next pour boiling water into it, measure by measure, letting it drip through instead of percolate, and then you just heat the coffee, without boiling it at all. This coffee comes from where Perique tobacco is raised, and you might guess there would be a tang to it. The letter said, "At first you will think it's terrible, but when you get used to it, you won't want any other kind." We are going to get used to it or bust. After that we can register a verdict.

But there is no need to wait to say what we think of the little, juicy Louisiana oranges; or the pecans done in old Creole brown sugar; or the candied peels of various kinds, and the salted pine nuts and pistachios, or the stuffed figs. We are visibly swelling with delight from these things. We are just as happy with them as little Sammy was with what he got for Christmas. His mother asked him what he should want—he's only advancing into the romper stage of existence, and perhaps prematurely—and Sammy shouted, "A hot dog!" He had one last July at the beach and he dropped everything Christmas breakfast-time to surround his hot dog.

Well, if you could see our wonderful blue necktie, and the splendid Etruscan gold pin with its twinkling little Italian emerald that we have in it, and both on, where we tread to-day a cynosure of all eyes! Our handkerchiefs and other even more concealed articles of new apparel. And the glittering screwdriver for our radio-fixings, which was given to us by Hell, our yellow cat. This squares him with us because we had been a bit peeved at him. There was a nice catnip mouse put on the tree for Hell, and that was Monday night. After we had all gone to bed he sniffed it and the rest of the story was great violent disturbance in the living room. He was a naughty boy and couldn't wait, but helped himself to the mouse. Considerable portions of the tree had to be done over.

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. Copyright, 1929, by The Hartford Times, Inc., Trustee.

NO. XXXIX.

In October Hawley was ordered to New York, on "special business" part of which was to get Spencer rifles for the Seventh regiment and for a brigade which was to be organized with Hawley in command. He was to have his brigade if not his generalcy and had hopes of the stars of the latter. So he wrote on October 20:

On Board S't'r. Fulton with 20 hours of N. Y. October 20, '63.

My dear Charley:

I have just written to Lt. Col. Cheney (Frank Cheney—Ed) (being all the time ashamed that I cannot remember his first name a four page letter, chiefly about the Spencer rifle (invention of the late Christopher M. Spencer.—Ed) If you meet him ask for the letter, please, for I would like to have you read it. I am sent north with Gen. Terry on special business at New York and Washington. Part of my business is to get Spencer rifles for my regiment and if possible for my brigade. The regiments to compose the brigade are not selected yet. I am pretty much at liberty to pick them out, though I presume that Gen. Gillmore will have selected one at least before I return. The Seventh was sent to St. Helena Island Oct. 16th to drill on the water, in small boats containing about 18 men each. I am to have a brigade large enough to fight at least 2,000 men. That would require about 4 reg'ts of 700 each. There are opportunities for such a force to do good service, but I have a strong suspicion that there is a very particular duty that we may have the honor of undertaking.

The selection is very complimentary to the regiment and myself also, for Gen. Gillmore wishes me to select regiments whose colonels are junior to me, being determined that I shall have the command.

Pretty Sure of a Star.

Should I succeed in getting the Spencer rifles and organizing the Brigade in good style, and then should we be able to do our first job handsomely, I shall consider myself pretty sure of a star. The 10th Army Corps has furnished but few brigadiers. The standards down here must have been higher (with the additional reason that Gen. Hunter never thinks of those matters as Burnside, Foster, Banks and others do) for certainly the brigadiers sent down here from the 11th and 18th Corps are poor specimens. Only one of them has Gen. Gillmore kept "at the front" besides Terry and that is Stevenson of Massachusetts.

Besides this business of getting rifles, which to tell the truth is a sort of pretext, Gen. Terry and myself have other and important private instructions.

My orders tell me that having completed my work, I am to return by the next conveyance, that is by this same steamer, whose day of sailing is October 27. We shall get in on the morning of the 21st, between 8 and 10 a. m., if nothing happens, giving me just six days. If I can get 48 hours in New York to spare, I must run up and see father and mother. If we have but 24 hours to spare, I shall go to Hartford. Either is doubtful—Cazenovia the most so. Now if I don't get up to see you I earnestly wish to see you in New York Monday night, October 26, for I must be there anyhow to sail the next forenoon. There is a possibility that we cannot get through in time for the Fulton, in which case I should take the Arago, about Nov. 4. Then I should certainly have time for Hartford.

I will pay your expenses to New York and back. Come down by the morning train. I shall have to write to you again, for I yield to Gen. Terry on the choice of a hotel and it is not certain yet where we shall stop.

My beloved and most excellent wife is at St. Augustine as yet wholly ignorant of this escapade.

There is nothing doing before Charleston beyond the finishing of the works offensive and defensive on Morris and Polly Islands. Gen. Gillmore feels much annoyed by the paragraphs in northern papers saying that he will soon be ready to "open," etc., for there is next to nothing that he can do. The army has waited for the navy since August 24—since Sept. 7 certainly. Dahlgren still postpones almost indefinitely the time when he will do anything. So we look through our glasses at the growing rebel works from 1 1/2 to 3 miles off and imitate "our army in Flanders." I repeat Dahlgren is the most disgraceful failure that the war has exhibited.

Seventh Proud of Reputation.

"The Seventh is getting to be tolerably proud of its reputation. First on shore on Morris Island, first to attack Wagner; though infantry regiment have the largest share—about one-third of the siege guns on Morris, I'd—these are no light additions to its history, and now it is selected for a new and important organization. The Sixth was rather down at the heels, owing to the absence and then the death of Chatfield, and there was much dissatisfaction over the eminently unfair promotion of the always sick and absent Adjutant to be Lieut. Colonel. But Duryea is doing very well, I am told, and the regiment is reviving. The 10th is full of malaria and while they have few deaths they have about half of their total on the sick list. They feel

rather blue and discouraged. The major (now commanding) is a very good man but a little too lackadaisical and complaining. So with the senior captain—Goodyear—who never drinks and is scarcely ever sick but is perpetually grumbling.

Pursuit of a Blockade Runner.

"About 10 a. m. yesterday we got sight of a blockade runner off Wilmington, about 11 miles from us and chased him nearly due east into the Gulf Stream till after dark, gaining about half the 11 miles but losing him at dark. The whole affair was very exciting, especially as between 2 1/2 and 4 p. m. while the rascal slackened to rake his furnaces, etc., we gained rapidly and felt sure of him. We ran about 13 miles per hour.

Yours as ever. JOE HAWLEY.

Hawley knew how to deal with the petty rascal as well as with the more important grafter as he disclosed in a letter telling how he handled the case involving a regimental sneak thief, in a letter sent from St. Helena, South Carolina, Dec. 29:

Id. Qrs., etc. St. Helena, S. C. Dec. 29, '63.

"Dear Charley:

"Write me a letter, do. Tell a little about how enlisting goes on; what the prospect of a draft is—if it is not to be postponed, etc. I wish I could have been at home in December. I don't a bit like this running all over the country to buy up loafers and send them down here among our good New England boys. About nine-tenths of our 130 conscripts make good soldiers, but among them are some quite ignorant and foreigners and some of the most impudent pickpockets, and thieves. One of our men lost a watch, another \$25 and another \$170, and then a mail just ready to send off was stolen and about 100 letters plundered, many of which contained small sums, rings, studs, etc. I promise to whip the first thief caught, without judge or jury and on discovering the watch thief, an impudent Bowery B'hoys, I let the men have the punishment of him. 100 volunteered to whip him and the switches were cut. I called out the recruit. The whippers formed two lines with room enough to swing and the whipper was marched slowly through with two bayonets before him and two behind. I had the two surgeons examine his bare back and count all the marks. He got a right good thrashing, having 31 distinct heavy cuts and other indistinct bruises. I think the whole regiment enjoyed it amazingly. If I had turned him over to the men without any ceremony they would have whaled him without mercy. I might not have written you about it save that I wish you posted upon anything that the Times might hand about. It was upon a hint from Gen. Seymour that I acted. He said that as a Captain for many years in the regular army he never troubled himself to court martial a thief—he delivered him to the men who have a deep interest in the sanctity of their tents and knapsacks.

Veterans Re-enlist.

Three hundred of our veterans have been mustered into service to-day for three years or the war. About 60 men rejected by the surgeon being men who do very well at present but cannot quite pass muster for another three years time. Many others would have offered had they not known that they would be rejected. Two companies that have a large number of veterans have not furnished many; the real reason being that they do not like their company officers. I agree with them perfectly, if I only could say so, and really wish that I could dismiss every one of those officers and give them a new set. But they are (all but one and I have made him resign) quite honest, respectable men, but without tact. Such are the hardest cases to deal with. I can kick out the rascal, but the goody numbskulls worry the life out of me.

There's no immediate prospect of activity here. The Navy Department or the President, I don't know which, is too weak to kick Dahlgren out. I have strong suspicions that Dahlgren, Fox, the Baltimore-American (Fulton) and the iron-clad firm are a pack of rascals together, plundering the government. I have studied Dahlgren hard, but he is a great puzzle to me. It's another McClellan case. Perhaps he will try to go in in about a month. Sometimes we talk of Savannah. If Gen. Meade would send down 10,000 it could be taken and held. Perhaps Gen. Gillmore will go ahead as it is.

I have the 7th Conn. and 7th N. It. here and we are very busy getting used to our new rifles—mustering out and in, drilling, etc., etc. Hattie is here, well and tolerably happy, I should think. She saw Col. Beecher the other day. Had a great party at Hilton Head evening of 23rd—Gen. Gillmore did—music and dancing, etc.

"Love to Susie, (Mrs. Warner) Lillie, all of you,

Yours ever, JOE.

(Continued tomorrow.)

Why Wreck the Ship and Drown the Crew to Hurt the Captain? BY ROBERT QUILLEN.

The purpose of government is to serve the people.

The purpose of law is to make the will of the people effective.

When any law does injury to the people, the obvious duty of the government is to repeal or amend it without delay.

Years ago, when Big Business was predatory and had no conscience, competition was strangled by unfair and illegal methods and monopoly gave license to pick the public's pockets.

There was urgent need of a law to curb pirates and protect the people from extortionists. The law was passed and the trusts were "busted."

Now conditions have changed. A corporation is a group of stockholders, and the stockholders are the people.

And giant corporations are essential to the continued prosperity of the people.

America no longer provides a sufficient market for her own products. She must sell abroad or curtail production.

The effort to sell goods abroad brings America into competition with European manufacturers who have similar problems. They also must find alien markets or stop their machinery.

In their effort to win alien markets, these European manufacturers are forming great combines—merging their resources and pooling their capital and brains to reduce operating costs and eliminate wasteful competition.

They can undersell America and capture the markets of the world unless American manufacturers also merge their resources, reduce costs and eliminate waste.

One great corporation, with one great factory, one manager and one office force, can manufacture goods more cheaply than ten small companies with ten managers and ten factories and ten crews.

To duplicate effort is to duplicate cost, and the public pays the bill.

As to the competition that is the life of trade, it is abundantly afforded by Europe.

To prevent mergers in America while Europe merges is to cut the throat of American industry.

The effort to prevent mergers is an effort to injure American buyers and American investors.

The recent stock market crash hurt millions. These millions compose the "trusts" that demagogues denounce and persecute.

To hobble American business with unnecessary laws is to injure the common people whose surplus is invested in America.

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The Once Over

BY H. I. PHILIPS

THAT RAILROAD SCRAMBLING REPORT.

It's a wise president that knows his own railroad. The Interstate Commerce Commission has come forth with a plan for combining the country's railroad lines that make a Sam Lloyd puzzle seem like a lesson in elemental spelling.

The commission took nine years to arrive at its conclusions, thus setting a new world's record for sustained huddles and proving conclusively that trying to unscramble an egg is still the most difficult trick known to man, commission or beast.

The railroad presidents of America took one look at the commission's report and immediately concluded that the members had succumbed to the Yuletide jigsaw puzzle and anagram craze.

It is now regarded as an open question whether the commission arrived at its ideas by discussion or by blindfold test.

It is time for caution in traveling. When you think you're going south on the Seaboard you may be speeding north on the Boston & Maine and when you think you are dining on the Buffalo & Susquehanna you may discover that within the meaning of the I. C. C. you are asleep in an upper berth on the Kelly's Creek & Northwestern, which has been transferred from the New York Central to the Palapasco & Black River branch of the B. & O.

When a man walks up to a window for a railroad-ticket to Chicago to-day he doesn't know whether to ask for a seat on the New York, New Haven & Santa Fe, the Boston, Wash., Erie & Northern Pacific or the Lackawanna, Pennsylvania Central & Southern Chesapeake.

After one casual reading of the interstate scrambling commission's suggestions for making railroading more intricate, a drummer walked up to a Wash ticket-window the other day and asked for two Rock Island Pullman chairs in an Illinois Central parlor-car on the Great Northern line to New Orleans via Hoosic Tunnel & Wilmington line through Penobscot, Maine.

He made the additional specification that he would like to be called when the train passed through Albany, N. Y., and that he would prefer a breakfast of eggs a la Atterbury with Van Sweringe toast cooked by a chef chosen from three best cooks on the Moshaussic Valley, Scootic Railway and Genesee Wyoming lines.