

EXCUSE US WHILE WE HOB BY FREDERICK P. LATIMER.

Hob, we suppose, is the verb for hobby. At any rate, we have a hobby. It is the weather. We have loved to watch the weather ever since we were a small boy, having been inspired to the enterprise by a father who knew all about mackerel clouds, sun dogs, rings around the moon, thunder in the morning, sailors take warning, etc.

The scientists of the weather bureau maintain that all long-range forecasters are false prophets. And, of course, as far as day-to-day weather is concerned, at any given locality, this is true. No man lives who can say with real foreknowledge that on, say, January 14, 1930, there will be a great storm in Connecticut. BUT, it is practicable to say that on that date there is more likelihood of a severe storm than at other times, if we know beforehand that the moon will be both full and in perigee, or nearest the earth, January 14, which, we understand, is the case.

For more than thirty-five years we have tried to make general predictions about weather a long time in advance, and our diaries would show that we have had rather striking success at it. Usually when we say there is going to be a long, short, dry or wet season, we hit it right, because we never make such predictions as a bare guess, but on the basis of a great number of facts which seem to deserve particular interpretation in the light of experience.

At the close of the vernal equinoctial period of 1929 we predicted in writing a hot, dry summer, and, goodness knows, that is what occurred. And in the last week of September we made a forecast that the autumn would be dry, with unusual frequency of northeasterly winds; that the leaves would fall early; that the winter would come in with rare earliness and emphasis and there would be "plenty of snow and ice before Christmas."

We now predict the general character of the weather for this part of the world until the middle of March. It will be reflective of the conditions which have obtained in the country during the last fortnight.

What do you think about making "Hums" alias Rev. T. J. Holmes of East Hartford, our chaplain? Is he already appointed to the 21st? Geo. Bissell writes me that "Hums" is a regular brick, a good fellow and worker and no

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. XLI. Presidential Politics in '64.

In this first month of 1864, interest in presidential politics was lively in spite of the war. Renomination of Lincoln, of course, was considered. Others were ambitious, including some in his cabinet. Hawley had considerable admiration for Lincoln, but felt that he had weaknesses and that he was sometimes influenced against his own common sense.

Warner's allusion, in his handling of the Hammond case, to the lack of approval by "radical republicans" gave the Courant a handle for attack on The Press as attempting to divide the republicans of the state as "radicals and anti-radicals" at a time when a united front was needed. Hawley saw, somewhat the truth of the complaint but felt that it arose out of the fact that there actually was such division in the party, rather than because of mere factionalism on the part of his newspaper.

Dear Charley: Nothing new. Received your note of the 13th enclosing slip from the Bulletin. That is particularly mean innuendo at the close. It is true that the Press has been, I am sorry to say, rather the representative of a section of the Republican party than of the whole.

I don't know the inside gossip as to president-making, but personally I am growing more and more confident that we will do better to re-elect President Lincoln than to attempt to make any change. I used to be a Chase man and I admire his ability and statesmanship, but I don't like the eagerness with which he schemes for the presidency or rather many of the tools he works with. Some of his agents and appointees down here have been infernal scoundrels and he sticks to them though they have been exposed.

As to my Brigadiership, I know nothing whatever. Gen. Gillmore and Gen. Terry recommended me—ditto Gov. Buckingham and Mr. Welles. No junior has been promoted over me yet so I have no particular occasion to feel slighted. At any rate I am honored and trusted here and always cordially received by my superior officers and the highest command given me that my rank entitles me to and pretty sure to have the 7th N. H. and the 7th C. V. and in time we shall have a brigade equalled by few and excelled by none if you put 'em ahead a little. Col. Abbott of the 7th N. H. is like myself a republican ex-editor of Manchester and Boston, and we get along well together. I can hardly believe that Dixon, (Senator Dixon—Ed) would be so infinitely mean as to oppose my promotion. A public cowering would be the only fit reward for that, but probably I shouldn't give it to him.

By the way, please buy me those 5-20's if you can, as I requested. We are to be paid next week and I can make it all right with the company, Yours as always, JOE HAWLEY.

P. S. Probably nobody is making any attempt to get me promoted, so I shouldn't be likely to be put ahead, even if I desire it, which I'm not so certain about. I only know that if I couldn't beat many of the Brig. Gens. I've seen, I'd hang myself.

What do you think about making "Hums" alias Rev. T. J. Holmes of East Hartford, our chaplain? Is he already appointed to the 21st? Geo. Bissell writes me that "Hums" is a regular brick, a good fellow and worker and no

spooney. How is it? Band doing tip top. When the Courant began the discussion of the presidential campaign in the winter of 1864, the Press had an article calculated to soft pedal political talk, but the Courant insisted that with the choice of delegates to the nominating convention imminent, discussion was not untimely. Hawley rather felt that the Courant got the better of the argument. He was coming more and more to believe that while Lincoln was not perhaps ideal as a president there was no one else who inspired confidence and nothing to do but renominate him. On January 30 he wrote:

St. Helena, S. C., January 30, '64. Dear Charley: Yours received. I am thinking much of urging the officers to elect Holmes chaplain. The chief trouble just now is that so many of our company commanders (who must make the election) and our field officers are absent. I forward you by this mail a draft upon the U. S. Asst. Treasurer, New York, made payable to your order to secure \$300 of 5-20 bonds. If there be no chance of getting them without paying a premium of more than two per cent. let it go. I will invest in some other way.

Army for "Old Abe."

It looks a little as if your opponents finessed very nicely in the matter of Lincoln's re-nomination. But the only thing I didn't fancy in you was "deprecating discussion." Now you see the Press always believes in talking about anything and everything it pleases and we don't like the canting "regrets" of the Courant et id omne genus that this or that subject has been brought up just at this time. Of course I am not fully in the ring but I think that, decidedly events are indicating that Lincoln will be re-elected. I am very glad of it. God knows that I have very little personal interest in the matter, or reason to be grateful for personal favors to this administration—the Courant having been made the state paper and the twaddlers and cowards backed up by Blair & Co. But aside from a little undue influence exercised by that monstrous mixture of blind selfishness and philippic statesmanship, Seward, "Old Abe" makes the best approach to George Washington that we can get. I think that the general feeling in the army is very favorable to his re-election.

Having made up your mind to it, go in, cordially. I do not say positively that it is best to go for him, but I don't believe that any other man has a chance for nomination. Chase I wouldn't support in Convention anyhow. Ditto Fremont, or Ben Butler or Grant. What else can you do but support Lincoln? And how much better could we do. Slow perhaps sometimes, as we think, but even with the mass of people at any rate and never compelled to take a backward. Of course, there has been what we may fairly term imbecility in some things, a mixture of discordant counsels in the management of the war—sometimes Halleck and sometimes Lincoln and sometimes nobody telling a General and a grand army what to do. But the whole nation has much stumbling to do and an infinite deal to learn. "Old Abe" has sat down with us and we have all "spelled out" the sore lesson together.

I am very sorry that you did not give a fuller account of the reception of the 7th Ct. I had to hunt up the Palladium and Jour. & Cour. to get the news. As far as possible the Press should be a state paper. Besides the reception is the event of a life to the soldiers and I feel a good deal cheap when I see how little my men will see in my own paper of their splendid reception. There, that's all the grumbling I have to do and I am not cross.

Gen. Gillmore has intimated a determination to make mounted infantry of the two regiments under my command. Whether I am to command the brigade under the new wrinkle I don't know. He has said nothing to me on the subject. I didn't quite fancy it at first but "obey" is the only word we know and Col. Abbott and I are going into it with a will. There can be very little occasion for such a brigade here, so I think that Gen. Gillmore must be anticipating a possible call into the country next spring or summer, perhaps to meet Grant by moonlight somewhere. Quiet as the grave at present. Large numbers of veterans are going home. Conscripits and volunteers come down in almost equal numbers but they have to be drilled and watched. Ours are getting to be orderly, well drilled soldiers.

I am disgusted beyond the disposition even to protest verbally by the cat fighting and intriguing of the men who manage the land and negro business here. Saxton is the thick-headed instrument of "Daddy French," who I am very much afraid is a regular Orcutt, though a much abler man, a strong willed my-will-is-God's-will man and a strong abolitionist.

Truly yours as ever, Joe Hawley. (Continued To-morrow.)

Will the Slaves Who Planted the Vineyard Forsake It When They Are Free? BY ROBERT QUILLEN.

One of the four Gospels owes much of its value to the fact that it was written by a physician.

Luke was a Greek who practiced medicine, which means that he was a learned man and a polished gentleman. His work as a physician brought him the confidence of women, and it is quite clear that women were his source of information. His account of the Master's work contains numerous references to women who knew and loved Jesus, and the fact that these incidents are not mentioned in the other Gospels indicates that they were known to him alone.

The intimate relationship of physician and patient is like that of priest and penitent. Luke knew the secret hearts of women, and to that knowledge we owe the revelation of a truth more significant than the calling of the twelve disciples.

Women believed in Jesus. The last to keep sorrowing vigil at the foot of the cross were women. The first to discover the empty tomb was a woman. Women have preserved the religion of Jesus.

The scholars who study and teach the writings of Confucius are men; those who call on Allah are men. But the congregations that assemble to hear the words of Jesus or to pray in his name are composed largely of women.

In preserving Christianity, women have preserved themselves. The Christian nations give women liberty and honor elsewhere denied them.

Thus the faith of women has been rewarded, but they did not believe in hope of reward. They believed because their intuition and their keener intelligence revealed to them the simple truths that were hidden from men.

No religion could have a higher tribute than the faith of women. They see clearly. The foolish dreamers are men, not women. Men gamble wildly and women counsel caution; men are tricked by smooth tongues and women are wary; men fight to uphold foolish standards and women plead for sanity and peace; men are savages and women make civilization.

And because this civilization, based on the teachings of Jesus, is largely the work of women's influence, it now faces a crisis of greater potential evil than a war of nations.

Women have won economic independence and complete liberty of action. Their reaction will make or mar civilization—will complete or undo the work of nineteen hundred years. Within this generation they will fix the trend of centuries.

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The Once Over BY H. I. PHILIPS

THE ELECTRIC YULETIDE

Locking back on the Christmas decorations it is hard to escape the impression that Yuletide was sponsored by the public utility companies and directed by the electrical supply shops with the co-operation of the Electrical Workers Union.

Christmas trees were about 99 per cent. electrically decorated and the Illuminate - a Living-Christmas-Tree-on-the-Lawn craze reached unprecedented heights.

All of which brought back memories of the old days when Christmas trees were lighted by candles and no Yuletide was complete in any home without a visit from the fire department.

Remember? Mom brought out the big box full of pink, yellow, green and red tallow candles and pop then stuck them in the gadgets previously attached to the tree. It was quite a job to stick the candles in the gadgets so they would stay, and as a rule some wax was melted in the holder first. The tree was frequently set afire in several places during the process of trimming it and the night was punctuated with cries of "I told you so!" "Get some water, quick!" "Blow harder, Elmer!" and "Whatcher doing? Want to burn us all up?"

Then, when all the candles had been attached to the tree and the time had come to light them, there was another period of intense nervous strain. It was again necessary to have a bucket of water handy, and brave was the man who would light the tree without first taking a look out the window to gauge the distance to the nearest fire-alarm box and make a mental approximation of how long it would take House Company No. 8 to arrive if needed.

The candles lit, the worry really began. The hot drippings had to be watched to see that they didn't set fire to the cotton snow or burn the carpet. There was always a red candle that would give too hot a flame and ignite the bough above or set fire to the stocking of popcorn and nuts.

The fire department was usually called about the third night after Christmas when everybody had grown careless. There was many a home in which the Christmas season was never complete until somebody had been carried from the attic on an extension ladder.

Now it's all done by electricity. You just string the bulbs over the limbs, plug in and press a button. No romance, no thrills, no glories of the past, no nervous tension, no worry.



Bean Soup.

First, you get a quart of water. Wash the water, and then rinse. Put it in a pot to boil. Cut the bean into four quarters. Drop each quarter in the water. With a drop of neatfoot oil. Season now with salt and pepper. If need be, you add more water. This receipt is a la Hoyle.

I've decided to keep my old car another year, because when it is three blocks to find it.—Life.

We, also, have decided to keep our old gas car another, or part of another, year. In our case it is not so much that we hope the walk will be only a couple of blocks, but that it will then be such a long walk we'll take with joy we'd better go home and get a good riddance. In the light of history, however, it is a vain theory. We have always left it out in the most-likely places, unlocked, and no one (with the inclination) was ever able to get two blocks with it.

Invest in Davy Jones' Locker. A New London realtor advertises in the Day that "\$5,000 buys a plot of ground 95 feet front by 400 feet deep, on lower Ocean avenue. Opportunity for speculators."

The most famous flier between the Riviera and Paris is the Blue Train and it will be appropriate if at the end of the so-called casino gambling day the losers are shipped north on it.

We saw "The Blue Train," a comedy, played in London in 1927. Of course, the light-hearted theme was fitting, as everybody aboard the east was flush and traveling on the southerly leg toward the land of sunshine and chance. But it almost goes without saying that if a show ever comes entitled "Return of the Blue Train," it will be a tragedy.

The New York post-office announced soon after Christmas that it would add 173 men to the personnel, no doubt, by the loneliness of the regular force after the holidays had been paid off.

We remember having read once in a post office ourselves the Yuletide, but it would be hard out of season to recall our poignant memory until after Christmas, as it might put bad ideas in the heads of the 1929 generation. We remember that the rush was never so great that what we found time enough to mail rooms to keep up with the latest installments of our favorite magazines in the copies of magazines found about.

We wonder if the London naval conference will receive as much attention as that other 1930 naval meeting, the America's cup races off Newport in September, and the moment is doubtful. We think the Newport meeting, in popularity, fervor and publicity, will have the edge. We come to this conclusion because, for one thing, the New London Day is already giving large space to the subject of excursion boat facilities for the series, with the natural deduction that New London as a starting point for sightseers is as advantageous, if not more so, than Newport or other places. We had not heard that anyone, eight months before the London naval conference, was losing sleep over the public ringside seat situation regarding that affair.

We suspect that during race week while Sir Thomas Lipton is about, the Newport tea will be the thing.

Maybe, the next war will be the result of making some nation fighting mad by reminding it of its pledge not to fight.

Of course, some youngsters go to the devil in college. A college doesn't overcome natural talent.

"Morality changes with time." For example, a perfectly good check is bad if it gets to the bank before you do.