



Dear Portico: At times I'm blue and life takes on a somber hue; 'tis then I spend some time with you and read your breezy bunk, and this I know—your doleful dope refreshes me beyond all hope; just like a bath without the soap or some synthetic drunk. Somewhere, sometime, I've heard it said, or from some musty tome I've read that jinglers ain't really dead until they're put on ice. I'm getting old; my teeth ain't good, my lamps don't function like they should, but just the same I always could make jingles in a trice. But still and all I feel the sting of Father Time and yet I cling to the belief that I can sling this stuff and take a rap. And like the pleasing highball drink with chunks of ice that cool and drink come memories of printers' ink and tears flow down my nap.

In all my jingle stuff I try to make it clean and glorify the good in life. I don't rely on vulgar slang and such. I know this sounds like rank conceit, but watch my meter, kid,—it's sweet; tell O. B. Joyful he's my meat—I'll hit him with my crutch.

All jokes aside—there'll come a day when shadows fall across the way and you and I will cease to play—on that we must agree, so let's not get filled up with bile; we're here for just a little while—let's see if we can make 'em smile between us, you an' me.

Thursday night for the Litchfield range was "poverty night and anyone wearing good clothes was fined." The older the clothes the better, apparently—supporting the theory that many can get along cheaper than one.

Experience Is Best Teacher. There is much complaint about the Stafford high school gym on account of it not being of regulation size for basketball games and it is difficult to get good out-of-town teams to come here after they have once used the local floor.—Stafford Springs correspondence in Norwich Bulletin.

The mayor of Boston, father of six, advocates a bounty for large families. The Dopple remembers it, bounties on wolves and such were paid on presentation of the ears—no doubt many apartment dwellers and over-the-fence neighbors would be willing to back the mayor up in his new crusade.

William Tucker of No. 84 Edwards street submits a clipping from the Enquirer and Mirror, of Nantucket, mailed him by a "life-long Nantucketer," depicting a winter scene in that place where many Hartford folk go o' summers:

Flowers in Bloom in the Open Here on Nantucket. Down near Poverty point, right where the sea air from the harbor sweeps in day and by night, a rambler rose bush is in bloom.

Out near Maglathlin's farm on the Ipswich road, wild roses have been found in bloom.

In her garden on Liberty street, Mrs. A. Royal picked a number of days of stock in full bloom, and also some of the old-fashioned pinks looking up merrily.

Andellions have been found in several yards about town this week.

THIS HAS BEEN A STRANGE WINTER BY FREDERICK P. LATIMER

To-day is our family's birthday, and she had to go away on account of others needing her, so there is very little chance for us to be frivolous. We are not even going to try to discuss the banquet, which was a fine one, as usual. Except perhaps we might add something to what Neal O'Hara said about the difference between wit and humor. He said that wit is a thing of words, while humor is the idea. It occurs to us that wit is a hit, and a humor is a breaking out.

One might illustrate the subject a little bit by the story of the Irishman who fell off a scaffolding on a building and was unconscious at the foot of the wall. His friend Mike called a doctor. The doctor examined the prostrate man who appeared to be a goner, and finally said, "Mike, I'm sorry but your friend is dead."

Just then Pat opened his eyes and said, "I'm not dead." And Mike said, "Shut up, Pat; don't you think the doctor knows more about it than you do?" That was wit. Now if it had turned out that the doctor was really only a dentist or a veterinary, that would have been humor. Such decisions are very close, but as a rule if you slip and fall on the sidewalk just as you are bragging to a friend how sure-footed you are, that is humor, while the remarks to be made about it will be wit. A good example of humor was the way the people in the front seats dodged when the ventriloquist or human orchestra in the olio shook out his imaginary cornet almost over their heads. And again when a fellow near us had a blank expression while the story was told about, "We have no mushrooms in this hotel, only bridal suites." He did know what a suite was, having always lived mostly around home, and we even heard him say when he was eating the fig in the grapefruit, "I don't see how they ever fixed a stewed onion so as to taste like this."

It was a good banquet. We were a little late getting to it, on account of having a lot of trouble with a collar. We had a new shirt with a very stiff neckband and were in a hurry because the banquet was to start at half-past six, sharp. There not being anybody to know where anything was it seemed as if it would take all night to find where the buttons were, but we finally found them under a pile of beads and necklaces, and the collar was too short to go around the neckband as well as it ought to. We were a long time getting it joined, and then in tying the bow tie the ends kept getting twisted, and out of reach. It was very exasperating. And then when we had got it all done the collar came off the back of the neck button on the back with that frightfully dislocated feeling that accompanies such an accident, and we had to do it all over again. This time there was something wrong with the front button, so as we say we were late.

Our table had only one lady at it, an oasis in a desert. When we were settled we were just going to cross our ankles and relax, but could not on account of there being a leg under the table exactly where we were going to do the crossing. If there is a table leg under a table at banquet we draw it nineteen times out of twenty. If it is at a country church supper or a picnic, in each case where they make the table of planks laid on saw horses, we get the saw horse. It is all right, but keeps you kind of constrained.

As the three gentlemen from Naples in their Neapolitan costumes, and strumming their guitars, who first sang "O Sole Mio" over in front of the speakers, came around the isles and up to where our table was they stopped in back of our chair to sing, "Tibbi-bibbi-bibbi" or whatever it is. And the spot-lighter in the balcony threw a blue calcium light right into our soup. And then the waiter put a dish of lettuce crested over with soft yellow dressing down on the table when we did not see him do it and precisely where we were going to bring our arm down for emphasis when we were telling Al, who sat two seats at our left, what superior reception we have in our radio set. We tried to look innocent and unconcerned, but the effort was only a partial success. As the speaking began, we drew into the back part of the hall where we would have more room.

By that time it was a beautiful picture, hundreds and hundreds of the handsomest people in the world, so

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.

Will Rogers's Dispatch. To the Editor of The Times. The ebullition of Will Rogers which is printed on the front page of The Times to-night is to say the least not in good taste. If Will Rogers is going to send such stuff to us about so serious and important a conference it would be better if he had stayed at home and devoted his efforts as a comedian to less consequential affairs. There are times when buffoonery is decidedly out of place and this is one of them. Webster's definition of ebullition:—process or state of boiling or bubbling up; hence, agitation or excitement; commotion; effervescence.

Mr. Cannon Explains Resignation. To the Editor of The Times: The article published in The Hartford Times January 20 concerning my resignation as a member of the board of relief conveyed the wrong impression. I would like to have the board set right before the public. The salaries of the board of relief were cut down by the board of finance and the cut endorsed by the town council at a meeting previous to January 13. At the meeting of January 13 this matter was brought to the attention of the town council and the budget again was endorsed as it stood after some debate and then a motion was made to restore the former salaries of the board. This motion was voted down by a majority of the council that did not know the facts. My sole purpose in attending this council meeting was to see if the councilmen were fully informed. I had no intention of asking for the floor. Personally I would be willing to work for the salary the councilmen endorsed if the question had been fairly put to them.

The action of calling executive session was weak and disrespectful and that is not the kind of government we must have to carry on. I am an enthusiastic supporter of unified government but I do believe that these few words concerning the duties of all our governing officers should be added: "To show courtesy and respect to all the people at all times." If the board of relief had been courteously approached when the budget was being prepared I believe that everything would have worked out smoothly. I resigned because of the discourteous treatment the board of relief has been subjected to.

CLARENCE J. CANNON. East Hartford, Jan. 23.

On the Referendum. To the Editor of The Times. Your editorial of Monday, "The Referendum Eventually," calls to mind actual events of some years ago in the province of Manitoba. During the period of prohibition in that province, an organization known as the "Moderation league" had been formed to advocate the passage of a so-called "moderation act" to empower the government to engage in the sale of liquor on the dispensary and permit plan. Members of the provincial parliament balked at bringing the issue, not feeling sure enough of the sentiment of their respective constituents, and as an alternative, a referendum was proposed. It appeared that legislation could not constitutionally be enacted by means of referendum, the power to legislate being reserved exclusively to parliament, but provision was made for a referendum at the succeeding provincial election for the express purpose of sounding public opinion. Meanwhile, the party leaders and most of the candidates for parliament pledged themselves before their constituents, that, if elected, they would accept the result of the referendum as a mandate. A distinct though not overwhelming majority of the voters declared for the moderation act, which was therefore introduced and enacted into law at the succeeding session.

The situation as it exists in this country is, of course, not wholly parallel, but the problem might conceivably be brought nearer solution, if the present attitude of the whole people toward the eighteenth amendment were more accurately known. Between the extremists on both sides of the prohibition question, there would seem to be a very large body of those whose position would be influenced by a clearer conception of what the whole public really wishes. Should any referendum result in a significant majority on either side, there would almost certainly be a flocking to that side of both legislators and individuals. Some such well defined trend is perhaps a prerequisite to any final solution.

J. W. Hartford, Jan. 23.

A Fable. To the Editor of The Times. An auto dealer was making some purchases and being about ready to buy a pair of shoes, asked the price. "The price of this pair," said the store man, "is \$10.55 at St. Louis." The auto dealer replied, "I am not at St. Louis, I do not expect to go there, and I want to know what is the price of these shoes at Hartford." The store man said, "The price here is \$12.00." The auto dealer then looked at a Scotch heather overcoat. He tried it on and it fitted perfectly. He asked the price. "Ah," said the store man, "isn't it a beauty. Notice the wonderful stream line body it will have when it rains. It is a garment you will be proud to wear for five years, if you

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. LXIII. As indicated in yesterday's installment of this correspondence Hawley's Hartford friends were concerned for fear that Marshall Jewell was getting the inside track toward the senatorship and their opposition was such that Hawley feared Jewell would be made his bitter enemy. A factor that worried Hawley particularly was a series of letters from New Haven by the Courant's political correspondent, "Al" Hotchkiss, who wrote under the pen-name "ASH." Hotchkiss was describing an intrigue among New Haven republicans and connecting Governor Jewell's name with it.

Before the matter had come to the denouement of the final "ASH" letter Hawley had foreseen the potentialities for evil in the New Haven situation and the association of Jewell's name with it and he sought to head off trouble by means of a letter addressed "Dear Warner," which was published in the Courant. It was written on January 22 but was not received until after the last and unfortunate "ASH" letter, so it did not suffice to prevent the publication of that document which caused Hawley so much remorse and misgiving, as alluded to yesterday.

In his published letter Hawley pointed out that Hartford had had the gubernatorial nomination seven years in succession, he being the recipient twice. All the gentlemen named in connection with it now were his friends. He sought to discourage locality prejudices and to preserve party unity.

The letter was the magnanimous gesture of a man who had suffered from disloyalty within the party the previous year yet was putting his own feelings aside and pleading for harmony. The concluding paragraph: "It is impossible to avoid seeing that the senatorial election last summer is drawn into the canvass. If there was a wrong done it was to the party as well as to myself, and my personal share is very small. I have no complaints to make and no conciliation to entreat, no revenge to seek. Count me into the fight on the republican side and leave the rest to time and the people."

Re-elected to Congress. Henry P. Haven of New London, won the nomination for governor in the convention, of which Colonel Wright was permanent chairman, after a contest with Harrison, but the bitterness engendered by the pre-convention bickering showed it on election day when Charles R. Ingersoll, a leading New Haven democrat, of whom Hawley came to think quite highly personally, beat him by 3,000 majority, almost a landslide in those days of close votes. Hawley came home for the campaign and spoke at a Hartford rally early in April. Along with two other republicans he was re-elected to congress by 1,300 plurality. Although he ran ahead of Haven by 200 or more votes he again failed to carry Hartford. He left in Hartford county as he did in Tolland.

Concerned as he had been over the fact that his friends on the Courant seemed to be driving a wedge between himself and Marshall Jewell, Hawley retained no malice in his heart over the incidents. Less than a fortnight after he had displayed so much feeling over the Courant's handling of political matters incident to the campaign of '73 Hawley was writing in his normal manner of affairs in Washington.

The Credit Mobilier investigation was in full swing. Indeed it would be more appropriate to say investigations, for there were three different ones. There were enormous ramifications and no one knew where the trail of corruption would stop or to whose door it might not lead. Many of the men accused of having lent themselves to the scheming denied it, others maintained their innocence of dishonest or dishonorable purpose or act. Vice-President Colfax, Senator Wilson of Massachusetts, Senator Patterson, Representatives Dawes, Bingham, Kelley and even Garfield had been named in the evidence as having had business relations with Oakes Ames or his stock enterprises.

Attacks on Butler Too Raw. For "Ben" Butler Hawley had a great contempt. He had become acquainted with and observed Butler in the war and he rated him poorly as a man and as a soldier. In Hawley's estimate But-

ler had little ability in commanding men and planning and conducting a campaign, but was brilliant and effective in intrigue and political maneuvering.

Butler had gotten into the house from the Essex county district in Massachusetts. There was mutual dislike between the two and Hawley's estimate of Butler was reflected in the Courant's attitude. In late January the Courant quoted a report from the Washington capitol that Colfax, Garfield, and the others were victims of a plot, of which Butler was manager and Oakes Ames merely the chief instrument. The Courant thought the report couldn't be credited. It admitted that Butler was "unprincipled and revengeful," but thought he was "too shrewd" to have involved himself in anything like the scandals then shaking the capital. "More likely," it said, "he got hold of damaging facts and determined to use them to destroy men whose reputations were so much more honorable than his own." When the worst was known the Courant thought that the "most perjured" congressmen involved in the Credit Mobilier matter would be "white compared with the member from Essex."

Small regard as he had for Butler that bald statement was a little further than Hawley would have been willing to go in criticism. He wrote:

Washington, D. C., Dec. 3, 1873. Dear Charles: Reading the Nation the other evening, I began to dictate a letter to Godkin. When my secretary wrote it out it was so fearfully long that I didn't dare send it. Perhaps you may have the patience to read it. The smash of "good men" here is fearful. The worst of it is that the very men hurt are and have been as free from real corruption as any in Washington. They have been here many years and are all poor men. The investigations have been conducted with wonderful clumsiness. If the accused men had kept silence until the prosecution had first brought forward all it had to say, as in common decency they should, we should have avoided the inquisitorial torture these "good fellows" have suffered. It is awful. I think the determination to deal severe justice is strong, but there is a feeling of sorrow and pity. Wilson and Dawes are clean; Patterson dead; Bingham and Kelley less hurt; Garfield has unrevealed evidence lying in wait that may or may not come out—so they say. Ames is generally regarded as half stupid, half corrupt. That is to say, he has a blighted conscience and did worse than he knew. His original motive was not a clean one. He desired to best congressmen. Then he was fighting McComb and wanted to show the McComb party that he had got rid of stock which he really held. He had a strong motive to carry stock in the names of men who did not know they were owners thereof.

Butler "Dares Not Attack" Him. I think I wouldn't have said that Ben Butler would appear worse than the perjured men—or words to that effect. He is doing nothing against me now. He dares not attack me in the house. Two or three times we have spoken on different sides, but there has been no discourteous reference one way or the other. I keep a watchful eye on him and shall submit to nothing insolent from him. Three or four times I have been asked if the quarrel was irreconcilable. Once, at least, the inquiry came from one of his henchmen. I said if Butler would cause it to be said for the press or would say publicly that he was in error in his charge against me, I should have no further cause for personal quarrel. I mean to conduct myself scrupulously as a gentleman. The public was all with me in '71 and I want to so carry it that the public may stay so. I never wrote in the paper or uttered in a speech any attack on his personal character, yet I incurred his deadly enmity because I exposed his bad principles or lack of principle. That I am willing to continue doing. But I will not put myself in the wrong by personal attacks.

The Palladium meanly misrepresents the debate on a bill to restore all 1862 soldiers to the pension rolls. The bill was bound to carry for the committee reported it. Two of us opposed; a dozen favored it. Butler was among the former, but he said nothing uncivil, and in fact, next to nothing at all about what I had said. Farnsworth indulged in flings against epauletted men who were away before the war and would have been rebels if they had been there, etc., which meant Butler, as everybody knew. F. wants one more fight with Butler before he goes. I rose and requested Farnsworth to make it clear whom he meant. The house understood the whole matter perfectly well.

Yours truly, J. R. HAWLEY.

(Continued To-morrow.)

much for the welfare of Hartford. The building is a large development of the old colonial style of architecture, as illustrated in Jefferson's Washington stereopticon in the room brought from Italy by Batterson with a number of Venetian views, including several of the interior and exterior of St. Mark's.