

rom such tour that ion that the safety ; constitution rested eople for them and s love had become ing. n the latter portion d from the natural lived in New York Virginia estate only For decades, until been fruitless agis New York resi- neglect in which it s on Hudson street, ry. That Ashlawn is and be maintained , as are the home- ton, Jefferson and tly appropriate and erosity of Mr. Johns al appreciation.



"February has made its debut amid friendly warmth and spring-like thawing," Alicia Ruth O'Brien writes us, "and contradicting this the Groundhog saw his shadow Sunday morning. Hence the enclosed verse expressing my opinion of Ol' Man Winter":

Frozen February.

The ice was frosted on the pond, The burdocks crouched on frozen ground, The shining trees loomed beyond, The early morning had no sound. The snow was hard beneath my feet, And diamonds glittered far and near; The very world seemed all asleep, Though winter seethed in the atmosphere!

Crusted ice was on each bush, Crystals clustered on each vine; Amid the still and frozen hush The distant bells did clearly chime! The sun was bright—it did not melt, The surface of the hardened snow, So cold, each tree, it scarcely felt The friendly sun's warming glow.

But where was life? Was it asleep? Or dead beneath those icy tongs, Or silent tryst did it keep, With the frozen dew of dawns; Was each crystal coated limb Guarding buds of springtime leaves, Waiting for the Eerie Winds To sigh forlornly through the eaves.

And the magic touch of Spring— New birds among the trees, New birds and other songs to sing Of southern memories; Nests are hid in budding boughs, And eggs will hatch in time, Gone will be the frozen earth, Rejoicing be sublime!

—ALICIA RUTH O'BRIEN.

We see by the papers that "recruits to the London police force are being taught the best way to blow their whistles." Which way is the best way is not discussed. We could recommend as instructor the little boy who lives in the apartment located so-so-west of and a little above our own. Anyway, if they can't blow 'em the correct way, they can moisten 'em.

Lost \$6,000 By Ancient

Race Track Swindle —Headline. Yes, boys, they had rackets in the Ben-Hur days.

And another screamer tells us, "Liquor Case Links More Officials." Why not make it an endless chain and be done with it?

The lists of achievements of the ages are long. Some men have built canals through rock, some have created cities of white marble, one was able to get out of a locked steel box on the bottom of a harbor, and another made Eskimo Pie a household word. But one of the more recent and more local was indicated Monday evening in an auditorium when Milton C. Work glanced across his audience, and after a moment when his eye brightened with a sense of recognition the famous man let fall the impressive words, "that eminent and distinguished player, Mr. (Josiah H.) Peck." What member of the gathering of bridge players present but would have exchanged the honor of making the laws of a land for that of receiving similar honor from the wizard of contract and auction?

Correct this sentence: "I know the proofs are just like me," said the flapper to the photographer, "and I'm not at all disappointed."

Correct this sentence: "To-day I saw the tenor who croons so lovingly over the radio," said the flapper, "and I adore him still in spite of his fat."

Maybe it's a coincidence, but the land that has the most hitch-hikers also has the most need of operations for the removal of gall sacs.

Famous men have little reason to be vain. Their admiring friends are the kind of people who need a little loan at intervals.

Do you think it a mere coincidence

THE GREAT DAY IS APPROACHING

BY FREDERICK P. LATIMER

We find much solace in the thought at this time that there are but nine and six-tenths weeks between now and April 15, when if we are alive and able to crawl and no untoward misfortune prevents, we shall be getting up in the morning long before the sun and setting out with boon companions for the ancient and agreeable annual enterprise of taking part in the opening of the trout season.

Possibly there will not be many trout. The devastating drought of last summer is said to have dried up many a stream and made it most difficult for the fish to survive. But whether there are many or few there will be no lessening of the usual vast wealth of hope in our bosom as we go rumbling forth from the city toward the remote recesses of ravine and swamp, and the boggy meadows to resume a pleasure of which we are excessively fond.

Already in the mind's eye we see ourself in the wee-sma-hour arising, partaking of the coffee and the bacon which will be made ready, and anxiously scrutinizing all our premises to make sure that we have gathered together all the proper paraphernalia; the boots and the creel, the rod and the reel; the hooks and the line; the leaders so fine; the sinkers and bait; an old hat for our pate; the spinner and flies; the luncheon supplies; and yet it's a bet we shall doubtless forget some item or other to make us a bother later on in the day. It is always that way.

And we like to think of how pleasant it will be to be spinning away through the cold of the night, warmed by expectancy and genial reminiscence on the road while the optimistic equipage mounts the far hills on the eastern or western side of the valley and the light of dawn commences to make the horizon pale. We trust it will be a pink dawn with some haze, just as there was last year when we went up to the region of the old Red Barn and angled in the drizzle of a rainstorm, but with amazing good luck for the catch.

Every time we go it reminds us of every other time we went, and such times! There was the very first time of all when old Mervin took us down a dewy pasture slope and showed us, as we lay prone on a weathered bridge near the shadow of a tall lone pine, just where to cast in the rippling brook below and with heart beating trip-hammer blows how to draw sparkling out the first trout we ever caught. The wreaths of smiles of congratulation which played upon Mervin's weathered features would make a moving picture which ought to be preserved to the remotest posterity.

And another time we recall when we had tramped five chilly miles across the dales and come to the stream and were just about to begin; having rigged the rod and everything, and just then we discovered that the bait can had been left at home on the set-tubs in the kitchen. What a disappointment! more joyous was the occasion when we made an unaccompanied prow into the depths of a great swamp, so difficult to penetrate that we felt sure no one else would do it, and after trudging in the dusk of the brush interminably to a spot where a granite crag loomed high and dark on the eastward, and the black, tumbling waters came out from a thicket and ran under the arch of a venerable fallen log into a long, foam-flecked lagoon, flanked by boulders, as we came near, we heard a splash. We crouched down behind a clump of alders, almost sitting down in icy liquid, and cast into that pool, and there was a strike, the line moving steadily away as if an alligator had taken it. When we played that trout into the shallow and slid it on the moss, glistening with brilliant color, it was a prize of one and one-quarter pounds. A most auspicious beginning. We could sing there in the swamp, with abundant joy, and doubtless we did.

We did not sing on the 1st of April three years ago. We had inadvertently come to a place with which we were not familiar and where we should not have been. We were under a steep bank, at about 5:30 a. m., pulling out one trout after another, and happy, although cold; when we heard a slight noise and looked up and saw at the top of the bank a large man, a stranger, with a very severe countenance and at his feet a huge German police dog with its ears pricked up and its ruddy tongue hanging out from between teeth like those in the story of Red Riding Hood. It was a grievous

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. LXXIII.

Hawley had lost the senatorship, it is true, and no doubt his failure to be chosen was a deep disappointment to him. But he still had his seat in congress, which was in special session owing to the fact that democrats, who were now in the majority, had held up appropriation bills in the regular session ending March 4, '79. With two terms behind him Hawley was very much at home in the house. Speaker Randall had given him a place on the important appropriations committee.

The republicans had caucused and had agreed to resist strenuously legislation which they deemed objectionable. One such bill was that changing the election laws with reference to the use of troops at the polls, Hawley made a vigorous speech on this, upholding the position that no government could be stable unless respect for it was created by the knowledge that it had the power if necessary to use force.

Hawley and a Critic.

Hawley's tendency to pass people by without speaking had arisen to embarrass him, Solomon Bulkley Griffin, who was to be connected with the Springfield Republican for a half century and whose son, Bulkley Griffin is now a Washington correspondent, formerly representing The Hartford Times, had just joined the Republican as its Washington representative. Apparently he did not like Hawley and had given evidence of it in his articles. Hawley referred to the matter in the letter which he wrote Warner on April 23, soon after congress settled down to work in the extra session:

"As to the Springfield Republican editor, I don't know him from Adam. Never saw him nor heard from him. Didn't know his name was Griffin. Was told by Boynton that somebody—didn't catch the name—who used to live in Washington and work for the N. Y. Sun was now the political editor of the Springfield Republican and that he (B.) didn't think much of him as a republican editor. His meanness must be pure cussedness. I wish you would send me some slips from the Republican, containing what you consider the worst of his misrepresentations. Perhaps I may think it worth while to write a political letter from Washington, in which I would not distinctly refer to the Republican, but in which I would clear up any muddy matter.

"My constituents must depend upon my speech, which states the whole case as well as I could do it in an hour. Garfield had gone before me, dwelling chiefly on the revolutionary conduct of the democracy and making a most powerful speech. Several others had spoken, who 'took' well. Else I should have had more subscribers. Members ordered about 80,000 of Garfield's and about 15,000 of mine. I don't know for sure but I think that in numbers I stood next to him.

"I am aware that I am absent-

minded sometimes and pass people without noticing them, but that is an experience common to every public man. I never was guilty of not promptly acknowledging anybody's salute, and people ought to bow to me without hesitation, if they know me or wish to know me. A chance and hasty introduction to me at a public meeting or in the streets is no guaranty that I can forever remember a man's face. You cannot appreciate the bother it is to me in Hartford to keep my eyes eternally on the watch, as I almost always do, for a sign of recognition from anybody.

A Frank and Pleasant Fellow.

"I make it a religious duty and doubtless some to whom I bow think I am a little of a demagogue about it. But I like to believe—or try to believe—that I am what I have been several times called—a 'frank and pleasant fellow.' I never journeyed with a party on land or sea without establishing the most pleasant relations with all—on shipboard with all—from captain to foremast hand.

"And here I am sure no man could feel himself more agreeably situated. It is the pleasantest place in the world to me except Hartford. I am welcome from the White House through all the departments, and very few on our side in the House go so freely on the democratic side or anywhere else, and get kind greetings.

"Speaker Randall has given me all that I could have asked. He has not only put me on the highest committee (a membership in it is equal to a chairmanship of any other) (Appropriations.—Ed.), but has given me the third republican place on it, the two ahead of me having been members before. There is no human being to whom I will not speak, Ben Butler only excepted.

"So 'I'm not very bad, Charley. But I am aware of my faults or failings and watch myself. There is a numerous clan to whom I am not acceptable, and please God, I shall make myself less agreeable. They are the suckers and bummers and liars of the world, but even to them I give no unnecessary offense.

A "Man the Lord Made."

"John R. Buck (Father of Attorney John H. Buck of Hartford.—Ed.) has made us a pleasant visit and I hope it has rested him. He needs it—his health is not as good nor his constitution as strong as I wish. He is another of those men the Lord made.

"Hattie is in very fair health and improving. I think I keep perfectly regular hours here—scarcely ever staying up till 11 o'clock, and dining regularly at 5, and she likes it better than Hartford life. I go out very little evenings.

"We should be glad to see you here. The session will last at least 2 weeks longer. The democrats will make a modified retreat by continuing the appropriations of the current year over into the next until otherwise ordered and thus carrying of the fight over into the next winter. (The regular session.—Ed.) The republicans are jolly and plucky and are pushing the fight. The country is sustaining us beyond question. Pass this to Hubbard.

"Yours as ever,

"JOE HAWLEY."

here is Mrs. Chivers K. Gleevington, 2nd. Although she has appeared on the beach in the very latest pajama costume every day since her arrival not a newspaper photographer has given her a tumble.

General and Mrs. Luddington K. K. Osterhammer were injured early this morning when they ran their \$50,000 speed-boat into a jetty. It seems that they were a little befuddled and were trying to go home with the engine in reverse.

Mr. and Mrs. O. Lawrence Veech-Veech are driving only one automobile here this winter. A long position in public utilities is responsible.

No news reel pictures have paid any attention to Mr. and Mrs. F. Harry Sealingham who are here on their honeymoon. As the bride is the daughter of Hastings B. H. Beasley, the noted cook-cloak czar and multimillionaire shaving-cream magnate, trouble is looked for.

Miss Gladiola Gridgett, daughter of Peters B. Gridgett, inventor of the caution light at street intersections, who arrived here yesterday, will leave tomorrow. The newspaper photographers took her picture in a group of the right people and she considers the purpose of her southern trip accomplished.

The police have cleared up the mysterious shooting of an unknown, unidentified millionaire here last week. It seems he praised the California climate.

AMERICANIZATION.

A Frenchman, quite famous, while visiting here, Was bothered by wire, 'phone and letter By mamma's ambitious, With interest fictitious, Who certainly should have known better.

They asked him to dinners, to lunch-

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

New York, Feb. 5.—a distinctive type of unmistakably New York Square. She carries ti of the slightly declass stantly with one of ti glossy gentlemen with gaudy limousine.

Her age is debatable between 25 and 40—and the ventriloquist's dur mechanical. There is to her hat, an extra and when you pass i scious of a nagging p fume.

Her elongated nails the bright color of b in mono-syllables in shade husky. Strang are ladies with a code chasable. But only t And they are as Sphinx.

Such creatures app the "showy" type of a "product of Broad over squiring about s spires the query: "W! Somehow he seems to come the hero of a tery.

These couples cor occupy the select tabl the front rows at t ever speaks to them c scrape up chance : have observed at lea after year. No one I knows them.

While the ladies liv generously, they are not going sisterhood. They tain income in exchar lation but anytime ship becomes intole withdraw. Such li have often lasted for :

Tragedies that wo entire small town for a momentary ripple block in Manhattan. crowd recently to see zily on the ledge of a down town building a sickening rush to t minutes later a gro boys were actually s spot where the body in a corner drug sto said he had "heard but knew nothing of t

A bachelor on River ples a four-room apar ing room has only a t the bedroom a bed ar and the living room : leather chair and There are no pictures not a room is carpet no one and I hate p tenant's explanation. sponsible accounting j

A cozy dinner plac street offers a homey napkins at each plat fashioned pewter napl circular caster of co center of each table.

But I think the hon is in a certain dentist' table in the waiting fashioned tool-leathe graph album.

Some joker—and I l a covey of warts—se our family album se The next time I hand with a certain ances: forth into gales of h my face. The origi had been substituted- tures of monkeys, c jungle apes. And o "To Odd from Papa" outang.

Speaking of monl hilarious of all the came from an artist They were pictured, w ductions of their face keys in a tree top. I they were picking th other's head. The ca is the kind of year we

For some reason I n ple as four-flushers w of apologetic attitude them dining in modest (Copyright, 1930, McN Inc.)

If Debt Doesn't He Isn't Mature Deserve C BY ROBERT C

The only men and for citizenship in a 1 those who cheerfully written laws that defin The unwritten laws : preserve us from anar of the jungle.

Men and women st line at a ticket windo turn, because the ace) sportsmanship gives fir who come first.

That spirit of fair decent regard for the reveal the good breedt citizenship that presc tion. A woman, arrivin