

NEW DAY



Not Even Temporarily.

Once in a while a thing breaks right— Easy there, Printer! the clouds roll by, More or less frequently hearts are light, Hell and high water are not for aye.

Just as there ought to be there's a law, You'd be surprised! but it fits your case; Even Jonah escaped the maw Of a hunting fish with an open face.

That's what I get when I try to preach! Misplaced humor and sense askew— Pollyanna just out of reach Of a first-class murder—No, I'm not blue!

—HUGH R. WRIGHT.

Broadway, says the Associated Press, "is the purest at 4 a. m.; it is the least pure at 9 a. m." The evening shows, then, are not as bad as has been rumored. And apparently the reason why a watch and ward organization hasn't flourished successfully on the island of Manhattan is because potential members were late risers and never caught up with the 9 a. m. impurity.

Try a Brassic.

Golfer—"If you laugh at me again, I'll knock your block off." Caddy—"Haw, haw, you wouldn't even know what club to use."

—New York Central Lines Magazine.

The Inside Story.

One of the winter season parties at the shore is dished up by the Noank correspondent in the Norwich Bulletin in his usual inimitable style, as follows:

Eddie Scott has been one of the most popular young men of the village. News reached his friends that he was to move to East Greenwich, R. I. So Thursday night at the home of Bruno Bracol a farewell party was given for him. The parlor was decorated with black and orange paper and a sign read "Farewell, Eddie, Farewell." The room was crowded and the Corn Cob club orchestra played for dancing. Village Eddie was dressed to kill, with a soft silk shirt and a claw hammer coat, wearing a black iron hat trimmed with Old Glory. When he came into the parlor while the lights were out, then were turned on quickly, he was surprised to see such a large crowd to greet him. The committee in charge had arranged for games. In pinning the tail on the donkey, Strong Boy Mike Passt, blindfolded, struck the ball right where it was to go. "Well," Miss Nellie Crane said, "I never saw a donkey with so many tails before! That must be a Jewett City donkey!" Another game was where all the girls lined up on one side of the room with the fellows on the other side with the lights out. The judge would say "Kiss your nearest girl" and then the lights would go on again, catching some fellow kissing others. The Corn Cob club orchestra, Edward Morgan leader, had the deck cleared for action so the jazz babies danced around the room and the orchestra sang several times, Singing in the Rain. George Deveau and Miss Hattie Turnover did the Ledyard cakewalk.

The table was set with Long Island stuffed ducks, O. E. P. cake and Chesbro court dressing with Eddie Scott, the guest of honor, at the head of the table, where 75 were seated. As the stuffed ducks were getting the once-over, Miss Hazel Trahan waited on the guests; helping her was Miss Frances Livingstone from the east side of the town. Up jumped Arthur DeBiasi and said, "I am sorry to see our friend Eddie Scott leave the fishing village, after being with us so long. It sure makes tears come to my eyes! Never will I forget the day we were playing baseball together at St. Luke's college, in the far west. Scott was first baseman and sure could reach like at a boarding house, where every man is for himself. The last of the ninth inning we were on the short end of the score with Bates college. Our hero came with one man on the base, caught

A Roasted Ox Is No Treat If You're on a Milk Toast Diet

BY ROBERT QUILLEN

Happiness isn't a gift of the gods, awarded to favorites without regard for their deserts.

It is a prize, to be won by intelligent effort; and the fortunate who win it without effort have by accident met the conditions that insure it.

The right way to search for happiness is discovered by a process of elimination—by discarding one by one the methods that seem to promise much and yet are known to fail.

Wealth and fame seem to promise all that could be desired, and might bring happiness to one who lacked no other essential, but they are not sufficient in themselves.

Many who are wealthy and famous are lonely and broken in health.

What, then, are the essentials, sufficient to insure happiness, and without which happiness is impossible?

Normal youth affords happiness, but it is neither essential nor dependable, and the young who are easily made happy are as easily made miserable.

There is a spiritual resource that gives happiness to the broken and maimed, but it is a product of their necessity and not to be had by the whole.

And there is happiness in service for egoists who find joy in martyrdom and for great-hearted people born without the taint of selfishness.

But ordinary people who would achieve happiness must find it in health, work and comradeship.

Given these three essentials, happiness is assured; denied any one of them, it is impossible—though all else in the world be gained.

With health and a congenial task one may be lonely.

With health and comradeship one may be miserable in idleness.

With congenial work and a congenial comrade one may be miserable in ill health.

These three are the ingredients of happiness, without which all else is dross, with which nothing else is necessary.

And the ordinary individual, rich or poor, high or low, may have these three if he will pursue them intelligently and with singleness of purpose.

Win and keep these three and you will have the maximum happiness of which you are capable.

Neglect and lose any one of them in pursuit of other rewards and you will miss the greatest prize life has to offer. (Copyright, 1930, Publishers Syndicate.)

The Once Over

BY H. L. PHILIPS

WATCH YOUR NATIONAL ANTHEM!

Well, we may all have to make those high notes in "The Star Spangled Banner" whether we want to or not. The boys and girls who don't go in much for vocal altitude and who try to get away with "My Country 'Tis of Thee" at patriotic gatherings may find themselves rounded up by the Government Song Enforcement Squad and rushed off to the hoosegow.

Believe it or not, Representative Linthicum of Maryland has introduced a bill in Washington to make the "Oh Say Can You See" song the one and only official national anthem.

If the bill goes through you can't open the loyal citizens' rally with "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue" or anything like that and remain a good citizen. You'll sing "The Star Spangled Banner" and like it.

Can't you see the newspaper stories even now?

Providence, R. I.—Hillary P. Plunkett, well-known citizen, was shot by government agents here to-day as he stood beside the piano in his home. Mrs. Plunkett was playing "My Country 'Tis of Thee" and Mr. Plunkett was singing it in a rather throaty baritone when the front door was flung open by government agents who fired four times at the couple. Mr. Plunkett was slain but his wife escaped. The agents announced that they would try again some other time.

New York—Government Song Enforcement agents descended on a suite in an apartment house in the Sixties to-day with hatchets, destroying the premises and arresting forty-two citizens, all members of a singing society who had gathered behind stuffed windows and drawn curtains to sing "Yankee Doodle Came To Town" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

"We've had our eyes on this place for months," said Jabez B. Horan, chief of the Patriotic Song Enforcement division. "I am convinced that we have rounded up some of the biggest singers of illegal songs in the country. We intend to make an example of them."

Washington, D. C.—Senator Brookhart startled the senate to-day by charging that at a dinner party to which he had recently been invited his host turned on the phonograph and played "America, I Love You" openly. "Furthermore," declared the senator, "under my chair I found a professional copy of 'Yankee Doodle.' I have here a letter from the Salagamundi club, an anonymous one, charging that a member can get the words and music of 'My Country 'Tis of Thee' any time he wants it."

Now Be Big, Charles, Be Big!

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. LXXIV.

Hawley for Sound Money.

Hawley was too solid and four square on fundamental principles to be anything but a sound money man. He objected to the inflation of the currency by issuance of greenbacks lacking adequate gold reserves and he was opposed to the efforts of the silver men to compel the government to buy their product and coin silver money for the sake of supplying a market for the miners of the white metal. He objected to the banking bill before congress at its regular session in December, '79, giving national banks the options of having their reserves in either gold or silver. He was violently opposed to the resolution of Representative Price which would require reserves of both gold and silver. Representative Fort of Illinois had attempted to interpret President Hayes to congress on the money question, without any great success.

When the army appropriation bill came before the house Hawley was in charge of it on the republican side. On December 10 he wrote to Warner as follows:

"Mad" Over Parly Situation.

H. of R.

Dec. 10, 1879,

Dear Charles:

I am just about as mad as I can be—mad as I ever was over any similar situation of affairs within the party. The only resolutions offered to either house in hostility to sound doctrine concerning the legal tender are offered by republicans—Carpenter and Ingalls in the senate and Fort and Price in the house. The situation is queer.

When Price offered his resolution I rose from my seat and walked down the aisle a little to my left so as to pass Garfield (future president—Ed.) and exclaimed to members near (everybody was saying something). "What the deuce does he offer that stuff for?"

Garfield said, "Oh! don't do that!" (To Price), or words to that effect.

I said, "Why can't you let that alone for the present? We're all right now."

Cannon of Illinois said, "Why didn't Sherman and Hayes let it alone?"

I said, "They were obliged to say something and they had to say the right thing."

Haskell of Kansas: "Won't you vote for it?"

Hawley: "Never; I'd walk a mile barefoot to vote against it."

"Want You for Vice-President.

Haskell: "Hold on, Hawley; we want you for vice-president next fall."

Hawley: "I wouldn't accept the presidency itself as the price of voting for it."

Somebody else said, "We want you to piece out the ticket," when I repeated that I wouldn't take any office for life as the price of failing to "cuss" such doctrine.

probation. I despise, hate, and lament the accursed delusion. I have no political aspirations—much as I should like to do something for the right side which would tempt me for a moment to join this idiotic crusade—two-thirds of our once invincible little band of old covenanters in Conn. are in the whirlpool—I am out of the circle of political activities and shall be probably for years.—The legislature is in session here, but I don't go near the House and 'know nothing' of them.—They sneak around secretly and we are governed by a despotism more truly omnipresent, just as unreasonable and with not half the courage of the scoundrel Louis Napoleon's—"Count me out"—write soon—Good night—

If the letters which are to follow took Mr. Warner into his confidence to the same degree that these earlier letters did, and before he became a political figure in the life of the state, we may all expect a lot of history of the greatest interest. It is at least inconceivable that as he matured he gave up the habit of viewing his correspondent as his father confessor, otherwise they would not have been preserved by a man of Mr. Warner's temperament.

NO RIGHTS AT ALL?

(Manchester Herald.)

Authorities of the Connecticut department of aviation and officials of the Hartford airport on the one side and the officials of the company which employed Pilot Pridham, killed in a crash at Brainard field yesterday, on the other hand, are in disagreement as to whether the airmail carrier was an habitually reckless flier.

That must remain, probably, a matter of controversy. But there is one phase of the affair that is of especial interest; not as a post mortem inquiry but in its relation to the future. It is pointed out by the state authorities that the holder of a federal license, like Pridham, may fly as recklessly as he likes over Connecticut territory, may violate every aviation law of the state, may imperil his own life and those of other fliers and of persons on the ground or in their homes, and yet can-

But I have never been able to get Garfield into a corner nor down to lunch with me, nor to find him at home to get an opinion out of him. He is playing careful in view of the senatorship. Last Sunday evening I called at Edmund's (Senator Edmund's of Vermont.—Ed.) and Garfield's and found neither in. Monday noon I found Edmunds in the senate chamber. He agrees with me—or I with him—in principle. But he was one of the chief fighters in getting up the resumption bill in 1875, which was considered a compromise bill, likely to disappoint somebody. And it did disappoint the inflationists and worked better than anybody (hard money) expected.

Edmunds told me that he was not without hope that a committee appointed in the republican caucus—Morrill of Vt., chairman—would agree upon a statement of doctrine which all hands could vote for.

I have waited until Wednesday afternoon and heard nothing. This evening I am going to Morrill's and if I cannot find that anything decent is to be done, I will try to draw up a statement to suit myself and get Randall to give me a chance to offer it. It will take the course of the others and go to the Comm. on Banking and Currency, but it will relieve my feelings somewhat. It shall not be said that the only sound resolutions have come from the democratic side. Hard money is making progress among the democrats and they have several hard money men shrewd enough to see that the heaviest blow they could strike us would be to unanimously and heartily take hard money ground.

Republican Difficulties.

I think a majority of the house republicans are right. They are all the while beset with entreaties from their western friends to be careful and go slow so that the latter may be able to keep their constituents up with them. But they are cowardly at home on the stump. In Iowa, which is overwhelmingly republican, the stumper talked against flat money but thought it necessary to soften it with declaring that they were against retiring the greenbacks or in any way interfering with them. It is barely possible that their majorities might have been a little trifle smaller if they had told the whole truth, but in that case the struggle would have been over forever.

I talked with the president (Hayes—Ed.) this morning. He has not weakened at all. There is no more use in arguing with Fort than with Francis Gillette and Mr. Hayes just let him go on saying that he had given his opinion and it was for Congress, not him to legislate. Hayes vigorously assured me that he desired Congress to act this session. Sherman (John Sherman of Ohio, father of the anti-trust act.—Ed.) told me he saw no objection to a resolution declaring it inexpedient to do anything this session.

"It just makes me sick." The recess will be from Dec. 10 to Jan. 6. I shall spend a part of the time at home—in Hartford, I mean.

Sincerely yours, J. R. HAWLEY.

(Continued To-morrow.)

dom lost. The fact that boats are being built to fit smaller as well as larger incomes gives broader scope to the development.

One of the inevitable results of this growth is to awaken increased interest in the improvement of scenery along our lake shores and riverbanks and also in the purification of the waters of our lakes, streams and harbors. Thus the effect of so many persons taking to the water tends to promote conditions for the greater enjoyment and health of the general public.

Twenty-five Years Ago To-day

FEBRUARY 6, 1905.

United States senate debates consolidation of Arizona and New Mexico as one state and the incorporation of Indian Territory in Oklahoma as a state.

Servia's cabinet resigns on accusation that members had engaged in intrigues against King Peter.

Twenty more killed in rioting in streets of Warsaw.

Five below zero sets new record for coldest day of the winter in Hartford.

Mrs. Emily Malbone Morgan, great-granddaughter of General Israel Putnam, wife of Henry K. Morgan, leader in many charitable institutions, dies in Hartford at age 81.

More than 300 on way home from Hartford theaters forced to stay in cars all night when Central New England train is wrecked by freight near Simsbury. No serious casualties.

Mayor William F. Henney delivers address on "Good Citizenship" at annual meeting of Young People's Christian union at Church of the Redeemer.

Fire in Warner & Bailey and adjoining stores on Asylum street causes loss of \$30,000.

George M. Cohan appears at Parsons's theater in his new play "Little Johnny Jones." At the Hartford Opera house "Escaped from the Harem" was

New York, Feb. 6.—Centric patrons cording to custom of prominence, of still others are t freakish vagary.

In a Park Ave. evening of each full evening dress two alone. For custom to dine locally in a sea way of showing

The dinner of painter never var table nightly in restaurants and tea pot of hot salad and three tip is always a s

Wall street has ders a glass of m takes from his po at home and wra makes no effort why should he? building which h

Perhaps the m a hotel dining ro expensive inn wh has been in town entertained from His restaurant pa more than \$50,00

A doddering ol high priced cafe orders lavishly, waiter and gravi 25 cents for his tience with mod arranged for him the huge differen

But the most a a novelist who at soup at one plac entree at one th through salad, d walks from plac spending two or t nary caprice.

I am told Tho far as procurable, appeared about h kept in perfectly a huge room.

Mr. Edison en goes not?—and porter has come shrinking type w publicity but who able of all. He lets you get aw photograph and biography.

One of the east gentlemen of im was the late Cha the art of trans into bright copy. In his last interv old age to the f ferred from two i of his life, which

One of the sport chondriacs new box in which he of pills. He told night recently h different compla ever, seems to ha appetite.

The cast of F show gave an honor of its prod lowing the midng performance as t be done instead written.

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