ompany did not need con-President Pelley of the New ted out that in the ten years onsolidation clause was put ilroad law, the situation has aterially.

pressions probably represent ent of most citizens who asonable lay familiarity with I situation. As said in Bosof the talk about consolidaard in Washington and not ad men.

a years since congress passed dation law. In that seven ng tangible toward the result ccomplished. Railroads and are as far from agreeing n as they ever were. Talk ry groupings arouses no en-Consolidation apparently is y as when it first began to bout. In the meantime New not suffering.

ING THE HAITIANS,

Hoover's appointment of s of the special federal cominvestigate conditions in ecommend the best method wal of American marines is purpose to have a thorstanding reached as to how is may be enabled to take own government. Of parrest is his designation of Robert R. Moton, of Tusute, to make a special sureducational system of the Moton's investigation is independent one, but is to rent with the work of the This arrangement has ossibilities. The problem of nent in Haiti hinges largely mer in which the illiterate native blacks in the hinbe made to fit in with the small governing minority nable to handle the unruly out the aid of American

r governor general of the W. Cameron Forbes, chairnew commission, is not a the type of problem that 1 this new undertaking. By rica is bound to maintain supervise fiscal administraisland until 1936. The time long to bring out the facts 1 conditions there and preay for Haitian development f-government.

7 A RADIO GIANT.

rs of the Bushnell Memorial ve not realized that when rom the organ in that edicast, as it will be very soon, will, if the night is "good," learly on the Pacific coast America. In San Salvador IC "comes in" like a local. talks of Arthur McGinley es have auditors in Mexico Diego, and in mid-Atlantic steamships get the nasal Lizzie," or hear "Martha" note" when the Jonesport ool is on the air. The range with its recently developed output from total continents and seas. Reevery state of the United in the provinces of Canada, to-night's fifth anniversary ne station's service still repideal of public service kept monetary profit ad Connecticut wish for it nd increasing success.

IENT, NOT A CURE-ALL.

of representatives at Washnow passed the Williamson sfer the burden of prohibiement from the treasury to the department of jusa change as that contemhe measure would be apor many reasons and parrelieve the treasury departresponsibility quite foreign ipal function which is that yith revenue and with fiscal 3 bare fact of such a shift, ould not make vast permaence in the effectiveness of t effort. Problem founded ian equation remains essename. Altering a title from prohibition enforcement to attorney-general, or other self can alter matters little. thing is the personality in onnection with the lattitude 1 and the size of the approt in his hands for disposal. forcement agency can have cess unless it can have the port of public opinion in s wherein it is to operate. derations are obvious.



Knowing that jobs of any kind are sometimes denied persons "whose faces are their misfortune," Commissioner Greeff has started the new New York face clinic, "the municipal beauty par-

It is evident to those who live long and observantly that, certainly, some faces are the misfortune of the owners, Commissioner Greeff means faces not easy to look upon. We disagree. Some of the pretty faces are responsible for an awful long string of appalling jobs. Fortunate are some whose features killed their chance of landing these. Think of attracting a young live-wire by virtue of your looks, and marrying him, and then of having him elected president of the United States and of you having to shake hands with 86,000 strangers you don't care anything about, during a four-year period. Think of marrying, on account of your face, a professional office-holder, or a champion of bowling or billiards, who's never home more than one evening in fourteen because of engagements necessary to his career.

Six More Winter Weeks.

So the groundhog came up out of his hole;

Sing tra la la, the springtime; Saw his shadow and did a mole, Sing hey, alas, for the springtime. Holy Moses, the silly beast Should wear blinders, which, at least, Would prevent his seeing his umbril self,

And keeping winter off the shelf. THE DOPPLE.

Reverberation.

"Sound effect," says Joe B., "is the report when a 'big shot' is fired."

Customer-"To what do you owe your extraordinary success as a house-tohouse salesman?"

Salesman-"To the five first words ! utter when a woman opens the door-'Miss, is your mother in?'"

This, Thursday, evening, at o'clock, in Guilford town hall, is to be held the caucus for the nomination of candidates for borough offices .- Shore Line Times.

Last, during the week of February 1930, Thursday's caucus, was, from c non-political view, apparently, like to groundhog, for the purpose, general of taking a pre-season inventory, of le

> Bish Objects. (To O. B. Joyful.)

If I were you, O. B., Your rhyme would have been just glum

Without this simile. Because you're three score years at

Is no good reason why

The fishes would enjoy you when, They know you're full of rye. I think that I should criticise Your plan for suicide, A better way I would devise

To cross the Great Divide; For instance, you might try to cr A busy street some noon, Against the wish of traffic boss,

By stepping out too soon. There's lots of better ways, my Than feeding clams an' fish, So stick around awhile an' lend An ear to ol' man Bish.

So, why cash in upon the sea-Why be so damn precise, When you can stay on land an' A corpse at half the price! -BISH K. IBI

Samuel A. Wood, 73, died rely after a career including almostly years as ship news reporter free New York Sun, though he never ed the ocean in his life. That is like proverbial bartender who never k -at least, not till after prohibit

One of the classic rimed news is by Mr. Wood was printed under !lines written as follows by S. M. e, night city editor:

"Snygless the Seas Are-Wiighs the Waves No More-Back Com-

OUR MUTE INGLORIOUS MILTONS BY FREDERICK P. LATIMER

We feel like reciting a little poetry. One of the most talented poetesses in the United States lives right here in Hartford, but in the past few years has made a great many more knitted washcloths than verses. She puts inspiration into those knittings, and it is a great pleasure to see the stacks of them she has laid up for a rainy day. But the poetry we have in thought is from Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard:

Full many a gem of purest ray serene The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear; Full many a flower is born to blush un-

And waste its sweetness on the desert

ome village Hampden, that with dauntless breast The little tyrant of his fields withstood, Some mute, inglorious Milton here may Some Cromwell, guiltless of his coun-

try's blood. Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife Their sober wishes never learned to stray; Along the cool sequestered vale of life They kept the even tenor of their

way. Last Friday night, in the parish house of the Church of the Redeemer, attended a performance of the Charles Gilpin players, with a delight and gratitude which we would enlarge upon if we were better able to do it, their work is so immensely creditable to the wonderful lady, Hallie Gelbart Reynolds who directs them, and supports in such splendid fashion the natural genius of Earl Smith for emotional acting. We feel sure that if his profession were that of the stage, he could make a great place for himself in it. Nor is he the only one in that faithful and painstaking company of whom the like might be said. They have done marvels indeed with such small opportunity as they have had from the distractions of their daily

labors in other fields. Most cordial

praise and encouragement should be

given them. But it is improbable that any of these folk will ever become professional players. Circumstances stand in the way. Circumstances have stood in the way of an absolutely amazing amount of talent; that is why Gray wrote as he did, so truthfully that the lines must always endure as long as lines can Old Emerson, when he talked about the world wearing a path to your door, if you could make the best mousetrap, and so on, was just simply talking through his hat. Whoever and whatever you are, the world will pay small attention to you unless, to use a metaphor, you hold it up at the point of a pistol and compel it to stand and deliver. That is, while you are alive; and if your work does not happen to be of a kind that cannot help but last, historians will treat your memory just as negligibly, after you are gone.

have neard some great tragedia first and last, some whose names seem almost written in the stars literally one of the finest of all, one who, if as ways had led to it, might have become an ornament to the histrionic board anywhere, is now a plain selectman in a country town and was in former years a butcher. He has the voice of a Booth, and surprising native gift. Another of similar quality, with the form of an Apollo, and well nigh as graceful as James O'Neill used to be (He was gracefulness itself even in the feebleness of old age, never losing, while he had power to move, what heaven had bestowed upon him in that respect) a man who might easily, if things had been but a little different, have made enviable fortune and repution, "works on the railroad."

Among the very best actresses we can count on our fingers is one who, instead of being an actress, teaches school. You'll find people of this sort in every community of much size, and in some of very small size. Strange how it can work out! We recall a man who had all the qualities of a Coolidge. The highest office he ever held was judge of probate. A woman as beautiful as Dolly Madison, with sparkling wit, a brilliant entertainer, if placed where the light of publicity could have shone on her must have been an endeared national figure. She was the wife of a country doctor in a small village and was never known about more than a few miles from her home.

We remember a man whose soul was full of music. Because as a bov he was

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. LXXVII.

Mrs. Hawley Wants a Painting.

Hawley never got to be a very rich man. He was no money grubber, He did not practice law long enough to amass any wealth and when he left the Press to go to war it was not much more than earning its way. He came out of the war with something saved out of his pay, but no considerable sum. While he was in public office he had the pay of those positions and the Courant earned handsomely. However, a letter which Mrs. Hawley wrote Warner at this time indicated that the Hawley finances were a matter of some concern, due perhaps to the fact that the venture into the propeller wheel company, with its attendant trip to England, had not yielded a fortune. Mrs. Hawley's letter:

Washington, D. C. March 16, '80.

Dear Charlie: I hope you won't hate me for asking it but I do wish you would look over the things in the studio of that colored things in the studio of that colored artist, Chas. E. Porter, and see if he has not something you would like to buy. I have known for a long time that he had very hard work to get along—and recently he has written me a very pathetic letter. Now we ought not, in decency to Joe's creditors, to spend a cent more in that direction—but nose. cent more in that direction—but possibly you can afford to buy something or at least you can speak of him to others. Some of his delicate water-colors of butterflies, etc., are exquisitely

I think his studio is in Vorce's building; at all events, Vorce can tell you all about him, for he knows more of him than I do.

Yours in haste, HATTIE HAWLEY.

A Letter Better Burned.

Hawley was a prolific letter writer and he disclosed his mind to Warner with perfect confidence, whether discussing his superiors and military tactics in the Civil war or talking politics in the piping times of peace. He did, however, have his misgivings about one letter, was concerned lest it be lost and added the ancient recommendation that it be burned. It wasn't destroyed and fills a useful place in the correspondence. Since the events it concerned have become history and the individuals mentioned have passed to another world there is no harm in revealing its contents.

The presidential nominating convention of 1880 was only a few weeks away and there was much gossipp about it in Washington. Hawley had been offored as a candidate for the vice-presidential nomination in 1876, along with Marshal Jewell: had been chairman of the resolutions committee and for several campaigns had been active on the stump. When he came back to congress some of his compeers in the house had told him openly they regarded him as a vice-presidential possibility.

He had fully expected to be a senatorial candidate again in 1881, but he thought Marshall Jewell might be glad to see him vice-president for the sake of leaving the senatorial field clear for Jewell. Of course both ends of the might inform the convention where he ticket would not b taken from New England, nor would it do to put two generals on. Hence Hawley did not expect preferment if either Grant or Blaine was nominated, or Edmunds. With John Fherman of Ohio at the head of the ticket he felt it might be different. Thus he wrote on May 29 to Warner, who was in Chicago:

House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., May 29, 1880.

Dear Charles I see and hear many indications that my name may come into prominence, should both Grant and Blaine be set aside. To be sure it may not, but one reason to the contrary that Hubbard gives me is that both Jewell and Robin-son might like to see me out of the

senatorial race.

Now I would far rather be senator than vice-president. The session, with the experience and knowledge gained since I was here before, more and more convinces me that my place, if in office, is in the legislative branch. And if a six years' term were possible in the in the House, I would rather have it there!

Should Grant or Blaine or Edmunds Should Grant or Blaine or Edmunds or Washburne be nominated, I desire not to be named. (Of course, I should not be, under Blaine or Edmunds.) If Sherman should get it I can see force in the considerations that have been pressed upon me in conversation and otherwise. It would be almost indispensable to go eastward for a second man. I have tried to discover some southern man, whom it would be well to put up, but cannot. I like Sherman personally better than I do any of them save Edmunds. If the convention, with any heartiness and unanimity, should select me to accompany Sherman, it any heartiness and unanimity, should select me to accompany Sherman, it would seem to me duty to accept. His has been a purely civilian experience. My experience as a soldier and the regard which I know the great body of soldiers entertain for me personally might be considered as giving some strength to the ticket. Such things are said to me with vigor by men whose motive is one that must convince me of their sincerity and whose political

of their sincerity and whose political experience and judgment are unques-

Experience and judgment are unquestionable.

But at the same time, high and honorable as the office is, I should be glad to be passed by.

The result seems to me as much in doubt as ever. The opposition to Grant is bitter and if he be set aside, I don't believe his friends would allow Blaine to get it. All the Edmunds, Washburne and Sherman men should join to give it to Grant rather than let Blaine give it to Grant rather than let Blaine have it. Of this I am firmly convinced. Blaine's administration would be of as

low a tone as any we have ever had.

It looks to me as if there were really a very good chance for Edmunds or Washburne. I do hope our Connecticut men will not triffe away their chances. They ought to make a brilliant charge for Edwards or if they ware in dead for Edmunds as if they were in dead earnest (and they ought to be) and then wheel in an instant, if need be, to Sherman or Grant.

I knew I should be sorry for keeping away from the invention, and I am, but undoubtedly it was better policy,

We still hope to get away in ten days, but if we don't we shall stay till July.

Sincerely yours, J. R. HAWLEY.

Chas. Dudley Warner, Care Baird and Bradley,

Chicago.
P. S. Don't lose this letter! Perhaps it would be safest to burn it up.

Connecticut Strategy.

Hawley's views as to the best strategy for Connecticut delegates at the national convention were reflected in the action of the republican state convention which chose them. Warner himself was a delegate to the state convention and offered a resolution naming Washburne and Edmunds as the type of men Connecticut believed should be named for the presidency. There was objection, of course, and in the end Warner withdrew his resolution. However, after the men were chosen newspaper guesses were that only five of them were for Blaine and that seven were divided between Washburne and Edmunds.

Although the convention had refused to instruct there was deep interest to know how the delegates stood. An

amusing episode, as viewed upwards of a half century later, was a speech made by Samuel Fessenden of Stamford, a future opponent of Hawley's and one of the delegates. In opening, he said it had been suggested that he stood as among candidates. Then he launched into a speech that undoubtedly was eloquent and won applause but which left his auditors exactly as much in the dark as to his candidatorial preference as when he started.

"Sam" Fessenden's Peroration.

"I stand for the nominee of the convention," said Fessenden, "whether it shall be that distinguished soldier who clutched the rebellion by he throat at Appomattox, or whether that gifted statesman and as pure a man as ever lived whose home is under the Green mountains of Vermont, or whether it be that leader of leaders in every state of the northwest and who in every place and at all times is the champion of the republican party-I am for that man."

Beautiful, of course, as to language, but entirely mute as far as expressing a choice was concerned.

(Continued To-morrow.)

ber of celebrities: Montague Glass-Venison steak cut thin and fried; Ray Long—Finan Haddie; Charles Chap-lin—banana ice cream; Sinclair Lewis —pork chops; Theodore Dreiser—Float-DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. McINTYRE.

New York, Geb. 10.—Diary of a mod
DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. McINTYRE.

New York, Geb. 10.—Diary of a mod-

To the ancie of a man wi air. Strange or n varies; and str the maid, who

After the

There I

BY RC

wisdom.
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love is not ur Again and a ardor increasis daily increases when a city the against it; an renders and co

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because he tri and proved hir And that is t A victory is contest—the a contest

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If nothing f

courtship, the man is a wayw. He loses inte vile and disloy cause it is his 1 adventures who triumph.
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another city, a
him her heart
It is a story
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makes her equa
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of romance ens Some day—n she will be wise faith in no ma marry, prospero eager to marry (Copyright, 1930

The (BY H.

COLONEL RU THAT BAE Mr. George Her

Miami, Fla. Dear Sir: Yo recent date ha placed on file. tract back-unch question in my stand the const mails. By the now in the mat contract? Have more times tha me or are we eve you had it twice times, in which

once more.

I can't tell you these letters with as it makes mu Without it I dor do to keep the newspapers in the ball can be so winter, with the Prince Humbert bankruptcy all g tion, you and I you have done so

We all enjoyed ting baseball un demand. I read boys and they h You're a scream, humorous writers things to say?

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company which g
\$25,000 a year.
by wire. If ther
going to transfer
institutions, as th
give me on \$150,
\$8,000 a year. I
arrangement with
say so. say so.

Well, Babe, I he good time and will all these letters a contract every fer good fun. Have a few weeks we will the salary up all

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY