



Company did not need con- President Pelley of the New England...

ING THE HAITIANS.

Hoover's appointment of s of the special federal com- investigate conditions in...

This arrangement has ossibilities. The problem of nent in Haiti hinges largely...

W. Cameron Forbes, chair- new commission, is not a the type of problem that...

A RADIO GIANT.

rs of the Bushnell Memorial ve not realized that when rom the organ in that edic-

IENT, NOT A CURE-ALL.

of representatives at Wash- now passed the Williamson sfer the burden of prohibi-

Knowing that jobs of any kind are sometimes denied persons "whose faces are their misfortune,"

It is evident to those who live long and observantly that, certainly, some faces are the misfortune of the owners.

Six months winter. So the groundhog came up out of his hole;

Sing tra la la, the springtime; Saw his shadow and did a mole;

"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-to-house salesman?"

Salesman—"To the five first words I utter when a woman opens the door—

This, Thursday, evening, at 8 o'clock, in Guilford town hall, is to be held the caucus for nomination of candidates for borough offices.—Shore Line Times.

Last, during the week of February, 1930, Thursday's caucus, was, from a non-political view, the purpose, like a groundhog, for the purpose, generally, of taking a pre-season inventory, of the situation.

Bish Objects. (To O. B. Joyful.) I wouldn't you, my son,

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

Without this simile. Because you're three score years and ten

Is no good reason why The fishes would enjoy you when, They know you're full of rye.

I think that I should criticize Your plan for suicide. A better way I would devise

To cross the Great Divide; For instance, you might try to cry A busy street some noon,

Against the wish of traffic boss,— By stepping out too soon.

There's lots of better ways, my lad, 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 stann on land an' A corpse at half the price!

Samuel A. Wood, 73, died early after a career including almost 30 years as ship news reporter for the New York Sun, though he never left the ocean in his life.

One of the classic rimed news is by Mr. Wood was printed underlines written as follows by S. M. E., night city editor:

"Snygless the Seas Are—Wlig's 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 lived right here in Hartford, but in the past few years has made a great many more knitted wash-cloths than verses.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast The little tyrant of his fields withstood,

Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest, Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country'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, we 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.

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 live.

We have heard some great tragedians, first and last, some whose names seem almost written in the stars literally, of one of the finest of all, one who, if his 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.

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.

We remember a man whose soul was full of music. Because as a boy 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. Copyright, 1929, by The Hartford Times, Inc., Trustee.

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.

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 artist, Chas. E. Porter, and see if he has not something you would like to buy.

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.

The presidential nominating convention of 1880 was only a few weeks away and there was much gossip about it in Washington. Hawley had been offered 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.

He had fully expected to be a senatorial candidate again in 1881, but he thought Marshal 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 ticket would not be 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.

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

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 Robinson 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 House, I would rather have it there!

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.

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.

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 trifle away their chances.

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.

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 might inform the convention where he stood as among candidates.

"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 the 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 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.)

After the There is BY BO

To the man who strange as the air.

Strange or n varies; and st the maid, who wisdom.

The man co ing compler words of love speaks them, a cause her hung to believe and love is not ur

Again and a ardor increas daily increases when a city t against it; a renders and oc

As the man it always is n and his heart

He is proud tributes his ees maiden loves t true explanatio

He is proud because he tri and proved his And that is t A victory is a contest—the enthusiasm.

Anything tha of relaxation— If marriage f ly does develop friendship that proach to bliss fact mortals.

If nothing i courtship, the man is a wayw

He loses into vile and disly cause it is his adventures wh triumph.

In a month, another city, a him her story

It is a story yet the maid n

Laws emanc makes her equi of Romance in

Some day—r she will be wise faith in no m marry, prospero eager to marry (Copyright, 1930)

The C BY H.

COLONEL RU THAT BAB

Mr. George Her Miami, Fla.

Dear Sir: Yo recent date ha placed on file. track back—my 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 wit as it makes m Without it I dor do to keep the newspapers in th ball can be so winter, with the Prince Humbert g tion, you and I cult problem, wh you have done s

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

Your bread a good, too. I me said you could; had enough bres home to last you you never touch Knowing your ap little astonished; I assume you are

While your lett and very laughab that puzzled me. said you had \$15 Manhattan and company which g \$25,000 a year. by wire. If ther going to transfer institutions, as ti give me on \$150, \$8,000 a year. I arrangement with say so.

Well, Babe, I h good time and w all these letters a contract every fe good fun. Have a few weeks we'll the salary we up

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. McINTYRE. New York, Feb. 10.—Diary of a mod-

ber of celebrities: Montague Glass—Venison steak cut thin and fried; Ray Long—Finan Haddie; Charles Chaplin—banana ice cream; Sinclair Lewis—pork chops; Theodore Dreiser—Floating Island pudding; Ethel Barrymore—frog legs; Gene Buck—onion soup; Arthur Somers Roche—Boston cream pie; Bernard Gimble—cold goose; Roy Howard—smoked sausage; Flo Ziegfeld—guinea hen and Rupert Hughes—chicken a la King