

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.

"Who Can Beat This?"

To the Editor of The Times: I have been a regular subscriber to The Times without interruption since 1873. Have you many older ones than that?

G. N. DELAP.

Hartford, Dec. 23.

The Plight of Ruff.

To the Editor of The Times: The dog Ruff, owned by Miss Lotta E. Ellis of Warehouse Point, town of East Windsor, is condemned to die if no further action is taken. Ruff is the victim of circumstances.

It seems a fitting time to call the attention of dog owners to the law pertaining to dogs. The law as it now stands concerning dogs is that a dog is not the absolute property of the owner and can, as in the instance of Ruff, leave the owner without redress. This is wrong. This may happen to your dog at any time. Will you stand for it? The Society for the Protection of Dogs will be formed. The money of the state is being used for Ruff's destruction. The state's money is your money. Will you object or not?

(MISS) LOTT A. E. ELLIS.

Hartford, Dec. 20, 1929.

Bus Relief.

To the Editor of The Times: A few evenings ago Mr. Hiram Percy Maxim had an amusing article in The Times under the title "Bus Etiquette," in which, among other things, he graphically relates his struggles in trying to circumnavigate a colored woman of too ample proportions who blocked the aisle. Mr. Maxim has our deepest sympathy. We too have tried it only the adiposeric lady in our case was white instead of black, but the aisle was blocked just as effectually. The "too, too solid flesh" would not "melt."

We too described our "close acquaintance" with the lady in an amusing letter at the time but it has ceased to be amusing long since. To-night there were fully forty-five people on the car, the aisles were jammed so that the driver could not shut the door and three or four of us had to get out into the rain every time a passenger wished to alight. True, it was the rush hour, but that is no excuse. Extra cars is the answer. Maybe there were. We don't know but we do know that there ought to be some relief for this daily indignity on the public. The trouble with the buses is not only the narrow aisle, about eighteen inches, but also with the narrow seats so that you cannot sit comfortably and in some cases the shoulders of the end seat passengers almost touch across the aisle. We have often wondered why a bus was not made as wide as a trolley car so that we could pass by in a crowded aisle in decency and in comfort. A certain prominent citizen, we are told, wrote a letter to the company complaining of the four air in some of the cars and received a courteous assurance of relief. Now we are not a prominent citizen but we are a patron of the bus and we offer a suggestion, commending itself to the courtesy of the company as a possible way out of this intolerable situation. There are four seats on each side of the aisle facing front. These seats are merely screwed down and can easily be removed. If the space permits why not have these seats changed to face each other as the rear side seats do? That would increase the width of the aisle. As Mr. Maxim says, even three inches counts. We believe there would be more at least so that we could get by and out and keep our clothes on. A motorman agreed with us but said, "the people wouldn't like it." Well what are they going to do about it? What are they doing to stop the present crowding? Do they enjoy being jammed into pulp on a packed aisle when someone in the rear tries to get through? Do they tell the subways of New York how to arrange their seats? All the seats in observation and smoking cars of transcontinental limited trains face each other. Will the people of Hartford refuse to take the bus because they can't ride forward? So that it is entirely up to the company to make the experiment if it can be done. Why not take one car for a try-out? The seats facing each other was just as comfortable as if facing forward. The trouble is the buses were not built right to begin with. As the fine editorial in The Times, on the subject, pointed out automobiles will be parked for the winter in some cases. This means an increased population on the bus. How will the company meet it? And while we are about it, will be company at least put straps on the rail above that those of us who are doomed to stand up will have something to hang on to and not be thrown off our balance every time the bus starts up? "How long, O Lord, how long." The Times' editorial ought to commend itself to everyone who believes in the rights of the people and the comfort of the community.

—J. W. HARPER.

Hartford, Dec. 23.

Grouping the Memorials.

To the Editor of The Times: Recent letters to the press regarding the proposed war memorial have brought out clearly several fundamental points, and have shown that the subject is so large and important as to

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. XXXVIII.

Though only a colonel Hawley was given command of a brigade at Morris Island, a high compliment to him as there were plenty of brigadiers available. General Gillmore preferred Hawley. The latter was incensed at the procrastinating methods of Admiral Dahlgren, commanding the naval vessels supporting Gillmore's assault upon Charleston. He fumed about it repeatedly in letters to Warner and finally wrote to Gideon Welles, secretary of the navy.

Hawley wanted to buy out John Hooker's share of the Press after the war, his dream of happiness being "the colonelcy of the Press and a cottage on Nook farm," now Forest street. His letter of October 3:

Dahlgren a Failure.

Hd. Qrs. 39 Brigade, 1st Div. Morris Id., S. C. Oct. 3, '63.

Dear Charlie:

Your good long letter came day before yesterday and I want to scribble you a dozen pages in reply, but the actual truth is that I haven't time. I sat down last evening and wrote to "Uncle Gideon" and spun it out to nine full pages. The fact is the most ignominious utter failure of the whole war is Admiral Dahlgren. His imbecility, childishness, old maid fretfulness and petty quibbling are beyond all belief unless you hear and see for yourself. "Imbecile" is the mildest word applied to him.

Sumter has been dead for many weeks. At first the admiral waited until we should get all of Morris Island. Then he had some other excuse. His attempt to take Sumter, positively refusing to co-operate with the army (which had another expedition out the same night, only a little later in getting up and backing off to prevent confusion) unless the navy could command the whole force when the army had reduced the work.

Gillmore learned that Dahlgren had organized a party and telegraphed ten officers to unite, letting whoever might be the senior take command. Dahlgren said he could lend an officer who was acting in a grade equal to that of brigadier but could not consent that any but a naval officer should command.

Now, weeks after Sumter has become a mere infantry outpost with 200 or 300 men and a howitzer in some casemates on the other side, he wants to know when Gillmore will be ready to open his guns on Cummings Point and complete the reduction! and occupy Sumter, for, he says, when Sumter is occupied the line of obstructions between that place and Moultrie can be removed. Gillmore replies by offering to remove the obstruction and Dahlgren is next door to angry. Several navy officers have rowed over the supposed line. There is a chain there but we don't believe that the rebels rely much upon those obstructions. They have done an enormous work in enlarging and building earthworks within six weeks.

Dahlgren says he has obtained all the honors the country can give him.

We are fortifying Morris Island—enlarging and strengthening Wagner and Gregg and building some other works. We shall have a pretty good battery at Cummings Point in Gregg and a little work near it but we cannot reduce anything from there. It strains guns to throw projectiles 4 or 5 miles.

In strict confidence, six of the 200 pds. Parrotts base burst at the breach and the 300 pds. split hopelessly the second time at the muzzle after 378 fires. Still we have Parrotts enough and big guns enough. "Greek fire," it is amusing to hear the north talk about it. Some of it was taken from a shell and a vain attempt made to kindle a

fire with it in a fire box. However, that was said to be a damaged article. Setting fire to a few houses in Charleston will not take the place. Nothing whatever will be done without a new admiral.

Let me caution you against the dispatches of Fulton of the Baltimore American. He is . . . the tool of the Monitor interest, which is strongly suspected of combined speculation at the expense of the country. Except to knock in the side of a ship or a brick or stone fort, the new Ironsides is worth from four to six Monitors. This is a deliberate calculation founded upon our observation of their practice. I think that the large majority of the naval officers here would say so.

The Ironsides (in the fight of four to six hours over the Weehawken which was aground) lay right up to the work, anchored fore and aft and was hit about 70 times with the most trifling injury. She could fire about as fast as all the Monitors put together.

A nine-inch is as good as a 15-inch to burst over earthworks. All the praise of Monitors in the papers is not disinterested.

Commands Finest Brigade.

In the absence of Gen. Stevenson I command about the finest brigade on either Island. It did contain the 24th Mass. (now gone to St. Augustine with 300 of its men sick), 100th N. Y. (Buffalo Board of Trade regiment), 10th Conn., 7th Conn. and 7th New Hampshire (the late Col. Putnam's). It won't do to name these in print or hardly to say that I command a brigade. I violate an order in telling you, but I can trust you.

There are 7 brigadiers on Folly Island while every brigade (5) on Morris Island at "the front" is commanded by a colonel. Besides Terry commanding the whole of Morris Island, Stevenson has been the only Brigadier there. Reason: the brigadiers are such or have such brigades, with one or two exceptions, that Gillmore don't want them at the front. A first rate colonel is honored; a fourth rate brigadier is shuffled aside.

I shall write to Mrs. Hooker. The day I got her letter about Eugene Burton (Henry E. Burton—Ed.) I went over to Folly Id. to see Col. Bucher, and found that he had already done all that he asked and sent in Burton's name for a second lieutenant which is as high as he can go without gross injustice to men older and better qualified and long in the field. Col. B. felt somewhat hurt at the conduct of Allen who, after Col. B. had done him a great favor, at a considerable sacrifice, cleared out without so much as "thank you," making it necessary for Bucher to make a mortifying explanation to the Secretary of War. Commissions are not considered such contemptible things in the army, as Mr. Allen would find out if he puts his precious carcass here.

. . . I must close. While I have scratched this—half an hour—I think I have heard 50 guns and shells. Our people are firing some to-day. For two months scarcely an hour has elapsed without the report of great guns. Only 23 per cent. of my brigade sick to-day. 'Twas 33 per cent. a few days ago. Mostly diarrhoea and colds. No epidemics.

Love to all,
Yours,
JOE.

The biggest fool that has carried Munchausenisms northward was the "very intelligent gentleman" whose account you copied on your first page from the Boston Journal. His talk about guns and projectiles is green nonsense.

Please tell Hooker to give me the refusal of his share of the Press. I don't care how long he holds it but I should like to secure it after him. My dream of happiness is the Colonelcy of the Press and a cottage on Nook farm.

(Continued To-morrow.)

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Dec. 26.—The speakeasy cafe becomes increasingly opulent. Its entrance may be a rusty grill basement door into a dark hallway, but beyond is a burst of magnificence. Instead of alcoholic rowdiness, one finds a studied calm.

Such slush salons serve meals that would cost from \$7 to \$8 a plate in other glided haunts, for \$1.50. They lose money on food but, of course, more than make it up on wines and liquors. Those who do not buy drinks are politely turned away at the next visit.

Most of the de luxe places are conducted by experienced and high-salaried foreign chefs. They had saved and were ready when the opportunity came to launch a business that pays fabulous rewards—provided, of course, they are able to keep out of jail.

A patron is often piloted through a bright kitchen, shining with copper and nickel pans, up a flight of stairs, and at the end of a sudden turn comes upon a dining room that is not surpassed on the exclusive avenues or in the quiet

ladies who used to idle along the deep-cushioned divans of Peacock Alley. They come unescorted and sit alone at tables for two. They are glossy with cosmetics and flash with jewels. To a few worldlings passing by they are named as Nan, Maude or Yvonne. But to the stranger their eyes are cast demurely down. When the right fellow is spotted, they give the proprietor the sly wink and an introduction follows. The sequel is often spread on the first pages.

* * * Two learned gentlemen have spoken to me sharply recently for my laxity in referring to a veterinarian as a veterinary. From now on I play safe. They shall be known in these absurdities by their thickest title—horse doctors.

* * * They are telling the yarn of the New York acrobat who wrote to Alexander Pantages in the Los Angeles jail: "Dear Mr. Pantages: I have written you several times about my act which you promised to book. If you don't give me booking immediately . . ."

A Hero Is an Ordinary Man With a Prejudiced Biographer

BY ROBERT QUILLEN

Great men of the past are not known to us as they were, but as the poets and artists have pictured them.

That Jacob who ruled as Prime minister of Egypt is known as a righteous man, a loyal and forgiving brother and a wise counsellor who saved a people from starvation.

Save them he did, but at a terrible price. He was the most heartless profiteer in all history—a multiplied Shylock who fattened his master by stripping the destitute.

For seven fat years he required the people to save and deliver their surplus to the government; and when the lean years came, he sold them their own grain—taking money in exchange while they had money, taking their land when money was gone, and at last requiring them to surrender themselves as slaves.

There is no greater infamy in the story of government.

Jesus of Nazareth is pictured as a man almost effeminate in softness but the picture does him great injustice.

The gentle Jesus? Yes, for all strong men are gentle. The Prince of Peace, of course, for all sane men counsel peace. But there was no weakness in him.

Have you ever driven nails or sawed boards for an hour? Carpentry is hard work. It builds muscle. And while Jesus was learning his trade, and living the simple outdoor life of his time and class, he was developing a body that could endure a fast of forty days without breaking.

And when he braided a whip of bulrush and drove the dirty money changers from the temple of the living God it was a strong man with the thews of a fighter and the heart of a lion who overthrew their tables, whipped the whole snarling, howling mass of them and drove them pell-mell into the street.

That was no job for a soft man. And soft men do not go to a slow and agonizing death without whining for mercy.

The Moses who persuaded Pharaoh was not an alien patriarch, but a polished gentleman of the royal household. Napo'con, greatest of Frenchmen, was an Italian who never learned to speak French well. George Washington was not a faultless saint, but a human man who lost money at cards and made his own liquor.

Call the roll of the great and they appear as popular myths. To know them as they were, you must lay aside their idealized portraits and examine the things they did.

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The Once Over

BY H. I. PHILIPS

HIPPODROME TOWERS DIRECTORY

("The world famous Hippodrome in New York is to be razed to make way for the tallest office building in the world, to be known as Hippodrome Towers."—News item.)

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