THE POETS' CORNER

Edited by Martha L. Spencer

Address all communications to 'The Poets' Corner," care of The flartford Times.

"Hark! Hark!"

Hours long; Hidden in the sun, yet near-See, see the tiny trilling dot appear, To disappear!

As if a pranking star had lowered it By a thread Over the listener's head,

"Fiddler's Farewell."

Leonora Speyer at Poetry Club.

Saying that, "Of Mountains" was too ng to read entire, she gave portions

These lines remain in one's memory.

"What are a million years? These spread peaks Are Eternity's stone fingers On which she reckons the rhythm Of centuries."

A group of lyrics written in the Black

informal reception followed the

Dusk.

Through psalm and gospel as our

orchard lane, And dusk could make no difference to

Clear in the gloom rang deeds of holy

men, Five little faces lifted to the Word Till, "Let us pray!"—a solemn bustle, and then Five little backs bowed low before

Five little backs bowed low before the Lord. Often he prayed so near to bedtime

That very faint the last Amen would fall,

My flower, Myself a nodding shadow on the wall, And, at the edge of all the mysteries, May Agnes, sleeping on her sinless knees.

-NANCY BYRD TURNER. "A Riband on My Rein."

baby crumpled like a folding

.

long

An in reading.

plain

him.

hour

The

And then Had pulled it up again, Up, up to the impenetrable blue, And through— Still singing!

No sight of it, only the song,

(Scarce swinging),



alk in stateliness at lastgarments castw it's plain, we must suppose lovely silken hose in shall see the light, those who thought they we

robes that bite the dust their shimmering to rust. is dignified and proud, jazz in any crowd, the clinging vine of old, for years we have been told cht to do to gain a place 's esteem while gowned with

ttle manikins, how sad! t the robes that made us glad, ave us freedom, taught us sport, y for which we sought. we grown sturdier each year ered by the haunting fear tened band and heavy dress len fashions used to stress. s, though, we are pleased to be again to slavery! slways been, obedient eekly followed style's intent, again, just as of yore. w.long skirt we'll just adore! -FREDA HAMMERSLOUGH. . .

might expect the earth to shake or at least experience a tremor, several weeks of reading on the page about "crashes." . . .

years ago if women college stu-A group of lyrics written in the Black Forest were included among the shorter poems. These are to be published in a third volume of poems. The program closed with a long, imaginative ballad. "The Monk and Lady", the scene of which was given as a secluded Monas-tery in Germany. This was the most dramatic poem of the evening. In re-sponse to a request Mrs. Speyer read "Hark, Hark" and "Mary Magdalene." An informal reception followed the smoked, took a joy ride unchapviolated chapel or curfew reguthey were expelled "in a cloud race," says Ruth Millard in the though to-day they are prowith smoking rooms, they choose studies as they please and dictate own proper bedtime. Which apntly explains why there came to ears some years ago the constant laint of some feminine undergrads they weren't "understood" and had Sometimes at evening prayer the light burned dim; But Father did not mind. His way was born ahead of their time.

\*

he right little, tight little isle of ain, so-called, continues to mainthat "certain charm and quaint-" the travelogues allude to. On the hand you have a Scotchman, Sir as M. Barrie by name, presented by American magazine with a blank t for a requested short article-and ted to have refused to write out r. And on the other, all within confines of the little island, the e of Wales and his brother, Prince e, taking up the pastime of knitind crocheting.

\* \* \*

' things are more annoying than or who comes so tardily that you iger need him by the time he gets

I der need him by the time he aves
Nancy Byrd Turner has had a large audience through the publication of her poems in the magazines. They will be glad to have them collected in book form. "A Riband on My Rein," in-scribed to Mabel Johnson and Eleanor Johnson Walker, is published by Edwin Calentine Mitchell, (Hartford). This book will appeal to many because of book will appeal to many because of the mathematical and the second sec

## 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 1.314 His Lifelong Friend and Associate in Newspaper Work.

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## NO. VIII.

Not a Very Merry Christmas. Hawley's was too vigorous and robust a personality for any life savoring of the reclusive. He craved companion-ship. Apparently there was some thought in his mind that in every male life there is need for a female consort. Possibly his uneventful Christmas in 1849 made him somewhat introspective and retrospective.

and retrospective. Hawley held his friendships dear and cherished them, particularly that with Warner. "I have always thought you would last," he wrote, a significant sentiment in view of the fact that de-spite early separation their friendship was to continue intimate for nearly half a century and until broken by death, with close association during much of the time. Hawley began his letter rather pensively two days before Christmas and added to it on January 3 and January 4 of 1850. Thus: Farmington, Dec. 23rd, '49.

and January 4 of 1850. Thus:
Farmington, Dec. 23rd, '49.
My dear Charlie:

I wish you a Merry Christmas. It has not been a merry one to me. Cold calculating Connecticut thrift has not allowed the poor pedagogue any holiday.
All day I have taught with a mind far away. But the scholars have been gentler than usual and as the last footstep had about died away I sat down by the bright fire still burning with a heart not merry but full of that melancholy dreaminess almost tearful yet happy that we sometimes love. The lonesome schoolhouse is a pleasant place, Charlie, after the day's labor. There is no vexing uncasiness, no secret mischief or discouraging stupidity but the stillness of death soothing the weary mind with the memory & echo of many voices just gone, that always leads the fancy to Life's school and happy reveries upon sounds & souls ways leads the fancy to Life's school and happy reveries upon sounds & souls far off & fast grown more distant. I look upon college and schoolboy days just as every night I sit a few minutes alone and doze over the day's occur-rences before I lock up and seek rest in preparation for another store in the preparation for another step in the treadmill.

Any one who looks at the back of my head would know I could not live alone and by Caesar I won't. I'll get into business and employ three or four sewing circles in finding me a wife or else I'll live where I can find some of the boys. 'The boys for me seem to be boys. 'The boys for me seem to be about as scarce (no not quite) as the girls. I have found two or three boys with whom I could live happily a life but no girl yet. I need not tell you that your expressions of friendship are dear to me nor I trust need I tell you that I to me nor I trust need I tell you that I have none whom I value more highly than yourself. I say this honestly— don't you believe me? If you & Mc-Master (a college friend, often men-tioned in the letters.—Ed.) & I were together I shouldn't ask you to like me better than Mc. I shouldn't think so well of you if you did. But with you I should be satisfied to live Burschen style two lives if I had them. I seldom style two lives if I had them. I seldom say as much of my inmost feelings. Now Charlie, I never forget such things. I have always thought you would last. If you do it will be the second. Mc-Master I believe would be a calm steadfast friend forever. I hunger for a taste of the old feasts of friendship and if next July doesn't see me in Clinton Providence will have summarily interfered-

fered— There has been no winter here worth mentioning yet. To-night is the cold-est we've had and with the blustering wind gives a faint idea of College Hill but only a faint one. There isn't snow enough to cover the ground nor has there been. There are but two girls in the neighborhood of an age to spend an evening with and they are not well read or educated enough though one is pretty and talented as well as sensible. pretty and talented as well as sensible.

Last night I read till 11 and night be-fore till 12 in the trial of Aaron Burr. What a man he was. Bitter unprincipled What a man he was. Bitter unprincipled with great personal beauty and a most fascinating address & a brilliant and powerful mind, he barely missed the suminit of ambition and venturing un-wisely he fell ditterly prostrate as sig-nally punished as ever man was short of death. He lost friends, fortune and fame in one storm. He dearly loved his only grandchild, a beautiful boy bearing his name. God took him. His daugh-ter, an only child & a matchless woman, embarked at Charleston to visit him ter, an only child & a matchless woman, embarked at Charleston to visit him and was never more heard of. The once peerless oak now leafless and thunder-smitten yet unbent lingered many years an unnoticed remnant of the past. Few think of the time so short since it fell. Few can help pity the utterly ruined however just their fall. No Christmas will ever pass without my remembering Dickens' "Cricket on the Hearth" and "Christmas Carol." If on every one who reads them Dickens' works exercise so great an influence few writers have ever ruled such an empire.

empire.

## The Middle of the Century!

The Middle of the Century! Jan. 3rd, 1850. Charley, it is 1850— think of it. We are in the middle of this splendid century. Shall you and I see its close? What will the world be then? Where will be those persons and things in which we are now most deeply interested? Shall we be like the last leaf on the bough or the earliest touched by the frost? Shall the Pei Unglion be by the frost? Shall the Psi Upsilon be flourishing, venerable feared & respect-

fourishing, venerable feared & respect-ed making honorable men giving warmth to the cold products of aca-demical machinery, taking from the world the curse of soulless intellects? Or shall it yield to some new project some fancied reform some bigoted prejudice against its harmless secrecy and be buried in the rubbish of forgot-ten things. I shall never forget it. R. O. Crampton, of Yale, a Junior, is here at home and I am boarding at his father's. He is a cousin and an honor to the blood. The first five ap-pointments to Jun. Exhib. are of about equal rank. Crampton has one—the Latin—they say he will be Valedic. Psi Upsilon have three of the first five ap-pointments and their share of the others. Vive La Fraternite. He says they have made a capital selection of Sophomores. Have you seen the pam-philet "Songs of the Psi Uncilor Fraothers. Vive La Fraternite. He says they have made a capital selection of Sophomores. Have you seen the pam-philet "Songs of the Psi Upsilon Fra-ternity"? If you have not send a shill-ing to Crampton and he will get you one, I presume. It is published on speculation by one of the Yale boys. There are several very good songs.

## Famous Scott's Swamp Girls.

Your education will be incomplete, Your education will be incomplete, Charlie, unless you teach school a while. May Heaven protect you from such schools as Wampsville & give you such as this. Some of these little girls are blessed specimens of the sex. As all the town knows that "Scott Swamp school-girls" are deservedly famous. Now there is a true pleasure in teaching such scholars. These girls are all piously brought up ignorant of evil quite in-telligent, ambitous, and obedient. They are not green and awkward either nor are not green and awkward either, nor vain & selfish. In a few years, Charley, there will be some capital wives among these little maidens. I received a letter from McMaster this week "same sort."

week "same sort." In a letter from my grandmother in Portree, Isle of Skye, Scotland, I re-ceived a handsome note with an invita-tion to correspond with a Dr. Matheson who acted as her amanuensis. What can a fellow write to him? Shall I accept? Dan would like the chance. I believe I shall try him. Remember your promise to write. promise to write,

Yours ever. JOE R. HAWLEY. Friday night 41/2 o'clock.

(Continued To-merrow.)

To Lay the Keel of a Battle-

ship Is to Start the Widow's

Tears

BY ROBERT QUILLEN.

When a New York police official tells potential criminals they "can't get away with it," he expresses the funda-mental truth of all sound philosophy. It is a truth that should be obvious to all persons of sound mind, for it is nothing more remarkable than the self-evident fact that two halves of an apple are required to make a whole. All things in this universe are bat-anced one against another. One pole is negative and the other positive. There are night and day, male and female, ebb and flow-each unit divided into halves and each half balancing the other to make the normal whole. If one man strikes another in anger, the incident is not closed until he re-ceives some hurt in return. His violence

the incident is not closed until he re-ceives some hurt in return. His violence inspires anger and a desire for revenge, and these are as much a part of his blow as the ripe fruit is part of the seed from which it grew. A few exceptional men gather great fortunes, and as wealth creates ever greater wealth and money accumulates faster than it can be expended, it seems inevitable that these few shall possess all the wealth of the world. But the accumulation of wealth is not an act complete in itself. It is but half of the transaction. Abundance

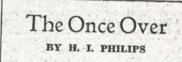
But the accumulation of wealth is not an act complete in itself. It is but half of the transaction. Abundance prompts waste. And the accumulation of wealth merely sets the stage for a second act, in which the wealth is dis-sipated and returned to the people. The wasters finish what the first hoarder began, and the impulse that squanders the last dime was generated when the first dime was saved—as the last leaf to grow on a giant oak was begun when a buried acorn sprouted—as a fail to earth completes the journey of an object thrown into the air. As every act contains within fiself

As every act contains within fiself the prompting of a reaction, it cannot be completed until the reaction is fin-ished. As a pendulum to which energy ished. As a pendulum to which energy is applied must swing back and forth until the measure of energy is ex-hausted, so every act must be followed by the reaction determined by its na-ture. ture.

A kind act prompts a return of kindness and an evil act prompts a return of evil. It has in itself the seed of its reward. And the reward in some

of its reward. And the reward in some fashion follows as inevitably as the harvest follows planting. These things are not left to chance. They are determined by natural law. To believe that evil can be done and right violated without penalty of any sort is to believe that a half completes the whole—that objects thrown into the air will not fall—that the tides will ebb and not return. and not return.

and not return. The wisdom or unwisdom of an evil act is not determined by the opinion of moralists. Opinion doesn't affect the nature of a blister. And the most stupid of men, having traveled one half of a rocky road, or seen one sex of a species. or eaten one half of an egg, should be able to form an intelligent opinion of the other. (Copyright 1929 Bublichers Smelled) (Copyright, 1929, Publishers Syndicate.)



THE AUTO ADDICTS GO TO THE BIG GAME BY TRAIN.

The scene is a day coach. The characters are four football fans who have always gone through the ordeal of motoring to the football game.

First Fan (when the train doesn's pull out at cnce): Now what's the matdoesn's

Second Fan: Must be the red light, Third Fan: Probably some fool traffic cop holding everything up as usual

Fourth Fan: Give him the horn, give him the horn! We can't hang

Second Fan: Traffic is getting worse and worse. There's too much regulation.

