



THE POETS' CORNER

Edited by Martha L. Spencer
Address all communications to
'The Poets' Corner,' care of The
Hartford Times.

FROM LOCAL WRITERS.

Thankful Hearts.

Since ever grain has turned to gold,
Or grapes their purple wealth unrolled,
Thankful hearts have turned to One
Who sends the rain, who guides the sun;

Surprise.

The little corn seed in the ground that
lay
Snugly and warm in the month of
May,
Never once dreamed that by fall it
would be
Fully as tall as our lilac tree;

Thanksgiving Time.

Thanksgiving time is very near;
Turkeys and pies will soon be here.
We all may eat to heart's content
First thanking God for things He's
sent.

I'm sure we'll all enjoy our feast
And nothing leave; (not in the least);
We all shall be quite happy—gay—
Upon our dear Thanksgiving day.

An Old Man's Memories of Thanksgiv-
ing.
Thanksgiving time, when I was a boy
We children shouted with glee—
'Twas always a season filled with joy
Or at least, it was for me.

Mother, she started the day before
To make the good things to eat.
She surely had some fine food in store;
Her cooking could not be beat.

And I recall mother telling us,
That the first Thanksgiving Day
They did not make as much of a fuss,
For theirs was a simple way.

Sometimes to grandmother's house
we'd go
In the sleigh, which father guided;
Our old white horse always went too
slow.

Grandmother would gaily greet us all,
With a smile on her dear face,
And grandfather then, to us would call,
"Come in, at a lively pace."

We would spend the day and then at
night
Back to the old home we'd go—
If time could only take backward
flight
To those days that I love so—

But for the memories I am glad,
Which Thanksgiving brings to me;
With them in mind I cannot be sad—
I live in the past you see.

Thanksgiving Day.

Out of the east a new-born day is
swinging
Across the vast November skies its
way;
For us again the privilege now bringing
To offer thanks on this Thanksgiving
Day.

A day to lift from earth's domain our
voices
To Him who rules unnumbered
spheres with might—
Yet in a people's thankfulness rejoices,
Giving so much to make our journey
light.

Do we, perhaps, for all the Giver's
kindness,
For health and strength, for blessings
undeserved,
Turn from the rich-reaped harvest-
fields in blindness,
Our footsteps on forbidden pathways
swerved?

Our eyes, earthbound, this day as
others greeting,
Our hardened hearts no grateful
praises sing—
It can not be 'round festive tables meet-
ing;
No gift to His fair altar, we will bring!

Here, generations back, forefathers
blended
For lesser blessings than we now
possess,
Their prayers and songs when harvest
days were ended;
His mighty name was on their lips to
bless.

Shall we forget who by their sturdy
labors
Inherited so rich a heritage,
To meet in opened temples with our
neighbors?
Shall we forget in this enlightened
age?

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. XIV.

The choice of a United States sena-
tor in 1851 did not go as Hawley and
his friends expected. Although the sena-
te gave its vote to Baldwin, the house
balloted more than a score of times
without being able to choose between
Thomas H. Seymour, democrat, and
Baldwin, Seymour having been elected
governor by the legislature because
there was no choice by the people.
Enough of the Fillmore whigs declined
to accept Baldwin to prevent him from
getting a majority and the whigs final-
ly turned to Lafayette S. Foster of Nor-
wich who was at the time no more suc-
cessful.

Nearly three years elapsed before the
correspondence continues. Hawley was
practicing law and taking part in Con-
necticut politics, with an occasional trip
back to Cazenovia and Hamilton college.
Warner graduated from Hamilton in
1851, taking first prize in English. While
in college he had contributed to the
Knickerbocker and Putnam's magazine.
After graduation he prepared a "Book of
Eloquence," published in Cazenovia in
1853. His plan had been to study law
but in 1853 and 1854 he was with a sur-
veying party on the Missouri frontier.

Discouraged At 27.

Hawley had somewhat lost track of
his friend's whereabouts when, in late
'53 or early '54 he received a gossiping
letter from him to which he replied on
January 29 of the latter year. Hawley
apparently was somewhat pessimistic as
to his own progress. He had reached
what seemed to him an advanced age—
27—and, taking stock of his situation
did not find too much cause for encou-
ragement. So he inquired of oppor-
tunity for him in the west, writing:

Hartford, Conn.
Jan. 29, '54.

My dear Charley:
God bless you! Your letter has done
me an immense deal of good. I've read
it over & over & suffered it to lead me
over many years of the past—the
glorious past. Indeed I was happy. We
certainly did enjoy the best of life. The
future we laid out for ourselves was XX
& the then present was none of the
poorest. Neither of us cares much
about miserable Casenovia now, for it's
a faded old shell to us, a "banquet hall
deserted," but it was a jolly good place
wasn't it?

I supposed you in Oregon with Gov.
Stevens or galloping over the plains
equitably distributed in the bowels of
a dozen wolves. No, not quite so bad, but
where the d-l you were I couldn't
imagine. Nobody knew when I was in
Caz. last July. I passed a few misera-
ble days there chewing the bitter
cud. There was a sort of festival got
up by the Seminary on the completion
of their new building & there were a
few of the old set there—just enough to
make it desolate. The party in the new
rooms was rather the best of it, though
a jam satis. I consoled myself by a flir-
tation for a day or two with a magnifi-
cent Knickerbocker Hebe from Kinder-
hook. Heavens! what a bust that was!
Three or four days I spent shooting &
loafing with Pettibone (his brother-in-
law—Ed.) at Vernon, & playing with
my little nephew—a model baby—never
cries—healthy, stout and handsome.

Moreover I attended commencement
—met three classmates, Pomeroy Bur-
chard & Avery. With the two former I
had a luxurious & refreshing season
. . . . Our Alma Mater isn't what she
used to was. There were much fewer
there, & those are smaller—it seems
to me—probably though we looked small
then to some people. The dearly beloved
Psi Upsilon was small in numbers but
big in courage & with fair hopes. Long
may she wave. They had a great con-
vention at Harvard last summer—
couldn't go though I wanted to badly.

Surroundings Darkly Blue.

Fact is, Charley, just now this blessed
evening (colder than Greenland) all
my surroundings are most deeply darkly
d—nably blue. The worst fit I've had
for years is on me. The cause is beyond
my reach, unless it be remorse for
time wasted & labor neglected. 27
years old: Good God! It makes me
shudder! Apropos as much to this as
anything it pains me to say that the
rumor you appear to have heard about
my "dearest" is all moonshine. Prob-
ably it originated with myself too—
"come to think of it." I recollect
manufacturing some gaseous hopes at
Clinton though nothing definite to my
recollection. I was then somewhat
severely smitten with the charms of a
certain Mary here, but it all healed up
& without a scar. She's good & bright
but as for being able to love as I can
and must, and as I must be loved—
fudge she might as well blow back a
nor'wester.

Are you not making money? What
sort of a chance have you out there?
Any room for me? Your information as
to yourself is scant indeed but as myself
you are decidedly imaginative. My situ-
ation may pretty clearly be given you
in a few words. Junior partner still in
the firm of Hooker & Hawley, making
say \$200 or \$300 per ann. above ex-

least—as a thorough Free Soiler &
never hesitating to let fly—go to
church regularly—lead the bass in the
choir—read some in light literature—
take National Era & N. Y. Tribune (like
Fry very much)—had a champagne sup-
per with him & a few others not long
since)—hate Douglass & Atchison, curse
the Nebraska bill, disgusted with the
awful, awful, awful fogysm of Con-
necticut, sputter Dutch with the club
here a little & sometimes sing with
them—spend a jolly evening at Hooker's
house once in a while—think of Ham.
Coll. often & pray for the good boys—
yourself not excepted—have some
pretty good friends though not better
than the old ones,—And grow old! We
do, Charley, we do! Can you help it?
We shall soon die. What have we done?
Let us go and avenge Sinope. The
grand campaign of the century opens,
and there's a monstrous pile of human
clay to be raised. Are our bodies any
better than others. We should make
two at least.

You are coming to New York? Good.
You will of course find Dan Fiske
(those of the quartet of friends, Haw-
ley, Warner, McMaster, Fiske—Ed.) at
the Astor Library. In the latter part
of September I was there & spent 8 or
10 hours with him most delightfully.
We ought to be proud of him. He's
growing mightily—The danger is that
he'll make too much of a bookworm &
antiquarian of himself. But, to pro-
ceed. You are coming to New York;
Do you think of coming there without
coming up here? I hope not. Just allow
me to pay your passage will you? All
of it, both ways if you will, but half at
any rate if you call it a mutual pleasure.
You would delight me, & I feel a good
deal of confidence in saying that your
stay could be made pleasant to you.
An evening at Hooker's & a short
season with a few good fellows another
evening—running about to see curi-
osities—a good cigar before the
Franklin stove in our large office, etc.
etc. Can't you make an inviting picture.
Charley, do come. So many of these
castles in the air have blown off that
it's hardly worth while to hope.

I've spoken of you & Dan & Guy
(Fiske and McMaster—Ed.) so often that
Hooker would almost feel as if he knew
you. Bring Dan too; he half promised
to come when I saw him.

Its striking midnight at the Old Cen-
ter "with twelve great shocks of sound,"
& I've a good day's work to do to-
morrow—so good night & God be with
you.

Yours as ever—
JOE HAWLEY.

Warner Pays a Visit.

The next letter is dated a year later.
Warner had visited Hawley in Hartford.
The latter's life apparently went on
much the same with an important
exception. Through the Hookers
he had met Miss Harriet Ward Foote
of Guilford who within the year was to
become his wife. Warner had met her
too, judging by the allusion in Hawley's
letter. Hawley was still dabbling in
journalism, and appears to have been
interested in a weekly paper called the
Republican which was in difficulties.
His letter of January 22, 1855:

A Pun and a Maiden.

Hartford, Jan. 22nd '55.

Dear Charley:
. . . . Last evening (Sunday) I walked
out to Nook Farm. Mrs. H & Miss
Foote (remember, next time you spell
that to put an "E" on your Foot (Qu)
"à knee on your foot? Very bad—I'm
ashamed.) were there. Very pleasant
it was I assure you. Staid in the kitch'n
which Mrs. calls dining room; bright
fire, & eyes;—tremendous storm outside
—a peaceful quiet harbor inside, whether
the harbor I've been drifting to—(not
seeking, for I've had neither compas-
nor chart in that voyage.) is more than
I can tell. Whether she be the milk
maid or Jane Eyre is yet a mystery. A
sort of fascinating mystery too, like that
which irresistibly draws you again &
again to the brink of the precipice, for
something is continually saying, Where
will you go this evening? The papers &
letters are sent out to avoid any appear-
ance of an excuse for going to Nook
Farm. Hooker wanted some friend to
stay in the house while he was gone.
His house is in rather a lonely spot.
Somebody ought to be there to take care
of the house, the wife, the children, and
—the friends visiting there
You were kindly enquired after last
evening & would be welcomed at any
time.

Sorry you did not see Dave Bartlett.
He came in to-day & we talked over the
"Republican." (A struggling Hartford
weekly paper—Ed.) He will not sell at
present to the person who has been urg-
ing him. He will, perhaps, not sell at
all if he can borrow something to re-
place the mortgage at present on the
concern. I shall lend him rather than
have the paper go where I don't want
it. I could negotiate it into your hands
or I can keep it in Bartlett's.

Of course Charley the desire to get
you to Hartford tempts me to urge you
into buying, but it shall not tempt me
to go an inch too far. All country jour-
nals are hard up this winter. Stingy
fools economise by stopping their paper,
but the concern is good for \$800 a year,
& can be made, I know, good for much
more within a year or two. Hartford
has good society & good advantages.
Connecticut is gaining in literary &
political state pride & independence.
Still this position, of itself does not
afford any great opportunity for rising

No Matter How Hungry He Is,
the Fox Never Jumps on a
Wolf

BY ROBERT QUILLEN.

In a cavalry troop that had some
fame in frontier days there were two
small men who bore the same name,
though unrelated by blood or character.

One was called "Goosey" Smith and
the other "Poison" Smith.
The first was the butt of coarse jokes
and the victim of every trooper who
cared to torment him, while the other
was given the respect and affectionate
consideration that serve as a tribute
to superiority.

Why was one Smith shamefully treat-
ed and the other given a proper man's
due? Because one endured all indigni-
ties with no other protest than a whim-
per, while the other was quick to resent any
trespass on his rights and as quick to
make his resentment effective.

Some years ago an organization of
masked men made itself the arbiter of
community morals and paid midnight
visits to the homes of men and women
who offended it.

The poor and weak and craven
opened their doors when the summons
came and made no defense except a
plea for mercy. They were flogged and
covered with tar and feathers and driv-
en from the community.

But when the organization or an
imitator operating in its name endeav-
or to bully proud and manly men, it
was greeted with buckshot and
steel-jacketed missiles from automa-
tic guns that flashed from doors and
windows, and its hooded members van-
ished in the night and left their tar
buckets behind.

Always and everywhere men are bul-
lied because they submit to bullying,
or respected because they fight back.
The newest form of bullying to trou-
ble America is called "racketeering." An
organization of common thieves sends
one of its members to a business or
professional man and offers him a
choice between paying regular tributes
or suffering.

If tribute is refused, the stubborn
one's property is destroyed and his life
made a nightmare. Knowing this to be
true, men who prefer peace and life
at any price accept the inevitable and
surrender their liberty and manhood
forever.

Racketeers do not operate in all sec-
tions. When they come among proud
men who had rather die than submit
to any man's dictation, their representa-
tives will be kicked into the street.
And if the organization persists in its
efforts, many men will arm themselves
and go hunting as they would for a
sheep-killing dog, and juries of manly
men will find them guiltless.

Men enjoy the measure of freedom
and security their degree of manhood
and intelligence justifies.
Bullies prosper only when they deal
with cravens who love money more than
honor. Never yet have they drawn trib-
ute from a man possessed of that quali-
ty called "guts."

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LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

The Advice of Merchants.

To the Editor of The Times:
In view of the prominence given
through the press and by means of
general broadcasting by radio, of Presi-
dent Hoover's gathering of the heads
of business industry and husbandry, it
is well to look back a century and a
half.

When Pelatiah Webster gave to the
public his famous dissertation of 1783,
which contained the basis for our form
of government, he used these words:
"It follows then, the the merchants are
not only qualified to give the fullest
and most important information to our
supreme legislature concerning the
state of our trade, the abundance and
wants, the wealth and poverty of our
people, e. i., their most important in-
terests, but are also the most likely
to do it fairly and truly. . . . I there-
fore humbly propose, if the merchants
in the several states are disposed to
send delegates from their body to meet
and attend the sitting of congress, that
they shall be permitted to form a cham-
ber of commerce, and their advice to
congress be demanded and admitted
concerning all bills from congress as
far as the same may affect the trade
of the states."

And yet in this enlightened age a
senator from Connecticut is censured
for availing himself of just this thing,
in order to discuss the problems before
congress, properly informed.

Perhaps if proper knowledge were
imbued there would not be so much
unfair tariff tinkering. There even
might be less tariff to burden the ul-
timate consumer.

JAMES W. CARTWRIGHT.
Hartford, Nov. 25.

Play on Words.

To the Editor of The Times:
I noticed in a news item that ladies
of two of the five Evanston, Ill.,
churches set a table with wine glasses
in a prize contest. Under criticism one
withdrew the glasses and the other ex-
plained that they were for nuts. Well,
perhaps the wine glasses were for "nuts"
but isn't that a little too sarcastic for
a church? And such slang!
Somehow I feel that there is a little
sideslipping there, whatever they mean
by "nuts." It's like the old farmer
deacon who was out so late one night
that he went to sleep in prayer meet-
ing the next night. Where he had been
I can't say; but, when nudged by a
well-meaning brother, he drowsily
mumbled "by heck, hearts trumps!"
"Whats' that?" asked the minister
of the now wide awake deacon.
"I said, I expect that our hearts will
triumph," was the reply.



The Portico

What do you care?" demanded the butcher of the fire ladders Saturday night after they extinguished the fire in his shop and asked him how he started. They might not have asked if it started if they had not seen the evidence at hand a happy topic for prevention week—a frozen water around the pipe some rags soaked gasoline, and a match which the fire admitted having struck. But it's one thing the ladders love as much as fighting fires, it's the of debate, and the fencer, "What do care?" is not the controversy which the true logician and orician lets fall unchallenged. In eene dousing flames, answering calls reporter on the fire beat, drilling cleaning fire trucks the ladders have d time to be graduated with honors an intensive course with open ms and heated round-table discus groups. Hence it isn't surprising last Saturday night they dove into question head-first and with a huc cry, and that, ambitious of an eence just like the Get-Together, they should invite to the group's ant of the city police.

Which, however, is beside the point e happened; the first damage was u (perhaps because the debate be- after the last flame had been put and the entire group, including audience, went away empty handed, butcher explained the cause of the which is also beside the point.

What we would like to know is: What id have happened if the debate- ing firemen had put the question a few minutes earlier, say before fire was out. And had been met the same astounding rejoinders: "at do you care?" Lots of things at happen, but we fancy the fol- ing might not have been impossible. Surprised Fireman: "What do we?"

Butcher: "That's what I said; what you care?"

Fireman: "Boys, come here, drop hose. This guy says—'you know he says?'—he says what do we care? 'At's good; 'at's awful good; 'at's ense. Let's have a cork-tip ciga- e around. D'you know, boys, some- e tells me we're going to set right n here and get into a 'n'awful ar- ent about this. 'What do we care?' 'Haw! Haw! Hee, hee! Ho, ho! e, if you don't drop that hose and fighting this man's fire I'm going ppoint you chairman of the meet- and as the chair you won't be able nter the debate no-how, so there! it do we care?"

Butcher: "But you haven't answered question."

Surprised Fireman: "Yeah, he's right, e's a damned antagonist with the first point."

Butcher: "Betcher boots."

Fireman: "Oh, hang, fellows! We to get down to business. Apply self and turn off that water so we hear better, the fire makes noise gh; now remember my coaching— Hee!—hit 'em hard and hit 'em

Butcher: "I move we all step back e from my meat market, it's get- too hot and I can't think."

Surprised Fireman: "Mister President, m the floor!"

Butcher: "Thunderation, it's my isn't it?"

Fireman: "Sure, it was, but it's ing now—what do we care? I e we amend the guest speaker's mo- to read we step back several paces ad of one; it's getting hotter."

Surprised Fireman: "Second-th-motion. ds, we are here met as first-class ighters to decide what we care' t the origin of a fire. I say 'a fire' ise on the floor we speak in gen- les. I say, we don't care, person- Personally, the effect of said ledge is psychological, and, vested the responsibility of handling fires e city, it is our inalienable right ave access to all information and concerning a blaze before deciding the best method of coping effec- with it, as, for instance, there d be a distinct policy to follow a meat market has been set by onest citizen outraged by the price ops, and on the other hand we ought to use our red apparatus for in types of fires and our black for s, and if a fire catches from a cer- brand of cigarette we know it lucky and if from another we our smoke masks behind because isn't a cough in a carload, any- and we therefore . . ."

Surprised Fireman, pounding for silence he nozzle of a hose: "Oyez. What us to do with the new long skirt!"

Under of "Hear! Hear!"—"It's get-

Edited by Martha L. Spencer
Address all communications to
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Hartford Times.

FROM LOCAL WRITERS.

Thankful Hearts.
Since ever grain has turned to gold,
Or grapes their purple wealth unrolled,
Thankful hearts have turned to One
Who sends the rain, who guides the sun;
Without the vapor of whose breath
Each seed sleeps on in dreamless death;
So, once again, our glad hearts sing
Praise to the Lord of Harvesting!
—BERNICE POWELL PEABODY.
"Club Dial."

Surprise.
The little corn seed in the ground that
lay
Snuggly and warm in the month of
May,
Never once dreamed that by fall it
would be
Fully as tall as our lilac tree;
And those pink and white blossoms in
springtime so sweet,
Never once thought they'd be apples
to eat.
But they worked very hard to grow as
they should—
And that is what makes our Thanks-
giving so good!
—BERNICE POWELL PEABODY.
"Child's Gem."

Thanksgiving Time.
Thanksgiving time is very near;
Turkeys and pies will soon be here.
We all may eat to heart's content
First thanking God for things He's
sent.

I'm sure we'll all enjoy our feast
And nothing leave; (not in the least);
We all shall be quite happy—gay—
Upon our dear Thanksgiving day.
—EVELYN LACKMAN.
Fifth Grade, Northwest School.

**An Old Man's Memories of Thanks-
giving.**
Thanksgiving time, when I was a boy
We children shouted with glee—
'Twas always a season filled with joy
Or at least, it was for me.

Mother, she started the day before
To make the good things to eat.
She surely had some fine food in store;
Her cooking could not be beat.
There was both pumpkin and apple pie,
Pudding—and cake made with yeast;
All these on the pantry shelves we'd
spy
Ready for the morrow's feast.

I remember how we used to sit
Around the well-filled table,
And eat a dinner which would be fit
For king of any fable.

And I recall mother telling us,
That the first Thanksgiving Day
They did not make as much of a fuss,
For theirs was a simple way.

Sometimes to grandmother's house
we'd go
In the sleigh, which father guided;
Our old white horse always went too
slow,
As over the snow we glided.

Grandmother would gaily greet us all,
With a smile on her dear face,
And grandfather then, to us would call,
'Come in, at a lively pace.'

We would spend the day and then at
night
Back to the old home we'd go—
If time could only take backward
flight
To those days that I love so—
But for the memories I am glad,
Which Thanksgiving brings to me;
With them in mind I cannot be sad—
I live in the past you see.
—HAZEL G. EVANS.

Thanksgiving Day.
Out of the east a new-born day is
swinging
Across the vast November skies its
way;
For us again the privilege now bringing
To offer thanks on this Thanksgiving
Day.
A day to lift from earth's domain our
voices
To Him who rules unnumbered
spheres with might—
Yet in a people's thankfulness rejoices,
Giving so much to make our journey
light.

Do we, perhaps, for all the Giver's
kindness,
For health and strength, for blessings
undeserved,
Turn from the rich-reaped harvest-
fields in blindness,
Our footsteps on forbidden pathways
swerved?
Our eyes, earthbound, this day as
others greeting,
Our hardened hearts no grateful
praises sing—
It can not be 'round festive tables meet-
ing,
No gift to His fair altar, we will bring!
Here, generations back, forefathers
blended
For lesser blessings than we now
possess,
Their prayers and songs when harvest
days were ended;
His mighty name was on their lips to
bless.
Shall we forget who by their sturdy
labors
Inherited so rich a heritage,
To meet in opened temples with our
neighbors?
Shall we forget in this enlightened
age?
From east and west, from north and
south, awaken!
Thy people, Lord, shall thank Thee
as of yore
For blessings manifold; for treasures
taken
From all our boundless harvest-fields
once more.
Out of the east a new-born day is
swinging
Across unmeasured, distant skies its
way,
While many million contrite hearts are
shining

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. XIV.
The choice of a United States sen-
ator in 1851 did not go as Hawley and
his friends expected. Although the sen-
ate gave its vote to Baldwin, the house
balloted more than a score of times
without being able to choose between
Thomas H. Seymour, democrat, and
Baldwin, Seymour having been elected
governor by the legislature because
there was no choice by the people.
Enough of the Fillmore whigs declined
to accept Baldwin to prevent him from
getting a majority and the whigs final-
ly turned to Lafayette S. Foster of Nor-
wich who was at the time no more suc-
cessful.

Nearly three years elapsed before the
correspondence continues. Hawley was
practicing law and taking part in Con-
necticut politics, with an occasional trip
back to Cazenovia and Hamilton college.
Warner graduated from Hamilton in
1851, taking first prize in English. While
in college he had contributed to the
Knickerbocker and Putnam's magazine.
After graduation he prepared a "Book of
Eloquence," published in Cazenovia in
1853. His plan had been to study law
but in 1853 and 1854 he was with a sur-
veying party on the Missouri frontier.

Discouraged At 27.
Hawley had somewhat lost track of
his friend's whereabouts when, in late
'53 or early '54 he received a gossip
letter from him to which he replied on
January 29 of the latter year. Hawley
apparently was somewhat pessimistic as
to his own progress. He had reached
what seemed to him an advanced age—
27—and, taking stock of his situation
did not find too much cause for en-
couragement. So he inquired of op-
portunity for him in the west, writing:
Hartford, Conn.
Jan. 29, '54.

My dear Charley:
God bless you! Your letter has done
me an immense deal of good. I've read
it over & over & suffered it to lead me
over many years of the past—the
glorious past. Indeed I was happy. We
certainly did enjoy the best of life. The
future we laid out for ourselves was XX
& the then present was none of the
poorest. Neither of us cares much
about miserable Cazenovia now, for it's
a faded old shell to us, a "banquet hall
deserted," but it was a jolly good place
wasn't it?

I supposed you in Oregon with Gov.
Stevens or galloping over the plains
equitably distributed in the bowels of a
dozen wolves. No, not quite so bad, but
where the d-l you were I couldn't
imagine. Nobody knew when I was in
Caz. last July. I passed a few miser-
erable days there chewing the bitter
crud. There was a sort of festival got
up by the Seminary on the completion
of their new building & there were a
few of the old set there—just enough to
make it desolate. The party in the new
rooms was rather the best of it, though
a jam satis. I consoled myself by a fir-
tation for a day or two with a magnif-
icent Knickerbocker Hebe from Kinder-
hook. Heavens! what a bust that was!
Three or four days I spent shooting &
loafing with Pettibone (his brother-in-
law—Ed.) at Vernon, & playing with
my little nephew—a model baby—never
cries—healthy, stout and handsome.

Moreover I attended commencement
—met three classmates, Pomeroy Bur-
chard & Avery. With the two former I
had a luxurious & refreshing season
used to was. There were much fewer
there, & those are smaller—it seems
to me—probably though we looked small
then to some people. The dearly beloved
Psi Upsilon was small in numbers but
big in courage & with fair hopes. Long
may she wave. They had a great con-
vention at Harvard last summer—
couldn't go though I wanted to badly.

Surroundings Darkly Blue.
Fact is, Charley, just now this blessed
evening (colder than Greenland) all my
surroundings are most deeply darkly
d—nably blue. The worst fit I've had
for years is on me. The cause is beyond
my reach, unless it be remorse for
time wasted & labor neglected. 27
years old: Good God! It makes me
shudder! Apropos as much to this as
anything it pains me to say that the
rumor you appear to have heard about
my "dearest" is all moonshine. Prob-
ably it originated with myself too—
"come to think of it." I recollect
manufacturing some gaseous hopes at
Clinton though nothing definite to my
recollection. I was then somewhat
severely smitten with the charms of a
certain Mary here, but it all healed up
& without a scar. She's good & bright
but as for being able to love as I can
and must, and as I must be loved—
fudge she might as well blow back a
nor'wester.

Are you not making money? What
sort of a chance have you out there?
Any room for me? Your information as
to yourself is scant indeed but as myself
you are decidedly imaginative. My situ-
ation may pretty clearly be given you
in a few words. Junior partner still in
the firm of Hooker & Hawley, making
say \$200 or \$300 per ann. above ex-
penses—nothing yet laid up—unmarried
—very pleasantly situated socially—of-
ficer of Young Men's Institute—con-
tributing editor of our Free Soil paper
semi occasionally (at all the crises)
writing a political squib (I send you the
last.) Chairman of Free Democratic
State, Comm. (reins pretty much in my
own hands)—just a respectable lawyer
—commonly called a pretty good fellow,
well known in town & somewhat in the
State—to editors & wine workers at

**The Fox Never Jumps on a
Wolf**
BY ROBERT QUILLEN.

In a cavalry troop that had some
fame in frontier days there were two
small men who bore the same name,
though unrelated by blood or character.
One was called "Goosey" Smith and
the other "Polson" Smith.

The first was the butt of coarse jokes
and the victim of every trooper who
cared to torment him, while the other
was given the respect and affectionate
consideration that serve as a tribute
to superiority.

Why was one Smith shamefully treat-
ed and the other given a proper man's
due? Because one endured all indigni-
ties with no other protest than a whine,
while the other was quick to resent any
trespass on his rights and as quick to
make his resentment effective.

Some years ago an organization of
masked men made itself the arbiter of
community morals and paid midnight
visits to the homes of men and women
who offended it.

The poor and weak and craven
opened their doors when the summons
came and made no defense except a
plea for mercy. They were flogged and
covered with tar and feathers and driv-
en from the community.

But when the organization or an
imitator operating in its name endeav-
or to bully proud and manly men,
it was greeted with buckshot and
steel-jacketed missiles from automa-
tic guns that flashed from doors and
windows, and its hooded members van-
ished in the night and left their tar
buckets behind.

Always and everywhere men are bul-
lied because they submit to bullying,
or respected because they fight back.

The newest form of bullying to trou-
ble America is called "racketeering". An
organization of common thieves sends
one of its members to a business or
professional man and offers him a
choice between paying regular tributes
or suffering.

If tribute is refused, the stubborn
one's property is destroyed and his life
made a nightmare. Knowing this to be
true, men who prefer peace and life
at any price accept the inevitable and
surrender their liberty and manhood
forever.

Racketeers do not operate in all sec-
tions. When they come among proud
men who had rather die than submit
to any man's dictation, their representa-
tives will be kicked into the street.
And if the organization persists in its
efforts, manly men will arm themselves
and go hunting as they would for a
sheep-killing dog, and juries of manly
men will find them guiltless.

Men enjoy the measure of freedom
and security their degree of manhood
and intelligence justifies.

Bullies prosper only when they deal
with cravens who love money more than
honor. Never yet have they drawn trib-
ute from a man possessed of that qual-
ity called "guts."
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LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

The Advice of Merchants.
To the Editor of The Times:
In view of the prominence given
through the press and by means of
general broadcasting by radio, of Presi-
dent Hoover's gathering of the heads
of business industry and husbandry, it
is well to look back a century and a
half.

When Pelatiah Webster gave to the
public his famous dissertation of 1783,
which contained the basis for our form
of government, he used these words:
"It follows then, the merchants are
not only qualified to give the fullest
and most important information to our
supreme legislature concerning the
state of our trade, the abundance and
wants, the wealth and poverty of our
people, e. i., their most important in-
terests, but are also the most likely
to do it fairly and truly. . . . I there-
fore humbly propose, if the merchants
in the several states are disposed to
send delegates from their body to meet
and attend the sitting of congress, that
they shall be permitted to form a cham-
ber of commerce, and their advice to
congress be demanded and admitted
concerning all bills from congress as
far as the same may affect the trade
of the states."

And yet in this enlightened age a
senator from Connecticut is censured
for availing himself of just this thing,
in order to discuss the problems before
congress, properly informed.

Perhaps if proper knowledge were
imbued there would not be so much
unfair tariff tinkering. There even
might be less tariff to burden the ul-
timate consumer.

JAMES W. CARTWRIGHT.
Hartford, Nov. 25.

Play on Words.
To the Editor of The Times:
I noticed in a news item that ladies
of two of the five Evanston, Ill.,
churches set a table with wine glasses
in a prize contest. Under criticism one
withdrew the glasses and the other ex-
plained that they were for nuts. Well,
perhaps the wine glasses were for "nuts"
but isn't that a little too sarcastic for
a church? And such slang!

Somehow I feel that there is a little
sidestepping there, whatever they mean
by "nuts." It's like the old farmer
deacon who was out so late one night
that he went to sleep in prayer meet-
ing the next night. Where he had been
I can't say; but, when nudged by a
well-meaning brother, he drowsily
mumbled "by heck, hearts trumps!"

"What's that?" asked the minister
of the now wide awake deacon.

"I said, I expect that our hearts will
triumph" was the reply.
J. S.
Hartford, Nov. 25.

OVERWORKING THE RADIO.
(Minneapolis Star.)
Makers of nationally sold products
using radio broadcasting as an adver-
tising device are likely to get their
fingers burned if they yield much
further to temptation and try to crowd
more out and out sales talks into their
programs.
The logical home of radio advertising

Yours ever,
JOE HAWLEY
(Continued To-morrow.)