

THE POETS' CORNER

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

Plowman and Poet.

I see the plowman draw his stubborn
pen
Forward and back beneath the crum-
bling west.

Writing his vivid verses once again
Upon the patient earth's green palim-
sest.

The skies befriend him and his furrows
rhyme
With April rain, with dews of summer
morn:

The world is waiting while his rhythms
climb
Triumphant toward the epic of the
corn.

I plow afield where I alone shall reap;
No man awaits my ghostly harvestings,
Or knows the hidden acres full of sleep
Wherein my solitary sickle swings.

And yet we serve alike, when all is said,
Two equal needs—for beauty and for
bread.

—ODELL SHEPARD,
'Connecticut Anthology.'

Poetry Club Meeting.

Odell Shepard of Trinity college will
be the speaker at the meeting of the
Poetry club on Monday evening, Dec-
ember 9, at 8 o'clock at Center church
house. Professor Shepard has recently
returned from two years of study and
writing in England, and there is much
interest in the books soon to be pub-
lished. The previously published poems
and essays are well known by lovers of
good reading. Among these are "The
Lonely Flute," "The Harvest of the
Quiet Eye" and "The Joys of Forget-
ting."

Professor Shepard will speak on "Con-
necticut From Afar." This meeting will
be open to the public without charge
and all who are interested are cordially
invited.

"The poet, like the musician, need
not, perhaps better not, offer to his
hearers a completely wrought-out chain
of thought. He may take to himself the
function of the natural world whose
myriad sounds—the song of birds, the
rustle of leaves, the murmur of streams
—are harmonies accompanying the
meditation of the listener thereto. He
thus contributes the harmonies of the
music depending upon the reader to
supply the first part; the melody, the
theme, the thought. Through the turn-
ings intricate of verse, forms and sub-
stances, present themselves with added
glory."

—SAMUEL CHEW.

Lovers of Swinburne's poetry will en-
joy this new estimate of his poems by
Samuel Chew. It is more intent upon
the study of the poems than a biog-
raphy of the poet.

Tennyson said of Swinburne—"He is
a reed through which all things blow
into music."

FROM LOCAL WRITERS.

Birthday.
Every day
when I
cross the room
to see the sky,
I pause to hear
the brook run by.

Between my steps
along the floor
I hear it murmur
more and more
enough to shatter
a double-barred door.

And I, above
the rush and bubble
am charmed to share
that magic trouble
till suddenly
I see it double.

For while the world
is loud around
still bright between
the frosty ground
rises that lyric,
lovely sound

and through its prison
guard of ice
it breaks with humming
quaint device
with an insistence
rare and nice,

and I remember
how the heart
has, too, its singing
secret part
knowing not either
stop nor start.

—HELEN GILBERT.

Restless.
Tensely waiting, waiting
For something,
I know not what—
Alert, seeking, seeking
Something.

Unknown or forgot.
Madly racing, racing
From something,
Only the Future knows.
Vainly moving, moving
To find rest
From Life's sharp woes.

—B. M. G.

Who?
Does someone come stealing?
'Tis the wind in the trees.
Whose breath am I feeling?
'Tis the mist on the leas.

Whose footstep is falling?
'Tis the dew on the grass.
Whose voices are calling?
'Tis the stars as they pass.

Whose presence is near me?
'Tis the presence of God

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. XIX.

Warner agreed promptly to the ar-
rangement for on November 14 (1859)
less than two weeks later, Hawley wrote
acknowledging an article: "You perceive
by the Press which I send you today
that your article appears. I think it is
very good indeed. The only fault is
that it runs to politics—just where I
run all the while and from which I
want to relieve my readers a little. But
I say it is good."

Warner apparently was giving serious
thought of the possibility of eventually
coming to Hartford and joining Hawley
on the Press. Hawley was delighted at
the idea of course.

John Brown of Ossawatimie had just
raided Harper's Ferry and with his in-
terest in public affairs and in the new
political developments taking place in
the country, Hawley was alert to the
Brown episode and its effect as an in-
fluence on affairs.

For Stephen A. Douglas, Lincoln's
opponent in the famous debates, Hawley
had little use. His letter of November
14 ran on in this fashion:

Dear Charley:

We—Hattie and I—are glad to hear
you speak so approvingly of the idea of
your getting to Hartford some time or
other. I don't know that I can 'fix' it,
or can afford to, but I mean to try. But
don't say a word about it, for somehow
the birds sometimes carry such rumors
and nobody in our office dreams that I
think of ever making a change. It is so
fascinating an idea—Have you no
stories by you? Or something of a
literary sort? Bang away though and
free your mind. I wouldn't mind a
blood-and-thunder story of the Cobb or
Emerson Bennett sort—within bounds.

You are pretty nearly right about
Old Brown, though I really do think
that the old hero is a little cracked—a
little warped by his sufferings and his
intense devotion to the Great Cause.
But it's a grand sort of insanity. His
strange foray will do great good in the
end, I am satisfied. His heroism is a
revelation to thousands who never
dreamed that the anti-slavery cause
had such worshippers. As you say, it
will reach every slave and slaveholder.

Tonight's news looks as if Douglas
might die soon. For his sake I am
sorry; as for the political effect, I
cannot find that I care much either
way. I consider him one of the most
dangerous men of the age—a very bad
example to young men; practically
atheistic—a mere calculator of chances;
a compact, knotty mass of intellect, will
and passion with no moral develop-
ment; sure to win the admiration of
the unreasoning but a very bad man—
Good night, I'll write again.

Yours ever,
JOE.

Warner proved a prolific correspond-
ent. Possibly as a beginner in the
law who, as Hawley put it "had not
waited to get rich" before marrying,
he needed the money. At any rate he
kept the "good stuff" coming to Hart-
ford and on December 1, 1859 Hawley
was sending him a daily and a weekly
copy of the Press containing his latest
article and also mailing him a check
for the stipulated \$25 with the
monition: "Go on writing for me. Write
editorials on social and literary topics
—anything. . . . Your third will appear
as soon as possible—'tis good'."

Hawley a Busy Man.

Hawley was exceedingly busy. He
wrote to Warner again in December,
day not given: "If I don't write some-
thing here at my desk—some scrawl or
other—I shan't write at all. I am ter-
ribly hurried at this time of the year
and not well enough to work hard."

It was the season for getting new
subscribers and in the effort to make
the Press prosperous Hawley's attention
was given to the business as well as to
the editorial end of the paper. It was
the winter season and Hawley had
fought off a four-day threat of "lung
fever." Mrs. Hawley was "only half
well," and she was planning to go to
New York to a water cure.

There were also more compliments for
Warner on the excellence of his ar-
ticles, of one of which Hawley writes
that it "is almost too much like my
own life. I take my lunch in my office;
I dine late, and I did have a little
home and receive a cousin pretty often."

"Go on, write more," he concluded.

On January 3, Hawley was writing
again, betraying his eagerness to have
a continuance of the help Warner was
giving him in making the Press an ex-
cellent paper:

Hartford, Conn.
Jan. 3, 1859.

Dear Charley:
I don't get another communication
from you as I hoped I should, last week.
Please keep on helping a fellow if you
can possibly. Every word that you have
sent has been printed and sent to you
excepting your article on abolitionism,
which I shall use the first day when I
am in urgent need of help—with a little
alteration for this latitude.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

The First Settlement.
To the Editor of The Times:

It seems that the question which has
arisen between Windsor and Wethers-
field as to which is the older, or was

You spoke slightly of your charm-
ing sketch "Invited Out." It has been
complimented over and over again, by
Mr & Mrs. Hooker and my wife most
enthusiastically. . . .
If you can write such squibs with your
hand tied behind you keep doing it,
that's all. Give me another one. . . .

Truly yours,
J. R. Hawley.

On the Road to Prosperity.

Two weeks later, on January 16, Haw-
ley wrote again. His affairs were tak-
ing a fortunate turn. The Press re-
sponded to the efforts put forth and
was making progress—and some money.
Hawley was beginning to see the pos-
sibility of making Warner an offer,
but he had his partners to consider.
These were Hooker, his law partner,
Ex-Senator Francis Gillette, father of
William Gillette, the famous actor, and
the man who developed "Nook farm"
into what is now Forest street, and T.
P. Fisher. The Press was becoming
"more than any other paper the re-
publican organ of the state." Thus
Hawley wrote:

Hartford, Jan. 16, '60.
Press Office.

My Dear Charley:

You ought to receive by this time a
copy of Saturday's Press containing
your last letter for I attended to the
mailing myself. It's a very good letter
and Hooker and I both approved it Sun-
day evening when at the table after tea
the former read it aloud. And now let
me whisper something that you must
keep wholly to yourself for its being
known here might seriously injure us,
and you don't know but that the first
man you spoke to might mention it to
a Hartford man the same day.

Well, the old Press in 1858 failed of
paying its expenses by \$2,200. We
bought it in Feb. 1859, and did our best
to bring up the income and reduce the
expenses. It had grown every year.
Well, we have nearly finished making
up our accounts and they show that in
1859 the Press not only caught up but
passed ahead and paid a profit of about
\$1,000. Probably in the course of the
year we shall be obliged to buy new
type, so that we must continue our
economy. The fair gain last year was
about \$1,800—the rest of the apparent
advance came from a reduction of ex-
penses. If we gain at the same rate,
this year we shall make, you see, \$2,800
in 1860. I think we are good for \$2,500,
and whatever more we make will come
from my work in canvassing for sub-
scribers.

The proprietors—Hooker & his brother-
in-law, F. Gillette (ex-U. S. senator)
and T. T. Fisher, Esq. & myself will
meet in a few days to talk over results
for '59 and plans for '60.

Planning to Get Warner.

I hardly know how to speak to you
about it for everything is yet in the suds,
but the plan of Hooker & myself is to
get you here if possible. We don't know
how Gillette & Fisher may take it.
Hooker thinks that your labors would
add to the attractiveness of the paper
sufficiently to pay your salary the first
year. I don't know about that, especially
as the year is begun, and the time for
getting subscribers to the best advantage
is in December and January. But I am
satisfied that it would well pay in an-
other year.

I should pass over the miscellaneous
and literary departments to you, and
occasionally when I went off drumming,
the political also. If I had you by my
side with a copy of the Springfield Re-
publican, I could give you my idea of
the sort of paper I would like to make.
Unless you see that, the model paper
of New England you will not know how
much labor can be bestowed upon a
small space.

I have an idea that you and I could
make a tip-top paper. There are three
other daily papers here and a hot riv-
arly but we are gaining and have
reached the top of the hill. Hence-
forth we are sure of success if we labor
& faint not. With you here I could
feel much freer to run out a day and
scour a town adding to my list.

Now as I say, I cannot approach you
well under the present aspect of affairs
but don't you go to engaging yourself
elsewhere or tying yourself elsewhere
in any way. Will you come right away
if Hooker & I can persuade the others
that it is the best thing in the world?
Do you suppose that you can live on
\$800 a year this year. If you couldn't
we would piece it out—that is, you
should have enough to live on the first
year—that is, again you should be where
I am. And you should prosper with
the paper. As we could afford to give
more we would.

What would please me perfectly would
be to have you, Faxon and myself own
the paper ourselves, and that would be
the castle in the air toward which I
should work. The present proprietors
do not wish, I suppose, to retain it as a
money-making affair. They desired to
see it permanently established as a Re-
publican paper. It is more than other
papers, the Republican organ of the
state. . . .

Please write me promptly if you can;
and I should so like another story.
Yrs. truly in great haste,
JOE. R. HAWLEY.

(Continued To-morrow.)

who will investigate, and render judge-
ment accordingly.

Therefore the elation upon reading
this article.

A Constant Reader.
Hartford, December 2.

Ford and Prosperity

The Once Over

BY H. I. PHILIPS

HOW TO ENJOY A FOOTBALL GAME
OVER THE RADIO.

More and more people are beginning
to realize that it is folly to go through
all the annoyances of a long motor or
railroad trip to get the thrill of a big
football game or grid classic. You can,
it has been demonstrated, experience all
the hardships, inconveniences and
emotions by radio if you go about it the
right way.

FIRST—Get a pretty girl to listen in
with you and then jump into an auto-
mobile and drive around town through
heavy traffic an hour or two before the
broadcasting begins. Get behind as
many slow-moving trucks as possible
and make a serious effort to get lost.

SECOND—Park the auto about a mile
from the house and trot across country,
dragging the girl friend by the hand
and reaching the house a little too late
to hear the announcer's account of the
first period.

THIRD—Place a pine board or a slab
of slate between two chairs near the
radio and sit down, keeping on your
raccoon coat and draping the big green
and yellow blanket about your girl
friend. (If you want 100 per cent
realism, sit on a cake of ice instead of
the board or slab.)

FOURTH—Open a window in front
of you and one in the other room so you
will sit in a draft.

FIFTH—Jump up and give a good
long cheer for Old Rutgers or some-
body as each first down is announced
and join in the singing with gusto
when the broadcaster says, "Now I'll
let you hear the bands and the cheering
sections for a few seconds."

SIXTH—Throw your hat out of the
window and yell whenever a touchdown
is announced, no matter by which side.
(Note: This is where taking in a game
by radio has it all over personal at-
tendance. Sitting at the radio you can
cheer both sides, rah-rahing for Notre
Dame when it scores and whooping her
up just as vociferously for Army when
Army scores. In a stadium such con-
duct would be quite unpardonable.)

SEVENTH—When either goal is
threatened stand up and bellow, "Hold
'em Whoozies!" "Block that kick!" or
"Touchdown! Touchdown!" In fact
you can bellow all three without having
anybody except the girl friend suspect
inconsistency.

EIGHTH—Tear up a newspaper
now and then and throw the pieces over
your head, at the same time screaming
"Ye-yah-h-h-h-h!"

NINTH—Between the first and second
halves stand up an wave at imaginary
persons, calling "Hello Winthrop." "Ah
there, Chester." "Some game, eh, Ed-
die?" etc. Take the girl friend by the
arm and walk out into the back-yard.
Discuss the game excitedly, eat an all-
hot or two and produce the usual flask.

TENTH—Rush back into the house
but do not turn on the radio until four
plays have taken place.

ELEVENTH—After the radio an-
nounces the final play, dash out and go
looking for your parked automobile.
Take about an hour for this. Then
drive into heavy traffic and stay in it
until about 9:30. Then draw up in
front of a restaurant and get a pretty
terrible chicken dinner. You will then
have experienced every sensation and
emotion possible had you attended the
game.

Lines for Post-Thanksgiving Dinner.

Or all sad words
To speak (or sing)
The saddest are
"Give him the wing!"
Of all d— lies
The worst, by heck,
Is "That's all right,
I love the neck!"

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FACTS ABOUT RAILWAYS.

(Rock Island Argus.)

Addressing a luncheon club in Minne-
sota recently, the head of a Northern
Pacific railroad shop declared that for
less than three cents the modern rail-
road carries a passenger and 150 pounds
of baggage for the distance of a mile,
while at the same time the railway
system is hauling 9,000 pounds of ve-
hicle in order to seat him.

It was affirmed that for 1,081 cents
the railway transports a ton of freight
a mile, handling 1,500 pounds of dead
weight at the same time.

The shop superintendent told his
audience that from 1921 to 1929 in-
clusive freight rate reductions totaling
nearly five billion dollars have been
made. He asserted that in order to buy
a hand lantern a railway company must
haul a ton of ordinary freight 93 miles,
for a coal scoop 143 miles, a keg of
railway spikes 55 miles, an ordinary
cross tie 82 miles, a box car 168,946
miles. Before the money is available to
buy a day coach the railway must carry
a passenger 988,954 miles and to supply
a dining car one passenger must be car-
ried 1,760,442 miles.

This address has the merit of orig-
inality and it forces one to look at the
railroads and the service they furnish
from a new point of view. This speaker
said in addition that a third of all the
world's railroad mileage is in this coun-
try, that the railroads employ nearly
2,000,000 men, and in seven years have
expended seven and a half billions of
dollars in expansions and improvements
in properties and service.

Most certainly these figures are im-
pressive and testify to the great part
the railroads take in providing trans-
portation and in the upbuilding of the
nation.

stantly fought against with relentless
energy.

I would like to bring this thought
before the people in our state: Do you