



Permanence.

Florida may have its palms! bright particular flora, hurricanes or poky calms, I, for one, adore a

England landscape, cold, austere, beautiful as winter stars to us that sojourn here territories hinter.

and where Christmas comes with snow

and Santa Claus with reindeer, re spicy breezes seldom blow despite what poets feligned here.

re life although it's earnest, real, all but very few there, lived in houses people feel— somehow or other—grew there.

—HUGH R. WRIGHT.

ewly appointed councillor (at civic station, imperfectly acquainted with of microphone): "Hello, there! champagne at this end, please."— ch.

ack home from nine trips around world, Louis Fladger came in the er day and told us about beggars their families who live in floating s, no longer than bath tubs, in China ts, living and dying in them with- going ashore. Monroe North, the ist, back from Athens, tells us of the umn dwellers whose families until a years ago nested on the top of ated temple columns, never climbing wn, and receiving food in baskets on rope. To the person who goes to ces and sees for himself, the New rk claim to being the center of con- sition and restricted living conditions ist seem a great big bluff.

At Grinnell college, Iowa, a fifteen- ter fence has been erected around the ver landings of the fire escapes in e co-ed dormitories to prevent the eds from slipping down the escapes keep after-hour dates.

When co-eds at Shureff college in ton, Ill., openly declared that the men d not dress neatly nor with good ste, the men adopted the slogan, "We ay for Shows—That's Why We Wear hese Clothes," and proceeded to dress overalls.

H. J., who last week expressed sym- athy for those who must fill a daily colyuum" and who boosted our spirits veral points by offering further help, ay be interested in the device which e heard of over the week-end from J., who has transferred his newspa- er work from Hartford to New York. t seems a New York sports writer who oes a daily column found himself at is wits' end one day when the column as still a yawning blank, within a ew minutes of the deadline. Suddenly with a gesture of nonchalance he wrote at the top, "What Do You Think of What Arthur Brisbane Says?" and grabbed his scissors and pasted below Mr. Brisbane's column-long daily offer- ing. We are glad to tell you this, H. J., and besides there is personal profit in it because we find it easier to remember anything which we once put down on paper.

The ancients believed the seventh son would be lucky throughout life. He's lucky to get here now.

A "young" senator, apparently, is any 60-year-old who doesn't cackle approval when Smoot says something.

How unfortunate that each section of America got a conscience that prefers keeping some other section straight.

When all the fighting is done with gas, they'll probably select some smelly one for buck privates to release as a salute.

Yet any dozen of our five thousand novelists would be as famous as Dickens if they had no competition.

The gangster seems to evade all laws except that one concerning people who live by the sword.

Americanism: Expecting little when you buy a used car for \$200; feeling cheated because the government agent hired at \$2,200 isn't a \$50,000 genius.

... ..

ON ONE THING AND ANOTHER BY FREDERICK P. LATIMER.

Suppose we should write down here, "We wish that this column—". That would sound simple and natural enough, but it would be a plagiarism. Daniel Webster used exactly those words when he said in effect, "Rise, monument, rise," at Bunker Hill in 1825. And even there, you see, he borrowed from, "Rise, Sally, rise," an old ballad familiar to childhood of many generations. Great minds run in similar channels and it cannot be helped that once in a while a person will say a thing as somebody else may have said it long before. All this is aimed at "H. R. W." and T. H. Knott, who in combination have commu- nicated to this office (now the south end of the corridor), as follows:

We're gratified as one can be. Or even more, that "F. P. L."— Should quote old classics feelingly And ring the latest in as well.

(The above "what is it" refers to Mr. Latimer's very enjoyable article dealing with Dr. Canby on Thoreau. The precise concession is—"It takes all kinds to make a world, and some kinds must be able to tell us where we are and what we are about." It may have been merely an accidental resemblance to one of my recent first lines: in which case, an quite sure Mr. Latimer will charitably attribute to my rather dis- tressing self-consciousness. Seriously I found his column very delightful reading—"and," is what I should have said?)

In any case, Mr. Knott, we are grateful for your praise, but the "It takes all kinds, etc." was, as far as we are concerned, entirely a priori and sui generis. Like the me we once grasped some hypothetical crackers in the dark and they turned out to be dry yeast cakes. We were sorry not to have been able to quote Thoreau more liberally than we did, and would have enjoyed especially repeating his marvelous descrip- tion of the tobacco-juice imperilled the breakfast in the old farm house, near Hors Leech pond, north of Ca- hood's How, Cape Cod. Also from the perfect wonderful poems he wrote during his "Week on the Concord." That book matchless, and the one of Thoreau's most treasure. Few months go by without our reading it again.

We have heard also welcome from Clarence Wessell, who says: I hope I will pardon this brief note, but must congratulate you on your column in Wednesday night's Times. It is wonderful, and may I ask if by chance you borrowed my radio when was not at home, as it has all the symptoms and I think has the same case as yours? Trusting we may figure in the near future, I am, etc.

No, Mr. Wessell, we did not borrow your radio already had three in the house, if them on the hospital list, and it about as many as our family would for. And as for old Hard Struggle is quite comical what the chief with it really was. It was not any of Clarence's in sol- diering then. On Thursday night the case of Struggle was so ticklish that uncanny. If you moved in their enough to bend over and pick up a newspaper, the recep- tionist. If you walked on the floor of the radiator, on it would not did seem the height of my but when we took off the drawers unscrewing a con- nection the set we discovered that a plug from the first radio frequer to the first tuning con- denser on off short at the con- nection was resting loosely on it. The would make or break the con- nectio means another job of sol although by great skill we hauled the break that with- out any at all, at 6 o'clock in the eve were able to bring in very nam, Florida, and WLS, Chicago, some forty or fifty other among which we might have whole. That set has a magni port of having logged considerable than 400 stations since first installed. And we hate to it, but have determined on getting new set, of which, more at waiting for Santa Claus.

In that we have been having an ane is anybody must, seeking from an old-fashioned, brilliant ready radio condition. Those set you just about as much as to have the best. When the original purchase, the over parts, repeated repairs, added improved transformers and phasing of tubes, the bat- tery monthly bill, the three B batteries and every four months and all to an appalling sum and most of the economics of trout the about you get costs you more than as if you had had it, or bought it at that. These sets give you a lot of information and amount of day-

... ..

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. XXIV.

Events moved rapidly towards the break between the North and the South. In February a peace conference had been called to meet in Philadelphia and on the same day delegates gathered at Montgomery, Alabama, to form a southern confederacy. Beyond the middle of that month this organization was completed and Jefferson Davis was elected president. In March Lincoln took oath as president and the South viewed his inaugural address as a virtual declaration of war. The only question was when the powder magazine would be exploded.

April 14, Sumter was fired on and the country plunged into civil war. Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers and summoned congress into special session. The north was galvanized into action. Party lines were forgotten as citizens rushed to the support of their government. In New Haven a "custom house flunkie" was booted for expressing sympathy with the South, "Jeff" Davis was hanged in effigy and church meet- ings were held at which patriotic songs were sung. In Hartford a crowd quickly surrounded an individual who dared suggest sympathy with the South.

The Press discussed the situation in an editorial which Hawley presumably wrote. It said: "Upon President Lincoln and his cabinet an awful responsibility rests. The energy and daring of the traitors will not leave them idle. They must go forward—behind them is only infamy. The world looks on and history waits to make up her record—let them decide that at whatever cost of money and life, Freedom shall become free and undisputed master of the whole field, and the work will be done.

Satisfy the people that there is to be no imbecility at the head, no faltering, no retreat—that the high, glorious and indomitable purpose of our revolution- ary fathers rules at Washington, and men ready to fight for Liberty and the Flag will answer the summons at the instant by tens of thousands. Con- necticut looks at her revolutionary record, repeats her "Qui transtulit sustinet" and is ready.

Hawley First To Enlist.

A large number of citizens, of whom Hawley was one, signed a call for a meeting of public at Touro hall on Wednesday, April 17. Meantime Hawley, who earned the distinction of being the first man in Connecticut to enlist, was busy with A. S. Drake or- ganizing Rifle Company A., the first unit raised and accepted for service in the state. In twenty-six hours after the undertaking began the company had been raised, organized and accepted by the governor. Not only were ranks filled but there was a surplus of twenty-three men.

The Sixth Massachusetts passed through Hartford the morning following the public meeting, on its way to the front and many citizens were at the station to give them a greeting. Hawley was designated as spokesman.

These were not the only demonstra- tions of patriotism. Banks of Hart- ford offered to loan the government a half-million dollars. An unnamed citizen offered \$10,000 more. The Colt company offered to equip a regiment with revolving breach rifles, carbines or pistols and to furnish instruction and drill in their use. Both the Colt company, the Sharps Rifle company, and Colonel Hazard of the powder mills, announced that they would make no sales to or for the South, directly or indirectly. The Colt company de- clared its purpose to sell its output first to Connecticut, next to the United States and none to the South.

At the Touro hall public meeting the presiding officer was Lieutenant-Gov- ernor George S. Catlin. When George G. Sill, proposed a sum to be raised to provide a flag for the regiment to go from Connecticut, Lieutenant Gov- ernor Catlin begged the privilege of furnishing it. There were calls for Hawley to speak and he told of the progress made in recruiting Rifle Company A. Twenty-five men were needed and from all over the hall came cries of, "I'll go."

Senator Dixon, who had just arrived home from the National Capitol, said he had been asked, "Is Connecticut ready?" To which he replied: "When the country is in danger Connecticut is always ready."

Recruits Pushed Into Service.

Hawley and his recruits were rushed into service with bewildering speed. Hawley himself engaged rifles for the company at Sharps Rifle factory in Hartford. It was at first expected Hartford would be the rendezvous of

good spirits. All doing well—only one bad boy. Colonel praises us highly. Good bye my good old friend. Love to your dear Susie & the rest of Nook Farm.

Yours Joe Hawley.

In Camp at Washington.

Arrived at Washington the regiment went into camp on high ground over- looking the city. Getting started in war is slow business. The northern troops which responded to Lincoln's call were gathered around Washington as rapidly as they could be mobilized. The citizen soldiers had to be trained and armed, equipment and supplies arranged. Later in the month Hawley wrote from Washington, whence he had "run over on business." He expected to sail in a day or two, the forces having Hampton Roads as a rendezvous. Fifty vessels were in the fleet. Hawley antici- pated no great battle but expected that some important points would be taken and held. He wanted Warner to send a marked copy of an article he, Hawley, had written, to Simon Cameron, Lincoln's secretary of war. Gideon Welles had suggested it and Hawley wrote that Welles had applied the word "villanous" to the transaction it dis- cussed. Even in the army Hawley maintained a spirit of independence and was willing to stand by his ideas as to what he believed constituted right procedure. He also wanted a copy of his article sent to H. J. Raymond, editor of the New York Times.

"Big battle here within a fortnight, perhaps within a week," he concluded. "McClellan very confident, but very cool and cautious."

The next letter was nine days later, May 24, 1861. The Connecticut troops were in "Camp Buckingham." After ex- pressing approval of some business mat- ters Warner apparently had written him about, he said:

"You can have no idea of the intense application, the perfect absorption of my mind and body in the duties before me. The great cause, the honor of the state—of our regiment, our company, the lives and health of my boys—you can see what considerations press upon me every instant and demand that I, five weeks ago a greenhorn in military matters, should exert myself to the utmost. I will write what I can. We are getting exciting news every moment. I will give you a little of it for The Press, but it will all reach you long first by telegraph."

The ordinary problems of life also pressed in on Hawley in spite of his military duties. "Please send my sister Dia, at 21 Amity place, New York, twenty dollars and charge the same to me," he wrote in this letter. "Tell Hattie (Mrs. Hawley) to correspond with Dia about funds. Let her stay at the school while she thinks it necessary. Then he added:

Wants Money for His Boys.

"I wish I might have a draft for one hundred dollars or even two. Many of our boys have very little money and I have to pay for many little things for the benefit of the company? And we don't know when we shall get our pay. Can't you do it?" "Give my love to Susie (Mrs. Warner), Lillie & anybody that cares. "I wish Hooker would send me a line. I will at least acknowledge it."

And finally in a postscript Hawley could not restrain his praise of his com- pany or the impatience which the men at the front felt for the tactics of the government: in routing troops around Baltimore after the assaults made on the Massachusetts regiment in the streets there. He wrote:

"Print what you please. I don't know anything but our own company, & it won't do to be so partial. Write me when you can. Any time a brief note will be thankfully received. Hattie does nobly. I think we are going to have a crack company. We have 13 rifle & pistol makers in it. Many glorious good fellows. They insist on my being Capt. My superiors tell me to accept. Would you believe it? Even our raw recruits would have preferred never to give up going through Baltimore. "The action of government has driven the people wild with demoniac rage."

Hawley's First Foray.

The next letter Warner received was one which Hawley had written to his wife and which Mrs. Hawley forwarded to Warner prefaced by a note of her own. In it Hawley described a little foray into the country surrounding Roach's Mills, Fairfax county, Virginia, where his company was at Camp Tyler. The letter, addressed to Mrs. Hawley and dated June 17:

"Camp Tyler, Roach's Mills, Fairfax Co., Va., June 17, '61. My Darling:

Your good letter of Friday and Satur- day was received just now (noon on Monday). I wrote you yesterday fore- noon, leaving the letter to be finished and mailed by Faxon who was here. The order to send out the left four flank companies was countermanded & an- other issued sending 40 men from each company; the odd numbered Cos. to send captains also; the even numbered only lieutenants. That threw me (Co.

It Is Only the Child Mind That Thinks Marbles Worth Fighting For BY ROBERT QUILLEN.

In the time of our grandfathers a religious crank excited the Middle West by predicting the immediate end of the world.

Thousands believed him and began to make preparations for the end. They sold their property at ridiculous prices, forgave their enemies and purged their hearts of greed.

Their belief in falsehood cost them dearly, but for the moment they saw a great truth and the truth made them free.

They saw that property has no value to a man who is ready to die. Neigh- bors who had quarreled over a boundary line saw how foolish they had been and made shame-faced apologies.

They understood the little worth of the things for which they had been contending, and at once they were free of malice and jealousy and envy.

If they had remembered the lesson, and had succeeded in teaching it to the world, the crank might have gained rank as one of the great benefactors of the human race.

It is a truism that the love of money is the root of all evil—that the greed for gain causes the greater part of the world's crime and combat and suffering.

And it is equally obvious that this greed for gain continues to curse the earth solely because men are not yet wise enough to understand that all are under sentence of death.

If men could see the truth and com- prehend it fully, not one among them would contend for possessions and all would be free.

It is the desire for power and dis- tinction and praise that prompts men to seize and hold properties. And if all of them, living in expectation of death should learn to scorn possessions, there would be none to covet and no incentive to accumulate.

Men would find other ways to win praise and distinction and power— saner and more honorable ways—and civilization would at last be rid of its shackles.

When none envy property, none will accumulate it. When the greed for gain is conquered, crime will end.

It is not unreasonable to predict the end of greed. It is simply a matter of increasing wisdom. When men are in- telligent enough to see the truth, their childish quarrels over trinkets will give way to a manly competition in unself- ish service. (Copyright, 1929, Publishers Syndicate).

The Once Over BY H. I. PHILIPS

THE OIL KING GOES SOUTH. (Copyright, 1929, by the Associated Newspapers.)

"Snow having covered his course at Pocantico Hills, John D. Rockefeller left for Ormond Beach where he will be able to play every morning as usual." News item).

Mr. Rockefeller (looking out the win- dow of his home at Pocantico and seeing the estate snow-covered): Ugh! Take it away!

Secretary: Take what away, sir? Mr. Rockefeller (pointing with great aversion): Look! Snow! Br-r-r!

Secretary: I suppose you'll want to go South at once, sir?

Mr. Rockefeller: Immediately. Just look at all that snow! Br-r-r! Can't we leave right away? Ugh!

Secretary: I had arranged for us to leave in a few days but I guess we can charter a special and go the first thing to-morrow.

Mr. Rockefeller (very anxiously): Good! Just look at that snow. It's buried every fairway. I wish we'd left last week. I had a feeling we might not get away before it snowed. How about the packing?

Secretary: Nearly everything's ready, sir.

Mr. Rockefeller: Got all the clubs in the golf bag?

Secretary: I think so.

Mr. Rockefeller: Sure that new put- ter is in it?

Secretary: I've checked up on it.

Mr. Rockefeller: Better see that plenty of balls are packed, too. They charge more for 'em in Florida.

Secretary: Yes sir.

Mr. Rockefeller: And those celluloid tees that fellow sent me. Be sure you don't forget them.

Secretary: I'll take care of every- thing, sir.

Mr. Rockefeller: I'll want woolen sweaters and a good windbreaker, you know. A cold wind whips across that Ormond course some days.

Secretary: How about straw helmets?

Mr. Rockefeller: Oh, I've plenty of those down at Ormond, but you might make sure I've enough gloves. I do wish we could get going at once. Just look at that snow. Br-r-r-r.

The Next Day.

Secretary: Well, everything's set. Are you all ready?

Mr. Rockefeller: I certainly am. Look at that snow!

Secretary: Here's the motor. I'll bundle you in carefully.

Mr. Rockefeller: You're sure every- thing's been packed?

Secretary: Everything.

Mr. Rockefeller: You haven't over- looked anything?

Secretary: Nothing.

Mr. Rockefeller (suddenly): How about new dimes?

Secretary (quiltily): Why, er, er...

Mr. Rockefeller: I knew we'd forget something.

tion was not wise in going against their wishes. I did not mean it as a threat or as an

