



cription for a Tobacco Jar. ne at hand; and as my fumes rise, find a jar the gates of Paradise. nted from Cope's Tobacco Plant.

The Dead. en you're dead, you're dead, en, prayers said relieve your lot alleth not. —O. B. J.

nous Buyer Acquires Colonial Tea Table for \$29,000. —Headline.

only difference is that the col- quired it for serving tea.

orrow night in Chicago the of David basketball team from Harbor, Mich., composed of men ng hair, plays the Taylor Trunks ggregation from the Windy City, nowing of woman's reputed pen- for hair pulling, the King David plan to braid their locks," ac- to a report. Even so, we would ur money on the females, as it r to catch hold of a pigtail than on crop.

bull fighting on the wane in and Spain where football as a : sport is said to be encroaching. reador song will have to be d to "Three Times Three!"

Times says there are indications e institution known as the Sat- night bath is but a myth, as the ns have been made a Sabbath nstead. It is a natural evolution age of the bigger-and-better phy; you now have all day Sun- whereas it was only an evening before.

tle while ago a lady in Middle- ried to post a letter in a fire box, and had to apologize to the nd ladder. Only three or four ter a man, stranger in town, re- the error, and he was arrested.

th before, a gentleman from a orthern New England town vis- n Washington, D. C., was also ed to see the apparatus dash up e tried to send a line home by f a little red box. The thing to be spreading, and should be up by congress. The postmaster l, for instance, might grant fire- mission to carry mail bags with xes and boots.

More About Resolutions.

is, perhaps, as good a time as air a few well-meant prejudices ng New Year resolutions. At takes more courage than whim- to go around stenciling "Fran case lots of such a commodity old Father Time is hiding his sons so satisfactory to all con- It is only after nearly half a y's perambulations of this planet e venture to express the opinion solutions coincident with the f any old year suffer from an g tendency to infant mortality re almost invariably laid away one so poor as to do them rev- It may not be entirely our hat the wicked corn popper as l on New Year's night brought niscent and rather rueful smile ot-so-classic countenance as w t of the barrage we used to n our younger days about this of the month.

doxically speaking, our principal on to these January departures ormalcy is the impetus they fur- procrastination. If there is any in a contemplated procedure, it be put into execution forthwith ebrated on New Year's day with riate Te Deums—though some of y as well change that spelling later. After all, it is something arship to forego a comforting f virtue which seems none the thentic because it happens to be ure.

tever the Fates slipped us in of wisdom warns us that this which was at least intended to ane, if not sprightly, in tone is lling into a sad commentary on sses of which we have more ur share. Conformity, concern- dch we are usually sufficiently has enough in its favor to con- is that 1931 will find us pan-

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

The Golden Orchids. In the snow-born waterfalls we found the golden orchids Nodding in the moss beneath the thun- der. Though many a snowstorm there had come and gone, Though many a wind had deeply snowed them under, They nodded there, and slept in spite of thunder, In delicate, serene and golden wonder. —VACHEL LINDSAY.

Vachel Lindsay, the troubador poet of America, will read his poems on Janu- ary 14 at the Bulkeley high school. His last book "Every Soul Is a Circus," will interest those who heard him at the Woman's club last spring, because of the further explanation in the preface concerning his ideas of poetry and the dance. The most quoted poem in the book is "The Virginians Are Coming," which he gave here, explaining "Vir- ginians" was a symbol of that which was best in American character and typified by Washington and Jefferson.

Of Sorrow. There are many things more bitter than sorrow; Joy is one of them, when it begins to grow stale; Weariness, and defeat, and the long battering of greed. And the quick frustration of desire; Contentment without freedom is the bitterest of these things. New sorrow is the thin horn of a moon peeping over the curve of moun- tains; Old sorrow is the soft fringe of the twilight along the edge of the world. New sorrow is the keen bright rim of a precipice blown bare with the wind; Old sorrow is a grove at the head of a high valley, misty with moun- tain rain. Many things are more bitter than sor- row. Few are more beautiful. —CLIFFORD GESSLER.

Clifford Gessler is literary editor of the Honolulu Star-Bulletin, and the author of "Kanaka Moon." The editor of Poetry, Harriet Monroe, who is a poet and a discoverer of poets, will lecture in Hartford at the Bushnell Memorial Monday evening, January 27 at 8 o'clock. This is an opportunity to become informed of contemporary poetry, since Miss Monroe has done more to foster the modern expression of poetry than any other one person. Tickets are on sale at the book-shops.

Another distinguished poet, Robert Frost, will be heard here on January 17.

FROM LOCAL WRITERS.

New Year's Eve. Upon the earth soft shone the silver beams Of pale curved moon; a lingering bright star Through heaped gray clouds its lonely vigil kept, Watching from realms afar. While on the dial, which marks the fleeting hours From that great oneness of eternal dawn. Time's finger wrote, nor feared a charge so grave— And a new year was born. —KATHARINE GILMAN GROU.

To Leonora Speyer. I saw a lady in a velvet gown With filmy tulle about her singing throat And heard the rise and fall of liquid note And all sweet sounds wherein the listeners drown. And then the garment fell—or was it thrown. The tulle slips slowly from an ivory arm And suddenly, all palpitating, warm— The heart of woman—naked and alone. —BERNICE BETTMAN.

Antique Mirror. A long, dim, lustered looking-glass— It catches all things as they pass; Through a century of mist, Which the sun has faintly kissed,

It has seen Colonial dresses, High-piled, white, coy, curly tresses; Fans, hoop-skirts with lovely laces, Patched and powdered highborn faces.

It has seen brave, gallant men Come to dance and go again; Wearing soldiers' outfits gay Kissing hands and riding away.

It has caught quaint, bright bouquets, Splendid mothers' gracious ways, Fathers tall, and darkies' smile; Bustle in the hall the while.

Dashing Carter, sportsman-son Shows at dawn, the spoil he's won, Bringing through the great front door, Red furred foxes numbering four.

It has mirrored pale green lights (Cool mint juleps, spring twilights), Radiance of summer noon, Shimmer of the southern moon;

Found it faithful, sure to paint Past things vivid, present faint; Mellow braided rug is seen Pictured there, on edge of green

town from out the opening door.

Letters of General Joseph R. Hawley Hero of the Civil War, Hartford Editor, Governor of Connecticut, Congressman and United States Senator. Written by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER His Lifelong Friend and Associate in Newspaper Work. Copyright, 1929, by The Hartford Times, Inc., Trustee.

NO. XLVIII. Hawley's stay at the front after his furlough in Hartford and the stimulat- ing experience of participating in the presidential campaign was comparative- ly brief. General Butler was ordered to New York to take charge of troops keeping order in the election and pre- vent deserters and former rebels from voting. General Hawley was ordered to take command under Butler and ar- rived in New York on November 6 with the 6th, 7th and 10th Connecticut regi- ments. The troops remained in New York until November 14 when they sailed back for the James river a move- ment which was interpreted in the North as presaging early activity on the part of Grant.

Lincoln was re-elected over McClel- lan, Connecticut giving him its vote by a margin of fewer than 3,000 Hartford gave Lincoln 2,479 votes and McClellan 2,860, a majority for McClellan of 381. Hated as they were by republicans, the position taken by ex-Governor Sey- mour and Alfred E. Burr commanded support of a majority of the voters.

Back at the front Hawley found a lull in operations as far as he was con- cerned. Grant had sent General Butler to attempt to take Fort Fisher at Wil- mington, North Carolina. This was a combined military and naval operation with Commodore Porter in charge and Butler commanding on land. After a two-day bombardment on Christmas and the day before Butler decided against further attack and withdrew Porter's fleet lying off the city and hop- ing for permission to try again.

Hawley was normally a man of in- tensely human sympathies and tender hearted. There was a romantic streak in his nature which made him, at times, almost poetical, as evidenced in one of his early letters as a youth in Furning- ton when he described to Warner his farewell to a young woman with whom he had had a few days of casual but joyous acquaintance. He retained his sympathetic nature as far as his friends and the men who fought under him was concerned, but the war steeled his heart against rebels and perhaps even more against those at the North who evaded military service and sent substitutes as well as those citizens who failed to sup- port the war and the army. For crooked profiteers and traitors at the front he had intense hatred. This contrasting side of Hawley's nature was well re- vealed in his letter of December 27:

"Before Richmond." Hd., Qrs., etc., Before Richmond, Va. December 27, 1864.

Dear Charley: (This is the best piece of paper handy). My staff is changing so fast that I shan't know myself. (For the Press). First Lieutenant John Van Keunen, 7th Conn. Vols. has just been mustered out after three years and three months' service. In August 1861 he joined the company (Co. A), which Gen. Hawley was raising for the 7th C. V. and was made a sergeant. He rose to be a first lieutenant, and since January 1864 he has been the Inspector of Gen. Hawley's Brigade. He has served most honorably and faithfully and retires with the regrets and good wishes of his superior officers. Then print that, please.

"Van" has been a good "boy," but his wife and three children are too much for him. He is a journeyman jeweler by trade, but he belongs to the only aristocracy that I mean to recognize hereafter. My Commissary, Capt. W. T. Seward, of Guilford, whom I worked so hard to get promoted just goes right off and leaves me, but I cannot blame him. His "lady-love" lives in Savannah and he hasn't seen her since

Twenty-five Years Ago To-day JANUARY 7, 1905

Frank S. Brown estate sells Linden block on Main street to Curtis C. Cook for \$240,000. George O. McLean of Tolland county, state factory inspector, reports 193,025 operatives employed in 1916 plants. Reinhardt Johnson installed as chan- cellor commander of Hermann lodge, Knights of Pythias. Keron Conran, for twenty-eight years superintendent of Charter Oak park, dies at age of 72. Hartford Opera house presents Hal Reid's new play, "A Working Girl's Wrongs." Pilston farm house at Cherry park Collinsville, 150 years old, destroyed by fire. Bristol Trunk Hardware company in

he ran away from the militia company he belonged to in Georgetown, S. C., in June 1861. So he goes on duty to Port Royal and will doubtless be Post Com- missary at Savannah.

I want two good aides. You know that these officers belong to a general they are his personal staff and ac- company him to whatever command he may be assigned to. I will get them commissioned in some Conn. regiments and then detailed to report to me. (Burton's position for instance.) Now where shall I look? Do you know any young men of character and position and some military knowledge and ex- perience, who would take such places? or is it impossible to move the "higher classes" of Conn.? Do they all think that "anybody will do for a soldier," and that they are all too good to be killed? Name somebody to me if you can and please speak to George Bissell. My aides now are a St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., farmer youth and a New York Herald type, both brave and sensible youths, but they are both from the 16th N. Y. Heavy Artillery and I want to return them. I want to make arrangements for permanent aides and I ought to take them from Conn.—Sherman has done nobly, but of course the rebels all escaped. We who know the ground ex- pected nothing else. Foster's troops weren't within 15 miles of closing up the avenue or "investing" the city. Rather think Butler's expedition to Wilmington a failure for the present. Somewhat expect to see them all back here soon. Tell Mrs. Hooker, Hattie has sent me her letter. Very much obliged indeed. Very glad to hear Col. Beecher isn't seriously hurt.—What do you think of coming down to see me? Gen. Terry will soon go home on leave. Ditto Gen. Foster. I shall probably have command of the Division temporarily—about 2,000 men for duty. Impossible for me to think of getting a leave for some months—possibly 10 days in February. Haven't written to Mr. Howard (Mark Howard, Hartford insurance president —Ed.) yet. Please give him my views. Whatever Calvin Day, Mr. Hammond, John Hooker and George Bissell say is right I will do. They shall be my politi- cal trustees.

Love to all, Yours as usual, JOE.

Shooting Deserters. Nothing looks like very active opera- tions here just now. We must re- organize our troops and re-discipline them. Shot 5 Conn. deserters last week in this Corps, and one New Hamp- shire bounty jumper yesterday.

Got a lot more to shoot. Going to publish the names of their principals, all substitutes of course. I think the Corps will shoot three or four more this week. I tell you every word H. Clay Trumbull has written is correct. The scum of Hell is sent here. Con- necticut is bedaubing herself with infamy, while she pretends that she is very patriotic in filling her quota. The best Connecticut officers are raving mad about it.

Your Marcy's and Hatches and their confederate brokers all deserve hanging. They are thieves and pirates, the whole of them. I should like to see them shot. I'd have as little sympathy as I did for those five bounty jumpers of the 1st Heavy, who all kneeled in a row with hands tied before them and eyes bandaged, and were fired at by 50 men.

Two did not die at the first discharge. I looked at the turned up eyes of one and saw one of the guards come up within six feet and put a ball through his head. I really felt no more emotion than if it had been a dog. I only wish it had been a substitute broker or some piratical Provost Marshal. That's just how we all feel now. We shall shoot right straight along without mercy all the deserters we can catch.

Let me tell you this fact. I asked Gen Ord, commanding this army, if it was not so, and he said it was. We lose more by desertion than the rebels do, and yet our fond, foolish people up North think that the rebel armies are breaking up.

I'm going to write you a letter for publication—in good temper and style—but I mean to open people's eyes and I expect to make some folks mad.

Why don't you get to begin with, just the press you want? Be sure and tell me how fast your new press will print.

Continued To-morrow..

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE Communications designed for publication in this column must be signed by the writer and ad- dress given. Anonymous letters will not be printed.

Justifies Coast Guard's Acts. To the Editor of The Times.

Concerning your recent editorial on rum runners, I beg to differ with Mr. Edmonds of Waterbury by stating my belief that you conceded to these un- fortunate men all the sympathy to which any lawbreaker is justly entitled. In this I do not mean the casual law- breaker, but the type that has defied and ridiculed the Coast Guard's attempt to obey orders and protect American ports.

In defense of his own opinion, Mr. Edmonds seems to have forgotten three facts. First, that the eighteenth amendment is a law, whether it pleases all of us, or not; second, there is a type of lawbreaker who will stop only when a bullet persuades him; third, that this type of lawbreaker is no more a hero than the bandit or stick-up man who may be killed in the pursu- ance of unlawful acts.

It is not within my province to argue the right or wrong of prohibi- tion. It is on our statute book, and should be enforced or repealed. The question is squarely up to all of us, however, as to whether we should approve the law or its violators, and our attitude toward the latter can be no more humane than the violator will permit.

I would hesitate to believe that Mr. Edmonds elects to encourage law- breakers. I would prefer to believe that this indignation has been the re- sult of impulse rather than careful thought. And, until he gives reasons why any skipper should run a harbor fairway without lights, and thereby provide a menace of collision—until he excuses this menace, not once but as many times as the rum runner shall bring a cargo of illicit liquor into a pro- tected American port—until he con- tends that fishing and pleasure craft and merchant shipping should be sub- jected to such hazard, we may leave prohibition entirely outside the argu- ment and still say why such vessel should not be fired upon whether it be peace time or otherwise.

Rum running is no child's game. It is carried on by men who can lay no valid claim to the respect of law abid- ing Americans, nor claim their sym- pathy for consequences. The Coast Guard has been maligned and criticized and all but spat upon. It is time that all right minded citizens gave it at least their moral support.

H. E. WHITEHOUSE. Hartford, Jan. 6.

Commends Times' Editorial.

To the Editor of The Times. I wish to send a word of commenda- tion on the editorial in The Times of January 4, entitled: "Reckless Demon- stration." To be sure, people of the type who engaged in the demonstra- tion are not much given to reading editorials, but such editorials do have a permanent constructive value with those who are or will be the real lead- ers of the country. I think I can see a steadily rising tone in the editorial pages of your paper; I am one of those who appreciate this, and wish you every success in your efforts to give an up- lift to the life and spirit of the city and country. Thank you for the edi- torial.

GEORGE W. BROWN. India Department, Kennedy School of Missions. Hartford, January 6.

Faithful Postal Employee.

To the Editor of The Times: Roscoe C. Thomas, employed as a clerk at the Hartford post office for nearly forty years, died at St. Francis hospital January 1, 1930. Assigned to the city distribution division, he be- came an expert in his knowledge of business houses and residents of Hart- ford, and was noted for his proficiency as a correct sorter of mail. His promo- tion to foreman of carriers followed and after ten years of this service, was as- signed to the directory division, where again his knowledge proved invaluable in sending letters to their proper desti- nation. We, his associates, will miss him, and the Hartford post office has lost a loyal, faithful servant.

Hartford, Jan. 6. M. J. D.

Has Same Radio Trouble.

To the Editor of The Times: I have just read the letter signed "Also a Radio Fan" in The Times and I agree with every word he says. The loud roaring noise on the radio in this locality is certainly due to the street lights, for I have tested it repeatedly. I live on West Preston street, and there is a street light near my house. My radio plays beautifully all day long, but day after day, with the turning on of that street light, a loud scratching roar comes out of the set, a noise that would drive you out of the house. Like the person who signed his letter "Also a Radio Fan," I can get nothing but WTIC without the roar, so my set is practically useless for four nights of the week.

I think it is outrageous that nothing is done to correct this matter. I certainly do not think the noise is oil burners, or motors, for if it were it would be noticeable during the day. And it is not. It is the street lights and it certainly ought to be fixed right away.

ANOTHER RADIO FAN. Hartford, Jan. 7.

THEY WILL FIND IT.