

murders may be expected To affect this desired re-

ITUDE IN ACTION. ation to-day of the Florence ng at the Hartford hospital

ICAN POLITICS. any devices in the rules- lical parliamentary proce-

AGAIN ADVANCES. ee days ago the weather est that before the winter

MYSTERIOUS. ed "fountain of youth" as thoroughly hidden to-



Colonial. Everything he did was, in the name of God, For his own and his children's children.

And attend with a smile the latest skit, "Hot Lips," "Hot Mamma," "Flame" and "It."

Missing Persons' Bureau, Plea. "Editor and Publisher," in its annual market survey of the United States, gives the population of the trading area of Los Angeles as 1,900,002 persons in 1928, and 1,900,000 in 1929.

We should think a good, argu- tive, up-and-coming insurance could write a lot of business in Connecticut village of Hazardville

I am wondering if that secor line was not deliberately and basel pur- loined by J. M. C. and distorted, suit his own hellish purpose. If re- will he kindly give us the source of

When very young, at the a W of 2, he began his poetic career. At x, m.) he evinced a voracious app for food.

AS ONE FISHERMAN TO ANOTHER BY FREDERICK P. LATIMER.

By great good fortune last Monday night we accepted the kind invitation of a friend and went down to the auditorium of the Unitarian church on Pearl street to hear and see the en-

It was Dr. Harper's last occasion of the kind in this world and we might have suspected it, he put into his talk so much that went beyond the mere relation of a sportsman, however good, and was in a true way spiritual.

In a little while after he had begun the Doctor lost himself utterly in the memory of many, many past days in the woods and by the streamside. He saw before him as if they were really present the pools and the ripples of his beloved rivers, the flash of fin and scale, and felt all over again the thrills of the strikes, the tugs on the line, the zest of the casting and playing.

In the old copy we have of the "Com- plet Angler," bought by Augustus, the father of the late Senator Frank B. Brandegee, June 1st, 1849, while he was at Yale, are verses which we wish to reprint.

Let me live harmlessly and near the brink Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling place;

Let them that list, these pastimes still pursue, And on such pleasing fancies feed their fill.

The flaming chariot of the world's great eye; The watery clouds that, in the air up roll'd

The hills and mountains raised from the plains, The plains extended level with the ground, The ground divided into sundry veins.

The lofty woods, the forests wide and long, Adorn'd with leaves and branches fresh and green,

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. LL.

On January 15 General Terry and Commodore Porter had taken Fort Fisher at Wilmington after terrific hand-to-hand fighting in which the column of sailors had been repulsed but the soldiers under Terry had made their way into the fort and gained success after a bitter struggle.

Rev. William Crosswell Doane was rector of St. John's church in the Civil war period. He got into a controversy with the Press in January 1865. An editorial explains that the Press, according to custom had printed an announcement of a choral service to be held at St. John's church.

"What was he that the summer sky— Should so oppress me dark and low?" It concludes with the stanza: "Oh friend, once only friend, who gave Thy life in loving deed and brave;

Hawley had not been able to get home for his sword, but was overwhelmed by the reports of the magnificence of the gift.

He saw that the law was definitely and permanently behind him and was selling some of his law books. As the beginning of the end of the struggle was now to be seen his interests were turning more to details of ordinary affairs at home.

Dear Charley: I just got your exceedingly welcome letter of the 15th. Shall add a few disjointed sentences to the long and boring letter and I send herewith.

What glorious news from Wilmington! What a magnificent opportunity for Terry and how splendidly he has improved it. We parted with great feeling and I've felt most deeply the responsibility of his mission.

Set Terry up; he deserves it. After this war, if we both live, I want, and it has long been my plan, to try and make him occupy a high position politically. He is a noble man. I want you to know him.

I might withhold my criticisms upon Butler's Wilmington movement, but I still think they are just, on general principles. Terry must now be a full Major General and must have his Corps. It was cruel to put Gibbon in here while Terry was gone.

Put Buckingham Through. You are right—go on and renominate Gov. B. and put him through. What under the sun does Rider mean by talking about selling the American Encyclopedia? For pity's sake stop him.

What a goose Crosswell Doane (rector of St. John's church—Ed.) is. Tell 'em if

the supreme despotic power—it howls fiercely at Davis. The rebel House turns Foote over to Davis to do with as D. pleases. (Foote was a rebel senator who tried to escape to the north.—Ed.) Yours JOE.

Awed by Sword Splendor. Got the news of Fort Fisher yesterday. Bands out—salutes fired—everybody cheering—couriers galloping with the news, even squad of soldiers or officers cheering—Glory. Terry is "top" of the heap now. Set him up. Connecticut is too modest.

Don't quite agree that that sword ought to have been all money. It looks like a large sum, to be sure, but I shall take that sword to bed with me the rest of my life. Wouldn't take a leg for it. Would give just \$10,000 to-day (all I'm worth) if I'd gone to Fort Fisher.

Warner desired to visit Hawley at the front and Hawley was anxious to have him but did not expect to remain long before Petersburg. Within three days of so writing he got orders transferring him to Fort Fisher, to rejoin Terry.

Hd. Qrs. 1st Div. 24th A. C. Jan. 29th '65

Dear Charley: We had a big scare here the other day—headquarters of the Army of the James was more scared than the army for it knew the danger better. The rebel fleet was very near running down past us to City Point—destroying our pontoons and cutting us off from all connection with the other army.

I have the post of danger—the right flank with altogether too few troops. If the rebels should come there it would be with a desperate endeavor to make a brilliant stroke. I have about 6,500 fighting men, about 25 guns and four detached redoubts with "redans," "curtains," etc. besides. I have to straddle over at least three miles of front and there are only two light brigades in reserve to move to a threatened point.

In Lee's Path. If Lee makes a desperate attack anywhere, it will be here. And he is meditating some stroke or other Turner says. Perhaps he will only try a minor enterprise to encourage his troops. They have moved some heavy guns out of Richmond and have been fortifying lines near Danville and below there. I couldn't say that they are preparing to evacuate but, like wise men, they are providing against the quite possible contingency of being obliged to go.

Breokinridge is rebel secretary of war. We learn that Lee is to be Commander-in-Chief, Johnston to take Lee's army and Beauregard to have Hood's. Sherman's movements will depend somewhat on what Hood's army does—I didn't see you do my brigade justice in the Fort Fisher affair. The Fort would not have been taken that night—perhaps not all but for my men. Four battalions of it—the old brigade precisely, went in last with a yell—about 800 men and ran from traverse to traverse, chasing the rebels out. To be sure they lost but 33 men but it took just as much courage to go up in style—they couldn't anticipate that it would be such easy work after what had been done.

Severity of Fight Exaggerated. The severe character of the fighting has been exaggerated. Ames' Division took only 3600 or 3800 men and must have assaulted with say 3500. It lost 625—just about 18 per cent. Now at Olustee we fought 3 1/2 hours face to face with the rebels and lost about 1900 out of 4700. Of the troops which had the real fighting to do we lost about 35 per cent. in actual killed and wounded. It was twice as hard a fight as Fort Fisher—Drewry's Bluff was harder fighting and ditto Deep River for a portion of the troops. I don't mean to belittle the affair. It was most gallantly done and for its loss, altogether the most productive victory of the war on land.

Tom Clark (New Haven editor—Ed.) is an off ox as usual. I am extremely sorry to see his article about Terry and myself. It is very unjust to Terry. As for our relations to each other, they have been the most intimate from the day we started. Nor has there been an unkind or an envious or jealous feeling between us for an hour. You know in what terms I have always spoken of him. Enough of that.

I don't know what to say about your

The

BY

DO YOU When the beautiful room When pop-corn acts at the best When nearly skater?

When only t When the C States respect United States! When no ni before noon? When front yanking a kno at the end of When wome When every out a gorgeous New Year's? When you c high pitch of a finger at an; "Trust!"

When center ception rather When autor umbrellas, go bottles on the When music clean? When any gi alone stepped; ton as a matt When a mar for a couple of When ice fo come in one sh When you c seat for \$2? When Gilda's were considere When every When a mar parade shouti elephants are When you u done at Lee Fc When eggs c When the st was 15 cents? When it wa not to chew to When one of men in any to grain merchant When people were assumed t When there drinking places

Whatzamatt of a companiat a few seconds Year's eve. "W 'I'm not uned jus' wonderin' i "Don't worry can't get in hel it knows someb (Copyright, 1 N

LETTERS F. Dr. J. To the Editor Whether a l causes it, or w of gentle and l urally to the fir among those w and literature, cacy of appreci outlook and gre All these wer istics of Dr. J. sudden passing l one of its wide pected and love disposition, the knightly attitud pressed all who him. He saw yet his sympath tender, to those tion of his cha fashioned hones and he had a f which took form always chaste; modesty, even ti ish delight whi his writings.

Under the s poetry was bi powerful and co The doctor v fine affection v he came in con with youthful unusual to one c Dr. Harper m not a poet, but the Poetry club, far and wide ov a high opinion poetic work. V imaginative, he v tures. Hartford, lost gentleman, in th and many of u friend.

Hartford, Jan. Marriage To the Editor of It is all very normal persons t the sole purpose But they seem people in comp "all" wrong. Ist wrong, too?

One should tal those children v mind, in body; who can never b tuberculosis or Clarence Darrow that society has t like, for experit arguments again what is the life thinks our asylu crowded than ou Parents who their children t have, have childr prived of many n perhaps to be cr

We should think a good, argu-
tive, up-and-coming insurance
it could write a lot of business in
Connecticut village of Hazardville

Dear Portico:
In your column recently appear
line of poetry embodied in a screen
one "J. M. C."—"every blade of grass
has his own drop of dew."
I've been cudgelling my wits to
where before I saw that line. I have
finally found in my "Book of Irish
Poems," one wherein that line is im-
bedded. The title of the poem is, "The
Lay of the Ancient Hen," and this is
the first stanza:
Come all ye loyal Irishmen with me to
Killaloe.
Let every brave lad have with him his
jug of mountain dew.
We'll leave there in the morning, when
we'll go to Kilmore,
To kill the hated Sassenach or drive
him from our shore.
I am wondering if that second line
was not deliberately and basely
purchased by J. M. C. and distorted to
suit his own hellish purpose. If it
will he kindly give us the source of
the limping line?
The poem is quite lengthy—
three stanzas—or it might be
in full for the benefit of your Celtic read-
ers. Note the unusual metre of this
poem. When the poem was written,
in the middle of the sixteenth century,
that was the popular metre. It was
called the heliocentric. Note the
accent is adumbrated on the penultimate
syllable. The poet's name was Martin
O'Donnell. He was born in Kilmore,
Ireland. Many of his poems are
blatant jazz. At times the poet
ears into the empyrean, and again
he "falls of his feathers and
to earth."
When very young, at the age of 2,
he began his poetic career. At
he evinced a voracious appetite
for food. His mother was of
Irish mold. Martin's hilarious ex-
cesses she repressed with stern meth-
ods. She would not allow him to attend
school, until he could button his own
trousers.
—O. B. J.

It is doubly gratifying to know that
4,500 people stormed a New York hall
to see a movie on the Einstein theory.
Of course, it is heartening to realize
that all the population there does not
spend all its time storming undertak-
ing parlors where dead movie heroes lie in
state, paying \$1.50 to see films on Broad-
way which have already reached New
Britain and Middletown with a fifty-
cent top, or flinging their telephone di-
rectories at Grover Whalen's reception
parties. But it also means that 4,501
people now apparently grasp the theory.

A winter resort is a place where you
hiver in a room that has no heating
arrangement because such weather is
ery unusual.

Correct this sentence: "We went over
to hear his new radio," said the neigh-
bor, "and he let us enjoy a full program
instead of changing stations every two
minutes."

St. Peter is scheduled to enjoy many
huckles as absent-minded college pro-
fessors explain: "I forgot to pull the
p cord."

Home is a place where you eat din-
ner scraps for supper and know it.

New Yorkers who can't select the
best of 26 city noises must live in
apartments where nobody is learning
to fiddle.

Americanism: Buying books we don't
read; attending opera we can't appre-
ciate; paying for a room with bath and
not taking the bath.

was at Yale, are verses which we wish
to reprint. They were written by John
Dennys, esq., born in Gloucestershire,
England, 1570:

Let me live harmlessly and near the
brink
Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling
place;
Where I may see my quill or cork down
sink
With eager bite of perch, or bleak, or
dace,
And on the world and my Creator
think:
Whilst some men strive ill-gotten
goods to embrace
And others spend their time in base
excess
Of Wine, or worse, in war and wanton-
ness.

Let them that list, these pastimes still
pursue,
And on such pleasing fancies feed
their fill,
So I the fields and meadows green may
view,
And daily by fresh rivers walk at
will,
Among the daisies and the violets blue,
Red hyacinth, and yellow daffodil,
Purple narcissus like the morning rays,
Pale gandergrass and azure culverkeys.

I count it higher pleasure to behold
The stately compass of the lofty sky,
And in the midst thereof, like burning
gold
The flaming chariot of the world's
great eye;
The watery clouds that, in the air up
roll'd
With sundry kinds of painted colors
fly;—

The hills and mountains raised from
the plains,
The plains extended level with the
ground,
The ground divided into sundry veins,
These veins enclosed, with rivers run-
ning round,
These rivers making way through
nature's chains
With headlong course into the sea
profound,
The raging sea, beneath the vallies
low,
Where lakes, and rills, and rivulets do
flow.

The lofty woods, the forests wide and
long,
Adorn'd with leaves and branches
fresh and green,
In whose cool bowers the birds with
many a song
Do welcome with their quire the sum-
mer's Queen;
The meadows fair, where Flora's gifts
among
Are intermixed, with verdant grass
between;
The silver-scaled fish, that softly swim
Within the sweet brook's crystal watery
stream.

All these and many more of his crea-
tion
That made the heavens, the angler
oft doth see;
Taking therein no little delectation,
To think how strange, how wonderful
they be;
Framing thereof of an inward contem-
plation,
To set his fancies free:
And, while he looks on these with joy-
ful eye,
His mind is rapt above the starry sky.

Such is the secret of the happiness
Dr. Harper had when at three-score
and ten, with the heart of a boy, and
the dreaminess of youth unending, he
went to his old haunts by the Ketz or
Broad Brook stream; was bogged, and
muttered harmlessly a human, "d—u,
d—u" in the awkwardness of the
predicament, and returned homeward
with but two or three small trout, may-
be, yet with creel of happiness full,
mind and body aglow, and his eyes
shining. We shall have fine remem-
brance of him in such places, always.
Such men could teach us much of how
to cast.

Whoever fishes merely to catch fish
might usually catch more in a market,
and very likely at less cost. Whoever
does nothing but angle, as some are so
obsessed, instead of getting something
from a hobby are hooked by it, and
victimize themselves even more than
they do their prey. The real angler as
chance affords throws out a lure and
with a little turn of his wrist, a little
winding on a reel, brings home a uni-
verse, almost; and therein is the great
profit.

Dear Charley:
I just got your exceedingly welcome
letter of the 15th. Shall add a few
disjointed sentences to the long and
borous letter and I send herewith.
What glorious news from Wilming-
ton! What a magnificent opportunity
for Terry and how splendidly he has
improved it. We parted with great
feeling and I've felt most deeply the
responsibility of his mission. It is one
of the most brilliant performances of
the war. You see that my brigade
under Abbott had the honor of giving
the finishing stroke. I have actually
cried with vexation to think I wasn't
there. If I had remained a Colonel I
should have gone, but a General belongs
anywhere he is wanted, and I was
obliged to stay.

"Set Terry Up."
Set Terry up; he deserves it. After
this war, if we both live, I want, and
it has long been my plan, to try and
make him occupy a high position polit-
ically. He is a noble man. I want
you to know him.
I might withhold my criticisms upon
Butler's Wilmington movement, but I
still think they are just, on general
principles. Terry must now be a full
Major General and must have his
Corps. It was cruel to put Gibbon
in here while Terry was gone. Terry
has commanded these troops twice as
much as any other one man and we
want him.

Put Buckingham Through.
You are right—go on and renominate
Gov. B. and put him through.
What under the sun does Rider mean
by talking about selling the American
Encyclopedia? For pity's sake stop him.
I told him to sell my United States
Digest, a law book of no earthly use
to me, and also any other law books of
mine, save Blackstone. I mean strictly
law books, octavo bound in yellow
calfskin—there! Also to sell my insurance
stock, piano and land and invest every-
thing in government stocks. If he will
read my letter he will see it. No sir—
you keep all the rest of my books—
shan't sell you anything.
Don't know anything about my
chances of going home. Better try to
get down here if you can. I'll pay all
your expenses. Never mind cold—
'tisn't half as cold here as up there.
We have good nice log cabins with
cheerful fireplaces, regularly laid in
brick, clay for mortar. Very little snow
so far and ice lasting only a few days
at a time. Don't think mercury has
been below 20 degrees this winter and
as low as that very few times.
What a goose Crosswell Doane (rector
of St. John's church—Ed.) is. Tell 'em if
they don't want things in the newspa-
pers they mustn't have 'em happen.
That's the only preventive. The news-
paper's no more to blame than the
photographer's card is for receiving
the picture.
Who's E. L. E.? She has much poeti-
cal feeling.
People up north understand Butler
after all. Who is the main spoke in
the Courant now? Has Clark (A. N.
Clark—Ed.) anybody behind the scenes?
Does he keep it up well—I don't see it
often—only seldom.
Been helping Trumbull set Ab. Wain-
wright (one of Hawley's groomsmen
and a New Haven newspaperman—Ed.)
right about bounty jumpers. Trumbull is
a little given to exaggeration but is a
noble chaplain, very earnest and use-
ful. Have you entirely forgotten that
I asked you to try and find me an aide?
Here's your chance for a fine young
man.
Richmond Examiner of this morning
goes in for a permanent Convention a
la Long Parliament, Revolutionary
Congress, French Convention, etc. to be

tating some stroke or other Turner
says. Perhaps he will only try a minor
enterprise to encourage his troops. They
have moved some heavy guns out of
Richmond and have been fortifying
lines near Danville and below there. I
couldn't say that they are preparing to
evacuate but, like wise men, they are
providing against the quite possible con-
tingency of being obliged to go.
Were Virginia in good condition for
campaigning they would be manoeuvred
out of Richmond in a week or fort-
night. They are certainly hard pressed.
Some deserters came from troops that
never deserted before—Hampton's Le-
gion, for instance. "But oh! how wicked
and weak this peace talk; they will
fight like the devils in hell this long
time yet."
Breckinridge is rebel secretary of
war. We learn that Lee is to be Com-
mander-in-Chief, Johnston to take
Lee's army and Beauregard to have
Hood's. Sherman's movements will de-
pend somewhat on what Hood's army
does—I didn't see you do my brigade
justice in the Fort Fisher affair. The
Fort would not have been taken that
night—perhaps not all but for my men.
Four battalions of it—the old brigade
precisely, went in last with a yell—
about 800 men and ran from traverse
to traverse, chasing the rebels out. To
be sure they lost but 33 men but it took
just as much courage to go up in style
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Severity of Fight Exaggerated.
The severe character of the fighting
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Tom Clark (New Haven editor—Ed.)
is an off ox as usual. I am extremely
sorry to see his article about Terry
and myself. It is very unjust to Terry.
As for our relations to each other, they
have been the most intimate from the
day we started. Nor has there been an
unkind or an envious or jealous feeling
between us for an hour. You know in
what terms I have always spoken of
him. Enough of that.
I don't know what to say about your
coming here except that I want to see
you and will pay your expenses. Faxon
(Hawley's ex-partner in the Press, later
navy dept. chief clerk—Ed.) could get
you a pass probably. The mischief is,
just now that I may not be here two
days longer. I must go to my brigade.
I cannot live in comfort here—I shall
be out of my set. And I foresee that
Gen. Gibbons, though a thorough
soldier, is not the man to have any
social circles or influences that you or
I would care for. He has all the prej-
udices of a "regular," and no particular
intellectual or political taste or gossip.

Ordered To His Brigade.
New Market Road, Feb. 1st, '65.
Dear Charley:
Relieved on hour ago; ordered to
Fort Fisher to take my old brigade.
Starting now for the river.
Don't trust those peace stories. Like-
ly to be some big peace doings by
Grant before long. The army has 4
day's rations in its haversacks.
Yours as ever,
JOE HAWLEY.
(Continued To-morrow.)

and literature, we constantly find deli-
cacy of appreciation, cheerfulness of
outlook and great kindness.

All these were noticeable character-
istics of Dr. J. Warren Harper, whose
sudden passing has taken from Hartford
one of its widely known, highly res-
pected and loved citizens. The sunny
disposition, the cheerful word, and the
knighly attitude of Dr. Harper im-
pressed all who came in contact with
him. He saw happiness everywhere,
yet his sympathy was quick, warm and
tender, to those in need. The founda-
tion of his character was rugged old-
fashioned honesty of mind and heart,
and he had a fine gift of expression
which took form in words eloquent and
always chaste; and there was delicate
modesty, even though he showed a boy-
ish delight where friends appreciated
his writings.

Under the stress of war times his
poetry was brilliant, discriminating,
powerful and convincing.

The doctor never married, and his
fine affections were for all with whom
he came in contact, and these he gave
with youthful freedom and abandon
unusual to one of his years.

Dr. Harper modestly insisted he was
not a poet, but among the members of
the Poetry club, and among his friends
far and wide over the world, there was
a high opinion of the quality of his
poetic work. Virile, colorful, graphic,
imaginative, he wrote as he saw, in pic-
tures.

Hartford, lost a courtly Christian
gentleman, in the passing of Dr. Harper,
and many of us lost a warm hearted
friend.

J. S. STEVENS.
Hartford, Jan. 9.

Marriage and Children.
To the Editor of The Times:
It is all very well for two healthy,
normal persons to unite in marriage for
the sole purpose of having children.
But they seem to think that the two
people in companionate marriage are
"all" wrong. Isn't their view just a bit
wrong, too?
One should take into consideration all
those children who are abnormal in
mind, in body; those diseased infants
who can never be happy, afflicted with
tuberculosis or some such sickness.
Clarence Darrow was correct in saying
that society has use of morons and their
like, for experiments. But there are
arguments against his statements. For
what is the life led by a moron? Me-
thinks our asylums and jails are more
crowded than our colleges.
Parents who feel they cannot give
their children the things they should
have, have children. The latter are de-
prived of many necessities, and grow up,
perhaps to be criminals, unwanted, un-
welcome to the world.
Civilization may revert to its pre-
historic days, its cavemen, if the
majority decides to follow the example
of Mr. and Mrs. William Mayer, for such
a marriage seems to point out that
woman's only reason for living is to be
an incubator. What then? What shall
become of the so-called revolt of
womankind? What of suffrage? What
of freedom for women and equal rights?
As for depopulation, there need be no
fear of that, for the two "styles," that
of childlessness and that of bearing
children plentifully, have ex-changed,
come in, and gone out, again and again
in history, which is known to repeat
itself.

K. O. MULLINS.
Hartford, Jan. 9.

ALL LOOK ALIKE.
(Boston Transcript.)
Complaint is made that subway sta-
tions look too much alike, and the of-
ficial cynic observes that the same thing
might be said of the crowds that jam
into them.

Dr. J. Warren Harper.
How often when we sought his face
In recent bygone days,
We would not find him in his place
Along familiar ways.
He would be sailing down to Crete
Or fishing on the Marguerite.
He might be crossing an expanse
Where sand replaces sod,
But he would never miss a chance
To pack his fishing rod.
And what good tales he would rehearse
Or paint some charming scene in verso,
And now he has set out once more
Alone and suddenly,
To seek a new and distant shore
Beyond another sea.
He did not tell, he did not know,
He just slipped out and left us so.
Perhaps, since earth and pain are not,
Beside some quiet pool,
In some celestial beauty spot
With shadows long and cool,
Still fishing he waits a fair to-morrow,
Smiling to see us cling to our sorrow,
CARLOS P. DAY.
Hartford, January 9.

Twenty-five Years Ago To-day

JANUARY 10, 1905.

Congressman Gillett of Massachusetts
withdrew objections to drawless bridge
at Hartford after army board makes ad-
verse report on development of up-
river navigation.
Judge Silas C. Robinson, in superior
court in New Haven, makes adverse
decision in case of William Jennings
Bryan in effort to obtain \$50,000 under
the will of Philo S. Bennett.
President Henry C. Dwight presides
at annual meeting of Hartford board of
trade at which Secretary James U.
Taintor presents report of great
progress in business during past year.
Board of aldermen decides to petition
general assembly for additional legisla-
tion for improvements on water front.

Manager Tracy of the Hartford base-
ball team announces signing as pitcher
for coming season of P. H. O'Keefe,
editor in chief of the Bothwell Herald
of Bothwell, Ontario.
Archie Boyd, long connected with
"The Old Homestead," makes his debut
in vaudeville at Poli's theater.
Dr. Alonzo H. Sylvester, native of
Maine, dentist to Kaiser Wilhelm and
an honorary royal councillor, commits
suicide in Berlin.
Receiver named for Whitney Electric
company in Chicago, capitalized for
\$56,000,000, on ground that many in-
ventions backed by company were
"visionary."
Miss Eliza A. Loomis, one of the old-
est residents of Hartford and of
colonial ancestry, dies at age 94.
H. S. Frye of Poquonock elected
president of New England Tobacco
Growers association at annual meeting
in Hartford.
Turkey and Bulgaria make active
preparations for war as world keeps
eye on tense situation in the Balkans.
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