



IN WHICH WE  
TALK TO OURSELF  
BY FREDERICK P. LATIMER

Well, we be whanged! For more than a year we have been kicking and groaning and complaining about this patent mineralware typewriter table not sitting square. The idea of it is that if you reach down and swing the crank one way it will rare up with its inner legs and stand on four rubber wheels by which it can be pushed around like a tea-wagon. Then if you release the crank it is supposed to stand solid where it is put, but it never has in all this time. It has merely squatted loosely and rocked and we have fifty times concluded that the floor was uneven, or the apparatus defective. At any rate, it has rocked and rocked and we have lost patience and eyesight with it. But just now we got mad and threw the crank away over on the other side and, our goodness, you could use it for an anvil now, it stands so level and stiff. It just shows you how dumb a human being can be even at mature age and considered to be in full possession of all his faculties except perhaps a few teeth. Anybody coming here hereafter can see a typewriter table that a professional wrestler could not budge. Hip! Hip! Another moral victory. And, by the way, while we are about it we will stop a moment now and tear off the purchase tag which has been on the thing ever since it arrived. In the course of time all troubles are rectified or else passed on to the administrators and executors cum testamento annexo.

But it is too bad we are losing our mind so. Can't seem to retain anything. Seem to be forgetting more than we ever knew. Last night the janitor said come on down by the furnace, he wanted to show us an exhibit of grasshoppers. He says there are a whole lot of them parking in the pit; they come out nights and hop around and scare his cat, and when the weather is right they sing. He has never heard such grasshopper singing, even in August.

He showed us the pit, and on the side of it opposite the furnace doors, where the reflected heat makes the brick warm to your hand like a towel on the bathroom radiator if the steam is up, there is a chink hole where the mortar is out between two bricks and in there, he said, are the grasshoppers. He rapped on the brick with his knuckles and we stood there waiting for the grasshoppers to come out or at least start singing. Nothing came out. The insects did not even rasp.

"Now, what kind of grasshoppers are those?" said the janitor, looking at us with great confidence. He thinks we know everything, which we once did. There was a time, when we were in real good old-fashioned normality, if anybody should ask us, "What was the middle name of the box turtle in Noah's ark?" we could frame a suitable reply right off the bat. "Well," we would be saying, "what do they look like?"

"They've got long legs and hop. Long legs with crooks in them," he said with a gesture of holsting his elbows. "You don't mean—?" "No," he said, "not water bugs or anything like that. These are regular hoppergrasses. 'Are they black?' we said, 'or brown?' 'Well,' he said, 'they are grasshopper color and that is about as near as I can say.' He hit the floor of the pit a whack with an iron stoking bar. But there was no sign of any grasshoppers. They surely could not be Kentucky coffee trees. As a rule when we are in doubt about a natural history problem we resolve in favor of a Kentucky coffee tree. We have successfully gotten away with that a great many times. But you can't make a tree out of a grasshopper. 'If they would only come out perhaps we could get a better line on what kind of grasshoppers those are,' we suggested. But it is a lame excuse. Any real expert ought to be able to tell in a moment what kind of grasshoppers they must be if in a pit and singing and hopping around in the winter. It was humiliating. We were obliged to slink away from that janitor without giving him a ray of hope even. We are going to study up, that's all. When a fellow gets so his mentality has started ossifying and he can't tell whether a grasshopper he never saw is a Grillus neglectus or some strange new form of ant, he had better get to work on himself as soon as possible. He'd better try a vibrator. In the field

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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Hawley remained in the service longer than he had expected. There was much to be done and it was not easy to spare men of his character and administrative ability. Indeed there were few of his legal training and experience. Even his political activities contributed to his usefulness and General Terry leaned upon him as he always had.

The sword which was bought for Hawley by a public subscription was presented to him in Richmond, August 4, 1865. Hawley had planned to come home to receive it but the problems of reconstruction kept him so busy he was unable to do so and a presentation committee composed of Marshall Jewel, Colonel George P. Bissell and J. G. Rathbun, went down to make the presentation.

They sailed from New York on the steamship Yazoo and the presentation took place at what had been the residence of Jefferson Davis, president of the confederacy. There was quite a ceremony. Colonel Bissell presented the sword and also \$1,000 in government bonds known as 7-30's. Hawley responded and entertained the guests at dinner and a visit to the battlefields. The day following the presentation there was a complimentary dinner to General Terry at the Spottswood Hotel in Richmond. A regimental band turned out to furnish music.

The sword was a beautiful thing and may still be seen in the rooms of the Connecticut Historical Society. It was made by the Ames Company of Chicopee, Massachusetts and cost \$1,150. It was said at the time that only three more expensive swords of the kind had been made. The grasp and guard were of solid silver ornamented with solid gold. On the thrust appeared the letters, "Presented by the Citizens of Hartford to General Joseph R. Hawley." The scabbard was of silver heavily mounted with gold in bas relief. The names of thirteen battles were engraved upon it beginning with Bull Run. Attached was a Russia leather sword belt heavily encrusted with gold and a buff silk sword sash for an officer. The whole was in a box of black walnut knots lined with red velvet, with the letters "J. R. H." in silver on the lid.

At the dinner the guests ate off Jefferson Davis's china. Mrs. Hawley was there, also Mrs. Terry and Miss Terry. E. N. Kellogg also was a member of the committee which had charge of the matter in Hartford, but he was unable to accompany the others to Richmond. One of Hawley's interesting experiences while he was with General Terry at Richmond, was a visit from General Joseph E. Johnston, ex-rebel commander, which made a great impression upon him.

Hawley was remembering his friends with souvenirs from the scene of war. A small brass cannon taken from the defense at Wilmington, North Carolina, had been given him by Major General Schofield. Hawley sent it on to Warner. However, he had had luck for the box was badly addressed by the clerk and was for a long time lost in transit. Hawley also had come into possession of a new saddle which was captured in Richmond from the rebels and he wanted to send it to David Clark of Hartford, if the latter ever rode horseback. He had been cudgelling his brain to think of something that would be agreeable to Clark and said he would buy him a rebel cannon from the defense of Richmond if he could get a chance at the next auction.

He had been up to Fredericksburg to examine the character of the civil officers recently elected and had ridden over the battlefield there. Hawley was interested in the attitude of the Richmond papers now that the war was over, and gave the Republic \$5 to exchange with the Press.

Richmond buzzed with the rumor that President Andrew Johnson was coming there in a few days. Rooms had been engaged at the Ballard house and Hawley was hoping the Secretary of War Stanton would come also. "Do you hear anything of those horrid whispers that the president is drinking badly?" Hawley asked Warner in his letter, thus taking cognizance of the reports about Johnson which had spread over the country. He then went on to describe his meeting with Johnson, the letter continuing under date of August 20, 1865:

**Johnston Dignified in Defeat.**  
"We have no official knowledge on the subject, but it is positively affirmed that President Johnson is coming here in a few days. Rooms have been engaged for him at the Ballard House, we are told. I hope Secretary Stanton will come with him. Do you hear anything of those horrid whispers that the president is drinking badly?"

"Saw Joseph E. Johnston, paroled Lieut. Gen. late rebel army, on Friday. He called at my office in the most modest way to get a pass to Baltimore. I saw that he was a very courteous well-bred gentleman of extremely simple and yet refined manner. He said he was a paroled officer and had a written pass from Gen. Grant to go to Baltimore, but it was in Baltimore with his bro-in-law and he was anxious to go on promptly. I asked his name. 'Johnston,' he said, 'Lt. General Joseph E.' said I. 'Yes,' he replied. I said 'Truly, your word is sufficient—I will write a pass—but will you go up stairs and see Gen. Terry?' He did so—Gens. Gibbon and Turner happened to be in and a pleasant conversation of half an hour ensued. I have not seen a southerner who pleased me so much. He is a very fine looking man, not unlike Gov. B. (Buckingham—Ed.) in appearance and as pleasant in talk as any man I know. He speaks like a very honorable man. Gen. Sherman was highly pleased with his strong desire to make the surrender honorably—to tell where all his supplies were—where the rebel documents might be found, etc.

"He spoke pleasantly of the great errors the South indulged in—the idea that the North would not fight—that Europe must interfere, this resulting from another great mistake, that 'cotton was king'—and says that the people of the South really ended the war, they would not furnish men any longer—they would not fight because they saw that they were 'building up a worse military despotism than Russia ever had.' . . . . .

"We should have no trouble if the leading men of the South were of his stamp.

"Virginia will not recover in years (the whole South was damaged by it) from the idiotic McClellanism of Generals Ord and Patrick upon the first occupation of Richmond. Of more importance than all the arsenals and magazines and forts of the whole South on that day were the newspaper offices of Richmond. Oh, the damnable folly of letting one single one of the old proprietors retain his interest or control! Such men could not wheel right about and make loyal papers. They must of course have some regard to the past and Virginia pride is a little worse than Boston pride—much meaner. . . . .

"I am trying to secure a complete file of some leading Richmond paper during the war. I shall consider \$100 cheap for it if necessary.

"Gen. Terry does not agree to any fixed time for my leaving, but I still meditate upon the first weeks of September.

"Love to Susie and all Nook Farm. Scribble me a little.

"Yours as ever,  
"JOE."

Many of the volunteer officers were being mustered out of service. Hawley's name was included among many brevet majors and brigadier generals who were mustered out in an order dated August 24. He was then on his way to Washington to have a chat with Gideon Welles and Faxon when he saw the order. He was disappointed at being dismissed with such abruptness, anxious as he was to get home and Terry was not less so at losing him. The latter wired both Hawley and the war department and the order was revoked.

Hawley was kept busy with all sorts of questions in Richmond. Henry A. Wise, who had been a rebel brigadier general, and who had presided over the court martial that convicted John Brown, was demanding possession of his house and bombarding Hawley with argument. Concerning all this Hawley wrote on September 4:

Hd. Qrs. Dept. of Virginia,  
Richmond, Va., Sept. 4, 1865.  
Dear Charley:

Uncle Sam doesn't get rid of me so easily. Saturday, August 26th I started for Washington to spend Sunday and have a chat with Mr. Welles and Faxon. When I got to Acquia Creek I met the morning Chronicle containing that order.

Felt rather badly, for though I was going up to specially post myself with a view to going out, I wanted to go out in the courteous way, be relieved, and ordered home to report by letter to the Adjutant General, with a leave of 30 days, which would secure me transportation for self and horse home and one month's pay. Inasmuch as I have not had one day's real leave of absence during the war I thought Uncle Sam could stand that, especially as he lets many of the Generals lie about so many months idle.

Still I should not have said a word probably, but that Terry telegraphed up to me, asking if I had seen the order and asking me to "represent facts as they were." I replied that I could not well say anything—if he wanted me he had better state his wishes to Stanton with a duplicate to Welles.

He telegraphed Stanton an urgent request and sent me a copy of it. After a little delay, I handed the copy to Mr. Welles, who kindly laid it before the President, Stanton being absent, and the Pres. endorsed thereon a revocation of the muster-out.

So here I am and under all the circumstances I cannot go home just yet. I do solemnly promise not to stay beyond the first of October—and I may not be allowed to stay so long.

There is work enough. I am very busy and Terry needs just such help. Most of it is work that can be well done only by some one familiar with legal labors and occasionally political experience is very valuable.

Terry himself is most excellent, but he can not do it all and I cannot for my life see where he could get a substitute for me. Turner is a first class man but he has enough to do with Richmond and Henrico County.

**Gets "Right Homesick."**

I wish very much to have time to make one trip to Lynchburg, the Natural Bridge and the Peaks of Otter, but it is doubtful if I find time. If I should light upon the man that I should like to put in my place (acceptable to Gen. Terry) I might quit any day. I get right homesick once in a while. Hattie is not strong, though she is not sick in bed. I consider it healthy here but she does not recover entirely from her Wilmington life which I left none too soon.

Faxon will see you and tell you the Washington gossip.

I could see that Mr. Welles disagreed a little with The Press. I don't know but I do myself for that matter, for I do not see how we can well compel the southern states to establish Negro suffrage, much as I should like to see all states do it. I sincerely wish they would admit the principle even if they required a \$5,000 qualification and a good common school education.

H. A. Wise is down upon us with a 32 pp. foolscap argument in favor of his right to his house, to be forwarded to Washington. It is a curiosity. He will not take the oath, but rejoices over the abolition of slavery.

Of course it would be delightful to be in Guilford but it is impossible. Love to Susie and all.

Yours as ever,  
JOE HAWLEY.

**A House in Hartford.**

Although Hawley was still in service, when he saw a house on Garden street advertised for sale, he asked Warner about it. It was No. 13 and the owner was J. W. Clark. Hawley was much interested. He wrote on September 6:

Dear Charley:

Which side of the street is it? What sort of neighbors has he? Is it a decently healthy clean neighborhood? If it is desirable in all these respects, try and keep the refusal of it till you can write me. I don't know anything about the prices in that neighborhood—probably I cannot get anything short of \$6,000 or \$7,000.

I cannot say anything about what I would be willing to give till I hear.

(Continued To-morrow.)

Jim Tully has finished and published is jailbird book, "Shadows of Men." 'is should leave him a few days of 'isure, before starting his next opus, ' come to Wethersfield and show 'em ow to shadow three inhabitants of 'nat place.

ear Portico:  
O. B. Joyful may find the following 'otation: "Ika blade o' grass keeps 'atches) its ain drap o' dew"—more ' the point, when taking a rap at ' J. M. C.'s" "Every blade of grass has 's own drop of dew"—than his own 'otation from "The Lay of the An- 'ent Hen" and if he doesn't know the 'thor (no it's not Burns), J. M. C. 'e feel sure might enlighten him.

—A. M. J.

Social item in the Essex correspond- 'ce of the Middletown Press: Friends ' R. B. Tiley were pleased to see in 'e Sunday edition of the New York 'imes an excellent snapshot of him on 'e rogue courts at St Petersburg, 'orida, where he is spending the win- 'r.

Americanism: Building "permanent" 'omes of flimsy wood; using steel to 'nstruct the buildings that will be 'rn down next year.

If there is no such thing as telep- 'y; how does the long-distance oper- 'or know just when you are in the 'th tub?

The upper class is the one that agrees ' plead guilty and take an office job 'all for six months if the state won't 'turb the "misappropriated" swag 'at is salted away.

Yet a layman can't help wondering 'y marines are used to make Ameri- 'n life and poverty safe everywhere 'ept Chicago.

If you hear vile swearing on the 'reet, it seems an offense against 'eincy; if you pay to hear it with a dull 'ature, it is splendid realism.

Blessed are the poor. You never see 'em with no protection from the knee 'wn except a film of silk.

A magazine writer says 'his country 'w gives more to charity and less to 'igion. In other words, coal isn't 'ren to the ship but just to the fire 'der the boilers.

You'll notice that the bra e ones who 'ay what they think" are old or cripl- 'd or feeble and are 'unwilling to 'e punching.

"Don't sell America she ' was a per- 't slogan. The purpose 'f a slogan, 'peace or war, is to lead 'mb to the 'ughter.

Correct this sentence: "Jane and her 'r children spent the day here," said ' wife, "but nothing was broken and 'ated to see them leave."

Well, why isn't it all right to buy a 'and merely rent a house? You 'nd more time in the car.

A normal man is one 'who complains 'he big apples are on 'op, and then 'duces a roll of one's 'with a ten on 'outside.

So flying frightens the deaf and thus 'es them, eh? Doubtless a drunken 't is used in stubborn cases.

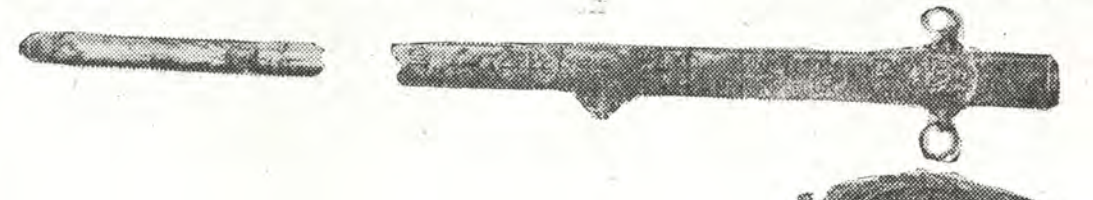
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nd we read about a lady who ght an electric horse, without con- ing her husband, in order to exer- her initiative. Ho, hum.

love is caused by a germ, as that ich scientist declares, the treasury rtment is wrong in its contention ; germs don't thrive on money.

he sports writers seem to agree that ing is a lost art. Evidently they r hear traveling men comment on train service.

ie Good Samaritan picked up a nger on the highway. The stranger wounded and limp. Even yet you afford to pick up that kind.

r. Coolidge, luckily out of it while l luck reigns, has the added satisf- ion of getting paid to keep himself he public eye until 1932.

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"They've got long legs and hop. Long legs with crooks in them," he said with a gesture of hoisting his elbows.

"You don't mean—?"

"No," he said, "not water bugs or anything like that. These are regular hoppergrasses." "Are they black," we said, "or brown?" "Well," he said, "they are grasshopper color and that is about as near as I can say." He hit the floor of the pit a whack with an iron stoking bar. But there was no sign of any grasshoppers.

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The Grillus neglectus is the common American domestic cricket. But that cricket is black, yet perhaps it fades out some in January and gets grasshopper-looking. Science has named it gryllus after Gryllus, a son of Xenophon who fell in the battle of Matinea and was celebrated by Aristotle in a monogram. Gryllus had a very peculiar, shrill, chirping voice, and that is why the Greeks and Latins came to speak of the cricket as a "gryllus." The "neglectus" come from the fact almost everybody neglects crickets. The janitor is going to set a dish of milk for them and call us again when they come out. What a joke if they turned out to be Stylopaga orientalis! They are a lot worse than crickets, we will tell the world. When a housewife sees one she rushes right to the telephone and calls up the landlord. It would be better to have a robin in the house, any time, or a hoptoad, even, almost.

Just a minute, the telephone. Buzz-buzz. Hel-lo. Sho. Sho. Isn't that too bad. Your gold fish is sick. Looks pale and lies slantwise. It needs salt, lady. Put a little salt on it and it will be all right. Goo' bye. Now—just a second again, tingling-ling. Hel-lo. Yes, ma'am. You roast the coffee just the same as you would beans, only with no water on it, or pork. You wait until the coffee is brown and then take it out and put about a tablespoonful of butter on it. That kind of oils it so it grinds better and holds its smell. Here's another. Hel-lo. Yes, sir, you lose your bet, the Indian tribe is Utes and not Ukes; you must have got them mixed with Hawaiians.

Looks as though we had not forgotten everything, quite, but it is terrible not to have known what kind of grasshoppers those were. We asked the news editor and he said they are katy-dids. It doesn't seem possible. Ouch—Oh boy, what a slam there is in that crank! Got our thumb in it. We're "regusted."

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Many of the volunteer officers were being mustered out of service. Hawley's name was included among many brevet majors and brigadier generals who were mustered out in an order dated August 24. He was then on his way to Washington to have a chat with Gideon Welles and Faxon when he saw the order. He was disappointed at being dismissed with such abruptness, anxious as he was to get home and Terry was not less so at losing him. The latter wired both Hawley and the war department and the order was revoked.

probably, but that Terry telegraphed up to me, asking if I had seen the order and asking me to "represent facts as they were." I replied that I could not well say anything—if he wanted me he had better state his wishes to Stanton with a duplicate to Welles.

He telegraphed Stanton an urgent request and sent me a copy of it. After a little delay, I handed the copy to Mr. Welles, who kindly laid it before the President, Stanton being absent, and the Pres. endorsed thereon a revocation of the muster-out.

So here I am and under all the circumstances I cannot go home just yet. I do solemnly promise not to stay beyond the first of October—and I may not be allowed to stay so long.

There is work enough. I am very busy and Terry needs just such help. Most of it is work that can be well done only by some one familiar with legal labors and occasionally political experience is very valuable.

Terry himself is most excellent, but he can not do it all and I cannot for my life see where he could get a substitute for me. Turner is a first class man but he has enough to do with Richmond and Henrico County.

Gets "Right Homesick."

I wish very much to have time to make one trip to Lynchburg, the Natural Bridge and the Peaks of Otter, but it is doubtful if I find time. If I should light upon the man that I should like to put in my place (acceptable to Gen. Terry) I might quit any day. I get right homesick once in a while. Hattie is not strong, though she is not sick in bed. I consider it healthy here but she does not recover entirely from her Wilmington life which I left none too soon.

Faxon will see you and tell you the Washington gossip.

I could see that Mr. Welles disagreed a little with The Press. I don't know but I do myself for that matter, for I do not see how we can well "corapel" southern states to establish Negro suffrage, much as I should like to see all states do it. I sincerely wish they would admit the principle even if they required a \$5,000 qualification and a good common school education.

H. A. Wise is down upon us with a 32 pp. foolscap argument in favor of his right to his house, to be forwarded to Washington. It is a curiosity. He will not take the oath, but rejoices over the abolition of slavery.

Of course it would be delightful to be in Guilford but it is impossible. Love to Susie and all.

Yours as ever,  
JOE HAWLEY.

A House in Hartford.

Although Hawley was still in service, when he saw a house on Garden street advertised for sale, he asked Warner about it. It was No. 13 and the owner was J. W. Clark. Hawley was much interested. He wrote on September 6:

Dear Charley:  
Which side of the street is it? What sort of neighbors has he? Is it a decently healthy clean neighborhood? If it is desirable in all these respects, try and keep the refusal of it till you can write me. I don't know anything about the prices in that neighborhood—probably I cannot get anything short of \$6,000 or \$7,000.

I cannot say anything about what I would be willing to give till I hear.  
(Continued To-morrow.)



Sword Presented to Hawley By Citizens of Hartford.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Communications designed for publication in this column must be signed by the writer and address given. Anonymous letters will not be printed.

Advise Moderation.

To the Editor of The Times.

This country is confronted with a problem that eclipses almost any other one—the Volstead act. It can no longer be dealt with in a haphazard or autocratic manner. It must be handled dispassionately and scientifically. There is no room for self-styled reformers to meddle with this dilemma. They are, as a rule, too dogmatic and impatient with anybody who does not share their viewpoint.

It is axiomatic that a habit that dates back from times immemorial cannot be ordered to be dropped in a day. Yet our visionary reformers tenaciously hold on to theory that it can and it should be so regardless of the price. The habit of alcoholic stimulation is coursing in the human veins. It may be detrimental to the physical and mental health of the individual if taken frequently and excessively, but so are many food products. Why war only on alcohol?

Moreover, this seems to be the most inopportune time to insist upon total abstaining from alcohol. We have been passing through a period of transition and adjustment. Our economic life has been undergoing vast changes. Inventions have been hurled at us with an astounding rapidity. The average man is bewildered, stunned.

He needs some stimulant to steady himself.

Surely it would be ideal to have a perfectly sober people, a people that should not have to depend on alcoholic products to quiet their overwrought nerves; men and women that could be jolly and exchange good fellowship spontaneously without having to resort to a preliminary whisky. Perhaps through patient, diligent, and painstaking education of the child in a few generations, we will produce a race of men and women, so fine of character, so noble of purpose, so perfect in mentality and physique, and so dignified in manner that partaking of alcohol or even the use of tobacco will be considered barbaric. But to order a nation without the proper preparation to stop indulging in alcoholic beverages is absurd and impractical. It is humanly impossible, and I believe the experience of the past decade has conclusively demonstrated it.

So, let us steer a careful and prudent course, while it not too late yet. A liberal and humane modification of the eighteenth amendment and the institution of an intensive educational program will bring about results that the irreconcilables themselves will marvel at. Prohibition has achieved some good, but none comparable to the destructive effects it has spread in its wake on the moral, political, and social fabric of this nation. And for the sake of the peace of the land let us not experiment any longer.

DR. HARRY KAITZ,  
Hartford, January 10.

Complains of Train Whistles.

To the Editor of The Times:

In regard to the screeching of the railroad engine whistles I should like to make a protest. I live near Charter Oak park and day nor night there is no rest. If you have company a train passing every few minutes prevents you from hearing any one talk and at

night they screech like mad. If it was a dog we could have it done away with for disturbing the peace.

MRS. FRANK R. VELHAGE,  
Hartford, Jan. 9.

Recalls Austin's Spirited Lines.

To the Editor of The Times:

At this time when our eyes are turned to the London conference, would it not be splendid to publish in one of your valuable columns, the words of Alfred Austin in his "Sons of the Self-same Race," relating to the United States and England?

What is the voice I hear  
On the winds of the western sea?  
Sentinel! Listen from out Cape Clear,  
And say what the voice may be.  
'Tis a proud free people calling loud to a  
people proud and free:

And it says to them, kinsman hail!  
We severed have been too long;  
Now let us have done with a worn-out tale  
The tale of an ancient wrong,  
And our friendship last long as love doth  
last,  
And be stronger than death is strong.

Answer them, sons of the self-same race,  
And blood of the self-same clan;  
Let us speak with each other, face to face,  
And answer as man to man;  
And loyally love and trust each other,  
As none but free men can.

There are three more stanzas of this poem. Each line of which is applicable to the coming conference.

M. E. HAWKINS,  
Springfield, Mass., Jan. 9.

UBIQUITOUS TRAVELER.

(Detroit News.)

Burke, the bandit now being hunted in four states, is another of those reminding of Stephen Leacock's impetuous horseman who rode off rapidly in all directions.

(Other Editorial Features, Page 12.)