



COPY!

There's a Toby McLean in every de- it-sized American newspaper office. at's one reason why Katharine ush's "Young Man of Manhattan" is n a success. In this tip-top sale of smongers those who ply the trade l find fascination in the truth of its osphere and those "on the outside" l think what a swell business the vspaper game is and apply at once a job. It has a whirlwind speed t reads itself, and you may imagine t it writes itself. That's the way l feel about it until you examine the ftsmanship.

low that woman can write! If she's example of writing facility devel- d by newspaper training everybody st be glad that she quit the business le she could still preserve her style. ong the younger authors to-day re are none who can better the or scribendi of Miss Brush. Her k is a leaf of contemporaneous news- er history. She is no fabulist of Minerva press. She's a reporter writes facts in a style that makes think how romantic and adven- us life must be.

ight off the bat would you want a er view of a sports writer in action t this?— You have seen him, perhaps, where bands are playing and the pennants ig and the people cheering. He is ays there; diligent there. At a ball game, while you leap up to l and wave your arms, he sits quite in the press box high behind you, nting through the smoke, saying tly out of the side of his mouth his telegrapher, 'Adams made five ls off tackle. First down. Yale's ' When you snake-dance off to campus when the game is finally d, he removes the cover from his able typewriter, twists long teleh- paper in, writes, 'By So-and-So— Haven, Conn., Nov. 24.'—and then TRES. When you go home from the ng match, or the hockey game, or boat race, you leave him there, in dawn of his business day. But be- e he works while you play, pity not; he plays while you work— you work longer and harder, in ier places."

ere's a monograph for you! st the other day a young chap ap- l for a job as a newspaper sports r. Questioned as to his experi- , he replied naively that he had reading "Young Man of Manhat- ' That's the sort of a book it is.

by McLean is an authentic news- rman. He is the sort that all papermen imagine themselves to They will like reading him because can see themselves in his place, hey were, as they are now. His e'stimate qualities they will prob- assign to some fellow-worker of acquaintance.

w familiar the picture of the r- who's going to write—"some The inspiration of to-morrow! disease of "manana"! All embryo lists! All going to write "on the —some day! The mistake, of e, is in telling people your plans. they hear them, you'll be con- cly cursed with, "How's the story ?" "Written anything lately?" that plot yet?" cum multis aliis. s you're contented with saying flatly, such annoyances make ledge and, if you haven't had the s, the first thing you know you're g about the plot idea you devel- a year ago! Anything for peace quiet.

much easier if you're a banker, ample. Then when somebody ou, "Going to increase your in- rate?" you can get technical and 'Have you seen our annual re- ' or "The pelicans are thick in stersburg this year!"

THE POETS' CORNER

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

DR. J. WARREN HARPER.
The many friends of the late Dr. Harper hope that the plans which he had been making for the publication of all his poems in one volume may yet be completed. Several of the poems printed in this column took honors at Poetry club contests. The following poems are by Dr. Harper:

To A Bittern.
Spirit of solitude and parting day!
With weary wing and lumbering flight,
Across the twilight marshes gray,
"Dost thou pursue thy solitary way?"
Into the gathering looms of night;
To drop within some reedy brake,
To doze and dream and then awake
And bear into the dawning light.

O, farer of the evening sky
When, too, for me life's day shall close,
Teach me thy spirit's calm repose,
When wearied spent and worn that I
Clear visioned, calm and unafraid
May pass into the gathering shade,
The curtain to that unknown bourne,
To sleep and dream and then to wake
And see o'er death's dark vale the break
Of the eternal morn.

Written on the fly-leaf of a copy of his poems and presented by Dr. Harper to Charles C. Cook of West Hartford.

To My Most Charitable Critic,
The Hon. Charles C. Cook.
Yours for the field, the stream, the wood,
Yours for the larger brotherhood;
Yours for a tramp o'er meadows fair,
The song of the lark on the morning air;
The daisies are waving as we go by
And the white sails drifting adown the sky;

Come! let us wander, you and I,
Through this little book of common-
place,
A song in our heart, a smile on our
face,
And we'll bide a wee in a cloistered
nook,
While I cast a fly on a laughing brook
Or a lazy pool to get a "rise"
And some speckled beauties shall be our
prize.

I'll build the fire, you'll be the cook,
And we'll feel like lords and we'll dine
like gods.
While the squirrel scolds and the clover
nods,
Where a bandit bee, while thieving,
clings
As on the breeze he sways and swings
Then hies him off on drunken wings
A hoot on the "cares that infest the
day!"

In this little book, Come away! Come
away!
From the fret of strife, the haunts of
men,
And we will be just two boys again.

Spring Song.
'Dis morn de byards war singin'
And the crocuses war springin'
And de folks day say dat wintah cum
no mo';
And to-night de win' am howlin',
'An er shriekin' an' er growlin',
'An' fo' de lan's sake, honey, shet de do'.
"An Old Fly-Book."

The Wreck.
Out on the edge of the reef she rides,
Where the billows play and the sea-
gulls cry,
And the seaweed clings to her moulder-
ing sides,
And frayed from her masts her hal-
yards fly.

Oh, the day is fair, and the breeze off-
shore!
'Tis a summer sky and a summer sea,
And the tide rolls over her lazily.
But what a day when the Storm King
woke
And a Specter stood dark 'gainst the
drifting fog!
And what of his fury that o'er her
broke
And a Death's hand that wrote out
the log!

When the storm was o'er, on the lone
beach wide,
What was it that lay there—that
silent thing?
That the sea-gulls saw washed up by
the tide,
And flew away wondering?

Ah, well for the day that the skies are
clear
And yonder the sails go idly by!
But somewhere—a woman's sigh and
tear,
And a child looks up and wonders
why.

The Unknown Soldier.
Back from the field whereon he fell,
Back from the flaming jaws of hell,
Back to the shores he loved so well,
America brings her dead;
Up through silent lane they come,
Caisson and flag and muffled drum,
Over the stiffen'd lips and dumb
A nation bows her head.

No one to claim him, no one to own,
There on the face of the carved stone,
Chisel his simple name—Unknown,
Chisel it deep!
Flag—for his shroud, he died to save,
Volley—across the clouds of his grave,
Taps—for the fair, young life that he
gave.
So let him sleep.

Immortality.
I stood beside his grave,
And men would say
That he was dead;
Yet, as I turned away

Awe-struck and impotent, boast hot
thyself, O Sea!
While at my feet thy billows roll.
And in my ears thy dirges toll.
If I look on thy face in stress or shine,
With thoughts that reach beyond thy
border line,
In vain I would express or yet control,
For far beyond thy deepest range and
sweep,
Upon that Power that first created
thee
In thy tempestuous wrath, O, mighty
deep,
A'wd into silence look thou, too, with
me,
I, but an atom on thy thundering
strand,
And thou a drop within His hollow'd
hand.

Life.
A cry from out of Nature's womb,
Sorrow and joy, laughter and tears;
A little work, a few short years,
And then the silence and the tomb.
From out the dark a gleam of light,
Time writes for us our little play;
We act our part, then go away,
The curtain falls—again the night.

A pebble thrown out from the shore,
The ever widening circles run
And glisten in the morning sun,
Then strike the beach and are—no
more.
A bubble lifted on the stream,
One fleeting moment sails along
Upon the current, swift and strong,
Then bursts and sinks again—to dream.

Out of eternity are we cast,
To tie our barque to life's fair strand,
We twist our fickle ropes of sand
And vainly strive to anchor fast.
Or like the wind that comes and goes,
Along life's highway so we fare;
What hostelry awaits and where?
When ends the day? Alas!—who
knows.

And yet—into the gathering night,
Faith still shall triumph over death;
A little sigh, the parting breath,
And then the breaking of the light.

The following poem with the editorial
note which precedes it appeared in the
Sydney Post of Sydney, Nova Scotia,
December 31, 1929. Dr. Harper was a
personal friend of N. Milton Browne,
managing editor of that paper, and the
two were companions on many fishing
expeditions. On January 18, 1930 the
Sydney Post contained the following
paragraph from the pen of Mr. Browne:

The Last Long Cast.
Never again will he look upon his
beloved Margaree, and those of us who
had the pleasure and honor of his ac-
quaintance, will miss him sadly during
the coming season, when the salmon
are schooling and the river is "light."
Young at 72—he had attained to that
age December 3, 1929—he was in every
sense of the term, an ardent fisherman,
and as Charon ferried him over the
river Styx to the threshold of the Great
Adventure, it is probable he urged his
guide to anchor his craft to the lee
of that jutting rock or tumbling riff-
likely spots in which a trout or salmon
might be lurking—so that he might
make a final cast across the Stygian
tide, induce a rise and bring his last
hard-fighting fish to gaff.

On the Garden Pool.
Dr. J. W. Harper, of Hartford, Conn.,
after casting in vain for several hours,
with the salmon in sight, sat on the
shingle and wrote the following lines
indicative of his feelings.

O, Salmo Salar, canny fish,
Pray tell, what is your favorite dish
Nor leave me here repining:
Confess to me what I should fast
That you, to me, I may make fast,
What menu for your dining.

Your taste, it seems, is quite contrary
Of all my flies you are most wary,
Secure in your abiding;
Come, tell me kindly what you want
That I may lure you from your
haunt,
Pray, be to me confiding.

Alike Black Dose and Silver Crey
From both you look the other way,
Turn up your nose quite scornful;
Or Silver Doctor and Jack Scott
And other flies, it matters not
You leave me here most mournful.

I fancy you, somewhere below
Meet all the offerings I bestow
With most derisive laughter;
My highest gift I now confer
Pray help yourself, Fastidious Sir!
From fly book I cast after.

In vain, A hippopotamus on toast,
Mayhap would charm your Lordship
most
And your fond taste beguile;
Or Polar bear, or—let me see,
How would you like a fricassee
Of crocodile?

Again, in vain, I give it up,
And drink, alas, the bitter cup,
Of course you do not care
Indifferent to my every lure
Most disdainful epicure
I leave you in despair.
Margaree, 1929.

**You Can't Fatten Prize Cattle
Where Sheep Crop the Grass**
BY ROBERT QUILLEN
Public and private schools need an
intelligence test to weed out those who
will get no profit from further instruc-
tion.
Every Tom, Dick and Harry is going
to college—memorizing lessons, cram-
ming for tests, and emerging trium-
phant with diplomas that have lost
their significance.
Not one in five is fired with any

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. LXVI.
Attorney Arthur L. Shipman, whose father was a close friend of General Hawley, has made for The Times an analysis of the political conditions in the 70's, which is the period discussed in recent installments of the general's letters to Charles Dudley Warner. He writes:
"The account of the political situation



Mrs. Harriet Foote Hawley—the first Mrs. Hawley—as she appeared in the middle 70's. "A delicate little lady," Attorney Arthur L. Shipman calls her in his discussion of the period in today's article. She was related to the Beechers on the maternal side of her ancestry.

in Connecticut after the war until General Hawley's election to the senate may surprise and somewhat mystify the reader of to-day.
"Political feeling was much more intense than now. Quarrels within the republican party arose from two very different sources—first, local territorial rivalries; second, the republican party was formed from many different groups—old line whigs, war democrats, know nothings, abolitionists or free soilers.

"When the war was over and men returned from the field, there was a good deal of backbiting and feeling between those who went to the war and those who stayed at home.
"Again, this question must occur to the readers of the articles: 'Why did General Hawley fail uniformly to carry the Connecticut cities?' The reason is that the old-fashioned Jeffersonian democracy was very strong in the cities,



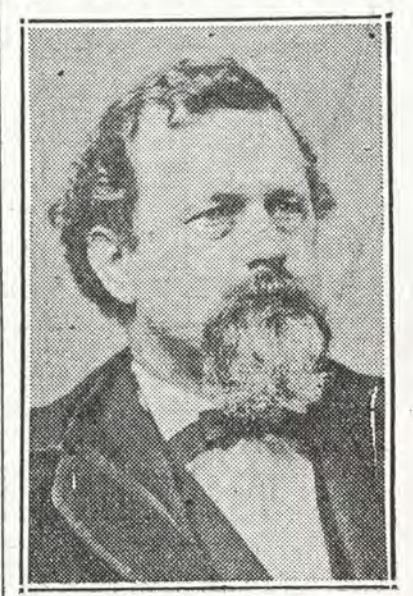
Nathaniel Shipman, Hawley's best man at his wedding and his lifelong friend. Mr. Shipman was a leading lawyer of his generation. He was the father of Attorney Arthur L. Shipman, who contributes to-day's installment of the Hawley articles.

being an alliance between the aristocratic democrats, generally state's rights men, and the proletarians. Their political organization from the days of Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson remained intact to a large extent while the new republican organization was quite loose and ineffective owing to the rifts above referred to. The incompetence, failures and quarrels of the northern leaders in the war gave the democrats plenty to talk about, and the copperhead sentiment after the war still remained in practically unbroken alignment.

rifices were not appreciated. He never went out of his way to mollify an enemy. He was undoubtedly sometimes contemptuous in expression, realizing, as he did, the narrow view of his Connecticut neighbors in respect to national problems.
"As a president, Grant was a failure, not because of his own abilities or lack of them, but because of his trust and confidence in men who were trying to use him and did use him for their own selfish ends.
"Again, some of these democratic leaders were too smooth, almost oily socially, which didn't gibe at all with the rigor of their political actions.
"Hawley couldn't understand a man who was not frank and open, nor could he tolerate anything which was like hitting below the belt. The democratic political leaders and many of the republican machine men constantly hit below the belt, and he hated them and showed it, and they hated him in return.

Hawley and Nathaniel Shipman.
"An illustration of the large mindedness of General Hawley is his relations with my father, of which I was dimly conscious all through my very small boyhood, and which I realized, of course, more clearly as I grew older.
"They were young men in Hartford struggling together—young lawyers trying to get a foothold at the bar. My father was Hawley's best man at his wedding. Later he was counsel for the Jewell family and the Jewell Belting company. He looked over before signature almost every state paper that Marshall Jewell ever put his name to. He had been groomsman for General McClellan, had visited him in the field during the war, and yet in the midst of the differences between the partners in

the Courant advanced Hawley \$29,000 to buy out the Goodrich interests, evidenced only by a little letter stating that he would hand over to Hawley at any time within five years the Goodrich stock for the same price.
"My father was saddened and so was my uncle, Henry C. Robinson, by the apparent incompetence of Grant as a president and like a little pitcher my father and uncle as they talked together on their porch on summer evenings.



Joseph R. Hawley, as he looked in late middle life.

"Yet the intimacy and affection between my father and Hawley continued unabated all through the succeeding years. The first Mrs. Hawley was at our house for weeks at a time, a delicate little lady, lame, spending a good deal of time in sketching and painting. Hawley appeared now and then and it was "Joe" and "Nat" as they sat over the fire in the evening smoking, Joe with his broad shoulders, short legs and upright posture, pouring out his doubts, complaints and hopes on both



...er view of a sports writer in action
 ...this?—
 ...ou have seen him, perhaps, where
 ...bands are playing and the pennants
 ...g and the people cheering. He is
 ...ys there; diligent there. At a
 ...ball game, while you leap up to
 ...l and wave your arms, he sits quite
 ...in the press box high behind you,
 ...nting through the smoke, saying
 ...tly out of the side of his mouth
 ...his telegrapher, 'Adams made five
 ...s off tackle. First down. Yale's
 ...When you snake-dance off to
 ...campus when the game is finally
 ...d, he removes the cover from his
 ...able typewriter, twists long tele-
 ...h paper in, writes, 'By So-and-So—
 ...Haven, Conn., Nov. 24.'—and then
 ...TES. When you go home from the
 ...ng match, or the hockey game, or
 ...boat race, you leave him there, in
 ...dawn of his business day. But be-
 ...e he works while you play, pity
 ...not; he plays while you work—
 ...you work longer and harder, in
 ...ler places."

...ere's a monograph for you!
 ...the other day a young chap ap-
 ...! for a job as a newspaper sports
 ...r. Questioned as to his experi-
 ...e, he replied naively that he had
 ...reading "Young Man of Manhat-
 ... That's the sort of a book it is.

...by McLean is an authentic news-
 ...rman. He is the sort that all
 ...papermen imagine themselves to
 ...They will like reading him because
 ...can see themselves in his place,
 ...hey were, as they are now. His
 ...desired qualities they will prob-
 ...assign to some fellow-worker of
 ...acquaintance.

...w familiar the picture of the re-
 ...r who's going to write—"some-
 ...The inspiration of to-morrow!
 ...disease of "manana"! All embryo
 ...lists! All going to write "on the
 ...—some day! The mistake, of
 ...e, is in telling people your plans.
 ...they hear them, you'll be con-
 ...lly cursed with, "How's the story
 ...?" "Written anything lately?"
 ...that plot yet?" cum multis aliis.
 ...s you're contented with saying
 ...flatly, such annoyances make
 ...ledge and, if you haven't had the
 ...s, the first thing you know you're
 ...g about the plot idea you devel-
 ...a year ago! Anything for peace
 ...quiet.

...much easier if you're a banker,
 ...ample. Then when somebody
 ...you, "Going to increase your in-
 ...rate?" you can get technical and
 ..."Have you seen our annual re-
 ...or "The pelicans are thick in
 ...etersburg this year!"

...harine. Brush knows her news-
 ...men, their lingo, their manners;
 ...they look when at work or play;
 ...od behavior or otherwise. Into
 ...Vaughn you feel that she has writ-
 ...art of herself. The plot is real,
 ...live and kicking, but with that
 ...of romance that keeps it a little
 ...ray from the what-price-glory of
 ...Front Page."

...y say "Young Man of Manhattan"
 ...ng to the talkies. It ought to be
 ...neat for any director. Miss Brush
 ...he camera's eye for descriptive
 ...—RUSSELL RHODES.

...Come! let us wander, you and I,
 ...Through this little book of common-
 ...place,
 ...A song in our heart, a smile on our
 ...face,
 ...And we'll bide a wee in a cloistered
 ...nook,
 ...While I cast a fly on a laughing brook
 ...Or a lazy pool to get a "rise"
 ...And some speckled beauties shall be our
 ...prize.
 ...I'll build the fire, you'll be the cook,
 ...And we'll feel like lords and we'll dine
 ...like gods.
 ...While the squirrel scolds and the clover
 ...nods,
 ...Where a bandit bee, while thieving,
 ...clings
 ...As on the breeze he sways and swings
 ...Then hies him off on drunken wings
 ...A hoot on the "cares that infest the
 ...day!"
 ...In this little book, Come away! Come
 ...away!
 ...From the fret of strife, the haunts of
 ...men,
 ...And we will be just two boys again.

...Spring Song.
 ...Dis morn de byards war singin'
 ...And the crocuses war springin'
 ...And de folks day say dat wintah cum
 ...no mo';
 ...And to-night de win' am howlin',
 ...An' er shriekin' an' er growlin',
 ...An' fo' de lan's sake, honey, shet de do'.

...An Old Fly-Book."
 ...The Wreck.
 ...Out on the edge of the reef she rides,
 ...Where the billows play and the sea-
 ...gulls cry,
 ...And the seaweed clings to her moulder-
 ...ing sides,
 ...And frayed from her masts her hal-
 ...yards fly.
 ...Oh, the day is fair, and the breeze off-
 ...shore!
 ...'Tis a summer sky and a summer sea,
 ...And idly a ragged sail flaps at her fore,
 ...And the tide rolls over her lazily.

...But what a day when the Storm King
 ...woke
 ...And a Specter stood dark 'gainst the
 ...drifting fog!
 ...And what of his fury that o'er her
 ...broke
 ...And a Death's hand that wrote out
 ...the log!
 ...When the storm was o'er, on the lone
 ...beach wide,
 ...What was it that lay there—that
 ...silent thing?
 ...That the sea-gulls saw washed up by
 ...the tide,
 ...And flew away wondering?

...Ah, well for the day that the skies are
 ...clear
 ...And yonder the sails go idly by!
 ...But somewhere—a woman's sigh and
 ...tear,
 ...And a child looks up and wonders
 ...why.

...The Unknown Soldier.
 ...Back from the field whereon he fell,
 ...Back from the flaming jaws of hell,
 ...Back to the shores he loved so well,
 ...America brings her dead;
 ...Up through silent lanes they come,
 ...Caisson and flag and muffled drum,
 ...Over the stiffen'd lips and dumb
 ...A nation bows her head.

...N oone to claim him, no one to own,
 ...There on the face of the carved stone,
 ...Chisel his simple name—Unknown,
 ...Chisel it deep!
 ...Flag—for his shroud, he died to save,
 ...Volley—across the clods of his grave,
 ...Taps—for the fair, young life that he
 ...gave,
 ...So let him sleep.

...Immortality.
 ...I stood beside his grave,
 ...And men would say
 ...That he was dead;
 ...Yet, as I turned away,
 ...There, just beyond I saw,
 ...Amid the winter's wrack and rue,
 ...A shy and tiny living thing
 ...From serene and wither'd leaves upspring,
 ...And bursting through,
 ...Lift up its head
 ...Unto the blue.

...To a Bluebird.
 ...I heard you as I trudg'd along,
 ...I caught the challenge in your song
 ...That stay'd my steps advancing.
 ...For how could I go on my way
 ...While you, sweet minstrel, pour'd your
 ...lay
 ...In tones the most entrancing.

...There on a fence-post, standing by,
 ...Above the brown earth, parch'd and dry
 ...For April showers a-thriving,
 ...I heard you sound the winter's knell,
 ...I saw your brown throat fall and swell
 ...With joys of spring you fain would tell,
 ...Your little heart just bursting.

...Yet, you're a highway robber, Sir!
 ...Cloak'd as a minstrel harbinger,
 ...You held me up, I could not stir,
 ...While thus I stood adoring,
 ...You robb'd me of my every care,
 ...With manner gay and debonaire,
 ...Then toss'd them lightly on the air,
 ...Upon your song outpouring.

...So, having filch'd me, off you flew—
 ...Ah! little bit of Heaven's blue,
 ...To yonder maple, full in view,
 ...And safely hid behind it.
 ...But if your song you e'er should miss,
 ...I'm sure no robbery is this,
 ...With all its joy, its life, its bliss,
 ...Deep in my heart you'll find it.

...Mist.
 ...Fantastic in the moonlight white,
 ...Exquisite as the flowers of June,
 ...Embroidered like a baby's shoon.
 ...While bits of darkness intertwist
 ...And form a lace; the evening mist
 ...Has robbed the valley far and near
 ...In wispy, dainty garments sheer.
 ...As a mother clothes her child.
 ...—ELEANOR PEABODY.
 ...To the Sea.
 ...Because upon the storm-beat shore, my
 ...soul
 ...Looks out upon eter-

...The following poem with the editorial
 ...note which precedes it appeared in the
 ...Sydney Post of Sydney, Nova Scotia,
 ...December 31, 1929. Dr. Harper was a
 ...personal friend of N. Milton Frowne,
 ...managing editor of that paper, and the
 ...two were companions on many fishing
 ...expeditions. On January 18, 1930 the
 ...Sydney Post contained the following
 ...paragraph from the pen of Mr. Browne:

...The Last Long Cast.
 ...Never again will he look upon his
 ...beloved Margaree, and those of us who
 ...had the pleasure and honor of his ac-
 ...quaintance, will miss him sadly dur-
 ...ing the coming season, when the salmon
 ...are schooling and the river is "light."
 ...Young at 72—he had attained to that
 ...age December 3, 1929—he was in every
 ...sense of the term, an ardent fisherman,
 ...and as Charon ferried him over the
 ...river Styx to the threshold of the Great
 ...Adventure, it is probable he urged his
 ...guide to anchor his craft to the lee
 ...of that jutting rock or tumbling riff-
 ...likely spots in which a trout or salmon
 ...might be lurking—so that he might
 ...make a final cast across the Stygian
 ...tide, induce a rise and bring his last
 ...hard-fighting fish to gaff.

...On the Garden Pool.
 ...Dr. J. W. Harper, of Hartford, Conn.,
 ...after casting in vain for several hours,
 ...with the salmon in sight, sat on the
 ...shingle and wrote the following lines
 ...indicative of his feelings.

...O, Salmo Salar, canny fish,
 ...Pray tell, what is your favorite dish
 ...Nor leave me here repining:
 ...Confess to me what I should fast
 ...That you, to me, I may make fast,
 ...What menu for your dining.

...Your taste, it seems, is quite contrary
 ...Of all my flies you are most wary,
 ...Secure in your abiding;
 ...Come, tell me kindly what you want
 ...That I may lure you from your
 ...haunt,
 ...Pray, be to me confiding.

...Alike Black Dose and Silver Grey
 ...From both you look the other way,
 ...Turn up your nose quite scornful;
 ...Or Silver Doctor and Jack Scott
 ...And other flies, it matters not
 ...You leave me here most mournful.

...I fancy you, somewhere below
 ...Meet all the offerings I bestow
 ...With most derisive laughter;
 ...My highest gift I now confer
 ...Pray help yourself, Fastidious Sir!
 ...From fly book I cast after.

...In vain, A hippopotamus on toast,
 ...Mayhap would charm your Lordship
 ...most
 ...And your fond taste beguile;
 ...Or Polar bear, or—let me see,
 ...How would you like a fricassee
 ...Of crocodile?

...Again, in vain, I give it up,
 ...And drink, alas, the bitter cup,
 ...Of course you do not care
 ...Indifferent to my every lure
 ...Most disdainful epicure
 ...I leave you in despair.
 ...Margaree, 1929.

**You Can't Fatten Prize Cattle
 Where Sheep Crop the Grass**
 BY ROBERT QUILLEN

Public and private schools need an
 intelligence test to weed out those who
 will get no profit from further instruc-
 tion.

Every Tom, Dick and Harry is going
 to college—memorizing lessons, cram-
 ming for tests, and emerging trium-
 phant with diplomas that have lost
 their significance.

Not one in five is fired with any
 passion for learning, and not one in five
 would finish his course if required to
 work and sacrifice to pay his own way.
 Most of them go to college because
 it is the orthodox thing to do; because
 a college degree is a social advantage;
 because their parents require them to
 go, or because college life is more
 pleasant than the alternative they are
 offered.

They have no right in college.
 The theory is that every youth in a
 free land has a right to an education,
 and it would seem unjust to deprive one
 child of this right because he is less
 brilliant than another.
 His greater need should make his
 right more secure.

But the dog in the manger has no
 right to keep the ox from the hay, and
 those who cannot or will not profit
 by instruction have no right to handi-
 cap those who can.
 All educators agree that able and
 eager students are held back by stupid
 and indifferent pupils who consume
 the time and exhaust the energies of
 instructors.

And because the instructors them-
 selves are helpless cogs in a machine—
 whipped by their need of bread and
 butter—afraid to offend—they smooth
 the way for the witless, promote the
 stupid to be rid of them, and at last
 award diplomas that indicate no more
 than a riddance of rubbish.
 It is a foolish and unjust system.
 There is no reason or justice or com-
 mon sense in requiring a youth to re-
 main in school a specified number of
 years, memorizing daily lessons he does
 not understand or wish to understand,
 when it is obvious that he will forget
 what he has learned within a year
 and profit by it in no way at all.
 There should be an annual test in
 every school and college to weed out
 those who have gone as far as they can
 and those who are worthy of no further
 attention.
 The stupid and the indifferent should
 not be coached and coddled and awarded
 unearned honors at the expense of
 those who are eager to learn.
 Nobody wastes time and energy or
 plays the hypocrite to give weaklings
 a high rating in football.
 (Copyright, 1930, Publishers Syndicate.)

**Mrs. Harriet Foote Hawley—the first
 Mrs. Hawley—as she appeared in the
 middle 70's. "A delicate little lady,"
 Attorney Arthur L. Shipman calls her
 in his discussion of the period in to-
 day's article. She was related to the
 Beechers on the maternal side of her
 ancestry.**

in Connecticut after the war until Gen-
 eral Hawley's election to the senate may
 surprise and somewhat mystify the
 reader of to-day.

"Political feeling was much more in-
 tense then than now. Quarrels within
 the republican party arose from two
 very different sources—first, local ter-
 ritorial rivalries; second, the republi-
 can party was formed from many dif-
 ferent groups—old line whigs, war
 democrats, know nothings, abolitionists
 or free soilers.

"When the war was over and men re-
 turned from the field, there was a good
 deal of backbiting and feeling between
 those who went to the war and those
 who stayed at home.

"Again, this question must occur to
 the readers of these articles: 'Why did
 General Hawley fail uniformly to carry
 the Connecticut cities?' The reason is
 that the old-fashioned Jeffersonian
 democracy was very strong in the cities,

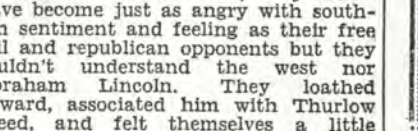


Joseph R. Hawley, as he looked in late middle life.

the Courant advanced Hawley \$29,000
 to buy out the Goodrich interests,
 evidenced only by a little letter stating
 that he would hand over to Hawley at
 any time within five years the Goodrich
 stock for the same price.

"My father was saddened and so was
 my uncle, Henry C. Robinson, by the
 apparent incompetence of Grant as a
 general—and like a little pitcher my
 father and uncle were as they talked together
 on the porch on summer
 evenings.

"Yet the intimacy and affection be-
 tween my father and Hawley continued
 unabated all through the succeeding
 years. The first Mrs. Hawley was at
 our house for weeks at a time, a deli-
 cate little lady, lame, spending a good
 deal of time in sketching and painting.
 Hawley appeared now and then and it
 was "Joe" and "Nat" as they sat over
 the fire in the evening smoking, Joe
 with his broad shoulders, short legs
 and upright posture, pouring out his
 doubts, complaints and hopes on both



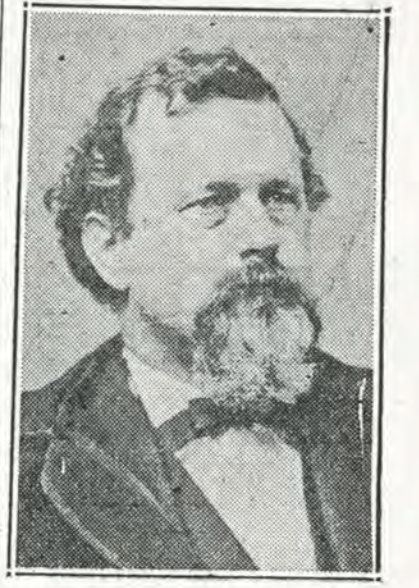
Nathaniel Shipman, Hawley's best man at his wedding and his lifelong friend. Mr. Shipman was a leading lawyer of his generation. He was the father of Attorney Arthur L. Shipman, who contributes to-day's installment of the Hawley articles.

being an alliance between the aristo-
 cratic democrats, generally state's
 rights men, and the proletarians. Their
 political organization from the days of
 Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson
 remained intact to a large extent while
 the new republican organization was
 quite loose and ineffective owing to the
 rifts above referred to. The incom-
 petence, failures and quarrels of the
 northern leaders in the war gave the
 democrats plenty to talk about, and the
 copperhead sentiment after the war
 still remained in practically unbroken
 alignment.

Didn't Understand Lincoln.
 "Had such men as A. E. Burr, William
 W. Eaton, William James Hamersley,
 Richard D. Hubbard, Alvan Waldo
 Hyde, James E. English and Charles R.
 Ingersoll been in Washington before
 the outbreak of the war, they would
 have become just as angry with south-
 ern sentiment and feeling as their free
 soil and republican opponents but they
 couldn't understand the west nor
 Abraham Lincoln. They loathed
 Seward, associated him with Thurlow
 Weed, and felt themselves a little
 superior to the black republicans, who
 lost their tempers and who were in-
 clined to exaggerate any indication of
 opinion, which, in their minds, showed
 disloyalty or lack of effort in the civil
 crisis of the nation.

"Then the reconstruction mistakes
 were terrible. The speculations which
 followed inflation and resulted in the
 panic of '73 upset the judgment even
 of the coolest headed.
 "There was a good deal of jealousy of
 General Hawley too. He had very few
 arts of the politician. The war left him
 dreadfully tired, sensitive that his sac-

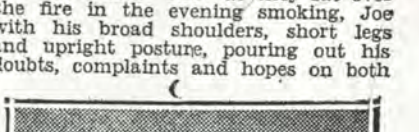
shall Jewell ever put his name to. He
 had been groomsmen for General
 McClellan, had visited him in the field
 during the war, and yet in the midst of
 the differences between the partners in



Henry C. Robinson, father of Lucius F. and John T. Robinson, close friend of Hawley from early manhood until death broke the relationship. He became a factor in Connecticut political affairs in the 70's.

national and local questions. Their
 relations are best summed up in a letter
 which I have from Hawley addressed to
 another, written from the field in the
 war, ending, 'Show this to Nat Ship-
 man. How I love that man!'

(Continued To-morrow.)



Charles T. Treadway, former president of Bristol & Plainville Tramway company dies at age 57.

Simon Freund of Hartford elected
 president of Amalgamated Meat Cut-
 ters and Butcher Workmen of North
 America at annual meeting in this
 city.

Dwight N. Hewes of Hartford elected
 president of Connecticut Business
 Men's association at annual meeting in
 Meriden.

Two hundred Hartford Knights of
 Pythias take part in national cere-
 monial of order in Madison Square
 Garden, New York.

USELESS IRISH TORPEDOES.
 (Savannah News.)
 Science has finally shown the way
 to make enormous bricks, bricks twenty
 feet long and five feet wide and as thick.
 And one advantage of them is that,
 they are practically non-throwable.

**Twenty-five Years
 Ago To-day**

JANUARY 28, 1905.
 Japanese renew offensive against
 Russians in Manchuria on report of
 fresh internal disorder in enemy's
 country.
 Abraham H. Hummel, noted New
 York lawyer, indicted on conspiracy
 charge in Dodge-Morse divorce case.
 Trains on "New Haven" railroad
 stalled thirty-six hours by heavy snow
 drifts.
 Judge John M. Hall of the superior
 court, former president of the Consoli-
 dated railroad, dies in New Haven at
 age of 63.
 Premier Rouvier takes office in
 France on invitation of President
 Loubet.
 Largest diamond ever discovered,