

Good Intentions Can't Make Pearls Useful to Hungry Swine

BY ROBERT QUILLEN

Scientists have tried to create life and failed. Their experiments have not yet found the right ingredients.

Efforts to create an artificial happiness commonly fail for the same reason. Only by chance do men assemble the ingredients of which happiness is made.

We say that certain things are good for men and other certain things bad; and having thus defined the ingredients of life, we endeavor to assemble the things called good and create a state of happiness.

If our definitions were correct and our assembly of the "good" things successful, happiness would be the invariable result.

And since our assembly frequently is successful and happiness does not result, it is clear that our definitions are wrong.

If certain things are supposed to bring happiness, and we procure those things and yet fail to be happy, it should be obvious to the most simple that our supposition is wrong.

The truth is, all experience has proven that our definitions of good and bad are often incorrect, and though correct in one instance may be wrong in another.

The thing we think good for us proves ultimately to be bad, and the thing that brings happiness and success to one brings misery and failure to another.

The capacity, needs and temperament of one individual are so unlike the equipment of another, and these factors so complicate the quest for happiness that no man can say whether a given set of circumstances is pregnant with happiness or woe.

And since all things work together, one fitting and supporting another to complete a harmonious whole, it is easy to believe that any effort to disrupt or change the scheme of things must end in disaster—or bring good only by accident.

The fool forcibly kept from one folly is caught by another; the weakling supported by the strong in a place of authority is overthrown when support is withdrawn; every effort to violate the natural order of things proves unprofitable in the end.

If a man has a capacity for happiness, he will be happy. If he has a capacity that requires only the addition of wealth to make him happy, a fortune will bring him bliss. But the needs of men differ as men differ in appearance; and since the plan of nature tends to supply needs, and each man strives for the thing he has the capacity to enjoy, who can doubt that the life a man builds for himself brings him more ultimate good than any artificial way of life thrust upon him by well-meaning meddlers.

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The Once Over

BY H. I. PHILIPS

MOTHER GOOSE HEALTH RHYMES. (Copyright, 1929, by The Associated Newspapers)

(Miss Mary Duggan, an Eastern educator, wants childhood rhymes that will substitute healthful foods for those about which the old jingle authors wrote.—News item.)

Mistress Mary, healthful very, How does your garden grow? With spinach greens and peas and beans And rhubarb plants all in a row.

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe She had lots of children who healthfully grew; She fed them on onions, raw, fried and boiled, And thus were all germs that beset children foiled.

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner Eating a spinach pie; He said "All this sand is tasty and grand— What a great football prospect am I!"

Little Polly Flinders Sat among the cinders Warming each pretty little toe; Her mother fed her beet tops And now whenever the heat drops Her blood's so rich she sits out in the snow.

Bye, baby bunting, Daddy's gone a-hunting To get some dandelion greens So baby'll know what vigor means

Jack Sprat could eat no fat, His wife was like her mate; Their idea of a banquet was A vegetable plate.

Curly locks! Curly locks! Will thou be mine? Thou shalt not wash dishes Nor yet feed the swine. But sit at the table And have for dessert Five helpings of spinach— Including the dirt.

To market, to market, for Vitamin A Home again, home again, happy and gay; To market, to market for Vitamin B Home again, home again, shouting for glee; To market, to market for Vitamin C— Some may like ice cream, but cabbage

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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NO. XVIII.

In the early days of Hawley's coming to Connecticut, when Warner had indicated a desire for a writing career, Hawley labored with him eloquently in his letters in favor of the law as a profession. He pointed out to him how difficult it was to earn a living by writing, while on the other hand if he adopted the law he would find time in leisure moments to devote to authorship. It is somewhat surprising, therefore, to find Hawley in 1857 turning his back upon the legal profession and taking up the very course against which he urged Warner so earnestly.

The Press had been founded in 1856 by a group of republicans who wanted an organ for the new party. A year from that time found Hawley out of the legal profession and at the helm of the paper.

It is not possible to say now exactly how it came that Hawley abandoned the law for the field of journalism. It is possible to speculate. He had been among the hundred republicans who had contributed \$100 each to establish The Press, and he had written for the paper and been actively interested in it. It is reasonable to assume that the intensity of the anti-slavery cause so appealed to him that he lost interest in prosaic legal work when there was need for valiant fighting for the principles in which he believed and to promulgate which the Press had been established.

Then, too, The Press needed help to keep it going to support the cause. Many of his old friends had put their money into it. Like most other newspaper ventures it was not prosperous from the start. If it was to live it had to be nurtured. Hawley, with his great interest in the cause, his enthusiasm for the publication, and his ability as a writer and expounder of republican principles, may naturally have found himself getting so deep in the venture that he was obliged to give his whole time to it. Dry legal work could not have appealed to him as did the exciting opportunity to wield a trenchant editorial pen.

Hunting for a Minister.

In January, 1857, Hawley was at Pittsfield, Mass., on a Sunday morning, the 11th, as a member of a committee seeking a candidate for the pulpit of the Center church. The Rev. W. W. Patton had gone to Chicago and Deacon Oimstead of the church desired an opinion upon a man named Boynton, who had come from Ohio to serve the church in the Berkshires. The mission was a failure as Boynton had worn himself out in revival work and the sermon was preached by Dr. Hermaad Humphrey, formerly president of Amherst college, who was old and dull.

Unexpectedly to Hawley, Warner had been married. Hawley congratulated him upon not waiting for wealth before taking a wife. He also gave Warner an account of the political campaign of the November previous in which Hawley himself had taken a tremendous part and had been accepted by the republicans as their leader. He was being talked of for congress, but he was determined to sacrifice no moral principle to get the nomination. He wrote:

1856 Campaign in Hartford.

"Did you get a paper or two I sent you during the campaign containing some notices of me? We were defeated as I expected, but after all we feel happier up this way than the Buchaneers. I went into the campaign without reservation, physical or pecuniary and we had a glorious campaign, too. Hartford built an enormous shanty called Fremont Camp to hold 3000 & had distinguished speakers two or three times a week. I heard but few of them for I spoke 60 or 70 times myself. We had a new feature for Conn in our campaign. H. H. Barbour, lawyer, lieutenant in Mexican War, formerly a politician in Indiana, State Senator there, now in Hartford, ardent Loco, quite sincere a Baptist in good standing (queer compound isn't he?) challenged the Fremonters to debate and our folks made me accept. We went to a dozen or fifteen towns & spoke twice in Hartford.

"The night before the election we had a great rally in Hartford—600 or 800 horsemen with torches several thousand footmen ditto a wagon with that infernal Callopo or steam organ, etc. A fine large transparency with 'Hawley our Champion' with wreath on one side & mottoes etc. on the other was carried also—

"We carried Hartford by 400, having been beaten at the previous election by over 100.—The fight in Connecticut was desperate.—The Fremont club of Hartford gave me a beautiful silver goblet.

"That infernal device—Americanism (Know Nothingism—Ed.) is losing vitality here—Read last Saturday's Tribune & you will see the result of our state convention. We worked so well together in the presidential campaign that we called a Union Convention which resulted as you will see by that

New Haven where he may have been observing the business of the legislature for a day, Hawley wrote:

An Opportunity for Warner.

New Haven, May 27, 1858.

Dear Charley:

I have this moment been talking with the leading politician in the eastern part of our state. He lives in Norwich. Look at the map. It is a city of 11,000 inhabitants. With New London for the other, it is the half shire town of New London County. New London & Windham Counties compose one congressional district. Norwich is the leading town & the centre of influence of the section of the state east of the river—if you take out Tolland County perhaps, though a portion of that is more easily reached from Norwich than Hartford.

Now Norwich has no daily paper. There is a Republican semi-weekly which has no influence & is good for little or nothing in any respect. There is a Loco weekly edited by the Postmaster. None of the politicians care a fig for it.

Edmund Perkins Esq., is the ablest man of Norwich. He asked me to-day if I knew a man who would make a good editor. I enthusiastically commended you & he begged me to write you, immediately. He would like to see you, and with others would be glad to start a daily & weekly paper there. They have a mortgage on the Norwich Courier, the semi-weekly referred to, and if old Sykes will not sell out on favorable terms they will immediately foreclose if necessary.

You will see that Norwich has railroads in three directions running through manufacturing villages. Early morning trains reach nearly the whole of New London & Windham counties and the east section of Tolland. I have not the least doubt that a smart little daily could be made to make money there. There must be a large advertising patronage there which is undeveloped. Hartford with only 25,000 inhabitants and not so good facilities for reaching the surrounding country has four dailies & six weeklies.

If they will furnish you capital I have no doubt of your success. You would need as partner a very thorough businessman and practical printer. I do not now know just the man but you can find him I have no doubt. If you are not engaged I say candidly that I don't know a better opening. Can you come up and see about it?

Perkins is here attending legislature a good part of the time. Our Governor, Mr. Buckingham, is now here of course. He lives in Norwich, and is a most excellent man of wealth and liberality.

Norwich is a charming place of residence—beautiful scenery, etc., etc., easy of access by steamboat or railroad from New York with direct communication with Boston. What do you think of it?

Hattie & I now live on Nook Farm—neat little cottage. Her health is fair mine excellent.

Yrs. again, Joe R. Hawley.

Warner did not go to Norwich and correspondence between the friends became apparently slightly less frequent. For the next letter is under date of November 2, 1859. Hawley wrote: "Of course you will be surprised. So am I; it gives me a queer feeling to sit down and call up your image for a short talk."

The Warners apparently had visited Hartford in the interim, possibly that Warner might investigate the Norwich situation. At any rate Hawley wrote that "every little while somebody speaks of Charley Warner and his wife who made so many friends in so short a time."

Warner had gone to Chicago and was practising law. Hawley needed help with The Press and proposed an arrangement whereby he would pay Warner \$25 and the latter would send him anything in the way of literary contributions he thought worth it. So he wrote: Hartford, Nov. 2, 1859.

Dear Charley:

My personal history may be briefly disposed of briefly. Became editor of The Press in February 1857. Bought it in Feb. 1857 with the assistance of some friends under the name of "J. R. Hawley & Co." Am chief editor and sole controller of its columns. It gains every year, slowly but steadily in the face of powerful opposition—three other enterprising dailies in Hartford enlarged it last June. Self and wife lived from April 1858 to April 1859 in a charming cottage near Hooker's Now board at Francis Gillette's nearly opposite Hooker's. Pleasant neighborhood. We have no children—have you? I live on \$800. a year which is all my present contract allows, but I shall increase it as the paper furnishes revenue. Socially I am getting along very happily.

In business I am worried. It is now the time of year when I must add largely to my subscription list—my harvest time. I want to be absent from my paper some, running about drumming up, engaging local agents, collecting, etc., etc., and that brings me to my object in writing to you just now. As for me, I am chiefly a political editor and in drudging along from day to day. I feel some times as though I had exhausted my brains, as though I was running in a groove and giving my columns too much sameness. For a long time a capable man furnished me literary gossip reviews, etc. So a literary clergyman furnished me each Saturday a sort of semi-religious article—tip top it was—and he is beginning again, but the former is done for—gone off.

BETWEEN US AND THE BED POST

BY FREDERICK P. LATIMER.

Winter according to the calendar will not be here until some weeks have passed, but old Jack Frost of late has not paid the slightest attention to that fact. We noticed this most poignantly, Thursday morning, last, traveling southward in a bus perfect in every respect except that the total amount of heat in it was scarcely enough to soften a quarter of a pound of butter. Everybody on the bus looked as if they felt like Dr. Kane on a Greenland expedition. Snow had dusted beautifully white the whole countryside, the woodland landscape being so fairylike in that respect it was all we could do to keep our attention focused on an article about bassfishing in French river, Canada, we were reading in a magazine. It was a bitterly disappointing article. The guide went off for more bait and the editor sheared the piece off short with his scissors before Alonzo could get back.

That night we had the pleasure of undressing in front of an open fire preparatory for a rapid dash to get in under the blankets. And Friday morning we dressed as we had undressed. If there is any luxury more nearly heavenly than feeling the hot warmth of a blazing fire on the hearth playing upon you while you draw on your clothes of a brisk wintry morning it must be of noted character. We often pity the poor ancestors of more primitive periods, but they certainly had a wonderful time getting dressed in front of their hickory logs, or maple, with a dash of cedar thrown on for crackle. The way ambition for breakfast accumulates under such circumstances is memorable.

When we went into town the wind was roaring and searching through one's garments like probing icicles. Friends we saw and who hailed us from their cars, halting and poking their hands from the windows to "shake," and say, "By George, you're just the same old scorpion, but been puttin' on a little weight, ain't yer?" were all wrapped up to the ears and put us in mind of the faces of blue Arabs sticking out of bales. And some of them honked so with their coughs it was plain to see they needed no horns for their cars.

At the club the elderly habitues sat around the table and paid attention to hot toddies resurrected somehow from previous to the war. They talked about it as if it were more important than restoring the bull market. In the summer one does not witness such scenes. They are a product of boreal aspects. Upstairs in the bridge room we lost six rubbers while a wicked draft blew across the back of our neck; could not hold a card above a ten-spot but twice and then were set one or two hundred each time because our partner was so numb we both made defensive bids at the same moment and then the other people would double. "Double, double, toil and trouble," Shakespeare said. Probably he was a regular old Ely Culberson.

In the billiard room, it was raw, the radiators not being up to par. You hear the venerable judge's back from the stiff cooltch every time a bead on the ball; and the cued on the cues sounded like snow gritting on a wagon tire. "Hek"; holy mackerel, what a shot. If they are playing fifty they will be still at it Christmas.

We stood on a register in the shivering, while an ancient counsel in an ulster was telling justice of the supreme court in broat about a case he had in and whether Hugh Alcorn or Cummings was the better man a jury, spunk versus blink; and justice pulled out his handkerchief and said he thought the Yale lost the game was because he missed a tackle. Barres ought to get Mays, he was right on him, but missed him and that's all that was to it. Both sides played a game and you couldn't say one was better than the other. It is how much notice justices give anybody else has in view.

As we got into the bus again, we were on the panes. We hunched inside our great coat and newspaper around our family's and the equipage set forth the frozen north. Six miles on a buck deer with vapor streaming from his nostrils bounded out from the side of the road and stood for a while with legs spread apart, staring at us, his eyes blinded by the sun. He was a pretty picture in

ber of the on faculty. person rose guest at dance and professor saying of not work,

ny years, is self-effacing in the time Mrs. Hilles, virtue. Let light out on knows to be ork, are recognized an "occupa-



And surely there is a soul who will also remember Byrd by radio that there are twenty more shopping days Christmas.

Metropolitan drama who if ever gets into print: A newspaper editor of long acquaintance, on his last day in office, receiving a steady procession of wishes from all the well-wishers including the printer's devil, collector and the dean of circus pe-

Related Thanks We're thankful for our 10th And that we are not curialth. Ere dubbing this "all Please concentrate on J.

Fable of the Bear Metaphorically speaking The FOX was a B When I quite faced Installed him when In the Portico's He would point a And prove the ma Brought a curse. But the printer By far than I Changed him to The animal sly, Who in the stock Could pad around More quiet than B And never be found And thus the mas True to form, Adorned the tall And made me m While the printer Were easy to fus With metaphor But ambiguous H.

It's very gracious H. to put the blame on and no one else. The "have every reason to believe to the line henceforth

TIME.

Majority of the in the cham- 10,000 naval pro- London confer- armaments has assive sample of in the ranks that went on weapons cases, in the Tar- vigorous plea for waved the flag out menaces on and on the north new keels laid in failed to impress directly represent people of France. ceremonial pres- evidence of the es which many on with the na- foster as regards ndon conference. rather formidable am at this date, trading material se deputies adopt convincing policy of the conference

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LOVE DEBATE.

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With Or Without One

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