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TIME.

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SOVE DEBATE.

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body need worry



And surely there is soul who will also reminander Byrd by radio that there iventy more shopping days larist-

11 Metropolitan drama wi ever gets into print; A paper editor of long and ence, on his last day in receiving a steady proces wishers from all the wall cluding printer's devil, cal sor and the dean of circus p

Belated Thanks We're thankful for our 4th And that we are not currenth. Ere dubbing this "all Please concentrate on

> Fable of the Bear Metaphorically spe The FOX was a B When I quite facet Installed him when In the Portico's 1 He would point a And prove the me Brought & cursa. But the printer By far than L Changed him to The animal sly, Who in the stock Could pad aroun More quiet than And never be fou And thus the me True to form, Adorned the tail And made me m While the printer Were easy to fus With metaphor But ambiguous!

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

Though women in ked indoors like prisonen to go out only once in sand shrouded under a " still, the place is a ho dise because the husband ear things, says Eunice and novelist, who knows are usually exceedingly their wives are cone ike i on the north the traditional Amer is not necessary to rel ing home little gifts 11 ciate. The men los ith nd the husband to bring back gift

The newest American rack foster as regards be the wife who tells her ni wants to play at being Tunis December 26.

For \$25 a month Miss Tie able to rent a ten-room villa, and "the price even included to work the back yard, while cents a day I employed a F to do our cooking." At that of the local cooks which we ponement of the neighbors despair of ought to be rescinded, but ing for their keep. Miss Tiet that the native veils, however no avail for the men recog only every disguised woman street, but detected her the she stepped out in an ex Tunisian costume in which hoped she would pass for nat talent for detecting a foreign was "something they could no but they knew." Which recall that a lot of Americans are successful at disguise when London by sauntering down in a rig completely English in to briar, and wonder why ever girls giggle and lisp "Yank,

With Or Without Onl

The next distraction shot outline history of the evolution pillar of American democ lunch cart. Biographies of m jects, with nothing of the tr tion from a charter memberal He is fully able to crepit and condemned horse

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 30 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.

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anybody else has in view.

we got into the bus again, a on the panes. We hunched

Letters of General Joseph R. Hawley

Hero of the Civil War, Hartford Editor, Governor of Connecticut, Congressman and United States Senator.

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 eareer, 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 immensity 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. the Center church. The Rev. W. W. Patton had gone to Chicago and Deacon Olmstead 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. Herman 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

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:

determined to sacrifice no moral principle to get the nomination. He wrote:

1856 Campaign in Hartford.

1856 Campaign in Hartford.

2 Did you get a paper or two is shown in the shivering, while an ancient coracounsel in an ulster was tell-paties of the supreme court in two at about a case he had in and whether Hugh Alcorn or Cummings was the better man a jury, spunk versus blink; and tike pulled out his handkerchief taghed and said he thought the Yale lost the game was because imissed a tackle. Barres ought agot Mays, he was right on him, but missed him and that's all was to it. Both sides played a time and you couldn't say one tag better than the other. It is believed the source is better than the other. It is believed the source is anybody else has in view.

determined to sacrifice no moral principle to get the nomination. He wrote:

1856 Campaign in Hartford.

1856 Campaign in Hartford.

1 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. We 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, formely a pollitician in Indiana, State Senator there, now in Hartford, ardent Loco, quite simple to get the nomination.

1856 Campaign in Hartford.

1856 Campaign in

sand documen ditto a wagon with that infernal Calliope or steam organ, etc. A fine large transparency with 'Hawley our Champion' with wreath on one side & mottoes etc. on the other was garried elec-

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 Nenw 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 Esg., is the ablest I have this moment been talking with

is a Loco weekly master. 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

mended 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 rurnish 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.

course. He lives in Norwich, and is a most excellent man of wealth and liberality.

Norwich is a charming place of res-

Norwich is a charming place of residence—beautiful scenery, etc., etc.,

Hattle & 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 1; 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 Warner did not go to Norwich and

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:

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 neighboropposite Hooker's. Pleasant neighbor-hood. 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

show much notice justices give anybody else has in view.

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In business I am worried. It is now

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 suc-cessful, 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.

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 fallure 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 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 disaster-or bring good only by ac-

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. thrust upon him by well-meaning meddlers.

(Copyright, 1929, Publishers Syndicate.)

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;

em 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 whene'er the heat drops
Her blood's so rich she sits out in the

. 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.

berts on As for probably While the p refer to Were easy to bli's num-With meter as in the s ink lies office if

H. to put the and have oser

to ear ing nd

The newest American racks se the wife who tells her hus ants to play at being Tunis

For \$35 a month Miss Tie able to rent a ten-room villa, and the price even included to work the back yard, while pents a day I employed a F to do our cooking." At that of the local cooks which we neighbors despair of ought to ing for their keep. Miss Tiet that the native veils, howeve no avail for the men reco only every disguised woman street, but detected her the she stepped out in an e Tunisian costume in which hoped she would pass for nati talent for detecting a foreign was "something they could a but they knew." Which reca that a lot of Americans are successful at disguise when London by sauntering down to in a rig completely English in to briar, and wonder why eve girls giggle and lisp "Yank,

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With Or Without One The next distraction sho

outline history of the evoluti pillar of American demo lunch cart. Biographies of m jects, with nothing of the tr tion from a charter members crepit and condemned hors lly able to cars to a national galaxy o ildren will Pullman palaces with ladies," have won instant records. We nominate Trad eculations write up the lunch cart-at you may think this irreleve first blush you probably the nagination Eddie Cantor-Wall Street ther he be too, didn't you?-and as a fact we think the way Tra ingly real warm up to his subject wor wonderful body's business. Already it he things to picture one of his purple so. You from this tentative epic of the illd ought feed-bag: ". . Yes, I can with toys. now, creaking through the America, just as they were in days. . . I've lain in the ant mind the Missouri at midnight wh as it outwasn't a sound in the back-cor miles, and you could hear them a saint of westward ... big carts carts, flapping their great ear d at, disthe oilcloth had torn loose fr ted since ie thought frames, taking the river in a b ir behind a low swish like the April win rather down from Cairo, Illinoise . children, were the first white men in i to smile try to see them . . . those days . . . the trees were hey have like ticker tape on Broadway blems, no charge of the lunch carts ca ent. There all the way from Battery parl ket street on the west con they came and crushed unde great eating joints known in authority, days of Mark Twain and J ent stock the hotel and cafe restaurar and now they've gone, too, the only ones left in the clear to-day with dinerettes and gime both luxe. . . ."

Note on swellhead: An ar of reaching the top of a ch be an injust ahead.

HOME WILLIAMS TO "SHAKE," | ILLO IT. LIKE MOST other newspaper 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.

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the venerable judge's back the stiff coolth every time a bead on the ball; and the ed on the cues sounded like gritting on a wagon tire. ek"; holy mackerel, what a If they are playing fifty will be still at it Christmas

stood on a register in the livering, while an ancient corcounsel in an ulster was telltice of the supreme court in at about a case he had in whether Hugh Alcorn or mmings was the better man lury, spunk versus blink; and e pulled out his handkerchief ed and said he thought the Vale lost the game was because ssed a tackle. Barres ought ot Mays, he was right on him, but missed him and that's all to it. Both sides played a e and you couldn't say one better than the other. It is how much notice justices give mybody else has in view. * * *

we got into the bus again, on the panes. We hunched inside our great coat and spaper around our family's the equipage set forth he frozen north. Six miles on buck deer with vapor streamits nostrils bounded out from the road and stood for a with legs spread apart, staring us, his eyes blinded by the He was a pretty picture in gainst the dark. Mercifully away just as the mudguards him. Drivers must be the deer now that they heir drink at the brook or hunting their beds in the

part of the return was automobile with a friend, in a village where we Get some hot coffee. He blanket with him, not expecting or else keep bending over won of our shoes. We are in lap of the trip, the thermomethe pillar stood at 16. And it 1 jet 9 o'clock. In the interim tetlring the cat pried open W. It stayed open. At dawn was 8. It seemed like minus on we took in the cream you thy more pour it than you

not know what the rest of have concluded, but as far concerned, we are full of to go to Florida. We are ed and longing for the tropic Med and longing for the tropic We would not even wait for anys unless it were necessary. It was unless it were necessary. It is not by parcel post. We are assume and the orange bloskumquat and the glittering fronds. We would let the in the schools recite Whitter's sund, and the "Wreck of the back here as they would and a solitary mite of envy. Still to more arctics, we cry like the faing for its stream. But the south we are likely to get will

and say, "By George, you're just the 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 whose 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 Olmstead 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 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. Herman 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

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. 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, formely a politician in Indiana, State Senator there, now in Hartford, ardent Loco, quite sincere a Baptist in good standing (queer rere 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 Hart-

ford.
"The night before the election we "The night before the Hartford—600 or had a great rally in Hartford—600 or 800 horsemen with torches several thousand footmen ditto a wagon with that infernal Calliope or steam organ, etc. 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, havby 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 vita!ity here-Read last Saturday's Tribune & you will see the result of our state convention. We worked so well to-gether in the presidential campaign that we called a Union Convention which resulted as you will see by that report. It was not all we could wish but it was a substantial triumph of Republicanism and we have now in-augurated a new party which is right on the slavery question & which refused to recognize or sanction Americanism. The fight at the Convention was long & close but the factionists were utterly routed. We had a great squabble in the Committee on Resolu-

Talked of for Congress.

"It is quite possible that I may be nominated for Congress this spring, and and we had to sit as the if so the chances are quite favorable to success-Fremont carried the district make our trousers come down by 1800 or 1900 with a small Fillmore vote. Still, we are not so well united as we were then. Clark the present member is simply a Know Nothing—privately sneers at 'niggerism,' is no privately store before getting over as it has been a custom in Conn. to enas it has been a custom in Conn. to endorse a decent man by a re-nomination—This is his only strength. He was originally sprung upon an astonished people by the dark lanterns and had been known only as an intriguing councilman & alderman.

"We shall see. I don't cringe or deviate a hair and the nomination shall come to me. I shant crawl for it."

In his January letter Hawley had been solicitous as to Warner's fortunes and affairs. Apparently the latter replied in some detail and indicated a bit uneasiness of spirit over material matters, for on May 27, 1858. Hawley, in writing, referred to himself as "an ungrateful wretch" for not having made acknowledgement of Warner's letter. However Warner was assured that his letter has been the subject of deliberation between Hawley and Hooker two tion between Hawley and Hooker two or three times, but they could see no prospect at that moment of any open-

ronds. We would let the the schools recite Whitter's and and the "Wreck of the back here as they would and solltary mite of envy. Still more arctics, we cry like the lag for its stream. But the lag for its stream. But the lag for its stream. But the lag for its stream but the lag for its stream. But the lag for its stream but the lag for its stream. But the lag for its stream but the lag for its stream but the lag for its stream. But the lag for its stream but the fact is, the people do not appreciate The Press as they ought. He did, however, offer Warner the suggestion that there might be an opening for him in Norwich where there was a desire for a new newspaper. From

veloped. Hartford with only 25,000 in-habitants and not so good facilities for reaching the surrounding country has

four dailies & six weeklies. they will furnish you capital I no doubt of your success. You If 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?

you come up and see about tr?

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 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

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 1: it gives me a queer feeling to sit down and call up your image for a short talk."

Warners apparently had visited H. Tord in the interim, possibly that Warner might investigate the Norwich situation. At any rate Hawley wrote 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 arrange-The Press and proposed an arrange-ment whereby he would pay Warner The Press and proposed an arrange-ment whereby he would pay Warner \$25 and the latter would send him any-thing in the way of literary contribu-tions he thought worth it. So he wrote: Hartford, Nov. 2, 1859.

Dear Charley:

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 lived from April 1858 to April 1858 in a charming cottage near Hooker's Now board at Francis Gilletre'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 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 littime a capable man furnished me lit-erary gossip reviews, etc. So a literary clergyman furnished me cach Saturday 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—gore off. I want something, I don't know what—something smart. I paid Rose Terry \$50 for a story but that is expensive—I couldn't make the tale last over six weeks though I gave it in small doses.

An Offer to Warner.

How busy are you? How much wii!

An Offer to Warner.

How busy are you? How much will you give me for twenty-five dollars? I'll pay you that much at any time you will order it, if you will give me the value of it in first rate stuff—anything—a good story literary articles of any description—sprinkle in a few letters from Chicago—anything on politics—news of interest here, etc., etc., you please. Small pay, I know, but in this I'm a poor devil driving a close bargain. What do you think of it? Send on as soon as you please—draw the money when you choose. Or are you so deep in a profitable law business that you have no leisure. Or have you lost all interest in literary pursuits?

By the way, I wonder if when I changed assistant editors last spring \$700 or \$800 a year, with a right to an increase with the paper would have been any temptation to you? My assistant takes charge, mostly of local news, but that takes only a fraction of his time. You would be worth more than \$700 or \$800 but The Press is absolutely certain to grow and you might grow with it. Hard steady work though. Would you have liked it better than law? And if I should bear this in mind and work hard and make our treasury grow fat this winter and indulge the hope of being able to make such an offer or one a little better, next spring, could I do so with any scintilla of an idea that you would accept?

Hartford is a charming place to live in—not very expensive either. We board for \$9 a week, two comfortable rooms furnished by ourselves, but we get washing waiting, etc., done for us. We shall have to pay a little more this winter for extra wood and lights.

The Press has the best people for its readers. It is in good odor with the publishers and gets a good share of the new books.

Good bye.

J. R. Hawley.

Good bye. J. R. Hawley. (Continued To-morrow.)

witndrawn; every enort 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 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. 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 edu-cator, 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 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, thus were all germs that beset And children foiled.

* 5 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 whene'er 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 Wilt thou be mine? Curly locks! 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

To market, to market for Vitamin C-Some may like ice cream, but cabbage for me!

Sing a song of sixpence, A pocket full of rye; Four and twenty blackbirds Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened The kiddles all did sing:
"Never mind the nice parts—
We'd like a neck or wing."

The Queen of Hearts She made some tarts All on a summer's day. The Knave of Hearts He stole the tarts And ate them right away.

The King of Hearts Called for the tarts; The Queen she Unto the king she used her head, She had them bring Some succotash instead.

Simple Simon met a pieman Going to the fair; Said Simple Simon to the pieman, 'For pie I do not care."

Said the pieman to Simple Simon With a silly grin (ach), "I've only pies," and Simon gasped And mumbled, "What! No spinach?" * * *

Old Mother Hubbard Went to the cupboard To make her dog sit up and beg But when she got there Of bones it was bare So the pup got cold spinach with egg.

WHY THE DISCRIMINATON?

Mr. Richard Whitney, vice-president of the New York stock exchange, has been formally honored by a vote of the exchange for his courage during the market panic. He bid 205 for Steel, it

Elmer Twitchell thinks he should be in line for a distinguished service cross or something. "I bought the same stock for 220," he explains.