



NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

New York, Jan. 27.—Diary of a modern Peppys: Up singing in the bath until someone rapped next door. Nor did I blame them soever. So to walk and stoped in to see Ray Long, jr., who said he did not want to be an editor like his Daddy because it was just "pinning and pasting."

Home to find an absorbing letter from a man who lost his fortune in New York four years ago and is in a South African village of 600 souls, a derelict, but happy philosopher. Then to an afternoon tea with my wife and to see some ship models, which fascinate me more than great paintings.

All evening at my typewriter, having promised to deliver a screed by morning post, but at midnight had finished but four lines, so abandoned it albeit am desperately in need of money. As who isn't these days? And in despair awake until the coming of dawn.

Innumerable beauty and hair dressing parlors in New York are able to make weekly expenses with the Saturday afternoon rush. Eddies of smartly gowned women wait in line at the entrances for their Saturday chance. On Broadway it is frequently necessary to make appointments two weeks in advance for that day.

It is the day women business executives have the care lines of the work removed with facials. Perky little girls of the small felt hats must have a Saturday bob to enhance charms with boy friends. Old, young and middle-aged want their manicures. And so on.

Something about the intimacy of beauty salons makes tongues wag. They would be great spots for caves-dropping tabloid tattlers. Ordinarily tight-lipped women suddenly find themselves gabby and revealing secrets to Yvonne, Adele and Ninas.

Hair parlors have become sieves through which high scandals of the town are sifted. A feminine familiarity that would be impossible elsewhere is bred instantly. Above the whirr of drying machines, even we husbands waiting in ante-rooms are able now and then to hear salty rumors.

After all, men are greedier for gossip than women. We may greet it with a slight shoulder shrug and a disarming little smile, but secretly we "eat it up." More reputations are torn to tatters by men in speakeasy backrooms than over teacups in the drawing rooms.

I know one those loose wristed male butterfly gossips who invariably has a juicy morsel of scandal at his tongue's end, and I profess to a certain abhorrence publicly, but secretly am always tickled pink when he prances in.

The old time barbershop was where an older generation "dished the dirt." It was a fountain of idle tattle and groundless rumor. But modern shope with their sanitized, deodorized and white tiled glitter have the chill of a hospital receiving ward. The walls are no longer adorned with prints of Maud S. or John L. The pinkish glamour of the Police Gazette has given way to the glazed opulence of periodicals featuring riding-to-hounds and gossip of Newport. Gone are rows of individual mugs with painted lodge emblems or other insignia of one's place in the business world. The Eddies and Guses, who between shaves or hair cuts could plink off a tune on the banjo or guitar, are missing. The slightly Rabelaisian story about the Pullman porter and the deaf old lady has given way to a polite reference to the stock market or another fall of the French cabinet. And for those of us who cup a wily ear for a little gossip, it is a pity.

So far—and it is none of my business but I'm pouting again—all I have seen hostesses do in tea rooms is to run off with the menus.

And while I'm so super critical here's a telegram from way out yonder in Des Moines with a sting: "We are pretty fed up reading about your spats. Have you no other accomplishment?" I do a fairly good string trick.

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The Big Jobs Never Are Entrusted to People Who Have Nothing Else to Do BY ROBERT QUILLEN.

The most unfortunate of women is the one most envied by her sisters—the woman whose sex charms enabled her to marry well.

She is miserable because she has nothing to do.

She cannot enjoy idleness or find hobbies to make it endurable, as those do who have been long accustomed to wealth, and her inactive life results in ill health, burdensome fat and boredom.

Children might prove her salvation, but the soft idleness that makes her selfish and neurotic causes her to shudder at the thought of bearing children.

Thus Nature gives proof of her wisdom, denying children to this woman because they would be like her—worthless and unfit.

Is it a mere coincidence that the poor have many children and the rich few?

You know it isn't. Nature moves in a mysterious way to perfect and preserve a species—strengthening the qualities needed for survival weeding out the weaklings.

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. LXV.

The "Obadiah" Letters.

In spite of the republican harmony, the campaign of 1874 was not to be a mere routine. A series of political letters from Hartford to the Springfield Republican signed "Obadiah" revived the whole episode of English's alleged telegram to Tweed in 1871 and embroidered upon it the charge that the republican state committee had hired New York thugs to come into the state and pretend they were Tammany ballot box stuffers and repeaters sent by Tweed to help English.

"Obadiah's" first letter appeared in the Republican of January 1 and The Times reprinted it next day—it can be imagined with great glee. "Obadiah," alluding to a New York Sun story about General Hawley and General Butler, described it as pure invention but said there was some truth in it "where an allusion is made to the active and successful efforts of Governor English to consolidate the democratic vote in the legislature in favor of Ferry in order to defeat Hawley. "However," the writer said, "there were some things about the 1871 campaign which were not explained" and "need to be."

English's hatred of Hawley, he said, grew out of the alleged English-to-Tweed dispatch, which had defeated English and elected Jewell governor. "Obadiah" said the story was taken to the Courant by Jewell and inserted on his endorsement of its genuineness. "Obadiah" said Hawley was not in Hartford that day and never wrote a line about the dispatch.

"Obadiah's" story was that Richard O'Gorman had broken an engagement to speak in New Haven the Saturday night before election and English wired him in care of Tweed to bring about the holding of the meeting as planned. The story was that the dispatch was overheard by a telegraph operator, who copied it in garbled form and gave it to Jewell who got it published.

Jewell Scheming Against Hawley.

"Now what?" asked "Obadiah," explaining that the next year Hawley was a candidate for United States senator and Jewell was "for Hawley when among the friends of Hawley" before the convention where it was expected Jewell would be renominated for governor. Rumors got around, "Obadiah" wrote, that Jewell was planning also to defeat Hawley for the senate by dividing the First district vote, either getting the nomination himself or throwing it to some New Haven county man who would promise to support Jewell in the future. He considered it evident there was a plot to "kill off" Hawley with Jewell at the bottom of it. The correspondence went on that interviewers then saw Jewell and told him the republican party would not make him governor merely to advance his aspiration for the senatorship, so that when Jewell came before the convention to accept renomination for governor, he said he "should never again be a candidate for public office," which was intended, according to "Obadiah," to inform the initiated that he wouldn't be a candidate for senator.

Scarcely Lifted a Finger.

"Obadiah" recalled how when the legislature met Hawley was nominated for senator in the republican caucus and republicans bolted and joined with the democrats to bring about the reelection of Ferry. Then he went on:

"Marshall Jewell, during the whole of that contest, scarcely lifted his little finger to assist the man who has so often assisted him and it was generally conceded after it was all over that there was no man in New Haven (where the legislature met—Ed.), besides Governor English and Postmaster Sperry who secretly rejoiced over the result more than he did. There was Governor English making a personal matter of the forged dispatch and the man who had nothing to do with the dispatch suffered defeat and Governor Jewell has not gratitude enough to give any explanation about the dispatch which he himself had published and which made him governor of the state."

Thug Story a Republican Plot.

"Obadiah" further said there was another matter about the 1871 campaign of interest in view of the report that Jewell was to appear in some way in 1874 as a candidate for senator. He wrote that on election day 1871 dispatches were sent about the state declaring that "Reddy the Blacksmith" and a gang of Tammany roughs had come into the state for the purpose of

sent it at the capitol of the nation. Do you think it will work?"

Letter Makes a Stir.

Naturally the republication of the letter in The Times and other democratic newspapers caused a furore. "Who wrote it?" was the query. Obviously, since it tended to blame Jewell for the English-Tweed telegram and clear Hawley the Courant could pay little attention to the letter without being accused of welcoming a chance to try to kill off Jewell. The Times offered the suggestion that the letter was written by "someone inside the republican ring." A Meriden paper said it was a Hartford democratic lawyer. Later The New Haven Journal-Courier thought it could name the man and The Times was sure it "wouldn't have to guess but once." Fire became so hot around, "A" Hotchkiss, the Courant's political writer who also did free lance writing for other papers, that he felt obliged to send a letter to a New Haven paper maintaining that he didn't write every political letter sent out of Hartford and clearing Hawley of suspicion the latter had put him up to any such trick.

Obadiah Adds Fuel to Flames.

A later letter by "Obadiah" charged that Bartlett Bent, republican state chairman, plotted the hiring of New York ruffians and Jewell paid the bill.

The Times added to the gayety by an amusing incident in which it declared that R. W. Wright, executive secretary to the governor rode to New Haven on the train with the thugs and one jostled him and stole a diamond pin he was wearing. Wright went to New York and saw The Allen, who had charge of the gang, describing the man he suspected, whereupon Allen said he could get it back and did—with a charge to Wright "for expenses" of \$78.

The Times alleged that Jewell paid \$5,000 for the employment of the thugs. "Obadiah" wrote one or two other letters during the pre-convention season, but they lacked the punch of his first and probably served only to keep alive interest in his original charges, which was, perhaps, all he was interested in. Contrary to Hawley's information, Henry B. Harrison of New Haven, proved to be willing to accept the nomination for governor in 1874 and received it. The democrats renominated Governor Ingersoll. Hawley was interested in the news of the state convention and in knowing what went on behind the scenes. He wrote, on Feb. 13:

Washington, D. C., Feb. 13, 1874.

Dear Charles:

At this distance the convention looks very well, and the reports read well. Strictly between us—the ticket might have been even a little stronger, though it is on the whole one of more than average strength. Harrison, Waite and Nichols are first rate. The resolutions are admirable. Very strong in sense, simple, clear and sensible in style. Unless Congress prejudices the case badly we shall carry the state. And we deserve to carry it, whether Congress does right or not, for we are right. I hope to hear soon from you or Hubbard about the unwritten history, the spirit of the convention.

I am sorry Bent is cross. A little injustice has been done him. "Obadiah" was unjust. I haven't the slightest idea who Obadiah is, nor do I want to know. He made some very vexatious mis-statements that could not be corrected without great awkwardness.

I am just as responsible as Jewell for the English dispatch, and still hold that the essence of the charge—collusion with Tammany—was true. If Bent hired New York to pretend to be democratic stuffers, certainly I didn't know it.

The Courant has given me some miserable hours to-day by its course on the Centennial question. (Hawley was chairman of the Centennial commission—Ed.) Tomorrow, Saturday, I shall prepare a public letter on the subject, of which proof-slips will be sent to leading papers. If the question is once understood and then the cynics of the school, who believe nothing can be done to compel Congress to back out, I shall have no more to say.

I have in my desk official copies of the cordial acceptance of Bismark in behalf of the German Empire, and of the acceptance by the Netherlands. Six or seven others have accepted. Now, according to the New York Post, we are to back out, because there is not honesty and ability enough in the United States to conduct an exhibition. A more disgraceful confession, a more humiliating proclamation that after one hundred years we are a failure, cannot be conceived. Strike, but hear. Wait till you have my statement.

Hastily yours, J. R. HAWLEY.

Commends Open, Brave Policy.

Four days later Hawley wrote again: Washington, D. C., Feb. 17, 1874.

The Once Over

BY H. L. PHILIPS

THE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE ON THE AIR.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the audience, you are enjoying a half-hour with the Five-Power Armament Boys. This program is being to you by courtesy of the International Peace Corporation, the largest makers of harps and zithers."

"The last voice you heard was of Ramsay MacDonald, a guest from the Outboard Motor Corp whose topic was 'Pleasure Boat a Substitute for Naval Warfare.' Sure you were all delighted with MacDonald who will be heard next Tuesday night at the same time."

"We will now present Colonel L. Stimson who is loaned by the filiated Breakfast Cereals Corp makers of fine breakfast foods. (Stimson brings his famous orator the Washingtonians, Joe Robin the piano. The opening number 'You Wouldn't Fool Me, Would You?' The first movement, in which string instruments predominate, depicts the American delegation to the United States for the London conference. They are full of high there is a rather rough and tumble medley indicating a disagreeable voyage and then a broad outburst brasses marks the arrival of the gation on English soil."

"The cymbals clash loudly to that Charles Francis Adams has. Here there occurs a clever arrangement for bassoons and flutes denoting sage to Colonel Stimson that his rot, The Old Soak, is all right a no symptoms of psitticosis. The lines then sweep into action, which veys the idea that Dwight M who is somewhat absent-minded addressed King George until Mexican."

"Now there is a movement of nets and trombones indicating the preliminary conference with the delegates, and a low moaning of phones gives you the impression many cross-currents are at work violent pounding of kettle-drums the arrival of the Italian delegate strict orders from Mussolini to do nothing."

"An aria for cellists indicate Senator Reed has fallen asleep from afar you hear a rumbling of woods denoting that the delegates are extremely pessimistic that Premier Tardieu and Briand have left the conference gone across the street for some snails and cognac."

"The composition closes with a confusing movement for brasses fiddles conveying the idea the session has been hurriedly broken by news that the talking-photographers have arrived and kept waiting."

"Kindly stand by for this set ladies and gentlemen. At its conclusion, when you hear the bell will know it is eight o'clock on the night-shift is going on in building plants the world over."

The Unemployment Situation

Employment, says President I is decidedly on the upturn. Now the use of trying to put that act less he suppresses those news from Miami, Palm Beach and Be

Mayor Walker of New York is set to discover that original estimate the costs of jobs often double. I never been through the experience having an automobile overhauled

"That's the last time I'll get sunrise to listen to a king on t. dio," complained Ima Dodo. "thing he said was funny."

The Rockefeller Caution.

John D. Rockefeller took a ride airplane at Ormond Beach but c leave the ground. He evidently to live forever.

Contribution by Dr. Robert W. ers to the Great Simile Contest split as a surgeon's fee. (Copyright, 1930, by the Ass. Newspapers.)

Twenty-five Years Ago To-day

JANUARY 27, 1905.

Russian revolt wanes for leader. St. Petersburg and A quiet after several days of rioting bloodshed.

Many vessels driven ashore New England by gale which spanned heavy snowstorm.

Washington grants Hartford p for better mail service between western points, particularly Chicago. Annual meeting of Connecticut Attorneys Association of Civil war veterans meet in Hartford and Dwight C. Kilbourn of Litchfield president.

J. P. Morgan company finance 100,000 bond issue for the At road.

United States Steel corporation negotiations in effort to absorb mills in Alabama.

Representative Emor A. Smith introduces several resolutions in



... will have been submitted to any book club.

In fact, so different from other "great" books which have issued in cataracts, that it may turn out, after all these years, to be the Great American Novel.

If there is a magazine called the Petter (and we don't see any reason why there isn't, in view of the number of other magazines which play up to the institution of petting under a variety of closely associated titles), it should include the news that now the "petting party bandit" has arrived. The appearance is not of long duration, however, as he was convicted in White Plains of robbery, first degree, and is to be sentenced this month. His name is Frank Yockel. Which shows that it isn't the suave city fellers that are guilty, but the Yockels as well.

"Hey, Skin-may!"

Under this head the Nation prints an appreciation of the late Clare Briggs, cartoonist, in part as follows: "Clare Briggs was just a grown-up small boy and, to an America made up of small boys of all ages, one of the most appealing cartoonists in our national history. We do not really take politics seriously; the town swimming-hole and the small boys houn'-dog and the pettinesses of home life and the sorrows of kelly pool and golf loom larger on the national horizon. Briggs was their artist laureate.

"And it was a pretty good small boy's America that Clare Briggs pictured. Perhaps it was not an entirely true, or a truly entire, America, for it had so little meanness or malice in it. One reason that Briggs could not do political cartoons was that politics almost requires a little meanness and malice, and Briggs did not have them in him. Perhaps the Reedsburg, Wisconsin, in which he lived until he was nine, or the Dixon, Illinois, where he lived his next five years, or even the Lincoln, Nebraska, of Briggs's pre-Bryan years, had less meanness in them than the cities of to-day. At any rate, they provided Briggs with the material for his immortal series, 'When a Feller Needs a Friend' and 'The Days of Real Sport'; and similar small towns and small-town graduates built up the vast newspaper audiences that looked for Briggs first, even before they turned to the sporting pages."

Editor, The Portico:

The new year is not a month old and I have broken several resolutions. One of them was to spend less time on your newspaper, good as that paper undoubtedly is, as there is so much other good reading demanding one's attention. That resolution lasted just two days, but is capable of repair.

We all need a goodly supply of grace to keep us going in the right direction in such a world as this, and it seems to me that those who follow any one of the professions need a double supply. Practically all of my people have been and are following one of the professions, good and upright men, and there are many such, of course. Some lawyers, however, are so insistent that black is white, and vice versa, that unless they watch their step they are likely to get to the point where they cannot tell the difference.

Likewise the doctor should be careful not to take to himself all the credit for the recovery of his patients, as he secretly knows in his heart that a goodly portion of that credit is due to the recuperative power of the patient. He can help a little, only a little; and by reason of an occasional blunder has been known to assist a patient out of life. Parrots are now claiming his attention, so the dogs and cats are having a rest; wonder what animal comes next?

The clergyman is a little better off, as his mind is occupied with the higher things of life, but even he must guard against the foolish women in every congregation, bent on spoiling him with their flattering attentions. On the whole, he steers a pretty wise course amid the diverse currents of his congregation.

Just now I should be occupied with mending some of those broken resolutions, but it occurs to me that possibly, only possibly, the traveler along the Jericho road might welcome a little further help from

"GOOD SAMARITAN."

History repeats itself. Back in the old days Boston's judgment of a book increased sales.

The train caller couldn't qualify as a radio announcer. He always quits without telling who he is.

Americanism: Speeding up to get money to buy the happiness enjoyed by people who take time to live.

A hick town is a place where the man with a fresh shine on Wednesday is a traveling salesman.

tabloid tattlers. Ordinarily tight-lipped women suddenly find themselves gabby and revealing secrets to Yvonne, Adeles and Ninias.

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After all, men are greedier for gossip than women. We may greet it with a slight shoulder shrug and a disarming little smile, but secretly we "eat it up." More reputations are torn to tatters by men in speakeasy backrooms than over teacups in the drawing rooms.

I know one those loose wristed male butterfly gossips who invariably has a juicy morsel of scandal at his tongue's end, and I profess to a certain abhorrence publicly, but secretly am always tickled pink when he prances in.

The old time barbershop was where an older generation "dished the dirt." It was a fountain of idle tattle and groundless rumor. But modern shops with their sanitized, deodorized and white tiled glitter have the chill of a hospital receiving ward. The walls are no longer adorned with prints of Maud S. or John L. The pinkish glamour of the Police Gazette has given way to the glazed opulence of periodicals featuring riding-to-hounds and gossip of Newport. Gone are rows of individual mugs with painted lodge emblems or other insignia of one's place in the business world. The Eddies and Guses, who between shaves or hair cuts could plink off a tune on the banjo or guitar, are missing. The slightly Rabelaisian story about the "Pullman porter and the deaf old lady" has given way to a polite reference to the stock market or another fall of the French cabinet. And for those of us who cup a wily ear for a little gossip, it is a pity.

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Children might prove her salvation, but the soft idleness that makes her selfish and neurotic causes her to shudder at the thought of bearing children.

Thus Nature gives proof of her wisdom, denying children to this woman because they would be like her—worthless and unfit.

Is it a mere coincidence that the poor have many children and the rich few?

You know it isn't. Nature moves in a mysterious way to perfect and preserve a species—strengthening the qualities needed for survival, weeding out the weaklings—and she denies children to the soft because their children would be unfit to survive.

Those who abominate children are prompted by a wise Nature that will not trust them with the destiny of a species. There are exceptions, as there are in all of Nature's works, but it must be clear to the most casual observer that the privilege of preserving the race is entrusted to the poor and the hardy. Is there virtue in adversity?

Compare the hardy weed that fights for the right to live and the hothouse flower that is killed by the first touch of frost.

Adversity makes character and moral fiber and fires the soul with ambition and inspires the sublime discontent that is the foundation of greatness.

The big men of this generation came up out of poverty.

Hoover, Coolidge, Edison, Ford, Lloyd George, MacDonald—statesmen, publishers, bankers, builders, artists—call the roll of the great and nine in ten answer from the homes of the poor.

The rich can succeed, but there is little incentive to labor if one now has enough.

Adversity and struggle are natural and essential, and those who grow soft in luxury are discarded to preserve the species.

The ease to which men aspire is their death warrant.

There are no great men in the soft Tropics. (Copyright, 1930, Publishers Syndicate.)

TIT FOR TAT.

(Forbes Magazine.)

"Five gallons, please."

"Okay, how's your oil?"

"Just gas, please."

"How about a bottle of polish—great for lacquer; your bus is all covered with traffic film?"

"Nope, just the gas."

"Your left rear tier's pretty well shot. Better let me put on a new one; we're selling Goodstone's to-day for—"

"Nope, the gas will be all."

"How long since you had a grease

about the 1871 campaign which were not explained" and "need to be."

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Scarcely Lifted a Finger.

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"Marshall Jewell, during the whole of that contest, scarcely lifted his little finger to assist the man who has so often assisted him and it was generally conceded after it was all over that there was no man in New Haven (where the legislature met—Ed.), besides Governor English and Postmaster Sperry who secretly rejoiced over the result more than he did. There was Governor English making a personal matter of the forged dispatch and the man who had nothing to do with the dispatch suffered defeat and Governor Jewell has not gratitude enough to give my explanation about the dispatch which he himself had published and which made him governor of the state."

Thug Story a Republican Plot.

"Obadiah" further said there was another matter about the 1871 campaign of interest in view of the report that Jewell was to appear in some way in 1874 as a candidate for senator. He wrote that on election day 1871 dispatches were sent about the state declaring that "Reddy the Blacksmith" and a gang of Tammany roughs had come into the state for the purpose of "overawing honest republicans." There was great indignation and after the stories about the alleged English-Tweed dispatch it looked like the fulfillment of the plea for help. Then "Obadiah" went on, the capitalization of his dispatch as it appeared in The Times being reproduced:

"But it was NOT a democratic invasion. NOT AT ALL. JEWELL AND HIS RIGHT HAND MAN, BARTLETT BENT, CHAIRMAN OF THE STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE, SAW THAT THE BILL OF REDDY THE BLACKSMITH AND HIS ASSOCIATES WAS PAID. IT WAS A MOB HIRED BY THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF CONNECTICUT AND MR. THOMAS MURPHY OF NEW YORK WAS THE GENTLEMANLY AGENT WHO MADE THE CONTRACT."

Few In On Plot.

"Obadiah" expressed doubt if more than two or three who were members of the republican state central committee in 1871 knew then, in 1874, that the raid was anything but a democratic outrage as it has been painted at large time. He was sure republicans at large knew nothing about it or the defeat of Jewell would simply have been "a question of depth."

Then he went on again:

"And now the man who has polluted the politics of the state in the ways above named is holding on the Russian mission (Jewell had been made minister to Russia—Ed.) with a thread only, so that he may break away without a strain and answer the call of an admiring constituency at home to repre-

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I have in my desk official copies of the cordial acceptance of Bismark in behalf of the German Empire, and of the acceptance by the Netherlands. Six or seven others have accepted. Now, according to the New York Post, we are to back out, because there is not honesty and ability enough in the United States to conduct an exhibition. A more disgraceful confession, a more humiliating proclamation that after one hundred years we are a failure, cannot be conceived. Strike, but hear. Wait till you have my statement. Hastily yours,

J. R. HAWLEY.

Comments Open, Brave Policy.

Four days later Hawley wrote again: Washington, D. C., Feb. 17, 1874.

Dear Charles:

Many thanks for the very welcome letter of yourself and Hubbard. I really think the republican party of Connecticut owes you two men especially a vote of thanks for your clear, open, honest, brave policy. I am sure you have strengthened yourselves and the old Courant in the estimation of all the sensible people. I suppose there are tricksters who really think the "Courant ring" has managed the convention somehow. They don't comprehend how a manly, open advocacy of an honest and courageous policy may commend the hearty support of a great majority of the people, without writing a private letter or doing an hour's lobbying.

I renew my tribute of praise to that platform. It is one of the best we have had for years, perfect in simplicity and truth. The ticket certainly deserves to win. It would have been stronger if the "newspaper slate" had been sustained.

I send you a copy of the Record to-day with Dawes's speech. The concluding paragraphs modify his original statement as to the (treasury-Ed.) balance. But I mark for your attention some paragraphs on page 5 about the refunding process, an abuse the house corrected yesterday and (more important) about the duty of the party to reform itself. Don't join in scolding Dawes. He scolds himself, but we must have scolding and it must come from our side to be effective. As Dawes says, our party has never "wanted to be driven from without to a discharge of its duty." The majority of the republican party here will labor to carry out nearly all Dawes ideas—certainly his spirit.

Hastily yours,

J. R. HAWLEY.

(Continued To-morrow.)

"NO, JUST THE GAS!"

And as the indignant motorist drove away, the station man said, "Yes, he's my barber."

Nearly 100,000 miles are included in the United States system of highways, marked uniformly from coast to coast.

rot, The Old Soak, is all right and has no symptoms of psitticosis. The violins then sweep into action, which conveys the idea that Dwight Morrow, who is somewhat absent-minded, has addressed King George entirely in Mexican.

"Now there is a movement for cornets and trombones indicating the preliminary conference with the English delegates, and a low moaning of saxophones gives you the impression that many cross-currents are at work. A violent pounding of kettle-drums marks the arrival of the Italian delegation with strict orders from Mussolini to consent to nothing.

"An aria for cellists indicates that Senator Reed has fallen asleep, and from afar you hear a rumbling of muted woods denoting that the Japanese delegates are extremely pessimistic and that Premier Tardieu and Aristide Briand have left the conference and gone across the street for some fried snails and cognac.

"The composition closes with a rather confusing movement for brasses and fiddles conveying the idea that the session has been hurriedly broken up by news that the talking-picture photographers have arrived and can't be kept waiting.

"Kindly stand by for this selection, ladies and gentlemen. At its conclusion, when you hear the bell, you will know it is eight o'clock and that the night-shift is going on in warship-building plants the world over."

The Unemployment Situation.

Employment, says President Hoover, is decidedly on the upturn. Now what's the use of trying to put that across unless he suppresses those news pictures from Miami, Palm Beach and Bellear?

Mayor Walker of New York is shocked to discover that original estimates of the costs of jobs often double. Has he never been through the experience of having an automobile overhauled?

"That's the last time I'll get up at sunrise to listen to a king on the radio," complained Ima Dodo. "Not a thing he said was funny."

The Rockefeller Caution.

John D. Rockefeller took a ride in an airplane at Ormond Beach but did not leave the ground. He evidently wants to live forever.

Contribution by Dr. Robert W. Rogers to the Great Simile Contest: As split as a surgeon's fee. (Copyright, 1930, by the Associated Newspapers.)

Twenty-five Years Ago To-day

JANUARY 27, 1905.

Russian revolt wanes for lack of leader. St. Petersburg and Moscow quiet after several days of rioting and bloodshed.

Many vessels driven ashore along New England by gale which accompanied heavy snowstorm.

Washington grants Hartford petition for better mail service between here and western points, particularly Chicago.

Annual meeting of Connecticut Secretaries Association of Civil War. Regiments meet in Hartford and re-elect Dwight C. Kilbourn of Litchfield, president.

J. P. Morgan company finance \$50,000,000 bond issue for the Atchison road.

United States Steel corporation opens negotiations in effort to absorb steel mills in Alabama.

Representative Emor A. Smith introduces several resolutions in house for changes in Hartford city charter.

President Adrian J. Muzzy of Bristol opens annual meeting of State Business Men's association in Meriden.

Selden W. Spencer's business block on Main street, East Hartford, completely destroyed by fire.

"Way Down East" is attraction at Parsons' theater and "The Missourians" at the Hartford Opera house.

Thomas L. Shevlin of Minneapolis elected captain of Yale football team.

H. L. Bowden, in 100-horsepower car, sets world's automobile record 341.5 seconds for mile at Ormond Beach, Florida.

ORGANIZED CRIME.

(Paterson Press-Guardian.)

If there is any point at which federal aid is required in the protection of the community against crime, it is in the problem of the disposal of stolen goods. It is the belief of competent police authorities that organized crime is increasing at a rate which reduces the individual offenses to minor significance. The intervention of federal legislation is required because organized crime generally is an interstate enterprise.

Already we have an act of Congress making the transportation of a stolen automobile across state lines a federal offense, inviting a severe penalty, and it is believed that it has been an effective check on the organized theft of motor cars which was growing to alarming proportions. The interstate system for the disposal of other stolen goods is a similarly essential factor of thievery in general and similar federal restraint is in order.

USEFUL INACTIVITY.

(Lynchburg News.)

If Preident Hoover wishes to accomplish something for the stabilization of business he might call all the speculators into a conference—and keep them there for awhile.

Locks in canals were in use as early as the fifteenth century.