

over whose wealth of strations he cannot trect supervision, is his the right persons to with him. Often it pass by personal friends pointments. Especially o be on his guard in services for not in- iost active campaigners ave their own personal and hope to "cash in" ing the mayor's elec-

or had apparently an- ituation to which his fice appears to allude. am intends to attend of the important boards s and will continue a board of education until elected term on that an ambitious program. t, mayoralty social en- host of which every may need to be cur- e good of the city it neficial substitution.

OR THE LEONIDS.

Beersheba and Uz to over the world astron- onal and amateur are re after-midnight skies observe if there are any neotors this year than to get a little better e, on their line of flight. ower of these meteors ected of them in 1899, ancient and accepted ty-three years for many t, did not occur. Thou- who had been instructed at great shower went the 12th, 13th and 14th 1899, and also without very few meteors, just a

e surmised that "Yum- he huge planet, with the is much more ponderous , happening to be nearer the star Gamma, in the Leo, drew off these magnet draws particles of The wonder since has this sweeping of the from its path was tem- nament. If it is perma- arm will be missed very 13 it struck head-on into the latter was jogging on rd Gamma, but around ne of the soberest astron- a college counted 240,000 s which seemed to be n right over New Haven, is almost literally aflame ds, all over North Ameri- ds the northern oceans, eared also in the south- ve. Hartford's immortal C. Brainard, has com- be event, surmising that ad cart" had tipped over

ears of the near wheel- icked'd, the heels of the off-leader whiffle-tree broke in the e snapped short, like the of a fiddle. Buck Scorpio, which was buzz, like a top, round er whizz'd back with the and hub. edly speaking, its usual

ment or whether they were on the bureau, icked the bath robe? e was a mistake and our jacket hang- rked the hall closet? the our pockets? eed fingers into every pool. No glasses. We ead but lead pencils e things. We called eated all through hat on the outside e asked the egg- glasses. No, he n on the floor ything. There e not look, even ings in drawers ll through the eage again, and e give up. The e swallowed up in

we decided to ough the better e was by this time e been that we e from our pocket e bus when get- e asked the driver e articles would e said. "To-night."



Proportionate re- duction "cannot be says the president, "it only remains how low they will go pretty low, and looked up the subject before such a promise. plenty of rope, et. If they go out in that deepest heard of, which latitude 9:41:13 126:50:15 east, down 34,220 feet

Editor of the The Sheel- ophy at its was very much statement of most of us If the as- doubted by the ent, of course, of Philosophy be discarded, ppropriate should bunch of hair. Among who had not were: Wash- Hand-me-downs, Waffles, Turn- Outlets and w In remembrance we were as we are much higher re- garded by three furnaces who also

Some of the the open air, over, we are "It's needed the majority, Turn- "This was a "pan-fried" do that Some of the running all this time, and valuable because we were we had to have the glass would be unable to work the greatest difficulty. Get- thought the glasses eajama's pocket in the e thought we might e inadvertently into e for the garbage pail ead them on the bed e put them between e look. Possibly they eed. Could they e in the telephone e on the bureau, e the bath robe? e was a mistake and e our jacket hang- e rked the hall closet? e the our pockets? eed fingers into every pool. No glasses. We ead but lead pencils e things. We called eated all through hat on the outside e asked the egg- glasses. No, he n on the floor ything. There e not look, even ings in drawers ll through the eage again, and e give up. The e swallowed up in

Whever it was we did Saturday night and Sunday night was persisted in Monday night, and Tuesday morning a near-disaster transpired. On that morning we were awakened by feeling something operating on the ends of the fingers of our left hand like a sharp file and sharp awl alternating. On opening our eyes we saw that Snowball, a cat belonging to a neighbor named Peggy, had come in through the window without much interrupting the gurgling snoozing of Hell, our own cat, on the other side the bed, and being hungry was beginning to eat us up. His and boa constrictors start eating by licking and nibbling, except on the kidneys, or fish, which they assail at once, voraciously and with growls.

We herefore aroused and bathed and had breakfast as well as we could without having remembered to get any sugar for evening before; washed up the dishes, as we were alone; picked up the premises; called on the janitor and find him in hysterics because the trace damper which has, been waiting for two years had at last come with two men to fit it; remembered that the back door might have been unlocked; went back and locked it; got outside and still were not and so went back again; looked in the lower pots to see if they needed water; went out once more and met a lady who said when we had left we had allowed the living room lights to remain burning; went back and shut them off; came out again; went around and shook the back door to see if it was locked; saw the bedroom window was open; went back inside and fast- ened the window; decided that after all it would be a good idea to wear a necktie; went back for the necktie; looked at the clock and set forth hastily to the bus.

After we had ridden two blocks we began to feel in our pockets to see if we had our glasses. They were not in any pocket we could feel them in. We patted and poked in every pocket, including the back trousers pockets and the pockets of our leather jacket, and the inside pocket of our vest, and even the band and inside of our hat; in our handkerchief, pocket-book, bunch of keys, but there were no glasses.

We had the button on the bus and got out and walked back hurriedly toward the bus, patting our pockets vainly and with a sort of silly expression until we reached the Congregational church on the corner. It was a coming past toward town about 10:15. It came to stop about 10:20. We walked back, thinking that man had picked up our glasses. I only wanted to give us a ride. He was sorry he had not taken us back home first. The bus was running all this time, and valuable because we were we had to have the glass would be unable to work the greatest difficulty. Get- thought the glasses eajama's pocket in the e thought we might e inadvertently into e for the garbage pail ead them on the bed e put them between e look. Possibly they eed. Could they e in the telephone e on the bureau, e the bath robe? e was a mistake and e our jacket hang- e rked the hall closet? e the our pockets? eed fingers into every pool. No glasses. We ead but lead pencils e things. We called eated all through hat on the outside e asked the egg- glasses. No, he n on the floor ything. There e not look, even ings in drawers ll through the eage again, and e give up. The e swallowed up in

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GRANDPA'S CHRONICLES ARE CONTINUED BY FREDERICK P. LATIMER.

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Letters of General Joseph R. Hawley Hero of the Civil War, Hartford Editor, Governor of Connecticut, Congressman and United States Senator.

Written to CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER His Lifelong Friend and Associate in Newspaper Work. Copyright, 1929, by The Hartford Times, Inc., Trustee.

NO. III.

James K. Polk was president and the nation was embroiled in the Mexican war. Zachary Taylor was making the name for himself which was to land him in the presidency. The slavery issue was uppermost. Hawley, with the eagerness of youth was interested in public affairs and had begun to form opinions characteristically positive. Of whig and abolition back- ground he did not approve of the war. Notable victories were perching on the American arms. General Scott captured Vera Cruz, Santa Anna was defeated in the mountain pass of Cerro Gordo, the Mexican commander leaving his wooden leg in his haste to escape. General Taylor had previously won his notable victory at Buena Vista. There was much to cheer over when the news reached the states. New York staged a great celebration which was reported at length in the Hartford papers. Apparently the idea spread for Hawley's next letter to Warner indicates that there had been an observance in Cazenovia with fatal results. So Hawley wrote on May 20:

"Hamilton College, May 20th, '47 "Dear Charley:

"You are a pretty fellow to let us hear the news! You promised to write to me first and moreover I wrote last. I have heard that you've had a blow up there and one poor customer has been blown into the next world. I only wish the misfortune had fallen on some one more deserving of punishment, Polk for instance, or the one who first proposed a celebration in Cazenovia of the murders in Mexico. If this proposer was a Whig he should have been killed twice, if an Abolitionist, four times. Is not the man who consents to and applauds a murder as bad as the murderer? And is the war in Mexico anything better than systematic murder over which a few proslavery fanatics in Washington assisted, by obliging doughfaces of the North have attempted to throw the shield of law but in so doing have only made themselves guilty without helping. Polk out of misery? And I suppose people will be hurrahing for Taylor next year, Whigs, Locofocos, and all, just because he did up another man's dirty work pretty handsomely. However I don't care a great deal about politics yet awhile except college politics, but it does seem to me that folks make d-d fools of themselves about this war. Perhaps I'm the fool though."

Heads College Union.

Hawley was chosen president of the College Union, and in the same letter he told Warner about it:

"Election came off last night and I feel really thankful for the honor conferred upon me. I feel that I am unworthy so full a manifestation of esteem. The vote was unanimous. There was a very full meeting & the President declared and now assures me that every vote was for me though some one else in counting said he found one blank. The Epsilon Taus & Pi Kappa Alphas did not try to make any opposition and could not have done anything if they would. Nearly all of them were present & voted for me. It would be useless for me to say I did not feel flattered by such an election. I did not expect it and even now attribute their inaction more to the want of a way than a will though everyone congratulates me.

"Well I have been pretty faithful to the old Union and I considered myself well rewarded. "I should think much more of such elections were the classes larger & the competitors more numerous & I wish that the world out of college would like me as well as some of my good friends here. "College life is a queer one though & no index of the world in many respects. "Good afternoon "Yours as ever, "Joe Hawley.

"C. D. Warner, Esq."

The following month Hawley graduated and the friends no doubt saw much of each other at Cazenovia during the summer. Hawley was embarked upon life and, as was by no means unusual in that day, he turned to school teaching when the fall arrived. Traveling down the valley from Cazenovia he selected Earlville, in Madison county as the scene of his activities.

From there on November 1 he wrote a letter asserting the purpose to be thorough in his work which dominated him in every undertaking throughout his life. He would, he wrote, "keep a good school or none."

Hawley had come into a man's estate and cast his first vote. It went for the ticket of the liberty party, then nearing its end, as a national institution. The liberty men were moderate abolitionists. They had formed party in 1839 and nominated James G. Birney and Francis J. Lemoyne for president and vice-president. The "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" enthusiasm beat them in 1840. In 1844 they thought well of Henry Clay, but his indication of vacillation toward Texan annexation turned the sentiment against him. Although the party was unsuccessful in that year its ticket split the whig vote enough to elect Polk. Thus, although it was dedicated to resisting the spread of slavery, the party's efforts resulted indirectly in the exten-

Earlville, Mad. Co. N. Y., Nov. 11th '47. Friend Charley,

I think it is about time to hear from Cazenovia, and as a preliminary step I must write to you—you wrote last from DeRuyter I believe. I cannot say that I am homesick but I would like to hear from the folks in some other place than Earlville and I've had but two letters I believe since I came here. You could not ask Charley for a more comfortable little nest than I have here in this little upper front room—with carpet lounge, easy chair, bed and all the necessaries and conveniences of a bachelor's home. And I make it look as much like college as possible. If I had one wish to be answered it would be that my old chum were here with me. Wouldn't we live? And then to-night (Wednesday 10 p. m.) I have been down stairs playing cards with two of my scholars, young ladies of 17 and 23, one daughter of mine host and the other a Massachusetts girl and Dr. Ransom the P. Master and son-in-law of said host hereinbefore mentioned to wit—Uncle Bijal Towne. As for my school I see no reason why I cannot do as well as I expected though I was mistaken about the number I should begin with. I have seven young ladies and 3 boys—10 only. The boys are helping their daddies finish the fall work so that when it storms I shall have more scholars. Five or six more are coming next Monday and by the middle of the term I shall have a good sized school. I think the folks are satisfied pretty well with me. Whether they are or not I shall teach a good school or none. If they are suited so much the better—I have a free ticket in the P. O. as the Doctor agreed to let me behind the counter at all times if I would keep my boys out. I haven't had any difficulty yet. I have sent you my respects on one or two passing envelopes.

You may be assured my emotions were of no ordinary kind as I kindled a fire and rang the bell on the first morning of my school. It was my beginning in life. After ringing and tolling a reasonable number of times I shut the door, took a good quid, sat down with my feet on the hearth and—both hands in my pockets—waited for business. About ten-minutes before 10 a little white-haired devil came in and said if I would let him ring the bell and kindle fires and his mother sew and wash out the rest of the bill he would come. I thought a moment and told him I would allow him \$2 for ringing, kindling and sweeping. Over he went and soon came back with his hair licked over and a slate under his arm. He is a fine little fellow. Pretty soon four girls came rustling upstairs and I set them to work. Afternoon another boy came and I kept school! I shall not grumble. The prospect is yet good.

Notes the Liberty Ticket.

Well, October 31st, Sunday, I was 21 years old and Tuesday, November 2nd, I voted the Liberty Ticket. I have commenced. My first act as a freeman shall be my precedent and always may I be found with the right whether in the majority or scouted as a fanatic's dream. Does not this last election though, cheer one up? I tell you the time is fast coming when slavery or no slavery will be the question as it should have been fifty years ago. Now, after sixty years' bondage of the northern freeman through his doughface spoils-seeking servant at congress, men are beginning to see what abolitionists told them ten and twenty years ago, that they must give freedom without distinction—that the south has used the power given to maintain liberty to foster and build up the man and soil-cursing system—they are beginning to see that every laurel will be withered and scathed with shame by the universal scorn of the world when Denmark, France, Holland, England (late in India) and Turkey and Mexico, have given all cast the opportunity of living as free men—yes, even Algiers has freed the bondman and "Pirate" Bey of Tunis takes of the chain "for the glory of mankind to distinguish him from the brute creation"—while the greatest boosters of "civil and religious freedom" are waging a notoriously unjust and unnecessary war upon a weak, war-worn child of Free Principles for the sake of more territory which must be blasted by tears and blood of unpaid millions—men in God's image "held as chattels." Oh yes, we will dissolve the Union if we (the 250,000 slaveholders), one-twentieth of the voters) may not carry out the compromises of the Constitution and move thither with slaves. I say let them, and thank God for their departure before the North flinch a hairsbreadth. The time for that has passed. Bullying Henry Clay fashion or compromising (by corruption) ditto fashion will not do now. I say men at the North begin now to be driven to these things in spite of the wirepullers. Witness the election of Jno. P. Hale, Wilson and Tuck (Liberty men) to congress, the late nomination by the New Hampshire Whig state convention of Mr. Berry, the Liberty candidate for governor, and but a week or two since the tremendous explosion in the democratic party—thank God sincerely for it—I wish you would read in the Alb. Eve. Jour Jno. VanBuren's speech in Albany October 28th or 29th, I think. It was good.

You Can't Increase Mill Profits by Starving the Cow BY ROBERT QUILEN.

High wages are paid by the alien co- sumer. Thus the land where wages are high prospers at the expense of lands where wages are low. To keep wages low is to keep a land backward. American workers are better paid than any others. Their generous earnings are used to buy luxury, educational culture. Prosperity makes them more civilized, more intelligent, more efficient. This greater efficiency enables them to capture foreign markets, and thus the money to provide their prosper and develop their efficiency comes from lands that keep themselves poor and inefficient by paying low wages.

Wages in the South are the lowest in America, and for many years the South has been the poorest part of America. The southern employer hopes to increase his profits by keeping wages low but economic laws don't work that way. A high wage is added to the selling price of a manufactured article; when the article is sold to a distant consumer, he provides the money to pay the wage and enrich the land where the article was made. Workers who make an automobile are paid high wages and live in luxury. Their employer is not an altruist, but a shrewd business man. He adds the wage to the price of the car. And when the car is sold to a southern plant the wage is collected. The wealth created by poor labor and poor soil in a poor section is used to pay high wages in a rich section.

Consider China—the world's greatest potential market. The people are dirt-poor—ignorant, backward, oppressed. Their wages are counted in pennies. Yet the earned pennies of four hundred million people make a great fortune, and China affords an ever-increasing market for America goods.

And here again the ignorant and inefficient, kept so by starvation wages provide the money to pay the high wages of more fortunate men. Prosperity is the foundation of a civilization and culture, and the foundation of prosperity is high wages. Those who earn much spend much. By spending they improve themselves. By improving themselves they increase their ability to produce. By increasing their ability they increase exports from their community, and by increasing exports they increase the wealth that comes from distant consumers to enrich their own land.

The Once Over BY H. I. PHILIPS

INTERVIEW WITH A MARKET OUTMIST.

Scene: Office of a financial king. Characters: The financier; an apprehensive and badly dazed investor. Financier: Now there is nothing to worry about, I can assure you. Business conditions are fundamentally sound. The future of this great country is secure. We are too big a nation to— Investor (interrupting nervously): What did International Macaroni open at to-day, sir? Financier: At 175; ten points off from last night's closing, I believe. But, as I was saying, there has never been a more prosperous era in American history. Business is good. There is no recession in sight anywhere. Factories are belching smoke on all sides and— Investor: What's General Pickle Pork do you know, sir? Financier: Just a second. . . . It's just lost 20 points. Now, what I want to impress on your mind is that this is not a time to be panicky or apprehensive. There is not the slightest reason for pessimism. Plans for expansion are being made by industry on all sides. Our business men are going ahead with plans for record business in 1930. No intelligent person thinks this country is going into a prolonged business decline. Investor: What's Macaroni now, sir? Financier: Let me see. . . . It's 163 now. Where was I? Investor (weakly): You were saying that everything is lovely. Financier: Exactly. America is now capturing the markets of the world. Our exports are at new levels. The buying power of America alone defies the imagination. Nothing can stop or even check the forward march of industry. Speculation has been overdone and we are experiencing an inevitable reaction which was much needed and which is indeed a healthy sign. It will be good for business, good for the market and good for the average American citizen. I cannot urge too strongly that the skies are sunny and the outlook clear. Investor: What's that excitement over in the corner? Financier: Wait till I see. . . . Oh, it seems International Macaroni has dipped again. Now, my point, as I was saying, is that this is no time for a man to be afraid, nervous or unduly upset. The business future is secure. We are not facing any hard times. Business leaders everywhere say they see nothing but prosperity ahead. You must believe in American business. You must be a bull on America. You must— Investor: Would it be too much trouble for you to see what International Macaroni is now, mister? Financier: What company is that? Investor: International Macaroni.

