

AN ESSAY ON BRIDGE BUNGLING BY FREDERICK P. LATIMER.

These reflections are from the heart and may not do anybody any good, but it is a pleasure to be relieved of them. If four people were walking along the street and came to a crossing, and on crossing the crossing one of these four tripped his foot on the curbing as he stepped up to the next sidewalk, and fell down, the others would help him up, dust him off, tell him they were sorry, inquire kindly if he was hurt much; and then they would all go on in peace and happiness, except possibly the one who fell down. He might still be rubbing a sore shin and be rather humiliated in spirit because he was not more careful. We shall now treat of this episode as if it were a mishap in bridge:

Mrs. South. "Well, Mr. North, perhaps I shouldn't say it, but if you had not fallen down as you did we would now have been clear down to the South church. You know you did fall down, don't you? That was a curbing that you tripped your foot on; you tripped, and you went down boom upon the flagging."

Mr. North. Nothing. Mr. East. "I thought you were going to trip up and fall, Mr. North. You will note that some distance back, when we could all see the curbing was ahead, I changed my step so that it would be you who should fall instead of me. I have not walked so many years more than others, but I flatter myself that I have learned something by experience."

Mr. North. Nothing. Mrs. East. "I suppose, Mr. North, it is really because you missed out on your count. John W. Labor, the great authority on crossing crossings, says in his latest book—there will be another one out next week contradicting it, perhaps, but in his book he says if you cannot make this crossing on a count of nine with one and half-quick steps, you'd better go around the block and try another street."

Mr. North. Nothing. Mrs. South. "I think it is a terrible conundrum how to pick a turkey. If you get a big one it is liable to be tough; and if you get a small one just as like as not there won't be enough to go around. But if you look at this curbing again you will see that it is granite instead of slate, like most curbings. And besides, I wonder if you lifted your feet high enough. Sometimes it isn't the curbing, it's the feet."

Mr. North. Nothing. Mrs. West. "I think the cranberries this year are wonderful. If Mr. North was having trouble with his feet you ought to have given him a crutch. I never let my partner wobble without giving him a crutch."

Mr. East. "That was a fine crutch you gave one last crossing. You got it caught right between my knees and we both fell down."

Mr. North. "Ha, ha, ha." So the episode concludes without bloodshed, but with acrid feelings, and at the next crossing it was Mrs. East who bumped into a hydrant, Mr. West having fallen down in the street so that she was obliged to detour.

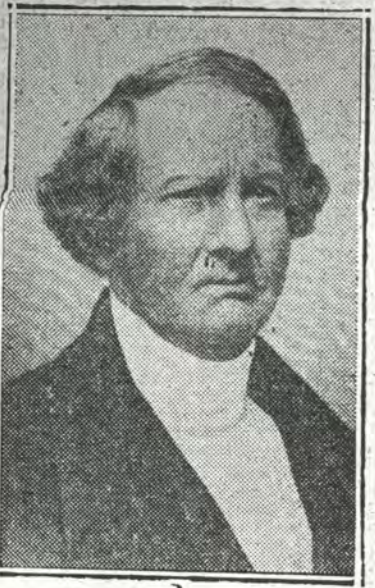
Bridge is just like that as it is usually played. There are a continual stream of accidents and then everybody jumps on the one who fell down and talks about it until it is hard to tell really what the game is for, whether it is for playing or for talking about playing; whether it is a social pastime, or a meeting between secessionists and abolitionists with a lot of free-sollers and high tariff men with now and then a whig crowding into the debate. It ought not to be so. There should be some simplicity and calm about this thing, some agreed principles of common sense by which everybody goes and while going they should be let alone. But on account of the absence of this agreement; from thinking at least ten different professed highest authorities on the same thing all change their minds from week to week; and from having ten thousand people assert they know more about it at a given moment than anybody else, catch-as-catch-can bridge is getting to be more mixed up than an earthquake.

You can see people confronting a hand and fairly age right before your eyes, straining and tugging with their hands to decide what to do or not to do when the problem is really not in the hand at all, but in what has been said about it, argued and commanded by varying experts and systems, and common sense would answer the question in a second if anybody would give it a chance.

For example, how many, many times

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.



JOHN M. NILES. Co-founder of The Hartford Times, senator and postmaster general and a leader in the free soil movement.

NO. IX. Hawley Offered a Partnership. The mid-century of which Hawley wrote so enthusiastically to his friend began auspiciously for him. He was a delegate to a Free Soil convention in Hartford where he formed the acquaintance of John M. Niles, former senator and postmaster general and one of the founders of The Hartford Times, whom he greatly admired. Hawley may not have been carried away entirely by his enthusiasms but he was obviously swept along by them and he went wholeheartedly into the free soil movement and also revelled in his contacts with men of the stamp of Niles, John Hooker and others.

Hawley also was called upon early in this year to deliver a temperance lecture for which he was highly praised and received a vote of thanks. Moreover, John Hooker was so taken with the young man that he offered to break his existing partnership in the law and go to Hartford with Hawley and establish a new one. Hooker liked Hawley as a prospective partner "better than any lawyer he knew." However there were plans made before the young New Yorker had any idea of such a development and his loyalty to his close friend Guy McMaster, with whom he had discussed a similar arrangement, would not permit him to accept the flattering offer without McMaster's consent and release, which was given with a generosity which moved Hawley. McMaster, whose name appears frequently in the correspondence with Warner, graduated from Hamilton in 1847. He was a Phi Beta Kappa man, became a lawyer and achieved some fame as an author. He lived at Bath, N. Y., where Hawley felt his talent was buried. McMaster died in 1887.

Webster "Dismays" Hawley. Hawley took greatly to heart the failure of congress to deal forthrightly with the issue of slavery. On March 7, 1850, Daniel Webster made his last great speech in congress. He and Calhoun had a discussion of Henry Clay's compromise proposal in which Calhoun went so far in threatening secession as to shock even the south. Webster's speech was conciliatory in tone, rebuked the north for making the fugitive slave law a dead letter and advocated concessions toward the slave states. Hawley was dismayed to the point of being "sick and disgusted," by the trend of affairs, including the opposition to the Wilmot proviso against the extension of slavery and the Clay proposal to keep silent on the question as affecting the remaining portion of the territory ceded by Mexico after California had been admitted as a free state. He was incensed at Speaker Winthrop of the national house and Representative William Duer of New York state. To all such as they he promised a "hated sleepless as Tecumseh's" as long as he breathed. Thus seriously did Hawley take national questions. Of all of it he unbosomed himself under date of March 12, 1850: Farmington, March 12 '50

My dear Charlie: I have no excuses to make. For five or six weeks I have not written a letter, except to Guy (McMaster—ed) and I fear some of my quondam friends are beginning to distrust me. The fact is I have been busy—not so busy but that I might have written but yet so busy that I have been constantly putting off until a more convenient season. Let me say "I" for a page or two. In this proud old town I was invited to deliver a Temperance Lecture. Under all the circumstances—too numerous to mention—I felt obliged to accept and determined to do all I could on that dried and threadbare subject. I succeeded beyond my highest expectations. The house was full and the uninterrupted silence and attention were compliment enough. On the vote of thanks the Deacon & one of the old citizens & Dr. Porter (Trustee of Yale, etc.) (Dr. Noah Porter—ed) made some very flattering remarks. The Dr has several times called it the best he ever heard: I have repeated the address in another place with equal success and a more substantial reward.

Now Mr. Waldo received the votes of most of the Free Sollers in this district & was thereby elected. He pledged himself. Justice requires me to say that with the exception of his vote for Cobb, Waldo is always on hand and always right, solemnly to oppose Slavery extension with all his might. The resolution was severe, and met with considerable opposition because many thought Waldo was excusable in that inasmuch as he had not promised and did not expect to leave his old party. An amendment was proposed a discussion followed in which Judge Niles, Mr. Baldwin (The P. S. editor) and others took part. Then another amendment & then a motion to lay on the table. Some exhibited a little too much cowardice and after a day of unexampled harmony and still anxious to agree they were getting into a false position. They did not wish to censure too severely and yet voting down or against the resolution would look like approval of Waldo.

Offers Resolutions. I got out of patience with the timidity & hesitation of some of them and jumping up talked about ten minutes in a rapid & excited way and then offered a resolution. The others were withdrawn the previous question put & the resolution carried unanimously "with great applause" as the papers say. Three or four old cocks came up to thank me. I made a "ten strike" Charley.

Now these things are nothing great to be sure nor any sure sign of success in "after life" but they are worth something to me when I feel a little discouraged—only a little Charley. I thank you for your advice about the blue devils, but they have not conquered me by a great deal yet. Rich or poor, known or unknown I believe I mean to be right, and that is better consolation than any success obtained by sneaking, cringing doughfaceism and unprincipled wire pulling. Besides, Charley, though I cannot say I am very religious, yet sometimes I fervently say "I thank thee Oh God" for that He has placed me in this glorious world at this glorious age and in this the noblest part of it & moreover that He has given me a soul to love ardently my friends and He has given me some very dear ones.

Hooker's Offer. I have some good news. Mr. Hooker is a very excellent man. You would like him very much. He is a descendant of Old Thomas Hooker his "mother was a Daggett" & his wife is a sister of Henry W. Beecher. (John Hooker was the father of the late Dr. Edward Beecher Hooker. His wife was Isabella Beecher Hooker, famed as a pioneer suffragette-ed). His business is fine between 2,000 & 2,500 per an, and increasing fast. It is getting, too, of the highest class & he is considered a rising man. He is about 35. A few weeks since he invited me to his house on business he said & plumply offered me a partnership. He told me he liked me better as a partner than any lawyer he knew, & would break up his present partnership in the spring if I would go with him to Hartford next fall as a partner. He offers me enough to support me well the first year & an increase afterwards.

I told him, as I had before, of my proposed partnership with Guy and made no definite answer. I wrote to Guy stating all the facts and assuring him of my cheerful willingness to refuse Hooker & go with him anywhere. You must see Guy's answer—God bless him. He makes me ashamed of listening to Hooker but begs me to accept and utterly refuses to go with me. Imagine a perfect letter under the circumstances and you may approach Guy's. I have not yet formally accepted Hooker's offer but shall. I never felt myself in a more delicate situation than when writing to Guy. His reply is noble. I feel assured of having lost none of his friendship & he has if possible increased my love for him. My school will be out next week and then I shall board with Hooker until fall & move with him to Hartford. (Say nothing of this, Father does not know it. I want to surprise him by & by.) He takes his family there because his business has kept him there almost constantly for two winters. So I shall probably be a Hartford lawyer. Will you come & study with us?

By the way, allow me to earnestly advise you on two points. First. For heaven's sake don't spend all your money in college. You can get along cheap there & you will want it woefully after you get through—ten times more than you do there. Do not rely upon teaching unless you do for one winter merely for your own good. It will be a source of deep regret to you if you spend money freely there & afterwards want it to get your profession.—Second. I entreat you to speak in the Union at every opportunity. Consider every opportunity worth \$50. It will give you as much satisfaction as any other exercise in after life—judging by myself. Though I had some idea of its importance and cannot reproach myself with so much neglect as others do yet I now think ten times as highly of it and gladly embrace any opportunity like it now. Week after next I am to address the Free Sollers in this town. The election of Gov., Legislature & senators takes place April 1st. United States senator is to be chosen by the next Leg. which gives additional interest (Curse Freeman Smith). Charley, I am sick, disgusted, sorrowful on account of our Nation's detestable

The Blind Man's Failure to See It Doesn't Change the Fact That Day Follows Night BY ROBERT QUILLEN.

There seems to be in nature a law of balance that matches one extreme with another to preserve the average.

Where the earth's surface is uneven, every valley is matched by a hill of equal proportions, as waves of the sea are matched by the hollow between them. The greater the tree above ground, the greater the root system beneath it. As the pendulum swings in one direction, so it will swing in the other. The smaller the animal, and thus the greater its surface in proportion to bulk, the greater its capacity for the production of heat.

That is the law of balance—of compensation—and its jurisdiction is not confined to the physical world. Nature strives always to maintain the normal level. For every enthusiasm there is a corresponding depression, for every smile a tear, for every rage that multiplies strength a corresponding reaction and weakness. And since nature's laws are consistent in principle, affecting large and small alike, who can doubt that the law of balance equalizes handicaps and benefits as it equalizes the leaves of grass?

Fortune and misfortune come to us all, one balancing the other, and the evil who prosper must suffer, while the righteous who suffer eventually have their reward—not in some mythical hereafter, but here and now.

It is the law. You may scoff at the idea, remembering wicked ones who fared well and righteous ones who died in want, but what do you know of the secret hearts of men and how do you know what is good? Those who seem unfortunate may be happy, and those who seem most fortunate may have heavy hearts. Good fortune is not measured in dollars and cents.

Rest assured, the law does not fail. The balance is kept. It could not be otherwise in a world of compensating forces.

And thus it follows that every ill fortune that comes your way is an assurance of good fortune to follow—every delay of compensation a guarantee of multiplied benefits held in store.

If you have a certain weekly allowance and draw but half of it, or none, your present self-denial leaves more to your credit; if you are entitled to sufficient good fortune to balance your woes, the longer it is delayed the more you may expect.

"Pollyanna nonsense," says a practical world.

But, no; it is a law. Payment isn't always made in kind; the outlook frequently is deceived by appearances and mistakes evil for good; but the law holds and the balance is kept.

"Whatsoever a man soweth," was spoken of good fortune as well as bad. (Copyright, 1929, Publishers' Syndicate.)

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

In Defense of Short Skirts.

To the Editor of The Times: When Mrs. Ruth Dadourian introduced a resolution at the recent convention of the Connecticut League of Women Voters, protesting against the long skirt, she was, of course, right and only adhering to the professed object and cardinal principle of the League, namely woman's freedom. But Mrs. Dadourian was more than that, she was the voice of American womanhood refusing definitely, fearlessly and intelligently to accept the edict of a group of manufacturers, who, under the guise of the great god "Style" are attempting to swaddle woman again in the hampering mode of a by-gone day.

The world, or at least this part of it, has come to accept naturally and simply the freedom in woman's dress. We are at the happy stage where youths no longer stare and snicker furtively, or men peek surreptitiously over the tops of newspapers at a display of female legs. A woman of thirty-five or forty to-day, with her jaunty, unhampered stride, her brief, sporty attire is an alive, vital attractive figure. The dragging, restricting styles of ten years ago made her an aging woman, preparing to sit back and let the younger generation carry on. Who will deny that the throwing off of weighty, unnecessary clothing has played a mighty part in modern psychology, in the up and doing attitude of to-day?

Listen to the cry of even the docile, youthful miss, "My dear, have you seen the new long skirt? They feel so funny on. Surely they can't be popular."

And the argument advanced as to the benefit industry and the unemployed will derive from the use of more material is a stupid, blind one. If people would wear overshoes all year round instead of just during stormy weather it would help industry and create the employment of thousands of people. Think of the vast increase in the profits of the steel industry if fashion suddenly decreed that a steel helmet worn at a rakish angle was the only smart head-gear. By the same token and assuming that the long skirt is foisted upon us, what of the silk stocking industry? Oh, we'll never go back to the prickly hosiery or woolen, indeed not, but rest assured that a little run in the knee won't mean, as it does now, a new pair of stockings. In other words, "What's one man's meat is another man's poison."

As for those conventional members of the League of Women Voters who flinch at the mere prospect of public ridicule, it might be well to recall the bitter old suffrage days in which strangely

