

'ry but repeats itself, so 'tis meet, fear.

t dressgoods' hem should soon coming down again; no return is quite all there no revival fully staged II we see the sundry props a accompaniments of old; hing will the long skirt be hout the bustles, muffs and ou

plumes. temporaneously. more than this:-buggy ride,

tassels hanging by the side of family carriage, and coach dogs in the stable of nophones with cylinders, five-cent fare, the naphiha la whicel paths by the quiet road bits' worth of groceries for and

y nothing—on stilly nights-ot Leedle German Band, entertainments by the beli-rise come all the way from lihoovia.

the portals of the New York mi license bureau the other day strative father socked his pr son-in-law on the head with Then followed ministration hysician and the issuance of in their order. The point nan who perhaps can stand sut eatment at the hands of his or circle, but that something, eve brella, must eventually supplar

ot of the dear girls are shouting the long skirts, but just was ump into the things and sta around," writes W. A. R. us of the old one about red man who was hurrying to turday night. He was going to a so he said, And gosh, he

at Expectations." that date with Lac with Lady Luck cord of "chuck."

me snappy clothes right away lings go with those, p: "Sure thing-

house in town, t see my country seat,

Royce burns up the no matter which,— to hear and see the idle rich;

ng for breath, with my gold later" me to death!

ling right at me!

-T. H. KNOTT. aren't the only ones. oil a good impression

element" comprises be public without pay-

domish a dinosaur to e man's skull recon-

trifled fragment of

American institutions:

uld seem almost as

a new grave, you're a teher. If you pick out tre a meat archaeologist.

has a discouraging job. gets one generation

inds of people: Those

AN ESSAY ON BRIDGE BUNGLING BY FREDERICK P. LATIMER.

These reflections are from the heart nd may not do anybody any good, but 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 wabble 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 freesoilers 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 prinaples 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 lighest authorities on the same thing all change their minds from week to tek; and from having ten thousand people assert they know more about at a given moment than anybody would seem almost as the catch-as-catch-can bridge is get-tag to be more mixed up than an arthquake.

You can see people confronting a and and fairly age right before your straining and tugging with their hads to decide what to do or not to when the problem is really not in ge at all, but in what has been d about it, argued and commanded varying experts and systems, and non sense would answer the quesin a second if anybody would give chance

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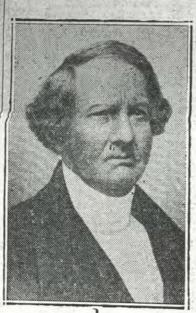
Letters of General Joseph R. Hawley

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.

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JOHN M. NILES.

Co-founder of The Hartford Times, sen-ator 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 of the stamp of Niles, John Hooker

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 "betfer 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 Betta 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.

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 sion as to shock even the south. Web-ster's speech was conciliatory in tone, rebuked the north for making the fugt-tive slaye law a dead letter and ad-vocated concessions toward the slave vocated 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 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 "hatred 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 Farmington, March 12 '50

this proud old town I was invited to de-liver 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 suc-ceeded beyond my highest expectations. The house was full and the un-interrupted silence and attention were compliment enough. On the vote of 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 Soilers 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 sciently to oppose Slavery 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 F. 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.

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 papersay. Three or four old cocks came up to thank me. I made a "ten strike" Charley.

Charley.
Now these things are nothing great Now these things are nothing great to be sure nor any sure sign of success in "after life" but they are worth some-thing to me when I feel a little dis-couraged—only a little Charley. I thank you for your advice about the blue devils, but they have not con-quered me by a great deal yet. Pick or

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. very dear ones.

Hooker's Offer.

I have some good news. Mr. Hooker is a most excellent man. You would like him very much. He is a descendant of Old Thomas Hooker his "mother was a 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 partnersaid & plumply offered me a partner-ship. He told me he liked me better as a partner than any lawyer he knew, & would break up his present partner-& would break up his present partner-ship in the spring if I would go with him to Hartford next fall as a part-ner. He offers me enough to support me well the first year & an increase afterwards.

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.

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 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 carnestly 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 as much satisfaction as any other ex-ercise in after life—judging by myself. Though I had some idea of its im-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, sorrow-ful on account of our Nation's deiner

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 direc-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 come pensation—and its jurisdiction is not the surface.

pensation—and its jurisdiction is not confined to the physical world.

Nature strives always to maintain the normal level. For every enthus-iasm there is a corresponding depression, for every smile a tear, for every rage that multiplies strength a cor-responding 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

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 in want, but what do you know of the secret hearts of men and how do you

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

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

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

If you have a certain weekly allow-If you have a certain weekly allow-ance and draw but half of it, or none, your present self-denial leaves more to your credit; if you are entitled to suf-ficient good fortune to balance your woes, the longer it is delayed the more you may expect. "Pollyanna nonsense," says a prace

Polyanna nonsense," says a practical world.

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

"Whatsoever a man soweth" was

"Whatsoever "Whatsoever a man soweth." v spoken of good fortune as well

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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 cnly 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 gcd "Style" are attempting to swaddle woman again in the hamto swaddle woman again in the ham-pering mode of a by-gone day.

The world, or at least this part of it.

has come to accept naturally and simply 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 toos of newspapers at a display of female legs. A woman of thirty-five or forty to-day with her jaunty unhampered 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 decile, 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 hearest industry and the unemployed.

benefit industry and the unemployed will derive from the use of more ma-terial 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 headgear. 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 lisle or wcolen, indeed not, but rest assured that a little run in the knee won't mean, as it does now, a new pair of stockings. 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

an Iceman who perhaps can stand of cold, treatment at the hands of his fireside circle, but that something, s in umbrella, must eventually supplied he shotgun.

"A lot of the dear girls are show gainst the long skirts, but just was nem jump into the things and st anding around," writes W. A. R. inds us of the old one about ine hired man who was hurrying n Saturday night. He was going drunk, so he said, And gosh, h

"Great Expectations."

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I get old for breath with my gold futer" me to death! -T. H. KNOTT.

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nan has a right to do that man does. But man

ricanism: Refusing to see any

stole a sheep. leaven knows it when the market

pses. So many contrite heart s the sin of gambling.

one year of college life can "rule irl after eighteen years of hon ing, it takes a lot of nerve me the college,

A critic says campaign slogans ess after the election. "Keep o i Coolidge" is still a nice motto tors.

. . can say one thing for the A n peddler who offers you ha w Jersey. He doesn't my g it to work his way three

our institutions originated The national authem, if

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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

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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 freesoilers 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.

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for example, how many, many times Is see a person look at a hand to bid and instead of asking himself, ould I bid," he asks himself whethcomebody else at the table will think h should bid and if so, how. He uses more people who need as a much initiative as a rubber He decides that it would be dered that he ought to bid and he

His, partner, going through the be performance, raises the bid. Adlooks foolish and regretful and no more. Perhaps he should not y in a painting because the artist has bid in the first place. He has something that he can't finish worse off than as if he had kept nouth shut.

> many people bid in this foolish Twenty to every one who doesn't. say that you should bid on a and to start so as to inform urther you will be able to assist ud if it is heavy. But if his heavy he is going to bid whether or not and why should you give way a signal, "I can assist" has not yet developed whether soing to be anything to assist? therely giving information to versaries while you are laying some curbing for your partner on.

hen you get something, and if without it, although you may thodox as the Ten Commanding ought to be shot. And vice four partner has bid a no You hold two insignificant to insignificant to insignificant diamonds, the clubs twice guarded and five it king and ace. What is the Never mind the count. It is oil can't hurt your partner it of two spades, and if you must know that your hand spades and better than at and he may sit tight or bid he wills. We lay awake the may seen night, beand more convinced of these remarks, as hard to me casy to preach.

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paper) and strange to say Charlie, it was prepared in good season.

I should have first told you of the Free Soil State Convetnion to which I was a delegate from this town (with 5 others). My teacher, Mr. Hooker, I suppose, got me appointed secretary. It was one of the most interesting meetwas one of the most interesting meetings I ever attended. It was held in Hartford.

Hartford.

Hon. Jno. M. Niles, the old exsenator. P. M. General, etc. was there day and evening. He is a glorious old man. Full of howers and having retired from public life he yet leaves and his old party friends breaks all the ties that hold him to the Democratic and casts his lot among the few & despised friends of freedom in this miserable Hunker State. He works, too, like a private soldier. He is none of your intriguing compromisers, either. He much resembles John Q. Adams though farther advanced in Anti Slavery opinions. He is as thorough an Abolitionist as any I know.

When as Chairman of the Com. on

When as Chairman of the Com. on Resolutions he read his report (and they are thorough) and came to words like these, in speaking of the time "when the sighing bondman shall be free, when man shall no more crush and oppress his brother man & none shall own any master but God" the old man's lip & voice trembled and stonged man's lip & voice trembled and stopped though he struggled to speak firmly, while the tears stood in his eyes. It

was eloquence, pure & matchless.

Towards the close some one offered a resolution censuring our member for supporting Cobb part of the time in that struggle. ("Our member" of congress.) The member was Loren Pinckney Waldo, a native of easiern Connecticut, who served in the 31st congress and who served in the 31st congress and who served in the 31st congress and later established the law firm that so long bore his name. He was the grandfather of Judge L. P. Waldo Marvin. Howell Cobb of Georgia, was finally elected speaker of that congress after 63 ballots. Waldo voted for him. Cobb was a leader of the slavery forces and advocated the extension of slavery into territory acquired from Mexico—ed.) consolation than any success obtained by sneaking, cringing doughfacelism 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. very dear ones.

Hooker's Offer.

I have some good news. Mr. Hooker is a most 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 suffra-Hooker, famed as a pioneer suffra-gette-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 partner-ship. He told me he liked me better as a partner than any lawer he knew 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.

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 slating 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 own good. It will be a source of deep regret to you if you spend money freely there & afterwards want it to get 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 own good. It will be a source of deep regret to you if you spend money freely there & afterwards want it to get your own good it will he a source in after life—judging by myself. Though I had some idea of its Imp

terest (Curse Freeman Smith).

Charley, I am sick, disgusted, sorrowful on account of our Nation's doings. They say to-night (news comes slow) that Webster has brought in a compromise with which the South is suited. If so may the eternal curses of 3,000,000 of Democratic slaves make his name black with infamy forever.

of Democratic slaves make his name black with infamy forever, Amen.

You ask me why the Free Sollers did not vote for Winthrop & call him an Abolitionist in all but name. His committees when he was speaker were so constituted as to do nothing but on compulsion. He has declared himself atterly opposed to all anti-slavery movements & repeated the declaration a few days since. Events have justified the Free Sollers. By his own shameless confession he (& 30 other Nor. Whigs) dodged leaving the (Wilmot—ed.) Proviso to its fate. He, first of all Northern men in the house, committed himself to the Gens. Taylor & Cass policy of nen-intervention.

Posterity will honor the true men of

of non-intervention.

Posterity will honor the true men of this House. Curse Duer, the lying traitor. The crisis rises above all party.

Hartford, Number of the control of the crisis rises above all party. traitor. The crisis rises above all party. In God's name why, why will they be determined to lick the feet of the South, Charlie? The Proviso is dead, killed by Northern Whigs. Remember it will be so. You will find Duer, Winthrop, etc., to the number of 25 or 30 deserting all promises & compromising Freedom for the sake of Party. They & all the traitors shall have one humble enemy, with a hatred sleepless as Tecumseh's while I breathe. Curse them.

Believe my love for you as earnest—

JOE R. HAWLEY. (Continued To-morrow.)

DISGUSTING POLITICS.

(Meriden Record.)

During the election in Hartford which ended with the victory of Walter E. Batterson over his democratic opponent

Batterson over his democratic opponent,
John F. Gaffey, by a plurality of 971,
strange sights and sounds were encountered by the voting public.

School consolidation was one of the
live issues. It was finally defeated. The
methods employed were those of the
district leaders who corralled their subjects whenever opportunity offered and live issues. It was finally defeated. The methods employed were those of the district leaders who corralled their subjects whenever opportunity offered and provided ways and means for making voting easy and effective. Hundreds of

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 hone, 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. you may expect.

"Pollyanna nonsense," says a practical world.

But, no; it is a law. Payment isn't always made in kind; the onlooker 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 and

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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 cnly adhering to the professed object and cardinal principle of the League, namely woman's freedom. But Mrs.

cnly 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 gcd "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 toos 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 doirg 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 headgear. 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 lisle 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 mean and any and

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 enough, many of them participated, when all the world laughed in derision or indulgent contempt at the poor deluded creatures who, by some peculiar mental twist, fancied they had a right in the making of the laws under which they lived, to remind them that were it not for the unswerving courage of women who fought on through derision and ridicule, there would be no necessity for a League of Women Voters tooday.

There is more at stake in this long.

day.

There is more at stake in this long than merely a question of There is more at stake in this long skirt threat than merely a question of style. There is the matter of health and the relinquishing of a hard won victory over prejudice and false modesty, for it was a far throw, this change from ankle to knee length.

And so, even though I am of the

And so, even though I am of the slender, willowly type that carries so gracefully a sweeping length, here's hoping for a cool reception and a short life to the unwelcome echo from a tyerner.

Hartford, Nov. 19.

teachers were thrown into the political fight and their work had much to do with rolling up the majority for the district plan.

district plan.

If the action of the district leaders during the election is typical of their methods of transacting business in general, it is small wonder that there is such a demand for consolidation.

That teachers should be interested in the question is natural. The hours for voting are long enough to give every teacher an emperiumity to yets without

teacher an opportunity to vote without undue inconvenience.

The thought of teachers being compelled or expected to go out election day to boom a particular political scheme is

as disgusting as it is dangerous.

To have school sessions altered in the lightest detail because of the insatisble desire of political leaders is an insult to the intelligence of the tax-payers whose hard earned cash is not intended to feather the nests of peanut