

### NO RARITY IN GODDARD

luck stories. An harassed man was heard to exclaim, "I would give \$10,000 to know I'll be." A million persons in Wall Street, among them whose entire inheritance went

corresponding run of good fortune, known as "Luck Bald," translated the reference to "was a luckie fellow," which authority to the belief. Nathaniel Rothschild would never emmanly assume that life and the principle of the wheel at

indicates that the universe, in a Unit, or it would not be not scatter the Greek alphabet to pick up the liad." Nor can we believe in favor of demands, if we are to be or of persons."

acts about good luck? First, for everybody. It is of varied the proverb, "lucky in cards;" for the two-talent man as having a home, or a family, end, as in having a fortune, ft job.

ending money in the street," ng"; such things happen, of r of personal responsibility, s, like growing peaches or unity is made by one exactly he woodpecker, by using his bone-head, it will happen to ay, butcher, you're giving me w." "No, I ain't, you're pay-

who see their opportunities. Elizabeth hesitate over the at a wonderful chance it was he priest and Levite looked at Good Samaritan, and passed ruption of business. He saw s, and in all the world it has f him.

is not "the lucky chance" it- it in the commonplace matter; e bridge, or Lafayette offered ation, or Bassanio saw a prize the forbidding legend, "Who hazard all he hath."

to learn this, that opportunities they look like hazards. Every oss looked that way. We rector open an oyster, insert a it for a term of seven years. opportunity to produce a pearl. an understand how perils are e of their concealed good luck. n of the lady who dropped her nd signaled her knight to re- nity, not disregard of human pable, brave, but lacked initia- plied the opportunity to make gs do happen. Men are fre-



All the automobile clubs in the country offer free of charge the straightest routes to follow to the big games, but we never hear anything about their straightness coming home.

The Wayside inn at Sudbury (known either as Longfellow's or Ford's) still preserves that original window pane with a verse scratched with a guest's diamond ring, and justly celebrated in the "Tales." Mr. Ford's employe who acts as guide about the inn, a comely girl, winks at you as she explains how that former wag wandered out from the taproom in apparently good spirits and in passing the window casement stopped to scratch a line and offer himself to immortality. Saturday the inn will be on one of the main routes to the biggest tournament in the country, and the hostess in Sudbury shouldn't be surprised if she has twenty added verses by Sunday morning.

To Freda Hammerslough.  
(In the Portico.)

O! Freda, dear,  
I hate to hear  
You say that we'll adore  
That long, long skirt  
That wipes the dirt  
From off that polished floor.

Skirts to our knees  
You know have pleased,  
And kept us from all ills;  
No tight waistbands  
That cause red hands  
Can give us any thrills.

So let's not wear that long, long skirt  
"Unless we're paid to mop up dirt."  
—G. L. C.

So now the long and short of the skirt issue seems to have been summed up.

If you get married in an airplane, does it mean you're coming down to earth quicker than the average, or vice versa?

"Samson," replied the precocious Sunday school scholar to his teacher, "was the Biblical character who slew 20,000 Philistines with the jaw-bone of an alderman." (Tell me if you've heard it.)

At that moment we felt like eating, so we repaired to the nearest apothecary shop, which happened to be on Asylum street. On the marble counter was a basket and in the basket were some eggs, and on each of the eggs and printed in neat, red letters was the announcement: "Laid expressly for Such-

### 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. X.

Craves Visit From Warner.

Hawley was now 24. His letters reveal unusual literary quality and the sublimity of thought that stamp the idealist. His nature was robust, full-blooded. He had a rare faculty for giving affection in friendships and he also felt the need of feminine companionship. With a delicacy of writing worthy of a poet he described a brief acquaintance with and farewell to a young lady who had come for a brief moment into his life and passed out again. Hawley was anxious to have a visit from Warner, and under date of August 27, 1850, he poured out his soul to the Pythias of his Damon:

Farmington, August 27th, 1850.

My dear Charlie:

Your letter of the 23rd I have but just received and I answer by the next mail. I very much doubt whether you would have received as punctual an answer had it not been for the hope of getting you down to see me before you go west. On Saturday, the 30th, I go to Hartford and on Monday, Sept. 2nd, Mr. Hooker comes and we open on 'em. Now if it were possible I should like very much to meet you in Hartford on Saturday and bring you out to Farmington in the evening to spend the Sabbath with me at Mr. Hooker's. But I very much fear this letter will not reach you before Saturday.

At any rate you can come down the next week and though I may not be able to take you out to that best of homes, John Hooker's, yet I have no doubt I can make your stay in Hartford pleasant. Come and stay with me all the time you can spare. I shall at present sleep in the office and your visit will cost you nothing but your fare down the river and up or you can from Hartford take that magnificent palace, the steamer Connecticut, to New York and go home that way. The boat gets into New York at 4 or 5 o'clock so that you can go up the glorious Hudson in the daytime or spend the day in equally glorious Manhattan and go on your way by night.

Silence and Happiness.

This is a glorious night, Charlie, and all I have of poetic feeling (God help me—it's little enough) is warmed into life as I gaze out on the boundless heavens. Here at least in this dead silence is happiness—as pure as poor mortals can get—the mere temporary absence of vexation. The bell has just "ceased quivering in the steeple" and there is nothing beyond my window but darkness and the stars—no sound but a far off waterfall and a distant hum of insects so monotonous that it seems but a part of the silence.

Here and now, at least, I need not shrink from cold unsympathizing eyes—nor dread the thoughtless contempt of those who know us not and care not for me. I am alone, and at the words I feel an unbinding of restraint, a liberation from the constant attitude of defense and a suspension of life's wearing warfare. There's nobody to hate one,

here, nobody to sneer, no one to pass by with contempt—none—nothing, but the black "Eldolon, called night," and I. Out, out from the prison gates of my soul go fancies and sympathies far out into the depths of air and ether—on—among the scattered stars even to the wilderness of the universe, the desert where reigns not silence but her ghost. Hither and thither at will I wander over past, present & future seeking only—only, what all seek, some ideal, some combination of all that I can fall down and worship—beauty, love—not the base—but the subtle essence that binds all in perfect trust, intelligence that sees and comprehends all things, sublime proud justice, granite endurance and fearlessness, all, I want all, in one idol—not a God but one of human mold, some leader, some elder brother whose plume I can see amid the ranks of war ever to be followed—whose hand I can ever feel by my fireside—my model—my second self—to be loved forever. I feel blind and lonely—let my elder brother lead me to life or death, honor or dishonor, only that I may always feel his nearness, and alone hear his spirit call, On.

How like blind men we live. Each moment a step and whether the next footstep will support us on earth or hurl us into a fathomless eternity, we know not. Beneath us as the foot falls rises ground of time enough for this moment—Behind as the foot rises all vanishes—there is no going back, no halting—And soon the last hold will be given us but still no halting—That Step—take it—thunders fate irresistible and down unheard in descent or fall forever vanishes the unpitied, forgotten unit.

"There lived a man—"

So I go—and so you go—God help me to tread firmly and call through the night without tremor clearly & steadily, "God for the right."

Charlie, there yet lingers about me unfading the memory of a "good-bye" (not farewell) I said & heard said the other night. A sweet, pure, gentle, innocent, loving, happy maiden full of life yet whose spring of tenderness lay so full that but a shadow cloud of sorrow would make it o'erflow through her melting eye—came across my vision. We merely met (as ships hall each other, "voyagers o'er life's dim, unsounded sea") for a few bright, short evenings and each passed on. We probably shall never meet, yet I thank her for "the resurrection of (an almost) buried faith" in love & truth. In her presence I lost my contempt for the race of butterflies and my dread vanished before the warm glance of her eye. Then I gently drew her toward me for that last (& only) kiss, I read the beautiful hesitation and then the decision that gave me that full, delicious lip—She's gone forever—but it's a cherished memory. Reverently, may God bless her. And you, too—prays

Yours ever,

JOE HAWLEY.

My last word is Come—Come and let me see you, won't you?

(Continued To-morrow.)

### NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. MINTYRE.

the population of the district, lives in Hartford and nine-tenths of the cost of this city. Ordinarily the operation will rest on the taxpayers of August well. The circumstances should necessarily and to open the gates to other