



L. F. comes back with a copy of the rules as they were displayed on a main highway of the translated into English for the drivers, and anyone who thinks this country is a sorry one of transportation regulations...

"At the risk of a policeman, stop rapidly. Do not pass him otherwise disrespect him."

"Whenever a foot hove in sight, with a trumpet to him melodiously. If he still obstacles your path, him with vigor and express the mouth the warning."

"Beware of his horse. Do not explode the tank at him. On foot, by a roadside will be passed and..."

"Give big dog a dog that makes you. Avoid entanglements with your whistlers."

"Go around mud, as there are many holes around the corners of the nose and..."

"Be sure the Japanese school week-end in the country, at, seri- is in-motor vehicle something"

"The mail has been manufac- tured for the week in upon in of his"

"The lighting you, linking gramme cer- are a - od sell ani of such set, - runn'down on thradio were My - had of side programmes, - are a good en- - were some- - never heard - kinds of in- - monics in it, - we are - you. - W - - R. I. - "

"I'm as rather - that flatly - nor cared to - he seemed to - unclouded skies, - strolls among - at life through - - struggle nor avoided - his plainly furnished - beautiful, for there - him in the pipe - 's blazing level - at eternal ice and - - of the Northern - R. WRIGHT, - "

"A man on a drunken - connection with an - Rhode Island - him to direct traffic - the accident - called on the defendant - after deciding that - the prisoner, we set - in court. - authorities receive no - about traffic - driver was doing - normally, and - matter go to sleep."

THANKSGIVING.

O God, whose ever guiding hand Hath shaped our nation's destiny; Whose mercies spread throughout the land; Whose love extends from sea to sea; Through all our hopes, through all our fears, Who ledst Thy children, big with fate, Across the dust of perished years; For all our greatness 'mong the great; For shielding strength and tender care; Who notest the fledgling sparrow's fall; Whose watching eye is everywhere; One God and Father of us all; For all the harvest's goodly hoard, The largess of the earth's increase, The sickle for the sanguined sword Upon our garnered fields of peace; For all Thy blessings, richly poured, Whose mercy like the rain descends; For all our precious memories stored; For home, for fireside, for friends; With bowed head, on bended knee From depths of our humility, We thank Thee, Lord!

JOHN WARREN HARPER.

You Can't Blame the Clay If the Potter's Hand Is Awkward

BY ROBERT QUILLEN

When your baby, twelve months old, howls in a temper and beats its head against the floor, rejoice and be glad. The child is intelligent. It beats its head against the floor to get results. There is method in its madness. It says to itself: "I have done this thing before and got what I wanted. If I do it now with sufficient earnestness, these people will surrender again." And surrender they do. They give the child another victory and thus strengthen its conviction that parents are stupid weaklings who can be tricked by means of a simple strategy. A normal child has intelligence. Being intelligent, it acts with a purpose, using such means as may be necessary to get the thing it desires. The first essential in child training is superior intelligence. The teacher must know more than the pupil. If the parents have superior intelligence, and will use it, they can train the child as easily as one shapes soft putty. The child inherits almost nothing. To say it has its father's way is nonsense. Its entire equipment of mannerisms and habits is acquired by observation. If it slaps at those who displease it and cries "Don't" in a voice charged with temper, it is copying an adult who uses the same word and the same method. It is a stranger in a strange world and must learn from the natives. And every trick it acquires—every tone of voice and every method of persuasion is learned by the simple process of watching its elders. If it never heard a cross tone of voice, it never would use a cross tone. If it saw none but good manners, it would practice no others. And when it exercises one of its few instincts and howls for service and finds this method effective, it is sound intelligence and not "meanness" that prompts it to use the same method again. A "spoiled" child is no more blameworthy than butter that absorbs bad odors in a refrigerator. It must learn by means of its five senses, and it can absorb only the knowledge to which it is exposed. "Spoiled" children are unfortunate whose parents demonstrate that temper pays dividends, and then expect them to believe mere words that contradict facts. (Copyright, 1929, Publishers' Syndicate)

The Once Over

BY H. I. PHILIPS

IF BASEBALL WERE PLAYED LIKE FOOTBALL.

"Ruth is at bat now, folks . . . He has taken his third strike but is not out . . . They've changed the rule on the third strike, you know, and a third strike doesn't count any more if the batter swings after the ball has crossed the plate . . . There! . . . Babe has socked out a home run clear over the fence! . . . No, wait a minute, folks . . . The umpire is blowing the whistle and calling Ruth back . . . I don't know why . . . It seems it is illegal to knock a curve ball over the fence without signalling or something . . . The rules committee, I am told, changed the regulations last winter. "Ruth is still up . . . He had four strikes on him a minute ago but he now has only one strike . . . The pitcher was penalized four strikes for taking too much time or something . . . Smacko! . . . Ruth just poled one into deep center-field where Wilson caught it. . . Ruth is now on third base . . . It may be that some of you don't quite understand that play . . . It was like this . . . Under the new rules it is illegal for a fielder to catch a ball until it has first touched the ground!

"Now Lazzeri is up . . . On the first ball pitched he fouls one into the grand stand . . . Lazzeri is out . . . Mr. Jarvis B. Poote, a spectator, caught that"

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. XV.

Warner was making his plans to enter the University of Pennsylvania law school in the fall of 1855 and Hawley was regretting that he could not have spent the intervening time in Hartford reading law. He also was bursting with news he wished to tell his friend. He and Miss Foote were betrothed and Hawley was anxious to convince his friend of her splendid qualities. Thus on April 20:

Hartford, Apr. 20th. '55.

My Dear Charley: You ought to know that I am very glad to receive yours of the 17th. I've a great mind not to tell you just what I thought of your remonstrances against summary execution for your delay in writing me. The fact is, I was rejoiced to see that your thoughts had taken that turn for I had been grievously reproaching myself for my own delay. —When I read as far as the line which says that you have 2 or 3 mos. before going to Phila. my heart bounded with the hope that you were coming to Hartford again. We should have been very glad to put you through a thorough course of training in Real Estate Law. That is Hooker would—for although I have done nearly every line of the conveyancing I hate contingent remainders et ed omne genus as I do the devil.—By my opinion will do you any good you are welcome to it. I think it a very excellent plan. I sincerely hope you will find it very profitable. That it will be pleasant is very evident, especially after hearing all that you told me of the Price family. I'm only a little sad that you are to settle so far from me. It's a short life, Charley, and its lamentable that the folks who like one another can't keep together. I suppose I don't deserve such happiness but the very idea of living in the same town with Guy, Charley, Dan & a few others whom I could easily select is as good as a peep at heaven.

A Foote Soldier.

Charley: I am a Foote Soldier." I shouldn't be apt to say much to you about it—though I never had a secret from you if it occurred to me to tell you—because I saw that you didn't exactly like the idea. Well, I didn't myself at first—though I had no particular idea when I first saw her. We have all had our ideals and physically she didn't & doesn't reach mine. Neither does she in ability to shine among strangers or in any large circle. But you couldn't see her a week without becoming interested in her. Mind, I'm not speaking partially. I thought this before my feelings became at all enlisted. You saw her under rather unfavorable circumstances. She was sick and was trying to rest—and you were two brilliant strangers & I almost made a third, omitting the "brilliant" for she did not know me very well. . . . Now having made all the allowances that I or truth can grant, I proceed to say that she is a woman of very superior intellectual & moral endowments—Very I say, & I emphasize the word. Without the disadvantages of a steady course of thorough education, yet by study at home, by reading, & by mingling with the best society (intellectually at least), she has well cultivated her mind. I find her very intelligent. A girl who can go through the ordinary text books on Algebra & Geometry read French readily for months, & acquire something of a smattering of Latin & Greek at home, & at the same time discharge most admirably all the duties naturally devolving upon the eldest child in a family of ten children shows no ordinary power of will. She is the very impersonation of truth. I don't know the woman in the world who has nobler impulses & steeper. She's the beau ideal of chivalry in all that at least. A mean thing a dishonest thing a sneaking thing, a sham of any kind is her abhorrence. Carlyle never hated them more. She is free in thought, the slave of no creed—does not believe anything because it's always been said to be so—is deeply religious nevertheless, but without any cant or pious affectation.

On the Sound at Guilford.

Two weeks ago I spent the four brightest & warmest hours of a glorious Sabbath among the rocks and trees near her home, in full view of the Sound and an exquisite landscape. It's the queerest family you ever read of. Everyone is perfectly free—and yet everything goes regularly smoothly & kindly. The mother is one of the happiest & most cheerful women. The father is a grey haired, handsome old gentleman of the English school—a churchman—somewhat conservative—with an easy, a fascinating smile & a gentle laugh that bubbles constantly. I suppose it might be possible to tear those rough boys to pieces without making them yield if they said they wouldn't & it was right that they shouldn't, but nobody commands there. Everything is done as a matter of course. I think the Beechers must have got more than half their good qualities from the Footes.

Taken by Storm.

She has a decided individuality, a new strange yet fascinating character of her own & one of its best incidents is that she is unconscious that she differs from the common herd of girls. For a little woman she has a wonderful deal of "presence." Peculiarly sensitive & keenly conscious of her own lack of

great personal attractions (she looks vastly better this spring) she may appear reserved & she is, but not cowardly. She has boundless wealth of affection for somebody. She likes me well & treats me kindly—very, but she holds me at her finger end as yet & will do just as she pleases for she despises match making & all the cant about old maids. Walks quietly over all the maneuvering humbugs that always disgust me in this wife getting business. That such a connection would introduce me or rather confirm my introduction to a large circle of tiptop folks is a valuable incidental, but only such. Now, Charley, I am in love. There's no use in denying it. I've made a full, a very full confession. This little "Lucy Snow" has taken me by storm. I won't trouble you with so much of the details again. Three times I've spent Sunday & Monday "By the shore of the much sounding sea," but not silently. I only ask God for life, health & this little woman.

Write me often dear Charley, won't you? Yours, Joe R. Hawley.

Had a letter from Guy—refreshing. By the way "Hattie's" letters are—just like her.

Warner wrote the kind of letter one might expect to receive from his closest friend upon the news of one's betrothal. Hawley acknowledged the communication May 24 and renewed the urging that Warner come to Hartford to complete his law studies instead of reading in a Philadelphia office.

Hawley Hates Know-Nothings.

The Know Nothing political movement was advancing. It had a foothold in Connecticut, in a measure diverting attention from the slavery issue which was such a vital concern with Hawley. That forthright individual was disgusted with it and its mummery. He was without political aspirations, outside the political circle and expected to be "for years." He wrote: Hartford, May 24 1855

My dear Charley: You have done me very great good by your long and brotherly letter. God bless you Charley; true friends are scarce enough, I ought to prize the few I have.

Every single moment of my time this week has been taken up & now at nine o'clock with a letter that must be written to H. W. P. tonight I can only write you very briefly. I should postpone writing until I could say more & say it more carefully if it were not for this—Charley I want you to come to Hartford. Why, just think of it! Are you going to spend two months in D. S. Dickinson's office when you have so many friends glad to get you even for a day? We have books in abundance. Hooker loves to teach & would especially like to talk law with you. He'll stop any work to dissect a rice question & nothing pleases him better. What books we have not can be found right about the square. Do come Charley. You may think from the short specimen of our life you saw last winter that we live rather a free & easy life—possibly a trifle tending to dissipation Very far from it. We read & write regularly every evening, devoting two hours, from 7 to 9 to Hildreth & writing letters, etc. or walking the remainder of the time. Business drives me and we've no time for loafing. Whiskey is a drug on the market in Spring—and indeed at all times—unless we have friends with us, & the greater part of the supply we received last January is still in the demijohn. Come Charley & we'll try to have a happy time for a few weeks. If you go to Philadelphia we shall meet seldom. You will settle down into a very quiet regular life with your wife and little ones and we shall soon be looking back to the days of our friendly intercourse—Let's look forward to a few more.—We've no student now & there's plenty of room for you—Everything is ready.—We shan't charge you anything for anything you want—of course.

I am really anxious to get you here. Don't refuse hastily.

Little Woman By the Sea Shore.

The little woman by the sea shore is as usual. My last letter conveyed your wish to be remembered to her—and she certainly had not forgotten you. It's two & a half long weeks since I've seen her & it will be a week and a half yet—no—nine days just—before I see her again. Pity us Charley—you'll come to count the days yourself before long judging from your last.

You can say nothing against the K. N.'s that will not meet my hearty approbation. I despise hate & lament the accursed delusion. I have no political aspirations—much as I should like to do something for the right side, which would tempt me for a moment to join this idiotic crusade,—two-thirds of our once invincible little band of old covenanters in Conn. are in the whirlpool—I am out of the circle of political activities & shall be probably for years.—The legislature is in session here, but I don't go near the House & "know nothing" of them—They sneak around secretly & we are governed by a despotism more truly omnipresent, just as unreasonable & with not half the courage of the scoundrel Louis Napoleon's—"Count me out"—Write soon—Good night—

Yours Charley, J. R. HAWLEY.

(Continued To-morrow.)

VALUABLE MINERAL IS DISCOVERED

BY FREDERICK P. LATIMER.

Whether anybody will make much money out of it or not is a different question. We shall come to it a little later, after a narrative which should possess no little human interest. On Sunday we put on our leather jacket with which we like to be armed when going into the winter brush, and went for a long walk.

We began the perambulation at the end of the car line beyond Charter Oak park, cutting off to the right in a snow shower falling at the time, and then when we had struck South Quaker lane, continued southerly on that street until we came to the brook and a small pond there is down there in a hollow.

On the west side of the brook is spread quite a sizable area of woods and unoccupied fields, tastefully decorated with tall weeds and beggarlice and having the customary amount of barbed wire fences. And to the right, as one wanders northerly through the land, is large clump of whitebirches covering the brook bank. We speak of this because in the upper part of this clump are growing some of the finest ferns we ever wish to see, not common wood ferns, but kinds with long, dainty leaves such as one sees in the big pots of flower stores. We do not know the names, but would like some day to have a few roots of these ferns for the house. Strange to say, the frost has not yet killed them and they are as green as they were last August, but noticeably more flat.

And after we had studied a number of gullies in the lots, hoping to find an Indian relic, and noting the geological situation, we went up the hill toward a point somewhat south of the Rockledge Country club. We wanted to look at the view over toward Rattlesnake mountain. Examining the soil as we went along, it seemed to us that we saw signs of some dark-colored mineral. There is a traprock formation under Rockledge Country club. One does not customarily find massy mineral close to basaltic rock, but one never knows. Connecticut is rich in the variety of its minerals.

On the top of the hill we strolled north along the road, admiring the golf links, the graceful stretch of countryside, now lit by the sun which had broken through the clouds, emphasizing the mousy color of the fields; and admiring new houses; and finally came to a pit in the traprock, a few yards from the road on the right. Going down into the pit we were struck by a singular condition of the old rock, which seemed to be full of a large number of unaccountable holes, like large worm holes or something. We wondered if there had not been at one time rifle butts there, and yet the nature of the holes precluded this possibility, and after finding some reddish rust in one of them we came to conclusion that probably instead of the holes being made by gas when the basalt was in molten condition ages ago they had held originally hematite iron crystals which time had wholly oxidized away.

With thought on hematite, we thought of magnetite. And presently our foot kicked over a flatish piece of stone which much resembled a mineral ore. On lifting it, the weight proved it must have a mineral content. We broke off a splinter from the end, and sure enough there was a black mineral, finely crystallized and with a noticeable luster. The piece was flat on one side, where it might have been pressed up against a basalt seam, and, although it was a heavy chunk, we decided to carry it home and give it a more careful observation later. Who knows? It might be manganese or tungsten, or some ore of silver.

It was cold, but we carried the rock in our hand a good many miles, as we rambled down the hill to the east of Rumford street, following a subterranean sewer line and heading for a wooden bridge we could see ahead over the river. Near the bridge, up in a high, forked hickory, some thirty feet above the ground, some boys have built a head-hunters-of-Borneo establishment, with a low door where they can haul up the ladder and be secure from wild beasts. If their parents ever learn of this there will be a rumpus.

We tucked the mineral up and over the next hill, examining it anew from time to time and gradually favoring the manganese idea as opposed to magnetite. There was no bus on South Quaker lane, and so we kept on across country in the direction of the brick yard. We could see the smoke coming from the brickyard roof, and as we drew nearer, on a circuitous route, we heard a terrific noise of rumbling and reverberation which at first we mistook for an earthquake coming on. Discovering that it was in the brickyard we entered the works and with the consent of the men who were supervising

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. MINNERS