



"Love me, love my fish" is the newest at Smith college where it is reported that the girls fancy goldfish more than any other kind of dormitory pet and that 350 of the dainties do a Kiermann daily for their academic mistresses. Of course, there are more "goldfish" than this over the weekends.

Dear Mr. Portico:

For some time I have been troubled by receiving boxes of Christmas and other novelty cards, sent with the request that I should remit a dollar or more to the senders or else return the boxes. Sometimes, if I were swift enough, I would notice the box before getting home with it, and would then and there instruct the postmistress to return the thing. But often some other member of the family would bring these unsolicited wares in and dump them, after which, with fiendish glee, the things would hide themselves so that an uneasy conscience could not be appeased by returning them, or else I could never, never think of the things when dashing to the post office with those yellow envelopes which say "NEWS DELIVERY IMMEDIATELY" on them. Oh, Mr. Portico, I do hate those Christmas cards so! Don't you think that some way out of it could be found besides the (possibly) easier one of sending the perpetrators from \$1 to \$3 for their unwanted contributions? I heard recently of a Vermont doctor who got out of his difficulties, which were similar to mine, by sending the company a box of pills of his own manufacture, price \$2, with the request that they should remit \$1, pills, you see, paying for cards, and one dollar coming back. Another dunning letter was the only recognition he got in reply. Whereupon he sent another statement, saying that he had neglected to state in his previous letter that he always charged \$2 for a short trip, and that it was a short trip to the post office to mail the pills, so the company owed him \$4 for pills and trip, which please remit, minus \$1 for the cards. The next letter informed the doctor that his name had been removed from their mailing list.

What I want your advice about, Mr. Portico, is this: I don't know how to make pills, but do you think that it would answer if I should send them a string of news items? I am, as perhaps you have already gathered, a country news reporter. I would imitate the doctor by sending more than enough items to cover the charge for the cards. Do you think it would be all right for me to make a slight charge on going to the post office? I do not really suppose the company would deduct any aid and comfort from said item, to the effect, perhaps, that John N. Seyms was in Lebanon, Friday, that Mrs. N. C. Smith had lost a valuable flock of pullets through the depredations of skunks, that Jennie Pompo was perfect in attendance for the month, that the C. E. society was postponed on account of the storm, that the Rev. Blank was recovering from an attack of lumbago, etc., etc. But, on the other hand, what use have I for holiday cards, who am determined never to send another one? I shall await your reply very anxiously. Perhaps if you would print this letter in your column with your reply, which I am sure will be thoughtful and penetrating, it would help others besides myself. I love to help others. —JUSTITIA.

The New York cigarette war "which has been smoldering for several months broke out in full flame to-day." If you don't succeed, try, try again with one of those lighters even if it takes several months. Grant said he would fight it out if it took all summer, and see what he got—the White House.

How can Ford afford to pay the workers seven bucks a day? This doth many agitate; Won't you please elucidate? Will he, as many seem to think, put his business on the blink—Raising wages, lowering price? "Who giveth quickly giveth twice."

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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A SAMPLE OF THE HAWLEY-WARNER LETTERS:

HAWLEY TO WARNER

Come along Charley, right away
Hartford Conn. Jan. 19, 1860
Charley, My Dear Boy:
It's eleven o'clock, my room is cold and I didn't go to bed last night till 2 o'clock but I can't go to bed now until I write the letter to you which must go by the next train
The partners of the Press have had their annual meeting the Press earn 1859 above all else

WARNER'S REPLY

Chicago Jan. 26, 1860
Well, my modern pattern of a Joseph, I have made up my mind, as the old made (for the case to be made & come to a condition unnatural) say when they abandon the hope of husbands: I have had no time to consult friends or get the warnings of old fogys down. I will go to you. Your business is it, but our own, Mrs. Semmes & myself have already set up our pencils on the banks of the Connecticut, in imagination. I am a good deal happy & excited about it. I think we can labor together here & there. I hope we can swing into the fight with us must win or freedom.

It may help readers of the Hawley articles to absorb the atmosphere in which they were written if they see reproduction of the actual manuscript of the letters. The portions of letters printed above were published several days ago. Just enough of them is given here to show how the letters looked to the men who received them.

NO. XXII.

The letters of introduction went off as promised. On February 16, Hawley wrote concerning them and those to whom they were addressed:

Hartford, Feb. 16, '60.

Dear Charley:

I am dead beat this evening; been up late o' nights returning from Elmira (been to see my wife) Monday night, and up very late Wednesday (last) night and very hard at work all day until now, 9 o'clock. I have written you a letter of introduction to each of our senators and to two of our representatives, Mr. Ferry of the Fourth District and Mr. Loomis of ours, the First. Ferry you know something of. He is the ablest of our whole delegation—the most western, the strongest and most practical. He is not unlike Henry Wilson (Senator from Massachusetts—Ed.) but had a good collegiate education which Wilson had not. He is every way up to snuff. Never ask him to drink even wine. . . . But he is a noble fellow. His temperament is peculiar. Loomis is clever, (both senses,) rather "country," owlish and solemn-looking but honest, sensible and with a vein of wit curiously cropping out. They will in-

roduce you to Woodruff of the Second or New Haven District—a journey man clock-maker; no speaker, no writer, not much educated, queer representative of the Yale College neighborhood; knows all the babies and old women in his district, embraces everybody, always working; faithful to duty, and confound him, runs handsomely ahead of his ticket. "Want to find Woodruff?" said a Loco editor. "Set a trap south side of your barn and bait it with a voter." "Cuss him," said another, "he goes right up to any one of our men and asks him to vote for him." The mischief was that he often got the man.

They will also introduce you to Burnham of the Third or Eastern—the New London and Norwich District. A lawyer—so are Ferry & Loomis—democratic antecedents, son-in-law of ex-Gov. Cleveland, a widower, cool, cautious, a little selfish, economical, sound in principle, pretty good fellow.

I believe I suggested that if Mr. Dixon should invite you to dine or tea with him, do it.

I shall look anxiously for you in the middle or closing days of week after next, shall I not? If you come in the evening drive to the U. S. Hotel. I would say to Francis Gillette's if I knew

that I should be there. When you get to Washington send me word when you are coming, if possible. Also get introduced to Joseph P. Allyn of Hartford, one of Forney's under clerks. I long to see you.

Yours truly,
JOE.

Letters of Introduction.

Here is a specimen of the introductory letters Hawley gave Warner, this one addressed to Orris S. Ferry, congressman:

"Hartford,
February 17, 1860.

"Friend Ferry:

"Permit me to introduce my old friend, Mr. Charles D. Warner, late of Chicago, now on his way to Hartford to become, I trust, permanently associated with me as one of the editors of the Press.

"He naturally desires the acquaintance of our Senators and Representatives and to become familiar, as soon as may be with our local politics. I need not say that he is every way right.

"Yours truly,
"JOS. R. HAWLEY."

(Continued To-morrow.)

promise of shorter hours and higher wages.

This resentment of outside interference is not universal. Many accept alien leadership and follow where it leads, else there would be no strikes—no violence—no struggle.

Why? Why do poor men, denied a share in the land's prosperity and progress, hate the "friends of labor" who offer them salvation?

Because they are a clannish people, the descendants of clannish mountaineers for the most part, and the labor organizers are "furners,"—aliens—damned yankees.

Because these foreigners are known to associate with Negroes back in their

WE AGREE WITH DOCTOR CANBY

BY FREDERICK P. LATIMER.

He said in his Center Church house lecture of Wednesday that the present times need more men like Henry David Thoreau. This is true, although the life-score of the engaging philosopher of Walden is a funny one when one writes it down:

Money making Very little
Civic contribution Minus
Family raised None
Military record None
Social prestige Minus
"Inventions" None
Friends won None

Few during his life, except Emerson, squirrels, etc.

Religious teaching Minus
Scientific knowledge

Mnemonic and unimportant
Material monuments None
Political career None

Mark on his age None
His trail in the woods, swamps and sands.

His thoughts Unique and invaluable

And these thoughts were his only charity. In other words, this man Thoreau was simply a thinker, and enjoyer in a very selfish way, perhaps, except that by good fortune he had the urge to write himself down and the skill to do it so that untold thousands whom he never was to know have his spirit as a delightful companion, inspiring to better thoughts, better loves, better understanding and better deeds than his.

Rare is the man who has the moral right to say of himself:

My life is like a stroll upon the beach, As near the ocean's edge as I can go.

People were put on the brink of the sea of life to swim in it and voyage on it, not to stand idly by the strand, gazing goofily at the passing of the ships and clouds, and the flutter of the gull's wings as if one were no more than animate plant or fixed stone. Yet there is a passage in the Bible which says in effect, "I have set thee as a watch-tower among my people to learn their ways but be not of them." With conditions of human nature as they are some true poets and philosophers may be privileged not to take much part in the active whirl of things. There must be minstrels for the heroes' sagas, and thick, calloused fingers are poor at the harp strings. It takes all kinds to make a world, and some kinds must be able to tell us where we are and what we are about. No one can be everything. If he can be one good thing, memorably, it is enough.

"For many a year I was self-appointed inspector of snowstorms and rainstorms and did my duty faithfully."

So well did Thoreau do this that many a night many a man has turned lamp upon his pages and while the rain poured upon the roof, or the snow-winds howled in the chimneys, gained mood and entertainment such as full-hearted gratitude cannot describe. And many a man on many a walk finds Thoreau before him in the mists of the fields pointing to the wet on the ferns and muddy rivulets and the little gullies in the ruts of the road, or pushing the gravel from the clay banks, with fingers of meaning and clue to observation such as have been in no other man's gesture.

I hear beyond the range of sound,
I see beyond the range of sight,
New earths and seas and skies around,
And in my day the dune doth pale his light.

There is shown the peculiar secret of him, the quaint magic of the genius of his mind's eye that it never ranged merely to the horizons of his narrow pond's nook; those of his mountains, whether of New Hampshire or about Champlain; or of his fifteen or twenty miles of dune and ocean at Cape Cod, but beyond the day and the stars into a sphere that caverned his dreamings in the tremendous dome without end over all there is. From these depths he drew realities and feelings and thinkings which he made to harmonize with the lilies and grasses and willows of his rivers, with his simple fare in primitive situation.

She with one breath attunes the spheres,
And also my poor human heart.

As long as English print remains we shall never lack for a Thoreau, who to use a metaphor, gave you in his books a few selected seeds which you might grow for your own profit and pleasure; pictures of fleeting memories for you

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Dec. 6.—Thoughts while strolling: Sale sign: "We tried, we failed, we quit!" Harry Salpeter, the literary critic. Asthmatic dogs that wheeze and waddle. Always a line to see Lon Chaney. A baby Zep idles across the sky. Sidney Boggs. Ziegfeld's valet, who used to valet Clyde Fitch.
John Held, Jr., a Salt Lake city boy,

art student when the family fortune smashed and is retained by a group of copyists who pay her \$20,000 a year.

A red-shirted ditch digger swinging a pick in east 56th street yesterday afternoon felt a tap on the shoulder. He looked up in to the face of a girl who wanted a light for her cigarette from his pipe. She got it and walked on