

# THE VENTURESOME SPIRIT

BY JOHN CALVIN GODDARD

Last week we saw a sign in Philadelphia, "No checks cashed, not even good ones." Quakers are famous for thrift, but that policy would cut the nerve of business, 95% of which is done by check. Equally so with credit; it is a great hazard, also a great power; all bonds, mortgages, and bank accounts are based on credit, and one who cuts himself off from that advantage has killed the goose that laid the golden eggs. "What happened to that man, Jimmy?" And James replied, "I guess his goose was cooked."

The risk of check and credit is fully admitted; as the New York banker humorously replied to our friend, "Wanting a loan, eh? Sure. That's what we're here for, to take risks." True, the very wisest may be imposed upon; the editor agreed to insert the ad, and take it out in goods; later he discovered the man was an undertaker. Even so, better venture something on human nature and lose, than have the paper itself go into the hands of the undertaker.

No action in life is possible without taking a risk; it may be in your physician, your engineer, your lawyer, or yourself. "Well, to put it mildly, I've been speculating." "A bull or a bear?" "Neither, I was an ass." Conceding all this, yet the opposite course is more disastrous still. For example, the course of general suspicion generally lands us in trouble, without chance of explanation. "Is that scar a birth-mark?" "Yes, I got into the wrong berth." Add to this, the fact that confidence in another confers honor, and encourages honor; that was the moral of "Oliver Twist"; that is the soul of the honor system, and the parole. The fear of being taken-in diminishes the breed of Good Samaritans, and gives currency to the proverb, "Few people ever do enough good turns to make them dizzy."

Venturesomeness is the key-note of politics, and to stand-pat its bane. Without it the American Revolution would never have been born, nor the American Constitution. Said the Washington Post recently, "It is taking the line of least resistance that makes men and rivers crooked." Every new measure, every break with a precedent, every advance, is a venture and has to encounter vast antagonism; the gold standard did, the pure food law did.

The same courage is equally to be shown in standing against a popular craze. If Thaddeus Stevens, Benjamin Wade, and even Charles Sumner had been more heroically opposed, we might have avoided the hideous measures of Reconstruction. We have said to more than one southerner, "We are more indignant about it now than you are!"

In a larger field still, we need to be venturesome in showing hospitality to new ideas, those in science, education, philosophy, and religion. Any moment you may read a new book, strike a new thought, and life is never the same again. Noah Webster collected a world of facts about the origin of words; but all had to go by the board with the missionary's discovery of Sanskrit; it was like discovering the head-waters of the Nile. Let us be ready to give new truth a trial, not in rashness, but in open-mindedness, which policy comes under the apostolic meaning, "Prove (i. e. give a trial to) all things; hold fast that which is good."

This is always adventurous, especially the transition from the dependable old to the uncertain new; makes a man feel like cutting off the branch he is on, before being firmly placed on another. Those who heard the early findings of geology were naturally afraid to imperil their faith in Genesis. Hugh Miller, a devout believer, lost his mind in the struggle. But those who hesitated lost a great opportunity to appreciate the grandeur of God's creation. So with astronomy: you can shut up Galileo, but not the infinity of space. As for the adjustment of the new and the true, we can always stand on Galileo's exclamation, "Two truths can never be contradictory!"

As all progress depends on being adventurous, we should encourage our children in the habit. Little things teach it. Let the boy climb the tree, the girl go near the water. Rightly directed, this much decried independence of our youth may be their very hope, their excelsior, their Lindbergh spirit!

Venturesomeness is needed most in religion. Yes, religion! But, fear not, we are not about to provoke pious alarm. All propagation of the gospel has had to be made by the adventurous, by St. Paul and "The good physician", by St. Francis Xavier and Pere Marquette, by Adoniram Judson and David Livingstone. Without it the Mayflower never would have sailed the sea, nor Bishop Asbury have toured the land. Yet they were all opposed, frowned upon, ridiculed even by such lights as Sidney Smith and Charles Dickens. To this day they have their detractors.

Finally, as we decide all the important affairs of life on a venture, so is it with the things of God. No juryman ever obtains mathematical proof of that witness' credibility or accuracy, but somehow he decides, "I believe in that man." It is the same with our venturing on our belief in God. It is always a venture, but one to which we may rise as by inspiration. For, as Young-husband says in his "Life in the Stars", "God is not to be feared, but to be approached, not shunned in craven terror, but sought after with the delight men feel in striving for the glory which ever shines above the dangerous!"

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Received in Yesterday's Mail Among Other Valentines, Anent The Winter Ice Crop Report From The Town Of Chester That "They Expect To Fill The Three Houses In This Town," And Our Comment, "We Had Always Thought There Were Two, Not Three, Houses In Chester":

"To the Editor of The Times: "Some of us who live in Chester are consumed with pity for the sad case of the editor of the Portico whose mind seems to be so extremely sub-normal—a polite term used in educational circles—that he cannot count above two in the matter of houses in Chester. At the same time he speaks of being at "sixes and sevens" which, we take it, is a reference to the dizzy heights of enumeration attained by him in happier days.

"A sad case, indeed! But we have hopes that the complete rest which must be his daily portion while writing his column, and the gorgeous spring-time so soon to be here, will heal his affliction somewhat. There is probably no hope that he will be able to count the leaves of the forest—and thus have a just standard of comparison for the number of houses in Chester,—but he may have become conscious of his great error and wish to rectify it.

"If so, well and good; if not, I shall be pleased to organize a cult for the heaving of bricks at the gent when he makes his next trip through our fair city. Of course, he will have to tell us when he is coming.

—"GEORGE M. HALL.

"Chester, Feb. 13."

Dear Mr. Hall:

Don't heave until you can see the whites of our eyes.

We are sorry we erred as to the number of houses, but, as you have divined, mathematics has always been a thorn in our side and, if that is possible, our weakest point. We humbly apologize, though one begs to remind you that you, yourself, an omniscient mathematician undoubtedly, have not offered your services for the census.

Right—there is probably no hope that we will be able to count the leaves of the forest. It would be a nice outing in the great open spaces near Chester, but what percentage is there in it for us, save a quantity of promised brickbats? We know the man you want for that: Sherlock Holmes, whom you must know as a neighbor in his castle across the river from you; some day this spring when he is back from his tour and is out amid the springiness of "gorgeous springtime" armed with his magnifying glass and hunting cap—you ask him to count the leaves. He will say with that faint crispness of his, "Elementary, my dear Watson, elementary." Don't accept any guff like that; go after him. If he can count all the ways there are to get out of the Steppen gas chamber he can keep tally of the leaflets.

Again we apologize for our math, and take, as did Sherlock Holmes last Wednesday night at Parsons', a "sorrowful farewell." Remember, your arithmetic has an inveterate advantage over ours. When we went to school we detested algebra; barely slid through college algebra; were almost the worse student in trig and higher trig in the classes; for a while, it is true, we liked nautical astronomy as long as we only had to take solar observations, though that had a fly in the ointment because as former trig men we were supposed to work out position and not use Bowditch tables which the navigators do at sea; but, alas! we came to this same sad conclusion as you have regarding our total uselessness at figures when we were asked to work out our longitude by shooting that thing located somewhere up above called Cassiopeia, and mixing up with it all sorts of things which are simple as pie to others, such as light years, drift of star clusters, right ascension, declination, variation, Greenwich mean time, precision of equinoxes and perihelion. Though we publicly apologize, we feel that possibly you may not hear of it and may go on with the organization of your cult for the extermination of the present Portico administration—in which event we deem it wisest to plan passing your habitat this year, if at all, by river.

One hundred and forty barrels of

## 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. LXXXII.

A fortnight later and twenty-three years from the surrender of Fort Sumter, which lighted the flames of civil war and enlisted Hawley in that grueling conflict, he wrote again to his friend.

As told yesterday, Hawley was paying some attention to a proposal to offer his name for the presidential nomination. He was not carried away with the idea or its possibilities, but felt bound to let things take their course.

He had not attended the 1880 convention and intended to stay away from that of 1884, bearing in mind the insinuations that had been made against Garfield who was in the earlier conventions as a delegate supporting John Sherman of Ohio and made the speech placing that gentleman in nomination, only to emerge from the convention as the party's candidate. Hawley did not want to be accused of any such tactics even for the sake of the presidency.

Close association in the senate with Senator George F. Edmunds of Vermont had somewhat weakened his admiration for that gentleman as a presidential possibility. He still conceded Edmunds's great ability as a lawyer and legislator and the soundness of his character, but he did not regard him as likely to be a great leader of the people. Hence, the ardor for Edmunds' nomination which he once expressed had cooled and he was inclined to resent the efforts of other New Englanders to get Connecticut into line for the Vermonter.

Of all these things he wrote to Warner:

Washington, D. C., April 13, 1884. (23 years from the surrender of Sumter.)

Dear Charles:

Your letters were not before me when I wrote you. I have written to Chandler, spoken to him and endorsed to him a first-rate letter from John Hooker about Bob Allen. I rather think that Remy will be continued.

Platt will be at Chicago, but says he prefers not to be a delegate. I have no desire to go. I was not at the last, so there will be no presumption against me if I stay away. And if I should go it would certainly be said that I was trying to play Garfield.

The Boston Advertiser was a little impertinent in trying to whip Connecticut into line for Edmunds, that New England might be a unit. Did you see the indictment the N. Y. Post framed against Blaine? Monday, April 7th. It brings all the facts fresh to my mind. I was in Washington when the famous investigation began. For one, I could say absolutely nothing on the stump against the chief counts of that indictment, especially the first. I have been assured that there are papers that Blaine has never secured that would be brought out if he was nominated.

The best opinion here continues to be that Arthur has no chance. A letter from Albany, dated May 7th, headed "New York's New Boss" in large caps appeared in the Boston Herald about the 8th, which I assure you is worth reading.

The best platform we ever had in Connecticut I had nothing to do with. You and Robinson, I believe, got it up. But I will try and sketch some resolu-

tions. It will be nearly two months before the Connecticut delegation will have to decide for whom it will cast its first vote. But remember whomever it deserts it will offend. I must go to Westfield next Saturday, returning to Hartford for Saturday and Sunday, for my step-mother is going to California. Yours ever,

HAWLEY.

Less than a fortnight later Connecticut republicans held their convention to elect delegates to the national convention. They passed a resolution commending Hawley to the attention of the republicans of the country as of presidential stature.

The Courant seemed to have a soft spot in its heart for Thomas M. Waller, who had been for some years active in democratic state politics. As far back as 1872, when the democrats avenged themselves on Hawley for the publication of the alleged English-to-Tweed dispatch asking help, Waller had been a party to the plan of uniting with the republicans to defeat Hawley. Waller was a member of the house in that year as he was subsequently. In 1876 he was speaker and the Courant made several complimentary allusions to him. In 1882 he had been nominated for governor and elected over General William H. Bulkeley of Hartford, who received the nomination after having accepted the lieutenant governorship two years before. Ex-Senator Eaton, Hawley's old foe, beat Buck for congress in the First district in that year.

Hawley did not share the Courant's admiration for the man whose speech seconding the nomination of Grover Cleveland the third time, caused him to be called the "Little Giant from Connecticut" and won him a berth as consul general at London. He spoke his opinion of Waller with the same harshness he often used toward opponents. Very likely he would later have been less rigorous in his criticism. So he wrote to Warner:

United States Senate, Washington, D. C., May 27th, 1884.

Dear Charles:

—Or any other man editing the Courant—

Why, oh why, will the Courant persist in helping—"aiding and comforting"—Waller, who is upon the lowest possible plane as a politician? He is an arrant demagogue. His nomination was an accident, a misfortune; his election was a discredit to the state, his unpopularity in the democratic party is encouraging to the friends of civilization; and his renomination for the governorship or his selection as a delegate to Chicago would be renewed cause for despondency. Should he be renominated for his present place, many quotations could be made from the Courant which would help stop its mouth against proper criticism.

I have felt deeply the friendship of the Courant for this cheap man.

In general—almost universally—the Courant is excellent—on the good side of all good causes.

I must write you somewhat in full about Chicago matters to-day or tomorrow.

Sincerely yours,

JOS. R. HAWLEY.

(Continued Monday.)

## Twenty-five Years Ago To-day

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1905.

Hearing is held at state capitol on bill re-establishing whipping post in Connecticut for men who beat their wives, mothers and daughters. It is brought out that 200 wife-beaters are arrested annually in state, and leaders of state and legal circles debate worth of whipping post.

Wisconsin farmer escapes from wolves by climbing tree and dropping lighted matches onto backs of the animals. Fur of one wolf catches fire and the animal, crying with pain, lies pack in wild stampede for woods.

A young man dies of shock in London when he imagines he sees his wife among chorus girls in a show.

Announcement is made by the senate committee on contested elections that Matthew Hogan has beaten Frank A. Hagarty in the previous November election for a seat in the senate from the Third district. Thirty-seven errors were found in election, which is considered by The Times to be "an ad for machine voting."

Attorney-General William A. King is in Washington to protect Connecticut's oyster beds, threatened by refuse being dumped into streams.

Judiciary committee of house holds hearing on a bill regulating professional nursing.

A resolution is adopted in house of congress calling for a probe into the oil

has been proved that above the 75th story the return on the investment begins to diminish, due largely to the time required in elevator service.

A bird-like little man with a silk hat and whose coat tails flicked about with a sparrow's sprightliness minced up to me on West 44th street this morning and inquired: "Do you know anything about astrology?" I replied in the negative and after a few seconds indecision he said: "I thought not" and hurried on. Little mysteries like that, however, make New York the engaging town it is, mute sawdust into a priceless commodity.

People never learn, it seems. Ten days after the recent panic in stocks, a salesman made \$300 in a single week's commission trafficking in a new fake issue among those who were badly hit in the crash.

Slick sellers of dubious stocks prefer a "prospect" who has been trimmed several times. They are able to offer a sympathy that seems tremendously sincere and thus camouflage their own rascalities. And, too, a sucker never relinquishes the frail hope of getting his money back.

A reformed salesman of a shady financial house tells me wasteful wives contribute largely to the sale of gym stocks. They encourage husbands to take a chance for they see in that a hope of continuing their own profligacy.

"What New York needs," writes Rounder, "is a brighter lamn post move."

## The Once Over

BY H. L. PHILIPS

Lions much prefer their shooting in the good old-fashioned way.

IV.

"We are photographed when resting and we're photographed asleep. We are snapped when we are eating

One hundred and forty barrels of



steel plants and many of them still short of coming abreast of the best standards of operation so far as a human element is concerned. Here room for the penetration of public opinion expressing the social conscience of the nation. The federal council's report may serve a good purpose in that respect.

HEARTS AND FLOWERS.

If a newspaper could move its features into a warm smile it would do so each February 14.

The rose is red, the violet blue. The pink is sweet and so are you. This is a day of delightful sentiment. The spirit of St. Valentine is said to be it. It is agreeable and precious in any event while we give indulgence to notions that other times are overlooked held in check, and look in the corridors of memory for places and faces for life-long privilege to cherish and recall. We also make journeys, or ride them yesterday, in time for mail, to the florists and bookshops and confectioners and so on, or possibly to the lingerie shops in certain undeniable instances, and altogether is a great day, except for the mischief of the comics. There are some people who insist on playing rude jokes on Valentine's day. Yet may it never flourish while grass grows and water flows.

OF INTEREST EVERYWHERE.

There have been two striking reasons to the current Soviet campaign to destroy the churches and annihilate religion in Russia. One was evidenced by the news from London, Thursday, at the heads of the Church of England, the archbishops of Canterbury and York, have followed the example of Pope Pius XI in protesting against the campaign and in setting a day for prayer for the Russian churches. In this movement the religious bodies of Great Britain generally are joining. Meanwhile in Russia itself, persecution common menace has produced for the first time ever recorded in that country the dropping of hostility between Christians of every denomination and the Jews and the Mohammedans who have formed an organization of fellowship and pledged themselves to it bickering about their rival faiths in an attempt to maintain a common front toward rebuking the demon of atheism as expressed in the attitude of the Soviet dictatorship. The enemy may batter down churches, synagogues and mosques; it can forbid the people to worship, believe, or pray, but it cannot wash out religion among millions to whom it is their most cherished possession.

In Great Britain protest against the diet's ruthless attack upon the churches and religion at large has led to the pitch of becoming a political influence articulate in demand that government shall take cognizance of it and act upon it through the medium of diplomatic pressure, perhaps the step of breaking off the formal relations recently established by the use of Premier MacDonald. In all lands, and not least in Poland, Lithuania, Finland and Scandinavia resentment and anger grows against the Soviet standpoint which seems to assume that religious faith and communist citizenship are incongruous and antagonistic. In Russia itself and her dependencies it would seem that popular indignation must be aroused by it difficult to repress or control for any long period of time.

TALKS TO PRESS FIRST.

When Ambassador Frederick Moseley recently arrived in Berlin as new representative from this country, one of his first acts was to welcome the newsmen and bid them ask him any questions they might have. That was enough. The press of the reich carried rather full accounts of his comments on a variety of subjects, all perfectly harmless and unimportant. But impression was made that is very important. The reaction, as expressed in editorial comment, was that there is something unrestrained and synthetic about the new ambassador and that he seemed an acceptable successor to the popular Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman.

The German government does not depend upon the convention that the foreign ambassador should first present his credentials before addressing the nation. Democracy has changed that and the reactions of the German people count for more than anything else. Nevertheless, it is doubtful whether this is appropriate procedure. It would seem to be a fitting courtesy to the government to which a new ambassador is assigned, and in keeping with the requisites of simple dignity, the ambassadorial credentials should



Mary.

Mary had a little car, Its fleece was all enameled; The first time Mary went to ride Into the car she scrambled.

She took the steering wheel in hand And gave the thing a twist, And knocked down two pedestrians, But there was one she missed.

And then she pressed her dainty foot On the accelerator— The car shot forth with terrific speed Like a Roman gladiator.

It turned a double somersault And ran against a tree, And when they turned the blame thing up— Poor Mary, where was she?

They took her to a hospital; Their hearts were filled with sorrow, But Mary only smiled and said: I'll try again to-morrow. —CHARLES A. NORTH.

Cure Held Out For Girl Who Has Cried 87 Hours —Headline, Feb. 13. Sure, a Valentine.

Pick Up the Marbles.

Will you be My Valentine If I refuse This year To make a Center Rush into that Shop And break my neck, and lose my Self-respect and Trousers' Crease In order to get you a card . . . You won't? Then I guess That's that . . . There's one place I draw The Line . . . Let's part as Friends . . . But on this point I'm Adamant . . . Five years ago I sent my Lastest Valentine From a Bed and in a Plaster Cast; The five-year-old Heart said: You're my Valentine for aye . . . A standing lease, but Optional. In '25 I vowed never to go where Angels fear to tread in card counter Crushes again . . . My last great Stand, like Custer's, Began in '24, but was carried on Through Spring and Summer, Like Grant's . . . Gamely I held on, gamely fought And gamely near died, The weather turned cold again while Waiting, and when the Clerk Took my money and my Valentine to wrap, From these lifeless fingers, Lo! a crest of buyers; a New crest, was surging in . . . It was Valentine season, '25. And my verses Had gone quite stale.

Bish Soliloquizes on Old Age.

Sometimes I get to wondering as I am growing old, while stumbling down life's pathway,—what the future will unfold. Will it consign me to some "home" when Ol Man Dotage calls—where flotsam from the wrecks of life go drifting down its halls, or will I have some comforts and the wherewithal to live the balance of my calendar with friend or relative? Ah, that's the problem that confronts the man who's getting old, when limbs get weak and weary and his life is bleak and cold. When eyes grow dim he longs for sleep that knows no wakening fears, and chides the loitering hours that keep him breathing on for years. I'm just a struggling jingleist,—there's dandruff on my coat; my clothes are old and seedy—all I've got is just a vote. With weary feet and shuffling gait I'll journey down life's lane, and take the last few painful steps with aid of crutch or cane. I've tried my level best to make a living with my pen, but all my jingles are returned—"rejected, try again!" And yet I've written verses which, by all the rules of Hoyle should have placed me in a class where I could pay for gas and

WE SPEAK OF A KIND OF HOUSE BY FREDERICK P. LATIMER

It is sentimental to value anything merely because it is old or rare. An old powder horn is simply an old powder horn. You cherish it not because of what it is, but for the fancies and memories clinging to it. And that singular great giant in 2nd Samuel who had twenty-four fingers and toes was no better than any other giant. When he defied Israel, David slew him.

That reminds us; a friend has written in to learn in what passage of Emerson the allusion occurs to the world wearing a path to your door if you make the best mouse-trap. Answer is, we haven't had time to look it up. And when we do we expect it will not be a brief enterprise. The quotation often has been accredited to Emerson. Some have said Elbert Hubbard was the author. Controversy waged on the subject was long since widely published in the New York Times literary supplement. Meanwhile, if Emerson did not father the proverb, who did?

We are thinking about a type of old-fashioned house which we very much like and which is not often seen nowadays except in odd nooks of the southern New England countryside; these nooks, the most frequent, perhaps, are in the region between the Connecticut river and the Pawcatuck and northward to a considerable distance in the interior. Around Grassy Hill in Lyme there are still several of them. The old Lee house in East Lyme, near Bride Brook, is an example. And you may see no few of them about the Mystic river country, and the Stoningtons.

It is a house which one might say had no gable in the strict definition, because the roof is in the form of an inverted letter "L," with the short part of the "L" at the front, allowing a long, broad slope at the back almost down to the very ground. Sometimes the big square chimney, most often of stone, originally, broke through the ridge pole at the center, but sometimes again through the long slope, lower down. The whole form gave a splendid sense of coziness and shelter, and it goes best of all with a nearby well-sweep and some great elms or oaks towering above, a clump of lilacs at one end of the house and at the other a lean-to addition with a bench in the porch outside for the milk pails and pans to dry on, and a rear porch also, looking toward the shed, the woodpile and the barn.

It is interesting to know why that "L" roof developed. It was not for an aesthetic purpose, but, as we glean from Grace Denison Wheeler's book on the old houses of Stonington, now out of print, but of which a new and improved edition is promised soon, back in the seventeenth century, when the vogue of these houses began, there was a royal tax laid on two-story houses. And as the law was interpreted, if the house was not a full two-story type, the tax could be escaped. And you see, although there were usually three floors, counting that of the narrow attic, only a Philadelphia lawyer could say whether it was as a matter of fact a one story, two story, or two and a half story, or even one and a-half story house, for it partook of the nature of them all and yet was not either exactly.

Some of the books say that the early houses were built with a very steeply sloping roof to let the snow slide off in winter, and save the roof from the weight. That has always seemed to us ridiculous, because the houses were built so strongly that a yoke of oxen could have been driven across the roof, if they could stay on, and they would hurt nothing more than few loose shingles. The frames were of oak, and heavy; and the timbers and floors were of oak. The sheathing was oak in the bargain, and after it seasoned, cannon balls would have trouble doing the house much serious damage. Unless it hit one of the little-paned windows, the frames of which might be of sassafras, as that was a most enduring wood against the weather, even more so than white pine, cedar or chestnut. They say cypress is the best wood for that, but Connecticut grew no cypress.

There was no cellar, more than a small rectangular one under the kitchen or lean-to. The huge chimney, used for a "smoke-house," too, in season, would have four fireplaces in it, two downstairs, and two up, the latter used only on state occasions or when someone was sick, and the stairs to the upper floor wound narrowly around the chimney from the hall in a series of short, steep, crooked flights. The attic was reached by a ladder.

There was no paint on the outside of this kind of house; its clapboards, fastened by hand-made nails, browned and browned from year to year until they became almost black, yet lasting

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.

LXXXI. Presidential Boom for Hawley.

In 1882 the Hawleys and the Warners were abroad together. The expenditures and the meticulousness with which the accounts were kept between them are of interest. His letter:

AMERICAN EXCHANGE IN EUROPE, LIMITED President Joseph R. Hawley Telegraphic Address Gillig, London General Manager Henry F. Gillig 449 Strand, Charing Cross, W. C., London New York Branch 162 Broadway Paris Agency 35 Boulevard des Capucines Sept. 3, 1882.

Dear Charles: The bill of the Edinburgh Hotel was: Sept. 1, Apts. 6/- Attend. 3/-..... 9. Dinner 9/ Claret 1/6 .....10 Sept. 2, Breakfast, ..... 6 Dinner 10/- Claret 3/- .....13 Apts. 7/- Attend. 3/- .....10 Bath 6/ ..... 6 Sept. 3, Breakfast, ..... 6 Appollinaris 1/- Tea 1/- ..... 2 Dinner 10/- Claret 3/- .....13 Apts. 7/- Attend. 3/- .....10 Sept. 4, Breakfast, ..... 6 Appoll. 1/- Stationery 1d. 1 I find no dinner charges for the 4th. The charge for apartments and attendance that night and breakfast the next morning belong to me. The sum of the above is £4.7 - 1:

Omitting the penny one-half thereof - ..... 2 3 6 Add your laundress' bill ..... 1 5 I rendered you an account for joint expenditures up to the time of reaching Edinburgh during our stay there, covering everything except our hotel bill. Your share was £5-18-8. Upon that you paid me £5, leaving me..... 13 8 Total ..... £ 3 3 7 I paid for Susie's fare from Paris to London francs 75 Extra baggage 15 Half of cab to station 2 francs 92 She paid me - F 75 - 5 80 Due me F 12 which is 9 6 Total due me ..... £ 3 13 1 on both a/cs. Which attend to at your leisure. Yours as ever, J. R. Hawley.

The year 1883 brought Hawley the "hardest winter's work" he ever did except during the war. It also brought the death of Marshall Jewell. On February 11, Hawley wrote to Warner: "This is the hardest winter's work I ever did, save during the war. The senate sits from seven to twelve hours a day. The probabilities are that we shall pass some sort of a tariff bill, but the prospect is likely to change at any hour."

"I was aroused at 1 o'clock by the telegraphic news of Jewell's death, and have written Hubbard (managing editor of the Courant—Ed.) about it. I intend to go to the funeral if it can be done without too great a sacrifice of duties."

Talk of Hawley for President.

With Hawley's war record, his statesmanly character and the prestige gained by his service in Washington, in the political conventions of his party and on the stump in national campaigns, it was inevitable that Hawley should be regarded as presidential timber. Eighteen hundred and eighty-four was again a presidential year. Hawley took note of the discussion favorable to himself and wrote of it in a letter to Warner which he marked confidential and asked that Stephen A. Hubbard, who managed his campaigns, should read if he had time and patience:

United States Senate, Washington, D. C. March 30th, 1884

Confidential. Dear Charles:

Twice have heard from you and I was moved to reply at some length last week. But I delayed. . . . I scribble now, though there are many things that I cannot well put on paper. . . .

What I referred to as not to be conveniently put on paper (when it could not be certain that the paper would be burned immediately after reading) relates to what you say concerning my name and the presidential ticket. I think you will be interested and a little surprised if I get an opportunity to give you all the gossip. Imprimis the disposition to take advantage of any possible opportunity is much stronger than it appeared to be in the letters to the Middletown Herald. Several of the strongest names in that list represent men who are absolutely non-committal here, but have either in writing or orally spoken to me as strongly as Brandegee and Philipps write.

Ambition to Be Senator.

The ambition which I profess and

true rule is that a place on either end of the presidential ticket is to be neither sought nor refused. Whatever may happen it would grieve me greatly if Connecticut were not represented by a delegation entirely friendly and ready to avail itself of any of the accidents.

The expressions of good will and the friendly prophecies are numerous and from many directions. It is evident that many delegates will go there friendly to say Logan and Arthur, who are already casting about for a second choice that does not include Lincoln nor Sherman—nor Edmunds.

Last Sunday I had a long talk with an extremely shrewd and well-informed gentleman, a vigorous, well-informed man about 35 years old who brought me a cordial letter from Geo. W. Curtis and who had been visiting Cincinnati, Chicago and other places expressly as a representative of the somewhat independent class of republicans in the city and state of New York. He wanted my advice in certain directions not immediately personal but indicated a very friendly disposition that might become active in certain contingencies. He wished me to give him the names of persons in Connecticut who would be likely to sympathize with them in general. It is the purpose of the movement to be largely represented at Chicago.

Wounded General Friendly.

Singularly enough this Sunday afternoon I had a long conversation with a general who won much honor and a bad wound (still open) who is supporting President Arthur as a candidate, but rather expects to be obliged to find a second choice—indeed, feels very sure of it, and who represents a republican soldier element in the City of New York. He wishes me to pass the word to the best friends I have among the soldiers in Connecticut, men who could and would go to Chicago and be useful in an emergency; This is wholly disconnected with the other movement and professes to be the result of a consultation and agreement among a number of prominent ex-soldiers.

"Burn This Up Immediately."

Again—and I beg you to give me your word that you will burn this up immediately. Gen. Logan said to me that if the nomination is to go east, he has many friends in Illinois who decidedly desire to go to Connecticut. I have friends scattered throughout the western and southern states who have said similar things.

Now the whole amounts to only this: it would be well for those who think it at all worth while to consider Connecticut to have a little forethought and go to Chicago with their eyes wide open intent upon business. My personal opinions are these: if unanimous consent could be obtained to omit the presidential election entirely I—for one—should be very glad to see Mr. Arthur go on for four years more. But my serious and deliberate judgment is that John Sherman is the best for the country of the whole list, whether they have been named much or little.

There is no chance whatever for Arthur. The silly old prejudices are reviving and some New Yorkers say firmly that the Folger defeat, on a less scale, would be repeated for him in their state. (Folger was a New York candidate for governor.—Ed.)

Poorer Opinion of Edmunds.

Edmunds would make an administration of pure and honorable intention but some blunders. He has had no experience save as a country lawyer and then a senator and a practitioner before the supreme court. He lacks tact and tactics. His judgment of a campaign; his estimate of distance perspective is not worth much—to me, nor to the majority of his republican associates in the senate, while his legal ability is of inestimable value to us. I think John Sherman has more knowledge—a more nearly universal knowledge of the whole field of politics and every whit as much moral courage and sound moral judgment. He would be a wiser president.

Wont Have Presidential Disease.

I shall not have the presidential disease? I think and hope not—I keep it in dread. My name may not come into the canvass at all at Chicago, but it may get tossed into the scramble at an instant's notice, and it may get knocked out of bounds at the first blow.

I do not pretend to say what the Courant shall do—I hope it will not be unfriendly to Hawley and that as time passes it may give all the gossip proportionate shares in the news.

If you are really to burn this, as I hope, let me say that Sperry and Gen. Merwin and others at New Haven while disposed to give Gen. Arthur a first chance, would come home early for a second choice and have it constantly in mind.

I am decidedly inclined to the view of the Educational Bill taken by the Courant. I greatly doubt the right of the government to give money in this way. If anything is done the bill must be greatly modified. Fifteen millions thrown in the first year would be largely wasted. It may be well to give a man a cup of cold water, but to dash a bucket of water in his face is not generosity. I am a good deal distressed about the centralizing tendencies of both sides of the chambers. Only a few know or care about the true doctrine of the state rights. The tendency is toward enormous expenditures and the assumption of a supposed ability to

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