



# SPELLACY'S POST STILL IN ABEYANCE

## State Democrats May Name Temporary Member of National Committee.

### BRIDGEPORT WANTS McNEIL C. G. Willard May Succeed Col. Ullman as New Haven G. O. P. Leader.

The Bridgeport Post, in discussing the time when a successor to Senator Thomas J. Spellacy on the democratic national committee from this state will be chosen, says that just as soon as Chairman James J. Walsh of the democratic state central committee "can find a date which will be convenient for the members, he will call them together in meeting to elect a successor to Mr. Spellacy. The committeeman will serve until the meeting of the new committee at the democratic state convention next September at which a successor will be named." In the meantime the candidates for the national committee will continue their work of candidating. Their number continues to be confined to aspirants from Fairfield county. In some quarters, particularly in places where the local sentiment of Bridgeport seems to be prevalent, the opinion seems to exist that Senator Archibald McNeil will be the successor of Senator Spellacy on the committee. This opinion, however, is contested in Stamford and in other communities where the sentiment is strong for the appointment of former Congressman Patrick B. O'Sullivan, whose personal popularity is not questioned and whose fitness is not doubted. It may be recalled to the credit of Mr. O'Sullivan that when he was a member of the state senate some years since, he conducted an inquiry into the report of the committee on appropriations that was enlightening. Former Senator Edward S. Boyd, who is now the superintendent of the school for boys in Meriden, was the chairman of the committee on appropriations and answered the questions of Senator O'Sullivan with a fullness and completeness that were entirely satisfactory. The inquiry occupied several hours of the day's session and it cemented the friendship of the two senators who took part in it.

It is quite likely that Clarence G. Willard may succeed to the place in the republican organization of New Haven made vacant by the death of the late Colonel Isaac M. Ullman, who in republican activities occupied a leading position, no matter who was chairman of the republican committee. The New Haven Courier Journal in a news article this week, says that Joseph H. Ullman, the brother of the late colonel, has come out unqualifiedly in favor of Willard as being the man most capable of leading the republican organization in that city despite the fact that Willard in factional fights in the past opposed Colonel Ullman's organization. Mr. Willard is the secretary of the republican state central committee, his appointment being due to State Chairman Roraback's preference for him. It not infrequently happened that the colonel and the state chairman took opposite sides on questions affecting their common party, but Mr. Willard continued in the confidence of both. The statement in the heading of a New Haven paper says that "Willard's choice as leader is seen as immature," and that the affairs will be in the hands of an executive committee with Town Chairman Morrissey as chairman. It is intimated that the result of the last municipal election is taken as a proof that group control is desirable. Nothing, however, will be done about the matter until Chairman Morrissey returns from Florida and Mr. Willard finishes his cruise in the West Indies.

The movement on foot in republican circles in Litchfield county for the nomination of John Sedgwick Tracy, of Falls village, is a reminder of the time when John H. Belden, the chief clerk in the office of the state comptroller, had the laudable ambition to be the representative of his senatorial district in the senate. At one time it seemed as if the outlook was propitious to Mr. Belden's aspirations. He had been the representative from his home town a number of times and had served on the board of county commissioners of the county. He was reasonably certain that he would land the nomination for the senatorial nomination and his close friends encouraged him with the assurance that the senatorship was within his grasp and that he had but to exercise ordinary political sagacity to make his nomination certain. Mr. Belden knew the situation, particularly the part it played in the senatorial districts which make up Litchfield county. He was hopeful of success and sanguine of victory at the polls. But there was a development, which he had not foreseen, in the Warner-M'Lean contest. That development set everything awry including Mr. Belden's candidacy for the state senate. Mr. Belden soon saw that he would be obliged to postpone the realization of his ambition to be enrolled among the state senators. He was on the McLean side in the contest. Mr. Belden had no regrets for the results. There was a vacancy in the chief clerkship and fortunately for the state he was chosen to fill it. He has continued in the position since.

**Second Best.**  
You came along, I know not how  
Into my life you made your bow  
Your lips of red were mine to  
I liked the color of your dress.

# 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. LXXXVIII.

The republican pre-convention campaign in 1894 had been extremely lively. Colonel Frank W. Cheney of Manchester was a candidate for the nomination for governor. So was John Addison Porter of Pomfret, who was later to be executive secretary to William McKinley, and who had come into the ownership of the Hartford Post. Middletown offered O. Vincent Coffin.

In 1890 the supporters of Morgan G. Bulkeley had dominated the Hartford republican caucus although Bulkeley failed of renomination for the governorship. In the legislative session of 1893, Governor Bulkeley and Samuel Fessenden of Stamford had been contenders for Hawley's seat as United States senator. When the campaign of 1894 came there was an effort on the part of the Hawley supporters to remove the Bulkeley forces from control of the Hartford republican organization.

Colonel Patrick McGovern was the republican town chairman and a stalwart Bulkeley man. Lyman B. Brainard, father of ex-Mayor Newton C. Brainard, was then mayor of Hartford. Chairman McGovern called the caucus, for choosing state delegates, for late August. The Hawley people feared a plot and secured adjournment until early September. However, Governor Bulkeley offered a motion that voting then be by check list, the polls to remain open until every republican had had a chance to vote.

On the night of the adjourned caucus, according to contemporary accounts, Chairman McGovern and members of the town organization took possession of the armory, locked the doors and proceeded to organize the caucus. The late P. Davis Oakey, who had been chairman of the earlier meeting, was not in the armory so Colonel McGovern proceeded to act as chairman by virtue of his office, and the ballot boxes were manned. When the doors were opened Chairman Oakey and the Hawley republicans ignored the McGovern group. They proceeded to another part of the hall and began to do business. A vote was passed that the squad of police, present under command of the late Sergeant Walter W. Smith, assist Chairman Oakey in gaining possession of the ballot boxes. There was a struggle over the First and Second ward boxes in which prominent citizens grappled with each other and there was much heated language and haranguing. Finally Mayor Lyman B. Brainard intervened and ordered the police to protect the town organization, headed by Colonel McGovern in possession of the boxes. The anti-Bulkeley contingent then returned to their own part of the hall and proceeded to elect Henry E. Taintor town chairman to succeed Colonel McGovern and to name a state convention delegation composed of Henry C. Robinson, John R. Buck, Colonel Charles L. Burdett and Lewis C. Grover.

The Bulkeley-McGovern forces continued to keep their ballot boxes open, and finally announced the selection of a group of delegates including Henry C. Robinson, Morgan G. Bulkeley, William C. Skinner and J. M. Allen.

Prominent on the anti-Bulkeley side were Arthur Perkins, Robert A. Griffing, Arthur L. Shipman and his father, Judge Nathaniel Shipman. J. "Leipzig" was recorded as a ballot box tender in the Sixth ward for the regular organization.

The Bulkeley wing of the party took the matter to the floor of the state convention where the credentials committee voted to seat both delegations, giving all but Mr. Robinson a half vote each and he a whole vote, as he was on both tickets. The Courant editorially hailed the event as a house-cleaning in Hartford republican politics.

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his "Valkyries," finally withdrawing from the contest in a fit of pique before all the races had been run off. These were among the things Hawley touched upon in a letter to Warner from his summer cottage at the shore.

Woodmont, Conn.  
Sept. 15, '95.

Dear Charles:  
Many a time I have said that I would write "Charley Warner." I have kept myself well informed as to what was received in Hartford from you and as to me very little was to be said. Mother, Edith and I have had very little illness. For ten days last May in Washington I had remittent fever, and lost ten pounds, which to my satisfaction had not been regained.

Little Edith frightened us very much during two days—I wrote of it to Clark to explain a possible absence from the McKinley reception and he printed it to my great regret, for many friends wrote or spoke to me for a week about it. But it was good to see how sweetly so many people regarded it.

The children are robustly healthy and reasonably promising. Margaret, Marion and Edith J. and all of us have enjoyed the summer very much. Margaret also, but she has been among her relatives some. All three of our girls have learned to swim. Woodmont has been perfectly delightful. I resolutely refused to be taken away in July and August, taking a much needed rest. The last three years have been very trying. I feel much younger and perkier. Edith will stay here until about the 12th of October, firstly that she may see you two and secondly attend the silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Col. Wooster, with whom the last six years have given us a warm friendship.

Margaret goes to Washington on the 21st to enter the high school on the 23rd. We shall go there about the middle of October.

### "Dynamite" for Third Term.

The general political news and views you have obtained from the papers. A 3d term for Cleveland is desired by a certain clan of democrats, but it would be struck with lightning and dynamite at the polls. The able democrats who furnish the big sums for their national committee, forbade Cleveland and other leaders to tolerate the silver heresy, or coquet with populism, socialism and anarchy, but smaller fry are doing it. The sky looks brighter—not alone as to republican prospects, but in the eyes of all patriotism. Our republican government bets that the great man of men has common sense. If it be not so we are hopeless. Much cold water has been thrown upon free coinage and inflation.

Could I make a president he would be first Benjamin Harrison, second Wm. B. Allison.

The next session—the first of the 54th congress—will be interesting and important by reason of its bearing upon the presidential canvass of '96. We do not expect great struggles such as we have had during the last four or five years, for there is no distinctive disputed party measure and we have both houses and the president.

### "Loathes 'Tom' Platt."

Our legislature did fairly well, but it did not live up to the promises of the party nor the hopes of the good citizens who gave it great majorities. New York had a similar shortcoming. I loathe Tom Platt. The measure of power conceded to such a man of conceit, corruption and audacity is amazing.

I think O. H. Platt will be re-elected. Charley Clark says "it will tumble him. The solid townsmen of the towns will save us again."

Edith and I saw the first day of the yacht race and to fine advantage. The conduct of the excursion steamers enraged many of our 1,600 passengers on the "Richard Peck" of New Haven. The Defender was bothered as well as the Valkyrie. The failure of the contest is intensely regretted. I think Dunraven ought to have sailed the third day.

Your illnesses at Florence (Italy, where Warner had been on a tour.—Ed.) gave us great pain and anxiety. We hope to see you refreshed and renewed. Come back and stay with us. Take mild doses of travel and study.

Clark (Charles Hopkins Clark.—Ed.) dined with me at the Hartford club last Friday and I supped with him at his Colonial club. A favorable reaction has come to him. He looks well and is as charming as ever.

Give our dearest love to Susie. God bless you and give you a safe and easy return.

Affly yours,  
J. R. HAWLEY.

C. D. Warner.

Hawley was a great lover of shooting and all his life an expert marksman. He was planning an outing in the fall of 1895 devoted to that, and he also wanted a visit from Warner and their mutual friend of many decades, Warner's classmate, "Dan" Fiske, better known to fame as Willard Fiske, distinguished Scandinavian scholar, professor at Cornell, who had been brought on to Hartford at Warner's solicitation and served as managing editor of the Courant for a year in 1867. So, on November 18, he wrote to Warner:

# NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. M'NTYRE.

New York, Feb. 22.—New York has an official spotter whose job is to ferret out bogus titles drifting from Europe from time to time to dupe the gullible. So pronounced is the metropolitan celebrity complex that innumerable sly rascals have found it a paradise.

They easily run up enormous hotel bills, secure charge accounts and are in demand for the most exclusive formal dinners. At the opening of the opera this season one international hand-kisser occupied a society matron's box. He was recognized by a society reporter who tipped her off.

About all required for the faking noble to make the social grade are a monocle, a crested calling card and a few spurious war decorations. In almost every instance their process is to ingratiate themselves by flattery, make a quick touch and vanish. They know victims will never squeal.

A Scotland Yard chief, who has long handled royal dupes in England and on the continent, on a recent visit, declared there were more than 100 driven out of Europe who were now moving in Social Register circles in New York without slightest suspicion.

The official spotter is employed sub-rosa by the city. When there is a doubt over actual identity of some new arrival he is called in. An expert linguist and a wide traveler, he has frequently been placed on various official reception committees.

His formula is simple. He claims to be a native of the land of the suspect and being able to speak the language, poses as an old acquaintance. If the visitor is a charlatan he never denies having known the spotter in his own country. Three have been trapped in this fashion.

So easy is the nobility racket that the clerk of a small Texas hotel was ten years ago feted as an English lord. More than a half a dozen have at various times been suddenly asked to resign from exclusive clubs when they were found flying under false colors.

In a smart, and that's the last of that word smart for this reason, Park avenue cafe waiters wear a small blue button in their evening coat lapel to distinguish them from patrons. It would appear waiters after all have some pride.

A block in East 54th street is reputed to be the hide away for fifty speakeasies. One building houses six on various floors. An harassed home owner had so many raps on his door he has placed a sign on it reading: "This is a private house."

A speakeasy in the section is celebrated for furnishing corespondent girls in divorce cases. The charge is \$10. The proprietor exacts a \$25 fee for arranging details. The business has become so prosperous several of the girls average \$100 a week.

An outstanding characteristic of many of the speakeasy owners is their youth and cool impertinence. Any number are in their early twenties and have no fear whatever of the law. One told me he started with \$500 saved as a truck driver and had run it up to \$130,000 in four years. "Wouldn't I be a fool," he said airily, "to stick to the so-called respectable job?"

The speakeasy proprietor offers that charm which is notoriously found among the worthless. In other days he was found in the saloon back-room running inglorious errands and accepting free drinks. To-day he is the parasite who has become a potentate. He often controls the political destiny of an entire ward.

The debutante and demi-mondaine—the two are inextricably mixed these days—are responsible for the success of the cafe speakeasy. Their patronage brings spenders. Unlike old days, they are permitted unescorted and may sit alone and flirt recklessly.

One gave me a sly wink the other evening, but I merely exhaled a contemptuous cloud of smoke, appraised my nails and otherwise feigned pre-occupation. After 40 you grow cautious of such capers. And you don't feel so cut uppy anyway.

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## Another Letter From a Bald-Headed Dad to His Flapper Daughter

BY ROBERT QUILLEN.

My Dear Louise:  
Some days ago you enjoyed a quarrel with a boy friend.  
I didn't ask for details, for it hasn't been many years since I enjoyed quarrels of the same sort and I know how they work.  
You begin by pretending to be offended by some innocent remark. That's fun. Then you give an aggrieved or resentful answer and the other fellow pretends to take it seriously. He answers back in the same tone and the battle is on.  
By pretending to feel an emotion we can trick ourselves and develop an emotion that is genuine—as a little girl pretending to be heart-broken.

...pushed me in. I could not swim. I went down, down, and came up bump against the under side of the log, far from the opening. I was then held motionless. It is as vivid to me now as it was almost—well, some decades ago. I thought of all the little imaginary sins I had ever committed. Before me they appeared—the recital of them—written in red, on a blackboard. I gave myself up for lost and had time to say a Hall Mary before I went off. How I was rescued I don't recall.

Now what I am about to say you will find it hard to believe, but it is so. The feeling in that critical time was pleasant. I have never forgotten how beautifully clean and green the water was while I was drowning. And in these late years I have often wished that when my time comes to go that it may be by drowning—a pleasant death, I know it. From the time of Noah my forebears were sea-faring. Such do not fear the sea.

—O. B. JOYFUL.

It is said that souvenir hunters have chipped and chipped a certain tombstone in the plot in the West Hartford cemetery which contains the graves of some members of the famous family of Websters of that region. This particular stone is now about six inches shorter because of the damage, but we are told that the most signal feature of the work is that its perpetrators were on the wrong tack entirely—they thought they were chipping the gravestone of Noah Webster, lexicographer and spelling book compiler, but it is really the grave of his father.

**Second Best.**

You came along, I know not how,  
Into my life you made your bow;  
Your lips of red were mine to press—  
I liked the color of your dress.

Your nose, I thought, must be demure;  
Your eyes I never could endure!  
Your feet were small, delightfully flat—  
You said you liked my black cravat.

You stayed for quite some little while,  
My heart was yours yet to beguile.  
I felt so tired and you so gay  
Thank God! You went away that day.

—JOHN CLARK.

"Thorne Reide Ryder," who sends in seven large typewritten sheets of copy paper closely packed with bon mots, bedtime stories and miscellany for the Portico, appends, in part, the following:

"When you have used them all up—  
or those you think worthy—tell me via  
the Portico, and I'll take off fifteen  
minutes more of my time to send you a  
new batch."

We wish our friend Thorne would take off another fifteen minutes to come into the office and show us how to write two columns in a quarter of an hour. But even if he can't, his good work is compensation enough; especially in the recent spell of lazy weather. We award Thorne the palm. From allusions in his contribs we take it that he lives somewhere out Burnside way, but we wonder why he hasn't long since moved into newspaper row. Still, he may be a Dark Horse—the fact that his effusions are on copy paper.

When you watch a jazz orchestra "getting hot," it's easy to understand why the more dignified branch of the monkey family didn't evolve.

Culture doubtless is the quality that prompts you to eat fried chicken the same way when nobody is watching.

...man roback's preference for him. It not infrequently happened that the colonel and the state chairman took opposite sides on questions affecting their common party, but Mr. Willard continued in the confidence of both. The statement in the heading of a New Haven paper says that "Willard's choice as leader is seen as immature," and that the affairs will be in the hands of an executive committee with Town Chairman Morrissey as chairman. It is intimated that the result of the last municipal election is taken as a proof that group control is desirable. Nothing, however, will be done about the matter until Chairman Morrissey returns from Florida and Mr. Willard finishes his cruise in the West Indies.

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The board of apportionment of the city of Bridgeport has voted for the elimination of \$2,500 for the payment of tuition at the summer schools in that city, and has omitted the amount from next year's budget. Comptroller Chew has eliminated the item from his report. The Bridgeport Post reports Mayor Buckingham as saying "that he was not informed on the situation." The elimination of the \$2,500 is now being considered by the board of aldermen.

Governor Trumbull and other state officials, including Commissioner of Agriculture S. McLean Buckingham, and the president of the Connecticut Agriculture college, have been invited to attend a conference of agriculturalists to be held in Boston next Monday, to discuss the steps to be taken to enable the farmers of New England to derive the greatest possible benefit from the recent federal farm board legislation. It is understood that the committee recently appointed and of which Senator Alexander T. Pattison, of Simsbury, is one of the leading members, to investigate the system of the taxation of farm lands, particularly as it relates to the raising of tobacco, will soon begin their investigations. It is the Middletown Press that tells the story editorially of a farm in the western part of the state which netted the owner \$13,500 and was listed in the grand list at \$2,750.

Some of the heads of the departments of the city government visited the state capitol this week to study the system of the payment of obligations, due by the state, by check. The purpose of the visitors from the departments of the city government was to determine the best system for the payment by check by the city authorities. The state officials have used the check system for quite some time and have developed it to a satisfactory degree of perfection. Among the city officials in the group were City Treasurer George H. Gabb and others. The state auditors commended the plan of paying accounts by the checking system. It was clear from what the state officials and their subordinates said that they were very glad of the plan, taken by the

...to protect the town organization, headed by Colonel McGovern in possession of the boxes. The anti-Bulkeley contingent then returned to their own part of the hall and proceeded to elect Henry E. Taintor town chairman. To succeed Colonel McGovern and to name a state convention delegation composed of Henry C. Robinson, John R. Buck, Colonel Charles L. Burdett and Lewis C. Grover.

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In 1895 Warner was traveling and the friends were out of immediate touch for several months. It was the year before a presidential election and political skies were being scanned. Lord Dunraven, who was the Sir Thomas Lipton of his day in the frequency of his challenges for the America's cup but not in his spirit of sportsmanship, was trying to win the international yacht races with one of

authorities of Hartford, to install a system of paying obligations by check.

It is a pleasure to note that the illness from which Senator Roy C. Wilcox, of Meriden suffered some days since is not so serious as was first feared. It was thought the trouble might develop into appendicitis, but happily it did not. Senator Wilcox is slated to be on the republican state ticket this year as the candidate for state treasurer to take the place of Treasurer Spencer who is slated for second place on the ticket. Indeed, a Bridgeport paper is authority for the statement that Mr. Wilcox may aspire to the nomination for lieutenant governor.

**FAIR PLAY FOR BOTH.**

(Indianapolis News.)  
A New York court has ruled that a husband and wife may have separate homes, settling the long argument about whether it is better to live near a bridge club or a golf club.

**IT IS TO LAUGH.**

(Toronto Star.)  
Many people think they did nobly to arise at 5:45 a. m. to hear the king's speech over the radio. On the farms, however, there will be a smile or two at this achievement in "early rising."

...we have both houses and the president.

**"Loathes 'Tom' Platt."**

Our legislature did fairly well, but it did not live up to the promises of the party nor the hopes of the good citizens who gave it great majorities. New York had a similar shortcoming I loathe Tom Platt. The measure of power conceded to such a man of conceit, corruption and audacity is amazing.

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Give our dearest love to Susie. God bless you and give you a safe and easy return.

Affly yours,  
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C. D. Warner.

Hawley was a great lover of shooting and all his life an expert marksman. He was planning an outing in the fall of 1895 devoted to that, and he also wanted a visit from Warner and their mutual friend of many decades, Warner's classmate, "Dan" Fiske, better known to fame as Willard Fiske, distinguished Scandinavian scholar, professor at Cornell, who had been brought on to Hartford at Warner's solicitation and served as managing editor of the Courant for a year in 1867. So, on November 18, he wrote to Warner:

**An Enduring Friendship.**

"Can you and Dan agree upon a day, or within a day or two, of the time when you are coming down here? There are three Pennsylvania gentlemen to whom I have made a promise of three or four days ducking down on Cobb's Island on the Virginia shore. I should like to tell them what I could do. Your coming over—rides that of all other business, but I want to have both pleasures if possible."

The friendship of nearly fifty years' standing was undiminished in its quality.

(Concluded Monday.)

**Twenty-five Years Ago To-day**

FEBRUARY 22, 1905.

Putnam Phalanx observes Washington's Birthday with all-day session and banquet in the evening.

Captain Wilson R. Fenn, who had served since 1883, and Captain Robert R. Pease, on the roster since 1879, resign from Foot Guard and are placed on honorary staff. State Senator Frank L. Wilcox of East Berlin appointed judge advocate.

Alderman James P. Allen only member of council fire department committee to attend special meeting but he calls the session and adjourns himself. Mrs. Isabelle Beecher Hooker, sister of Henry Ward Beecher, observes her eighty-third birthday anniversary at her home on Marshall street.

Miss Mary Loomis, Hartford's oldest woman, observes her hundredth birthday anniversary at No. 36 Jefferson street.

University of Pennsylvania confers honorary degree of doctor of laws on President Roosevelt and Kaiser Wilhelm. The president was present to receive the honor and delivered an address on George Washington.

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You begin by pretending to be offended by some innocent remark. That's fun. Then you give an aggrieved or resentful answer and the other fellow pretends to take it seriously. He answers back in the same tone and the battle is on.

By pretending to feel an emotion we can trick ourselves and develop an emotion that is genuine—as a little girl pretending to be heart-broken by her dolly's death ends in a flood of genuine tears—and the quarrel that begins in pretense quickly engenders real temper.

With each exchange of frank opinions you become a little bolder, each of you adding venom as he feels the sting of unpleasant truth, and within an hour you are ready to part forever.

There follows a week of separation—of self-pity and delicious heart-ache and woe—and then you have forgotten how the quarrel started and are ready for the pleasant business of "making up."

It's great fun, but there's danger in it.

Such quarrels are a product of boredom.

Some friend who once delighted you has ceased to be sufficiently entertaining and you start a quarrel to break up the monotony.

It is like whipping a tired horse up a hill—like taking a drink of whisky to spur a waning appetite. Placid friendship no longer satisfies and you must work up some artificial emotion to keep it from petering out entirely.

That is the explanation of make-believe quarrels, and that is the reason they are dangerous.

The washed sow goes back to her wallow, you know; and because we are similar creatures of habit, we go back to the ways that once afforded us pleasure or comfort.

If you develop the habit of using fake quarrels as a means of stimulating emotion and adding zest to unsatisfying friendships, you will resort to the same remedy in years to come and thus make yourself a nuisance to husband and neighbors who are less romantic.

You know women here in town who are forever quarreling with their friends and their families—forever nursing hurt feelings and enjoying a self-made martyrdom.

Well, they are simply play acting to escape boredom. And they keep themselves and everybody else miserable as a result of it.

Better not get the habit, Honey. People like that aren't quite sane. They pretend so much they can't tell what is genuine, and they wallow in woe when they could be happy just by being sensible.

Love,  
DAD.

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