The hardest sock I ever took was from a newcomer by the name of Expiration Steel.

I had been going great in my own class, taking a quarter of a point on Nitwit Tin, Preferred; a half point on General Crackup Airways, or selling short ten shares of Liquid Carbolic at 1½ on a dropping market, but I kept away from the boys on the Big Board. I had my own little corner in the broker's office, where I sat and listened to the advice of Joe, the ticker boy—my trainer and friend, I often called him playfully.

One day, as I settled myself in my corner and asked Joe if there was any truth in the rumor that Nitwit was to split up, two for one, he raised his eyes from the tape and fairly leered.

"Why do you play around with them palookas on the Curb," he growled. "You got two grand in cash, besides them cats and dogs you're always howling about. Buy eighty Expiration Steel, go away to Atlantic City for two weeks and then come back here and we'll put the chairs on the tables and mop up. Hold the cats and dogs for now, you don't stand to lose much on them anyway."

On October 27th I got a wire at the hotel, saying "Sell Nitwit and Crackup stop market terrible stop hold Carbolic." It was from Joe. I rushed home in a panic. Expiration had just touched nine when I sat down in my corner near Joe. The house—I mean the brokerage house—was in an uproar. The shrieking voices seemed to be saying "Finish him," "He's down," "Let's go home." A voice was whispering in my ear. It was Joe's. He was saying, buck up; not be a quitter; lash out with both hands, or maybe it was handfuls; them bears can't scare us. Joe was full of encouragement. Expiration went to five.

"There's only one thing to do now," he said; "that is to sell it short. It looks like the finish of Expiration if the big bankers don't step in. Sell your Expiration short at five and if it peters out you'll pull out with four hundred bucks, enough for a new start on a low market." It sounded reasonable and I put the order through.

It seemed an age until the market would open, next morning. I had acquired the habit of walking the curbstones; it gave me a freer right of way. The curbstones were not crowded and I could walk along with my head down, thinking, without being jostled and disturbed. I could avoid fire plugs and trolley poles adroitly without looking up; I could walk against traffic in the busiest streets. Often I was the lone person walking against the tide. And indeed I was against the tide, it was I not short of the market at five. For once I prayed for lower prices.

The next morning I was sponged and somewhat refreshed as I sat in my corner waiting for the battle to resume. A gong sounded. Ten o'clock, let's go.

Expiration opened strong at six. I grinned, for Joe assured me that it was the last feeble effort of the bulls. Steel strengthened and Expiration went to seven. The trading clerk walked across the floor and asked me if I was the guy who was short of Expiration at five. I nodded weakly. There was a steely glint in his eye as he told me that three more points on this rally would finish me. Car loadings were reported at 126,577 against 126,576 for the preceding week and Expiration went to eight on the news. My head whirled worse than ever. The house was in an uproar. The shouts were again surging through my addled brain. There were yells of "Jump in" and "Let it go" and "Sell that block" and "Block that kick." I was reeling.

"Expiration goes to nine," shouted Joe above the din.

I learned afterward that friends lifted my prostrate form from where it was draped across the strands of tape and spoke consoling word. They propped me in my chair. Another guy was pressing forward in the crowd and wanted my place near the ticker.

I am back among the palookas. I would rather play the curb than walk it.

—FRED BLINE.

SOME QUITE GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

BY FREDERICK P. LATIMER

Again we have received what in its literal statement would seem a crushing blow to pride. In the recent article we had here about the circus there was a statement that in our opinion the trained chimpanzee could do almost any job in the composing room except read proof. Fancy our astonishment, Saturday morning when a neatly clipped column was brought formally by messenger to our desk, with an appended note which reads as follows:

"Dear Judge: Would like to know if the trained chimpanzee wrote this article. It is better than usual, so we guess it did.

—Composing Room."

In spite of this venomous slam, inasmuch as on that very morning we had been obliged to explain to a leading representative up there it was not Robinson Crusoe but George Washington who crossed the Delaware, we shall continue in authorship with unruffled brow.

* * *

And another thing. We disapprove absolutely of a scoffing imputation which has been hurled at us that just because we wanted to bring home a turkey carcass for soup from the supper up in Poquonock we must have a strain of Scotch blood. In the first place a good strain of Scotch will make almost any one generous and neighborly and kind. Some of the kindest and most unselfish people we have ever known were Scotch. Of all the strains in our veins, Slav, Saxon, Bohemian, Danish, Norman, Irish, English, French Huguenot, Scotch and Indian, we value the Scotch as highly as any. Our children are descended from King James, of Scotland. We revere John Knox and "Bobby" Burns, who said, "A man's a man for a' that." We eat oatmeal every day. We are strong for the Scotch. And we are glad to announce that we received the carcass. It was given to us before a respectful and admiring throng, to the accompaniment of a splendid address of presentation; brought into our presence by a tall gentleman of the utmost dignity and grace, on a platter that is worth $50, (platter returned before leaving) and garnished gorgeously with fresh green parsley tied through the art of fond hands around the neck of a bird which must in life have weighed almost 20 pounds. Not only that, but this splendid remnant of turkey, which had its wing frames folded upon its breast, and was to be further adorned with a delicious pie which somehow disappeared, was given also a snowy waist-coat with pearl buttons that was worn at the World's fair building bazaar in Chicago, October, 1893, but is now too large for the owner and he thought that if we put that on we could tuck the turkey into it and carry it home in due form.

We will say that as far as we are concerned this turkey remnant business was one of the most enjoyable events of our whole life. And the soup is delicious. When we came away from that church, the winter stars were hanging over its tall, old steeple, three especially bright stars immediately above the steeple; it sat with wonderful grace and beneficient venerableness upon its knoll in the night, light streaming from its door, and from the arched window below the belfry, making a picture of appeal for affectionate remembrance which will remain with us always.

It just occurs to us, as we think back, that the vestry had American flags on the wall, and there were patriotic napkins at each plate, and a portrait of George Washington hanging up and maybe we should have said something about the Father of His Country. Perhaps we can do that some day when they have a strawberry festival or something. Our oration for strawberry festivals on George Washington being lost in the snows of the Ohio wilderness is a gem.

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Now comes a truly odd circumstance. When we were a little boy in a distant part of the state there was a retired mariner of the whale fisheries who had a farm, a beautiful sweetflag meadow and a cider mill and a most delightful family. Our folks used to go there to visit; we used to run away from school, too, to reach that cider mill, and in all the multitudes of years that have since passed not one has flown but at least fifty times we have wondered and wondered whatever became of that family, never hearing a word about any of them. They seemed like relatives, as perhaps, no doubt they were, and it was a pity not to know anything of them.

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.

NO. LXXXIX.

Those were the days of free seeds, when congressmen and senators received sacks full of packets from the department of agriculture and distributed them broadcast among their constituents. This was supposed to make for good will between the farmers and members of the congress. Hawley made some allusions to the matter in a letter of May 31, 1896, in which he also complimented Warner upon the address which he had made the day before as Memorial Day speaker in Hartford. He wrote:

Washington, D. C., May 31, '96.

Dear Charles:

The seeds business is a roaring farce. Through my clerk and a volunteer helper I sent off thousands of papers, and Secretary Morton, who is hardly civil about it, sent us each 4,000 papers, too late for northern planting. My clerk says he sent them all off. I wouldn't have blamed him if he had burned some.

"Your memorial address is very good. You don't understand the pension business as well as I do. There are about 2,300,000 soldiers and many had wives and children. Whoever knows or has good reason to suspect a fraudulent case ought to name it to the commissioner.

The legislation goes no further than to endeavor to partially prevent soldiers from going to almshouses.

The states, counties and towns would otherwise have to spend some of their millions.

Edith left here with the children May 29th, Friday, for Woodmont, reached there safely and will be there until July 8th, when she and the children will visit my sister Molly at Vernon Center.

I have an unremitting pain in view of the necessity of writing an oration for the Centennial of Cleveland, Ohio July 17th (?) of 22d. I have forgotten which. I have read some history and made some notes.

We shall adjourn June 8th or perhaps the 5th or 6th, but I shall remain a week to work on that oration.

Affectionately yours,

J. R. HAWLEY.

Andrew White (president of Cornell university—Ed.) says Dan Fiske is quite badly off—more he said than at any previous time. I will write and I suppose you will, of course. Perhaps have heard from him lately. If so, write me a word.

Love to your household.

H.

C. D. Warner.

No More Letters.

There are no more letters. Hawley was growing old, faster than his years. The war had eaten heavily into a great vitality. He had now reached seventy.

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The Bryan candidacy split the Connecticut democracy wide open and inflicted punishment upon it from which it never recovered. The Hartford Times bolted Bryan and threw its support to Palmer and Buckner who ran for president and vice-president as "gold democrats." There were two democratic state tickets in the field. The regular wing of the party, which stood with Bryan, nominated Joseph B. Sargent of New Haven for governor. The "gold democrats," who called themselves "national democrats" nominated Joel A. Sperry of New Haven for governor and William Waldo Hyde of Hartford for lieutenant governor.

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In 1898 George R. Lounsbury was the republican nominee for governor and he defeated Daniel N. Morgan of Bridgeport, the democratic nominee. The legislature chosen in 1898 faced the task of electing a United States senator, Hawley's term having expired again. Bulkeley and Fessenden were still striving for the seat and the republican senatorial caucus furnished a most exciting contest. On the day of it the corridors of the capitol were thronged by the curious and by the supporters of all the candidates seeking to persuade votes.

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presidency in 1900, losing again to McKinley on the issue of imperialism. The Connecticut democracy was still split over Bryanism but there was only one democratic state ticket in the field, headed by Samuel L. Bronson of New Haven. The Hartford Times did not support Bryan. Republicans had a contest over their nomination which finally went to George P. McLean of Simsbury, later United States senator. The supporters of Samuel Fessenden who had been beaten for the senatorship the preceding year prevailed on Donald T. Warner of Salisbury to try for the governorship against Mr. McLean in an effort to get control of the state organization. They canvassed the state vigorously, but McLean had 274 votes in the convention to 235 for Warner. The Times took pleasure in the fact that Bronson got 7000 more votes for governor than Bryan did for president in Connecticut.

Death of Charles Dudley Warner.

Before all this happened, however, there came a tragic break in this remarkable friendship. Austin C. Dunham, long the head of the Hartford Electric Light company, and the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell of the Asylum Hill church, were about to go abroad. Mr. Dunham gave a luncheon at his home in Prospect street to a little group of friends. Others present were Mr. and Mrs. Warner, Colonel F. W. Cheney of Manchester and General Hawley.

After the luncheon Warner went to the Courant office. His eyes had been giving him some trouble and he had been doing less reading and more walking. From the Courant he took a stroll about the east side of the city. On Windsor street he was taken ill, asked permission at a house where he was acquainted, to have an opportunity to rest, and died almost at once.

In 1902 republicans of Connecticut had another contest over the governorship, this time between two New Haven county men, Abiram Chamberlain of Meriden, who had been comptroller in the McLean administration and was a noted banquet-goer, and Livingston W. Cleveland of New Haven. Chamberlain won in the convention 342 votes to 158.

After the split of the Bryan days in democratic ranks the nomination of that party was again regarded as worth fighting for and there was a contest between Mayor Charles F. Thayer of Norwich and Melbert B. Cary of Ridgefield. Cary had 320 votes in the convention to 236 for Thayer. However the sores of 1896 and 1900 had not yet healed and Chamberlain was elected easily. Henry Roberts of Hartford was lieutenant governor.

"Dan" Fiske Goes, Hawley Failing.

In 1904 came the death of that other of the three friends, "Dan" Fiske.

Hawley himself had fought his last fight. He had been growing feeble and in 1902 his health had failed. He asked Senator Redfield Proctor of Vermont to take over the duty of acting chairman of the committee on military affairs. General Hawley was seldom at the capital after that and when he did go he was feeble in body and emaciated in frame. In the summer of 1903 he leased a houseboat and sought to regain his strength. He also rested at the shore. In 1904 he passed his seventy-eighth birthday. It was apparent that he never again could perform public service, indeed that the sands of life were nearly run. Consequently, he gave notice that he would not be a candidate for re-election before the legislature of 1905.

Bulkeley and Fessenden then fought out their last battle for the senatorship. Bulkeley won easily. He had 154 votes to 73 for Fessenden on the first ballot in the legislative caucus, 9 being cast for Ebenezer J. Hill of Norwalk and 8 for George P. McLean, who had declared himself not a candidate and asked his friends to vote for Bulkeley. In the election A. Heaton Robertson of New Haven was the democratic candidate and Bulkeley won easily over him.

A feature of the republican caucus was the eulogizing of Hawley by various speakers and the passage of a resolution of respect to him offered by Representative Walter H. Clark of Hartford, now judge of probate.

As Hawley's term was about to expire, on March 4, a special act was

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. McINTYRE.

New York, Feb. 24.—Diary of a modern Pepys: To the barber to be trimmed and occupied a chair next to Vincent Astor, who slept through the ordeal. So to see Carl L. Seitz, of Shanghai, who has brought his son Clayton here to enter business in the city and as fine a lad as I know.

In the afternoon driving to Sing Sing to greet a prisoner released after many weary years in gaol, and drove him to the station to board a western train. And he in complete silence and immobile all the way, save for twisting a handkerchief into an agonizing knot, poor fellow.

At my labours but weary and with my wife through town and loitered in a jewelry auction room, at whose gypery I frequently hoot and made a purchase or two, like a brush ape. Home and came Horace W. Karr, of Cincinnati, an esteemed friend of youth, and Roger W. Selby, the shoe merchant, and we sat late.

* * *

Peter Arno, a deft delineator in black and white, is rumored tiring of contributing further to the bizarrerie—maybe it isn't right, but doesn't it sound katish? of New York sophisticates, and is planning a jaunt to Europe for a long stay. Arno created the hilarious "Whoops Sisters" for a weekly, and airily spurned a neat offer to incorporate the idea in a comic strip because, O, dear, O, dear, it ran afoul of artistic ideals.

* * *

Charles Dana Gibson at the pinnacle of the Gibson girl craze suddenly "tired of it all" and deserted a fabulous income for the uncertainties of portrait painting in London. But he did not tarry long, and returned gladly to the field in which he had won eminence. Sooner or later they all come back. And a yoo-hoo for Frank O'Malley.

* * *

Most of us nurse a sneaking notion we can do something else better than the job in hand. Every financier I ever met is secretly plotting, when he can get around to it, of course, "to write a book." A best selling novelist spent a fortune in a scientific ranching experiment that was a total loss. And I never saw the newspaper I couldn't edit better than the editor in charge—yet the only one I ever edited was a mighty flop. I can still hear it.

* * *

In Forty-seventh street one evening last summer a shuffling figure stepped out of the shadows and inquired if I knew where he could find a place to sleep for the night. He was wretchedly unkempt, but there was an unprofessional embarrassment in his manner. He accompanied me to a lodging house on Sixth avenue, where I paid for his room and gave the clerk change to send out for something to eat. The total expenditure was $1.60. How he learned my identity I do not know, but in the mail yesterday was a cryptic letter which read: "Thanks for a good turn. I never begged before." Pinned to the letter were two one dollar bills. And if he happens to see this I will be glad to return his forty cents over payment and direct him to a fairly good job in a factory near New York.

* * *

At one time in my life I was broke, hungry and jobless in a city where I had lived but two weeks. The room key-hole had been plugged for non-payment of rent and I was ashamed to wire or write home for aid. Twice on one of the prominent corners I stood about strangers trying to summon courage to tell them of my dilemma, but couldn't. And since I have been an easy mark for street beggars. Out of all the professionals there may be an occasional amateur.

* * *

But here's poverty to glorious wealth in a skip. In three weeks I have been notified of falling heir to two large legacies—one in England and one in South Africa. When you get on that sucker list you are considered Grade A.

* * *

As absurd as it sounds, the legacy racket has made fortunes for racketeers. All they need is the directory of an American city. The trick is to extract a $10 fee for transcript of the mythical will. That ends it. In London's Fleet street a big office building is filled with sharpers who victimize Americans.

* * *

"Do you remember," inquires an old schoolmate, "one day our class took in the dollar excursion to Columbus, O., to hear Paderewski?"

I had to stay home that Saturday and stir the apple butter.

"How Brilliant I Am," Said the Dog, "To Keep Ahead of This Can on My Tail"

BY ROBERT QUILLEN.

People who boast of their modernism are boasting of their chains.

The civilization they have created has enslaved them.

Consider the matter of haste.

It is not man's nature to hurry, and those who are free to set their own pace commonly move in leisurely fashion as the cattle do.

Left free to exercise his choice and his common sense, the modern would enjoy the leisure made possible by the inven-

to live.

"There's only one thing to do now," he said; "that is to sell it short. It looks like the finish of Expiration if the big bankers don't step in. Sell your Expiration short at five and if it peters out you'll pull out with four hundred bucks, enough for a new start on a low market." It sounded reasonable and I put the order through.

It seemed an age until the market would open, next morning. I had acquired the habit of walking the curbstones; it gave me a freer right of way. The curbstones were not crowded and I could walk along with my head down, thinking, without being jostled and disturbed. I could avoid fire plugs and trolley poles adroitly without looking up; I could walk against traffic on the busiest streets. Often I was the lone person walking against the tide. And indeed I was against the tide, for was I not short of the market at five? For once I prayed for lower prices.

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"Expiration goes to nine," shouted Joe above the din.

I learned afterward that friends lifted my prostrate form from where it was draped across the strnds of tape and spoke consoling word. They propped me in my chair. Another guy was pressing forward in the crwd and wanted my place near the tiker.

I am back among the palookas. I would rather play the curb than walk it.

—FRED BIAINE.

Norwich.

* * *

Saturday—During the last cuple of days that extraordinarily impressionable fellow, the Dopple, has ben more than ever impressed with the viseacre crop. The number of sages who can glance at the soaring thermometer, refer hastily to their calendr, and laying their forefingers solemnly alongside their noses, warn you that it is not spring but only a freak of natue which will quickly and naturally be superseded by nasty, cold, wet, possibly snowy, and desolate weather, is simply amazing. And the fog this morning was not an exciting blanket covering the world with mystery and making weird shapes out of prosaic tres. On the contrary it was just anothe hazard for automobilists.

On top of that somebody is likely to call the Dopple a misanthrope. He wonders.

—THE DOPPLE.

* * *

Brief audit of a family budget: Got it; spent it.

* * *

It's a shame that stenographers are such poor spellers. Especially when the boss doesn't know the differenc.

* * *

It's fair enough. The theaters that can't afford sound reproductions are the ones that have peanut accompaniment.

* * *

Of course Russia can get along without religion; but the work neglected by religion must be done by police and padlocks.

* * *

The proverb maker who said a soft answer turns away wrath never heard Central coo "wrong number" to a man enticed from his bath.

(platter returned before leaving) and garnished gorgeously with fresh green parsley tied through the art of fond hands around the neck of a bird which must in life have weighed almost 20 pounds. Not only that, but this splendid remnant of turkey, which had its wing frames folded upon its breast, and was to be further adorned with a delicious pie which somehow disappeared, was given also a snowy waist-coat with pearl buttons that was worn at the World's fair building bazaar in Chicago, October, 1893, but is now too large for the owner and he thought that if we put that on we could tuck the turkey into it and carry it home in due form.

We will say that as far as we are concerned this turkey remnant [illegible] was one of the most enjoyable meals whole life. And the soup is delicious. When we came away from that church, the winter stars were hanging over its tall, old steeple, three especially bright stars immediately above the steeple; it sat with wonderful grace and beneficient venerableness upon its knoll in the night, light streaming from its door, and from the arched window below the belfry, making a picture of appeal for affectionate remembrance which will remain with us always.

It just occurs to us, as we think back, that the vestry had American flags on the wall, and there were patriotic napkins at each plate, and a portrait of George Washington hanging up and maybe we should have said something about the Father of His Country. Perhaps we can do that some day when they have a strawberry festival or something. Our oration for strawberry festivals on George Washington being lost in the snows of the Ohio wilderness is a gem.

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Now comes a truly odd circumstance. When we were a little boy in a distant part of the state there was a retired mariner of the whale fisheries who had a farm, a beautiful sweetflag meadow and a cider mill and a most delightful family. Our folks used to go there to visit; we used to run away from school, too, to reach that cider mill, and in all the multitudes of years that have since passed not one has flown but at least fifty times we have wondered and wondered whatever became of that family, never hearing a word about any of them. They seemed like relatives, as perhaps, no doubt they were, and it was a pity not to know anything of them.

Well, who was it that played the piano at the turkey supper but the lovely, dimpled grand-daughter of that dear old fellow who used to dip out the cider for us when we played truant so many years ago! It was her father with whom we nibbled sweetflag in that meadow, and dug up the roots for candy! As soon as we saw that girl there was something about her look and expression which made us sure she was somebody from the old folks at home, and when she said who she was there was a meeting of great joy. This is a small world, children, and full of happy surprises.

* * *

It may be added that of all persons to have received immense consideration and distinguished honor in Connecticut since the arrival within its borders of Baron de Staub, Benjamin Franklin, Andrew Jackson and Charles Dickens, the most pleased has been the gentleman who accompanied us to the occasion beyond the estuary of the Farmington river. He was permitted to put his wraps in a pew of his own choice, was seated on the right in the head center of everybody, exactly in front of the largest pile of snowy raised biscuit, and close to the most copious dish of cranberry jelly. Miriam sweetened his coffee for him. He was served with three helpings of the tenderest bits of the bird de rigueur, and permitted to revel uninterrupted in his festivity until he looked like a bulging stocking pinned to the fireplace mantel on Christmas eve. And he got in for less than children under 13. They let him sing all the songs and made him stand up and take a bow and encore without his doing anything but just be handsome, modest and friendly, and he even got the pie, as nearly as we can figure, for we never saw it again after he headed for the car. For a chap who just went along as a silent partner, he fared mighty well. If he did not get the pie, we will look in our overcoat pocket.

you will, of course. Perhaps have heard from him lately. If so, write me a word.

Love to your household.

H.

C. D. Warner.

No More Letters.

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Fessenden gained on the second and every succeeding ballot up to the sixth, Bulkeley losing, while in the latter stages some votes were cast for Congressman Russell and ex-Congressman Simonds. Hawley's vote dropped off on the second and third and fourth ballots, getting down to 87. It went up to 94 on the sixth ballot.

On the seventh round of voting, Bulkeley again headed off Fessenden by throwing his strength to Hawley who was nominated, with 117 votes, while Fessenden had 69 and Bulkeley 8.

Daniel N. Morgan received the democratic votes and Hawley was re-elected easily when the two houses balloted.

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lain of Meriden, who had been comptroller in the McLean administration and was a noted banquet-goer, and Livingston W. Cleveland of New Haven. Chamberlain won in the convention 342 votes to 158.

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As Hawley's term was about to expire, on March 4, a special act was passed by congress putting him on the retired list of the army as a brigadier general.

A fortnight later, March 18, he died. He was buried with honors appropriate to his military career and his distinguished public service.

In an editorial which appeared in the Hartford Courant following his death, Charles Hopkins Clark, his business associate from 1871, the later manager of his political campaigns, and his friend, wrote:

"He had been General Hawley for almost forty years, and he had been Senator Hawley for twenty-four years, but he was 'Joe' Hawley all his life."

THE END.

unkempt, but there was an unprofessional embarrassment in his manner. He accompanied me to a lodging house on Sixth avenue, where I paid for his room and gave the clerk change to send out for something to eat. The total expenditure was $1.60. How he learned my identity I do not know, but in the mail yesterday was a cryptic letter which read: "Thanks for a good turn. I never begged before." Pinned to the letter were two one dollar bills. And if he happens to see this I will be glad to return his forty cents over payment and direct him to a fairly good job in a factory near New York.

* * *

At one time in my life I was broke, hungry and jobless in a city where I had lived but two weeks. The room key-hole had been plugged for nonpayment of rent and I was ashamed to wire or write home for aid. Twice one of the prominent corners I about strangers trying t courage to tell them of my dilemma, but couldn't. And since I have been an easy mark for street beggars. Out of all the professionals there may be an occasional amateur.

* * *

But here's poverty to glorious wealth in a skip. In three weeks I have been notified of falling heir to two large legacies—one in England and one in South Africa. When you get on that sucker list you are considered Grade A.

* * *

As absurd as it sounds, the legacy racket has made fortunes for racketeers. All they need is the directory of an American city. The trick is to extract a $10 fee for transcript of the mythical will. That ends it. In London's Fleet street a big office building is filled with sharpers who victimize Americans.

* * *

"Do you remember," inquires an old schoolmate, "one day our class took in the dollar excursion to Columbus, O., to hear Paderewski?"

I had to stay home that Saturday and stir the apple butter.

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"How Brilliant I Am," Said the Dog, "To Keep Ahead of This Can on My Tail"

BY ROBERT QUILLEN.

People who boast of their modernism are boasting of their chains.

The civilization they have created has enslaved them.

Consider the matter of haste.

It is not man's nature to hurry, and those who are free to set their own pace commonly move in leisurely fashion as the cattle do.

Left free to exercise his choice and his common sense, the modern would enjoy the leisure made possible by the invention of machines that multiply his productivity and quicken transportation.

But the whir and crash of fast machines quicken his pulse and excite him, as fast music does, and thus the tempo of his life is quickened without his consent or approval.

If all men would consent to the slower pace earned and justified by the harnessing of power, it could be established without financial hurt to any and with benefit to the health of all.

But the lash of competition keeps us all straining to the limit of endurance, and thus each slave of the system sets a faster pace for his brother and in so doing dooms himself to keep the pace or go under.

It is the tempo of modernism that denies us opportunity to meditate or measure values.

We live in the present moment, as a racer does.

We are dominated by our civilization, as a workman is by a giant machine he feeds.

And as the man and his machine are a unit, shut off from the world, so we become absorbed in our civilization and lose our sense of values.

A man far from machines and machine products is awed by the stillness and the majesty of a mountain and a realization of his own insignificance makes him a religionist or a philosopher.

But the modern, moving with frantic haste among machines and giant buildings made by men, is filled with a sense of his own importance.

"How wonderful men are!" he cries, as he gazes at a skyscraper.

"How swiftly we moderns move!" he thinks, as hard necessity spurs him on to get bread.

It is the oldest of human follies—making a virtue of necessity.

He is the helpless, harassed and harried slave of his environment, but vanity prompts him to find some compensation in his sorry plight and he boasts of his hurried pace!

Imagine a slave chained to a chariot wheel boasting of the pace he must keep to save his neck!

Little intelligence is required to make the ox step faster if the treadmill is geared higher to set a faster pace.

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Twenty-five Years Ago To-day

FEBRUARY 24, 1905.

Fay Scott, 12-year-old boy, rescues his brother, Stinson, 5, and his sister, Helen, 4, as fire destroys home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Miller Scott at No. 7 Park terrace.

St. James' church gives farewell reception to the Rev. Reginald H. Scott who goes to new duties at Christ church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hartford school enumeration announced as 18,132, compared with 17,472 for the previous year.

Mrs. Henry Roberts, wife of Governor Roberts, gives cotillion, led by her son, John T. Roberts, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest W. Smith.

Veteran Volunteer Firemen's association holds sixteenth annual ball at Foot Guard hall. General Alexander Harbison makes presentation of testimonial to former Chief Henry J. Eaton.

Mayor William F. Henney presides at meeting of Hartford local, International Association of Machinists, to welcome President James O'Connell of the International body.

Connecticut river Hartford drawless bridge bill favorably reported in the United States senate.

Police destroy many lottery tickets taken in raid, including a winning number calling for a prize of $5,000.

Jimmy Foxen, formerly pitcher for the Hartford team, engaged as baseball coach by Trinity college.

Nearly 100 bodies recovered from Virginia mine near Birmingham, Alabama, after explosion.

Czar Nicholas of Russia spurns peace offer from various quarters and announces that war with Japan will be pushed, being convinced that Oyama cannot beat Kuropatkin.

ALWAYS SOMETHING TO TAP.

(Dayton News.)

The town of Elkhorn, Wis., has more money than it needs and the city council asks the citizens to suggest how to spend it. If officials can't levy anything else on the citizens, they tax their ingenuity.

But where do these "realistic" authors get their vocabularies? There aren't many livery stables now.