

HULL'S CHARACTERISTICS

SHOWS BY HIS LETTERS, WHICH HE PUBLISHED IN BOOK FORM.

A Volume Entitled "Reflections from a Busy Life," Which Contains the Views of the Writer on Many Subjects—Attention to the Care of Houses and Antiquity in Charitable Institutions—His Antipathy and Marriage—His Immense Wealth.

Charles J. Hull, whose millions of men have relations are trying to wrest from little Miss Carter, had some queer traits in his make-up.

"He was as accurate as you might suppose," said Mr. Evans, the lawyer who drew the remarkable will, "but he was odd. One of his peculiarities was his love of children. He stored them. He would not visit a childless home. He did not visit a childless couple to visit his home. In Chicago the children crowded his parlors. In other towns he had nurseries and kindergartens at his hotel. He walked with street patients. He knew to a cent the price of a blacking-box and a stiff brush.

"Another peculiarity was his strong opposition to socialism and systems. He never contributed a dollar to a charity. He said it was a mistake to relieve thoughtless persons of the possession of their incomes. He believed in prisons and identity of them, but he thought they ought to be turned into manual training schools. He used to pass all the lectures in his life. He gave a great deal of money to schools and he founded the Massachusetts Home—the only asylum to which he would give as a copier."

Mr. Hull's habit of superabundant alms to hospitals. During the cholera epidemic in 1849 Charles was taken down with the disease. The doctors advised heavily.

"I won't give it to him," said his father, "but he will die."

"He would be better dead than living with a throb for him. No man can ever say of me that I started my son on the down-road."

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

Mr. Hull believed in physical exercise. His daughter Frederica started rowing after school hours to keep up her muscles. It was his intention to leave his property jointly to the son and daughter. Mrs. Hull died, and so, the lawyer says, he concluded that the estate, which he always wished should be kept together, would better best under Miss Carter's management. It is widely scattered. In Chicago it consists of real estate property on Adams, Michigan, and Park streets and on Wilcox, Lake, Erie, Fulton, and small West State streets, and in business blocks on the Grand avenue and Halsted street. Besides this Chicago property, most of which he acquired years ago and by subdividing and improving made valuable, he has hundreds of thousands in Baltimore real estate, several thousand acres outside of Savannah, Ga., and farms in Florida, Southern Illinois, Nebraska, and Texas, all yielding a revenue of about \$100,000 a year and worth nearly \$1,000,000.

Perhaps Mr. Hull's most pronounced peculiarity was an ambition to make a reputation as a literary man, and he had some idea of causing a sensation in the book world when he printed a few years ago a volume of letters and scraps of letters which he called "Reflections from a Busy Life." Most of the letters from which extracts were made were written to Miss Carter, and in them Mr. Hull has treated every subject that could possibly suggest itself, from the vice of eating tobacco to the Presbyterianism of a lawyer. Altogether it is about the queerest book that has ever been printed in Chicago.

PARAGRAPHS IN HIS BOOK.

It begins with a big full-page picture of Mr. Hull and the following rules of conversation:

1. Never interrupt a speaker.
2. Never start a side issue; never contradict.
3. Praise after discussing each topic.
4. Never tell what you know already.
5. When asked, answer yourself.
6. Be silent when you have nothing to say.
7. Goodness always is a first act.
8. Praise is the light of life.
9. A better presence makes all before it.
10. Goodness may be present, yet unprofitable.

The earlier letters in the book are rather commonplace, but about 1870 Mr. Hull began to philosophize, and from that on to 1894 he never ceased to comment on and draw unique conclusions from the happenings about him. July 14, 1895, he gives his views on marrying:

Dr. Evans has just returned from a six months' European tour. He brought from Vienna a book, one in his hand. If he is not a Mormon on earth, he will be if families are reduced to atoms.

He has no confidence from the reader. He tells about his courtship and honeymoon with engaging frankness:

The uncertainty of such a boy was a dangerous experiment for an educated lady to make, but it was done, and we commenced the journey. All of a few days' travel together, as I was going to the boarding house to dinner, she saw me from her window, and, as I entered, said:

"Charles, as I see you coming up the street do you know what I thought?"

"No," I replied.

"Well," she continued, "I was thinking, does his mother love to be out?"

From a man who had been a lawyer himself this opinion, written in 1870 to Miss Carter, is astonishing:

I do not think much of the majority of lawyers. The community would be better off if they would go into any other business—except the consideration of their own affairs.

In the same year he pronounced as a poet in the following verses:

POETRY.

The web of your and life is weary weaving,
Time runs will slip it from his busy weaving;
May "poem" prophetic remain engraving,
That all good fathers full of love and giving.

"Delicious" whisky surely has induced you,
Beyond you of home, of children, and of wife,
Gladly you wish rage, and body has abused
You.

Pumped your feet, and wasted all your life,
There is no love or joy for you here.

From those the world calls "happy, good, and free,"
There is no hope but in that brighter scene,
Where that is intended to such as you.

About death he says, in 1873:

Death is promised! In opening of the eyes
An introduction to the best society of the universe,
Close communion with all whom we love;
Great ability to help others; and an uncorrupted
passion and use of all our resources.

And about babies:

A baby writes us to God,
He made into the temperance people this way:

The leading temperance man and women of this Nation are weak; they are people only; they have no fiery ardors, no heroic goals, no missions, no organized, reasonable fanaticism. The work out, the experienced, the children play temperance. I know of no Christian man in the Nation who speaks and stands firmly and permanently on the temperance platform. Millions of the wicked ought to die, but they do not.

He says he likes:

Booth, Watson, the miners, railroad men, sailors and soldiers who are exposed to severe hardships and great and sudden dangers. They seem to have a little firmer grip on the realities than the rest of us; they, on great occasions, seem aware to God than the man in the pulpit. They carry out each other's wills without lawyers, without mediators, witnesses, or pretense courts. They don't leave the hanging job until the women and children are all in the life-boat.

Mr. Hull naturally turns to the fair sex:

Woman was the last of the creation, and the best article made. I think the justification for improving on the progress, and for bringing the thread of grace into the best light of his creation.

In another place he declares that:
Literary composition, the art of graceful, pleasing and powerful expression of thoughts, is the art of life and the treasure of literature. Give it to me rather than food and clothing or gold and diamonds.

AT FANUEL HALL.

In 1870 he says that the "filthy old parties

in their wild insane scramble are exposed by a few broad men, women, and children calling themselves the Marine Washington-Cady Stanton-Susan F. Anthony-Frances Willard Home Protection Party." His criticisms of the art work in Faneuil Hall are funny:

I read your letter yesterday morning in Faneuil Hall. Could I have selected a more interesting piece of art work to be in the possession of a poor woman? The other Adams was before me in a studio, too fat for comfort or health. He seems a regular Faneuil Hall, full of meat and fat, and had it been after dinner he probably would have been eating. On his left, in marble also, is the great Webster. He is too old. The best was not taken soon enough. The spirit that lived his chin and reached his face and throat is gone, and the flesh hangs flabby in folds. On your side in the gallery hangs John Quincy Adams, the "old man eloquent," who is however says that there really was a minister of Congress there. But he, too, is too old.

WOMEN OPINIONS.

There are approximately 100,000 in this old book. Here is a string of them:

Nature needs no consolation, she receives her own law.

We associate with death because it does not cover an effort, while to live among people requires a constant struggle.

Patience is a sort of art for the weak minded, and is the way of men. Wisdom may sometimes play around, but it never abandons the fact. It may retreat, but it won't take the back.

Holidays do not bless the natural laborer. His mode of spending them would him for immediate work; they distract him.

The man who goes without to dinner at a hotel like the best character in life.

Newly married people are presumed to be agreeable to each and to others.

I would never advise a lady to marry on a holiday, even though he wanted the golden promise later. The best day surrounded with wealth married with contentment.

Gifts and loans democratic and wages the poor; they need loans; their salvation is in providing for themselves. Work and economy are the needs of the poor.

A dinner for public place is a debt that costs many people.

I possess a careful study of well-bred children given to a poor man—the vegetable of heaven.

O, metaphysics! your true name is confusion darkness.

Contemplation of thought and utterance is work; he who says in one last what usually takes three months to make.

Many men think they think, but those who do think know it.

Dignity of life is grand, but dignity of men is supreme.

Small men are always in fashion.

Few men of low stature and light weight have done or will do great things.

The mind of man is photographed in his form and parts; man's life is an open book, easily read by the man.

No man can control his business from his pocket, no, not even a member of Congress.

Wink is the biggest devil known to man.

Narrow people are topics.

The church is mistaken—she is never mistaken; she is the real and the church remains.

God never sends broken rock.

Mr. Hull breaks into poetry again at the close of his book:

He can mark the passing year
Why this long remnant of soul
In the struggle and the strife
In the hour of life
Why you walk with broken bread
By the river at the end,
Consumed of a weary age,
Consumed of a weary age,
To whose fate no claim shall bring
In the presence of the King.

CLEVELAND'S SENSATIONAL ELOQUENCE.

The Flight of Rollin C. Cary and Mrs. T. J. Meeks.

Cleveland, O., Feb. 11.—A highly respected and a business wife, both well known and well loved highly thought of in this city, are fugitives somewhere in the West trying to outrun their consciences and with all thoughts of the two blessed women they have left behind them. Saturday night Rollin C. Cary, the advertising agent of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern in this city, and the wife of T. J. Meeks, the Assistant State Labor Commissioner and manager of the Federal News, left Cleveland together and have not been seen or heard of since. Though it is supposed that their route lay westward, Cary is the son of General Passenger Agent Cary of the Lake Shore Railroad, who died some time ago. Last Saturday he sent his resignation to the General Passenger Agent of the railroad, and drew about \$1,000 from his personal deposits in two Cleveland banks. Mary is the younger by was joined by Mrs. Meeks, and together they fled from the city. Cary's wife is the daughter of President J. W. Hubbert of the National Bank of Syria, O.

THE MORGAN RIVER LAND BILL VETTED.

The President Declares It an Improper Exercise of Legislative Power.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 11.—The President today returned to Congress without his approval the House bill to determine the wife of soldiers on the Lee Morgan River lands in Iowa. The President says:

Content of this legislation, as communicated and if effectual, would be to reserve to the United States as a part of the public domain lands which more than twenty-five years ago the Government expressly granted and surrendered, and which repeated decisions of the Supreme Court have judged to belong by force of the action of the Government to other parties. It is by no means certain that the proposed legislation, related to a subject previously within the judicial function, and which attempts to disturb rights and interests thoroughly interwoven in the solemn obligations of our courts, would be upheld. In my view, it seems to me that it is an improper exercise of legislative power, an interference with the determination of a collateral branch of the Government, an arbitrary enactment of a public great more than twenty-five years ago, an attempted destruction of vested rights, and a threatened impairment of lawful contracts.

NEWTON WATT IS ON HIS DEATHBED.

One of the Rock Island Express Robbers Dying of Consumption.

JANNEY, Ill., Feb. 11.—(Special.)—Newton Watt, one of the Rock Island express robbers who was convicted with Berkman and sent to prison for life for murdering Express Messenger Kelling Nichols, lies on his deathbed in the prison hospital, nearly gone with consumption. The convict's aged mother has been permitted to remain at his bedside for two weeks. His wife and brother have now been here today. Watt maintains his composure at all times, and it is thought that he will die without saying a word regarding any knowledge he may have as to the facts in the great robbery and murder. Watt's relatives firmly believe in his innocence, and he will surely sleep more peacefully by saying up that he had a hand with Harry Schmarz in the crime.

BATHS OF BY THUNDER WOLF.

Two Children Near Apple, Wis., Said to Have Been Devoured by the Beast.

WHITE HARTS, Wis., Feb. 11.—News from a good source reached here that a few days since in the sparsely settled county around Apple, two white children returning to their homes late in the afternoon from school were attacked and completely devoured by a massive timber wolf, a few scattered bones and strands of clothing alone remaining as horrible testimony of the children's fate.

Charge Against Louisville's Mayor.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Feb. 11.—(Special.)—An article in a morning paper charged that Mayor Jacob is trying to cover up for a cop who had stolen \$1,000 for himself. The Mayor at a meeting of the Council tonight indignantly denied the charge and declared that he had personally paid for the ground because the city had no money. The article in question was signed "The Association of Louisville." The association consists of about fifty prominent businessmen. The Mayor denounced the authors of the card as cowards and liars, and declared that he would not withdraw his words if the water would have known its identity. A light may come of it.