

soul, and he pitied rather than hated his enemies. Upon more than one occasion which we now recall he actually protected them, so profound was his belief that they knew not what they did. He was far more apt, in the overpowering love of his joke, to turn his batteries of fun and humor upon his friends, and with them enjoy a mild discomfiture which had neither malice nor sting in it. His most severe passages in recent years were with Charles A. Dana of the *Sun*. Each knew the other's touch and parry, and softened the hardest blow with the elixir of acknowledged respect. We shall never forget the softness of Mr. Dana's voice when he referred once in convention lovingly to "Isaac."

He was of course best known for his wit, which was as pure and undefiled as ever sprang from a sweet and clinging nature. It was wit because it was based upon good humor, which is but another expression for loving kindness. It was wit because he hated humbug and false pretense. We never knew a man so intolerant of sham and so little in control when it confronted him. It was wit because he loved human beings in mass and never wearied of watching them come and go, stumble and fall, rise and run on, forever working out the problem of human existence, which so readily unfolds itself to the calm and patient student of it. He saw and knew the seriousness of it all and chuckled over its amusing phases, oftentimes puncturing the false alarm of it with a delicate and convulsing turn of the pen. He was not the greatest man who ever lived, for like the rest of us he had his weaknesses and limitations, but there are a few of us who thought he was one of the sweetest and to whom his memory will remain an inspiration and encouragement. The world is brighter and lighter for his having been in it. There will be no hatchets buried with him. He died at peace with the world. He had earned his rest and he has received it.

[From the Hartford Courant.]

Mr. Bromley has been for some time a terrible sufferer from neuritis, and although his physicians said that recovery was possible, he had not had much expectation of that himself. Recently he asked to be taken to Norwich, giving among other reasons for the change, that it was "nearer the family lot." He had been at the Backus Hospital, where every possible attention was given him, but nothing could stop his intense pain, and death comes to him as relief from suffering that he has said seemed more than could be borne. His son, Major Isaac Bromley of the "Consolidated" road, has his summer home nearby, and preparations had been made to take him there as soon as his condition would justify the removal. But the hoped-for recovery did not come, and the sick man's suffering has ceased. He has amused and entertained us and he will be remembered for his wit and humor; but he has done more and better than this. He has struck hard and telling blows for the right, and he has made people not only smile but also think.

Mr. Bromley's Life.

[From the New York Tribune.]

Isaac Hill Bromley was born in Norwich, Conn., on March 6, 1833. He entered Yale College in 1849, but left the institution at the beginning of the Junior year. He received the honorary degree of A.M. from his Alma Mater in 1868. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1854. He was clerk of the Connecticut House of Representatives in 1856 and 1857 and of the State Senate in 1858. In December of the latter year he established the *Norwich Morning Bulletin*. He served as captain in the 18th Connecticut Volunteers in 1862, and was then detailed as provost-marshal for two years. In 1866 he was a member for Norwich of the Connecticut Legislature.

In the Spring of 1868 he left the *Norwich Morning Bulletin* to become editor and part proprietor of the *Hartford Evening Post*, continuing that relation until 1872, when he differed with his partners upon political questions and sold out his interest in the paper. He was then for a short

time on the editorial staff of the *New York Sun*.

In February, 1873, he joined the editorial staff of the *Tribune*, and continued with this newspaper for ten years. In 1883 he became editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*, but as he had previously been appointed a government director of the Union Pacific Railroad he was obliged to relinquish his editorial work. He held this office until 1884, when he took editorial charge of the *Rochester Post-Express*, remaining with that paper through the Presidential canvass of that year.

Then Mr. Bromley again entered the service of the Union Pacific Railroad, and was appointed assistant to the president, holding that place until October, 1891, when he rejoined the *Tribune* staff, and continued in active service as an editorial writer until a few months ago.

He was a member of the Union League Club and the Loyal Legion of New York, and of Sedgwick Post No. 1, Grand Army of the Republic of Norwich. His wife, who survives him, was Miss Adelaide Roath, of Norwich. Their son, Isaac Bromley, of New Haven, is advertising agent of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. A brother, George T. Bromley of San Francisco, and a sister, Mrs. John R. Babcock, of Chicago, survive him.

Mr. Bromley was one of the best-known members of the Union League Club, with which he had been connected for twenty-one years, having been elected to membership in 1877. For the last two years he had been a member of the Committee on Political Reform. Mr. Bromley often visited the club-house, where his genial ways and clever talk made him exceptionally welcome. The news of his death reached the club-house yesterday afternoon, and the sad intelligence was at once posted on the bulletin-board. So many of the members of the club are out of town that only a few of them were present at the club-house yesterday, but among those who learned of Mr. Bromley's death the expression of deep regret was general.

Chauncey M. Depew, who knew Mr. Bromley intimately, in speaking of him last night, said: "I am shocked by the death of Bromley, 'Ike,' as we Yale men always affectionately called him. I have known him intimately for over a quarter of a century. For forty years he had been the life and wit of Yale alumni gatherings. At such meetings there was a classic flavor to his humor possessed by no other man in the country. His genial personality endeared him to those who knew and loved him. Old-time readers of the *Tribune* will keenly miss those articles of Bromley which, with restless ridicule, destroyed the enemy, or with unequalled wit and humor, unmasked frauds and charlatans in politics or society. He was a most conscientious journalist, and no personal relations interfered with what he felt was a public duty. He was fond of President Arthur, and in a social way they immensely enjoyed each other, and he said to me, in his sort of mournful manner, one day: 'I wish Arthur would not persist in getting in front of my gun.' It is unfortunate that most of his work must share the fate of all contributions to the daily press. I hope some discriminating friend with sympathetic spirit will gather his writings, both prose and poetry, and from the selections give the world a book. Such a work, properly edited, would rescue much which ought to be preserved. For neither Charles Lamb nor Thackeray ever did anything better than some of these efforts of dear old 'Ike' Bromley."

The funeral services were held on Sunday, August 14, at the Central Baptist Church of Norwich, and were conducted by the Rev. Leonard Woolsey Bacon.

The members of the family present were Mr. Bromley's widow and his only son, Isaac Bromley, of New Haven, with his wife and their three young children. The pallbearers were six members of Mr. Bromley's class at Yale—the Class of Fifty-Three—namely, General Edward Harland, of Norwich; Henry R. Bond, of New London; Judge Lynde A. Catlin, of Pomfret; ex-Lieut.-Governor Henry C. Robinson, of Hartford; Edmund C. Stedman and Sherman W. Knevals, of New York.

The attendance of many prominent

citizens of Connecticut testified to the respect in which Mr. Bromley has been held in this State. Among these were Senator Hawley, Lieutenant-Governor Dewell, ex-Lieutenant-Governor Merwin, the Hon. N. D. Sperry, Dean Francis Wayland of the Yale Law School, Charles H. Clark, editor of the *Hartford Courant*, Colonel Norris G.

[Continued on 10th page.]

ELDER SWAN ON INSURANCE.

The famous revivalist of Connecticut, of fifty years ago, conceived of the new fad of life insurance as a heinous sin, against which he thundered from the pulpit or convention platform. It was to him a sign of a lack of faith, and one of the "snares of a perverse generation." In one of his sermons he represented John the Baptist as answering the question as to where he was going, by replying that he had rested on the Jewish religious faith for all these years and yet had been sorely troubled, and he was now going to Jerusalem to get his life insured. Elder Swan pictured the horrible effect on the new religion if any such illustration of a lack of faith had been allowed.

This incident is interesting as indicating, even by a false conception of it, the ethical side of insurance. As Mr. Woodward says in his history of "Insurance in Connecticut," in quoting this incident: "Prejudice yielded to enlightened discussion, and the act condemned by the good Elder as a sin is now rated one of the duties." There is no question that most men reckon life insurance as a duty, and there is also no doubt that it may be made a very pleasant and attractive duty. If you doubt this you may inquire of the

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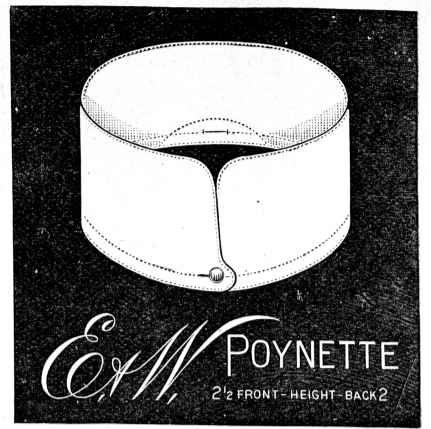
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