

LAURENCE HUTTON.

A PERSONAL TRIBUTE.

Laurence Hutton, though he wrote, especially on certain subjects, with unusual charm and could tell a story as few men can, had not so much genius for authorship as he had for making and keeping friends, a higher and happier possession. He was one of those rare souls whom to know is to love and to know better is to love more. Few men have had a greater number of real friends. Probably no one alive to-day has as many among American and English creators of things beautiful. There was hardly a well known artist, in words, color or sound, of the late Victorian period, whom Mr. Hutton did not know quite intimately. His unaffected pride in these friendships and the tokens of them, which made his house a treasure-trove for literary hero-worshippers and the like, only made one love him the more; it was so different from the tuft-hunter's attitude. "Look at this," he would say, "Edwin [Booth] gave it to me shortly before he died. Wasn't it kind of him? I wouldn't part with it for the world. And you must see this; John Fiske handed me this one day when he was at my old house in 34th street. He always stayed with us. I don't see why they were so good to me," he would add, shaking his head with a look on his face that helped somehow to show why.

Mr. Hutton—though no one who enjoyed his hearty friendship can think of him as "Mr. Hutton"—came to Princeton about ten years ago, spent a season at the Inn, lost his heart to Princeton and decided to establish a home there to end his days in. The fame of Mr. and Mrs. Hutton's hospitality, like that of their wonderful library at Peep o' Day, is spread around the world. A few years ago he was appointed Lecturer in English in the University. His series of papers, which he read in public, were one of the treats of the college year, a refreshing relief from the ordinary academic note. For him, though delightfully humorous about his awe at himself a don who had never been an undergrad., it made another tie binding him closer to his adopted Alma Mater—which chiefly signified to him, as indeed it does to many of us, a cluster of enduring friends in endearing surroundings. His love for Princeton became a passion. Towards the end of his life he was happy nowhere else. In a letter written last winter reporting an unfortunate sojourn abroad, he said, "Hereafter my address will be Peep o' Day, Princeton, and so its going to keep on being—until it is Princeton Cemetery." That happens to be the concluding sentence of the last of a few letters addressed to the present writer, who has never had the good fortune to see him again. The loss to those who knew him better and saw him oftener must be hard indeed.

Some of the personal memorabilia he left behind are said to be priceless to collectors. More so to all of us is the memory of this loving and beloved friend.

JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS.