

CONGRATULATIONS TO ELMER MILLER, JR. BY FREDERICK P. LATIMER.

You would never think to look at Elmer Miller that he is what he is. He has no more imposing outward appearance than spar buoy No. 3 in the Essex channel...

Naomi did the costumes and settings. They were wows. We are still admiring them in mind hour by hour. It is a question which was the acme exploit, the pink gingham frock Paul White wore when he played "Home Sweet Home" on all the sharps and flats there are in a piano...

That snake was a work of wizardry whether hung sideways or perpendicular. It had the head of a snapping turtle; the eye of the Demon Rum, a long writhing body with scales resembling large-sized Cape Cod salts and the tail of a tomato worm...

Those pictures on Mary Lawson's legs would make King Tut rise right up from the dead. You have seen portraits painted on the mackintoshes of collegiates? Well, these were on Mary's legs. A mongoose, in green, on one and the rest of Noah's ark elsewhere, including a scarlet amoeba with its feelers wriggling in the act of engulfing its prey...

And we liked the setting of the rope in the Volga boatmen number. There was where Elmer did wonders in directing. First, when the band had put on its Russian beards so it could play the Russian music—beards were the only notes the band condescended to pay any attention to—you see the leading Volga boatmen tramp across the stage with the rope on their shoulders, bowed in grief at their desperate toil, and then all you see is rope. It keeps coming, rope, rope, rope, an endless stream of rope like the hawser of a tug boat...

Another extraordinary thing about the show was that it began on time. We lay this to George Gay's evening clothes and gardenia as much as anything. He was announcer, and maybe he will be sued by the Morris bank directors, but he had come there to announce and announce he would, that was all there was about it.

President and the technical director of the Princeton Triangle club say went all the way to Montreal and to ransack the museums for the forthcoming forty-first production of the organization, "The Golden Dog," the scene of which is in the eighteenth century in the place. So that's why they went there.

Letters of General Joseph R. Hawley

Hero of the Civil War, Hartford Editor, Governor of Connecticut, Congressman and United States Senator.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

His Lifelong Friend and Associate in Newspaper Work.

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NO. VII.

Back to School Teaching.

Studying law possibly did not go altogether smoothly with Hawley. Some of his letters indicate he had his doubts about his ability to master the subject. Perhaps he had his thoughts about giving it up. At any rate the fall of that year (1849) found him back in Cazenovia and on October 2 he wrote Warner from there that he couldn't go to Clinton because he was obliged to go out of town a little ways the next day to see about a school. Then, too, he was busy with free soil party business and had a county meeting scheduled. Apparently he had recently attended a fraternity convention at Hamilton college, for he alluded to reports he was expecting to receive. His hunger for the companionship of his friend, even by mail, was indicated in his final sentence: "Imagine my emaciated countenance, before you—my glazed eyes, glaring upon you! and my haggard presence continually by you—near—you, you, until you write d—n you—Have you no sense of decency left? Or are you dreaming?"

Returns to Farmington.

Hawley found his school, but not in the vicinity of Cazenovia, for his next letter was written from Scott's Swamp (Farmington), Connecticut, where he was teaching, probably to earn funds to enable him to continue the prosecution of his legal studies. Warner, obviously, was not the best of correspondents. At any rate Hawley was taking him to task again, this time playfully. Addressing him as "Most excellent and illustrious Charlie," Hawley wrote on Dec. 2, 1849:

"At the immense distance Providence has placed me from you and with the tremendous cost of communication you will not perhaps be surprised that I have so long delayed writing to you especially as it is only following in your footsteps."

Despite his abolition sentiments Hawley was not too sure of his party politics. Slavery was splitting all parties. In 1835, the radical democrats, opposing monopoly in the establishment of banks, had organized a new party. Tammany democrats in New York city, raiding the hall of the radicals, left without breaking up the meeting, but put out the lights, leaving the insurgents in darkness. That did not long endure, for they were equipped with candles and the new friction matches called "loco focos." That became their party name, and the term survived the reunion of the radicals and regulars, coming to be applied in derision by the whigs to all democrats. Radicalism in democracy had broken out in New York again in 1844, the rebels taking a more positive stand against slavery than the liberty party. They were the barnburners, so called after the Dutchman who would even burn down his barn to drive out the rats—an expression which was again to have currency in Connecticut more than sixty years later when radicalism under Theodore Roosevelt split the republican party in much the same fashion. The barnburners had joined the free soilers in 1848, nominating Van Buren for president, the candidate of the "hunkers," or old line democrats, being Lewis Cass of Michigan. The split had elected as president the Mexican war hero, Zachary Taylor, who got the whig nomination instead of Clay.

So in 1849 Hawley was none too certain of his party alignment. He was sure only of his hatred of slavery and of temporizing with it. With a vision which history was to prove prophetic he was sure that there would yet be a party he would like and a time when there would be no slavery. He even foresaw a world without war. Gold had been discovered in California and the nation was wild with the spirit of pioneering and prospecting, but it all had no appeal for Hawley. He was not interested merely in getting rich, was too human perhaps, in his relationships, to care for roughing it in primitive conditions. Of his desire to hear from his friends, of his life in Farmington, of his views on public affairs, he wrote that December from Scott's Swamp:

"I will recollect yet the anxiety with which I awaited some intelligence from yourself during the past summer and the many anxious thoughts I gave to the cause of your unbroken silence. For that sickness of deferred hope your humble servant and brother was by no means compensated by the self-complacent reflection that it was the literal fulfillment of his prophecy a night before his departure for this distant & lonesome land..."

"Look upon me then I pray you as one afar off among people socially & intellectually Philistines to our tribe and who for the pleasure his hungry soul must have is compelled to resort to the pleasures & friendships of the past. Dear indeed would they be even

in the society of angels—doubly dear are those recollections now. This tame life of preparation for what may never be done, this steady conflict with enemies whose overthrow brings no pleasure—poverty and the thousand petty troubles of the day wearies me. Not that strength for contest is gone but will. I feel as the warrior who must toil with the husbandmen years for his sword. When he should be acquiring the full use & command of it or studying the battles of old or may be fighting for his glorious reward, he is narrowing his soul & stiffening his body to get the mere implements for his task. Were it not for the little invisible bulldog who sometimes grows to me 'never give up—you never did—don't now,' I should have many times been tempted to desert this fight with fate who seems to say 'you never shall be what you wish' and fly to evils I know not of. "Last summer I would have thanked God for anything to place me in Hungary but that's useless now. As for California—it never tempted me. We can hunger and labor & go ragged here and the gold isn't anything so far ahead. Nothing is anything but happiness & gold won't get that so quickly as a hundred other things."

"But this is useless & nonsensical confession & self flattery, I know as well as you. Were I able to prepare as I wish for the law to go where I chose & buy what I choose to avoid all this drudgery—what then? There are thousands better who have failed..."

Life in Farmington.

"November 5th my school began—to continue 4½ months—some splendid scholars—only 28 in all—average 22—10 of them cousins—know everybody in the neighborhood—at home anywhere—but no young ladies about—fine company growing 16 of my 28 girls—go into the office Saturdays etc.—take what books I want—subscribed for Era & N Y Globe—Coolidge sends Whig—sometimes go over—4 miles—to see my pettifogging cousin quietly & privately have quite a 'season'—go to meeting regularly—great church—old Dr. Porter, Trustee Yale, (Dr. Noah Porter—ed) etc., etc., preaches—sing in the choir—(sing for the folks evenings—teach singing in school)—read law all I get a chance to—dip into the delightful family quarrel occasionally—(sort of privileged combatant associate with both sides) hunt up family history quite proud of it—day dream occasionally about old times & future times—read a little poetry—there you have how I live—My cousin R. C. Crampton, Junior of Yale, comes up occasionally. He is they tell me to be valedictorian. He'll come near it at any rate. He called yesterday—excellent fellow—gave me catalogue and pamphlet called 'Songs of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity.' You've seen it I suppose. There must be a new edition of that four times as large—can't you put in a song—'Fling yourself—make a tremendous effort, & astnsh the world."

You do not understand my politics yet. Charley and talk to me as you would to a well whipped Loco Foco who never dared to dodge the wink of Crosswell, Stryker, Dickinson & Co. The late Union I bolt openly & totally. But good will come of it. Hunkerism will die. Massachusetts Free Soilers suit me pretty well but I don't belong to any party. Call me Independent Democrat of the Progressive school if you choose, or 'Liberty Man.' "There will yet be the party I like—let us wait and see."

No Slavery, No Wars.

"The time will come when there will be no slavery—no wars—no tariffs—when every man can say there's some of this land God has placed him on that he has a right to stand on, when every man will produce something to sustain the world—when capitalists will not eat up the profits of labor—when there will reign everywhere a Christian Democracy & a Democratic Christianity. God says that time will come & tells men to work. What odds then if some of them were fooled & others partially mistaken about a paltry office or two in New York? That Union was made for good motives and you'll yet see an Anti Slavery Democracy in your State. Just watch Whiggery this winter. Before spring it will have less to say about principle than now and now its lips should be hermetically sealed. Let great statesmen & pious divines sustain the ignorant warrior whose every morsel of food is dripping with negro blood and whose soul is black with the guilt of an unjust unnecessary & unconstitutional war—let them do it—their God is not my God."

"That address of Dr. Sprague is excellent. Read it again & be a radical of that sort—that's all I ask. Now Charley will write soon—won't you?" "Joe R. Hawley."

"You'll see me at Ham. Coll. next July God willing."

"See the Whig vote in House of R. so damning to their subsequent & former course."

(Continued To-morrow.)

A Wolf That Eats Rabbits Seems Hatelful to Rabbits, But Not to Wolves BY ROBERT QUILLEN.

Some weeks ago a bank in my town was embarrassed by a "run." So irresponsible rumor frightened depositors and within a few hours it crowded the lobby of the bank & blocked traffic in front of it.

Among them, indoors and out, me officials of the bank, unharmed & unruffled, giving assurance that it would be paid. The bank was solvent other banks in town had come to its rescue; everybody who desired his money could get it.

The heavier depositors—business men accustomed to banks and bankers—accepted these assurances and left their money undisturbed. The smaller depositors grimly kept their places in line and relaxed no whit of their fear and suspicion until they got what was theirs.

The difference in the conduct of the two groups may have been due in some measure to the fact that the poor have desperate need of their little and dare not lose it, while business men, accustomed to losses and aware that a bank's failure injures an entire community, can afford to run some risk to save fellow business men.

But the greater part of the difference is explained by the fact that the big depositors were dealing with their own kind, who talked their language. They had faith in the word of their own class.

This trait of human nature—the yokel's suspicion of the city slicker—class faith in class—man's eagerness to suspect the worst of his betters—should enable each individual to determine his own rank in the community and to discover his superiors.

Whether you are celebrated or obscure, idle tongues discuss you. And since slander is more interesting than praise, some of the discussion will be vicious. Everybody is gossiped about by somebody.

If you rank high, the high reject and disbelieve any evil spoken concerning you, while the low accept it as truth and rejoice in it. If you rank low, the low believe you innocent and the high think you guilty as charged.

We accept the word of our own kind. We suspect those we envy or fear.

Thus the reactionary would hang without trial the radical accused of throwing a bomb, and the illiterate shouts "Persecution!" when one of his kind is jailed for burning a palace.

While none but the low accuse you, there is nothing to fear. None but the low bill believe, and their belief doesn't matter. Or if none but the higher-up bring charges, your reputation is safe with those whose good opinion is essential to your happiness.

But when your own kind speak evil concerning you, your own kind believe it—and as a rule they are justified. When a skunk offends other skunks, his odor is bad indeed.

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The Once Over BY H. I. PHILIPS

FINDING YOUR CAR AFTER THE FOOTBALL GAME.

One of the jolly sports associated with the big football games is "Button, Button, Who's Got Any Idea Where We Left the Jitney?" It is faster than "Hide the Thimble" and more complex than "Blind Man's Buff."

The game is played like this: When you reach the scene of the gridiron classic you follow signs reading "Official Parking Space," and then follow the arrows for six or eight miles. When you are definitely out of sight of the stadium you turn left into a huge field where student attendants blow whistles, shout, gesticulate and make desperate efforts to prevent you from parking your bus anywhere where it might be easily found again.

It is no fair parking near a tree, post, rock or path, which might aid you in locating it again without trouble after the game.

"I would like to leave it here," you explain. "There is plenty of room, it is not quite over the state boundary-line, and I can get the range on it by the fact it is on a line between that peak over there and the stadium."

"That wouldn't be fair to the other people who come by automobile," says the attendant. "If we make it easy for one man to find his car by a landmark like that we have got to make it easy for another man. You drive way down there and park near that policeman."

You mustn't argue with the attendant. That is one of the rules. If you quibble over the conditions of the game you will be driven off the official parking reservations and forced to leave your car close to the stadium, where you can find it the minute the game is over.

After the game comes the mad rush across country to the official parking space, which doesn't look the least like it did when you last saw it.

While you have been watching the game the parking-space attendants have been busy, shifting the cars, digging new roads and cutting down any trees or posts that might help you get your bearings.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Nov. 18.—Diary of a modern Pepys: Up and a telegram from Tom Millard, complaining a waiter in the Palace in San Francisco inquired if he happened to be O. O. McIntyre and what recourse he had? So to buy my wife's mother a basket of fruit for

are paid \$100 a week and the average is \$75.

Sign on a 42d street movie: "Apasionata. Parisian love story. Cooled by refrigeration."