



British Demand More.

Cruisers to Meet French —Headline.

To the man who reads only headlines as he runs, it kinda looks like another Jutland rather than a conference to disarm.

Speaking of reading only half the story, we wonder what the Garble sisters make out of this book on sale in the stalls, "Censored Mother Goose Rhymes."

Look, once more she doth appear, Note how bright her face, an' clear, Hither now her glances stray, She has won my heart, the fay, Pretty girl across the way.

But alas, my hopes are vain, I can never win the Jane. I'm a Swede and she's a Dane. —THORNE REIDE RYDER.

Gold Brooch Sardonic Stone, Lost Friday Evening...

Well, why not? We have a "blarney stone." You know the expression "sermons in stones"? And if sermons, why not lectures, tirades or what have you? Senators Brookhart, Borah et al could get some darn good material out of one of these "sardonic" stones. —BELLE.

Now, after visiting the dog show, we know why so many husbands look so thin and neglected. You'd know, too, if you saw the sidelines of canine foods and comforts; dog tid-bits, and dog canker medicine, dog stomach medicine and dog biscuit, tonic and blankets and so on, including the latest approved curative for dog worms.

If they run out of names for Pullman cars, why don't they use the titles of pedigreed dogs, as suggested by entries at Foot Guard armory:

- Particular Person of Macroom. Pinewold Sally of the Sawdust. Int. Ch. Franken. Wycollar Diamond Merchant. Wyreston Peddled-im. Blodwin's Grit. Tinkle of Willow Gate. Rex. Rags. Bells V Rheinbackel. Lucky Van Dyke. Ajax von Torres. Canterbury Batavia Sal. Popular Play Boy. Laud O'Camam Man Friday. Pickanniny of Arken. Huckleberry Finn. Paglacci. Winnebago Wiseacre II.

"Nations to Undersea Submarins Undersea Rules Obred" —N. Y. Times.

While making rules of how tight (and how not to fight) with submarines they might come to some conclusions as to a proper scene for the more important undersea battles of the future.

The contending nations might send their heavyweight subs over here and have them meet in the New York aquarium or Yale's swimming pool.

The financial possibilities of these little battles are unlimited. The proceeds could go into the Milk Fund. All the celebrities from Mayor Walker, Grover Whalen down to Babe Ruth and Judge, jr., could be at the tankside.

Perhaps they could even get Jack Dempsey to promote the affair if they'd promise him several million dollars—and a new crown.

And it's almost too horrible to imagine what might happen should one sub commander become tainted with professionalism. He might even be ostracized from all future naval conferences by his fellow officers. And, too, it would give the progressive advertising men an opportunity to create more cigarettes and shoe lace testimonial timber.

But even should the craving for filthy lucre leak into the hearts of the personnel of the crews and one or two be tempted to tell of their experiences by ghost stories in the Daily Mirror think what a great opportunity there would be for interesting congressional investigations.

Should more than two countries be involved in the embroglio each combative nation could send one of their lesser subs to the scene and the bill could be opened with a free-for-all

AN EXPERIENCE IS AT HAND BY FREDERICK P. LATIMER

In spite of the fact that full warning was given in advance of our being scheduled to deliver something in the way of an oration, all the tickets have been sold, we are told, for a turkey supper to be held some miles northward up the valley, Thursday night; "Children 13 and under 50 cents." It looks as if the house would be packed. It shows what a strong appeal turkey has on the imagination for old and young, especially when this great pro bono publico emanates from Howard C. Thrall's celebrated turkey manufactory; is to be cooked by master hands, and served by charming personages while David Wade and Robert Halliday entertain with music.

Anybody might suppose that we look forward to this affair with unmitigated delight, but such is not wholly the case. For one thing the friendly and hungry Jehu whom we have inveigled into driving us up to the place does not know exactly where it is. Neither do we. The last time we undertook to get to a place under such circumstances consumed more than six hours and ended twenty-six miles from the point of hoped-for destination. If we have not appeared at the turkey supper when it starts, or before it is over, there will not be much use in waiting because the chances are that by then we will be either in Enfield or Torrington, and at that hour of night it would be rather a waste of time to send out a rescue party. We shall do our best to arrive, but a series of large arrow points tacked up on poles along the highway would much strengthen the certainty. In case we fail to appear, we will do the next best thing and deliver the oration wherever we happen to be at the appointed hour.

If the audience will begin worrying about this it will be only fair because we have been having a heap of anxiety for several days, even since at last after powerful persuasion we consented to the program and its die was cast.

Unaccustomed as we are to public speaking, it is no light task for us to face the responsibility of formal utterance in the presence of any such bright and expectant company as we feel sure will be surrounding us in the midst of turkey remnants when once more we shall arise and become the cynosure of all eyes as is the case on such occasions. It is not so much that we are troubled about the nature of the talk itself which will be memorable, inasmuch as the subject has not been touched on exactly as we shall touch it, as far as we know, since the time of Jonathan Edwards, but there are certain aspects of the situation which have almost driven us wild with worry. The burden of care has been so extreme that this morning we asked the tailor to take in the waist-band of our trousers at least one inch. We have had charge put upon us to carry out two instructions, either one of which is extremely difficult. We doubt if President Hoover himself would know exactly in what manner to proceed.

The first one is that there is an individual here in this city who is not going to the turkey supper, but has commanded us to bring home one of those turkey carcasses for soup. Little does this thrifty soul realize what a conundrum it is for us, going among 110 folks of all ages, whom we never saw before, mostly, and on an errand of dignity and importance, to bring up a request of this kind with not only tact but success. We never did such a thing before. We do not know what is customary in an instance of this kind. Whether one should just surreptitiously grasp the desired object and tuck it in a napkin under his coat; or he should ask for a basket, or what we do not know. We have lain awake speculating about it, but without the slightest success. We shall probably have to leave it to extemporaneous ingenuity and do the best we can, as Locksley said when his grandfater drew a long bow at Hastings, in Ivanhoe. But we have got to draw bones, which is different.

The other thing is this, and really it is a tough one: While we had been working up the address and practicing the gestures in front of the bathroom mirror, and perfected it about as nearly as it could be in main respects, we still had a sense of need of some helpful suggestion from one more experienced and veteran than we are in the speaking adventure and to whom we look up naturally for admonition in many mat-

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.

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NO. LXXXV.

HAWLEY'S SECOND MARRIAGE.

Hawley remained a widower less than two years. On a trip to England he had met Miss Edith Anne Horner, a native of that country who had been connected with hospitals and was returning to London after helping establish one in Philadelphia. The marriage took place in Philadelphia, November 15, 1887, with a brilliant, if small assembly of guests, including Lieutenant General Philip H. Sheridan, Senator Platt, John R. Buck, the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, Murat Halstead, noted journalist; Anson G. McCook, clerk of the senate; Charles Hopkins Clark and Stephen A. Hubbard.

Hawley, a few weeks after his marriage, wrote to Mrs. Warner about a matter that must have caused him some heartache and embarrassment:

SENATE CHAMBER Washington, Dc. 24, '87.

Dear Susan: You have added to the foundations of my gratitude by the note concerning our failure to invite Dr. J. H. Trumbull, (State Librarian J. Hammond Trumbull, by some called Connecticut's most learned man.—Ed.) and family to our wedding. I always knew I should encounter sorrow in that matter, and there has not been as much as I might have expected. I have written him as wisely as possible.

My chief embarrassments in the matter of invitations to the wedding were these: the generous and hospitable family of the Tathams who, immediately upon the announcement of the engagement begged that they might give the wedding reception, are in no way related to us and were, before that, total strangers to me. I took them at their word, frankly and with full trust, but could not press for an increase of numbers, etc. Edith and I agreed to ask but 20 each. She was obliged to



Edith Horner Hawley, Second Wife of the Senator.

go far beyond the limit (in asking "to the house") I mean. Now I could ask "to the church" as many as I pleased. But how could I ask one old friend to church and house and another to church only? The whole thing of invitations had its great vexations. The lovely conduct of you and Charley saved me from ever so many.

We have been married less than six weeks, but our household is moving along as smoothly and happily as if it were a year. My anxieties concerning Margaret are at rest. She appears to be very happy. Her health is cared for; she loves her new mamma dearly and surely the love is returned. Edith is giving her Sunday school lessons in a very charming way.

Margaret (Hawley's adopted daughter, niece of his first wife—Ed.) had about a dozen Christmas presents and enjoys them immensely. She is to make her own acknowledgement of each. I have read a large part of the book you sent and shall finish it. It was good of you to remember. Edith gave her a fine beaver muff that will be good for several years.

Tell Charley I promised to urge him to accept the invitation to the Clover club. They want him sincerely & badly. They want him and Mark (Twain—Ed.) You know what an addition they would be to the dinner—to any dinner.

I go to Hartford Tuesday and shall call, of course. Edith will stop in Philadelphia and assist in the Christmas festivities at the hospital—She wrote you Friday and sends her love now. Sincerely yours, J. R. HAWLEY.

Mrs. Susan L. Warner, Forest St., Hartford, Connecticut.

The fall of 1888 brought the first of three candidacies of Luzon B. Morris

for the governorship. Twice he had a plurality of the votes, once to see his rival seated by the legislature, and again to be kept out of office by a legislative deadlock which continued the term of the sitting republican governor. On his third trial Morris not only had a plurality but he had a clear majority over all and was seated. Doubtless his distinguished son, Charles Gould Morris, had those three efforts and their successful culmination in mind when he accepted the democratic nomination for the governorship in 1924, 1926 and 1928, but without the same ultimate result.

Morgan G. Bulkeley of Hartford was the republican nominee for governor in 1888, with General Samuel E. Merwin as the candidate for lieutenant governor. It was a presidential year, with Grover Cleveland engaging in his first contest with Benjamin Harrison, which he was to lose. However, Cleveland carried Connecticut by a plurality of 350.

Morris' plurality over Bulkeley was 1,365 votes. However, there were 4,505 votes for Camp, prohibitionist and 340 for Andrews, labor candidate. So, although he had most votes Morris was 1,741 votes short of a majority and the election of a republican legislature meant the seating of his opponent. All democratic candidates below the governor were elected by clear majorities.

In these days when the candidate who receives the most votes is elected, the comment of the Hartford Courant on that incident sounds curious indeed.

Alluding to the fact that Cleveland carried the state by a comparative handful of votes, the Courant found satisfaction in the fact that Bulkeley would be seated because "he came within 1,500 of the vote of Judge Morris," who lacked a majority. That would be strange reasoning these days. Here is the Courant's comment:

"We shall freely confess that it is with surprise and most profound regret that we record this result. It is not the intelligence of the state that gives it. . . . But we have our mitigation. Morgan G. Bulkeley will be governor of Connecticut. He has won against an unexampled warfare of blackguardism paid for by the democratic national committee. Mr. Bulkeley comes within 1,500 of the vote for Judge Morris, who lacks 1,417 of a majority."

It had been a lively campaign. Judge Morris was somewhat of a dark horse before the democratic convention, although endorsed by New Haven county. Ex-Governor Ingersoll could have had a unanimous nomination if he would have accepted. There was much sentiment, as the delegates gathered, for ex-Congressman Carlos French of Ansonia. However, Morris won.

There was considerable republican bolting of Harrison and a meeting of republicans and independents who favored Cleveland attracted considerable attention. The Hartford Telegram was then in existence as a morning paper. It was opposed to Bulkeley, an opposition conducted in such a fashion as to lead to trouble for the owner of the paper. That was what the Courant editorial reference to "blackguardism" meant. It charged that democratic money, including some from the national committee, financed distribution of the Telegram. It even printed a list of names of those alleged to have subscribed for stock in the paper. Two of the names were blurred. The Times charged that they were the names of David and John Henney, republicans, and it accused the Courant of unfairness in attempting to conceal the fact that republicans as well as democrats were interested in circulating the Telegram among voters.

Finally Mr. Bulkeley took note of the assertions in the Telegram and on the day before election he sent the Courant a letter in which he declared that "not a single circumstance" alleged in the Telegram, "has the least shadow of foundation in truth." In case anything beyond his word was needed for this he offered to give \$5,000 to any charity if evidence could be offered of the truth of the charges which would satisfy any three judges of the supreme court of the state.

(Continued To-morrow).

How simple, then, is the method of avoiding unhappiness! Merely choose the way suggested by your common sense and your sense of decency. Merely avoid making a fool of yourself. Regret causes most of man's unhappiness and it is a crop he sows with

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. M'NTYRE.

New York, Feb. 19.—The musical comedy touch the irrepressible John the Barber gave his recently opened barber shop on the Rialto proved a divertissement for even Broadway's blasé. If he escapes a padlock which may follow a prohibition raid, many believe his idea may prove revolutionary.

John decided barber shops had become too sanitized—too austere. This followed his failure in featuring a shop with talkless barbers. Retiring for a period of reflection, he returned to the street and opened what is doubtless the gayest tonsorial parlor in the world.

He reasoned that many gentlemen will gladly pay \$15 a seat to see gorgeous young damsels across the footlights. So why wouldn't they be attracted to a place that offered not only a closer view of such beautiful creatures but a little hand holding to boot?

He scoured the theatrical agencies and gathered together twenty-five charmers, he proudly boasts are "the absolute pick of Broadway show girls, beautiful in form, face and ability." He sent them to a training school and installed them in his new bazaar.

Here they sit at little topped spindly tables—blondes, brunettes and red heads—as though awaiting the orchestral cue to snap into a stirring song with accompanying steps. At first customers greeted the innovation a bit timidly, but now there is a waiting line.

Each one of the manicure girls has appeared in Broadway productions and not all just as chorus or show girls. Seven have had parts ranging from a thin line to those that call for names in caps in the program. With the show business in doldrums, the ladies welcomed their new roles.

Many while applying the meticulous polish will hum the latest tunes from current shows, and several upon occasions have snapped into a neat dance when they laid down their buffers. Such fun! John has given his salon a modernistic background and may yet install a jazz band.

John the Barber is one of those quaint and florid characters frothed up from the Tenderloin at intervals to join the Broadway immortals. His name is John Reissler and, like his gentry, is either flat broke or well heeled. He belongs to the hard-bolled valiants who are never vanquished. He once fought Sullivan, also managed Jack Dempsey and knows every actor or sportsman of prominence by first name.

Criminals often execute what Scotland Yard calls "grandma's glasses." That is, after a crime, they station themselves in a prominent place, a place so obvious and conspicuous no one as a rule would think of looking for them there. Detectives, however, acting on this theory, have recently trapped two hunted murders.

The same authority tells me many fugitives are attracted to a police station after a crime. Passing by without detection gives them a renewed courage.

I was once with a detective who tapped a murder suspect on the shoulder in a western city. His snarl was like a trapped wolf baring his fangs, the most hideous expression I have ever seen. "You just think you caught me," he sneered and a half block away fell dead from a quick poison.

Desultory conversation overheard on a bus top: She: A wonderful evening. He: (After a long pause) Lots of sky.

The latest story of a big tip concerns a \$500 pourbois handed to a hat check girl at the Casino. And neither do I.

News item: "Soda water dispensers are trying to hit upon a new name for the national drink—a name that will distinguish it."

Grandpa thought up one years ago. After his first soda, he called it "sweetened wind."

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The Once Over

BY H. I. PHILIPS

IF BABE RUTH QUITS BASEBALL.

(Scene 1:—A room in the Babe's apartment around Decoration Day. Ruth is sitting disconsolately in a chair. Mrs. Ruth enters waving a check.)

Ruth: What's that? Mrs. Ruth: Another dividend. That makes more than \$2,500 we've got on our investments this month. Lovely, isn't it?

Ruth: Yeah. Where are they playing to-day? Mrs. Ruth: Who? Ruth: The Yanks.

Mrs. Ruth: I haven't the slightest idea. Are you still thinking about baseball? I thought you were a retired business man.

Ruth: Well I am, but I think about the old game once in a while. (The phone rings. Mrs. Ruth answers it.)

Ruth (after she hangs up): Who was that, honey?

Mrs. Ruth: That was Mr. Glotz, the broker. He says you've made \$10,000 on that steel stock and he's sending you a check. Great, isn't it?

Ruth: Who's pitching? Mrs. Ruth: I say he's sending you a check for \$10,000. Don't it blow

You Seldom Get Hard Jolts Until You Leave the Highway BY ROBERT QUILLEN.