



Now we have the artichoke king, discovered as the result of the Vitale testimonial dinner investigation. Though it is an age of republics, and though some of the surviving monarchs, such as England, are allegedly more democratic than we are, the kings seem to be on the upgrade. There was originally James Patten, the wheat king; there are the butter and egg kings, the chewing gum kings, the chain store kings, the steel and tooth paste and elastic kings; the king of the bootleggers and the King of Swat and the racketeer and muleteer kings, to say nothing at all of the courts of the booster and debunking kings and their lesser fry in waiting. And now the crowned head of the artichoke. The after-dinner speakers tell us that this thing known as specialization will be even more developed in 1930 than it was last year, which holds out hope that before the next New Year's celebration we will have duly crowned and paid homage to the lima bean and the rutabaga kings. Take off your hat, mister, the king is passing by! Long live the king!

Uneasy Lies the Head.

If there's one man on earth Holding down a SWELL berth 'Tis our president we don't think. Nor is the administration— In our estimation— Or Herbert himself tickled pink.

—A. M. J.

Widening Influence of the Screen.

At 7:30 Sunday night there will be a screen ritual of worship and as the special feature, the drama picture, "The Bridge of San Luis Rey."—Church news in the Shore Line Times.

Mr. Editor:

What's all this commotion in Portico? We notice that Ann B.'s hair has turned white all of a sudden and Martin Kilmichael's Old Hen had a squawking fit in the heliocentric metre, up to the empyrean and then flopped to earth in delirious tremendittis, evidently on account of one drop of dew. We extend sympathies to Ann B., but feel that she will look lovely in that fluffy, flossy white with a teasing little curl over the left ear. Ann B. is a good sport—we admire her good natured banter and repartee and if she gives us a "cuff in the lug" once in a while we enjoy it.

We are going away for a few days and on returning will elaborate further on Her Majesty's bustle, perhaps.

Regarding the line that resulted in O. B. Joyful cudgeling his wits, we will let him dig once more into his book of Irish poems and see if the Old Hen laid another egg. The author of that line was possessed of a different spirit and referred to a different one than that in the lay of The Old Hen of Kilroonan. We refer O. B. to a verse by a real Irish poet:

Come ye, disconsolate, where e'er ye may languish; Come to the Mercy Seat, fervently kneel.

Here bring your wounded hearts, Here bring your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.

—J. M. C.

The president of a Hartford service club, himself a minister, was speaking at one of its regular luncheons lately. "Circumstances force me to attempt to curb this tardiness of members," he began. "I am going to introduce a system of fines for those late at luncheon—so much when five minutes tardy and so much when ten." One of the prominent and very active spirits of the organization sprang to his feet with the interjection: "But, Mr. President, would you treat your own parishioners that way?" "No," retorted the presiding officer, "I would not! Understand, I am paid for saving my parishioners from hell, not for giving them hell!"

It's awful to shoot rum runners, but they just won't stop when an officer says: "Tut, tut."

A fine car doesn't mean much in this era of installments, but you can't miss the significance of a \$10,000 bathroom.

ECHOES OF THE RECENT OPENING

BY FREDERICK P. LATIMER

Strictly, there are no echoes in the new auditorium, in the main hall, at least, it having been so carefully designed that its acoustics are among the most perfect in the world. And right now we wish to state that the terrific crash that was heard in the basement during the intermission, Wednesday night, was not our fault, as some have mistakenly charged. We do not know the name of the gentleman who caused it because he fled just as fast as he could to get away from the flood.

He went back up-stairs to sit quietly with his family and listen to people remarking about what an extraordinary success the lighting system was and unless we are a poor detective we feel quite sure he must have had a great deal to do with the installation of it. However, be that as it may.

It seems that the great glass bottle at the top of the water-cooler in the men's retiring room became empty and there were a lot of men crowding up to it wishing to get a drink. And one of these men, all dressed up in his evening clothes, spied a full bottle standing in the corner, and, although it held perhaps fifteen or twenty gallons, he volunteered to put it in place of the empty bottle, no mean trick, for you have to lift it up in your arms and turn it over bottom-upward and settle it down with the neck in the hole, as you do the removable tank of a kerosene stove. He was strong and he got the bottle up properly to the desired height, but in turning it over it hit against something and cracked. As the cold water was leaking out into his bosom and vest, and the bottle kind of broke in two, anyway, he dropped the whole thing on the tiling and his legs. The noise was terrible, but no great alarm was done except to the bottle. Everybody was "in the swim" there for a few minutes, until the water three inches deep on the floor drained off.

Everyone is talking about the acoustics. They are wonderful, and, we betide any wight who is unfortunate enough to cough in the auditorium, even into a handkerchief according to family command, unless he does not mind being transfixed by the indignant and agonized glares of five hundred people in the nearby rows. You must be careful and not drop a bunch of keys, either. It will sound like the cat upsetting pots, pans and kettles in the kitchen.

But the "perspectives" are just as good as the acoustics. The height of the huge auditorium is such that it makes the width seem narrower; and the width is so broad, you do not realize how long the length is. The slight recesses, and flutings and tasteful decorations along the walls and ceiling; and the projections and vaulted "steppings" under the galleries, together with the beautiful play of concealed lights of many colors, with the advantage of the panels and the curious shape of the proscenium, combined with flowing dimensions generally, nowhere degenerating into the box-like or the bare, all yield a sense of coziness and continual variety of novel vista to the eye. It is absolutely amazing, and we are not surprised at all that Conductor Leopold Stokowski, who sat with the audience, declared that nowhere in America or Europe has he seen a place of the kind so fine.

It is fine and, although the majesty, the ingenuousness and brilliance of its modernity somewhat startles one at first, the longer one remains in the edifice the more he enjoys and admires the true spirit of art responsible for such a masterpiece of production.

We have heard one or two say they thought it a little disconcerting that a building of colonial exterior should have an interior inspired by the science and life of the present day, but their very expression contradicts sound judgment, for now is now, not 1790, and it should be noted that while the outward architecture of the memorial respects the spirit of a former period, with effect completely appropriate, the broad porches of its marquée entrances are to accommodate the stopping of four automobiles at once; automobiles, not sedans, or coaches and fours.

And the "white room" with its carvings and wainscots! It is the most nearly matchless room we have ever seen, far transcending in the beauty of its conception, its proportions and soft tones of color the president's or vice-president's rooms in the capitol at Washington, or any other room anywhere we have had the good fortune to

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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LVII.

For a long time in the campaign of 1866 the democrats asserted that N. D. Sperry of New Haven, who had been lukewarm to Hawley in Connecticut politics always, would vote for English and against the general. To offset this claim Sperry presided over a Hawley meeting in New Haven and came out in his support.

Hawley Barely Elected.

The republicans kept up their campaign to the very end, staging a big rally in Hartford on the Saturday night before election day. Hawley was elected, but by the barest of margins. The official canvass showed that he had a plurality of only 541 over English in the entire state and a majority over all of only 531. The vote was Hawley, 43,974, English, 43,433.

Hawley failed to carry either the city of Hartford or Hartford county. He lost his home city by 479 votes and his home county by 309. Hawley also was defeated in New Haven county, the home of English and in Fairfield county. The legislature was strongly republican in both branches.

In spite of the war and in spite of the opprobrium piled upon men like Ex-Governor Seymour and Alfred E. Burr of the Times, Hartford remained a democratic stronghold and Mr. Burr and N. B. Stevens were elected to the house from Hartford in that year.

Choice of a Senator.

A United States senator was to be chosen, the term of Senator Foster, acting vice president because of the succession of Andrew Johnson to the presidency, being about to expire. The Courant came out for Foster, Hawley's paper opposing him. Strong opposition to Foster developed in the legislative caucus the other candidates being General O. S. Ferry of Norwalk and Ex-Governor Buckingham. Foster led at the start but by insisting that they would throw their votes to Foster rather than permit the choice of Buckingham the Ferry men finally broke down the Buckingham support and their man emerged the nominee after seven ballots.

Foster still had seven votes when the house came to elect but Ferry was given 132. The democrats had nominated Richard Dudley Hubbard, later to be governor, as their candidate.

The senate postponed its election a week and there was considerable speculation as to whether there would be a bolt against Ferry, but the election passed off quietly enough and he was chosen. In the meantime there had been rumors from Washington that threats were made to depose Foster as vice-president if he did not wash his hands of any coalition to beat Ferry. Senator Dixon undertook to assume responsibility for the situation in Connecticut, thus shielding Foster. The latter's name was withdrawn as a candidate on the eve of the senate's vote.

Press and Courant Unite.

In the early winter came an announcement that must have startled Hartford citizens who had found Hawley's paper, the Press, and the Courant, divided on so many public questions and candidacies. The two apparently could mix no more than oil and water, yet on December 6 it was made known that the daily and weekly Press and the Courant were to be combined. The weekly Press and weekly Courant were to be merged as the Connecticut Courant while the daily Press and daily Courant were to be continued, the former as an evening paper and the latter as a morning. General Hawley was to be editor of both papers and Charles Dudley Warner literary editor, while William H. Goodrich was to direct the business affairs of the company which was to be known as Hawley, Goodrich & company.

The reason assigned for the change was the ill health of A. N. Clark, who had published the Courant under the firm name of A. N. Clark & company. A few months previously he had taken into partnership with him W. H. Goodrich, who had been an employee of the Courant for 15 years and for ten years head of its mechanical department.

Despite the reduction in establishments the newspaper field in Hartford was still somewhat crowded. There were two afternoon papers, The Times

The issues were largely the same as in the previous campaign—reconstruction, on which the democrats asserted they were backing the president, and the race question on which the effort was made to indict the republicans as "nigger lovers." Although the campaign was vigorous it lacked some of the excitement of 1866. Hawley did not use The Courant, of which he was now editor, to blow his own horn. His leading editorial the day after his nomination did not mention his own name. Nevertheless he attacked the opposition sharply, using the charge of copperheadism and advocating republican principles.

The republicans put forth strenuous efforts. They imported General John A. Logan of Illinois, General James A. Garfield of Ohio, and George William Curtis to speak. They made a special appeal for the German vote through a rally addressed by General Carl Schurz and Franz Siegel of New Haven, The Courant printing a notice about them in German at the head of its editorial column. The republicans also sought the Irish vote by offering Irish speakers with brilliant war records.

Is Defeated.

Hawley was defeated by about 600 votes. He again lost both his home city and his home county, Hartford going for English by 3,216 votes to 2,746. Marshall Jewell lost out for the state senate, to George Beach. Three democratic congressmen were elected.

Hawley's editorial in the Courant, explaining the defeat, tinged on bitterness. He indicated a belief that Andrew Johnson had taken a hand in the fight through revenge and, working through Senator Dixon and the federal office holders, had swayed enough votes to beat him. He declared also that money had been used. He attacked Gideon Welles, a co-worker in the organization of the republican party and his long time friend and confidante, for his failure to give vigorous support, saying that he had been of "little use" to the party since getting into the cabinet, finally developing "bitter hostility" to "men who had been glad to work for his elevation." It is plain to see that Hawley was making a charge of ingratitude against his old friend. For Dixon he made no secret of his contempt, alluding to him as "Serpentine" Dixon.

In 1867 Stephen A. Hubbard, who had come from Winsted to The Press when Hawley went to the war in 1861, bought the interest of A. N. Clark in the Courant and was thereafter one of its owners. He was Hawley's political manager until 1889, when his health failed, Charles Hopkins Clark, then taking on the burden.

Out of the governorship, Hawley devoted himself to his newspaper, with active participation in all public affairs. Norwich, the home city of the war governor, Buckingham, launched a boom for his nomination for the vice-presidency early in 1868, which Hawley received favorably. Hawley himself had declared war on Senator James Dixon whose successor was to be elected that spring. He asserted that Dixon did not support Lincoln and Johnson in 1864 and had had correspondence with McClellan whom he would have espoused had McClellan been elected. He maintained that Dixon had voted regularly with the democrats in the senate and as soon as Andrew Johnson turned against the republican party Dixon lined up for him.

Hawley Comes Out For Jewell.

As his candidate for the governorship Hawley offered Marshall Jewell whose fitness he praised highly in an editorial, that also asserted his warm friendship for Jewell.

Before the convention Jewell declared himself out of the field but finally was persuaded to leave his cause in the hands of his friends. They succeeded in nominating him, but he was defeated in the April election, Governor English being elected for a second term and, as he had against Hawley, carrying both Hartford city and Hartford county.

That Dixon would not be elected senator by the republicans was conceded and one fear in the state campaign had been that he might get enough Dixon men into the legislature to take advantage of a divided majority. It did not work out that way. Dixon's name was not offered in the republican legis-

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NEW DAY

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era of installments, but you can't miss
the significance of a \$10,000 bathroom.

Freedom is that inalienable right you
lose when you are old and the children
"take care of you."

If he clears his throat and places his
finger tips together before commenting
on the weather, he is an important citi-
zen.

The world grows better. Grandmoth-
ers are making whoopee instead of
knitting scratchy wool socks for the
children.

The new-style figure for women is
like the figure 8—easy for those who
were like the figure 1, but tragic for the
figure 0.

Correct this sentence: "When all of
our relatives are together," said the
wife, "the women never yearn to forget
good manners and say what they
think."

Red may mean freedom to Europe,
but it's just a symbol of official im-
pudence to America's flivvering prolet-
ariat.

Civil war costs China a lot, but while
she keeps at it she avoids a government
stable enough to pension all the vet-
erans.

That crank who addressed night club
patrons as "brethren and cisterns" must
have been watching the gold-diggers
absorb liquid.

A republic is a land in which the
vote of one half-wit can determine
whether a candidate is a great states-
man or a nobody.

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may not know the "Ask-me-another"
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president's rooms in the capitol at
Washington, or any other room any-
where we have had the good fortune to
visit. It represents the appreciation,
to-day, of classic model and conven-
tion, by a genius now living, who has
dared utilize them with contribution of
his own. Anyone passing in there may
be reverently reminded of the days
when George was king, of 1812, and
also of the years of Horace Bushnell,
yet he feels a warm pride that this
work was finished and these doors
thrown open in 1930. And he will feel
an immense pride if he is a thinking
person.

We seem to be getting too much im-
mersed in the building itself rather
than in what has happened in it. By
ill-luck we could not hear the choral
societies, Tuesday night. But we did
hear the thoughtful and excellently de-
livered address of Charles F. T. Seav-
erns, the happy reply of Mayor Bat-
terson, the Rev. Warren S. Archibald's
solemn prayer, the masterly organ re-
cital of Chandler Goldthwaite, and the
feeling and scholarly tribute to Dr.
Bushnell by Dean Charles R. Brown.
And we heard the Philadelphia orches-
tra of Mr. Gabrilowitsch and Stokowski,
from the mighty "Meistersinger" of
Wagner, the melodious Schumann and
the fateful 5th symphony of Tschai-
kowsky to the suggestion of "Gua-dea-
mus Igitur" in the finale of Brahms'
Festival overture; and all in a state of
overwhelming gratitude. These evenings
have been high marks in local history,
of lasting good to everybody who could
take part in them. Such occasions
cannot be forgotten soon.

What we liked best, purely as enter-
tainment, was Mr. Gabrilowitsch at the
piano and conducting with every fiber
of his being; although we could fill
no small volume with description of
how rapt we were while Mr. Gold-
thwaite, in his long black coat, did
miracles of touch and manipulation at
the console. But, as we say, we missed
the singing, to poignant regret.

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responsibility for the situation in Con-
necticut, thus shielding Foster. The
latter's name was withdrawn as a can-
didate on the eve of the senate's vote.

Press and Courant Unite.

In the early winter came an an-
nouncement that must have startled
Hartford citizens who had found Haw-
ley's paper, the Press, and the Courant,
divided on so many public questions
and candidacies. The two apparently
could mix no more than oil and water,
yet on December 6 it was made known
that the daily and weekly Press and the
Courant were to be combined. The
weekly Press and weekly Courant were
to be merged as the Connecticut
Courant while the daily Press and
daily Courant were to be continued, the
former as an evening paper and the
latter as a morning. General Hawley
was to be editor of both papers and
Charles Dudley Warner literary editor,
while William H. Goodrich was to
direct the business affairs of the com-
pany which was to be known as Haw-
ley, Goodrich & company.

The reason assigned for the change
was the ill health of A. N. Clark, who
had published the Courant under the
firm name of A. N. Clark & company.
A few months previously he had taken
into partnership with him W. H. Good-
rich, who had been an employe of the
Courant for 15 years and for ten years
head of its mechanical department.

Despite the reduction in establish-
ments the newspaper field in Hartford
was still somewhat crowded. There
were two afternoon papers, The Times
and the Press and two morning, the
Courant and the Post, besides the
weeklies. The purpose to continue the
Press did not hold for long as it was
sold in 1868 to the Morning Post
owners who then entered the evening
field with an agreement with the
Courant not to again publish a morning
paper. Ezra Clark, Marshall Jewell,
who had been a friend and supporter
of Hawley but later was to become an
antagonist and H. T. Sperry, formerly
of the Courant, then owned the Post
and they engaged the brilliant Isaac
Bromley of Norwich as their editor.

The change in the Hartford news-
paper field made January 1, 1867
caused comment. The Times was quite
sharp in discussing it and suggested
that Francis Gillette and John Hooker,
Hawley's friends, were backers of the
new Courant company. Spirited denial
was made of this, the Courant asserting
that neither Gillette nor Hooker was
interested and that the only owners
other than Hawley and Goodrich were
Thomas M. Day, and A. N. Clark,
former owners, and C. D. Warner. The
notice asserted that the Press had not
bought the Courant, nor the Courant
the Press, but that the papers had been
combined by the new firm.

Hawley Seeks Re-election.

Hawley was a candidate for re-elec-
tion in 1867, governors then being
chosen annually, and his opponent was
again English of New Haven.

CONCERNING JOBS (The Toledo Blade.)

There are 25,000 different kinds of
jobs in this country now. It was not so
long ago that the list could muster a
total of only 200. Put these two figures
side by side and you have a new presen-
tation of the oft-made assertion that
this is a land of opportunity.
The broadened scope of trade, indus-

trawley was defeated by about 600
votes. He again lost both his home city
and his home county, Hartford going
for English by 3,216 votes to 2,746.
Marshall Jewell lost out for the state
senate, to George Beach. Three demo-
cratic congressmen were elected.

Hawley's editorial in the Courant, ex-
plaining the defeat, tinged on bitterness.
He indicated a belief that Andrew
Johnson had taken a hand in the fight
through revenge and, working through
Senator Dixon and the federal office
holders, had swayed enough votes to
beat him. He declared also that money
had been used. He attacked Gideon
Welles, a co-worker in the organization
of the republican party and his long
time friend and confidante, for his fail-
ure to give vigorous support, saying that
he had been of "little use" to the party
since getting into the cabinet, finally
developing "bitter hostility" to "men
who had been glad to work for his
elevation." It is plain to see that Haw-
ley was making a charge of ingratitude
against his old friend. For Dixon he
made no secret of his contempt, allud-
ing to him as "Serpentine" Dixon.

In 1867 Stephen A. Hubbard, who had
come from Winsted to The Press when
Hawley went to the war in 1861, bought
the interest of A. N. Clark in the Cour-
ant and was thereafter one of its own-
ers. He was Hawley's political manager
until 1869, when his health failed,
Charles Hopkins Clark, then taking on
the burden.

Out of the governorship, Hawley de-
voted himself to his newspaper, with ac-
tive participation in all public affairs.
Norwich, the home city of the war gov-
ernor, Buckingham, launched a boom
for his nomination for the vice-presi-
dency early in 1868, which Hawley re-
ceived favorably. Hawley himself had
declared war on Senator James Dixon
whose successor was to be elected that
spring. He asserted that Dixon did not
support Lincoln and Johnson in 1864
and had had correspondence with Mc-
Clellan whom he would have espoused
had McClellan been elected. He main-
tained that Dixon had voted regularly
with the democrats in the senate and as
soon as Andrew Johnson turned against
the republican party Dixon lined up for
him.

Hawley Comes Out For Jewell.

As his candidate for the governorship
Hawley offered Marshall Jewell whose
fitness he praised highly in an editorial,
that also asserted his warm friendship
for Jewell.

Before the convention Jewell declared
himself out of the field but finally was
persuaded to leave his cause in the
hands of his friends. They succeeded
in nominating him, but he was defeated
in the April election, Governor English
being elected for a second term and,
as he had against Hawley, carrying
both Hartford city and Hartford
county.

That Dixon would not be elected sen-
ator by the republicans was conceded
and one fear in the state campaign had
been that he might get enough Dixon
men into the legislature to take ad-
vantage of a divided majority. It did
not work out that way. Dixon's name
was not offered in the republican legis-
lative caucus, Buckingham, Hawley, O.
H. Platt, Augustus Brandegee and Cyrus
Northrup being the candidates. Bran-
degee and Northrup dropped out after
the first ballot and Platt after the
twenty-fourth, Buckingham being named
on the twenty-fifth and in the election
defeating Dixon, who got the minority
votes.

The Courant's leading editorial next
day congratulated Buckingham and
praised the choice. The second an-
nounced Hawley's departure for Chic-
ago to attend the republican national
convention as a delegate and expressed
his gratitude to his friends for their
support as well as promising his sup-
port to the ticket.

Hawley Prominent At Chicago.

Hawley assumed prominence at Chi-
cago and by a speech made at a con-
vention of soldier delegates upset the
previous calculations as to the perma-
nent chairmanship, being elected to the
place next day. Grant was the presi-
dential nominee.

In his early years as a school teacher
and young lawyer Hawley had been a
great admirer of Dickens and had read
and re-read the Pickwick Papers. One
of the incidents of life in Hartford in
1868 was a visit by Dickens to lecture.
It is not difficult to imagine the zest
with which Hawley would have wel-
comed the opportunity to see, hear and
probably meet, the great author.

(Continued To-morrow.)

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