



The Politico

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A splendid investment like this Can't be slighted at any expense. Just think! I can watch the whole world at play For three cents.

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Then, after enjoying the news, I read the advertisements; And I know where I'll get the best bargains in town, For three cents.

—REGINALD THORPE. Chester, Feb. 6.—The ice dealers, Carini and Vicini, have a large force of men filling their ice houses. At present they are filling the East Haddam house. As soon as the East Haddam house is filled they expect to fill the three houses in this town.—Middletown Press.

This puts all our impressions, gained while driving up and down the valley, at sixes and sevens. We had always thought there were two, not three, houses in Chester, but this shows how times . . .

The Press also reports that "Milton Maxwell of Brooklyn, N. Y., has purchased a garage and lot at Pine Grove," which must mean that Mr. Maxwell is one of those motor campers.

Its theater news reports that "The Lost Zeppelin," Tiffany's big special production, seems in many respects a prophecy, for the great Graf Zeppelin is to be sent to one of the Poles. It is now planned to send the Graf Zeppelin to the North Polar regions, but as the South Pole offers more interesting material for exploration the Graf's trip may be toward that region."

We should surmise that under such an uncertain arrangement the plans may be further altered at the very last, or even after the last, moment. Any number of interesting materials and rumors may keep her fluttering between the two destinations. Less static for the radio program reception in the north, more sociability down with Byrd's men, rumor of parrot fever in one or the other circle, fluctuation of polar stocks, dike problems, Eskimo disarmament, the status of deepsea fishing.

Smith college girls recently voted in favor of compulsory chapel. All girls reported kidnaped from the school in the future may now be expected to return a few minutes after chapel. —B.

The Machine. In Hero's brain in Ptolemy's reign Was where I had my inception. In China, so slow! a millennium ago, Was then decreed my rejection.

Then buried I was till the Scotchman, Watts, Effected my resurrection; When England, through me, soon did achieve Power in every direction.

In the last decade great strides I have made, Supremacy my destination. See that I'm well oiled, the power turn on, And I'll labor without cessation.

My muscles of steel do tired never feel, How great my acceleration. But the young and strong can keep my pace long— The discard their graduation.

The dividend-takers whose coffers I fatten, Acclaim me with exultation. The workers displaced, with starvation faced, Regard me with consternation.

—O. B. JOYFUL. You may not have noticed it, but

WITH THOUGHTS TURNING SOUTHWARD BY FREDERICK P. LATIMER

Running on from where we stopped on Monday; we neglected to speak in that article about "mute inglorious Milton's" of how many there are on the other hand who have come up to success and place who when they were young seemed to have no talent at all or to be quite unpromising of what they really were to develop. When William Gillette was a bare-headed youngster out here in the Forest street region, who ever supposed he would get to have the pose and polish and aplomb to play "Too Much Johnson" in the way he has, and have a "castle" down the river and be a figure nationally admired? A Sherlock Holmes was not then dreamed of him, unless perhaps by a best girl. It is truly wonderful what a best girl can dream, even a Ruby Taylor. It is too bad she must go to Chicago.

Look at how Mrs. Lincoln dreamed for her "Abe" with whom Sandburg says she had interminable trials trying to get him so he would use his own knife for the butter instead of the butter-knife. Up in Prince Edward's Island people still say, "Make a long arm for the butter." She had it firmly in her thought that Lincoln would some day be president. In a box-car, at some little old railroad station, after he had been defeated by Douglas for the senate, Lincoln confided to a fellow who was sharing his plebeian shelter from a thunder shower, "Think of it, a sucker like me for president!"

When Grant was a frayed-out store clerk and village ne'er-do-well, in Galena, Illinois, before the war, who would have guessed of him that he was going to be the man to accept the surrender of Lee, or say "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer?"

You can't tell. You'd better get on the right side of your bootblack. Sometime he may be president of your bank and be the chap you want to let you give a slow note.

One of the most remarkable singers we ever had the good luck to hear never reached any notoriety whatever, unless by ill fate it was in some place like Jacksonville jail.

Send me a let-ter, send it by mail. Send it in care of, Jacksonville jail. That was in a ballad of the old south. This man we have in mind was a plantation hand. He had such a clear and clarion baritone voice it is almost unbelievable how far it would carry. If a person should go out to Colony road, and then trudge over the fields toward the Heublein tower to the Wampanoag Country club, which is more than a mile, and then look back and question whether he could hear a singer all that distance distinctly, he would say right away it could not be done. But it could. Many a time, years ago, down on the Florida prairie, we used to hear "Charley" singing on his way to work, of a still morning, when he was a mile and a-half from the farm. He always sang the same ditty:

"Oh, de prodigal son came home, By his'self, by his'self, An' nebbber mo' to roam, By his'self, by his'self."

And that rich, miraculous voice was, although so strong, as smooth as fresh-run syrup. Whatever became of him we do not know. The thermometer got down below 50 one day and he never showed up again. A chilly morning would seem to annihilate a whole race, almost, down there. A cool morning or a pay day would blot out a great element of the population.

A few hours southeastward from there, by easy sail on blue Biscayne, is Long Key, where Mr. Hoover proudly brought in his 45-pound sailfish, Monday. We never took as big a fish as that from those waters, the biggest being a 35-pound kingfish which we lugged home on our shoulder by twilight and split and haiged up in flakes to dry in the sun, because it would keep well so, and was good for boiling. In fishing for kingfish if you can haul it in before a great shark bites it in two you are doing nicely. And the lively kingfish itself would often jump clear across the boat, and it has been known to dive right through a sail.

The fish we delighted most to get were "sea trout," a nobler variety of weakfish, as handsome as a salmon, and weighing four or five pounds apiece, sometimes a few pounds more. We fished for them in a lagoon surrounded by mangrove islands, and from an old landing of palmetto logs, behind which cocoanut trees rustled and along-

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. LXXVIII.

Hawley Goes to England.

Hawley was busy in congress while the republican national convention of 1880 was in session and after adjournment he was obliged to go to England on private business. So he wrote a letter to the Courant from New York on June 18 which was published as in lieu of an address he might have made at a ratification meeting for Garfield and Arthur in Hartford. July found him in London and from there he wrote to Warner:

Mudie's, London, July 1, 1880.

Dear Charles: My pen is horrible; excuse the pencil. Arrived at Southampton about 2 p. m. on the 30th—a voyage of ten days and four hours' actual time from Sandy Hook, a disappointment of at least ten hours due to 80 miles deviation to dodge fogs and icebergs, and to coal a little below standard. We had favorable winds and no very rough seas. Passengers mostly German. Plenty of character study. Came up to London Wednesday morning and beasted tired with the voyage and loss of sleep Tuesday night. Got the democratic nominations from the pilot in the Solent. The general feeling among several republican passengers was one of relief and confidence that we've got 'em. I was asked repeatedly what I thought of Hancock and this is about the substance: He is a handsome, showy officer, gallant in action and brave as every gentleman is—common courage is more common than most people think; is just a respectable student of military science, is a gentleman in personal intercourse and kindly feeling and is less fitted to be President than any man the democrats ever nominated. He has altogether less qualifications than Grant had when first elected.

His Private Opinion of Hancock.

I may say to you privately that he is quite self-indulgent, is badly overfed and is just one of the set that made up McClellanism. He had more stomach for fight than some but the war was never a fire in his bones. He was of the sort that sneered at niggers and liked to make points in his letters, as he did in Louisiana. For him personally I have only kindly feeling—we have always met on very agreeable terms. I hope the Courant will say nothing personally offensive—it is not needed. You can see how I would feel if Franklin had been nominated—but he is an abler man than Hancock, as sure as you live.

How will they make a point on Garfield's condemnation of Fitz-John Porter when Hancock hung Mrs. Surratt (alleged conspirator with Lincoln's assassins.—Ed). Both only did their duty. What have they to say of military rule when they nominate one of the four major-generals?

It is virtually a confession of weakness—a desperate gambling for the presidency—we have a candidate who has volumes of argument and opinion in the Cong. Record and 17 years of intense application to practical politics, prefaced by the diligent study of the law. Hancock has been leading the easy, idle life of a department chief—with the laziest possible routine duties. There is no comparison. If the American people are not capable of choosing Garfield in preference, the American people is an ass. The democrats would have selected somebody who had read and studied a little in politics if it were not that all their statesmen have dangerous records (Bayard's the least though he is a states-rights Bourbon) and mostly inconsistent if not disgraceful records on money or the rebellion—or some or all subjects.

It is another cowardly dodge like the nomination of Greeley. Tilden and Seymour are the only representative men they have put up since 1860. I am eager for that fight. Tell Susie the new Mallory pinnace 50 feet long built by the British government had a brilliantly satisfactory test before a lot of big wigs of the navy last Wednesday.—Mallory is here and very cheerful and hopeful.

Yours truly, JOE.

Not Candidate for Congress.

On his return from Europe Hawley plunged into the presidential campaign and made many speeches for Garfield and Arthur. He was not a candidate for re-election to congress. It was his

purpose to seek the senatorship. At the district convention his friend, Edward B. Bennett, announced that "the soldier statesman" did not desire the nomination. Then he nominated John R. Buck, so whom Hawley had alluded in one of his letters as "one of those men the Lord made." Buck received 111 of the 118 votes in the convention, five going to Hawley in spite of the fact he was not a candidate, one to Julius Converse and one being cast blank.

The republican convention to nominate a state ticket that fall brought new faces into the field. Hobart B. Bigelow of New Haven, Oliver Hoyt of Stamford, Jeremiah Halsey of Norwich, William H. Bulkeley of Hartford, Amos J. Treat of Bridgeport, Governor Andrews, and others were mentioned. On the informal ballot Bigelow had 155 votes with 113 for each General Bulkeley and Governor Andrews, with the field trailing. Bigelow was nominated on the succeeding formal ballot and General Bulkeley agreed to run with him for lieutenant governor.

Reunion of Mercy and Truth.

Augustus Brandegee of New London, presiding officer, was greatly enthused because two such eminent men were on the ticket and particularly because they represented Hartford and New Haven whose rival ambitions so frequently clashed. After a recess Brandegee declared to the convention:

"Since adjournment I have learned that Hartford joins New Haven. Mercy and Truth have met at last in reunion. We have a ticket that will sweep the state. . . . I am willing to start an insurance company and insure a victory next fall at one cent on a dollar. . . . When it is learned that Hartford and New Haven have agreed at last all will exclaim God be praised."

Ex-Governor Hubbard and ex-Governor Ingersoll declined to be considered by the democrats who finally named ex-Governor English for governor by acclamation with Charles M. Pond, who gave the beautiful Elizabeth park to Hartford, for lieutenant governor.

Mr. Brandegee's optimism was vindicated, for Bigelow was elected, with a republican legislature, assuring a republican United States senator and John Buck was elected to congress in the First district.

The Hawleys' Silver Anniversary.

On December 25, 1855, Hawley had been married to Miss Harriet Ward Foote of Guilford, whose family was connected with the Beechers. They observed the silver anniversary of their wedding in Washington on Christmas day, 1880. The Warners did not forget the occasion, nor did others. Two days after Christmas Mrs. Hawley wrote a "thank-you" letter to Warner:

Washington, D. C. Dec. 27, 1880.

Dear Charlie: Thank you for your kind congratulations. It was very pleasant indeed to know that you were thinking of us. The telegram came just as we were sitting down to dinner—all by ourselves, in our own rooms, and it almost seemed as if you had joined us. I did not think anyone would remember us, we were so far away from all who knew us twenty-five years ago.

It was a sad day for me thinking of so many of our family who have gone since then, yet we were very happy. And our friends thought of us, to my surprise. Mary Hayne sent us a beautiful silver pepper-box; another friend sent me an exquisite paper knife—silver and gold and too beautiful ever to be taken out of its beautiful case, and a silver pocket match safe with his monogram on it, and others sent other trifles—so that we were not lonely, though we were alone.

Yours ever, HATTIE HAWLEY.

Continued To-morrow.

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SUNDAY

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The Once Over

BY H. L. PHILIPS

IMA DODO SEES THE MARTIN JOHNSON AFRICAN MOVIE

(The Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson African film now being shown about the country is preceded by a Grantland Rice illustrated talk on golf form and a picture demonstration of the Einstein theory.)

"Oh, it was just wonderful," declared Ima Dodo. "I was a little confused in spots, but I certainly was 'hri'led. Professor Einstein certainly is a brave

passed felling will come when you step to the curb wit hyour lady and are snubbed by one of the darned things.

A woman being sued by her attorney says she thought he was representing her for love. That's what may be called the height of optimism.

The House Judiciary Committee has voted to make "The Star-Spangled Banner" the official United States anthem. This is a blow obviously, at George Cohan.

Trade Proofs. Joe Meevix is a druggist, A druggist very good; I know he is a druggist For his shop is full of food.