



**The Portico**

**Return of the Native.**

John Madden is back on his traffic-directing job after seven months' vacation. Of course, you know John. He is to be found at his post, any morning, at the west end of the waiting station which is located north of the old state house. John has been piloting trolley patrons for years and he has made many friends, including young and old ladies, busy traveling men, visitors to Hartford, and those who enjoy holding him up for a bit of conversation. Policemen and firemen are his chatty chums. He is a particular favorite with Captain Terrence W. Brazel of the police traffic bureau.

The other day, just as a friend stepped up to greet him on his return, an aged lady accosted him with a sample question of the kind he has to answer many times during the day's duty:

"Sir, will you please direct me to where I may take the next car to Vine street, as I am a stranger in Hartford?"

"It leaves right in front of this building, madam," (and he pointed to old City hall) "in four minutes, and it goes north. I'll watch for it." Thanks, and a smile, were his reward.

He then turned to his acquaintance and said he was glad to be back among his friends in Hartford. He said he traveled through the greater part of Ireland, kissed the Blarney stone in Blarney castle, and visited in England.

Captain Brazel came up at that moment for a word. He said John was a success in the traffic business, and in traveling, but a pronounced failure in his attempt to discover what had become of the old time paper collar and its companion, the bone collar button.

—THE SAINT.

(Ed. Note: The Portico has been dismayed from time to time by grammatical errors on the part of otherwise flawless citizens; poor English and syntax and so forth and so on. And so ever and anon when the spirit, which is subject to change without notice, moves, we will enter free lessons here-in. Lesson No. 1, on grammatical number, follows.)

One of the most flagrant errors committed of recent years even in the best regulated families relates to the number of groups, such as societies and clubs. "The Sewing society circle HAVE voted to . . ."; "the Jones family HAVE left for the summer resort," this last being discovered in a novel read only two days ago. Of course, the error is patent, but for the edification of those who are not quite sure, our first quizz will consist of correcting a sentence. The sentence to be corrected is:

"The Lavender Bridge club, which met at the home of Mrs. I. M. Darling Tuesday afternoon, have resolved by unanimous vote to drop from membership all those who do not strictly confine all their remarks at the table to the game in progress."

Having found the flaw, you may recite the corrected sentence over and over, as repetition is one of the best corrective methods; and practice it on your ukele or cat. It is promised that answers by mail will be opened.

College papers report the appearance of freshmen at opening track practice. Practically every college will now have about fifteen ten-second men who by conscientious training and practice may be able to do the hundred in about twelve seconds in a couple of months. And speaking of the track, the big problem this year seems to be with the uniform. Runners object to the brief uniforms because they believe they will seem too effeminate.

—BRANNIFF.

If O. B. Joyful feels half as bad as he seemed in his dreadful poem, I am indeed sorry for him and would like to cheer him up a bit, but if he wrote that stuff to be funny, tell him not to do it again.

I don't like such sentiments, and surely they must be bad for him. Indeed, I wonder he has a whole bone or nerve or muscle in his body—with a mind so sick. I don't believe anyone would otherwise be so foolish and ungrateful. He says he suffers a great deal of pain. Well, what of it? I suffered so much at one time, which

is no reason for anyone being dragged about the current condition; quite the contrary. There is well under way a persistence for a truly inclusion, paving the way for accomplishment later in

TRIAL IS ON. at Boston the special ed by the supreme court and find the facts in Connecticut against Massachusetts injunction to prevent diversion of the waters and Ware rivers for the Boston Metropolitan begins the hearings. In Connecticut these diversions not only severe injury to interests in this state, but diminishing power of increasing pollution health, but they deny the this state to free flowage its natural volume. If afflicted, Connecticut must lose its vital resource of in the Farmington and vers, and many other s, the sources and large the watersheds of which assets. Such a loss would millions in value.

Important litigation has occurred in England within memory, that which is now drawing and decision. Governor d be praised highly for militance for the defense riparian rights against them which has no just excuse.

NS IN WEEDS. was written, "In the how thou shalt eat thy who have toiled on the at truth of the biblical mehew summed up in ggle against weeds. Now al department of agricultural grange, farm seed United States chamber d claim that the nation \$3,000,000,000 in the crops by wild plants. too terrible to com- it is remembered how soil products rise early and spend long days sunny seasons to join foe of useful crops, on will probably get us may be better to stim- that the farms should ed to the pestiferous seem to sleep, or not something of promise e that the cultivation er to keep weeds down the growth of the de- even conceivable that weeds to contend with, ould do so little about that the loss in pro- as great as that now plunder of space and . In that sense, then, ese may hold a con- in disguise. little deeper into the sider that the useless time become a useful laboring with the gol- ew to cooking it into dictionary points out eed" means any kind d that it is not capa- n because any plant n one locality and a other. In the Con- instance, we do not as a weed. The first seem to be to become in mind certain con- es, just as a form of d in the strength of out and save the h, on good authority, in the damage weeds

**SOME INTEREST IN THE SEEDS**

BY FREDERICK P. LATIMER

We are firmly resolved this spring to plant something if it isn't anything more than a mint bed. We wish it could be an asparagus bed. We are going to plant and if necessary water and tend, renewing what years ago used to be a regular enterprise of gardening from the abandonment of which we have lost a great deal of pleasure, muscle and spirits. We want to tell the world that, strange as it may seem, many of the happiest hours we ever spent were on our knees in the garden weeding onions. We can even confess that we have rejoiced in that humble and lowly labor while the church bells were ringing and we ought not to have been breaking the Sabbath. We cannot defend weeding onions on Sunday, when it is practicable to do it on some other day, but in May, when the dandelions and the buttercups are peeping from the long new grass in the yard; when the bees are humming in your pear and apple trees, when the neighbors' hens, safe on the other side the fence are softly clucking to their scrambling broods; when your two dogs are lying observantly in the shade, snapping at flies; when the cat is yawning amiably on the woodpile; the robins and the catbirds are filling the air with music; your Johnny-jump-ups are smiling at you near by, and you can be admiring the broad leaves of your pieplant with its bright red stalks ready to be cut again; when you can smell from the kitchen where it is cooking the tender, fresh spinach or chard you have raised, and, nibbling a crisp radish, you are bowed on the brown earth you have hoed and are just simply pulling pulse and chickweed and some duffeegrass roots and incipient pigweeds from among your promising rare-ripes;—when soft shower clouds are in the bright sky above, where the pigeon hawks, soaring high, utter their fretful hunting cries; and the church bells are ringing, but nobody can see you from where they are parading their starched go-to-meeting clothes in the street, you are in a serenity and peace which should not be sold for a tall, tall pile indeed of Mr. Rockefeller's dimes. Your back may ache in a little while, but not nearly as much as it would in July if you were having to pick string beans at a few cents per bushel. It has always been a close question in our mind which is the more arduous to the back, if prolonged, weeding onions, picking string beans or mowing mole hills with a dull lawnmower.

It seemed as if fate had ordained we should not have an asparagus bed. Numbers of years ago next April our family on seeing us getting the garden ready for that season said if there is anything in the world she likes it is asparagus, would we please plant an asparagus bed? It takes two or three years to get good asparagus after you plant it, and you have to dig deep holes in the ground for each clump of roots. It should not be less than two feet

at least, and more is even better. We thought about it, leaning on a hoe, and said the most important vegetable is sweet corn. "Yes," said our family. "I agree with you there." "Well," we said, "to make an asparagus bed we will have to chaw the turf all off a new spot, and cut down an apple tree and have a boulder dynamited and maybe extinguish the hopvine, and if we do all that we will not have time to plant the corn. You can see we need most of the garden for corn. If you will be satisfied with corn, next fall, when the corn is off, we will start excavations and put in asparagus."

"All right," she said, "just give us lots of corn. But, oh, how I do like asparagus."

We should say she did. She could eat, if it were only possible, single handed, all the asparagus raised in the Merrimack valley of New Hampshire, which is a lot.

Well, in the fall of that year we kept the corn coming on until the middle of November, when the last luscious nubbins were gleaned. And then while we were planning to dig the asparagus holes the football games came on and after that the ground froze. The following spring the talk about asparagus resumed and with the same result. It was a case either of skimping on the corn or omitting the asparagus. In those days we consumed so much corn at our house that the dining room ceiling had to be raised so the piles of corn could be put on the table and the borough had to hire an extra two-horse team to carry off the cobs. Early Crosby, Golden Ban-

New York, Feb. 17—Diary of a modern Pepys: Up and came my cousin Harry Williams who is a tutor at Oxford, and we drove through town and set off along the countryside "or a brisk walk and a biting wind came up to blow, as fierce as ever I weathered. So among noon-time crowds on the overflowing sidewalks of narrow Nassau street down town and listened to the cries of curb hawkers, who have always fascinated me. And it strikes me many are super salesmen wasting talents in petty occupation. Home to labour and Will H. Hays dropped by but in his quick, nervous manner stayed only a few minutes and was off for perhaps a dozen or more engagements. Dined with my wife in a Houston street Hungarian restaurant and we danced an old fashioned waltz to slow dreamy music.

New York has much of the charm of

**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. LXXXIII.

The 1884 republican national convention was at Chicago in early June. The Connecticut delegation got busy for Hawley as soon as it arrived. It was under leadership of Augustus Brandegee, who had been selected to make the nominating speech. Years before, Hawley had not regarded Brandegee as friendly to him and had particularly resented a slurring remark in which Brandegee had insinuated that Hawley enlisted in the Civil war to advance his political fortunes. Stephen A. Hubbard was in Chicago helping to represent the Courant and looking out for Hawley's interest. The names most mentioned as the early delegates arrived were those of Blaine, Hawley and General Sherman.

A large field of candidates was entered in the race for the nomination, including besides those mentioned, President Arthur, Senator Edmunds of Vermont, General John A. Logan, John Sherman of Ohio and Robert T. Lincoln.

Blaine was nominated on the fourth ballot. Hawley had 13 votes on each of the first three ballots, Connecticut's twelve and one from Kansas. On the fourth and decisive ballot, he had 15, Connecticut's twelve, two from New York, and one from North Carolina, the state where he was born while his father was preaching there.

Not having had any great illusions or ambitions about the presidency Hawley was not broken-hearted at his failure to be nominated.

Neither was Hawley at all enthusiastic over Blaine. The issue of the Mulligan letters which had damaged the latter's reputation was revived with his quest for the nomination. In these letters Blaine had indicated that he might be of service to a certain corporation if taken under its wing, so to speak.

Blaine was injudicious enough in his letter to call attention to the decision which he had made as speaker which favored a railroad corporation, and although it was generally conceded that he was not improperly influenced in making the decision, his use of the incident to help himself financially later, did not set well with the country.

After the nominating convention was all over Hawley wrote to Warner.

Washington, D. C., June 15, 1884.

Dear Charles: I hope to see you on Tuesday evening at the Courant Office, if not then at some spare minute on Wednesday. Platt and I expect to leave here at 9:40 Tuesday morning and hope to have the good luck to catch the 4:30 train at New York, reaching Hartford at 7:20. I must take the 10:35 New England train Wednesday evening, so as to lose but two days' sessions.

Blaine's nomination was not the right one to make. It puts a very heavy burden upon New York, New Jersey and New England, especially Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Connecticut. I think your editorial the morning after his nomination puts the matter in the right light. He will be a far better president than aspirant. But how to deliver a warm and sincere eulogy upon his achievements, principles and devotion to good measures, I cannot very well imagine, I confess. Yet I think very much better of him than you do.

Do you remember that when in the height of the Beecher excitement somebody asked Clay Trumbull if he thought Beecher had committed adultery and he answered, "No, but I wish he had," meaning that Beecher's letters were

**NEW YORK DAY BY DAY**  
BY O. O. McNaught.

It is only in this part of town that one also finds men, often wearing shoulder capes, who prow about among old prints and second hand books. Bewhiskered, incredibly informed, they use reading glasses to "bootleg" the pages here and there from the classics.

Complete characterizer: The type that hangs a red tissue paper wreath in the back window of an automobile.

It was Bobbie Clark, the comedian, who in passing Broadway's fattest boulevardier cried: "Ah! The Graf Zeppelin has laid an egg."

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LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE  
Slot Machines, Etc.

worse than dad's. So it is with Blaine. He ruled out of order a motion that would have injured a railroad bill. It is not alleged that the bill was bad or the decision wrong. But sometime after he sought a share in the speculation and pointed to his decision to show that he would be no mere "passenger" (or words to that effect) in the concern. It is most probable that he had no thought of joining the company when he made the decision, but the letter is a revelation of possibilities, or of a careless tone about such matters, and is not "nice" to explain in a campaign.

But I do believe he is an "intense American," that he loves his country, that he is ambitious of commanding respect as well as admiration as a president and statesman, and that he would make a far better president than Bayard or any man the democrats are likely to nominate.

**The Republican Party.**

The republican party is what it has done; it has a matchless wealth of tradition and aspiration. It carries the ark of the covenant; its whole drift and tendency are in the right direction. It is many years since it has had control of both branches of congress fairly and fully, and yet it has three times out of four, when in the minority, defeated the projects of the democracy and managed to take good care of the finances and fair care of the currency and taxation. Repeatedly a republican senate has passed good and greatly needed bills which a democrat house treats with contempt.

There are two such bills now in the house; one concerning the electoral count and one to relieve the Supreme Court. A third is a very good bankruptcy bill. The democratic party would repeat the constitutional measures to protect the ballot box and raise the mischief with national banking, currency and the tariff. I must stay with the party. I see the soul of the democracy in a much clearer light than our independent friends do. Evidently I do not regard Blaine with the horror they exhibit.

Edmunds is practically the least fit of the candidates named at Chicago (leave me out). He is superior to Logan in brains, but not his superior in integrity and moral courage. Both are honest and Logan hardly dodges knuckles as much as Edmunds. To meet, and study the latter daily destroys the illusion—damages, I should rather say, because I like Edmunds personally and feel his great value as a senator. Some time or other I will give you details. As a political leader and sagacious tactician, I value Edmunds at a very low rate.

I am, against my will, Chairman of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee. Our proper work is to endeavor to secure a republican 49th Congress. If we hold all our present republican seats, we shall have six majority in the next Senate. We can and ought to have the House. Our duty is to watch the districts that can be redeemed and save our weak ones. Chiefly our work is the circulation of documents. They were showered into Haskell's district in Kansas and we saved it. Ditto into Oregon and we have regained the legislature and shall have a republican senator there. I shall not go to England this year. After a month or two of rest I shall dive into the campaign. My speeches will be according to my own creed, not that of the Chicago Convention in some things.

Sincerely yours,

J. R. HAWLEY.

Is it not something in Blaine's favor that he was strong in the best regions of the west and did not get his nomination by stampede from southern delegations? He had an honest majority of the convention from the start.

Pray do not confine your quotations to attacks upon Blaine. If the Courant is to stay with the Republicans it can at least show up the folly of the democracy, if it cannot eulogize Blaine.

Pass this to Hubbard, please. It will save me some writing.  
(Continued To-morrow.)

A cracked pot of famished flowers in winter and often in the summer the entire fire escape is given over to a patch of garden.

Along the serpentine path of the elevated one may see through the curtainless windows into cheerless tenement rooms where many children, by dim oil lamps, are studying their home lessons. No class of pupils are so eager.

Complete characterizer: The type that hangs a red tissue paper wreath in the back window of an automobile.

It was Bobbie Clark, the comedian, who in passing Broadway's fattest boulevardier cried: "Ah! The Graf Zeppelin has laid an egg."

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LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE  
Slot Machines, Etc.

Better to Ca  
Well Thar  
Surf  
BY ROB

Frequently I people who hun are unable to courses offered "What must they cry.

And all of ther as a definite gree or a seat dollars.

But education road to travel—tool to use.

The dog that sheep is educate has learned to educated; but t as much as it acquired but a of knowledge.

Dr. Johnson a feast where little of this ar that but no ma of everything.

And Emerson, said a man coul great library of dawn to dust, at first alcove.

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The "traveled" gone far on on who has gone roads.

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The O  
BY H.

**POLITENESS O**

The major po abolish the subm but will "humar in other words more polite. T Book of Submar naval Emily Post arise are:

1. Should a s vessel to which duced?
2. What should marine skipper v a ship in the mo upon (c) at night?
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10. What is the strange ship by a Is "Haven't I see fore?" or "Pardor you once in the I permissible?"

Submarines, re sist, are all sig rules of good b rough and uncou those used in ti they had no mar

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No submarine c rude that he wi sink anybody a se

There may eve submarine skipper Captain M

The Pleasure