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A year's mail awaited Admiral byrd's men when they boarded the Cty of New York for return home. aving probably exhausted the library obooks they took down with them, this welcome indeed, especially as few othern expect to find any Christmas bis. \*

Ung Gok Gin, the Manhester Chinese laundryman, faces deputation because, according to the cout, he cannot furnish sufficient proof f his claim of having been born in thiscountry. It is too had he did not mrshal his defense properly, and produc as Exhibit A a few laundry marks,

\$

olars Kind Sir: , op. The undersigned Constant hader, and, while watching the antics of som dapd to per Boston Bull terriers at th dog come show the other night, heard afemiis in nine voice call appealingly, "hsty!" point Naturally, your correspondent tuned in ment greeting as in response to on who t the knew him well enough to use hunickpasis. name. Imagine the consternation of will this Vox Popull, however, to decover Ir as the owner of the feminine voice laring fied: at him blankly and then back t the :ican dog manger. Following her gland, this esent Old Cut-Up noticed a pointedeared, nited bright-eyed little Four-Footed riend sitting under a sign which read, "Dusty's Little Lady." No toubt, ough have 'Dusty" himself was close by. that the And now, kind sir, do you real the Jon. Fable of the Person who was cled a the Dog in anger-or was it jest? 18 8 -RUSSELL RHOES.

### . .

osed Alone. I wish I could be left alone, High on a distant mountain top Alone! alone with my aching hart. T. What mean memories of a hme to and me?--1 by I long but for the open sea eral And a ship to man and sail alore, had With the deep blue sea alone to roam l in To my heart's content-I care lot

łur-For the material things of life; let All they've meant are sorrow and trife tern I long for quiet and peace war

Which I could find if left alone 1 in Alone by myself in a lonely par

was Alone with my sorrowful heart-

the Will my dreams ever come true zen

Shall I ever roam? ght

I could forget my dreams alk. If I were left with my heart alde. ate,

-RITA W. GLEADN. Hartford. t a

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Further idyls of the Noank tillage crier, as reported in the Norwich Bulletin:

"A Noank radio bug who his an to eight-tube electric set and clams he in has got every place that comes over the air is Robert Wolf. He are loves his radio and many scraps house what od to bed on time.

As the night was dark, but getung a fortune teller. little light, meaning that the break of sh day was around the corner, about 5 let o'clock, a voice came over the air but or was hard to understand. "Gee!" Robof ert said, "what is that? A bull fight?" 1e, Listening again to make out the words in the voice seemed as though it was in himself all covered with tan bark and uthe cellar, and seemed far away from fresh paint. The band tore right into ıd But, at last, the the United States. its work with herculean harmonies. man came out plain-it was Africa. While the Australian wood-choppers 3. as Gee! Thousands of miles, where there were on, tommyhawking a plank, and are palm trees, and huts to live in! 10 mowing great trees as if they were The man with the sawmill voice said it ٢feeds, we crouched down and trembled was so hot there that there were 49 )e as because if one of those axes slipped, as overcome by heat. The sun burned a axes do when we are chopping in the hole in a workman's undershirt. It 3cellar, it would do terrible execution was so hot one could fry an egg on the er among the front seats. A Chinese famıg sidewalk, the radio bug claimed. We ily turned itself inside out in amazing a were freezing here and with sheepskin antics of suppleness, smiling sweetly coats on; and for 30 minutes the talk d and balancing plates on bamboo spinwas good. But a call from the norths, ners in unison, drinking glasses of west room: 'Bob! Come to bed before ıg water while upside down, and so on; the sun gets up and shines over the Ig and the clowns clowned amiably, and church steeple!' finally May Wirth came on with her "So the radio bug had to shut off snowy white steeds. She is queen of the wonder set and hit the hay before the equestriennes and unquestionably. the cows were milked. His wife told If we could be as beautifully nimble as him, as all good husbands are told, If she, and turn back somersaults on a you don't quit those all-night stations I will take an axe to the set and you by its side while it dashes around the galloping charger, or spin cartwheels won't get China!' Say, if anything happens to that \$980 set! I think as Nancier Boreanth at the product than much of that radio as of my left arm! Elba and wreathe our visage with For it is the best set in town and has got more stations across the ocean than a fish has scales! I get Spain like turning over a beefsteak! So far a récord of six different countries that are not on the map of the good U. a. For it is the best set in town and has

# ALL TIRED OUT THE NEXT DAY BY FREDERICK P. LATIMER

It is always so whenever we go to the circus. Thereafter we are as weak as a rag. At a football game we gain strength by some kind of a process of absorbing the spirit of the gridiron, and on our way out feel that for dear old alma mater we could butt ourself straight through the cement wall of the stadium. It is the same when we go to a fight. Wo betide anybody who should cross us after we have spent an hour or two watching famous but feeble champions punching at each other in the ring. A good, smart blow, if it lands, should knock the adversary at least 40 feet and leave him in indistinguishable mass of pulp.

But as soon as we have seen a swarthy Moor or Albanian swallow down 22 inches of shining steel blade we are pallid with excitement and our strength departs. And then when the great performances are on, we crane our neck so much and look so intently, trying not to miss the marvelous dexterity of any one of a dozen "artists"; with us we just get downright bewildered and exhausted, to say nothing of the desperate effort there is in keeping your party from getting separated and lost in the dense throngs and not lose anything available from the person.

We went to the circus early, so as to be on time, but overdid it by about a month, as it seemed, while we waited on the reserved chair, holding our overcoat on our arm, eating two bags of peanuts and putting the shells in our hat, not wishing to encumber the floor. Hour after hour and day after day appeared to pass while we sat there waiting and waiting for even the band to do something, but it was in no hurry. That was not the fault of the management. We simply were on hand too soon, notwithstanding we took plenty of time to inspect the sideshow.

The trained chimpanzee, which the new Florida Yale simian behaviorist observatory ought to have, seemed to be almost the most intelligent person there. With just a little more teaching, he could qualify for practically any job in the composing room except possibly proof-reading. He is a little short for the make-up tables, but they could put him on a box.

. . .

They had Twisto, the human rubberneck who could look right around in a circle and should be a perfect ace at shooting partridges in the woods; a dwarf with the usual dress tie and strong voice looking for a tall lady with millions of dollars to marry him; a glorious plump lady weighing 610 pounds if a fly-weight boxer will tip the scales at 310; the sword-swallower, as above, and a sort of nondescript in the corner. The sword-swallower for ten cents offered us a near-gold pin and instruction book showing how anybody can swallow a lightning rod with five prongs, after a few weeks of prac-We will lay a bet of five dollars tice. that, if anybody tried to get him to swallow a capsule, they would have to bind him hand and foot, hold his jaws open with tackle blocks and push it his wife over that radio, for m going into him with a broom-stick. Human nature is just so, says the mysterious

> Well, along toward Labor day the circus proper began and it was a corker. Prancing horses bounded bounteously for the first act and almost stepped on a little boy who ran up to the ring to see better and got

# 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. LXXXVII.

Warner was abroad in 1891 and Hawley wrote him on his return in late November. There were now two children in the Hawley family. The day, December 1, was the anniversary of the birth of "Bab," the older child. "She is a fine young woman of her age," Hawley wrote, closing his reminder of the occasion with the admonition "no presents."

Scarcely a fortnight later Mrs. Hawwas obliged to submit to quite a ley serious operation. Familiar with hospitals and nursing herself she was, her doctor said, "an ideal patient." Her "happy temper and high courage and her obedience" were "amazing," Hawley wrote Warner on December 16.

The following was a presidential year (1892) and with it went the choice of a legislature which, at its session in 1893, would elect a United States senator, Hawley's term again expiring. He had, of course, a deep interest in the situation. The republicans renominated Benjamin Harrison and the democrats gave their third successive nomination to Grover Cleveland.

General Merwin and Judge Luzon B. Morris were again the state candidates. This time Cleveland and Morris swept the state and Morris had a clearer majority over all.

The Hartford Times interpreted the emphatic decision for Morris as a rebellion of the people against the seating by republican legislatures of candidates who did not secure a plurality of the votes. The Times declared that it was the first time since 1882 that the people had elected a governor.

Never again was a candidate who had received a plurality of the vote to fail election. The constitution was of amended to remove the objectionable provision which required a majority of the votes.

Younger men had been coming on in the party and some of them were looking with envious eyes on Hawley's seat and the eminence of a senatorship. The chief contenders were Samuel Fessenden of Stamford and Governor Morgan G. Bulkeley, who were to pursue their ambitious rivalry as long as Hawley lived, and indeed longer.

Bulkeley had been mayor of Hart ford four successive terms before being nominated for governor in 1888, a record for modern times. He ran behind Judge Morris in '88 and was seated by a republican legislature. While in 1890 he was not renominated he remained in office when the people failed to make a choice between Merwin and Morris and the legislature was deadlocked. By 1892, when the legislature was chosen which was to elect a senator, due to the expiration of Hawley's term, Bulkeley was ready to aspire to higher office. He had declined to enter into a deal with Fessenden, whereby

Fessenden and then capture Hawley's for Bulkeley. The failure of this effort at an alliance left Bulkeley and Fessenden opponents for years.

In 1881 and 1887 Hawley had had the unique distinction of being nominated unanimously by acclamation in the republican caucus. It was apparent before the legislature met in 1893 that he would have a battle. While he vas active on the Courant, Hawley nad not

den 15. Bulkeley's highest vote was 49 on the second, Hawley losing four and Fessenden gaining three. Fessenden gained on the next three ballots until he had 22 on the fifth. Hawley nad gotten up to 67, two short of enough, while Bulkeley dropped to 35. Bulkeley saw the hopelessness of his own effort and determined that Fessenden should not win. His strength was thrown to Hawley on the sixth ballot, giving the latter 73, a clean majority of the entire republican membership with a margin to spare.

Fessenden finished with 26 votes, his high mark and Bulkeley had the same number.

In the election Hawley was chosen easily. Due to absences the vote in the senate was a tie, democrats casting their ballots for ex-Congressman Carlos French of Ansonia. There was, however, a wide margin for Hawley in the house and in the joint session the following day. Hawley was present at the joint session and made a speech of thanks to the legislators.

Warner was now frequently away from the Courant, travelling, giving lectures and addresses and in connection with his added duties with Harper's magazine. His hand was not so much upon the editorial helm in the Courant and there was less occasion for Hawley to communicate with him concerning political matters and public questions. Nevertheless the correspondence continued at intervals.

## Republicans and Bimetallism.

Hawley visited Hartford in June, 1894, but failed to see Warner, their visits at the Courant office not coinciding. Curiously enough, in view of what was to happen two years later, the republican party, or some very eminent members of it, were greatly concerned over the need for restablishing the prestige of silver as a money metal. The Ohio state convention, in which the central figure was Governor McKinley, who was to be the republican candidate for president in 1896 on a sound money platform, passed resolutions in behalf of the silver project. So did Maine.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, who in the later years of his life sought to establish that it was he who forced the national convention of 1896 at St. Louis to adopt its sound money declaration against free silver, had at that time, in 1894, an ingenious plan for increasing the importance of silver. He proposed to use a club on Great Britain through the tariff, by the establishment of high duties against British products and then informing Great Britain of our willingness to lighten them whenever that country should join in coining silver under an international monetary agreement.

The Ohio platform declaration "ad-vocated such a policy as will, by discriminating legislation or otherwise, most speedily, restore silver to its place as a money metal." The Lodge plan contemplated this "discriminating legislation."

#### Hawley Disapproves.

Hawley was always a sound money man. Whether so or not he did not believe in intimidation or coercive methods. He did not think much of used that paper as his personal political the Lodge plan. In his letter of June



New York, Feb. 21 .- Thoughts while strolling: That quick step of pedestrians in the middle of the street when a cop blows his whistle. Why do Italians own all corner fruit stands? The former Joan Sawyer. Who danced with Valentino. The soft loveliness to the chime of far away bells.

John Gatta, the artist. And Harry Kemp, the poet. A quiet dignity about a linen store. Richard Whitney who cried "205 for steel!" And was hailed as Wall Street's savior in the slump. All the boot blacks have radios. Six kittens trailing a mother cat. And traffic stops.

traffic stops. Inez Haynes Irwin, a Rio Janeiro, Brazil, girl, who made good in the city. Tough mugs who photograph for tabloids. And always get the photos, too. Those windows flooded in red, green, and yellow changing lights. And the shoe shop with blue shutters and trailing vines.

trailing vines. Still more street bands. The sudden giddiness when you plunge into the yaulted dome of Grand Central from the street. Everybody for some reason approaches a train caller humbly. The wealthiest travelers carry the least baggage. Tempting displays of magazines and bright-jacketed books. Ladies who look about before stepping

and so that a source of the state of the states with the source of the states of the s fly-blown stationery store with the os-trich egg in the window. School children don't seem to carry

School children don't seem to carry books home any more. William H. Todd, the Brooklyn ship builder. Flow-ers blooming in the crannied walls of an abandoned brewery. The East Side children's only winter game—sldewalk hop scotch. Why are so many waiters Swiss? Lewis Brander. Stering hables in perambulators.

Staring bables in perambulators. Marketing mothers in aprons and shawls. Bargaining for pennies. But with good humor. The blue lights in and But with good humor. The blue lights in the gloomy undertaking parlors. And the black derbied attendants with black ties. The odor of myrrh. And squawking radios.

Somehow—and here I go again—I've had my fill of all night stay-outs who drop in the next morning with a satchel under each eye and feeling like the last ten minutes of a misspent life just to tell you what a big night they had.

There is always at least one cut-up at such parties who is described the next day as "a scream." With very few exceptions, I have never seen a funny drunk at a party-unless you call-and please don't-wearing woman's hat fnny.

> \*

Small specialty shops now feature "clerks with a personality." These are salesmen and saleswomen who have distinct followings. When they go from one shop to anothe rthey take custom-ers with them. In a theater program ad of one shop I notice a line: "Ask for Mr. David." Several ibiliboards herald: "Mr. Soandso, Broadway's fa-vorite clerk, now greets you at Blank's." \* \*

A number of these energetic clerks A number of these energetic clerks are willing to work for a guarantee of a very small sum—often \$10 to \$15 a week. But they are hustlers, and with commissions often realize from \$75 to \$100 a week. They send out personal letters and use the telephone to tell of the arrival of special articles.

A theatrical producer confides there are very few stars who do not hate their understudies. The reason, of their understudies. The reason, of course, is jealousy. "The so-called bravery of performers in illnee or sud-den disaster," he says, "is largely bunk. They have built up the pretty legend. "The show must go on!" The fact is most of them are afraid the understudy, when, given a chance, will run away with the part."

It just comes to me, however, that there are not many of us in any racket who want any understudy fooling around with our jobs. From Tacoma, Wash.: "Everybody out here is excited about a needle-

organ. When he went to the senate his friends on the paper were less meticulous. They did not fail to say good words for Hawley whenever he was up for re-election.

#### Six Ballots Required.

The signs of a contest in 1893 were fully borne out when the legislature convened. Six ballots were required before Hawley was named in the republican caucus. He led by a wide margin on every one, but Bulkeley and Fessenden together had substantially as many votes as he at the start and did not fall far behind him on any ballot to the last. Nearly a score of scattering votes were divided on various ballots among Ex-Congressman W. E. Simonds, William C. Case, Henry C. Robinson, S. E. Merwin, Ex-Governor Andrews, and Charles E. Russell. Hawley had 65 on swept the state.

the first ballot, Bulkeley 40 and Fessen-

Twenty-five Years Ago To-day

12, 1894, he wrote to Warner: "I explained to Adams (Charles Hemenway Adams, Courant editorial writer-Ed.) what I understood to be the situation about Lodge's resolution. I have heard little said about it since he offered it in the senate. Retallatory legislation would not amount to much, and I have no idea congress will try it." Hawley was right, of course. Congress did not try it. The national legislative body was then in the throes of the enactment of the Wilson tariff bill, a measure which contributed to the defeat of the democracy two years later. In the fall of the year, 1894, Connecticut republicans nominated O. Vincent Coffin of Middletown as their candidate for governor and the democrats, Lieutenant-Governor Ernest H. Cady. Coffin

(Continued To-morrow.)

evident that he knew the point had been raised. That, from J. Henry, was such a phenomenally magnanimous gesture that it almost amounted to patting 'the rabble" on the back.

threading contest. One man threaded a needle with 126 No. 50 thrads." Whoopee in the west! (Copyright, 1930, McNaught Eyndicate, inc.) One Word of Scorn Does More

Than a Thousand Scornful Looks BY ROBERT QUILLEN.

'The decent man's contempt for cowards who strike from ambush is bred in the bone.

Primitive man had much to dread, but doubtless he dreaded most of all the snake that struck from the grass without warning and the cat that dropped silently from the limb of a tree

always does, and in time he learned to hate and abhor his fellow men who copied the methods of the snake and the cat.

When Jesus portrayed the character of Satan, He described him as an en-e y who came by night and did his f 11 work under cover of darkness. "The republican state committee," f il work under cover of darkness. said Mr. Roraback, "is not the whole republican organization. You men and men a quality that loathes and abard