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**HARTFORD  
LUNCH  
CLASSICS**



## Seasonable Specialties

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**T**HE HARTFORD LUNCH specializes in seasonable foods—foods particularly adapted to the season of the year. ¶ In the spring, which is now with us, grapefruit, oranges, baked apples, cereals, eggs, creamed meats and fish, salads, etc., all light, nutritious foods for spring diet.

¶ At the HARTFORD special attention is given to the quality of fruits purchased. Our manager, Mr. Quinn, is a food expert of long and excellent experience. His selections of Florida grapefruit, California oranges, apples for baking, etc., are the best that the market affords; and New York markets afford the best grown. HARTFORD eggs, another specialty, are most carefully chosen, regardless of price, from dealers of reputation and standing who guard our interests as their own.

¶ This infinite care to the details of buying, together with the efforts of an excellent corps of bakers, has built for the HARTFORD LUNCH its present reputation.

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**HARTFORD LUNCH CO.**

# Alexander Hamilton

By *Elbert Hubbard*

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PUBLISHED BY THE HARTFORD LUNCH  
COMPANY, AND PRINTED BY THE ROY-  
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## Eat The Hartford Way

**W**E are always on the look-out for good things. Sometimes we find 'em; at other times they are non est, nix, and null. Most of us get what we go after, though, and we all get what is coming to us.

**I**n the Hartford Lunch you are supplied with everything you need and with none of the things you do not need. The bill-of-fare is simple and yet ample for the needs of the man or woman who eats to live, and is not interested gastronomically in lobster-palaces or personally in the lobsters who frequent them. Here everything is palatable, nutritious, cleanly, and of the highest quality obtainable. We play no seconds. Whether it is coffee, some old-fashioned Boston Baked Beans with Ketchup, or Yankee Donuts, everything is of the best and is prepared as carefully as home methods can devise.

*The Hartford Lunch Company.*

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MAY 18 1918

## FOREWORD

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*The story of Alexander Hamilton reads like a chapter from the Arabian Nights. Of obscure origin, like Topsy, he appears to have "just growed," yet he attained a place in the country's history second to none. His face was the face of Julius Caesar—and like Julius he was struck down at the height of his fame.*

*Surrounded, worshiped, gay, convivial, as he was, no mortal could ever have stood more utterly alone than Hamilton. On the day of the funeral, New York was black. Every business house was closed. The eulogy pronounced over his grave in Trinity Churchyard by his friend Gouverneur Morris may well be quoted here: "I declare to you before that God in whose presence we are now so especially assembled, that in his most private and confidential conversations, his sole object of discussion was your freedom and happiness . . . He never lost sight of your interests. For himself he feared nothing:*

but he feared that bad men might, by false professions, acquire your confidence and abuse it to your ruin. He was ambitious only of glory, but he was deeply solicitous of you." Alexander's monument in Trinity Church-yard bears this inscription:

"To the memory of Alexander Hamilton, the Corporation of Trinity have erected this monument, in testimony of their respect for the Patriot of incorruptible integrity, the soldier of approved valour, the statesman of consummate wisdom, whose talents and virtues will be admired by grateful posterity, long after this marble shall have mouldered to dust. He died July 12th, 1804, aged 47."

¶ For any of our Hartford patrons who, after reading the wonderfully sympathetic and illuminating story of Hamilton's life as told by Elbert Hubbard, wish to read further, I would recommend the work of Gertrude Atherton, the gifted Californian novelist, who in *The Conqueror*, has told for all time, in all its details, the true and romantic story of Alexander Hamilton.

Frank B. Willard



## Alexander Hamilton

**A**VERY strong man has had a splendid mother. Alexander Hamilton's mother was a woman of wit, beauty and education. While very young, through the machinations of her elders, she had been married to a man much older than herself—rich, wilful and dissipated.

And so this finely organized, receptive, aspiring woman found her feet mired in quicksand. She struggled to free herself, and every effort only sank her deeper. The relentless environment only held her with firmer clutch.

She thirsted for knowledge, for sweet music, for beauty, for sympathy, for

*"Anybody can cut prices, but it takes brains to make a better article." This bears repeating.*

**HARTFORD LUNCH CO.**

attainment. She had a hearty hunger that none about her understood. She strove for better things. She prayed to God, but the heavens were as brass; she cried aloud, and the only answer was the throbbing of her restless heart.

In this condition, a son was born to her. They called his name Alexander Hamilton. This child was heir to all his mother's splendid ambitions. Her lack of opportunity was his blessing; for the stifled aspirations of her soul charged his being with a strong man's desires, and all the mother's silken, unswerving will was woven through his nature. He was to surmount obstacles that she could not overcome, and to tread under his feet difficulties that to her were invincible.

But earth's buffets were too severe for the brave young woman; the forces in league against her were more than she could



withstand, and before her boy was out of baby dresses she gave up the struggle, and went to her long rest, soothed only by the thought that, although she had sorely blundered, she yet had done her work as best she could.

**A**T his mother's death, we find Alexander Hamilton taken in charge by certain mystical kinsmen. Evidently he was well cared for, as he grew into a handsome, strong lad—small, to be sure, but finely formed. Where he learned to read, write and cipher we know not; he seems to have had one of those active, alert minds that can acquire knowledge on a barren island.

When nine years old, he signed his name as witness to a deed. The signature is needlessly large and bold, and written with careful schoolboy pains, but the

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*While our bill-of-fare is not large, it is choice in quality and selection.* **HARTFORD LUNCH CO.**

writing shows the same characteristics that mark the thousand and one dispatches which we have, signed at bottom, "G. Washington."

About this time, the boy was also showing signs of literary skill by writing sundry poems and "compositions," and one of his efforts in this line describing a tropical hurricane was published in a London paper. This opened the eyes of the mystical kinsmen to the fact that they had a genius among them, and the elder Hamilton was importuned for money to send the boy to Boston that he might receive a proper education and come back and own the store and be a magistrate and a great man. No doubt the lad pressed the issue, too, for his ambition had already begun to ferment, as we find him writing to a friend, "I'll risk my life, though not my character, to exalt my station."

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*The following are samples of our gastronomic efforts.*  
**HARTFORD LUNCH CO.**

Most great things in America have to take their rise in Boston; so it seems <sup>right</sup> meet that Alexander Hamilton, aged fifteen, a British West-Indian subject, should first set foot on American soil at Long Wharf, Boston. He took a ferry over to Cambridgeport and walked through the woods three miles to Harvard College. Possibly he did not remain because his training in a bookish way had not been sufficient for him to enter, and possibly he did not like the Puritanic visage of the old professor who greeted him on the threshold of Massachusetts Hall; at any rate, he soon made his way to New Haven. Yale suited him no better, and he took a boat for New York.

He had letters to several good clergymen in New York, and they proved wise and good counselors. The boy was advised to take a course at the Grammar School at

Elizabethtown, New Jersey    80    80  
There he remained a year, applying himself most vigorously, and the next Fall he knocked at the gate of King's College. It is called Columbia now, because kings in America went out of fashion, and all honors formerly paid to the king were turned over to Miss Columbia, Goddess of Freedom. King's College swung wide its doors for the swarthy little West Indian. He was allowed to choose his own course, and every advantage of the university was offered him.

Hamilton improved each passing moment as it flew; with the help of a tutor he threw himself into his work, gathering up knowledge with the quick perception and eager alertness of one from whom the good things of earth have been withheld. ¶ Yet he lived well and spent his money as if there were plenty more where it

came from; ~~but he was never dissipated  
nor wasteful.~~

This was in the year Seventeen Hundred Seventy-four, and the Colonies were in a state of political excitement so Young Hamilton's sympathies were all with the mother country. He looked upon the Americans, for the most part, as a rude, crude and barbaric people, who should be very grateful for the protection of such an all-powerful country as England. At his boarding-house and at school, he argued the question hotly, defending England's right to tax her dependencies.

One fine day, one of his schoolmates put the question to him flatly: "In case of war on which side will you fight?" Hamilton answered, "On the side of England."

¶ But by the next day he had reasoned it out that if England succeeded in suppressing the rising insurrection she would take

all credit to herself; and if the Colonies succeeded there would be honors for those who did the work. Suddenly it came over him that there was such a thing as "the divine right of insurrection," and that there was no reason why men living in America should be taxed to support a government across the sea.

He was young, and burning with a lofty ambition. He knew, and had known all along, that he would some day be great and famous and powerful—here was the opportunity ☛ ☛

And so, next day, he announced at the boarding-house that the eloquence and logic of his messmates were too powerful to resist—he believed the Colonies and the messmates were in the right. Then several bottles were brought in, and success was drunk to all men who strove for liberty ☛ ☛

Shortly after the young man's conversion, there was a mass-meeting held in "The Fields," which meant the wilds of what is now the region of Twenty-third Street. Young Hamilton stood in the crowd and heard the various speakers plead the cause of the Colonies, and urge that New York should stand firm with Massachusetts against the further encroachments and persecutions of England. There were many Tories in the crowd, for New York was with King George as against Massachusetts, and these Tories asked the speakers embarrassing questions that the speakers failed to answer. And all the time young Hamilton found himself nearer and nearer the platform. Finally, he undertook to reply to a talkative Tory, and some one shouted, "Give him the platform—the platform!" and in a moment this seventeen-year-old boy

*EGGS, strictly fresh, in all styles.*

**HARTFORD LUNCH CO**

found himself facing two thousand people. There was hesitation and embarrassment, but the shouts of one of his college chums, "Give it to 'em! Give it to 'em!" filled in an awkward instant, and he began to speak. There was logic and lucidity of expression, and as he talkéd the air became charged with reasons, and all he had to do was to reach up and seize them. ¶ His strong and passionate nature gave gravity to his sentences, and every quibbling objector found himself answered and more than answered, and the speakers who were to present the case found this stripling doing the work so much better than they could, that they urged him on with applause and loud cries of "Bravo!" Immediately at the close of Hamilton's speech, the chairman had the good sense to declare the meeting adjourned—thus shutting off all reply, as well as closing the



mouths of the minnow orators who usually pop up to neutralize the impression that the strong man has made.

Hamilton's speech was the talk of the town. The leading Whigs sought him out and begged that he would write down his address so that they could print it as a pamphlet in reply to the Tory pamphleteers who were vigorously circulating their wares. The pens of ready writers were scarce in those days: men could argue, but to present a forcible written brief was another thing. So young Hamilton put his reasons on paper, and their success surprised the boys at the boarding-house, and the college chums and the professors, and probably himself as well. His name was on the lips of all Whigdom, and the Tories sent messengers to buy him off.

But Congress was willing to pay its

*OMELETTES of diverse kinds.*

*HARTFORD LUNCH CO.*

defenders, and money came from somewhere—not much, but all the young man needed. College was dropped; the political pot boiled; and the study of history, economics and statecraft filled the daylight hours to the brim and often ran over into the night.

*End.*

The winter of Seventeen Hundred Seventy-five passed away; the plot thickened. New York had reluctantly consented to be represented in Congress and agreed grumpily to join hands with the Colonies. The redcoats had marched out to Concord—and back; and the embattled farmers had stood and fired the shot “heard ’round the world.”

Hamilton was working hard to bring New York over to an understanding that she must stand firm against English rule. He organized meetings, gave addresses, wrote letters, newspaper articles and pamphlets.

Then he joined a military company and perfected himself in the science of war. Then came the British ship "Asia" and opened fire on the town. This no doubt made Whigs of a good many Tories. Whig sentiment was on the increase; gangs of men marched through the streets and the king's stores were broken into, and prominent Royalists found their houses being threatened.

Doctor Cooper, President of King's College, had been very pronounced in his rebukes to Congress and the Colonies, and a mob made its way to his house. Arriving there, Hamilton and his chum Troup were found on the steps, determined to protect the place. Hamilton stepped forward, and in a strong speech urged that Doctor Cooper had merely expressed his own private views, which he had a right to do, and the house must not on any account

*KIPPERED HERRING with Poached Egg—delicious!*  
*HARTFORD LUNCH CO.*

be molested. While the parley was in progress, old Doctor Cooper himself appeared at one of the upper windows and excitedly cautioned the crowd not to listen to that blatant young rascal Hamilton, as he was a rogue and a varlet and a vagrom. The good Doctor then slammed the window and escaped by the back way ☞ ☞

His remarks raised a laugh in which even young Hamilton joined, but his mistake was very natural in view of the fact that he only knew that Hamilton had deserted the college and espoused the devil's cause; and not having heard his remarks, but seeing him standing on his steps haranguing a crowd, thought surely he was endeavoring to work up mischief against his old preceptor, who had once plucked him in Greek.

**I**T seems to have been the intention of his guardians that the limit of young Hamilton's stay in America was to be two years, and by that time his education would be "complete," and he would return to the West Indies and surprise the natives. But young Hamilton knew all that Nevis had in store for him: he knew its littleness, and in the secret recesses of his own strong heart he had slipped the cable that held him to the past.

For England he once had had an idolatrous regard; to him she had once been the protector of his native land, the empress of the seas, the enlightener of mankind; but henceforth he was an American.

He was to fight America's battles, to share in her victory, to help make of her a great Nation, and to weave his name into the web of her history so that as long as the

United States of America shall be remembered, so long also shall be remembered the name of Alexander Hamilton.

**W**HAT General Washington called his "family" usually consisted of sixteen men. These were his aides, and more than that, his counselors and friends. In Washington's frequent use of that expression, "my family," there is a touch of affection that we do not expect to find in the tents of war. In rank, the staff ran the gamut from captain to general. Each man had his appointed work and made a daily report to his chief. When not in actual action, the family dined together daily, and the affair was conducted with considerable ceremony. Washington sat at the head of the table, large, handsome and dignified. At his right hand was seated the guest of honor,

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*SHORT CAKES of FRESH FRUITS in their Seasons, with WHIPPED CREAM.*

*HARTFORD LUNCH CO.*

and there were usually several invited friends. At his left sat Alexander Hamilton ready with quick pen to record the orders of his chief.

And methinks it would have been quite worth while to have had a place at that board, and looked down the table at "the strong, fine face, tinged with melancholy," of Washington; and the cheery, youthful faces of Lawrence, Tilghman, Lee, Aaron Burr, Alexander Hamilton and the others of that brave and handsome company. Well might they have called Washington father, for this he was in spirit to them all—grave, gentle, courteous and magnanimous, yet exacting strict and instant obedience from all; and well, too, may we imagine that this obedience was freely and cheerfully given.

¶ Hamilton became one of Washington's family on March First, Seventeen Hun-

dred Seventy-seven, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He was barely twenty years of age; Washington was forty-seven, and the average age of the family, omitting its head, was twenty-five. All had been selected on account of superior intelligence and a record of dashing courage. When Hamilton took his place at the board, he was the youngest member, save one. In point of literary talent, he stood among the very foremost in the country, for then there was no literature in America save the literature of politics; and as an officer, he had shown rare skill and bravery ☛ ☛

And yet, such was Hamilton's ambition and confidence in himself, that he hesitated to accept the position, and considered it an act of sacrifice to do so. But having once accepted, he threw himself into the work and became Washington's



most intimate and valued assistant. As an aide to Washington, Hamilton's most important mission was when he was sent to General Gates to secure reinforcements for the Southern army. Gates had defeated Burgoyne and won a full dozen stern victories in the North. In the meantime, Washington had done nothing but make a few brave retreats. Gates' army was made up of hardy and seasoned soldiers, who had met the enemy and defeated him over and over again. The flush of success was on their banners; and Washington knew that if a few thousand of those rugged veterans could be secured to reinforce his own loyal, but well-nigh discouraged troops, victory would also perch upon the banners of the South.

As a superior officer he had the right to demand these troops; but to reduce the force of a general who is making an

*Individual CHICKEN PIES—Hartford special.*  
*HARTFORD LUNCH CO.*

excellent success is not the common rule of war. The country looked upon Gates as its savior, and Gates was feeling a little that way himself. Gates had but to demand it, and the position of Commander-in-Chief would go to him. Washington thoroughly realized this, and therefore hesitated about issuing an order requesting a part of Gates' force. To secure these troops as if the suggestion came from Gates was a most delicate commission. Alexander Hamilton was dispatched to Gates' headquarters, armed, as a last resort, with a curt military order to the effect that he should turn over a portion of his army to Washington. Hamilton's orders were: "Bring the troops, but do not deliver this order unless you are obliged to."

Hamilton brought the troops, and returned the order with seal intact.

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*SPAGHETTI with Tomato Sauce: Then add Fish Cakes or Bacon, if you wish.*

*HARTFORD LUNCH CO.*

¶ At Yorktown, Washington gave Hamilton the perilous privilege of leading the assault. Hamilton did his work well, rushing with fiery impetuosity upon the fort—carried all before him, and in ten minutes had planted the Stars and Stripes on the ramparts of the enemy.

It was a fine and fitting close to his glorious military career.

**W**HEN Washington became President, the most important office to be filled was that of manager of the exchequer. In fact, all there was of it was the office—there was no treasury, no mint, no fixed revenue, no credit; but there were debts—foreign and domestic—and clamoring creditors by the thousand. The debts consisted of what was then the vast sum of eighty million dollars. The treasury was empty.

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*A CLUB SANDWICH, with Fruit, and Coffee, is a  
tasty lunch.* **HARTFORD LUNCH CO**

Robert Morris, who had managed the finances during the period of the Confederation, utterly refused to attempt the task again, but he named a man who, he said, could bring order out of chaos, if any living man could. That man was Alexander Hamilton. Washington appealed to Hamilton, offering him the position of Secretary of the Treasury. Hamilton, aged thirty-two, gave up his law practise, which was yielding him ten thousand a year, to accept this office which paid three thousand five hundred.

To such a degree of confidence did Hamilton raise the public credit that in a very short time the government found no trouble in borrowing all the money it needed at four per cent; and yet this was done in face of the fact that its debt had increased ☞ ☞

✓  
**I**T has been the usual practise for nearly a hundred years to refer to Aaron Burr as a roue, a rogue and a thorough villain, who took the life of a gentle and innocent man.

I have no apologies to make for Colonel Burr; the record of his life lies open in many books, and I would neither conceal nor explain away.

If I should attempt to describe the man and liken him to another, that man would be Alexander Hamilton.

They were the same age within ten months; they were the same height within an inch; their weight was the same within five pounds, and in temperament and disposition they resembled each other as brothers seldom do. Each was passionate, ambitious, proud.

In the drawing-room where one of these men chanced to be, there was room for no

*CREAMED LOBSTER on Toast, and a French Pastry, is appealing. HARTFORD LUNCH CO.*

one else—such was the vivacity, the wit, and the generous, glowing good-nature shown. With women, the manner of these men was most gentle and courtly; and the low, alluring voice of each was music's honeyed flattery set to words.

Both were much under the average height, yet the carriage of each was so proud and imposing that everywhere they went men made way, and women turned and stared. ¶ Both were public speakers and lawyers of such eminence that they took their pick of clients and charged all the fee that policy would allow. In debate, there was a wilful aggressiveness, a fiery sureness, a lofty certainty, that moved judges and juries to do their bidding. In point of classic education, Burr had the advantage. He was the grandson of the Reverend Jonathan Edwards. In his strong personal magnetism, and keen,

*SPANISH OMELETTE, Apple Dumpling, with Cocoa, Tea, or Coffee, is good.*

*HARTFORD LUNCH CO.*

many-sided intellect, Aaron Burr strongly resembled the gifted Presbyterian divine who wrote "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God." His father was the Reverend Aaron Burr, President of Princeton College. He was a graduate of Princeton, and, like Hamilton, always had the ability to focus his mind on the subject in hand, and wring from it its very core. Burr's reputation as to his susceptibility to women's charms is the world's common—very common—property. He was unhappily married; his wife died before he was thirty; he was a man of ardent nature and stalked through the world a conquering Don Juan.

Hamilton was happily married to a woman of aristocratic family; rich, educated, intellectual, gentle, and worthy of him at his best. They had a family of eight children. | ~~Hamilton was a favorite~~

*End*

*CREAMED MINCED HAM on Toast is not to be despised.*  
*HARTFORD LUNCH CO.*

of women everywhere, and was mixed up in various scandalous intrigues. He was an easy mark for a designing woman. In one instance, the affair was seized upon by his political foes, and made capital of to his sore disadvantage. Hamilton met the issue by writing a pamphlet, laying bare the entire shameless affair, to the horror of his family and friends. Copies of this pamphlet may be seen in the rooms of the American Historical Society at New York.

¶ Burr had been Attorney-General of New York State and also United States Senator. Each man had served on Washington's staff; each had a brilliant military record; each had acted as second in a duel; each recognized the honor of the code.

Stern political differences arose, not so much through matters of opinion and conscience, as through ambitious rivalry.



Neither was willing the other should rise, yet both thirsted for place and power. Burr ran for the Presidency, and was sternly, strongly, bitterly opposed as "a dangerous man" by Hamilton.

At the election one more electoral vote would have given the highest office of the people to Aaron Burr; as it was he tied with Jefferson. The matter was thrown into the House of Representatives, and Jefferson was given the office, with Burr as Vice-President. Burr considered, and perhaps rightly, that were it not for Hamilton's assertive influence he would have been President of the United States.

¶ While still Vice-President, Burr sought to become Governor of New York, thinking this the surest road to receiving the nomination for the Presidency at the next election ❁ ❁

Hamilton openly and bitterly opposed

him, and the office went to another ~~so~~  
Burr considered, and rightly, that were it  
not for Hamilton's influence he would  
have been Governor of New York.

Burr, smarting under the sting of this  
continual opposition by a man who him-  
self was shelved politically through his  
own too fiery ambition, sent a note by his  
friend Van Ness to Hamilton, asking  
whether the language he had used con-  
cerning him ("a dangerous man")  
referred to him politically or personally.

¶ Hamilton replied evasively, saying he  
could not recall all that he might have  
said during fifteen years of public life.  
"Especially," he said in his letter, "it  
can not be reasonably expected that I  
shall enter into any explanation upon a  
basis so vague as you have adopted. I  
trust on more reflection you will see the  
matter in the same light. If not, however,

*LOBSTER SALAD, TUNNY-FISH SALAD*  
*CHICKEN SALAD, FRUIT SALAD, etc.*  
*HARTFORD LUNCH CO.*

I only regret the circumstances, and must abide the consequences."

When fighting men use fighting language they invite a challenge. Hamilton's excessively polite regret that he "must abide the consequences" simply meant fight, as his language had for a space of five years.

A challenge was sent by the hand of Pendleton. Hamilton accepted. Being the challenged man (for duelists are always polite), he was given the choice of weapons. He chose pistols at ten paces.

¶ At seven o'clock on the morning of July Eleventh, Eighteen Hundred Four, the participants met on the heights of Weehawken, overlooking New York Bay. On a toss Hamilton won the choice of position and his second also won the right of giving the word to fire.

Each man removed his coat and cravat;

Encl

the pistols were loaded in their presence. As Pendleton handed his pistol to Hamilton he asked, "Shall I set the hair-trigger?" "Not this time," replied Hamilton. With pistols primed and cocked, the men were stationed facing each other, thirty feet apart. ¶ Both were pale, but free from any visible nervousness or excitement. Neither had partaken of stimulants. Each was asked if he had anything to say, or if he knew of any way by which the affair could be terminated there and then.

Each answered quietly in the negative. Pendleton, standing fifteen feet to the right of his principal, said: "One—two—three—present!" and as the last final sounding of the letter "t" escaped his teeth, Burr fired, followed almost instantly by the other.

Hamilton arose convulsively on his toes,

*HAM SANDWICH, CHICKEN SANDWICH,  
CORNER-BEEF SANDWICH, TONGUE SAND-  
WICH, SMOKED-BEEF SANDWICH.*

reeled, and Burr, dropping his smoking pistol, sprang towards him to support him, a look of regret on his face.

Van Ness raised an umbrella over the fallen man, and motioned Burr to be gone.

☉ The ball passed through Hamilton's body, breaking a rib, and lodging in the second lumbar vertebra.

The bullet from Hamilton's pistol cut a twig four feet above Burr's head.

Hamilton died the following day, first declaring that he bore Colonel Burr no ill-will ☉ ☉

Colonel Burr said he very much regretted the whole affair, but the language and attitude of Hamilton forced him to send a challenge or remain quiet and be branded as a coward. He fully realized before the meeting that if he killed Hamilton it would be political death for him, too.



*CLUB SANDWICH, SARDINE SANDWICH,  
OYSTER SANDWICH, TUNNY-FISH SAND-  
WICH. HARTFORD LUNCH CO.*

At the time of the deed Burr had no family; Hamilton had a wife and seven children, his oldest son having fallen in a duel fought three years before on the identical spot where he, too, fell.

Burr fled the country.

Three years afterward, he was arrested for treason in trying to found an independent state within the borders of the United States. He was tried and found not guilty.

After some years spent abroad he returned and took up the practise of law in New York. He was fairly successful, lived a modest, quiet life, and died September Fourteenth, Eighteen Hundred Thirty-six, aged eighty years.

Hamilton's widow survived him just one-half a century, dying in her ninety-eighth year  

So passeth away the glory of the world.

*BREAD, ROLLS, MUFFINS, PIES, CAKES,  
PUDDINGS, etc., are products of OUR OWN  
BAKERY. HARTFORD LUNCH CO.*

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122 West 42nd Street—*near Broadway*

984 Eighth Avenue—*at Columbus Circle near 59th Street*

2232 Broadway—*near 79th Street*

2375 Broadway—*near 86th Street*

2837 Broadway—*at 110th Street*

3381 Broadway—*at 137th Street*

3772 Broadway—*near 157th Street*

1544 Broadway—*near 45th Street*

1939 Broadway—*corner of 65th Street*

612 West 181st Street—*near St. Nicholas Avenue*

530 Willis Avenue—*the Hub of the Bronx Borough  
Third Ave., 149th Street and Willis Ave.*

40 East 23rd Street—*at Madison Square Park*

79 West 23rd Street—*at Sixth Avenue*

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