



A Remarkable Dreamer.

A philosopher has said; we have forgotten his name, "that some men are born great, some acquire greatness and others have greatness thrust upon them."

The two latter at least are in a certain sense true of the gentleman who has brought all this trouble to New Haven.

Mr. L. D. Chidsey, the conceiver and largely the responsible perpetrator of this Food and Health Exhibition on the good people of the Elm City, is a "Yankee of the genuine "wooden nutmeg" type.

That is, he is Connecticut from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot."

Since 1853 he has sold food products, "swayed jokes" and been happy.

Since 1876 he has had a corner on the town at Church and Meadow streets and may stay there the rest of his natural life.

A year ago he went to Boston to get a recipe for "baked beans" and to visit the Pure Food Exhibition then in full blast there.

As a groceryman it met his ideas exactly, it filled the bill.

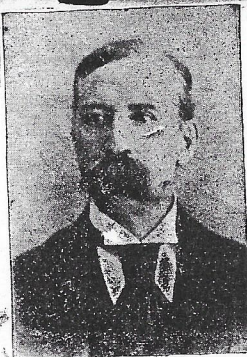
On his way home he dozed off in the car and had a dream.

One of my Church street friends sends me another incident in the career of George Beckwith, New Haven's almanac man of the 70's, which is entertaining because it shows that New Haven has always had something of general interest going on. The story goes this way:—

Mr. Beckwith was a very observing man and full of original ideas and when Admiral Foote post, or some other bunch of Grand Army men set up a monster tin coffee pot on the Green to be won by the person guessing its capacity, he set about figuring out the answer surely, by the use of telescope and mathematical calculations. The Post was selling guesses on the coffee pot for a fair which it was holding.

Just how many barrels the coffee pot held, or how Mr. Beckwith worked his scheme was not known, but he did not guess right.

A patron of Lewis D. Chidsey, the grocer, did, and he presented the big pot to Chidsey, who was a popular joker, and who suspended it as a sign over his store at the corner of Church and George streets, where it remained for more than a quarter of a century and was a prominent object in the city. Mr. Chidsey will be recalled by all about-town men in later days by virtue of his connection with the office of the New Haven county jail.



The Right Man in the Right Place.

All men have not the faculty of bringing order out of chaos.

Some men have.

Major A. E. Beardsley is one of the men who has.

His executive finger has helped point the way in everything that has been done in bringing together this splendid exhibition.

He isn't a grocer and perhaps the grocers are glad he is not, because not being one they have been able to secure his undivided service.

He has been and is President Chidsey's Man Friday.

Attending to correspondence, seeing people, laying out the plan of the exhibition, superintending the chalk lines on the floor, securing talent and keeping good natured, are some of the things Major Beardsley has done.

He will do more and may his shadow never grow less.

The New York Biscuit Company's exhibit is one of the remarkably appetizing attractions of the fair.

The company have ten large factories which utilize 4,000 barrels of flour every day making 400 different styles of crackers.

Messrs. C. E. Pierce and G. H. Demming are in charge of the exhibit.

The Ironclad Stove Polish exhibition is one full of interest to every housekeeper.

This wonderful polish not only reflects like a mirror but it is odorless and a joy to every kitchen.

It is not necessary to write for the information of almost every person that L. D. Chidsey, the popular and successful merchant in New Haven, is a native of this town, born at the head of tide water and near the swift running stream that has two names Farm and Stony rivers. What is of particular and pleasing interest at this time is his story of a recent journey, with a party of fifteen to Commeese lake 257 miles north of Quebec. The trip from the oldest city of Canada, and the capital of the province was an eventful one and was made in part in a buckboard wagons over a rough country and in birch canoes. The inhabitants were all Indians, and their talk was in the French language. The thermometer was generally at forty. Mr. Chidsey brought home some birch candlesticks of unique design. Bears, deers and caribos, a cross between an elk and deer, abound in that region.