

SAVED FROM A FEARFUL DOOM

BY FREDERICK P. LATIMER.

This narrative will not chronicle the recent thrilling adventures of our family in New York, as the title might seem to suggest. She came to no harm from the automobile collision which she was in when between Pelham and the great city, the "driveways" of her car mistook a "Full Stop" sign for "Full Speed." She did at least succeed in distinguishing the difference between Macdougall street and Washington square, with the help of several policemen. By fortunate telephoning she was able while among Macdougall street to find out the number of the house she had gone there to visit, and was in this way connected with a luncheon engagement by 4 o'clock in the afternoon. And so on. As Mr. Grundy in the lobby investigation told Senator Caraway, it would be "unbecoming" for us to divulge any more. Still, if anybody does go to New York and they want to see a show, we will say that it is a good idea to find out WHEN the show is going to be played as well as where; and also before going to the trouble of taking a taxi cab, before getting in, make sure that the place of destination is not just around the corner within thirty seconds' walk. This waiting around from 5 o'clock in the afternoon until 20 minutes past eight for a show to commence which is not continuous is one of the "tediousness" things imaginable. There is nobody in the theater to talk to.

Last Sunday we took a walk and came into a situation which we will not soon forget. Sometimes we begin to suspect that our middle name stands for "predicament," there are so many of them that come to us in the fortune of life. This was a predicament. Anybody will admit it when they ascertain the facts.

We went out for a walk in an automobile and right opposite the cemetery on Main street, West Hartford, the brake bands heated up, emitted a smoke and smell, our companion said the car was "pulling hard," it pulled up short and stopped. We should have taken this as an omen, but did not have sense enough. The great thing about omens is that the only time they are any good is when you do not know it.

When the car had cooled off sufficiently we proceeded at leisurely pace out past the reservoir, and reaching the crossing over the trolley tracks this side the gun club, debouched sharp right and sharp left into the woods. This road, now little used and marked by a legend, "Pass at Your Own Risk," was once a main road to Avon. You go in there a mile or so, over gullied rises and ragged descents, and you come to a hollow and then to a cross-roads. The right hand cross-road, leading north, has been greatly improved in the last year and goes wriggling on up the mountain to the new station of WTIC.

It is absolutely amazing how much land there is up in there, besides woods and no-trespass signs. Sheep and goats may be seen grazing on the one hand and extensive agricultural indications on the other. There is even a pond with a goose on it at the upper end of the road beyond where the popping of rifle practice may be heard.

We started up many partridges and pheasants in the woods where we strolled overlooking in the Indian summer haze the broad valley of the Farmington and the distant hills of Burlington, Harwinton and Torrington. The Barn Door hills were closed by mist, floating above the peaceful vale of Weatogue. We could look down the hill and see just where we fell out of the whitebirch tree last fall, getting wild grapes. How beautiful the spire of Farmington on such a day! Far away one could hear the yelp of dogs and the faint calling to one another of barnyard fowl.

In order to get a better view it seemed an attractive plan to get up on the roof of a rural observatory somebody has built on the edge of the hill.

It is a very quaint structure, the rails of the veranda, and the sort of pilot-house arrangement on the top, being made from twisted branches and roots from the woods. Nobody was at home and a sign said, "Keep Off," but what are you going to do? The entire state of Connecticut is now plastered with the signs which say, keep off, still waters, no more moving, etc. We would do no harm to these premises, not for anything. We even made sure our cigarette was out before leaving the roof.

On the back of the building is a step outside stairway. It communicates at the apex with the roof, by means of a gate with some pickets on

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. V.

Gives a Temperance Address.

Hawley's first venture in public speaking, aside from what he had done in college, came at Earlville. It was a temperance address, made extemporaneously, and won him high praise. He was incessantly busy, teaching school, participating in the social life of the community and reading omnivorously. Dicken's Pickwick papers were a favorite of his and he read them again and again. Writing just before midnight, on Washington's birthday in 1848, he ran on in this interesting fashion:

Earlville Mad Co. N. Y. Tuesday Night, Feb. 22, 1848 11 o'clock and 4 Minutes P. M.

Well, Charley,

Here I am in a large easy chair with my feet upon the stove, a pipe in my mouth and a gread medical pasteboard on my knees to support this sheet on which I am scribbling to pass away time until the mail shall arrive. . . . Both mails come in the night and vary from 7 p. m. to 11 next forenoon—in which latter case they don't come in the night of course. For the past few days they have been rather late owing to the horrid travelling. Last night they came about 12.—So you see there is about as much merit in my writing to you now as there in a miserably old sinner's giving the feeble remnant of his days to the service of heaven—I would not be understood as referring in any manner to Henry Clay's joining the dignified and aristocratic Episcopal Church. However, better late than never. . . . There are but two things about my present situation that I am not satisfied with. One is that I am obliged to write with his miserable steel pen—curse the race from beginning to end and the other is that the pasteboard is rather too flexible not affording a sufficiently steady basis of operations—in other words it wiggles. In every other respect I feel quite comfortable.—I have exhausted every source of amusement and instruction—that is attractive instruction—that Earlville readily affords at present I have read all the papers in the boxes (by the way couldn't you send me an old copy of the Gleaner to amuse myself with for the remainder of the term) have read entire & carefully the splendid lectures of Dr. Nichol in the Tribune (you must read them) have read Pickwick through again, fiddled to my satisfaction & and the complete gratification of the folks, have learned or at least sung sufficiently all the songs of a new book, have read my single Valentine 29 times and now have turned as a last resource to letter writing for I begin to give up as hopeless cases all those who owe me a communication, and have concluded to give those whom I at present owe an opportunity of relieving my wounded feelings to which they may possibly by timely zeal apply a sedative. But I fear I shall be driven like Tony Weller (it should have been with a "We") to keep a "piko"—through misery & misanthropy. The southern has just rattled up to the tavern 12—14 min. Well, I attended to that and read the papers until the northern mail came down which I have just disposed of. Good night.

Wednesday night 12 precisely. I have just this moment returned from a large party and relieved the Dr. from his night watch. Neither of the mails have yet come. Charlie there are some pretty girls in Earlville. As large a company of wide awake girls can be collected here and on very short notice as could be found in any place of its size. But though many of them are very intelligent girls, indeed better in that respect than most of the young fellows there are none whom you and I would prefer. Still I can enjoy myself very well being as Schoolmaster & Graduate! placed in a position which enables to see the best side. . . .

Speech on Temperance.

A few evenings since young fellow from Madison University by the name of Burchard a good fellow (not a Psi U but ought to be) was invited to deliver a lecture before the I. O. of Rechabites of which he is a member.

After his lecture which was 3/4ths of an hour long and committed to memory bodily the choir sang and the President arose and said that as it was early they would hear some more remarks. He believed Mr. Hawley was in the room and as he understood him to be quite a strong Temperance man he would like to hear him. Kick dad! I never was so taken aback but as I never yet heard a lecture without thinking of the omissions the inferences, etc. I had a few ideas in my head on the subject & got up. I saw that many were surprised and I did my best for 10 or 15 minutes. I felt ashamed almost, of it afterwards but the clever folks thought it nice, and I've no objection to having their good opinion. If I should join them I could have the privilege of delivering a public lecture immediately and one of them wants to have me but I won't. I shouldn't have spoken of those remarks had they not been my first words in a public meeting—extempore.—

Reads Pickwick Again.

I have really enjoyed pure pleasure in re-perusing (for the third time) Pickwick. The Dr. is now busy with it at every spare moment & as he sits in the corner haws haws irrespressibly every few moments as every decent man must. But there is a deeper meaning than the jokes contained as indeed there is in all of Dickens's works. I wish the whole world would read & live by them. I believe that scarcely anything would conduce more to the spread of good feeling among men. I may be too partial, but I know that men may write & preach as ingeniously and eloquently as they please of Universal Peace & Good Will but good as their sentiments may be nothing will so much forward their universal adoption as illustrations of their practical workings attractively presented as in Dickens novels. Also in the stories of T. S. Arthur, Mrs. Child, Miss Sedgwick, etc.

I have just had an opportunity of entering a good academy with a salary of 200 & my board but that will hardly pay I think. Where in the world I shall try my fortune I do not know, there will be an opening some where I suppose. I had a chance too a day or two since of entering a County Judge & Surrogate's office with the offer of my board immediately, more soon after, & all the pettifogging I want. But that went do yet.

I have as last term more promises than fulfillments, 5 or 6 told me lately without asking either that they were coming but the devil only knows why they don't. I have 27—and they are most excellent scholars too. I like them all much better than I did my school last term. I don't hear from college much lately. Sabbath before last I spent in Hamilton with the good boys. Write in the course of human events—as I have! but sooner, Yours ever, Joe

Hawley Comes to Farmington.

This school year ended Hawley's career in Earlville. In September he was back at home in Cazenovia while his friend Warner was at Hamilton college. Hawley wrote to him there introducing one Hiram Potter as a desirable member of Psi Upsilon fraternity. There was no more correspondence until the following spring. Hawley remained in Cazenovia pursuing his studies of the law and possibly working in the office of the local weekly paper, for his letter of March 6 was written from "The Editor's Sanctum." In that spring an opportunity had presented itself for Hawley to remove to Farmington and study with John Hooker. The offer was very likely due to Hawley's uncle, David Hawley, for many years city missionary in Hartford, and known as Father Hawley. The uncle did a great work in Hartford along religious and charitable lines, and was constantly engaged in endeavors in behalf of the poorer people of the city. Young Hawley accepted the offer and on June 29 he was established in the Hooker office and wrote to Warner. (Continued To-morrow.)

"Here Is a Penny; Now Kiss My Shoe"

BY ROBERT QUILLEN

Yesterday the newspapers printed a story concerning an old woman who asked the police to save her from the watchful care of her daughter.

"She and her husband lock me in when they leave the house," she told the desk sergeant, "and I had to break a lock to get out."

"Mother wears clothes that are too young for her," the daughter said in self-defense, "and makes friends with people we don't want her to associate with. We can't control her unless we lock her up while we're away."

This case is exceptional in the severity of its methods, but there are thousands like it in stupid tyranny.

Mother is human. Age has not lessened her love of independence, nor has her need of care taken away her right to do her own thinking.

If she wishes to wear a sunbonnet or a chicken feather, that is her privilege and right, and if she prefers the society of publicans and sinners, that is her business and the business of nobody else.

But the world contains few people sufficiently broad of mind and sufficiently big of heart to give alms without a string attached.

Who eats my bread must sing my song.

The more stupid and ignorant people are, the greater their confidence in their own infallibility, and the foolish conviction that they know everything and cannot make mistakes transforms them into petty tyrants the moment they assume the role of benefactor.

Their children are chattels, without right to an opinion. "So long as you eat at my table," they say, "you will do as I tell you to do."

They establish themselves as models of perfection and require the children to copy them in all particulars. To question their beliefs is heresy, and to confess a taste unlike theirs is rebellion.

When they give charity to the needy, they demand a show of servile gratitude in full payment and reserve the right to determine how their alms shall be expended.

"I am giving you this dime to buy bread," they will say. "Don't you dare waste it on fruit." And woe to the beneficiary of their kindness who uses his dime to buy beauty instead of utility.

If they are given the privilege of repaying parental kindness and caring for the "old folks," they accept the situation resentfully and assume the right of a master as payment for their generosity.

"I'm doing my duty by you," they say, "and I know what is best for you. To have a will of your own is rank ingratitude."

Poor shackled slaves of charity! It isn't the fear of want that prompts old people to hoard their pennies; it is fear of losing their independence.

To take their liberty in exchange for bread is to give them trash for their greatest treasure. (Copyright, 1929, Publishers' Syndicate.)

The Once Over

BY H. I. PHILLIPS

OUR OWN BOOK REVIEWS.

By H. I. PHILLIPS.

No. 1—Calvin Coolidge's Life Story.

This is a story that will interest grown ups and not offend children. It is the work of Mr. Calvin Coolidge, a rising young author who seeks to do for Vermont what Bret Harte did for California, Thornton Wilder for Peru and Ernest Hemingway for Spain. Mr. Coolidge was quite well known even before he turned to literature, he had spent a number of years in Washington as President of the United States or something. Great things were predicted for him even when he was serving as president and the high hopes his admirers would now seem to have been realized by his first book.

The book rather baffles description. It is not pure romance, nor does it con under the head of travel, history, hunting big game in Africa or psycho-analysis. Perhaps it may be best described as just a book, not too thick and not too thin, with most of the pages of

Mr. Coolidge chooses for his hero man named Steve, or possibly it is G and the story opens in a small Vermont town at the height of the Money Market or Coin Scramble, an annual festival in which all the natives participate and give themselves over to a riotous toss away of silver dollars. In this quality frolic it is the endeavor of each Vermont man to throw away more coin than the other. The man who throws away the greatest sum of money is crowned King of the Spendthrifts and wheeled around the village green on a huge float called the Spirit of Extravagance. He is the envy of all true Vermonters.

It is at the Coin Scramble that the hero meets Joan Lowell, a sea captain who is in love with Trader Horn, a brother of a ukelele-player known as "Musical" Horn. It is a case of love at first sight and he takes her into the village store and buys for her the gifts, which Vermont custom prescribes must be given by any Vermont boy to the girl of his choice. They are a Rolls-Royce, a player-piano and two 80-foot yachts.

Here there is a terrific clap of thunder (which is no wonder) and lightning flashes in the skies. The Vermont hero takes Joan in his arms and signs the theme song, "Oh to be a vagabond and never have a dime." This is immediately followed, naturally, by a hurricane, which sweeps the hero and heroine into the Yale bowl with Nathalie Crane, Sinclair Lewis, two fishing guides and

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. MINTRE.

New York, Nov. 15.—Thoughts while strolling: The sales office a swan farm. Duke Ellington—the Paul Whiteman of Harlem. Periscopes for watching golf matches. Rea Irvin, the artist. The newest in celebrities are beauties of the cigaret ads. Helen Morgan is now the most widely publicized actress in town.

A new bank with no cages—just long counters. Vina Delmar. The Broadway messenger boy who looks like Buster Keaton. Herb Roth, a San Francisco boy, who made good in the city. Wonder why a Jap chauffeur gives a limousine a smartness? Fake jewelry auctions day and night.

Martin Littleton, the criminal lawyer. A new chain of waffle parlors. With futuristic decorations. Chic Sale now has a business office on Broadway, the old plutocrat. The gamblers who dress so sedately. A famous stage souse at a buttermilk bar. Run over heels. Soiled spats.

Sandwich men with rhuemy eyes who mumble and scan the gutters for snipes. Pigeons about the caves of the Astor. Saucy ladies who patronize flossy all night shoe shops. Irving Berlin's gloomy music publishing house over the

An unsuccessful play is often deadly for a new playhouse. One of the most beautifully built in years housed three successive flops, and after a struggle went movie.

At a pier the other day three husbands bade a happy bon voyage to wives shoving off for Paris divorces. They all dined together previous to the sailing and offered toasts to happier days. Divorce at least has been clipped of rancor.

George Jean Nathan has written the most caustically of the New York theater and its players and is about the only critic who hasn't been temporarily barred. No reason. Just lucky.

I ran across the most contented fellow in the world to-day. Even when he sees the other fellow's food arrive in a restaurant he is satisfied with his own order.

Says the Paris Boulevardier: "New York columnists are lucky cusses. They