

LIST YOUR ASSETS

BY JOHN CALVIN GODDARD

The cheeriest man we have met this year was at Pittsburgh last week, his arm broken, his side in a cast, having been run down by an auto; and all because his sense of life's good things could not be obliterated by one of its ills. A lawyer told us of being in court with a splitting headache, but it instantly disappeared, when a decision was handed down in his favor. If all could acquire that same "carol philosophy", we might, with Kingsley, make life "one grand sweet song."

Now, while we do not believe in blinking facts, because they are hard, nor expect to turn all quassia into honey, we may make great progress in converting November into May. Thanksgiving Day fosters the art; it is a time of listing one's assets, and, as the pious say, "of counting one's blessings." Strange to say, many are averse to it, dislike to have anybody know their worth. Mr. Barkis told David Copperfield that the trunk under his bed, full of money, was "just ole clothes." A female expert was jailed last week for showing Hollywood stars how to reduce their income from millions to thousands, though it is not reported that they also jailed the stars. This modesty is based on the fear of being "bled". We once heard the orator at Yale, on stating Mr. Morgan's qualifications for a degree, inform him that "to whom much is given, of him shall be much required." It was very edifying.

Yet, after all, there is great pleasure in listing one's assets; it brings out many forgotten ones, and that is like finding money that has wintered in last year's suit. Much affluence has been experienced lately based on neglected "attic treasures." An English company recently paid a fabulous sum for exploiting the salts of the Dead Sea; yet hitherto it had been regarded as the depth of worthlessness, and the very emblem of disappointment was called "Dead Sea fruit."

Goodness lies concealed from the unseeing eye. Two Rabbis saw the fox run over the ramparts of Jerusalem; one wept, the other laughed, explaining to his doleful companion, that the same prophet, who foretold the fox, foretold also the city's restoration. A man whose house was fired by thunderbolt, started to rebuild, only to find that lightning may strike twice in the same spot. Railing at Providence, he resolved to remove the very foundations; whereupon he found they were built over a lode-stone ledge, which eventually made him rich, and for whose discovery he was indebted to the original bolts. As Sir Gilbert Parker claims in the title of one of his works, "You never know your luck."

Allied to this art is that of seeing the boon which others would never know. A son of the writer was once asked by the head of the school what particular thing he was thankful for, and responded, "Because my father is not a drunkard." Few would have thought of deriving elation from that fact. Similarly unexpected was that reply to, "Auntie, what are you thankful for?" "Because I have two teeth left, and they meet."

A very few things will satisfy, if large enough. "Get any orders in that town?" "One." "Any other recently?" "Got one last year." "Your firm satisfied with you?" "Apparently." "Well, what in time do you sell?" "Suspension bridges." Now among the few things that completely satisfy, we are told "the greatest of these is love." And apparently in all its phases, beginning at the beginning. When Isabel *Candy* asked Lord Bobbie, how to tell if she were in love, the wise young philosopher said, "When he comes in, don't seem as if the room were suddenly filled with light, and the band were playing 'God Save the King'"; and Isabel allowed that it did. A marriage bond is even finer. When the government for prudential reasons, forbade an officer's wife to follow him to a certain station, he reported, "It is my painful duty to inform you, that my wife has, in defiance of regulations, taken up her residence at this station, and refuses to leave." That is the way with every well regulated wife. And then come the children, every one of them a certified check, the amount somewhat dependent on yourself. We have always felt sympathetically with the mother, who brought her brood to the photographer, and inquired the price. "Ten dollars a dozen, madam." "Too bad, mister; we'll have to call later; I've only eleven."

You can list in your assets many a dubious thing, after eliminating its demerits. The trouble is, we fix our eyes on the ore's dross, and not on its gold. Said the diner to the waiter, after his companion's order, "I'll have the same, only eliminate the eggs." Back came the waiter with, "Say, mister, the cook says the eliminator is out of order; couldn't you have them eggs fried, just like the other gemman?" Most every person's eliminator IS out of order.

But if we eliminate properly, the world is changed from a Sahara to an El Dorado. In our own political lifetime there has been eliminated a sectional bitterness, that the present generation knows nothing of: for the first time in our history the United States ARE united. Within two years there has been eliminated a lust for war, that has gone down before the Golden Rule, like the walls of Jericho before Israel. This very month there has been eliminated a dread about panics, that once made '37, and '57, and '73, and '94 a calendar of Black Fridays. For we all stand amazed, that by eliminating its fear, a month of depression may be turned into an era of prosperity, an opening of the floodgates of confidence, of colossal construction, of continental co-operation.

The list of personal, national and racial assets is only just begun!

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"Tunney," says the World's ship reporter who went down the bay to meet the Vulcania, "has added no little to the cultured terms which befit a fistic student of Shakespeare and these took form yesterday in such phrases as 'No, no—oh, my, no,' and 'gracious, no,' which followed most questions put to him. When asked about Bernard Shaw, Tunney chose to leave off the 'no' and merely exclaimed 'gracious'."

Styles in automobiles, kitchenware, dancing and fighters seem to be changing. Shake the hand that shook the hand of a heavyweight who can conjugate some mean Latin verbs.

Public improvements for the next twelvemonth in Greater Hartford call for forty-one million dollars, surely enough money to provide vehicular escalators to lift cars up icy hills, and sidewalk benches for the movie theater queues.

If an apple a day keeps the doctor away,

What'll this sort of thing do to one, pray?

Well, you see, it's like this: I just wanted to say

That an apple for two brought the doctors to stay!

—H. R. W.

"Healthiest Girl"

Dances, "Has Dates"

—Hartford Times headline.

According to what we hear of these dances and dates, she ought to be healthy.

Editor, The Portico:

As your "idea of a Good Samaritan is one who will help out on the column" and as that seemed a rather easy way to acquire such a reputation, I sent some remarks on Mother's day and lately some more on the ugly little close hats and long skirts; may try again when the spirit moves, and could say a good deal on the subject of right and left turns, as I have been caught between them more than once. My home city of New York doesn't tolerate such things.

I have considerable sympathy for anyone who must supply material for a long column whether ideas are present or not and unfortunately they have a way often of not being at hand when most wanted. Judge Latimer is a very learned man, but I notice that he resorts sometimes to "Hell" and "Snowball" to help him out; and speaking of cats, what delightful companions they are! There are few prettier objects than little soft, fluffy kittens.

—H. J.

Inconsistent.

When Henry made his millions
No dry law was in force,
Nor did the booze pavilions
Impair his onward course.

For Henry's sitting pretty
Now, and taking millions more
In countries—more's the pity?—
Where booze abounds galore.

Nor is Henry's latest outburst
Of inconsistent views—
On labor—really Henry's first
Break since the Peace Ship Cruise.

—A. M. J.

Headline of the Bristol correspondent's news says "Sunday Bowling Petition Killed," which is not surprising if it got in the way of one of those regulation size balls.

"Ethyl stops knocking." Ethyl, meet Mrs. Grundy.

"Senate decides to remain at work" says a headline. You don't often see humor in headlines.

It never pays to act like a wild man. You never heard of a subsidized cheer leader.

"Wearing suspenders with a belt is a matter of conformity," says a haberdasher's ad. Convexity, however, deserves part of the credit.

Panic: A turbulent time during which those with a little spare change can buy gold dollars for 40 cents.

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. XXI.

The difficulties about Warner's coming to Hartford dissipated themselves. On receipt of Hawley's January 27 letter Warner made his decision and announced it to his friend. On February 3 Hawley wrote of his pleasure. He began to plan for Warner's trip and promised to send letters of introduction to the Connecticut senators and representatives so that Warner might stop off there on his way. He wanted him to meet Charles Sumner, senator from Massachusetts also.

There also was a former Hartford girl in Washington, whom Hawley commended to Warner as "homely, but very bright and jolly." He gave her name as "Miss Dodge." She may be more fully identified as Mary Abigail Dodge, known as a writer as "Gail Hamilton." The pen name was fashioned from the last syllable of her middle name and the name of the town of her birth, Hamilton, Mass. She was editor of "Our Young Folks," a Boston publication during the late Civil war period and after and wrote a number of books, which were described as "aggressive, brilliant and popular." Hawley's letter:

Hartford's Weather.

Hartford, Feb. 3, '60.

My dear Charles:

You please us much. We shall be delighted to see you. I am building castles in the air every leisure hour.

Let me answer what you ask about our climate first. When my sister Dia was for a long time troubled with a serious cough, I talked of bringing her down here to rest and give her better medical care than I feared she was receiving in Cazenovia. I talked over the healthiness of Hartford with Dr. P. M. Hastings, formerly of Clinton, N. Y., and Lecturer on Anatomy, etc., in Hamilton college—now of Hartford. I "take it" that Hartford is about on the New England average in that respect—referring particularly to pulmonary complaints. The valley of the Connecticut is not quite healthy in that respect as the hills that bound it. I am told, but there is no special tendency to consumption here that I ever heard of. We certainly have much less wet and cloudy weather than they do at Cazenovia—very much less. Our climate is infinitely preferable to that for pleasure at least.

It is true that the weather is changeable, but it is not so without some warning in most cases. Now at Cazenovia, wind from any quarter might bring rain. Here a northwest wind is absolutely sure to be clear and cool. And a west wind is as surely clear but not always so cool. When the wind moves from the west to the S. W. & S. it rapidly grows warm and if it stays a day or two in the S. it is quite sure to bring a warm rain, though there are exceptions, if the wind is gentle. If the wind goes on to the S. E. then to the E. & N. E. look out for one to three days cold, wet, and perhaps very stormy weather—a "northeaster." As the wind works back to S. E. and S. it may stay warm and clear for some days, but we prefer to see it go to the S. W. & W.—etc., etc.

We are 30 to 40 miles from the sound and I think are much less likely to be affected by sea winds than the people on the shore. From what you say I think Hartford must be quite as healthy as Chicago.

There is one of the best and neatest gymnasiums in the country within three-minutes' walk of the Press office, kept by Mons. Areen, a "very nice" respectable Frenchman. He keeps one in New Haven also, and teaches about 80 subscribers at \$12 a year each. I have a free ticket which I never use—take it.

If I were asking you to take hold of a morning paper, it would be another thing. That implies irregular hours and harder work. I go home at 5 or 6 and stay there, except in case of occasional lectures or concerts—or now-days political club meetings. With the exception of "great days"—fairs—conventions, etc., and once in a while an evening meeting to be reported, you can be as regular in your habits as a bank clerk. You see, you don't come as you would have done a year ago, as city reporter and assistant editor. We keep our city reporter. Mr. Barrows.

But I do not disguise it that I expect pretty steady and hard work. I do it myself and much as I love to have you near me, I must in this look out for the dollar and cent view. But with four men, either capable in emergency of getting out the paper alone, we shall be able to adjust the burden and pad it so that it can be borne steadily. I am ambitious of building up a good and strong paper and expect to work for it. I never was happier in my life or more willing to work. No lawyer's income in Hartford would tempt me to go back to that profession.

"Pack Up and Come."

"Now for some other matters. We think it useless to stay there to live out your rent. We should be glad to see you here to-morrow if you could come. Your own arrangement is the best. Pack up your crockery, carpets, bed clothes, etc. Think twice before bringing parlor furniture. Sell kitchen stuff. Inquire prices of transportation before bringing bulky bureaus, etc. It would be wise to store any special pets, if you have such (I have one or two chairs & a table that I should carry to Siberia or Australia) and let them lie until you here on the ground shall decide just what you will do next year—board or keep house. Then you can order those articles boxed up and forwarded or sold there as the case may require. Do so with any article that you are in doubt about.

We rather think you will decide to board a year, but we can tell better when you are here and look at rents, etc. Rent is less here than in Chicago, and board too. When we were married I paid \$9. a week for board & 2 rooms. We furnished them, found our own wood and paid for washing elsewhere, making it about \$10.50. I think for \$9. to \$12. you can find good board, with two rooms and fuel, etc., furnishing them yourself probably. I pay \$10. now and have fuel lights & washing—we furnishing the rooms.

Whether you can board cheaper than you can keep house—or vice-versa—depends so entirely on your tastes and the house keeping abilities of yourself & wife that it is impossible to give an opinion. My wife is a remarkable economist. With a servant we can keep house cheaper than board at 9 or 10. Were her health fully restored we should keep house and not think of having a servant except once in a week or two to wash, etc. I don't want to worry you Charley but I should be mighty happy to have you sell out, pack up and start right away.

Letters of Introduction.

I will send a letter of introduction to each of our senators & reps. in Washington—6 in all, and one to Senator Wilson.—(Henry Wilson of Massachusetts, who succeeded Edward Everett in the senate.—Ed.) Sumner might remember me I wrote him once before he was hurt, offering to come and be a body guard for him with others for a month or two. He declined but thanked me much. I have met him 2 or 3 times but he has in all probability forgotten me.

Wilson I know well. He is a trump—believe me—Talk against him what you will when a man comes down to work for us as he did last spring and when there is nobody by—no trick to be played, talking with me only fills his eyes with tears in his anxiety over our election of state ticket & congressman, he gets a mortgage of me directly. I will also send a letter for Mrs. Bailey. You might well blunder on a pleasant party there of the right sort. There is a homely but very bright and jolly and femininely strong-minded girl there—Miss Dodge, formerly of Hartford, well worth seeing. O. S. Ferry will do you any good turn in the world. John Woodruff will be very obliging. Our member Loomis (Later Justice Loomis of the Supreme Court—Ed.) will do his best—but his range is limited in the way of geniality & hospitality. Senator Foster is calm, scholarly, quiet—wife and children all dead, poor man. Sen. Dixon very "nice"—got nice wife, pay her a compliment if you get chance not by direct flattery, outright I mean, but by a little courteous attention. It may be very useful in getting an invitation to her very first party at home. You will easily enough see all the society that you wish.—I must stop, as I have yet this evening a long letter to write to my beloved wife, now four weeks and a day absent at Elmira. She is gaining health & strength. We never before were separated over 12 days.

"Yours truly,"
"J. R. H."

(Continued To-morrow.)

The Once Over

BY H. I. PHILIPS

BATHTUBS VERSUS MOTOR CARS. (Copyright, 1929, by the Associated Newspapers.)

If it isn't one thing it's another. Now some zealous prober into things that do not matter, has discovered that there are fewer bathtubs in the United States than there are automobiles.

There must be a reason. Perhaps it's the musical horns.

There is but one bathtub to every twenty Americans whereas there is one automobile to every seven, the figures show.

A Fig Tree Diseased and Broken Still Produces Figs—Not Thistles

BY ROBERT QUILLEN.

This is a "short short story" of the kind now offered by magazines to please an age that has no time to waste.

Two dark young men, named Wentworth and Black, were rivals for the affection of a pretty girl whose father owned a small town hotel.

Their courtship became a topic of conversation in the community, as such affairs will in a small town, and there was much solemn shaking of heads when both disappeared without leave taking or explanation.