

OTHER ADVENTURES IN 1930

BY JOHN CALVIN GODDARD

Furthermore, one meets great variety in The Passing Throng, all the way from "the end-hog" to "the street angel." Every change of work, of residence, of fortune, or of health produces some new proposition that has to be met. Every accident is sure to bring an adventure; the most beloved benefactress in our country found the man of her choice through joint sharing of first-aid in a railroad disaster.

The foregoing survey demonstrates that adventures are inevitable, and that our attitude should be, as the Romans said, "semper paratus." Just what we should be prepared to do about them opens an equally interesting field of inquiry. Sometimes, as the prophet said, "Thy strength is to sit still", other times to do "as much as in me is."

For example, some adventures require decisive action. "I've struck a chance to embrace a great opportunity." "Fine, my son, give it a good hug." Others call for a halt. "That new patient is quite handsome." "Yes, but don't try to wash his face; four nurses have already washed it this morning." Then, again the subject may be torn between two. "Get off that bench, lady." "Who are you I'd like to know?" "Well, I'm the man who was painting it." Fourthly, the exigency may suggest that "second thoughts are best." Said the distracted woman to the police captain, "My husband has disappeared; here is his picture; I want you to find him." He looked at it and said, "Why?" All these adventures attest the advantage of "always having your wits about you", which is the proper attitude of life.

Self-control is also a valuable habit, and the key to many a tense situation. "Marian, do you know that our house-keeper is going to be married?" "Good, I'm glad we're to be rid of that old pelican; who's going to marry her?" "Well, I am." Now that incident will require a great deal of explaining, and Marian will often wish she had held her tongue. And not only the tongue, but a whole lot of other unconsidered actions. A New Englander in an Atlanta hotel absent-mindedly whistled "Marching Through Georgia"; and the insurance company refused to pay his full policy, claiming that he had committed suicide.

Politics is full of adventure. Kent's column in the Baltimore Sun is headed, "The Great Game of Politics." It is all of that and more. The current Warner-Hawley series in The Times recall vivid scenes of long ago, but the same dramatic factors are in vogue to-day. There is always a conflict of interests, of convictions, and of measures; every statesman, every voter has to meet them. There is the same call for independent action, as when Patrick Henry shouted, "If that be treason, make the most of it!" Or when Webster declared, "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and heart to this vote." And it is not always in public places we hear politics at its best; some of the most exciting discussion we have ever heard raged around the stove in a country store!

Interesting as all these minor virtues are in meeting the exigencies of life, there is one far superior; it may be called Venturesomeness, a term that goes with Adventure. It is the spirit that took Peary to the north pole and Byrd to the south; yet it is precisely the same virtue that is exercised in trifles, in learning to walk, in learning to swim, in learning to speak a piece, or to skate on thin ice. One is never too young or too old for it. It is venturesomeness that prompts the bird to leave the nest, and the young man to make one; indeed, it was said in our youth, that "a Bible and a few shares of New Haven stock were enough to start a home." At the other extreme we are informed that a man in California has taken up golf at 104, which in the opinion of some is the ideal age for it.

Life is one grand school for developing venturesomeness. As Wellington said at the Rugby game, "There is where Waterloo was won!" David's practice in protecting his flock from the lion and the bear is what steeled him for the challenge of Goliath. Gray found in the simple annals of Stoke Pogis the evidence of the school-boy's preparation for greatness,

"Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast The little tyrant of his field withstood."

And here let us take off our hats to the Boy Scout movement, one of the inspiring factors of our age, quiet as gravitation and as strong.

The germ of venturesomeness is in every one of us. in Crane's "Red Badge of Courage", and in Mason's "Four Feathers", the action turns alike on the conviction of the man, that he was a coward, till experience demonstrated his heroism. It is possible for any man to aspire to the heights. There is only a step (to be sure, a step up) between a desperado and a hero, between a Jesse James and a Richard Hobson. In that book-of-the-month, "Little Caesar", one is impressed with the daring and originality of that Chicago gangster, enough of each to equip a Garibaldi. In fine, to take it from Carlyle:

"If hero means a sincere man, why should we not all be heroes?"

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The present course of the league of nations, falling to include on its roster the name of the influential United States of America, thus far, possibly suggests to some of the opening two lines in Alfred Tennyson's poem "The Charge of The Light Brigade."

It is probably inappropriate to add that, a little further in the famous lines, there is something about someone having blundered.

Far be it from us to say anyone has blundered.

In the first place we don't know everything there is to know about the league of nations and the general situation, and, of course, we never allude to anything we are unfamiliar with.

But—well, when they started out to form an organization of the world powers and failed to rope what even an Englishman will admit is the wealthiest single nation, there must have been something wrong somewhere in Denmark. They might revamp the entertainment committee, for results.

Ground-Hog.

Each February on the second day The ground-hog—legends say— Wakes from his winter sleep, Sits up and at the weather takes a peep.

If his shadow he can see, A longer winter there will be; Straight to his home in the ground and Sleeps six weeks more, without a sound.

If the sun is not bright, Short winter is in sight; "Half your wood and half your hay Should be gone by Candlemas day.

—MINNIE J. GILBERT.

Bish's Accolade.

Arise, Sir Bish. Be knighted thou: Acceptable thy ballyhoo. The task that we assign thee now; Go find that missing drop of dew.

—O. B. JOYFUL.

French and Italian delegates in London are making it known that extra space should be allotted on their ships for the storing of the enlisted men's regular ration of vin rouge, without which these romance sailors couldn't row a rowboat, much less navigate a galleon. Americans should reciprocate by demanding an equal amount of space for things which have become American necessities in like measure. A soda fountain for each watch, 200 Rudy Vallee crooning victrola records, Dr. Elliot's five-foot shelf, congressional reports on the effects of prohibition, and

London, with all allusions to booze expurgated. The results of an American dry-navy policy were apparent even before the Volstead act—liquor aboard our battleships, even in the ward room, was taboo long before that, and to-day there is more than one ranking officer who charges that Yankee tars are not what they used to be, that they are a sort of strawberry-sundae variety of mariner, and that the one place you can always find them when quartered in any decently civilized port is the nearest soda fountain. Of course, the biggest building boom on Sand street, Brooklyn, near the navy yard is in ice cream parlors on the sites of pawn and chain-and-anchor shops. Which suggests to us the feasibility of occupying all this disputed space aboard the navy ships of Uncle Sam with shelves filled with the works of Emily Post.

Professor Howard T. Barnes of McGill university, who has contracted to keep the ravages of winter away from Hartford with the aid of chemicals, is to address the Hartford Engineers' club on "The Destruction of Snow and Ice." But the date is March 27. Apparently, professor, you are optimistic about business, and figure that March, this year, is going out like a lion.

The Traffic Cop.

Behold the sturdy traffic cop, Upon his throne of wood! Who dares to go against the Stop Will get it quick and good.

Needful we have an Autocrat, Who traffic to direct

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. LXX.

The year 1877 Hawley devoted to his paper. In the following year there appeared in the public affairs of Hartford a man whose career was later to be intimately concerned with that of Hawley—Morgan G. Bulkeley. In March there was a caucus for the nomination of a candidate for mayor. Hawley presided. Bulkeley emerged as the compromise candidate. He had previously withdrawn his name from consideration. Against him the democrats nominated Judge George G. Sumner, who had declared he wasn't a candidate and at first declined the nomination but finally agreed to run. Sumner was elected.

Later Hawley took the first of several trips abroad. This was in the interests of a commercial venture, the only one of consequence with which he was ever identified, aside from his newspapers. It was a manufacturing enterprise, engaged in making a propeller wheel for boats. There is no evidence that it ever met with great success. That Hawley's long absence in London worried his associates in Hartford is indicated by the letter he wrote Warner from London in August:

LONDON, 216 Piccadilly, Aug. 7, 1878.

Dear Charley:

I acknowledge in full the justice of much of what you say. I have been detained in London far beyond what I anticipated. In some respects we have been remarkably successful; in others we have not. The Englishman is slow. Our object was to start the manufacture of the Mallory wheel in England, to the great benefit of the company in Connecticut and the incidental benefit of myself directly. You have \$1,000, Robinson \$1,000 and Jewell \$5,000 stock in the American Propeller company. I felt that these investments were in large part due to me. Besides that, for the labors I have bestowed, which has been valuable to the company, they gave me \$5,000 of stock. Moreover, I was offered ten per cent. of whatever sales we made in England. We were sanguine that we could form a company here.

The negotiation has not been conducted exactly as I could wish. It would take pages to describe the manner in which these things are done here. In general, London is the focus of all new schemes. The general purpose of the market here is to gobble up the profits. The "promoters" mean to get it all. They get up a showy prospectus, a large capital puff and advertise, sell the stock and let it go. The Emma Mine was an instance that became notorious only because it failed and the promoters were big men.

Many an American patent is sold here, the English takers sucking the blood of the enterprise. We are determined to make square business of it all—to have stock taken as it appeared to be and not secretly give it away to purchase influence. At first we did not intend to go to the government. We had an extraordinary opportunity to exhibit the launch before 200 guests of the great Eastern Extension Telegraph company on steamboat excursion to Greenwich, being invited to the dinner by the company. Yielding to good advice I called directly upon the director of naval construction.

He and the chief engineer went next day to see the boat; on the third day gave me a most flattering memorandum, urged a tender to build a boat and said the admiralty should see it. I wanted to push on. Others said hold. When I did write the admiralty, they accepted and all went to see it. They looked at it, rode in it, said on the spot they wanted three boats of different classes. It took a good while to get all this into formal writing, with the description of the boats.

Then our capitalists said we will wait till the contracts are formally made.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Communications designed for publication in this column must be signed by writer and address given. Anonymous letters will not be printed.

Sale of Firearms.

To the Editor of The Times.

The letter from Joan Barbry in The Times recently, refers to the fact that a sixteen-year-old girl, Jeanette Gerick of Rockville, shot and attempted to take the life of her father, and the writer asked:

"How did the gun find its way into her hands? The trial revealed that it was purchased in Hartford by a nineteen-year-old sister, Blanche. Who in Hartford sold the girl this gun and when? Why not a check-up on the sales made by dealers in firearms?"

The Connecticut general statutes may have more recently been revised but the latest information that I was able to obtain stated that those less than eighteen would not be allowed to purchase firearms. Someone was supposed to identify the prospective customer in case the vendor did not know her. The gun number, model, caliber, maker's name, and the signature and address of the purchaser is recorded for the in-

Then we had to go to work to educate the builders. That we have done also. Our contractor made a bargain yesterday to build two pinnaces 45x40 feet long, with our wheel. He and his father have for years built steam launches and pinnaces for this and other governments. He is the man they wished to have build. He is now an enthusiastic friend of the enterprise. We expected only one pinnacle.

The controller of the navy says whatever becomes of the invention in other matters no launch or pinnacle is to be built hereafter without this. Another builder—of torpedo boats, etc.—who has built the simplest boat of 85 feet long ever made, is now a convert. He meets us this afternoon to complete the arrangements for building a torpedo boat. Tomorrow certain capitalists meet us at our solicitors to begin the organization of a company. Englishmen think we have succeeded amazingly. We think we have been slow. They say nobody ever received such prompt attention and courtesy from the government. I think so myself. There has been no red tape and no snubbing. The officials have treated us with the highest courtesy and the frankest kindness. Our struggle has been with the stock-jobbing habits of the place and the greediness or prejudices of old builders.

Pluck Aroused.

I confess I got my pluck aroused. We swore we would succeed and we shall. I shall not carry home as much cash as I hoped, but I shall take a sum which will materially help me. And I shall have at least one twentieth of all future proceeds of English business. In the meantime, I have gone nowhere and done nothing else. Everything has bent to this. I spent only one Sunday out of town—at St. Leonard's on the Sea, to visit my sister-in-law. Only one week day, not a legal holiday, have I taken for play—and we could not do anything that day here, we both went to the Derby races.

\$150 Spent in Four Months.

We have done very little at operas or theaters, gone to no boat races, even when the Americans were here. Wimbeldon, 7 miles off, was open two weeks. I went down one afternoon at 4 o'clock and staid till 6:30. I have been away nearly 4 months and have spent less than \$150; mostly for clothing and necessities. Expenses are paid by the company, and we have not wasted the money.

Social life I have not sought, but I have had some delightful acquaintances.

I have delayed going to Paris, for I could go for not more than two or three days and I could not afford that.

I wrote at some length for the Courant last Saturday and will write some more. I hope very soon to be free here—as soon as the chief financial arrangements are made—leaving routine duties and the mechanical work to Mallory. Then I will go to Paris and write a series of letters. Ten days there will collect all the information I need, and I can spread the letters over three weeks.

Anxious to Get Home.

I am as anxious to get home as anybody in America can be to have me—I have never had three months of steadier or more care-bringing work than here. It would fill a novel. I shall be glad to get at the Courant again. Early in the political campaign I shall make and print a journal speech. As to nominations and officers, I leave that to the party and my friends.

I should dearly like to work in congress and when bidden to do so by the fair sentiment of the party, I shall work for an election, but I won't creep and I don't know how to intrigue. The blood-suckers may undermine and buy and sell if they wish. I can be entirely happy at the Courant office and at 147 Sigourney street.

I am glad to hear that Susie's health is better, and cannot doubt that your rest in the Adirondacks will do you good.

Sincerely yours,
As of old,
JOE HAWLEY.

(Continued Monday.)

Another Letter From a Bald-Headed Dad to a Flapper Daughter
BY ROBERT QUILLEN.

My dear Louise:
The time to begin to work on a bad cold is immediately after the first sneeze, and I am writing this letter in an effort to head off trouble before it gets well started.
You are beginning to show symptoms of an epidemic malady called "gold-digging," and I'd like to warn you of its dangers before it becomes chronic.
I'm not alarmed. In fact, I think one treatment will cure you, for you seem to have a natural immunity to disorders of a similar nature.
For example, you pay your social debts.
If you get a Christmas card or gift from somebody who wasn't on your list, you hasten to make amends; and you don't feel respectable unless you give an occasional party to repay those who

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Feb. 1.—Fred Stone's return to the stage is an epic of heroism and unshakable faith. When he