

KNOTTY PROBLEMS FOR THE BRIDGERS

BY FREDERICK P. LATIMER

After much wrinkling of the brow and drumming on the table with our knuckles, we have come into a mood that used to be common with the Japanese Schoolboy, Hashimura Togo; that is "we ask to know." We have become bewildered with deliberating upon the ifs and ands and buts of contract bridge and need help. Of the numerous acquaintances hereabouts who are teachers and exponents of the art of bidding and avoiding pulling the wrong card, we do wish one or another of them would come to our assistance and send us some helpful enlightenment with regard to the following interesting situations:

The first case is a "fourth hand" containing two small spades, three clubs to the queen, the queen and an unimportant diamond, and six hearts, headed by A, K, Q. The dealer bid one spade. Second hand passed. Third hand bid four spades, and the score was 0 to 0, and thus nobody vulnerable. And our partner was a lady with whom we had never before played.

Now it would almost seem that Mr. Fourth Hand should keep silent, although he could take for granted from the bids that the enemy must soon trump hearts and they would probably go game without difficulty. Yet even the first game is worth saving, if it does not cost too much. At any rate we bid five hearts, were not doubled, and we chanced to take every trick, for spades were led, dummy had no spades, five hearts to the J, five clubs to the A, K, and three small diamonds. We simply trumped in, got out the enemy trumps in two leads, made all the clubs, threw away our two diamonds on them and with a trump for the spade in dummy, that was all there was to it. Further, should our partner have bid for a slam? Thank goodness, no. Had diamonds been led, five was all we could have made. Were we just plumb lucky, or did we bid as an expert should have done?

Again, our hand was five clubs, to A, J, 10; four diamonds to A, K; four spades to Q, and no hearts. And the position was "fourth hand." Dealer bid a spade. Second hand passed. Third hand bid two spades. What should we do? It did not look as if the adversaries could go game, and perhaps might not even make the contract. Yet there was a chance that our partner might be shy of spades, and have cards enough to permit us to go game in diamond or club. We were vulnerable, but never mind, what is a little vulnerability between friends?

If you are vulnerable it costs you more when you are "set." We bid three diamonds, in a "poker tone of voice." "Three spades," said the dealer. Our partner had no spades; four diamonds to J, 10; six hearts with A, J; and three clubs to the Q. She ventured, "Four diamonds." Third hand went to four spades. We bid five clubs, to give partner choice of suits. And she left it in clubs. There was no double, but we were set two tricks. Questions are, did we bid properly? And how should the hand have been played, after a spade lead from first hand? Our right hand adversary had the king of clubs bare, and four diamonds to Q. His partner had four clubs to the 9-spot. We rather think we should have made game. Once in a while a person becomes careless.

Another case: We had just witnessed the adversaries make six-odd on a bid of two no trump unassisted by partner who for the moment got his "counts" mixed, and with two aces and a twice-guarded king, with also four hearts to 10 spot, made no "assist." And so when we drew four small spades to the A; A, K, Q, 4 of hearts, A, x, diamonds, and Q, xx clubs, we departed from orthodoxy and bid three no trump, first hand, right off the reel. What should have been bid? Two hearts, or one no trump, two no trump, or what? Well, to illustrate what can happen after a false start, our partner had five clubs with the ace and king, and the king and queen of diamonds, bare; four spades and two hearts of no particular denomination. She thought that if we could bid three no trump all alone, there should be a good chance of a slam, and instead of bidding her clubs, she bid five no trump. We thought it would be useless bother to "show our aces," and as we were not vulnerable, bid seven no trump. Anybody can see that we did not make even six no trump. It turned out that we could have made five easily, and the question is, how can any lady protect herself when her partner "bids his

How Horrid the Weekly Bathers Seem If You Have Just Learned to Bathe Daily

BY ROBERT QUILLEN.

"Man's inhumanity to man," so far as Americans are concerned, is caused by lack of self-assurance.

The snobbish American is cruel to his inferiors because he thinks them competitors.

He dramatizes himself as a superior being scorning creatures unworthy to associate with him, but that isn't the true explanation.

The truth is he is playing a role for which he isn't qualified.

Observe the conduct of a prince who happens also to be a gentleman.

He is so certain of his superiority to awkward and unwashed peasants that he never gives a thought to the matter.

He makes no comparisons, for his superiority isn't debatable.

He can, without embarrassment, help the peasant with a burden.

He can eat with the peasant, without thought of social equality—with amusement, perhaps, but without contempt for the other's manners and without the scorn he would feel for a drunken fellow prince.

Now consider the American—the kind of American who is cruel in his contempt for those he calls his inferiors.

He enjoys sharing a sandwich with his pet dog and may go so far as to train the dog to sit at the table and eat from a plate.

Eating with the dog doesn't shame or enrage him, for the dog is an inferior brute and not a competitor.

He will help a calf that has fallen in a ditch and his heart will burn with rage when he sees a horse abused and beaten.

In his attitude toward dumb animals he is a good sportsman, for he is so certain of his superiority to them that he never gives a thought to the matter.

Then why is he no longer a good sportsman, as the prince is, in his treatment of fellow men who are stupid, unfortunate and vulgar.

Simply because he hasn't the prince's assurance of undebatable superiority.

He feels toward his dog as the prince feels toward the peasant, but he is cruel to men the prince would pity.

Always the cruelest king is the one who feels insecure on his throne.

Always the cruelest to inferiors is the man who isn't quite sure of his superiority.

The woman who despises the vulgar poor is one who lived among them until she married money.

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The Once Over

BY H. L. PHILIPS

THE GARBLE SISTERS.

(They discuss the inside facts about Primo de Rivera's resignation.)

"I see where this Primo de Rivera of Spain has retired."

"So soon after his wedding?"

"What wedding?"

"Ain't he the one that was shown in all those news reels lately being married to the King of Belgium's daughter?"

"I guess so. Anyway he was the big boss of Spain for a long time. He got out after some kind of a row with Alfonso about the London prohibition parley."

"I remember reading something about it. Alfonso wanted the sessions thrown open to the newspaper men or something and Rivera was against it. He and Dwight Morrow."

"I always had the idea Rivera was a pretty smart man. I read his life story."

He founded the Fascists or Black s when fighting in the Alps during World war. He had been nothing but a small Italian newspaper editor up to that time. Then after the war the Black Shirts became so powerful they made him dictator. He practically ran the country."

"Oh, I remember now. His first name was Benito."

"Benito Rivera. They called him the ill duke or something."

"Where did he get that name Primo from?"

"That was only used when he decided to quit Spain and become a professional prize fighter. He thinks he can win the heavyweight championship."

"He did pretty well in that first bout. The one with Big Boy Peterson."

"I thought that fellow's name was Carnera."

"It's all the same thing."

"Well, now that he's quit as dictator, what's Spain going to do for a ruler?"

"It's all up to the agenda."

"What's an agenda?"

"An agenda is a place on Lake Geneva where the world court meets."

"When does it meet next?"

"It's meeting now on the Wickersham report. You know about the Wickersham report, don't you?"

"Certainly. It's those recommendations by John McGraw showing Chicago how to get out of those bankruptcy troubles."

Nothing Missing But Starfish.

A new electric light bulb is being perfected, which makes it possible for every home and office to enjoy all the properties of mid-summer sunshine. Now, if some inventor will only give the world a beach-sand rug and a radio cabinet that will cook "all hot" there will be no need to go to the shore at all.

Two Hollywood moving picture stars have been what at and each has three

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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LXXI.

In the fall of 1878 Henry C. Robinson put aside an opportunity to be governor of the state. His name was naturally first thought of when the time for nominations arrived, as he had made the run twice before against adverse conditions, but he declined to be a candidate. The republicans eventually agreed upon Charles B. Andrews of Litchfield, who was elected in the unexpected republican sweep which followed.

Hawley had up to then been twice defeated for congress after being elected twice. In the First district there was some talk in 1878 of nominating William H. Bulkeley or Speaker Charles H. Briscoe. Tolland county also talked of George Maxwell and Dwight Marcy. The Courant reported that there was mention of John R. Buck and ex-Governor Jewell. As to Hawley, it said that he was abroad and that any information regarding his candidacy would have to await his return. Warner knew, of course, that Hawley was willing enough to serve, if the district wanted him, and so did Stephen A. Hubbard, who managed his campaigns, for he had written as much from London.

Boom Meets Hawley at Pier.

Hawley landed in New York on the day of the First district convention. To inquiries as to whether he would serve he gave a characteristic answer in the form of a telegram:

"I have no personal wishes and am entirely at the service of the cause, contented with any post that lets me work."

In the convention, Joseph L. Barbour, then just beginning to be a factor in state politics, nominated W. H. Bulkeley. "We want Hawley for senator," he said. A United States senator was to be chosen the following year and under the assumption that Hawley would then be a candidate friends of Bulkeley thought the latter might be the candidate for congress. However, the Hawley men were loyal to him and proposed to cross the senatorial bridge when they came to it. In the meantime they planned to send their idol back to congress. Valentine B. Chamberlain of New Britain, a captain in Hawley's old regiment, nominated him as "A man with clean hands and a pure heart, the brave, the noble General Joseph R. Hawley."

Hawley had 72 votes on an informal ballot, Bulkeley 13, H. C. Robinson 1 and Dwight Marcy 1. But for Hawley's candidacy it was explained that Tolland county would have been solid for the last named. The nomination of Hawley was made unanimous and by acclamation.

Hawley Beats Landers.

The democrats nominated George M. Landers for the third time. There was also a greenback ticket in the field, with H. C. Baker candidate for congress. The outcome of the election exceeded the hopes of the republicans. Andrews led Hubbard for the governorship, although he lacked a majority over all and had to be seated by the legislature. Hawley was elected, this time carrying Hartford by 3,843 votes to 3,274 for Landers. The greenback candidate got 385 votes in Hartford.

Hawley and the Senatorship.

The election out of the way, attention turned to the canvass for the senatorship, the election to be made by

the legislature in January, 1879. Hawley was not a self-seeker, but he had an honest ambition to be a senator. And he did not wish to be maneuvered out of position because he had just been elected to congress. So in November, the following letter, with the accompanying explanation, appeared in the Courant:

THE SENATORSHIP—LETTER FROM GENERAL HAWLEY.

The following letter to a political and personal friend is published as an answer to many inquiries on the subject:

Hartford, Nov. 18, 1878.

My dear Sir:

Let me give you more clearly than I did last Friday an answer to your inquiries concerning the senatorial question. On the morning of October 3d, coming up the bay in New York, after five months' absence abroad, a few minutes only were given me to say yes or no to the question whether I would accept a nomination for congress in the First district, from the convention to be held that morning. There was a hard fight to be made and it was no time to shirk a duty. I submitted unreservedly to the convention and you know the result. We rejoice in the victory of the friends of sound financial doctrine and national faith, and, in return for the generous consideration shown me, I am proud to acknowledge my obligations to the district.

Now, a citizen may honorably aspire to the office of senator and seek to qualify himself for it, yet when the qualifications it would be desirable to find in a senator are described, any man may well hesitate to say that he deems himself fit for the position. The state has a right to command the services of all, and it may be said of this responsible and honorable office, as it has been of the presidency and of a seat in the supreme court, that, while it is not to be sought with the arts of scheming politicians, neither is it to be lightly declined. If it comes to me, it will come as did the nomination for the house. If the General Assembly, on the final summing up of the whole argument, should see fit to honor me with the senatorship, it would probably be with the approval of the members from this congressional district, and the district would expect me to accept it with gratitude.

It is to be hoped that the contest may be conducted without the personal bitterness that has sometimes made a canvass hardly less distasteful to the public in general than to the candidates and their personal friends. Others have been named in connection with the place who would be honored and respected in the senate, and whose success I would hail right loyally and cordially.

When the senatorship shall have been won by some honorable and capable man, by honorable means, you and I will be quite content, and ready to take our place in the next fight.

Sincerely yours,

JOS. R. HAWLEY.

Warner in the meantime had written to Hawley about the senatorship, the two letters possibly crossing each other. On November 19 Hawley replied handsomely to Warner:

Hartford, Nov. 19, 1878.

My dear Old Boy:

That's a mighty comforting letter and it brought the moisture to my eyes, with the feeling of a boyhood friendship.

I hope, my dear old fellow, that you will find my letter in the Courant this morning to be just on the line you point out to me. I'm glad now your letter didn't come till I had done it myself.

God bless you. Don't fret. Get well and come back. We are getting along nicely.

Yours as ever,

JOE.

(Continued To-morrow.)

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Feb. 3.—Diary of a modern Peypys: Lay watching a snowfall through a window and dropped off into a hideous nightmare, awakening with my head caught in a night table. Breakfasted with Bide Dudley, who is writing another play, and Amos and Andy, the radio boys, called and we had a long talk.

Came Charles A. Hughes, the Detroit pamphleteer, to show me the photograph of his beautiful young daughter and drove him to Baird Leonard's and then with my wife to see Kathleen and Charles Norris, on their annual visit from California, and a distinguished gathering there.

In the evening to a theatrical opening and saw Patricia Ziegfeld in an evening frock, having become almost a grown up lady. After the play with some others to a night place in Harlem but so depressing we left in ten minutes. So home to bed.

cloister, untainted by gasoline smells, for artists, writers and sculptors. Many have become distinguished. It stretches from University Place to Fifth Avenue and is a replica of one of those queer old world turns where one steps out of a mighty jangle into churchyard quiet.

Among other creative souls in Washington Mews is a photographer—I can scarcely wait to pop off this one—with a new "slant." He places his subjects in a reclining position on the floor while he snaps them from the top of a step ladder.

O. Henry dreamed of living in the Mews when his ship came in. The property is owned by Sailor Snug Harbor and many say its life is short. A skyscraper project all ready having doomed it.