# MORE ADVENTURES IN 1930 BY JOHN CALVIN GODDARD

We have seen that adventure lies in the mother tongue, so also in business. Every investment is an adventure, whose very risk is alluring. The Wall Street Journal uttered two "mouthfuls" recently, "In the dictionary invest comes before investigate; but in practice reverse the order": "Some people persist in buying

wild-cat stock, as if their bank-roll had nine lives."

The mystery of "futures" is simply fascinating.
They tell in "the Street" of a man, who dreamed that an angel gave him just one wish. "Thank you, I'll choose a copy of the N. Y. Times for Sept. 30, 1930." In it he saw that all his depressed shares had soared to new heights, but in the midst of his exultation, he noticed in the obituary column, that he had died the day before. This sounds like the parable of the rich man, who never lived to see his barns go up.

True, the cupidity that goes with these adventures may deserve disappointment. "Gus, I hear you've had a hard time; meet me at ten to-morrow, and I'll put you into a good thing; you may go in at 59, and in twenty minutes get out at 110. "For heaven's sake, Joe, tell me now, before you forget it; what's the name of that good thing?" "Central Park."

Nevertheless, that very adventurous spirit is fundamental to all progress. "Nothing venture, nothing have" is a Wall Street motto. We knew a man who turned down a half-interest in Kodak in its beginning; bought a tree nursery, it was safer; but the rest of life he scourged himself for timidity.

Every new device in business is an adventure, shadowed by the phantom, "Will it pay?" The office practice of Hartford has been revolutionized by new devices. It required some boldness to try the loose leaf, the card index, the filing cabinet. The firm even felt some concern about the junior partner's taking on Miss Curley Cue. Minneapolis had just installed an expensive cable system, when the trolley invention came along; but, after debate, they accepted the loss and adopted the plan in full; that required courage. So does the new plant, the new method,

the new employe, even the new customer. These last two deserve a separate paragraph. Every new "hand" is an unknown quantity. We are told that a certain Dumb Dora was obliged to go, because she could not remember the prices at Woolworth's. On the other hand, the journal in "The Gentleman from Indiana" never had any push at all, till the young woman took hold of it. Even the new customer may be another risk. "P. S. I forgot to enclose 50c for the razor ordered, but a firm of your standing does not need cash at once." And Wise, Keen & Company's reply ended with, "P. S. We forgot to enclose the razor, but a fellow of your cheek does not need it at all." Still, business cannot be done without putting confidence in humanity, and all confidence is adventure. And it is far better to be gypped occasionally,

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"I am no pilot; yet wert thou as far As that vast shore washed by the furthest sea. I would adventure for such merchandise."

A certain Catskill resort is called Hunter, and it was remarked once of our classmate, "Miss D. is in the Catskills, and he has gone to Hunter."

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Gladys to Judith, "That officer looked very well." Yes, he is still looking." Fortunately for the hunt, the fair are very "game." When the remonstrant elder read to his daughter, the apostolic admonition, "He that giveth in marriage doeth well, but he that giveth not doeth better", Eileen replied, "I am content to do well, let those that wish do better." They are appreciative, too, we are informed of all the fine points of the game. "Helen that informed, of all the fine points of the game. "Helen, that tunnel we just passed through, is a mile long, and cost \$5,000,000." And she replied while straightening her hat, "Did it indeed? Well, I should say it was worth it!"

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Now, while marriage is not "roses, roses all the vay", it is full of novelties, exigencies, problems, each me of them calling for courage and resourcefulness. Each is a case, where two are better than one, and the o-operation of the two indispensable for success. The Persian legend tells of the bird Jaftal, whose male has a ving on the right, the female on the left; neither can ly alone, but both soar easily, when yoked. That is the ecret of those "whom God hath joined together." They need never be "flying for a fall"; their adventure may lways be heaven-insured, for it is written,

> "He shall give His angels charge over thee, To keep thee in all thy ways.
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It is possible to be "honorably discharged from West Point for deficiency in studies," which possibly explains the accepted difference between West Point and other schools.

Deah Portico: \*

Rejection slips are, of course, a disappointment-at the time of their receipt-but, years afterward on looking over old mss. that were published, we wish we'd received a few more of the "nix" slips. If we do feel this way we are consoled by the realization of improvement-until we get the next rejection slip.

I find the occasional outcroppings in the Portico on the skirt-length controversy very interesting. I'd say, keep it up, for personally I can see very little in the long 'uns. -JOE B.

Editor Times:

At the "Taming of the Shrew," my neighbor at the right muttered: "Why do not the people wear joyous raiment, in the presence of the fine arts they come to admire?" And a little later, while laughing at the shower of broken glass and furniture rained down by the wrath of Katherine, an involuntary movement of the hand touched him, and he felt what was unmistably the hilt of a dagger.

The theater was dim, but a stolen glance showed a bald gentleman, of pleasant features, small moustache and goatee, whose large brilliant eyes blazed with interest as he watched the stage. His face lighted, as the lovely Katherine came to view, and he muttered: "What a wench!"

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# Letters of General Joseph R. Hawley

Hero of the Civil War, Hartford Editor, Governor of Connecticus Congressman and United States Senator.

Written to

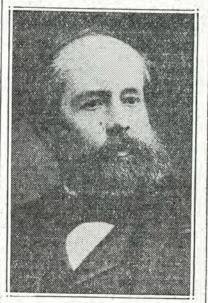
CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER His Lifelong Friend and Associate in Newspaper Work.

Copyright, 1929, by The Hartford Times, Inc., Trustee.

The intra party war was lively in seventh regiment and of whom Connecticut. Hawley disapproved of thought highly, had become professor Johnson's course as president as he in a Michigan college. He sent to The long had of Dixon's as senator. The Courant a letter a column and a half Press printed a letter from Washington in February, possibly written by Haw- Hawley's fine record and self sacrifice ley, exposing what it called Dixon's attempt to destroy the republican party, referring to the "prominent senator" conversation with President Johnson. The Courant vigorously denied the accusations against the senator.

The union republican convention was set for February 14. There were two tickets in the field for delegates. Those chosen from Hartford were: Henry K. W. Welch, father of Archibald A. Welch and partner of Nathaniel Shipman, the father of Arthur L. Shipman and Hawley's great friend; E. N. Kellogg, David Clark and George P. Bissell. All these were strong Hawley men, although unpledged.

The convention was called to order by state chairman Nehemiah D. Sperry, later to be congressman from New Haven and after preliminary business



Connecticut Senator in the Civil War Period, Whom Hawley Violently Op-

proceeded to an informal ballot for a candidate for governor. Of the 405 votes 297 were cast for Hawley and Lieutenant Governor Roger Averill of Danbury had 88, with a few scattering. Hawley was then named by acclamation and Oliver F. Winchester of New Haven was named for lieutenant gov-

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long in which he told in detail of at the front.

There was a great rally in Allyn hall with Colonel Samuel McKee of Kentucky, Professor C. E. Stowe of Hartford and General James W. Nye, senator from Nevada as speakers, Nye thus redeeming his promise to help Hawley. Hawley came into his box as Nye was introduced and received tumultuous applause. There were two other big rallies in the campaign with no able speakers, while the state committee assigned Hawley to a dozen speaking engagements throughout the state.

## Challenge From Barbour.

Heman H. Barbour, democratic cardidate for state treasurer, who had spoken against Hawley in joint meetings in numerous places in the campaign of 1856, challenged the general to meet him again in a series of discussions. Hawley declined, on the ground that he was at the service of his state committee and that his time had been fully assigned. Moreover, he shot back, were he to accept it would not be merely for a discussion of the current issues but also of the war record of Barbour's party.

The democratic candidate was James E. English of New Haven, who had been congressman. He was reputed to have been in Washington to get help of the Johnson administration on the theory that democrats were supporting and the Hawley republicans opposing the president. Governor Buckingham also was there watching things from the republican standpoint. As an evidence of the manner in which Johnson was refraining from doing anything for Hawley it was asserted-although it was denied—that Gideon Welles, secretary of navy, had written home expressing hope Hawley would be elected, but the letter was not for publication.

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# NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. M'INTYRE.

New York, Jan. 16.—Wilson Mizner and cigarettes." And with a few drinks alled it "New Yorkitis"—a delusion always begin bragging—the pitiful braggadocio of a hopeless inferiority. illed it "New Yorkitis"—a delusion nat one can live only on Manhattan land. He was himself forced to shake

land. He was himself forced to shake off by joining an Alaskan gold rush and mushing through shows. And New ork has seen little of him since.

There are thousands the Gotham glitter. They prefer to the proverbial lamp posts on Broaday rather than go to any other city and be somebody of importance. They re remindful of punch-drunk fighters fusing to take the count.

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Nowhere do people take so many clips I the chin—and smile. New York, no atter the vicissitudes, is the top of the orld to them and any place else is erely camping out. Strangely enough, ice they get away for awhile they rely come back to town. Yet the majority cannot make the eak. The White Way has a vast my of familiars whose lives are spent arking time. They are perpetually loyed by the bromide nists: "Something is I". The fact it doesn't never dampens eir ardor.

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They manage somehow to live for onths and often years while chasing e elusive rainbow. The flimsiest e elusive rainbow. The flimsiest omise of a job around the corner is I they need to carry on. Anyone of em can paint a rosy picture of the ture without a sou in his pocket.

It is from such drifters that Broaday recruits its harmless cadgers. achelor friends have spare rooms and ey park there and make themselves eful by serving as "Fridays." There e so many lonely bachelors that many elcome such companionship.

In the same fashion they acquire castIn the same fashion the same fashio

In each room of a new hotel is a warning card printed in red hanging where it will be seen where the patron turns off the night lamp. It reads: certain your cigarette or cigar end is extinguished." Three deaths in the past four months have resulted from such

In another inn push buttons by the bedside illuminate the wall clocks in all the rooms.

The beautiful mannikins of the dressmaking establishments are picking up extra change by piloting gentleman friends into luncheon places in the Reshieneable Fifting Theory reaches They Fashionable Fifties. fifteen per cent. of the check.

Such beauties are also able to profit by satisfying the ache of withering Romeos to appear in public with their types of well dressed and vibrant femininity. It is a strictly business arrangement. They will act as luncheon companions for a fee of \$10—and, of course, have luncheon gratis.

For those fed up with the single names of Emil, Antoine, Louis and Pierre as hair cutters, there are two velcome reliefs on lower Sixth avenue. One bobbing parlor is conducted by Ike Cohen and another by Patrick McLaughlin.

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movement of the hand touched him, and he felt what was unmistably the hilt of a dagger.

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Simile for to-day: As carefully as renters protect the wallpaper.

Heroes and heroines always seem godlike until you see newspaper portraits of the creatures they intend to marry.

Neurotic: One who gets that way by breakfasting in bed when she should be up doing her own washing.

It is no longer considered smart to rve illicit liquor. There's no fun in being bad if the drinks are, too.

A disagreeable truth that lies neglected in the dark needn't despair. Borah will find it soon or late.

Americanism: Despising vagrants and loafers; working hard to get rich enough to wander and do nothing.

Some criminals can be reformed, but never yet has a wild cat or a tame one learned to purr under a boot heel.

Reaching for high dainties made the giraffe's neck that way, and the ape's length of arm would indicate that his ancestors were all boarders.

A limousine is just a sedan with a glass partition between the driver and the inferiority complex.

Anyway, it's a good idea to have a president who isn't limited to country grocers when he must appoint a man he knows well.

All we need is a law making it a felony for any man to mention war unless he is qualified to serve in the ranks and wise enough to know what it will cost.



JAMES DIXON.

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# Bitterly Assailed.

Hawley was bitterly attacked by the opposition. The Hartford Times and New Haven Register kept standing at their mastheads the lines "Just Where Hawley Stands." They quoted from a speech which Hawley had made to negroes in Hartford on November 24, 1865, crediting him with saying that black man had now come to all the rights and privileges of the white man. The effort obviously was to stir up opposition to Hawley on the race issue. The Courant insisted that he had merely said that the time had now come when men were to be judged by chaiacter and ability rather than by the color of their skins.

Despite Hawley's prestige as a brave soldier it was recognized that he faced very serious opposition in the campaign. This may be judged by the cfforts which were put forth in Hartford, his home town. H. L. Wayland who had been Hawley's first chaplain in the

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At length A. E. Burr of The Times and Colin R. Ingersoll of New Haven went to Washington to try to get an endorsement of English from President Johnson. Johnson gave them no encouragement although he did not say outright he hoped Hawley would be elected. They charged that the republican delegation had omitted an important part of the president's statement to them, to the effect that he favored those who supported him and opposed those who opposed him. The Times declared President Johnson had shaken hands with English, the democratic candidate and wished him suc-

(Continued To-morrow.)

#### BUSHNELL HALL. The city grows, and noble buildings

face ancient streets, where modest dwellings housed dwellings housed Her citizens in days of old. The hills Shed glory, and the people are aroused From time-worn custom to a brighter

sight, And grow to strength and beauty in its light.

That place is blessed which counts within its folds, Dwellers, whose loyal spirits rise to heights. Of deeds sublime, in civic love and

pride, And who renounce their benefits and

rights
Of treasure, sharing for the good of all,
Their blessings, that joint happiness may fall.

Art, science, culture, lend their grace and charm To fascinate the eye, and stir the heart In the great meeting place of Bushnell Hall;

Bone of our bone, and of our soul a part, For, with a glad cry, Hartford clasped its own,
And placed it softly on its heart's high
throne.

Upon the inner wall in austere state, A plain bronze tablet marks the honored name
Of him whose memory spans unto the

Park Where fields of verdure held his early fame.

Now, added lustre, lent by his dear kin, Lights the great hall, as thousands pass within. Here music fills the air with harmony

And strife and discord vanish from the fold: Peace and enjoyment lend their subtle

Until all hearts but tender feelings hold. So may the chorus of the Hall's great song

A glorious Hallelujah peal along! -FREDA HAMMERSLOUGH Hartford, Jan. 15,