

HERALD EXPOSES GROSS OVERSIGHT IN PROPERTY LIST

Large Building Owned by Big Corporation Not In- cluded by the Assessors.

The Herald, with its ever-watchful-for-the-interest-of-the-taxpayer enthusiasm, has uncovered a terrible error in the assessment lists made public two weeks ago. The oversight will mean the loss of many, many dollars in taxes to the town during the next year. Without a doubt, sidewalks on the southeast corner of Hollister street will be held up because of the loss

This exposure will perhaps reflect, not so much upon Manchester's over-zealous assessors as upon the Linder system which allowed the large piece of property to get by. The town has paid out many, many dollars to perfect this system, and now through one little error the whole year's work is undone. Something must be done about it immediately.

In order to be sure that every piece of property in Manchester was assessed The Herald sent two of its best reporters out one night with copies of the assessors' abstracts under their arms. They checked off every house, barn and chicken coop between Wapping and Glastonbury, and Bolton and Burnside. They put a red chalk mark on every piece of property so they wouldn't check it off again. The reporters found coops and cowsheds hid in cellars that even the assessors had managed to find and put in the property list. It seemed that the board hadn't missed a thing—only this one piece of property that sticks out in Manchester like a hip flask in a thirsty crowd.

Now this piece of property is located at the North End of the town. It's right on Depot Square and shouldn't be missed, if a blind man were assessor. It's none other than the new flagman's shanty at the Main street crossing. The old building burned down, and the board failed to list the new one.

That New Haven road is always getting away with something like that, anyway.

U. S. MAILS PLAY A JOKE WITH MANCHESTER LETTER

Ernest F. Brown, postmaster at the Manchester post office, today informed The Herald of a most extraordinary occurrence in the day's business. In sorting out the early mail a letter was found addressed to a well known business firm here which had not been "MIS-SENT TO MANCHESTER, N. H."

PROVIDES FINE CHAPEL FOR EAST CEMETERY

Through the diligence and sincere efforts of Mayor Robert V. Treat the East Cemetery is to be provided with a mortuary chapel that will fill the needs of that place for years to come. Ever since election to the office of mayor by the local Non-Partisan League, Mr. Treat was heard to say, "Ah, that job is done." He immediately informed Sexton Duncan that anyone seeking a chapel in the cemetery was to be directed to the new garage which is very handy to the cemetery.

"After looking over some of the town's equipment I decided our new garage looked like a cemetery and that suggested a brilliant idea to me—why not use this place for a mortuary? I called in George Waddell and he thought that the new building would be mistaken for a chapel anyway so it might as well be so designated."

And that's how the East Cemetery happened to get its new mortuary chapel.

HOWE HAS NOVEL WAY TO GET BACK TAXES

Tax Collector G. H. Howe today announced that he has a unique way in which to get tax delinquents. He has been studying the problem for a long time and finds that his new scheme is meeting with great surprise and admiration.

Mr. Howe will issue warrants and bring all delinquents before Judge Johnson. He does not know whether this scheme has been tried in other cities or not, but says he will try to work it well here. The novelty of the scheme is sure to appeal even to those who haven't paid their taxes.

Mayor Treat today received a radiogram from Mayor Biff of St. Petersburg, Fla., reading "Greetings to Manchester from the Sunshine City." The mayor immediately dispatched a telegram to St. Petersburg's mayor saying, "So's your old man."

REACH COMPROMISE ON P. O.'s LOCATION

HOHENTHAL SELECTS LEGISLATIVE TICKET

Nominations were filed today by E. L. G. Hohenthal, chairman of the Prohibition town committee, for Manchester's representatives in the next session of the General Assembly. Mr. Hohenthal some time ago warned the people of the state to be careful and send good dry men to the Legislature as a matter of protection to the Amalgamated Bootleggers' of the World.

The nominations given to Town Clerk Sam Turkington today were those of Dwight W. Blish and George L. Betts. Both men are well known to the voters of Manchester and, according to reliable information, would work diligently in support of a new liquor law. Mr. Blish will stump the town in a campaign for election while Mr. Betts will allow his friends an opportunity to work for him.

It is understood that, if elected, Mr. Hohenthal's candidates will give their salaries to the fund being raised for the children of police officers killed by hi-jackers.

CITY CLASSIFICATION GETS ANOTHER SETBACK

Manchester's City Classification bill was today referred back to the Committee on Cities and Boroughs from the Committee on Capitol Furnishings and Grounds. It seems that the latter committee couldn't read the document it is so worn, and returned it to the Cities and Boroughs committee to have Senator Smith re-write it.

It is expected that with the heavy snow of this winter the legislators will forget their golf. The local Chamber of Commerce today addressed a letter to the official physician to General Assembly members registering its indignation over the treatment given the bill by some of his patients.

Austin Cheney is reported to be in secret training to take on the next man Jack Dempsey promises to fight. Austin has been a boxer for some years, but has decided that the shadow stuff doesn't pay. Now he's coming out in the open to show his goods.

Warring Factions Decide on Spot That Can Cover Whole Town Easiest.

Manchester's factional warfare over the location of a Federal post office building site came to an abrupt end today when representatives of the two groups came to a compromise agreement. Only a few minor details must be attended to now such as the passage of a public buildings bill by Congress, approval by the President, notification to the treasury department, approval by the treasury department, investigation by the architect of public buildings, drawing of plans, approval by the treasury department, the seeking of bids, opening of bids, a couple of balls of red tape unwound—and then, perhaps, Manchester will have its building.

Three sites have been proposed from time to time for the much sought building. It wasn't so many years ago that the North End was considered in the running for the location. But, the government itself took the life out of that forlorn hope when it bought a site at the Center. The Center was long considered the logical place for the office. However, since modern methods of mail delivery are somewhat changed from those formerly used, a place even more adaptable than Depot Square or the Center was sought.

The Chamber of Commerce post office committee went out on a hike Sunday afternoon visiting all the admirable spots in town, hoping to find a place of such beauty that all would agree that was the place for the office. Center Springs Park was visited, as was the Old Golf Grounds. Then the present site of the Country Club was looked over, but it was feared the mailmen might get drunk on the sparkling waters of Globe Hollow.

From the Country Club the little party wandered out the road toward wine and spaghetti suppers. Someone suggested a trip up Lookout, or Case's Mountain. All said it was a good thought, and up went the C. of C. post office committee. The view was gorgeous. Everyone start-

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EDITORIALS

ABOUT US.

There used to be a newspaper out in Michigan which carried this motto at its masthead: "Tell the truth, fear God and make money." It busted up.

We never could see much sense to that slogan. If you tell the truth why be afraid of God? And how are you going to make money if you tell the whole truth? How many advertisers would the Herald have if it told everything it knows about everybody in the Chamber of Commerce? Why, we know just which of you wear red flannel underwear!

Never mind how we found out. A newspaper doesn't disclose its sources of information. There are more than one way of killing a cat besides choking it to death with butter.

We know more things than that, too. We know every one of the C. C. members who tries more than one new recipe a month. That's where we draw the line on news interest. There's no news—even suppressed news—in only one recipe a month. That's like the dog that runs down street with a tin can tied to his tail—everyday stuff, not news. But when a dog walks down street with a tin can tied to his tail it's news because it's somewhat unusual. Get it?

Not that we tell lies. We're something like Mark Twain when, at a public reception given to him in London, he said the first thing that had happened to him in England was to be accused by Canon Somebody-or-Other of stealing his hat in a coat room crush. "Why," exclaimed Mark indignantly, "I didn't steal his hat. I've hardly ever stolen anything."

The Herald hardly ever tells any lies. And when it does it's generally about some citizen who has passed on to the better life. In some cases it's so much better a life that when we say he was universally respected we go red clean round behind the ears—and then we do get just a little worried about what the Almighty is thinking of us.

But when it comes to making money—ah! That's right where

we live; that's where we're in our own back alley with the gang in reserve behind the woodshed; that's where we're the mustard pickles with tobasco!

Why, we're making so much money—say, do you know why the government hasn't built a postoffice in Manchester yet? Whisper. We bought the site away from it. Uncle Sam couldn't afford to hold it at the price we offered. We're going to build a forty story publication plant there. Just like that.

We've bought all the other sites, too—for branch offices. No place left to build a postoffice.

Next year we're going to give away a Rolls-Royce with every year's subscription for the Herald, just to keep the dough circulating and preventing it all jamming up in our vaults and putting the whole state out of business.

That's next year. Meantime, if anybody wants to renew his subscription to the Herald tonight we don't know but what we could be induced to chuck a nickel off the regular rate. We got to buy a ton of coal pretty soon and the office broom is pretty near worn out.

"BEFORE AND AFTER"

A Pome After Shakespeare, Long After

Before
Who got the slams and hearty damns
Whose figures got him into jams
Linder, Tom Linder.
Who turned this town upon its edge
And beamed its men with mighty sledge
Linder, Tom Linder.

Who raised the price of lots sky high
And smote the merchant hip and thigh
Linder, Tom Linder.

Who made Manchester sick and sore
And led them to the almshouse door
Linder, Tom Linder.

And with the town without a cent
Without a sou to pay the rent
Your credit, badly, badly bent
You blamed this trim New Britain gent
Linder, Tom Linder.

After
But if a guy is asked to sell
His house or lot, or outside well
He answers proud as proud can be
"I just guess not, no, no siree.
The lot I bought for just one cent
Now brings me ninety bones in rent
I thought my wealth was meagre, small,

But now the credit men I stall.
For Linder with his figures gay
Made millions for me in a day."

OPEN FORUM

BEST ADVICE.

Dear Editor,
My loud speaker shrieks and howls all night whenever there's a good program on the air. What should I do?

Sincerely,
RADIO FAN.
Editor's Note: Give her the price of the movies.

SENSE—NONSENSE

"Oh Blish!" gurgled a young bride as she saw the handsome carving set displayed in a hardware store window down south.

Suggested slogan for a South End furniture store, "Watkins We Do for You?"

"Why are you so down in the mouth?" asked the Memorial hospital from its lofty station to the new Armory.
"You'd be sad, too, if you were in the hole I am in," was the answer.

"Daddy, I just saw an auto truck passing and it said on it, 'We cut the earth to suit your taste.' Does Mr. E. J. own all the world?"
"No, dear child, he just owns the HOLL town."

Tin—"Why does Nate Richards go about without a hat?"
Pan—"Well in the first place it's healthy."
Tin—"Yes, go on."
Pan—"In the second place, it's wonderful for the hair."
Tin—"Yes, yes, tell me more."
Pan—"And in the third place it gives him a distinctive air, if you gather what I mean."
Tin—"Oh, go on, go on. This is so thrilling."
Pan—"And in the fourth place HE AIN'T GOT THE PRICE OF A HAT."

"Wots de matter?" exclaimed an excited pedestrian as he entered the little smoke shop near the Home Bank.
"I ain't him, that's de boss there," answered the man in the shop.

"I'm seeking an orthophonic," said a stylishly dressed young lady at one of our music shops, to the attendant.
"None in this town, only chiropractics," answered the suave salesman.

"No, no, little Nanette, be a good girlie. Come right in with muzzer and have your tooth pulled. What is frightening you?"
"Can't I read, muzzer?"
"Yes, darling."
"Well, look at his sign, 'A SAV- AGE DENTIST.'"

REACH COMPROMISE ON LOCATION OF P. O.

(Continued from Page 1)

ed picking out his own little section of the town, when someone popped out, "Say, why not build the post office building up here?" The thought was mother to the deed. The new post office building will be built on Lookout—that is, if the Case family will stand for it—and if the government gets through the red tape without moving the mountain.

ON THE AIR

Tonight's Program
Radio fans won't want to try to get any other programs tonight after reading over the bill Station F L O P offers its vast audience. Following is the program:

- 9:13:24—Famous boy Soprano, Sam Gordon, sometimes called "The Singing Cop."
- 11:02:59—Henry Smith, the "Whispering Baritone," assisted by his Victrola.
- 11:10:10—Scotch songs and stories by Alex Simpson.
- 11:10:48—De Luxe rendition of "And She Lives Down in Our Alley" by the Hebron Game club quartet, composed of R. V. Treat, R. G. Rich, R. A. Johnson and N. B. Richards.
- 12:00:00—Bed-Time story, by Clarence P. Quimby.

CHEF DE LUXE



Melville Stacy who has been summoned to the White House to roast President Coolidge's Valentine turkey. Mr Stacy is a cook of no mean reputation. Give him a thick steak and plenty of butter and the day is bound to be perfect.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

BARGAINS YOU WILL NEVER GET AGAIN!

FOR SALE—Triangular plot of land at Center—fountain on site included. Previous report of sale of land unfounded. Price cheap. See either J. Frank Bowen or local officers of D. A. R.

FOR SALE—21 acres of land in Hollywood tract, price only 50 cents. Near cemetery and is therefore valueless to me. E. J. Holl. Call Heublein's between 6 and 7 p. m.

WANTED—Boy with small sized wheelbarrow to move my stock to new store. I'd do it myself, but I can't get near enough to the wheelbarrow. George H. Williams.

FOR RENT—Government Home-ideal storage lot for junked automobiles, good place for garbage disposal, or municipal incinerator. Call Ernest F. Brown, at the end of the Cross Town line.

FOR SALE—For cost of storage, large quantity of moosemeat formerly the property of one Nate Richards. See P. J. O'Leary.

WANTED—The public of Manchester to know that I, Louis St. Clair Burr, am the only man in Manchester authorized to carry the title of "REALTOR" in accordance with the ruling of Manchester Town Planning Commission. ("Realtor" is from the Spanish, and translated literally means "Royal Bull")

FOR SALE—Home pumper, only slightly used. Apply to Joseph Albiston, Manchester Green Fire House.

TO STUMP COUNTRY



William H. Schieldge, prominent local sponsor of 50-Hour-Week-for-Women movement is to stump the country in behalf of the cause. Mr. Schieldge refuses to be quoted.

At the Police Benefit Sunday, Tom Ferguson will sing "There'll Be No Court in the Morning." R. G. Rich will be behind the scenes to act as prompter.

ST. PETERSBURG SHIEK



This, gents, is Robert J. Smith, called Bob because of the way he wears his luxuriant locks. He is in some sort of dirty business—something small—ground, we believe it is called. As a side line he is a State Senator but despite this it is said that a stranger left his hat in his office a few days ago while he went into another office. When the stranger returned THE HAT WAS STILL THERE. That disproves what you have been thinking about.

UP SCHOOL ST. WAY



George Waddell says the School St. dump is now fit to live in—and a bunch of rats have taken him at his word. The Herald's photographer caught the above familiar scene in the vicinity of the dump.

RADIO BUG



Everybody wonders why Herb Ingham doesn't show up at all the big feeds any more and sing "Martha." He's got a radio and the radio's got him.

BACHELORHOOD

WITH APOLOGIES TO "SPINSTERHOOD" SHOULD HE WORK FOR A LIVING OR MARRY FOR LOVE

THE STORY SO FAR:
George (Cappy) Rix is a private secretary. He likes good times, dinners, movies, card parties—yes, all good times—except the women. At least Cappy never displays any particular likelihood for a woman. He is what they call a bachelor. But, Cappy enjoys getting out among the people. He likes to be a delegate. That seems to be Cappy's weakness—being a delegate. There are times when he isn't a delegate that he just goes home to weep, because he isn't a delegate to some convention or other. Comes Spring—with its plans for Summer. A big convention is being talked of.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is Mr. George Chandler, of the State Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Chandler is a good fellow, even if he did make a bad break here in Manchester one time. You know folks, there used to be such a thing as a Chandler Club in Manchester. It was made up of the Swedish friends of Mr. Chandler's here in town. But, that isn't germane so I'll tell you something. Mr. Chandler is going to spring a little surprise."

Mr. Chandler takes the floor, puts it down again and steps on it. "Ladies and gentlemen, lest you forget the fact—I'll tell you—I'm Mr. George B. Chandler. I don't come to Manchester very often, but when I do—rowdy-dow! I have come to tell you all of a very interesting little affair the State Chamber is contemplating."

And thus did conversation break before a wild and stormy meeting of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce. Our hero, Cappy, sat with features intense listening in rapt wonder as Mahomet, the Big Boss of the Chambers of Commerce of Connecticut, described this wonderful party that was going to take place next June in New London-by-the-Sea.

In brief, Mr. Chandler's plan was this: All the men of the Connecticut Chambers were invited to a big blow-out at Eastern Point in June—the annual convention of the association. There was to be a big banquet, lots of big meetings, Captain Patrick Irving O'Hay, the swash-buckling pirate of Cheney Hall, was to be a speaker—but the ladies were to be there, and there was to be a grand ball.

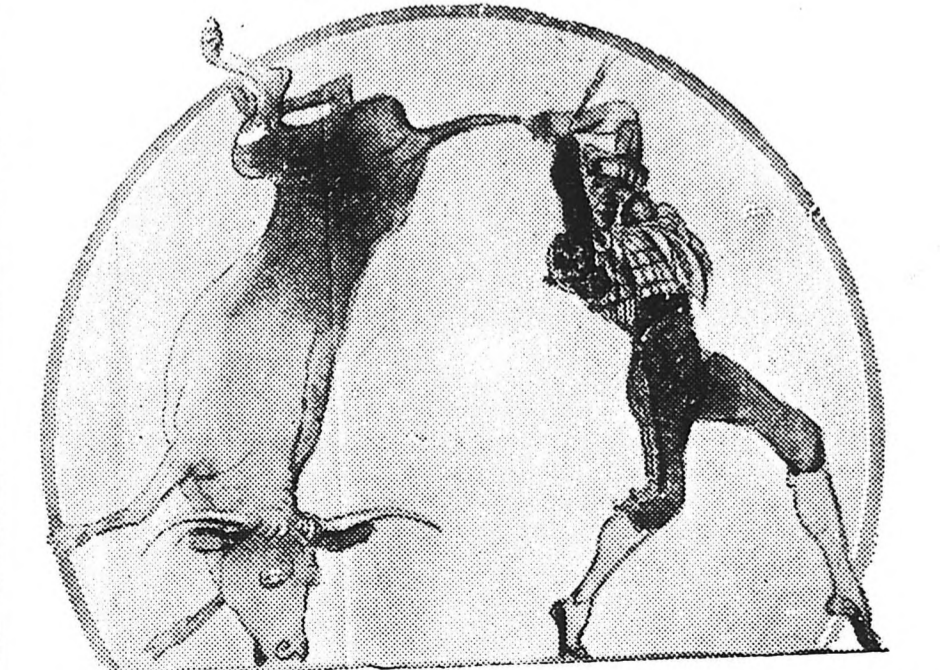
And, the climax came when Mr. Chandler said: "Gentlemen, I would suggest that you send only those men as delegates who can take their wives along for the grand ball."

In their enthusiasm few thought of the dilemma our hero was in. But, there in his corner, all forlorn, with hopes shattered, sat Cappy. That one big convention—a woman stood between him and a chance to do it. What to do!

But somewhere in our hero's mind there's lurking a mischievous thought. Will he go to that convention? Will some fair woman spring to his side and save him from disgrace? Will he be the only C. of C. Sec. absent—all because of a woman?

(Story to be Continued at New London.)

IN ROLE HE CREATED



The above scene is taken from a playlet being rehearsed for the next Chamber banquet. It is to be a Spanish setting. The scene above shows U. J. Lupien in a playful moment tossing a cow over his shoulders in true Mexican style.

ABOUT TOWN

Willard B. Rogers of Center street is driving a brand new Ford roadster. It is Willard's first car and he says he likes it very much.

Postcards have been received in town from Fayette B. Clarke who is enjoying a sightseeing trip to Florida. Mr. Clarke reports the porters very generous, although there is a "palmy" air about all of them.

A wireless message was received at one of the local banks today from Judge H. O. Bowers and Charles E. House. They said they had "sat in" a poker game with some nice looking men and their Travelers' cheques were all gone.

The Women's Aid and Benevolent Society held an organization meeting in Tinker hall last night. After the business meeting an entertainment hour was enjoyed. A unique part of the program was the presentation of a silk flag to the society by Charles A. Sweet. When asked "What about a Lincoln picture?" Charles said his supply of those had run out.

The board of selectmen will hold a hearing tonight on a petition of the residents on Bush Hill Road for sidewalks and curbing. Many taxpayers of the opinion that sidewalks there would be a great benefit to silk mill workers who now have to walk in the road.

News from the Southland today told of the purchase yesterday of the Rockefeller estate at Ormond Beach by Frank H. Anderson, of St. Petersburg and Manchester. Mr. Anderson intends to develop the estate similar to that of his Seminole Estate holdings.

Among those who received diplomas this week from the International Correspondence School were Louis S. Carter of 192 Hartford Road. Mr. Carter has been studying "How to Become a Successful Bookkeeper."

G. H. Waddell and Albert Knofla are being sought by a Hartford restaurant owner. They left his place of business one night rather hurriedly leaving a couple of \$1.25 dinners unpaid for.

Chris Glenney has invested all his money in a Hartford insurance stock that he can't sell for at least a year. Chris was afraid he might get the Florida fever.

A telegram received from William C. Cheney, who is touring the Holy Land, reads: "For Heaven's sake tell Tom Linder to leave enough money in Manchester to fix up the Center Park. I've seen a cute mosque over here in Turkey I'd like to have duplicated for the park."

EMERGENCY DOCTORS

In case your Osano dinner and half-and-half "Four Roses" bother you tomorrow, call either Cheney Brothers Machine Shop or the Carlyle-Johnson factory. All doctors will be abed until noon.

William Knofla and D. Frank Conkey are soliciting all the old clothes they can get previous to their trip to Europe with the Foot Guards. They are taking a lot of trunks along that they figure they can fill them on the return trip with delicious refreshments. The old clothes, naturally, won't come back.

James A. Irvine is anxious to get in touch with some Boy Scout who will loan him a Size 12 uniform. Mr. Irvine wants to attend a Scout meeting in Hartford and he can't find his own suit.

Charles Ray has hired one of Cheney Brothers big trucks to use for the next Kiwanis Club meeting. Charles is trying hard to get in touch with all the members and so has decided to conduct the meetings on a truck and visit each member's place of business.

The St. Petersburg Times carries the following item: John G. Pentland, of South Manchester, Conn., a young lad about 20 years old, is making a big success as a real estate salesman. He is being called "The Boy Realtor." Young Pentland finds that being diminutive has not hurt his popularity among the land buyers. They can't call him a "bull thrower."

UNCOVER AL SMITH'S RUNNING MATE HERE

Well Known Manchester McAdoo Fan Picked as Compromise Candidate for V. P. by Democrats.

In an effort to find a compromise candidate for the 1928 presidential elections, the Al Smith forces have come to Manchester. Dr. Edward G. Dolan, for years identified with the McAdoo element in the Democratic party, was today asked to run for vice-president on the Democratic 1928 ticket.

Dr. Dolan was reticent today after being asked about the honor. He said that he, naturally, considered it a great honor, but, nevertheless, felt that only a feeling of unity would put the party across. He has always aspired to such a high office, but never thought the privilege of being a candidate for the vice-presidency would be his.

Thomas J. Spellacy was asked to confirm the news of Dr. Dolan's selection. He said "It is news to me. I am no longer in the know in Democratic circles. Since the Battle of New Haven my heart has been with the Nihilists."

DRUNK DRIVERS HAVE LICENSES SUSPENDED

The following automobile drivers had their licenses suspended this week by the Motor Vehicle Department for driving their machines while under the influence of intoxicating liquors. If any citizen sees any one of the men named below behind a wheel, he should go directly to the nearest telephone, call 664, and tell whoever answers this is a lot of bunk. The drivers:

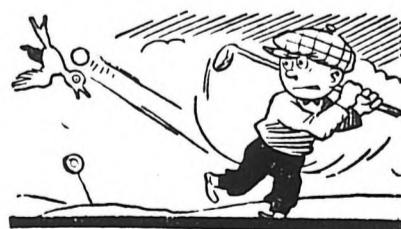
Joseph Albiston
Charles I. Balch.
James S. Neill
John Jensen
Watson Woodruff
Lawrence W. Case
William F. Reidy
Charles W. Holman
Joseph Cooper

TOO MODEST



In an endeavor to make this issue of The Herald interesting an attempt was made to get a picture of everybody in the Chamber. Howard Bennett and Walter Olcott were so modest that the reproduction above was the nearest we could get to a photo of them.

SOME GOLFER



Ever since Doc Weldon gave up playing "Hearts" he has taken to golf. "Doc" told all his friends he made a "birdie" the day before the blizzard. What "Doc" meant was that he hit a sparrow when trying to make a hole in one.

The Main street business men all agree that when a two-year-old debtor finally pays his bill the money seems like "pure velvet."

Town Talk

The days of fine sounding names seem to be passing. Where are the smooth attractive cognomens of the days of old? Just look around among the members of the Chamber of Commerce and see some of those fine sounding names they carry. Well, there's Louis St. Clair, and Fayette B., and Christopher, and then there's A. Stanley, and Emil Louis Gustave and the two doctors command attention with Dr. George A. F. and Dr. D. C. Y. and how's R. LaMotte for hanging on your front door-knob?

The Chamber ought to give bonuses to families naming their children with something other than John, Bill, Tom, Dick or Harry.

One of our local business men doesn't report for work until about 11 o'clock in the morning. The office girl used to say when there was an early call for him, "He hasn't come in yet." But, she has been instructed to say, "He's out just now." It does sound a lot better, doesn't it?

The Chamber members are going to Storrs in the spring to see how the farmer students learn to farm. You know, Storrs has believed that experience was the best teacher. Louis Radding says the farmers need the help of the business men. Instead of going to Storrs why not form a farming party some Thursday afternoon in the coming spring, and go out and help plow Mr. Radding's tobacco fields? That would be killing two birds with one stone—helping the farmers and learning how it's done. Can't you see George Rix behind a plow, Austin Cheney planting corn and Earl Seaman putting tobacco plants in the ground?

OUTDOING THE PRINCE



Nate Richards is a horseman—but so is the Prince of Wales. Nate was out to the Hebron Game club one day on a horse that didn't like him. The above tells better than words the result.

Judge Johnson says, "What you don't know costs you a lot of money."

J. P. Lamb says, "When certain people find steady work you know business is booming."