

FIFE AND DRUM TRILL, BOOM AS BANDS CONVENE

Plenty of Music in Air Today as Convention Celebrates in Parade—Dance at the State Armory Tonight.

Manchester's first opportunity to act as host to the annual convention of the Connecticut Fifers and Drummers' Association came last night when several visiting bands and drum corps arrived in town to take part in the field day which will be held at the Cheney ball park on McKee street this afternoon. A parade through Main street by the several bands told Manchester last night that the activities had started.

Expect 50 Bands.

By the time that the exercises open at the park today more than 50 bands will have come to Manchester. These, which represent drum corps and flute bands, come from all parts of this state, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Jersey and New York. Two of the visiting organizations claim Brooklyn, N. Y., as their home town.

A dance was held in Orange hall last night, open to the public. At the same time the executive committee held a short business session. The real business session of the year, however, will be held here on the Sunday nearest to Washington's birthday, next February. It is the custom to hold the election of officers and to transact other business in the town in which the annual field day takes place.

The Parade

The parade of the many drum corps and bands started at 11 o'clock from the Orange hall on East Center street. From this place the line of march led through Main street, Hartford Road, Pine street, Walnut street, Cooper street, down Summer street to the ball park on McKee street. There the exercises and contests will be held.

Prizes Offered

The largest number of prizes ever offered to members of the state association will be given the winners in the various competitions. There will be contests in ensemble playing, pipe and drum, fife, drumming and other branches of drum corps and band activities. Cups and medals will be the prizes for some of the contests while the best drummer in competition will receive a handsome Ludlow snare drum.

Things Will Not End Here

Things will not end here, however, for at the Armory on Main street the contests will be continued at 8 o'clock. At that time there will be fancy drilling and baton swinging for prizes. A dance will follow.

Some of the stores on Main street have been decorated in the national colors for the occasion. It is expected that nearly 2,000 people will be in Manchester from surrounding towns.

Bands Arrive

One of the first bands to arrive in Manchester for the big convention today was the William E. Ray Fife, Drum and Bugle Corps of Newburgh, N. Y. This band is believed to be one of the units coming the furthest distance. However, other bands from more distant points have been invited.

The Newburg band, eleven in number, came here in automobiles. They left Newburgh at midnight and arrived here at seven o'clock this morning making the 200 mile trip in seven hours. They encountered heavy fogs on the way and this delayed them somewhat.

Throughout the morning hours Main street at the South End was made picturesque by the various colored uniforms of the musicians as the different bands commenced to arrive.

When Old Sol broke through the clouds at 9 o'clock this morning there was much rejoicing. The day had not brought promise of favorable weather. Instead the clouds hung low and a slight drizzle began falling at 8 o'clock. Then Old Sol, seeming to realize Manchester's plight, came to the rescue.

Indication just before The Herald went to press this noon were that the weather would continue to be fair this afternoon. The clouds

DRY LAW VIOLATIONS BOOM IN PITTSBURGH

Pittsburgh, Aug. 7.—Four out of every five government offenses committed in the Pittsburgh district in the last year were liquor law violations, according to the annual report of John D. Meyer, Federal district attorney.

The report stated that violations of the national prohibition law comprised eighty percent of all cases prosecuted by the Federal district attorney's office in the last year.

LOCKJAW VICTIM MAKES RECOVERY

Ten Year Old Local Girl Back to Health After Fight Against Big Odds.

There is happiness today in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Max E. Wagner at 673 Hartford Road for their little daughter, Dorothy, who has returned from the Memorial hospital cured of lockjaw.

The recovery of the ten-year-old child is considered miraculous. The official report of the state department of health in the July issue of American Medical Association reveals that in the past eight years there have been 131 cases of tetanus (lockjaw) and 128 deaths. Thus it may be seen that the recovery of Dorothy Wagner has been remarkable. It is a credit to the local physician who battled against the odds in the attempt to save her life.

Goos Home

Dorothy has been in the hospital since Sunday, July 25. Today, however, she was removed to her home where it is said she will be confined for only a short time before she will be able to be about again. Although somewhat emaciated, it was a happy and smiling girl that came back to the welcome doors of her home and the open arms of her mother.

Interesting Case

The story of Dorothy's case is interesting. She sustained the injury which brought about the lockjaw while bathing in Case's pond. According to her own words she was wading in the shallow water near the shore when suddenly she felt a pain. She had stepped on something sharp. She uttered a cry and a man who was nearby came to her assistance. He carried her to shore when it was discovered that she had pierced the skin of one of her toes and had penetrated deeply.

Mother Dresses Wound

Dorothy's foot was bandaged and she put on her slippers and walked home. When she got home, the mother bathed the wound and bandaged it.

However two weeks later the girl began to feel pain. It was the symptoms of lockjaw and the next thing that the little girl's father and mother noticed was that Dorothy could not open her mouth.

It was then that the parents of the child sensed the seriousness of the injury. A doctor was summoned. He diagnosed the case as tetanus and advised the child's immediate removal to the hospital.

There Dorothy was given an anti-toxin. The little girl had a temperature of 105. She was able to open her mouth only a little—just enough to allow a spoon to be inserted. This is how she was fed. Her food consisted of milk, eggs, fruit juices and other nourishments.

For several days her life hung in the balance. Then the anti-toxin treatments began to have their effect.

Gradually Dorothy's condition improved and soon she regained partial use of her jaw. Today she is practically in good health.

JOLSON DIVORCE SUIT ACTUALLY ON FILE

Paris, Aug. 7.—Mrs. Al Jolson, wife of the famous blackface comedian, has filed a suit for divorce in the Paris courts.

Mrs. Jolson asks for the separation on the unusual ground known in the French legal terminology as "injure grave."

The application is supported only by a letter from Jolson refusing to resume marital relations.

BACKS UP POINCARÉ IN TOBACCO PLAN

Paris, Aug. 7.—The Senate today adopted Premier Poincaré's sinking fund project and his proposal for the industrialization of the tobacco monopoly by a vote of 281 to 6.

WANT NEW SONG WRITER TO BE AMERICAN BORN

Paris, Aug. 7.—Mr. and Mrs. Irving Berlin are awaiting an interesting event in their family, according to friends here. The Berlins wish this event to take place in America and they are now planning on returning to the United States in the middle of August.

ESCAPES DEATH FROM GAS IN A MANHOLE TRAP

Hartford Man Falls Into Poison Pit Here—Life Saved by Fast Work of Comrade and Doctor.

Salvatore Bruno, a middle-aged Hartford man, narrowly escaped death here late yesterday when he accidentally fell into a manhole filled with illuminating gas.

It was first reported that the man had been asphyxiated. A hurry call was sent for doctors. How the man fell into the manhole is not known. He had been working about the pit. This happened at the intersection of Hartford Road and Wetherell streets at 4:30 yesterday afternoon.

Yells for Help

When Bruno fell into the manhole, he yelled for help. Fellow-workmen rushed to his rescue but by the time they arrived the cries had ceased. In a few minutes a little crowd had gathered. Battiste Deores, one of the laborers, had an idea how to save Bruno. Taking a rope, he climbed down into the manhole which is ten feet deep and quickly tied the end about Bruno's body. Then he came back to the surface as quickly as he could.

Man Unconscious

Workmen grabbed the other end of the rope and in a few seconds, Bruno was lifted out of the manhole. He was unconscious and his fellow-workmen carried him to a nearby lawn. In a short time two local physicians arrived at the scene.

Artificial respiration was given the man and, followed by medical treatment, revived the man and he was later taken to his home.

It was said Bruno had been in the manhole about one minute. If he had not been rescued immediately, death would have resulted, the doctors said.

BATTLE FOR LIVES OF 5 ENTOMBED IN MINE

Kentucky Cave-in Traps Workers Behind 75 Feet of Spur and Mud.

Salem, Ky., Aug. 7.—Holding out faint hope that five men entombed in a spar mine, four miles south of here, are still alive after being trapped for more than 30 hours, mining engineers and rescue workers today began the slow task of drilling through 75 feet of flour and mud in an effort to get air and food to them.

The miners were trapped at ten o'clock Thursday night by a "slide-in" of mud and rock and no communication has been had with them since that time.

Dance and Get Fired; Florida Ultimatum to School Teachers

Blountstown, Fla., Aug. 7.—"Down with the dance!" is the cry of Calhoun county school board. At its last meeting the board decided that teachers who dance or encourage dancing will not be permitted to teach in county school.

The school board's dictum reads: "No teachers who dance or encourage same shall be allowed to teach in the public schools of Cal-

houn county if said dancing is participated in at any time from Monday to Friday night. All teachers will be required to sign a contract agreeing to conform to this rule."

Members of the board declare that of late many school teachers have been tripping the light fantastic to an excessive degree with damaging results to the progress of their pupils.

KITCHENER'S BODY FOUND IN NORWAY

Journalist Asserts He Has Surely Identified General, Victim of War.

London, Aug. 7.—The Referee, a Sunday newspaper, publishes in the issue that comes from the press today an article by Frank Power declaring that the body of Field Marshal Lord Kitchener has been found in a wayside cemetery at Egersund, Norway, that it has been exhumed and is now on its way to England, where it is expected to arrive to-morrow.

Power is a free lance journalist who has devoted most of his time for the last three years to a search for Kitchener's body and to an effort to establish the circumstances under which the Hampshire, on which Kitchener was bound for Russia, was lost off the Orkneys on June 5, 1926. His charges that if the Hampshire was not the victim of a German plot there was official carelessness in sending her along a dangerous course have been officially and categorically denied.

Newspaper Accepts Narrative

The article in the Referee says that Power returned to London from Norway on Thursday and that the body which is declared to be that of Kitchener is en route. The newspaper says it is convinced of the identification and of the truth of Power's narrative.

\$500 PRICE ON HEAD OF ESCAPED LEOPARD

Hundred Hunters Search New Jersey Region, So Far Without Result.

Red Bank, N. J., Aug. 7.—Nearly a hundred men, armed with rifles, were still combing the New Jersey countryside today for a vicious leopard, the escape of which has terrorized the district since Thursday. So vital has become the search for the animal that the reward has been raised from \$100 to \$500 by the Twin Brook Zoo at Middletown, from which it escaped.

PRINCESS A MOTHER

London, Aug. 7.—The Princess of Hesse, former Princess Mafalda of Italy, has given birth to a son at Racconigi, according to a Central News dispatch from Rome.

NEW FIGHT FOR HOPKINS' GOLD IS THREATENED

Great \$300,000,000 Fortune Claimed by Many Kin in North Carolina and Virginia—Action Begun.

Greensboro, N. C., Aug. 7.—Out of the West has come the hope of a fortune—something like \$300,000,000 representing the present valuation of the estate of Mark Hopkins, the pioneer who trekked from Randolph County, North Carolina, to California during the gold rush of '49.

More than 125 North Carolina claimants have announced that they will start proceedings in the United States District Court here soon in an attempt to establish their right to the Hopkins fortune.

The impending action of the North Carolina claimants is the outgrowth of a trip by a High Point, North Carolina, man, Norman Lee Freeman, to the Pacific Coast two years ago.

Would Upset Distribution

Freeman, who represented 127 claimants, including himself, looked over the California estate and retained Judge J. H. Longden of Sacramento, Cal., as attorney for the heirs.

Judge Longden filed a petition asking to have the original distribution of 1883 set aside and a new distribution made, on the ground of fraud. This was based on the contention of Moses Hopkins, a brother of Mark, that there were no other living relatives.

The judge and his wife, Dr. H. F. Longden, have been in North Carolina for several weeks investigating the list of North Carolina claimants, the bulk of whom are in Randolph County. Large numbers

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"TIN PLATE WIDOW" BLEW 37 MILLIONS

40 Million Dollar Inheritance of Mrs. Leeds Shrank to Less Than Three.

New York, Aug. 7.—The forty million dollars inherited by Anastasia, Princess of Greece, on the death of her first husband, William B. Leeds, the "Tin Plate King," had dwindled at her death, Aug. 29, 1923, to less than three millions, chiefly invested in gorgeous jewelry, it was revealed yesterday when an accounting was filed by the United States Trust Company, co-accountants with Mrs. Margaret Stewart Green of No. 208 South Mountain avenue, Montclair, N. J.

Set against the total amount of \$2,582,331 were debts, administration and other expenses amounting to nearly a million dollars.

It was generally rumored the Princess had spent \$10,000,000 financing the return of King Constantine to the Greek throne.

Judge Killed

"In Tlajomulco there was bloodshed but the number of dead is not known."

"At the Church of Jesus there were two killed and one wounded, but the Catholics continued defending the church."

"A grave encounter is featured in the Mexican district, where the Catholics have entrenched themselves in the temple and surrounding building and are resolved upon defense."

Los Angeles Seeks To Gag "Traducer"

Declares Man Who Called Her "Moral Bankrupt" Was Never School Official.

Los Angeles, Aug. 7.—The statement of Dr. Bruce Wheeler, a lecturer, that "Los Angeles is morally and financially bankrupt" and that "vice and shame in one block of Hollywood are far worse and more prevalent than in a square mile of either New York City or Chicago" created a storm of protest here. Dr. Wheeler's statements were made in a lecture given in Lockport, N. Y.

Efforts were under way today by local organizations, including the board of education and the chamber of commerce, to secure a retraction of Dr. Wheeler's statements.

According to reports received here, Dr. Wheeler claimed to have been formerly connected with the Los Angeles city schools. The records of the board, it was said, disclosed no such connection.

Dr. George MacNeill, president of the New York state society of Los Angeles and a former resident of Buffalo, N. Y., telegraphed an emphatic denial of Dr. Wheeler's statements to the Buffalo Evening News.

TRUDY EDERLE WINS; BREAKS TIME RECORD

American Girl First of Her Sex to Swim English Channel; Lands Near Deal, 14 Hours, 31 Minutes.

Dover, Eng., Aug. 7.—Gertrude Ederle, New Yorker, is conqueror of the English channel, first of all the numberless women who have essayed the feat to swim from the French coast to the shores of England. She walked out of the water onto the beach at Kingsdown, near Deal, at 9:40 o'clock last night, having set a new record for the journey of 14 hours, 31 minutes, an hour and 49 minutes less than the shortest time made by any of the five men who have achieved the feat. The previous record was held by Tirabocci, Italian-Argentinean, made three years ago from Dover to Calais.

By her success Miss Ederle will receive \$7,500 instead of the \$5,000 guaranteed to her by an American newspaper service, so that she earned \$2,500 by stepping on English soil.

In Light of Bonfire

Miss Ederle walked triumphantly up the beach between the little village of Kingsdown and Walmer Castle, Deal, quite strong and fresh. The last few hundred yards of the swim were watched from all parts of the country, sojourning at the seaside resort of Deal, who collected all available material to build a bonfire on the beach to guide the plucky American girl as she neared her goal.

Thus she finished the feat in a blaze lighting the coast for miles, as the accompanying tugs burned flares and displayed searchlights.

The swimmer refused all offers of help in landing. Waving all aside, she walked out of the surf unaided, amid tremendous outbursts of cheering, which completely drowned the tugboats' sirens.

She was so fresh she even wanted to plunge into the sea again to swim yards to the boat lying some 200 yards out. But this was not allowed.

Goos Swimming Today

"Trudy" came down to the Dover beach at noon today and took a running dive into the waters she had conquered. Sort of a defiant dive it was, flouting the channel waters.

"Nope, I'm not going to swim back to France," she said, as she laughed and struck out from the shore.

"I just came in for a swim. I

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MISS EDERLE HELD UP AS ALIEN INCOMER

Forced to Wait for Hour as Immigration Officers Demand Her Papers.

Dover, England, Aug. 7.—The law is the law in England, even for channel swimmers.

When Gertrude Ederle was brought into Dover last night after successfully swimming the channel she was forced to wait for an hour until the immigration officers had examined her papers.

Great indignation was expressed by the citizens of Dover, but officials explained they had regulations and there was nothing in them that accused trans-channel swimmers from undergoing a passport examination.

WOMAN IN ORANGE IS MRS. BERNHART

Sister of Slain Choir Singer Not "Mrs. Tennyson"; Story Being Checked Up.

Somerville, N. J., Aug. 7.—Two important moves were to be made today in an effort to clear up the mystery surrounding the murder of Rev. Edward W. Hall and Mrs. Eleanor R. Mills, his beautiful choir singer, near Brunswick, N. J., four years ago.

The story of the woman in orange, now identified as Mrs. Elsie Barnhardt of Paterson, N. J., sister of the slain choirster is to be thoroughly investigated and checked, Special Prosecutor Alexander Simpson has announced. Seven detectives have been detailed to gather further evidence to support Mrs. Barnhardt's story.

Two men, who according to Mrs. Barnhardt's story, were eye-witnesses of the murder under the crabapple tree, were being sought by detectives. Their names were not revealed. Mrs. Barnhardt's story may bring a speedy solution of the murder mystery if evidence is found to support her information, investigators working under Simpson believe.

HOPE TO BAIL D. CHENG

Boston, Aug. 7.—Chinese friends of Dr. Ensang Wai Sheng, indicted for illegal surgery, hope to effect his release on \$15,000 bail today.

Hot Time in the Old Town Today

—by Harry Anderson



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Didn't Have Houses Enough

Wednesday night's Herald carried a modest ad offering J. R. Foster's place on North Main street for rent or lease. This morning Mr. Foster called upon us to take out the ad. "I should have ordered that ad out Thursday morning," he said. "I didn't have houses enough. Had the first inquiry when The Herald had only been out a few minutes."

Little Newsgirl Snubs Scribe Who Attempts an Interview

"Reporters are too nosy." That was the pert retort given to a newspaper man today by pretty Myrtle Muir, 13-year-old Herald newsgirl, when an attempt was made to interview her.

"I like the Herald all right but not the reporters. They are always sticking their noses into everybody's business. If they would mind their own, they would be better off."

"Yes, my name is Myrtle Muir, but what of it? I don't want my name in the paper. Why don't you go out and get some real news instead of sitting around here waiting your time."

So much for Myrtle. At first she was reticent and could not be induced to talk. Finally she forgot herself for a moment and let a few facts about her life as a newsgirl slip from her lips.

The reporter was alert. His hand dug into his pocket and grabbed a pencil.

"Put back that pencil and notebook. I told you I didn't want anything in the paper. Don't you understand English?"

Now Myrtle is human. She finally decided the only way to get rid of her pest was to answer his questions. And this is how the story of Myrtle's work as a newspaper girl came to be known.

Myrtle helps her younger brother, Bobby, peddle Herald's. Bobby is 12, one year younger than Myrtle. Both are slim and small. They have a pleasing way and make friends wherever they go. That is why they have a 67 paper route today instead of the 20 they had when they started three years ago. Just at present the brother and sister peddle 168 copies of the Herald daily, as they are doing another route for a pal of theirs who is on a vacation.

Myrtle and Bobby do not keep the money they make as most newsgirls do. They give it to their mother to keep for them. Once in a while they go to the motion pictures but are saving up their money realizing that an early start in life paves the way to success.

Both attend school in the Ninth District. Myrtle will be in the eighth grade and Bobby in the seventh when school convenes next month. Myrtle is well known to residents in the South End for she is a familiar sight about the streets between 5 and 6 o'clock at night riding her bicycle delivering The Herald.

POLICE COURT

Frank Bron of South Main street, who lives in the Old Captain Keeney place was before Judge Raymond A. Johnson this morning charged with keeping liquor with the intent to sell.

Bron's place was raided last night by Chief Gordon, Sergeant Barron, and Patrolman Wirtalla, and McGinn. The evidence secured was presented in court this morning fifteen gallons of liquor and a still were brought in. It was the largest haul secured by the police in some time.

Judge W. S. Hyde represented Bron today and asked for a continuance until next Thursday. This was granted. Bron furnished a cash bond of \$200.

John J. Kearns who is employed at the Majestic theater in Hartford was before Judge Johnson today charged with operating an automobile while under the influence of liquor. Kearns was arrested at two o'clock this morning by State Policeman Gerald Risley near the Buckland schoolhouse.

Dr. LeVerne Holmes and Captain Schendel testified that Kearns was intoxicated. Kearns said he and members of his family had been fishing near New London, and on their drive home he had some home brew to drink. He was represented by Attorney William Shea.

Judge Johnson found Kearns guilty and fined him \$125 and costs. Kearns gave notice of appeal.

Where Genius Is the Admission Fee



Three of the MacDowell Colony's picturesque private studios are shown above, with Mrs. Edward MacDowell, famous musician, and Edwin Arlington Robinson, poet.

Pool, Charades, Armadillo-ing The Pastimes at Art Colony

Peterboro, N. J., Aug. 7.—Up here in art's summer home—at the far-famed "MacDowell Colony"—the discovery is made that Edwin Arlington Robinson not only is one of America's foremost poets, but also is an earnest and inaccurate pool player.

As for France Newman, of Atlanta, short-story writing luminary—her favorite diversion is charades. And Thorton Wilder, author and playwright—she spends much leisure time impersonating an armadillo at his "dillo-ing."

Art's celebrities gather in picturesque assembly at the MacDowell Colony each summer. Mrs. Edward MacDowell, noted musician, the head of it.

Primarily the colony is a group of workshops. Private studios are hidden away in 600 acres of woods. After breakfast, each artist repairs to his own shelter, safe from interruption for at least eight hours carried the plan out.

At noon, a truck drives up to the door and a light lunch is deposited on the step.

Driver's Lips Padlocked. If the driver has any views on the weather or other popular topic, he keeps them strictly to himself.

If there are any telephone messages, they are written on a slip of paper and placed in the lunch basket.

The colonists may not even visit each other during working hours, save upon invitation.

The dullest, most unimaginative person could not fail to feel the charm of so picturesque a setting, or to sense the spirit of creation which is upon the place.

MacDowell's thought was to provide artists with a summer home where they would be free, both from intrusion and from the many details which go to make up the bother of living.

Merit The Open Sesame. An endorsement helps keep the cost of summering at the colony down to a nominal figure. The MacDowells wanted its advantages to be contingent not upon financial condition of the artist, but upon the merit of his work.

DOG AT THE STATE MAKES A BIG HIT

Last night a near capacity house at the State saw "Alexander the Great," the wonder dog of the movies, perform his stunts. That the audience was greatly pleased with the dog's performance was evident from their hearty applause.

After the two feature pictures had been shown, the curtain was raised upon a garden scene where Joe Sylvia, "Alexander's" trainer, was supposedly telephoning to his dog at the hotel, telling him to hurry over to the theater.

A minute or two afterward, the great dog walked majestically out from the left wing. He seemed almost to smile into the spotlight as he passed the length of the stage.

From then on his performances brought roud after round of clapping. "Alexander" cleverly demonstrated how the throat attack is made, how a war dog acts on the

EDLERLE IS SIXTH TO SWIM CHANNEL; OTHERS WERE MEN

Miss Gertrude Edlerle's record-breaking swim across the English Channel yesterday is the sixth time that turbulent stretch of water has been conquered in something over a half century.

The record of the five previous triumphs, all by men, follow: August 24-25, 1875, by Captain Matthew Webb of Eastbourne, England. Dover Sands, England to Sangatte Beach, France. Time 22 hours, 45 minutes. Estimated distance traveled, thirty-nine miles (second attempt).

August 5-6, 1911, by Thomas W. Burgess of London, England. Dover Admiralty Pier to Cape Gras Nez, France. Time 22 hours, 35 minutes. Estimated distance traveled, thirty-nine miles. Nineteenth attempt.

August 5-6, 1923, by Henry Sullivan of Lowell, Mass. Dover Admiralty Pier to Cape Gris Nez. Time 27 hours, 23 minutes. Estimated distance covered, forty-five miles. (Third attempt.)

August 11-12, 1923, by Sebastian Tirabocchi of Buenos Aires, an Italian. Cape Gris Nez to Dover Sands, England. Time 18 hours, 23 minutes. Estimated distance traveled twenty-seven miles. (Third attempt.)

September 8-9, 1923, by Charles Totth of Boston. Cape Gris Nez to Dover Sands. Time, 15 hours, 54 minutes. Estimated distance traveled, twenty-eight miles. (Twelfth attempt.)

WAR IS UNLIKELY IN MEXICO, SAYS U. S. CHURCHMAN

Methodist Minister Investigating Conditions in Troubled Country Says Things Are Orderly.

The following picture of conditions in Mexico today was wired by the Rev. Delloyd Finley Wood of Zanesville, O., pastor of one of the largest Methodist churches in the world, who went to Mexico a short time ago at the request of President Calles to investigate conditions there. He is well known as a keen and impartial observer and as a churchman remarkably free from religious prejudices. Calles has given Wood permission to go any place in Mexico and to make any investigations desired. This gives him an unusual opportunity to observe the great struggle between church and state. Other articles by Dr. Wood will follow.

BY DELLOYD FINLEY WOOD Mexico City, Aug. 7.—One cannot live in this trouble-racked republic in these trying days without gaining a measure of hope. It is a hope that is absorbed from the people around one. For, despite the bitterness of the religious conflict that has been provoked, the people of Mexico are filled with both hope and confidence.

The determination of the government, reflected in the presence of massed troops, and the failure of the threatened serious disturbances to materialize, have eased the marked strain and tensely under which the nation has been living.

You might describe the nation's state of mind as a firm belief in the supremacy of law—the constitution—and order; a confidence in the good intentions of the government.

This does not mean that all Mexicans are united in believing that the anti-church laws put into force by Calles are wise and just. Far from it. What it does mean is that Mexico is reaching a new state of mind; a state of mind in which it can actually put its trust in the orderly processes of law rather than in armed revolt.

Considering Mexico's turbulent past, this is indeed a good augury. The bewilderment of the first few months, particularly among the peasants and laborers, has gone. In its place there is being expressed a confidence that the government, which has ministered to their economic needs will not fail their religious instincts either.

It was interesting to watch the parade of thousands who marched to express their support of President Calles. In the line of march were very many who felt that the

new laws were wrong. But—here is the encouraging thing—they were uniting in urging support of the laws until, by some peaceable, legal process, they could be changed. Mexico has not formerly felt this way.

I asked a Mexican peasant and a staunch Catholic about the future. He said simply, "We shall obey the law."

A large banner reading we "Not Fight Religion" is borne pass by the marchers, not performing any religious rites. This applies to the great cathedral church of the Ascension de Maria Santissima, one of the most magnificent church buildings in the world.

This cathedral, which can comfortably seat 20,000 persons, was begun in 1572, while men were still living who could recall the rule of Montezuma. It is located on the site of the old Aztec temple to the war god, Huitzilpochtli, on whose altars thousands of human beings were sacrificed before the conquest, and some of the stones from that temple are incorporated in its walls.

The value of the cathedral is conservatively estimated at \$2,000,000, and its altars, organs, jewels and other furnishings are easily worth \$1,000,000 more. The cathedral fronts on Constitution Plaza in the center of the city, and is approached by the great open alameda. Its site occupies 3 acres—more than the average city block—and some of the world's finest sacred statuary and paintings are housed in it.

There are ten separate altars and ten pulpits in the cathedral, and it is no uncommon sight to see masses being said in one portion of the building, funeral services being conducted in another part, a wedding in another and baptisms or confirmations in still another.

Until the recent laws went into effect, the cathedral maintained a vast number of priests to minister to the congregation of from 10,000 to 15,000.

Irving E. August of Hilliard street is spending a week at Camp Pioneer, the Boy Scout camp at Winsted.

HILLSIDE INN On Bolton Street Road. Always a delightful eating place. Regular Dinners and a la carte service. Phone 891-12. W. Gesecke.

DANCING TONIGHT Lakeside Casino South Coventry.

NEW FIGHT FOR THE HOPKINS GOLD LOOMS

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also reside in Guilford, Person, Durham and Orange counties.

Probably a score of the claimants are scattered through Virginia, South Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Texas, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Washington and California. It was said.

Lawyers Confer. North Carolina attorneys for the claimants in this state and Virginia, S. Bryant, of Durham, assistant to Judge Longden, have been conferring here for several weeks, and will continue until they come to the point of taking definite court action. It was said.

Court action here is expected to include the filing of a petition in United States District Court for permission for a hearing in which the claimants would attempt to establish their right to a part of the estate. It was said.

Mark and Moses Hopkins, aged about 35 and 30, are said to have left their home in Randolph County in 1849 for California in the gold rush.

Mark Hopkins died in 1878 and the estate was settled in 1883. It was said, received only one-fourth. He died without leaving any blood descendants, it was claimed.

After Mark Hopkins' death his widow married Edward F. Seales, architect of her million dollar mansion at Great Barrington, Mass., and a few years after that she died leaving the bulk of the holdings to her husband. He has since died and the estate, after being the subject of much litigation, passed to his heirs.

Included in the vast estate, which is valued at \$300,000,000 are \$135,000,000 in stocks and bonds, largely of the Southern Pacific Railroad; \$20,000,000 in San Francisco property; \$12,000,000 in property in Sacramento, and 75,000 acres of land in California, it is said. There are also large holdings in other states, it is declared.

A recent successful application of electric heat is in the sterilization of eggs.

OPEN FORUM

MANCHESTER YOUTHS PLEAD THEIR SIDE OF HOLD-UP

Editor, The Herald:

In regard to the Glastonbury hold-up which was reported in last night's Herald we would like to give our side of the story. In the first place we were tried by the Glastonbury court for breach of peace.

While returning from the dance hall on Bush Hill road we were forced into the gutter by a car which was traveling pretty fast. Someone in the car shouted something vulgar at us and we turned and gave chase. The driver of the car wanted to fight when we caught him. A friend of his tried to calm him down and it ended by shaking hands.

The following evening after returning from work the town police picked us up and turned us over to the Glastonbury police. We were charged with breach of peace and assault to which we pleaded not guilty. We were let off by the judge upon payment of costs \$25.96 each.

JOSEPH DUNN, ARTHUR PILLARD, OLIVER JARVIS, HILMER JOHNSON.

FIRST KIDDIE REVUE TO BE HELD AT STATE

Rehearsals for the State theatre's first kiddie revue have gotten under way. A large number of youngsters have signified their intentions of taking part, and are now being drilled daily for the revue, which it is expected will be presented about the last of this month or the first of next.

Although there have been but five rehearsals so far, the children have made remarkable progress. Their songs and dances are already done in a snappy, colorful manner.

There is yet a chance for any kiddies that may wish to appear in this revue to do so. All that is necessary to do is to apply to Manager Jack Sanson at the state theatre office.

FIFE AND DRUM TRILL AND BOOM

(Continued from page 1)

began to disappear shortly before noon.

Hotels Filled. The bands began arriving at an early hour this morning and continued to come all through the morning hours. At two o'clock this morning both the Hotel Sheridan and the Waranoke Hotel were filled. The former was housing seven bands.

Bands arrived from Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey and Rhode Island in addition to our own state. Among the most famous to arrive here was the noted British-Canadian Drum and Bugle Corps from Pawtucket, R. I. This unit has the distinction of having seen service in the World War. They presented an impressive sight in their olive drab uniforms. It was a contrast to the other more colorful uniforms.

At the Center. The sight at the Center is hard to describe. This was the gathering place of the incoming bands. They came in various colored buses, small and big. At the Orange hall the units were registered. Two men and a stenographer were kept busy filling the entries. Out on the street in front of Orange hall, the members of the bands gathered and discussed former conventions. Buses and automobiles lined both sides of the street. Men selling toy balloons added to the picturesque sight.

Following is an incomplete list of the bands secured by a Herald man as they arrived. It includes every band that arrived up until ten o'clock this morning. Others were expected soon afterward.

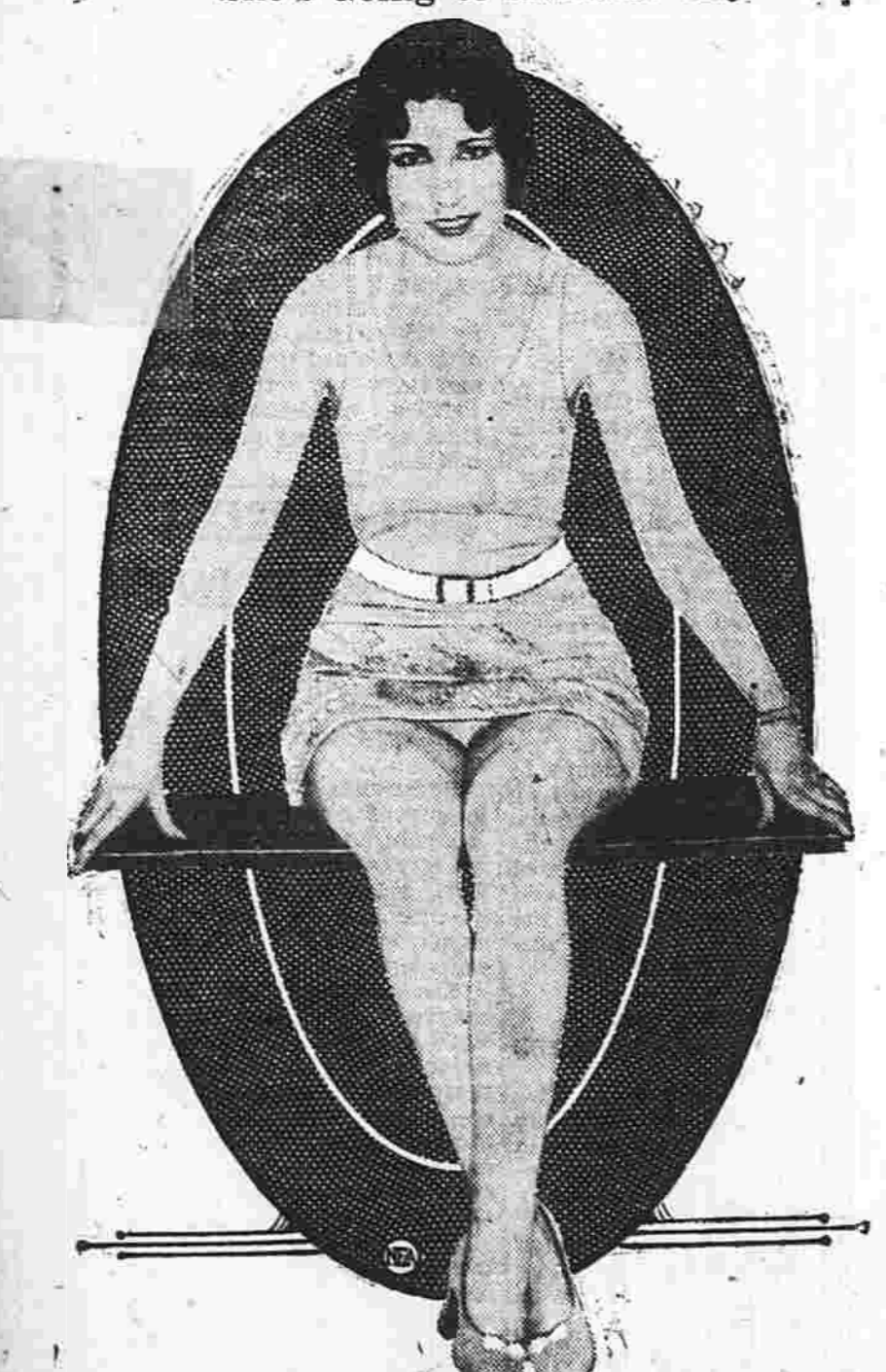
The Bands. Knights of Columbus Fife, Drum and Bugle Corps, of Worcester, Mass., Stanley Fife, Drum and Bugle Corps of Southington, British-Canadian World War Veterans' Drum and Bugle Corps, of Pawtucket, R. I., Assumption Drum Drum Corps, of Chicopee, Mass., M. T. A. & B. Fife and Drum Corps of New Britain, St. Paul's Fife and Drum Corps, of Kensington, St. Francis Fife and Drum Corps of Naugatuck, Middletown Fife and Drum Corps, T. M. Russell Flute and Piccolo Corps, of Middletown, Marine Drum Corps of South Hadley Falls, Mass., Yalesville Fife and Drum Corps, J. L. Riker Post Fife, Drum and Bugle Corps of Brooklyn, N. Y., Veterans of Foreign Wars Fife, Drum and Bugle Corps of Bridgeport, Unguova Fife and Drum Corps of Fairfield, Maple Fife and Drum Corps of Stamford, Torrington Fife and Drum Corps, Our Lady of Hope Fife and Drum Corps, of Thompsonville (uniforms similar to those worn by West Point Cadets), New Departure Flute and Piccolo Corps of Bristol, Liberty Fife and Drum Corps, of Westfield, Mass., Cutlery Drum Corps of Northampton, Mass., Farmington Fife and Drum Corps, Plainville Fife and Drum Corps, Fire King Fife and Drum Corps of Pawtucket, R. I., Sons of Father Matthew, Pawtucket, R. I., Rockville Fife and Drum Corps, Lan-craft Fife and Drum Corps, of New Haven, Warner Brothers Grenadiers Fife and Drum Corps of Bridgeport, National Drum and Fife Corps of Newark, N. J., and bands from New Rochelle, N. Y., and Providence, R. I.

HOUSTON—DILWORTH Miss Margaret Elizabeth Dilworth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Dilworth of 101 West Turnpike and Walter J. Houston, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Houston, of School street were married yesterday by Rev. C. T. McCann, rector of St. Bridget's church. They were attended by Mrs. Houston's sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Tournaud. Following the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Houston left an unannounced wedding trip.

LEAPS TO HER DEATH IN THE NIAGARA RIVER Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 7.—An unidentified woman leaped to her death into the Niagara river from the upper deck of the ferryboat Jamaica at an early hour today when the boat was in mid-river on its way from Buffalo to Fort Erie. No clue has been found to the suicide's identity.

She was described as about forty years old. Her leap was witnessed by Miss Florence Waters, the burger's daughter.

She's Going to Atlantic City



They're beginning to call the roll of city bathing beauty champions, and one of the first to respond is Marguerite Jordan, whose jet black hair won for her over 156 other entries at Kansas City. She'll compete in the national tourney at Atlantic City.

The Coolidges at Plymouth



The President, Mrs. Coolidge, and "Prudence Prim" return to the President's birthplace, Plymouth, Vt., for the first time since the death of Col. John Coolidge. They made the trip from White Pine camp.

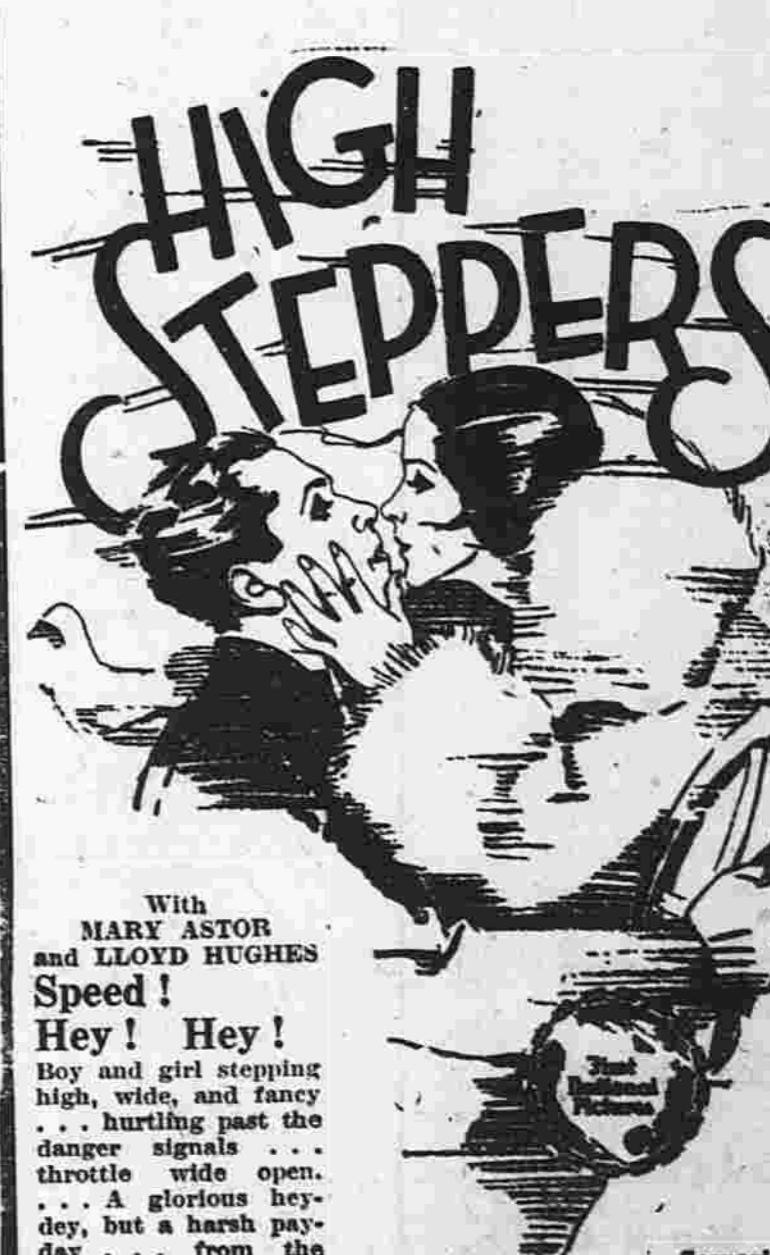
State Today Continuous 2:15 to 10:30

3—FEATURES—3

ALEXANDER THE GREAT and THUNDER in "PHANTOM OF THE FOREST"	ALEXANDER The Movie Wonder Dog in PERSON	DOUGLAS MACLEAN in "THAT'S MY BABY"
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Sunday and Monday

Edwin Carewe presents:



HIGH STEPPERS

With MARY ASTOR and LLOYD HUGHES Speed! Hey! Hey! Boy and girl stepping high, wide, and fancy... hurtling past the danger signals... throttle wide open... A glorious heyday, but a harsh pay-day... from the famous story "Heirs Apparent" by the still more famous Philip Gibbs.

Scenario by Lois Looson Directed by Edwin Carewe

CHURCHES

ST. JAMES'S R. C.
Rev. W. P. Reidy.
Rev. J. P. Timmins.
Rev. Francis McDonough.

Masses tomorrow at St. James's R. C. church will be celebrated at 7 a. m., 8:30 a. m., and 10:30 a. m. Recitation of the Rosary will precede the last mass.

Music by the junior choir at the 8:30 a. m. mass will be as follows:
Prelude: Moderato in F...Stults
Proclamation: "O Salutaris"
Anthem: "Jesus, Lord Most Mighty"
Anthem: "O Lord, in Thy Power See Us"
Offertory: "Ave Maria"
Anthem: "Hail Queen of Heaven"
Anthem: "I Would Abide With Thee"
Communion: "Angel's Serenade"
Organ and violin, Miss Mary Donahue, violinist
Recessional: "Proclamation"
LaRafale
Music by the senior choir at the 10:30 a. m. high mass will be as follows:
Prelude: Hymn of Rest...Toohy
Anthem: Sacred Heart, Guardian of Our Home...Stanfield
Offertory: "O Salutaris"
Anthem: "The Golden Rule"
Anthem: "Beneath the Shadow of the Cross"
Recessional: "March Militaire"
Stults

SO. METHODIST EPISCOPAL.
Rev. Joseph Cooper.

9:30—Sunday school for all classes.
10:45—Worship with Center Congregational church, sermon by Rev. Charles E. Spaulding, Ph.D.
8:00—Evening worship. Pastor will preach on "Mountain Heights" The Week.
Tuesday, 7:00: Boy Scouts.
Thursday, 7:30: Mid-week service. The pastor will speak on the Epistle of St. James. Topic: "Divine Wisdom."
This service is open to all.
Bestie Turner of Hartford will sing for Miss Trebble.
Music is as follows:
Andante Cantabile...Tschalkowski
Soft as the Voice...Scott
Love Divine...Stainer
Mrs. Dunham—Mr. Lidstedt
March in C...Cadman
Dr. Spaulding's topic "Distinctive Heroes"

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL
Vernon Center.
Edward Eells, Minister.

11 A. M.—Pastor T. H. Woodward of Wapping will preach by exchange.
7:30 P. M.—"A Trip to Dixie Land" will be given by the sixty colored stereopticon pictures showing the wonderful progress made by the negroes of the South.

THE BREAD OF LIFE

By GEORGE HENRY DOLE.

International Sunday School Lesson Text, August 9.
Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life.—John 6:35.

The soul requires its bread to sustain vigor, power, and joy as imperatively as the body needs its nourishment. What is the bread of life? What bread nourishes the soul? Here is one broken hearted, bowed down in despair. Will the most sumptuous banquet reach the heart and take away the pain? No; but what can and will?

Suppose one sees that his suffering was brought on by his own unprincipled or thoughtless acts, or unbridled selfishness; that by his misfortune he has become wiser, and that affliction has brought him the very profit he most needed. Or suppose the trouble is something that he could not have prevented, and that by meeting it rightly he is spiritually enlightened, strengthened, chastened, and gathers into his character riches that could not otherwise be attained. Suppose he learns from experience that the Lord turns all pain, rightly endured, into eternal profit and glory. A perception of these facts comforts, strengthens, revives. A realization of the inner powers that make the heart tender, sympathetic, kind, and merciful is a balm to the wound, and it heals, it revives, it is the bread of life.

Notice how Jesus was sustained in temptation. In the spiritual wilderness, when the soul longed for a sustaining life, the tempter bade Him to command the stones to be made bread, which means to make worldliness the sustaining life. Jesus replied, "It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Then the devil seeth Him upon a pinnacle of the temple, which is to be self-exalted. Again the Lord quoted the word, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." Then the devil showed Him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them. But Jesus would not yield to the love of riches and dominion, and the third time quotes the word, "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." Then the devil left Him, and angels came and ministered unto Him. Marvellous, appealing, illustrating! Jesus brought within Him the ministry of angels, the true life of God. This is the true bread the bread that cometh down from God out of Heaven, and giveth life unto the world.

"If any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever." faith, strength, and peace will never fail.

BUCKINGHAM

The Buckingham church is closed for a two weeks' vacation and the pastor, Rev. W. W. Evans, left yesterday for Maine on a two weeks' fishing trip. Rev. Morris A. King of the Connecticut Federation of Churches will accompany Mr. Evans on this trip.

MEET YOUR PASTORS

REV. HERMAN O. WEBER
Concordia Lutheran.
A Series of Thumb-nail Sketches of the Local Clergy.



Rev. Herman O. Weber was born in Neutomschel, Germany, where his father was a prosperous business man. He was graduated from the high school of that town in 1888 and entered the theological seminary in Kropp, Schleswig-Holstein from which he was graduated in 1891. He then completed his studies at the University of Erlangen, Bavaria.

In 1894 Mr. Weber came to this country and was made a citizen in 1900. He was ordained in Buffalo in 1894 at the conference of the New York Ministerium and began his active work soon after in Zion congregation and after 10 years there, was called to St. John's Lutheran church in Union City, N. J. Owing to sickness in the family he resigned in 1922 and with Mrs. Weber undertook an extended trip to Europe where he was actively engaged in mission work. In the summer of 1923 he had the privilege of attending the first Lutheran World conference at Eisenach, Germany. On his return in 1924 he accepted a call from the Concordia Lutheran congregation of this town.

He was married in 1902 to Mrs. Olivia Burkhardt of Jersey City. They have one daughter, Mildred. Mrs. Weber's father and grandfather were pastors in this country.

GILEAD

At the annual meeting of the Gilead Hall Association, Inc., held Monday evening at the hall the following directors were chosen for the ensuing year: C. R. Perry, C. Daniel Way, H. E. Buell, C. A. Hills, A. C. Foote, N. J. Warner and Alice E. Foote.

Mrs. Helen Wolcott of Rochester, N. Y., who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Mary Prantice, left this week. Mrs. Prantice accompanied her to Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Prantice's in Newington.

Mrs. Clara Hamner, Mrs. A. H. Post and Mrs. W. J. Warner attended the East Central Pomona Grange picnic at Crystal Lake Wednesday.

Miss Fannie Mack of Ann Arbor, Mich., was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hart E. Buell. Miss Mack is the daughter of the late Rev. Josiah Mack who resided here many years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Hutchinson of South Manchester were in town Wednesday.

Mrs. Louise Fogli has recently purchased an automobile.

As this is Farmers' Week at Storrs, Wednesday was the big day for local folks. The families of W. N. Hills, Merton W. Hills, Asa W. Ellis, Robert Foote, Arnold C. Foote, Fred B. Post, E. E. Foote, and C. Daniel Way with several boys, members of the Boys' club, motored over and the day's program was instructing and enjoyable. Mr. and Mrs. C. Daniel Way also spent Friday there.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Barraso and children started Saturday on a motor trip. They will be gone a week and will visit relatives in Springfield, Mass., and other places.

ADDISON

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Wright received calls from their former neighbors of Andover this week. Mrs. E. D. White, Mrs. W. Thompson, Miss Clara Thompson, Winifred White. Also Mr. and Mrs. John Champlin and John Stuart of South Coventry.

E. B. Treat made a business trip to his New York home this week.

Mrs. Burton Bell and son Brainard are expected home today.

"Jack," the Collie dog owned by B. J. Bell, was a victim of the hot weather and was found dead Tuesday evening.

G. Schreiber & Sons
General Contractors
Builders of "Better Built Homes"
Telephone 1565-2.
Shop: 285 West Center Street

The Evening Herald Sunday School Lessons

by William T. Ellis. For Every Age, Creed and Nationality.

HUNGRY IN THE DESERT

The International Sunday School Lesson for August 8th is, "The Giving of the Manna." Exodus 16:1-36.

Everybody interprets truth in the light of his own personal experience. All that I have read throughout the years in commentaries upon the hunger of the Israelites in the wilderness slips away to give place to personal experiences in the same desert of Arabia. In particular, a memory of less than a fortnight ago makes personal the plight of the Hebrew ex-slaves, crying aloud their complaints of hunger.

We were crossing the desert from Beirut to Beirut when we came upon a stranded truck, containing twenty-one Persian Jews, mostly women and children, bound for the Holy Land. An axle had broken, within three hours' distance of an outpost of civilization, and through-out four burning days and nights the hungry Israelites whom Moses led into the desert. I could not tell these poor stranded pilgrims to the Land of Promise of my intentions for them; but within a few hours I had sent three cars that bore them all to safety and plenty before nightfall. I shudder to think what might have been their fate had not our car chanced upon them.

In the Relentless Desert's Grip For the desert is cruel. Only those who know its limitless wastes, wherein the lost or disabled wanderer may speedily die of hunger and thirst, can understand how relentless is this lonely and arid land. It produces nothing for food; has no friendly way-stations of human habitation; and often stretches for a hundred miles without a drop of water. It is easy for a Biblical commentator, sitting snug and safe in a comfortable study, to rail at the complaints of the Israelites. Once let him experience the desert, and he will be more charitable. There one is hourly confronted by the primal necessities of existence.

Several weeks ago, when we were attacked by large force of Arabs in the desert above Mosul, and fled in a mad race for life, our chauffeur's store up manna for future days is a lesson for the times. Manna came only day by day. The Lord's prayer echoes the same truth in "Give us this day our daily bread;" there is no suggestion in that prosperity that would make daily prayer needless.

This dread background of the desert must be ever in mind as we consider Israel's words of hunger and thirst, and the awesomeness and majesty of the desert. We have not yet got to the stage of appreciating that after all, they were only abject slaves, and their thoughts had not risen above their stomachs.

Man's Extremity is God's Opportunity. Nobody ever gets far beyond the need for daily bread. Even the loftiest spiritual soarings must be sustained by material food. The obligation to secure that is the mainspring of human existence. Men who have never known what it is to hunger and thirst, even if they are to come from having missed an essential human experience. No, baby's real strength or weakness is revealed until he has got down to the elemental basis of facing hunger. But it is tragic when people have to think always and only of how to secure sustenance for their physical natures. Really hungry men cannot pull the chariot of civilization and culture either fast or far. Our day has dared to face a possible state of society wherein there must be bread for all men's bodies, and food for their spirits as well.

Hungry in the Sinai desert, the ex-slaves howled. They had not yet got the point of devising expedients for themselves; they were being used to long subordinated. So when in need of food, like irresponsible children, they simply clamored for somebody else to get them out of their troubles. They turned to Moses in their new life as they had turned to their taskmasters in the old. Humanly speaking, their plight was desperate; then, as now, all life in the wilderness was conditionally scarce by food.

In the warehouses of God are unsuspected stores of food for both body and soul. To the Israelites was sent a daily delicacy, tasting like honey cakes, which they called manna. At the Monastery on Mount Sinai I was given some tins

"A day at a time is a wholesome rhyme, A good one to live by—a day at a time."

Somebody has said that "God has always been better to me than my fears." His doing passes our desiring. No desert is too drear to be without His special provisions for our bodies, as well as for our spirits. He is not so great that He is above caring for the temporal concerns of His children. The state of the child's larder is never a matter of indifference to the Father. He who fed the hungry Israelites in the wilderness, and the prophet by the ravens, still has unused resources for the meeting of every sort of hunger. As Jesus said, upon this point, "Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things." Day by day—each day's supply provided on that very day—God cares for his own; as for the Hebrews of old.

SEVEN SENTENCE SERMONS.
When the outlook is not good try the uplook.—Anonymous.
Patience means the readiness to wait God's time without doubting God's truth.—Arthur T. Hadley.
Dare to be true: nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.—Herbert.
There is no better motto which culture can have than these words of Bishop Wilson, "To make reason and the will of God prevail."
—Matthew Arnold.
The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them.—Psalm 34:7.
I count life just a stuff to try the soul's strength on.—Robert Browning.
When locomotives can burn their own smoke, traveling will be pleasant; there is no danger to the community from people who carry concealed trouble.—Maitland D. Babcock.
President Coolidge likes a cigar that costs a quarter.

NATURAL ACROBAT IS 'DODGER' DOWD

Instructor at Cottage Street Playground Has Unusual Success With His Tumbler.

Much of the success of the Cottage street playground during the past five years is due in no small measure to the work of James "Dodger" Dowd, who has been the principal instructor and director there for that length of time. Mr. Dowd's program this season, which is mapped out by Directors Olson and Geary of the Rec, has been carried out with the assistance of Miss Margaret Shugrue, Manchester Boy.

Dodger Dowd is a strictly Manchester product, and his earlier athletic career was pursued here. Since the time that he was able to, he has played practically every game with more or less success and his prowess in football is still talked of. He did not confine his activities to football, however, for he was a valued member of several baseball and basketball teams while in his teens.

A clever football player, he led the famous Tigers of this town to what was claimed to be the championship of this state in several years of competition before the United States entered the World War. Dowd was quarterback on this team and it was there that he earned the nickname that has stuck to him so long.

Enlisted in Navy. When the United States entered the war Dowd enlisted in the navy and served until the Armistice was signed. On his return to Manchester he devoted his spare time to his athletic development and in a short time became an accomplished acrobat both on the aerial rings, on

the mat and on the horizontal bar. For a long while he conducted classes in this branch at the Rec and brought along several youngsters who bid fair to become clever tumbler and acrobats.

Dowd started at the East Side playgrounds five years ago and has been there every summer since. He has given the children and adults each a program of sports and games and has carried out these schedules for the entire summer. There has been something for everybody from children up to elderly men and all have been participating in the games with considerable zest.

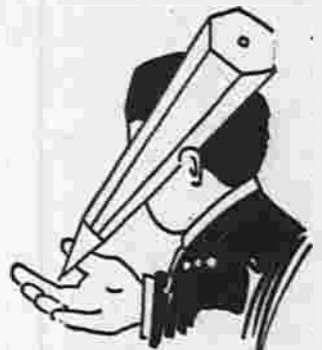
Class of Tumblers. His class of tumblers which is now working evenings at the playground shows goes through about an hour and a half of steady training every night. There are boys there who are less than 10 years old who can go through stunts that rival those seen in the circus and on the stage. Older boys are more adept at the art and it seems impossible that Manchester children can do the things that Dowd's class does.

As a playground worker in Manchester he has been declared second to none and the Recreation committee has been so pleased with his record that he has been engaged continuously. The wonder of it is that fact that Dowd has had no systematic training other than that which he has picked up through publications on physical education and related subjects.

Canadian soldiers, or May files, breed in the water and live but a day.

ARTESIAN WELLS
Drilled Any Diameter—Any Depth Any Place
Charles F. Volkert
Blast Hole Drilling
Test Drilling for Foundation
Water Systems
Pumps for All Purposes.
HIGHLAND PARK P. O.
Tel. 1375-5.

High Hats and Overalls



You know, I'm kind o' new at this advertisin' business. Been talkin' along t' folks the way the boss told me, and he wanted me t' take a few cracks at the bootleg fellas now an' then—but there wuz one rule he laid down t' start with. "Happy," he says, "I want you t' leave the High Hat Bros. alone." And ain't it funny, you prob'ly seen how the first time I went away here last week, happened that the High Hats give us some o' their dirty linen, and the boss got hold of it an' felt kina o' sore so he turns 'round an' hung it right out in public where everybody could see it an' read who it belonged to.

Well, you see the High Hat boys pull that sort o' stuff pretty frequent—'cause we sort o' work in overalls they like t' have it known that we ain't in their class, which is true enough, too. An' the boss don't generally pay much attention to 'em,—but he don't intend t' have 'em soil his overalls just the same, an' you can't blame him. We do business in overalls 'cause we like to work that way. Figure they're a lot more comf'able an' friendly than High Hats, an' the upkeep ain't near so steep. You always hear about this stuff they call "Overhead"—well, High Hats is it.

Yes, sir, the boss took a crack at the High Hats over this Chautauqua business, even if he wouldn't let me do it. Well, I'm new at the game an' I s'pose he didn't want t' have we struck with the curse of Jehovah.

I never been here at these Sale times before an' I didn't know just how they worked it or whether it'd amount t' anything. Some places t'hey have Sales all the time, so's there ain't no sense in it, an' some places they don't let on t' have any Sales at all—just take what they kin git any time.

But I just been tellin' folks the story fair and square, like I was told, about this twice-a-year sale idea an' I s'pose followin' the same policy year after year, folks gets t' knowin' they kin depend on you. Anyhow, we've found a lot o' people that needed furniture, an' I know now that this twice-a-year Sale is the right dope.

You see, 'tain't like the Continuous Sale fellas, just drawin' in breath fer another explosion. We don't pretend t' offer furniture fer the price o' junk, now or any other time, an' we don't have the junk t' offer even if we do wear overalls. Well, why do we run a Sale at all? I'll tell you. Middle o' the summer an' middle o' the winter we're darn glad t' cut prices, an' year after year we do cut prices those times an' we really sell cheaper, an' we keep busy, an' if we keep busy enough we make a little money,—an' specially before our August Vacation we need the money bad,—an' otherwise if we kin break even we're pretty well satisfied.

Can't get mor'n the goods is worth anytime. There's too many in the business. But Sale times with us, we're glad to get less,—an' the only difference is, we admit it. Don't know how we'd come out if we didn't cut prices fer Sales once in a while. Take couch hammocks, an' refrigerators an' such—they wuz worth the price to start with, but we didn't get the weather an' now we got t' give 'em away. An' the way suites an' odd pieces an' samples would accumulate if we didn't clean 'em out twice a year—no, sir, they're worth the price, but you got to cut 'em.

Well, it's been a pretty lively Sale so far, and there's still plenty o' bargains that'll strike folks just right. Don't pay t' wait fer 'em though, 'cause they close out an' r' gone, an' we can't give you what we haven't got. Like one fella that's been watchin' a parlor suite all spring till the price 'd be cut. But the price wuz all right an' they all sold out an' when he come in fer the Sale he wuz out o' luck.

But take other things, now, an' there's plenty. Like stoves an' ranges. Been sellin' 'em right in the hot weather,—lot o' 'em. You see, we've got this Quaker Social at \$89.50, on time payments,—an' it's a regular stove at a regular price. Or the combination range at \$159.50 the same way. If you need a stove, you can't beat 'em—and a genuine all mohair parlor suite, \$195, fer all three pieces. You don't have t' wear a High Hat t' get in, either. Just come along in your overalls.

Happy Holmes

Keith's
Cor. Main & School Sts.
South Manchester
"The Place to Buy Furniture"

Union Sunday Morning Service
at the
Center Congregational Church
10:45
Preacher:
REV. CHARLES E. SPAULDING, Ph. D.
of New London
Dean of the Willimantic Institute.
All Are Welcome. Come.

Manchester Evening Herald
PUBLISHED BY THE HERALD PRINTING CO.
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Oct. 1, 1881
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1926.

RESPONSIBLE.

Public officials and peace officers have varying ideas of their responsibilities. There is the case of the authorities of two counties in the matter of the Hall-Mills murder investigation of four years ago. And there is the case of Post Office Inspector C. M. Christiansen.

CATCHING VOTES.

Give Calvin Coolidge all the credit in the world for being an astute politician and a vote getter, though you may, it is not even remotely probable that the President has taken to this new fishing wrinkle for any political purpose whatever.

SOME YARN!
If Alan Cobham, airman who has just completed in 36 days a flight from London to Port Darwin, Australia, ever comes drifting along into this neck of the woods we do hope that the Kiwanians or the Board of Trade or somebody will grab him as a speaking attraction.

STEWART'S WASHINGTON LETTERS
By CHARLES P. STEWART.
Washington, Aug. 7.—Representative William C. Lankford's recent reference to Washington as "the nation's Sodom of ungodliness" has made him the most popular of the congressmen who linger in the capital.

IN NEW YORK
New York, Aug. 7.—Long since, the passing of the "brownstone age" has been heralded by the merciless banging of trip hammers on the steel skeletons of modern apartment dwellings.

THIN RANKS OF CIVIL WAR VETS IN 60TH REUNION
Des Moines to Be Stage for G. A. R. Next Month.
Des Moines, Ia.—Their ranks thinned in the past year by a death rate that yearly grows greater, the men who wore the blue in the great civil conflict of the state, and the kindred organizations of the Grand Army of the Republic, will gather here the week of Sept. 19 to 24, for their sixtieth annual National Encampment.

This Eight Piece Dining Room Suite Only \$169
The above is a good illustration of the value of large quantity buying. The manufacturers of this suite had approximately one hundred left when they decided to discontinue manufacturing.



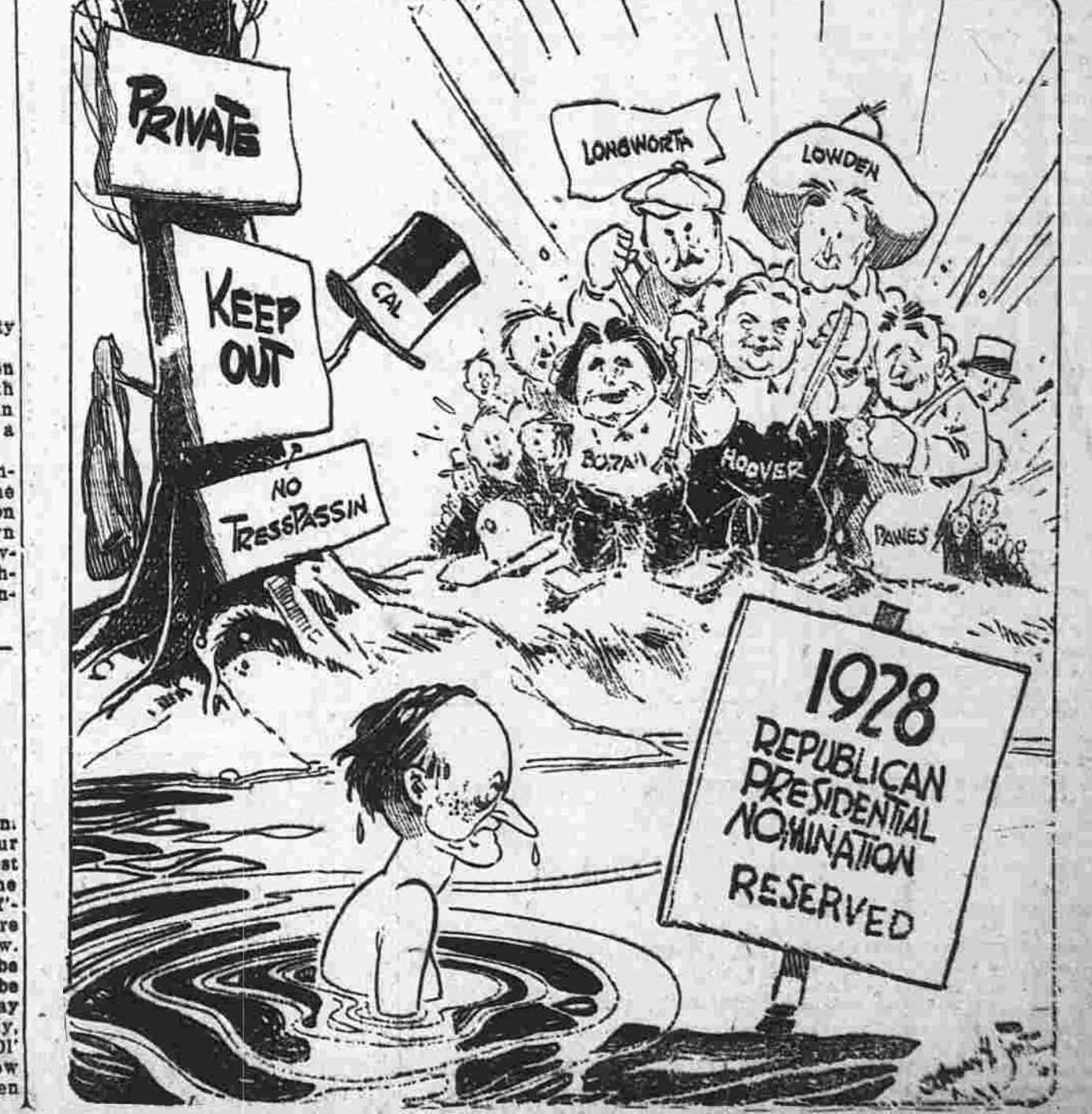
This is the feast day of St. Cajetan, who from childhood was known as a saint and spent his life and fortune in building hospitals and nursing the plague-stricken.

QUEER QUIRKS OF NATURE

One carries the scent of musk, the other that of musty straw.
BY AUSTIN H. CLARK
Smithsonian Institution
Many butterflies, like many flowers, have a fragrance that is very pleasant, while other butterflies, like other flowers, have a fragrance that is not at all pleasant.

EARLY MORN Hal Cochran's POEM

When the cool starts to crown, and a healthy breeze is blowin', an' the sun starts to risin' o'er the hill, then's the time—don'tcha doubt it, 'cause I'm here, man, ta shout it—that a fella oughta get his fresh air fill.



There Seems To Be a Lot of Sign Disbelievers

INDIAN MURDERS.
A score of systematically planned, ruthless murders; millions of dollars at stake; a revival of the ancient hatred for the white men—these are the elements that are furi-

A THOUGHT

Resist the devil and he will flee from you.—Jas. 4:7.
The devil shall have his bargain: for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs—he will give the devil his due.—Shakespeare.

A Visiting Japanese Finds A Beautiful Story Here

GIVES ORIENTAL TOUCH TO A MANCHESTER TALE

A Manchester girl figures in the story. It is written by a Japanese. There you have local interest savoring of Oriental mystery and imagination.

Takeo Tanaka, the author of this interesting story, is a Japanese lawyer. He is a graduate of the Japanese university, Daichi. He has been instructor in law there, and is a student of International law.

The story Manchester's visitor from the Orient writes was volunteered. It is unusually interesting. A gentleman of the Orient drawing a pretty word picture of an incident in the Western world.

A FLOWER WITHOUT A NAME

By TAKEO TANAKA, LL. B., J. D.

Formerly an Instructor of Laws at the Japanese Dalichi University.

Introduction

Whenever my health commences to fail as a result of strenuous mental work or when everything begins to get on my nerves, I usually go away to a distant place where I am not known, forget that I am an official of the hospital, and then work as an ordinary laborer until I have regained my health and mental poise. This summer I am somewhere in Manchester as an ordinary laborer. The daylight is long and I have enough time after the day's work to write short stories as a pastime.

The story I am about to narrate is from actual life. The matters narrated herein actually happened in Manchester during my stay here and all the characters of the story actually live in this town at the time of this writing. Needless to say, this story contains a "message" to those unfortunate persons who have a mistaken notion that death is the emancipator of all. If there is even a single person, out of the countless number of such unfortunate ones, who will interpret the message contained herein properly and profitably, I shall consider my efforts well repaid.

May the silent walls of the Manchester Memorial Hospital, the spirits of sweet flowers that blossomed and died within its shadows and the silent stars that guard over them by night, bear solemn witness that somewhere in the corner of the garden of the hospital there was once a sweet little nameless flower that blossomed for only a day and that at the last hour of its ephemeral life it changed the destiny of another Sweet Flower of whom I am about to write.

Part One

One day in June in the year of Our Lord 1926, a dramatic and poetical incident happened at the Manchester Memorial Hospital. A nurse of the hospital staged a life's drama. For the purpose of this story, let us call her Miss Faith Evermore.

Miss Evermore was a profound pessimist—a faithful student of Schopenhauer's pessimistic philosophy. She believed that the world was full of miseries, pains, sickness, crime and inequities and that life in it was not worth living. The crimes and injustices of human society, the transitory nature of all that is good and the apparent permanence of evil and unpleasant things, the unreliability of human trust, the fallibility of human conduct, the constant battle which every mortal must fight against disease, cold, heat, famine, age and other manifestations of nature's apparent enmity against man and the inevitable fate which every life must meet sooner or later—all in all confirmed and strengthened her belief.

Persons with such a pessimistic view of life hate the world and all its creations and phenomena, including their own life. Such persons are safe as long as they are not exposed to extreme disappointment, sorrow, illness or some crisis. But when anything happens to them, such as physical illness, financial trouble, disappointment in love or the like, they do unreasonable things and become a menace to themselves and to the case of Miss Faith Evermore.

A glorious June day was closing. The walls of the Manchester Memorial Hospital were reflecting the soft rays of the setting sun. The little forest at the back of the hospital stood quiet and motionless as if it were waiting the arrival of night. Peace and silence pervaded all around. Amidst this peaceful and beautiful surrounding, a life's drama was about to be staged. Miss Faith Evermore, the nurse, was there on the dizzy height of the roof of the hospital offering her prayers so that her soul may be delivered safely in the hands of her Creator after her physical form had been broken and dissolved on the rocks below.

Then, she stood up. She looked around—nobody was in sight. She slowly approached the parapet and the roof with her quivering feet were almost on the very edge. There she stood!

She did not stop to think that nature had labored for eons and eons and millions of years in order to bring into being that precious human form which she was about to destroy. She did not stop to think that that body of hers was the only one she has ever owned since eternity began and that the exact duplicate of which never had existed, does not exist and will never appear at anywhere and

at anytime in this universe no matter how infinite its space, how eternal its duration and how wonderful its creative power may be. Like millions of hers who had preceded and have proceeded, her in the same attempt, she did not pause a moment to think that the awful destruction of that body meant to an inexorable crime against God to the world and to herself.

She was now ready to step to her death. Her prayers had been offered and her farewell to the world had been said. There was nothing else to do now but to leap—yes, plunge down and turn to a helpless corpse on the rugged rocks below.

Her decision to die was not diminished but increased with each second until the moment she stood on the edge of the roof. But mysteriously, at this very moment when she tried to leap, she suddenly became aware of the presence of something or somebody near her! She did not know what it was. The muscles of her limbs suddenly ceased to respond to her will as if this mysterious "something" had taken control of them for her benefit. Then she felt a strong, earnest and persuasive voice whispering into her ears!

"Stop! Stop!" the voice said. "Thou shalt not die. Thou hast no right to die. Thou hast not fulfilled the purpose for which thou hast been created. The smile thou hast come to smile in this world is still unsmiled upon this day. The song of songs which thy Creator had intended thee to sing is still unsung upon this day. Thy life has been full of discords as a song out of tune. A song out of tune shall regain all its original sweetness and richness when it regains its harmony. So it is with thy life, oh Song out of Tune! Regain thy original harmony and thy life shall turn into one sweet melody. Thou shalt not die! Live on!"

Who was that strong, irresistible and persuasive being? Did that voice come from above or below, from within or without? Was it her own unconscious voice, or that of someone else? She knew very well that until a few moments ago nobody was on the roof or near her. Surely, there was no danger of anyone coming up to the roof to prevent her from leaping at that moment. And yet she felt clearly that somebody was already there beside her earnestly persuading her not to commit that suicide!

She looked around. Strange! Nobody was there! Her decision weakened and tears began to fall across her cheeks.

"What shall I do?" she said to herself, "Shall I leap or shall I not?"

Her decision to die was not destroyed. It was weakened for only a few moments. There was the same degree of danger. Her feet were still on the edge of the roof; and all she had to do to die was to move a little forward and slip off!

She began to feel that it was too late to change her mind for she had already mailed her letter of farewell to all her friends. It was, of course, impossible to stop those letters from reaching their destinations. This and other unpleasant thoughts and hatreds came back to her mind and again she came to the conclusion that she must die—now and at once!

She had decided to die! No mortal's hand could have saved her. It was too late for any persuasive voice to save her. She was on the edge of the roof. All she had to do to die was to move a little—just a little!

She stretched her arms and raised her face toward the heaven. She closed her eyes and began to say: "Farewell cruel world! Never mine eyes shall behold thee again. Oh, Heavenly Father; give me thy—"

At this critical moment, just a second before she was about to cross the line of "life and death," a sudden gust of breeze brought to her a sweet fragrance of a flower. It was so sweet and exquisite that she unconsciously paused, turned her face toward the delightful evening breeze!

It was the same sweet fragrance that used to come into the windows of her home of long, long ago. It brought to her a chain of sweet recollections of her happy childhood days spent amidst the warm and sympathetic atmosphere of her dear old home. She felt the veil of time and of space being softly and slowly lifted from her half-forgotten memories and the scenes of her happy childhood days slowly unfolded before her mind.

First of all, the forest of bloom-

ing polyclana began to take its form against her memory's background. Then, as the outline of the forest became clear and clearer, the moss-covered roof of her home began to appear amid its foliage. Gradually the scene became nearer and clearer. It appeared to her that it was mid-summer in the land of her infancy.

Now she felt she could see that home of her; she felt she could scent the sweet fragrance of those little flowers blooming all around it; she felt she could hear the happy voices of her brothers and sisters playing within. How familiar, sweet and dear were they! Then, from out of the misty horizon of her memory, things that are more familiar began to loom out into her consciousness. The kind faces of her mother and father, the familiar forms of her brothers and sisters, the home-grown fruits on the table, the sweet flowers from her garden on her desk—all lined-up against her memory's background. She felt she could almost see, smell, taste, feel and hear those things that have gone and disappeared long, long ago—and far far away.

How could she resist the temptation to seek for the flower with such a familiar fragrance—with such a memory awakening fragrance! There was no need of any longer conflict in her mind for the poetical sentiment in mortals is stronger than any destructive will. "I must go and get that flower," she said to herself.

Part Two.

She hurried down the stairs and was soon out in the yards. The fragrance led her steps to the back of the dormitory. There, she paused for a moment and, with her eyes wet with tears, surveyed the surroundings. It was beautiful and wonderful! She had stood on that same spot before but did not realize the beauty of the surrounding landscape. But that evening at that moment everything seemed to have changed! The little forest at the back of the hospital painted in beautiful colors, the homes of contented people all around bathed in the soft rays of a setting sun, the fleecy clouds floating over the horizon in the west and even the neglected daisies among the weeds made their impressions on her.

Her mind has been tuned-up to an unusually high pitch as a result of her decision to die and it was natural that, in such a super-sensitive state, she was able to see and appreciate objects which she had previously passed without thought or interest.

She turned her face upward. She saw the star appearing one by one in the purple depths of the evening skies. She turned her face downward. The grass covered ground lay soft and warm under her feet. She turned around. Infinite peace and contentment pervaded all around.

She followed the "cow-path" led from the dormitory to the hospital garden. There were many flowers in bloom. She searched them carefully for fully an hour but the flower with that familiar fragrance failed to come within her ken. Then, she went over the whole place more systematically, looking in the most unlikely places. It was likewise fruitless. It was a great disappointment to her. Just then as she was about to leave the garden, the same sweet fragrance came to her from somewhere behind her! She turned around! There in the soft light of a great full moon, which was up by this time, she saw the sweet little flowers she used to see in her mother's garden of long long ago.

"Oh, my little flowers! I found you at last!" she cried.

Her parents and home had been swept away by Poverty and Time and to her there was nothing in this world that can be called a relic or remembrance of her home or parents except these little nameless flowers. She had not seen them since she left her home.

She sat down beside them as she used to do with her mother and looked at them with delight; she scented them over and over again as she used to do long, long ago. The flowers had the same sweet fragrance as the ones she used to know; they had the same snow-white color as the ones she used to see; they had the same soft petals as the ones she used to touch; yes, they were the same kind of flowers she used to see in her mother's garden in the days almost forgotten. She felt as though she has met a long lost friend—a friend so dear and familiar to her.

That night, she took the sweetest and prettiest of the little flowers and returned to the nurses' home across the street.

It was just before morning. She dreamt that she saw a full moon coming out of the western mountains. The moon grew brighter and brighter and revealed to her a large and stormy sea before her. She found herself alone, hunger-stricken, sick and old on its shore. Behind her was a vast region of ice and snow. Her limbs numbed and her body almost frozen.

She got down on her knees and began to cry in despair. She felt the surrounding growing dim as her eyes began to fill with tears until at last it became almost invisible. Then all at once in front of her, she saw something—something indistinguishable—something beautiful floating in a nebulous space. The misty form became gradually tangible and slowly commenced to materialize into thousands of flowery forms. The outlines and the hues became gradually clear. Little flowers appeared and in a moment roses, violets, nasturtiums, marigolds and the little familiar flowers followed—opening, blooming and glowing in all the hues of rainbow and their various blends until the whole atmosphere was filled with the purest fragrance of spring. Then she saw the beau-

WAPPING

Miss Dorothy Frink, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Frink, is spending the week-end with Miss Hazel Ferrell on Belmont street, Manchester.

Mrs. Annie Kupceous and family will motor to New Haven beach and spend the day next Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lucius V. Platt have gone to Vermont to spend a few days.

Miss Ellen J. Foster, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Foster, left Friday morning for Camp Aya-po, Woodstock Valley for a two weeks' vacation.

Harold Clouston from East Haven, spent the week-end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Bentley.

Walter N. Foster, George Buckland and Alfred Stone, all motored to Storrs on Tuesday of this week, to attend the meetings which have been held there all through Farmers' week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Watson of Manchester Green, but formerly from this place, left Friday morning to visit friends at Woodstock over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. George Knowlton called on friends in town this week as they were on their way to Niagara Falls.

The Y. M. C. A. held a meeting in the vestry of the Methodist church on Thursday evening.

There was also a meeting of the Tennis Association on Thursday evening.

The fiscal year of the Wapping Library closed August 1, 1926. There are 5,256 books in the Library at the present time. There have been 5,785 books drawn during the year and 289 magazines and 57 new cards given out. There has been 251 books added this year, 148 from the town of South Windsor, 87 from the state and 19 donated by friends.

The choir held their last rehearsal until after the vacation at the church last Wednesday.

There was a meeting at the basement of the Congregational church last Thursday evening of the Federated Sunday school board. Plans were made for the next Sunday school social and several other matters of interest brought up. Mrs. Marion Pierce and Alfred Stone were put on the refreshment committee for the social.

Miss Marion Hills, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur C. Hills is to be the guest of Miss Pauline Thompson for a week at Fenwick.

PARKING EFFECTS

Chicago, Aug. 7.—Parking, not only a problem in traffic control, is an issue in the real estate business.

It has been found that in business districts where parking laws are lax, congestion makes driving difficult and many persons avoid these streets, causing a loss of business and proportionately lower rent for the stores.

However, where parking laws are too stringent, shoppers also avoid the streets because of the inconvenience of not being able to find parking space. This again causes lower rents.

Real estate owners are trying to find a solution to parking and traffic congestion in hopes of maintaining property values.



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WOMAN MINES ORE.

Cushman, Ark.—A manganese field near here has one woman miner, Mrs. A. Shinn. While her weekly production is small, ore buyers say that hers is the cleanest and highest grade sent from the field. She operates a mine on a farm belonging to her husband, and is the only worker there.

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Columbia Touring	\$150

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(Overlooking the Lake from Cottage Porch)

The building of cottages is underway, and several more purchasers of lots are planning to build this season.

REMEMBER—There is just a limited number of lots on the Lake front. The prices are very reasonable and terms easy. Turn north on road to Rockville just west of the first Lake at Bolton, drive over the hill. Look for the sign "Lake View" on the east side of the road, drive in between the two large stone piers.

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ON THE AIR

All time in this program is standard time. For daylight saving time, add one hour.

8 P. M.
WREO (255) Lansing, Mich.—Concert.
WGN (303) Chicago—Stocks; feature; musical.
WBZ (333) Springfield, Mass.—Orchestra.
WJJD (370) Mooseheart, Ill.—Concert.
WRNY (375) New York—Sports, commerce; theater; musical.
WGY (379) Schenectady—Orchestra.
WTAM (389) Cleveland—Baseball; orchestra.
WMAQ (447) Chicago—Organ; orchestra; scores.
WEAF (492) New York—Orchestra; musical comedy hits.
WIP (508) Philadelphia—Bedtime story.
WCX (517) Detroit—Dinner program.
WNYC (526) New York—Instrumental and vocal; baseball.
KYW (536) Chicago—Concert.

7 P. M.
WMBB (250) Chicago—Musical.
WORD (275) Chicago—Musical.
WLJB (303) Chicago—Variety.
CKCL (357) Toronto, Ont.—Dinner concert.
WDAF (365) Kansas City—School of the Air.
WLW (422) Cincinnati—Organ.
WSB (425) Atlanta—Sunday school lesson.
CNRO (435) Ottawa—Musical.
WQJ (447) Chicago—Dinner concert.
WRC (469) Washington—Philharmonic concert; orchestra.
WEAF (492) New York—Musical comedy hits; Goldman band concert. To WGR (319) and WWJ (353).
WIP (508) Philadelphia—Sports; concert; studio program.
WJR (517) Detroit—Orchestra.
WOAW (526) Omaha—Orchestra; markets.
WNYC (526) New York—Musical.
KYW (536) Chicago—Musical.

8 P. M.
WBBM (226) Chicago—Harmony Time.
WSM (283) Nashville—Concert; bedtime story.
WGN (303) Chicago—"Auld Sandy"; ensemble; Correll and Gosden; orchestra.
WBZ (333) Springfield, Mass.—Musical.
CFCA (356) Toronto—Orchestra.
WJJD (370) Mooseheart, Ill.—Variety.
WTAM (389) Cleveland—Musical.
WLW (422) Cincinnati—Radio club; xylophone.

10 P. M.
WBBM (226) Chicago—Variety.
WGN (303) Chicago—Musical.
KNX (337) Los Angeles—Variety.
WJJD (370) Mooseheart, Ill.—Musical.
KHJ (405) Los Angeles—Variety.
WCCO (416) St. Paul—Minneapolis—Musical.
KPO (428) San Francisco—Orchestra.
WQJ (447) Chicago—Variety (5 hours).
KFI (467) Los Angeles—Paul Roberts.
WRC (469) Washington—Musical.
WOC (484) Davenport—Trio.
WEAF (492) New York—Orchestra.
WIP (508) Philadelphia—Dance music.
WOAW (526) Omaha—Classical.

11 P. M.
WLJB (303) Chicago—Organ; orchestra; ensemble.
KNX (337) Los Angeles—Variety.
KGO (361) Oakland, Calif.—Weather; musical.

WSB (428) Atlanta—Lullaby time.
CNRO (435) Ottawa—Band.
WMAQ (447) Chicago—Variety.
WIP (508) Philadelphia—Concert; minstrels.
WJR (517) Detroit—Symphony orchestra.
WOAW (526) Omaha—Educational program.

8 p. m.
WMBB (250) Chicago—Orchestra and soloists.
WADC (258) Akron, O.—Dance music.
WORD (275) Chicago—Studio.
WSM (283) Nashville—Barn dance program and popular music (3 hours).
KPRO (297) Houston, Tex.—Studio concert.
WGN (303) Chicago—Light opera; musical.
WBZ (333) Springfield, Mass.—Concert.
WDAF (366) Kansas City—Variety.
WEGH (370) Chicago—Orchestra.
WTAM (389) Cleveland—Ev Jones and his Gang (3 hours).
WSB (428) Atlanta—Musical.
KPO (428) San Francisco—Variety.
WMAQ (447) Chicago—Theater revue.
KFI (467) Los Angeles—Variety.
KGW (491) Portland—Concert; baseball organ.
WEAF (492) New York—Orchestra.
WIP (508) Philadelphia—Dance orchestra.

10 p. m.
WBBM (226) Chicago—Variety.
WGN (303) Chicago—Musical.
KNX (337) Los Angeles—Variety.
WJJD (370) Mooseheart, Ill.—Musical.
KHJ (405) Los Angeles—Variety.
WCCO (416) St. Paul—Minneapolis—Musical.
KPO (428) San Francisco—Orchestra.
WQJ (447) Chicago—Variety (5 hours).
KFI (467) Los Angeles—Paul Roberts.
WRC (469) Washington—Musical.
WOC (484) Davenport—Trio.
WEAF (492) New York—Orchestra.
WIP (508) Philadelphia—Dance music.
WOAW (526) Omaha—Classical.

11 p. m.
WLJB (303) Chicago—Organ; orchestra; ensemble.
KNX (337) Los Angeles—Variety.
KGO (361) Oakland, Calif.—Weather; musical.

WRC (469) Washington—Orchestra.
WTAM (389) Cleveland—Concert.
WDAF (366) Kansas City—Variety.
WEGH (370) Chicago—Orchestra.
WTAM (389) Cleveland—Ev Jones and his Gang (3 hours).
WSB (428) Atlanta—Musical.
KPO (428) San Francisco—Variety.
WMAQ (447) Chicago—Theater revue.
KFI (467) Los Angeles—Variety.
KGW (491) Portland—Concert; baseball organ.
WEAF (492) New York—Orchestra.
WIP (508) Philadelphia—Dance orchestra.

KHJ (405) Los Angeles—Musical; news items.
WCCO (416) St. Paul—Minneapolis—Dance tunes.
WKRC (422) Cincinnati—Vocal.
KPO (428) San Francisco—Orchestra.
WRC (469) Washington—Organ.
WAHG (316) Richmond Hill, N. Y.—Variety program.
KNX (337) Los Angeles—Variety.
KGO (361) Oakland, Calif.—Musical varieties.
WJJD (370) Mooseheart, Ill.—Musical.
KFNH (461) Shenandoah—Old-time music.
KFI (467) Los Angeles—Classical.
WFAA (476) Dallas—Orchestra.
WBBM (226) Chicago—Orchestra.
KNX (337) Los Angeles—Orchestra.
KGO (361) Oakland, Calif.—Orchestra.
WDAF (366) Kansas City—Frolic.
KPO (428) San Francisco—Orchestra.
KFI (467) Los Angeles—Radio club.
KGW (491) Portland, Ore.—Dance music.

SUNDAY PROGRAMS
11 A. M.
WSOE (246) Milwaukee—Church services.
WGHF (270) Detroit—Church services.
WVJ (353) Detroit—Church services.
WHAS (400) Louisville—Church services; organ.
WLW (422) Cincinnati—Church services.
KYW (536) Chicago—Church services.
8 P. M.
WLW (422) Cincinnati—Band concert.
WQJ (447) Chicago—Concert.
WCAE (461) Pittsburgh—Church services.
WEAF (492) New York—Sacred music and vespers.
4 P. M.
WDAF (366) Kansas City—Musical recital.
KLDS (441) Independence, Mo.—Studio program.
KFNH (461) Shenandoah, Ia.—Religious services.
KYW (536) Chicago—Studio concert.

5 P. M.
WLW (422) Cincinnati—Band concert.
WQJ (447) Chicago—Concert.
WCAE (461) Pittsburgh—Church services.
WEAF (492) New York—Sacred music and vespers.
4 P. M.
WDAF (366) Kansas City—Musical recital.
KLDS (441) Independence, Mo.—Studio program.
KFNH (461) Shenandoah, Ia.—Religious services.
KYW (536) Chicago—Studio concert.

5 P. M.
WLW (422) Cincinnati—Band concert.
WQJ (447) Chicago—Concert.
WCAE (461) Pittsburgh—Church services.
WEAF (492) New York—Sacred music and vespers.
4 P. M.
WDAF (366) Kansas City—Musical recital.
KLDS (441) Independence, Mo.—Studio program.
KFNH (461) Shenandoah, Ia.—Religious services.
KYW (536) Chicago—Studio concert.

6 P. M.
WGN (303) Chicago—Variety.
WLS (343) Chicago—Little Brown Church.
CFCA (356) Toronto—Church services.
WGY (379) Schenectady, N. Y.—Church services; orchestra.
WTAM (389) Cleveland—Orchestra.
WDAF (366) Kansas City—Church services.
WLS (343) Chicago—Little Brown Church.
CFCA (356) Toronto—Church services.
WGY (379) Schenectady, N. Y.—Church services; orchestra.

Church services; orchestra.
WTAM (389) Cleveland—Orchestra.
WDAF (366) Kansas City—Church services.
WLS (343) Chicago—Little Brown Church.
CFCA (356) Toronto—Church services.
WGY (379) Schenectady, N. Y.—Church services; orchestra.
WTAM (389) Cleveland—Orchestra.
WDAF (366) Kansas City—Church services.
WLS (343) Chicago—Little Brown Church.
CFCA (356) Toronto—Church services.
WGY (379) Schenectady, N. Y.—Church services; orchestra.

8:30 P. M.
WEAF (492) New York—Major Edward Bowes—orchestra. To WJAZ (306), WWJ (353), WCAE (461), WCAP (449), KSD (545).
7 P. M.
WGN (303) Chicago—Variety.
KDKA (309) Pittsburgh—Concert.
WBZ (333) Springfield, Mass.—Concert.
KNX (337) Hollywood, Calif.—Band; movie talk.
WLS (343) Chicago—Little Brown Church.
WLW (422) Cincinnati—Organ recital.
WGY (379) Schenectady, N. Y.—Orchestra.
WTAM (389) Cleveland—Orchestra.
KFI (467) Los Angeles—Vesper services.
WFAA (476) Dallas—Radio Bible class.

8:15 P. M.
WEAF (492) New York—Allen McQuhee; Goldman Band concert. To WGN (303), WGR (319), WSAI (326), WWJ (353), WCCO (416), WCAP (469), WEEI (476), KSD (545).
9 P. M.
WSOE (246) Milwaukee—Church services.
WGN (303) Chicago—Musical.

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WCB (316) Zion, Ill.—Vocal and instrumental.
WGY (379) Schenectady, N. Y.—Godfrey Ludlow, violinist.
WTAM (389) Cleveland—Musical.
KFNH (461) Shenandoah—Church services.
WFAA (476) Dallas—Church services.
WOC (484) Davenport—Church services.
WEAF (492) New York—Musical.
10 P. M.
KOA (322) Denver—Band concert.
KNX (337) Hollywood, Calif.—Concert orchestra.
KAB (341) Lincoln—Musical.
KGO (361) Oakland, Calif.—Concert.
WKRC (422) Cincinnati—Classical; vocal and instrumental.
KLSD (441) Independence, Mo.—Studio.
KFI (467) Los Angeles—Trio.
WJR (517) Detroit—Church songs.
WOAW (526) Omaha—Chapel service.
KYW (536) Chicago—Classical concert.
KFIO (545) St. Louis—Address and quartet.

11 P. M.
KNX (337) Hollywood, Calif.—Church services.
WOC (484) Davenport—Musical program.
KFI (467) Los Angeles—Organ.
KGO (361) Oakland, Calif.—Concert.
WKRC (422) Cincinnati—"Blues and Ballads; orchestra."
KFI (467) Los Angeles—Orchestra; ukulele.
WFAA (476) Dallas—Orchestra.
KGO (361) Oakland, Calif.—Symphony orchestra.

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All Studebaker automobiles which are sold as CERTIFIED CARS have been properly reconditioned, and carry a 30-day guarantee for replacement of defective parts and free service on adjustments.
1924 Studebaker Big 6 Sedan.
1924 Studebaker Big 6 Touring.
1923 Studebaker Big 6 Touring.
1922 Reo Touring.
1925 Studebaker Standard 6 Coupe.
1925 Studebaker Special 6 Sedan.
1923 Dodge Sedan.
1922 Studebaker Light 6 Sedan.
1924 Essex Coach.
The STUDEBAKER pledge takes the guesswork out of used car buying.

CONKEY AUTO COMPANY
20 East Center Street.

WITH THE LOCAL AUTO DEALERS
Pickett Motor Sales report deliveries of a four-door Overland six sedan to Walter Shipman of McNail street and Whippet sedans to Frank M. Wolcott of Middle Turnpike West, and George Graves of the Hartman plantation.
H. A. Stephens, local Dodge Brothers representative, reports deliveries of a Dodge Special coupe to Mary E. McKenzie of Marble street, a sport roadster to Dr. C. W. Goff of Cheney Brothers' medical department and a screen delivery truck to Pero Brothers of South Windsor.
John Brazowski of North street is driving a new Studebaker.

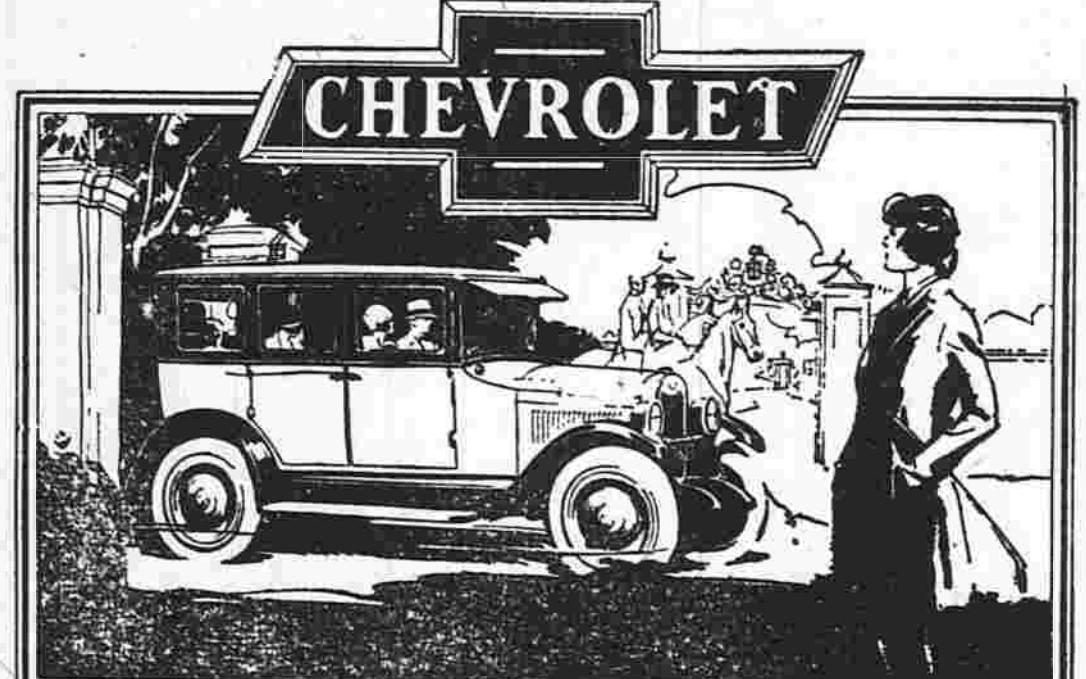
Mr. and Mrs. John Clark of Parker street, Lydaiville are driving a new Big Six custom body brougham home from the factory in Detroit. This is their fourth Studebaker.
W. R. Tinker, Jr., has delivered a Hupp six sedan to Swen Johnson of Florence street.
Tortoises live long. The veteran at the London Zoo is known to be at least 200 years old.

AUTO WASHING
Spring Lubricating, Greasing, Polishing.
W. E. LUETTGENS
John Brazowski of North street is driving a new Studebaker.

Grand Clean-Up of Used Cars
We have a few Used Cars in excellent condition which must be turned into cash. Our prices on them are very low. If you want a good car it will pay you to look these over.
Terms and Trades Considered.
1924 Buick Touring, 5-pass., perfect.
1924 Buick Touring, 7-pass., perfect.
1921 Lexington Touring.
1919 Nash Touring.
1921 Franklin.
1922 Ford Coupe.
1923 Hudson Touring.
1922 Buick Touring—low price.
1920 Buick Coupe.
1923 Hupp Coupe.

Capitol Buick Co.
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for Economical Transportation



The Smoothest Chevrolet in Chevrolet History!

Multiple-Cylinder Performance with Chevrolet Economy

Into the field of low-priced cars the smoothest Chevrolet in Chevrolet history brings exactly the velvet acceleration and freedom from high-speed vibration that have been the big reasons for the buying of multiple-cylinder cars.

Imagine loafing up a hill in a loaded car—with the motor turning so easily that you are scarcely aware of its operation. You can in the smooth Chevrolet!

Imagine rushing from 10 to 30 miles an hour before your watch ticks ten times—with never a semblance of labor on the part of the motor. You can in the smooth Chevrolet!

Imagine being able to drive between 40 and 50 miles an hour for hour upon hour—in perfect comfort, entirely free from any sense of excessive speed and unconscious of even the slightest roughness in the road. You can in the smooth Chevrolet!

Learn for yourself the incredible smoothness that is winning the world to Chevrolet. Arrange to see and drive the car today! and come prepared for a ride the like of which you never dreamed possible in a car that sells at Chevrolet's low price!

Low Prices!
Touring Roadster \$510
Coach or Coupe \$645
Sedan \$735
Landau \$765
1-Ton Truck \$495
2-Ton Truck \$375

QUALITY AT LOW COST
W. R. TINKER, Jr.
130 Center Street So. Manchester

Chrysler Alone Offers Standardized Quality

An important new principle, assuring unsurpassed Chrysler performance to the buyer of any Chrysler Car

Walter P. Chrysler's principle of standardized quality manufacture is revolutionizing the buying of fine cars today. For, at one step, it eliminates "purchaser's risk" . . . ends the buyer's doubts and fears as to quality . . . makes possible the purchase of either the lowest-priced or the highest-priced Chrysler with positive knowledge that the quality is equally assured and the value is supreme in its class.

Leading manufacturers have been striving for years to achieve this absolute evenness of quality.

An Unique Achievement
But Chrysler alone has achieved it . . . translated it into fact by an extraordinarily complete coordination of engineering and manufacturing resources. Chrysler standardization of quality goes back to the sources of raw material; it governs the very minutest operation; it makes certain that every unit is produced with the finest precision standards under the most rigid inspection; it even moulds the manufacture of accessories.

Of course, Chrysler models to meet the four great quality markets differ in price in size of chassis, in richness of appointments, in speed and power—the model numbers representing miles per hour—but all are basically the same in rigid adherence to the same law of quality.

Advantages for the Buyer
Obviously, cars bearing one name . . . built by one organization . . . under one all-embracing system of standardized quality manufacture . . . must be essentially fine to a degree beyond comparison with other cars made under ordinary methods.

This most important of Chrysler advantages insures the superior and uniform quality which is the foundation of superior performance, dependability, comfort, economy and long life in every Chrysler.

That each Chrysler, because of standardized quality, is far ahead of any car near its price . . . in quality of construction and quality of performance . . . you can easily verify by comparative demonstration. Hundreds of thousands of Chrysler owners know this superiority to be a fact. We invite you to prove these superiorities of standardized quality for yourself.

NEW LIGHTER SIX CHRYSLER "60" COACH \$1195

Touring Car, \$1075; Roadster, \$1145; Club Coupe, \$1165; Sedan, \$1205. All prices f.o.b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

CHRYSLER "70"—Phaeton, \$1395; Coach, \$1325; Roadster, \$1255; Royal Coupe, \$1695; Brougham, \$1745; Sedan, \$1545; Royal Sedan, \$1735; Crown Sedan, \$1825.

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL "90"—Phaeton, \$2495; Roadster (extra wheels standard equipment, wood wheels optional), \$2595; Coupe, two-passenger, \$2895; Coupe, four-passenger, \$2895; Sedan, five-passenger, \$3095; Sedan, seven-passenger, \$3195; Cabriolet, \$3495; Sedan-Limousine, \$3595.

Chrysler Model Numbers Mean Miles Per Hour

GEORGE S. SMITH
Bissell St. So. Manchester Phone 660-2

Old Time Salt Spins Yarns of Seven Seas

Manchester Man Served 20 Years Before the Mast When Sailors Were Men and Mates Were Brutes.

By WILMA.
You're sure he's a sailorman. He comes to meet you in bare feet. He walks with a rolling gait as if the ground were chipping angles of 45 degrees. From the tip of his big toes which you see and the muscular neck that is displayed because of a wide opened collar you guess that his entire body is one mass of tattooing. And it is, as you will learn later. He is a sailor. For 20 years he sailed before the mast and there is not a country that he has not touched from the Arctic to the Antarctic; from east to west and where east is west when you go around the earth that way far enough.

Manchester Man.
The man you meet is Harry Bowers, of 102 Wetherill street. Wetherill street is a street that is off toward the south of the town. You go down Hartford Road, turn to the left at the stone bridge, which by the way carries the bones of a dinosaur, and then turn up toward the Colonial Gardens. Mr. Bowers lives in this section in a cozy little house on the left-hand side of the road. A tiny lawn is in front of the house. The gas or water company had just dug a ditch in front of the house and Mr. Bowers was filling in the ditch. "Seven acres in this plot," he explained, pointing out the various boundary lines.

Is 62 Years Old.
Mr. Bowers is 62 years old. He is of medium build, gray haired, smooth shaven. Tiny bags under, near the eyes. These bags are purple in color. Wrinkles on his brow and especially around his eyes brought about from his years of peering over miles of ocean waters. He started as a cabin boy and ended as a second mate on some of the biggest sailing ships on the oceans.

An Orphan.
Mr. Bowers' father was killed in the Civil War. His mother died also about the same time so he was left an orphan with no relatives that he knew about. At an early age he was sent to the orphanage at Randall's Island in New York. He was born in New York City and remained there until he was about 14 years of age. One day there came to the island a farmer from Hebron, this state, who took him. This farmer agreed to keep him until he was of age, give him his board and two suits of clothes. Also the farmer agreed to teach the boy a trade. He never taught him a trade but made him work from morning until night on the farm. Among his duties was one that made it necessary for him to milk a dozen cows and drive them three miles to the sheds before breakfast.

He Runs Aways.
Anyhow Mr. Bowers did not like this work. He learned no trade nor did he even get one suit of clothes so he decided to run away. He did this very thing and after a time found himself in Boston where he shipped as a cabin boy on a ship bound for Hong Kong, China. The name of the ship was "The Grecian" with Captain Barstow in command. He was a fine, Christian gentleman and he had his wife and family aboard. The ship was what was known as a tea clipper, of about 2,000 tons. The crew consisted of 25 men. The trip from Boston to Hong Kong took 116 days. To get there one went down the Atlantic ocean and cut across to the Cape of Good Hope, the southernmost tip of Africa and then northward to China.

An Able Seaman.
That trip was without incident, to cabin boy; nor was the next that followed. Then followed trip after trip with sailing vessels that took him mostly to China and Japan and the Philippine Islands. On one of these trips he went clear around the world in one year. In contrast it may be mentioned that the world was circumnavigated a few weeks ago in less than 80 days.

Shipwrecked Twice.
Then followed trips in various galling vessels until he became an able seaman. He is now on the Alice M. Minnott, Capt. Taylor in charge. This ship sailed out of Nova Scotia for Kobi, Japan. Bowers was on the top gallant yard. In plainer language, that is the highest of the crosspieces on a sailing ship, about 92 feet above the deck. The ship was off the coast of the Cape of Good Hope. As Bowers was pulling in a rope, which by the way, is called a "sheet," he lost his balance and fell overboard. He turned over "end over end," as he expressed it, and by good fortune fell into the sea.

Unless Five Other Men Murdered Somebody You Could Not Be Beheaded In China Years Ago

In his most unusual story told on this page today, Harry Bowers, the Manchester sailor, brought out an unusual fact. When he was in China the law said that there could be no executions until six men or women had been sentenced to death. One could, under this law, die of old age in prison unless five more persons were ordered by the courts to be beheaded. Mr. Bowers said, that no one died of old age because it did not take more than a month for the six to be in line for the next public execution.

When he saw it, one of the heads rolled at his feet. He was with a British sailor at the time. The eyes opened and closed several times and his friend remarked:

"Blime me, 'arry, the blighter is winkin' at us."

you cannot steer the boat so as we drifted along we ran into a coral reef and began to break up. It did not take as long as you'd think it would to smash to pieces; that fine ship. The swells would just dash in against those needle like edges of coral and soon the captain gave orders to abandon ship. We went away in three small boats. It was all right except that it was terribly hot, about 120 I should imagine. "Well, it was a case of either pull for the shore or stay out there on the ocean and die of hunger and thirst so we pulled for the shore and after three days and nights of pulling we struck an island. We had saved little rations so we got a hard tack in the morning and ore at night the last day and the officers were measuring out the water almost in drops because we did not know if we would hit the island that day or the next.

Back to China.
"That island surely was a wonderful sight for us. We rushed on shore where there were a lot of banana trees growing and you ought to see us eat bananas. It is hardly believable now, but I remember that I ate 24 of them, and they were big ones, too.

Back to China.
A ship stopped at that island once in three months to land provisions for the Dutch consul so we had to wait until it came along. When it did it brought us back to Hong Kong, 1,800 miles away. The next part of this thing to be done brought us where we started from. "In Hong Kong we were taken care of by the Seaman's society because we were shipwrecked sailors. From there I shipped on the "Minnie Carmichael," of Nova Scotia for Manila, South American ports and finally got back to New York.

Witnesses a Murder.
The old sailor was then induced to talk of how the men were treated on old sailing vessels long ago. "Very rough. The officers were always knocking down men for the least excuse. I remember a big mate who used to carry a set of brass knuckles in his pocket. If a sailor did not jump quickly enough at his word he would hit him with the brass knuckles and knock him out. And now I will tell you what happened to that mate. I guess everybody concerned is dead now so I will tell it for the first time. The mate was murdered and I was a witness but I was afraid to tell anyone about it.

Beach Combers.
Here for a sidelight is how the old salt told about beachcombers, that class of sailors who find themselves stranded on foreign shores: "You know in the olden times when we were stranded in a foreign country we really made more money than we did on board ship. There were always sailors coming ashore and they had money. We would tell them we were broke and they always would give us money. I am in the United States now and prohibition is the law so I dare not say too much for fear of being arrested for sedition. Anyhow I will take a chance and say that we were able to buy a bottle of Chinese wine for three cents and the bottle contained about a quart and the Chinese rum runner, or whatever he was, made a cent on a bottle. I have 'bummed' as much as \$5 and \$6 a day as a beachcomber in foreign countries while awaiting ships. The call of the sea was on me and I was restless to feel a deck beneath my feet. For that reason I

Has Seen Something



—Elite Studio Photo.
Harry Bowers.

never stayed long in any of these places."

The Tragedy.
Now for the tear followed by the smile. In every man's life, one sad incident stands out. Mr. Bowers' life was no exception except that he had a laugh to dissipate the tear. First comes the sad story.

"On one of my trips I had as a shipmate a boy named Paul Perry. We picked him up down South America way. He and I became good friends.

Our ship was bound for Calcutta. He was a well educated boy about 17 years of age. He told me he came from Brooklyn and had run away from home several years before and followed the sea.

"One day he was working on the foreyard when he lost his balance. He fell and landed on the anchors. His back was broken. He lingered in agony nearly a week. When he saw that he was dying he called me to him. 'I am dying, Harry,' he said. 'Here is my greatest treasure, a little watch that I stole from my mother when I ran away to sea. My father is the captain of a United States gunboat. Where he is I do not know but this is my right name. After I am dead return this watch to my father.' Those were the last words the boy said as he died a moment afterwards.

The Burial.
"It is a terrible thing to tell but I will tell it as I was so impressed by the incident that I will never forget it. The boy was seeped up in a sack for burial. We were miles from land. We had nothing to weigh his body to the bottom of the sea so the captain told the sailors to put at his feet some big hunks of coal as we were laden with Wales coal from Cardiff. We did that. As the body was about to be consigned to the deep, the boy's remembrance: "That is the first time I ever saw a man sent to his final resting place carrying his fuel along."

The Mate Dropped his Prayer Book. The mate dropped his prayer book, hit the boy's sun on the jaw such a terrible blow that it broke the jaw bone clean off. The crew then beat him almost to a pulp. "When we reached Calcutta I looked up the United States consul and told him my story. I gave him the watch. Five years later on another trip to Calcutta I visited the consul and found that Perry's father was really a captain of the United States Navy; that he had received the watch and the account of his son's death and that he had cabled \$25 for me."

The Laugh.
Now for the laugh. The scene of this is also laid in Calcutta. Two sailors a shore leave had overstayed their time and were classed as deserters. They were broke. How to get money to continue their spree was the question. Finally one of them had an inspiration. Now let the old sailor tell the story: "One of the sailors wore a full beard. He borrowed a razor and shaved himself clean. Then he went to one of the second hand shops in the city and gave the merchant a hard luck story and finally borrowed a second hand policeman's suit, of all things! It seems strange up here to tell that but in those days you could find all sorts of uniforms that had been hocked, in second hand stores. So the fake cop called a boat and took his companion out to his own ship and said:

"I understand that there is a deserter reported from your ship. I found this rough fellow wandering about the docks, so I arrested him and brought him here. Believe me, captain he gave me an awful fight before I subdued him but finally I impressed on his mind the majesty of the law and here he is. "So the captain said: 'Mr. Officer I compliment you on doing your duty so well. Here is the sovereign (about \$5) and for your work so well done I will give you a half crown (80 cents). The sovereign is the reward I have to give you under the law."

Back to Shore.
"And that wasn't all. The fake cop rowed around to the stern of the boat after getting the reward and the tip and the deserter, his pal, dropped into the boat and both of them went back to Calcutta to continue their spree.

"A few days later both of the men were arrested by a real cop and when the judge heard the story he liberated them both. 'You were so clever and so nerry in your deception' he said 'I have got the heart to send you to jail. Go back to your ship!'"

Patriotism Extraordinary.
Mr. Bowers told this story as if he was telling one how he had just gone down town to buy a pound of coffee for his family. Listen to a story of patriotism.

"Rumors of the Spanish-American war struck me while I was working as a cable applicer in the Kimberly diamond mines in South Africa. I was getting \$5 a day and doing nothing. The Kafirs were doing all the work. But thousands of miles away I knew that my country needed me so I went. My boss was a splendid Englishman. I told him simply that I was an American; that my country had declared war and that I wanted to give up the job and get back to the United States any old way I could. He said: 'My boy, that is a splendid sentiment. Here is your money. I will do it in my power to get you back to the States.' And he did. At least he got me a job as an able seaman on board a British ship that was bound for New Orleans.

"Everything seemed all right but the articles I signed said that I would not be paid off until I reached an English port and that I would be considered a deserter if I left the vessel before it got back to the United Kingdom.

"Well, I took a chance. We were off of New Orleans about four miles from shore. The water was infested with sharks but I did not know it. I swung what little I owned around my neck and started to swim to shore. It took me about seven hours to make those few miles because a strong wind and a current hit me. I finally landed and crept beneath a little oyster shed that had been built above the water. I crept out when it was dark and told my story to the system man. He said that there was a hotel keeper who was trying to recruit a company of soldiers and that he needed men. I went to this man and repeated my story. He said that a man who would come all the way from Africa to volunteer to fight for

for Economical Transportation



Another Chevrolet Achievement

\$55 Reduction on 1-Ton Truck

New Low Prices
1-Ton Truck \$495 reduced to \$495
1/2-Ton Truck \$375 reduced to \$375
(Chassis only) f.o.b. Flint, Michigan

Chevrolet trucks have won worldwide acceptance on the basis of low first cost, low operating cost and slow depreciation. This spectacularly growing popularity has made

necessary a greatly increased production—the economies of which are now being passed on to Chevrolet truck buyers in the form of a drastic price reduction.

World's Lowest Priced Gear-shift Trucks

W. R. TINKER, Jr.

130 Center St. South Manchester

NOW---Cars of the Custom Kind ---at the Price of the Other Kind Opening for Studebaker Dealers the Greatest Sales Opportunity in History

FOR the first time in automotive history; cars with custom beauty and custom refinements are available at the price of cars of conventional design.

Nowhere in the world does so high a standard of living prevail as here in America, and that standard is constantly being raised. People want better homes to live in, better clothing to wear, and they want more than mere transportation—they want motor cars of custom luxury—though not at the extravagant cost of the individually designed and built automobile.

When One-Profit manufacture is followed, cars of custom beauty, luxury and completeness can be built and sold at prices only slightly higher than those paid for cars of ordinary design.

If you were to go out and order a car specially built, paying \$8,000 or more, you could not secure the services of finer designers than those who have created the Studebaker Custom Sedans. For names which are famous throughout America for fine coachwork are today on the Studebaker staff of consultants.

The presentation to the public of these Custom cars puts the Studebaker dealer in a highly enviable position—gives him an exceptional opportunity at once to reap the lion's share of car sales in this extensive medium-price car field.

Everything the buyer wants

Even a casual observation of any of these models will instantly reveal the fact that they possess every attribute the present-day car buyer is seeking. Beauty, Refinements, Performance, Comfort, Economy, Durability, Value—these qualities are all present in the Custom Cars.

The beauty of the cars is evident at first glance. What distinction! What symmetry and pleasing contours! Here is all the coveted custom beauty of the master designers, apparent in the low-hung steel bodies with graceful roof-line and curving rear quarter, in the smart moldings.

The Conkey Auto Co.

20 East Center St. So. Manchester

For Sale

A few exceptionally nice 1925 and 1926 USED CHEVROLETS at prices that will surely interest you.

- 1926 Chevrolet Roadster, fully equipped.
- 1926 Chevrolet Coach, used as demonstrator.
- 1925 Chevrolet Coach, small mileage.
- 1925 Chevrolet Coupe, excellent condition.

- 1924 Studebaker Light Six Touring.
- 1925 Hudson Coach.
- 1922 Ford Coupe.
- 1924 Ford Tudor Sedan.

W. R. Tinker Jr.

130 Center Street

Phone 1000

LATEST FASHION HINTS BY FOREMOST AUTHORITIES

THE HERALD'S HOME PAGE

FEATURE ARTICLES ABOUT INTERESTING WOMEN

NEIGHBORS' WIVES

ERNEST LYNN, author of THE YELLOW STUB



"I hope you'll enjoy your dinner. You're going to eat it alone."

BEGIN HERE TODAY JOHN AND FAY MILBURN buy a home when their baby girl is born and the advertising agency in which John is partner and copy writer lands a new contract. Among their acquaintances are— NOEL and VERA BOYD, whose marriage is strictly "modern." PAT and MARIAN FORBES, who have three children and whose marriage is unhappy because of Pat's roving tendencies. Previous chapters told how: John was fascinated on meeting NELL ORME, of whom Pat Forbes hints that she is having trouble with her husband. When Fay found JUDITH the baby, to Washington to visit her parents, John "ran around" a good deal, mostly with Pat Forbes. When Fay returned, gossip had retailed some of John's doings and a really exaggerated them. Sharp quarrels between him and Fay followed. She is always fearful that he will get into trouble, but he thinks she just misunderstands him. One of these quarrels drives him "out on a tear," and when Fay learns that he has again been out with other women she threatens to leave him if it is repeated. He begins to think that Fay dislikes him. He becomes aware that he is being talked about. DICK MENEFEE, his best friend, gives him some advice, and NATE GRAY, his business partner, is sharply critical. John is filled with resentment, feeling that the whole world is suddenly against him. Fay breaks with a neighbor because of a piece of malicious gossip, and John is so loyal that it looks as if they had again reached an understanding. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY (The names and situations in this story are fictitious.) CHAPTER XL JOHN'S DEFENSE it must be said that he came home from work the next day feeling irritable and out of sorts. Otherwise it might not have happened. Fay was feeding Judith a bowl of cooked cereal when he arrived home. "Lo, honey," he said briefly, kissing her, and bent over to pinch Judith's fat little cheek. Fay regarded Judith tenderly. "This little lady got me in trouble today," she remarked lightly. "Something far more serious underlay her words, and if he had not been preoccupied he would have noticed it. "Yeah," he remarked. "I was out to see Georgia McAvoy this afternoon. "Yeah? Nice couple, the McAvoy's. How's their youngster? "Charles? He's fine. She was silent a moment then. "John," she said, "I don't think I'll ever have anything to do with Georgia McAvoy again. "Now what's the matter?" he burst out in annoyance. "Can't you succeed in remaining friends with anyone? "John? Her lips quivered. "Well, what's the matter? By golly, the way you women carry on over trifles makes me disgusted. "What's come over you? You didn't act this way last night. "He didn't answer. Instead, he stuck his hands in his pockets and looked moodily out of the window. "Aren't you interested?" she asked. "Sure. What happened? "Fay, wearing a hurt expression, said, "I never saw such a frightful temper in all my life as Georgia exhibited this time. "Oh, come now, Fay, she's all right. You've been upset; that's what's the matter with you. "John, why don't you let me tell you what happened? "Well, for heaven's sake, go ahead

having to see Pat Forbes and went to join the party in the kitchen with much noise was being made over cracked ice. "Lo, John, come to help me!" Pat greeted him. "No, just to escape the Boyds and Eleanor Mason." Pat grinned. "Don't know as I blame you. Cheer up, though, Nell Orme will be over pretty soon." He watched John narrowly to observe the effect of this announcement. "Glad to hear it. How are they getting along?" "Rotten, I hear. Marian heard they had had a pretty bitter fight recently. I wouldn't be surprised to see them split up some day." John heard the front door open. He heard Nell Orme's low-pitched, laughing voice and presently observed her moving through the dining room with Marian. "Hello there," he called, and at sight of him she walked over to the kitchen door way and extended her hand. He tingled at the pressure of her fingers, but she did not linger, being tugged away by Marian. Back on the front porch, John found Nell Orme's eyes fixed on his face. "Hello, John," she said, and she looked at him with a slight smile. "How's your little girl?" he asked, and she looked at him with a slight smile. "Oh-ho-ho," she said, "Fay's paying the young lady back now. Serves her right." Someone said, "At eleven o'clock we're going in swimming." It was Pat. "Why wait?" asked Eleanor Mason and Paul Davidson called over to her. "Hush, Eleanor, have you no room at home?" "What are you going out here all by yourself?" he asked, slipping out beside her. "I was admiring the moon," Nell answered with a smile. "But I am luckier than you, for I have two things to admire," she grinned. "Really, now, that's very bad," she reproached. "You're capable of much better." She turned away, gazing absently at the little lake shimmering in the sun. "You're really in the form," he said, and the recollection of the tight-lipped Howard Orme and what Pat had said about a quarrel moved him to sympathy. Things in his own household were getting on his nerves; he felt sudden compassion for this beautiful girl. He stood for some time beside her without saying a word, mentally comparing her with Fay, wondering whether he and Fay were really in love with each other or whether, like Marian and Pat, they were sticking it out because of the child. "I wonder," he said to her, "if you know what a beautiful picture you make out here beneath that moon?" He raised his hand toward the sky. "Forgive me," he added quickly at her frown, "I'm really not trying to flirt. It just sort of had to come out." He brought his hand down to the porch railing and it accidentally touched her own. She gave no sign that she felt it and he let it stay. "Are you going in swimming?" he asked her. "Are you? "If you do. Will you race me again? "Do you think you can beat me?" "No, I think it would be wonderful to try again." She laughed—that mellow, full-throated laugh of hers, and the sound of it, like vibrant music, thrilled him to his very tips. Suddenly he wanted to take this woman in his arms and press her to him. He felt his heart pounding against his ribs, felt that to hold her would be to ease both of their troubles. "What right had Howard Orme, he raged inwardly, to crush this beautiful thing? What right had Fay to make him so unhappy?"

A WOMAN'S DAY ABROAD

Paris, Aug. 1.—Perfume is as important to the French maid and matron as her gown or wrap. There is at least one "perfumerie" for every shop of robes and manteaux. And Milady on a shopping tour devotes as many hours to the proper matching of perfume to costume and her personality as we Americans give to dress or shoe selection. I learned all this when strolling along the famous Rue de La Paix with its shops aglow and aglow like the famous bazaars of Aladdin's day. Before me was the sign of a perfume house which has long borne a name to conjure with "among us girls" at home. Pansy Herring Pretzel and I paused before the shop from which exuded the fragrance of all the world. We counted all our crinkly little frames, which are all dolled up like a Christmas tree with pretty pictures. Then we counted all the little fat round centimes, the five centimes and the ten centimes way on up to the 50 centimes which are almost a cent. And we said, "their very smallest bottle at home is five dollars. But there would be no tax or anything like that here. Maybe if we went without lunch and... So we went in. The shop was very bare. Just creamy walls and two great waxed Sevres jars. One full of fragrant violet perfume. The other sparkling with an ambre lotion. Hardly had the door closed behind us than the French woman's eyes ever saw came forth from the shadows of "the smelling room." Surely we were not through? This perfume was for the costumes we were wearing only. We must have perfumes for our dresses. For our colored handkerchiefs. For our theater nights. For our morning walks. To cut a long story short, America won. Pansy Pretzel and her protégée decided that they preferred the fine subtle incense of food to that of harmonizing with custom and personality. We clutched our infant vials of coque d'or and fled. "Comblent?" "You guess? I'll never, never tell."

This And That In Feminine Lore

From dawn of day till set of sun. A woman's work is never done." So runs the old couplet. Mrs. William Meyer, a Cincinnati housewife, pinned a pedometer on her apron the other day in the effort to find out just how many miles she trudged, upstairs and down, and back and forth in her kitchen in a day's housework. It registered every step she took in cooking, cleaning, washing and taking care of the baby—her usual routine—and it ticked off just seven miles! Do you ever chop your beets instead of slicing them when preparing them for the table? They look twice as pretty served in tiny pyramids and really taste better since they seem to absorb more of their seasoning. We used to always slice cooked beets when cold and cover with vinegar, for a relish with meats, but chopped and reheated in butter they are a delicious vegetable. The ukulele isn't Hawaiian after all, so says Madam Clair Eugenia Smith, a New York musician who has spent six months in Hawaii. She declares it is only an adaptation of the Portuguese guitar. Those wailing, dreamy tunes we heard everywhere before jazz came in, according to Mme. Smith were originally sung to the accompaniment of a drum of shark skin stretched over the hollow shell of a cocoanut. Plums are a change and make a delicious breakfast fruit. They should be carefully washed and served whole. Fruit knives and finger bowls are included in the "set up" for the fruit service. The trip to the seashore—the sun bath on the beach—the dive into the briny deep and afterwards the universal wall—"I'm simply starved." If near New London, satisfy your hunger at O'Leary's Restaurant, Green and Golden streets. Calling for a vegetable salad in a restaurant the other day and expecting to be served the usual mixture of greens, I was agreeably surprised to have them bring me a small platter on which were rows of cucumber, beets and tomato slices with a good supply of mayonnaise. They were not tossed together, but laid with precision in rows on a bed of lettuce, and so crisp it seemed as if the individual salad had been arranged directly from the ice box. Try this on the family now that all these vegetables are fresh and in plentiful supply. During scorching weather, the mention of hot food often has a peculiar effect on many people, but just because a dish is not served piping hot does not mean that it does not contain the foods necessary to keep one well and happy and fit to combat the heat. A mixture of meat and vegetables is worthy the title of "A One Dish Meal" when it contains some starchy vegetable, perhaps some steamed vegetables and maybe a fruit or two mixed in. With this thought in mind, we are giving one or two such recipes today. The meat may be purchased over the counter at the delicatessen store. That is all right for the very small family, but where there are a number to be provided for the best way is to buy a half ham or any meat desired and cook it in the range in the early morning hours. If the kitchen equipment does not boast of a fireless or portable electric cooker, a Corned beef that we used to think was the humblest of all the meats brings the handsome price of 90 cents a pound, cooked, at some delicatessens. A market man said to me the other day that the young housekeepers cannot be induced to buy and cook corned beef although it is very tasty sliced hot or cold and delicious for sandwiches and hash. Have you noticed the return of the feather boa? In former years they were nearly all in black, but today they are dying them in dainty shades to match the felt or silk hats. They are wearing them in Paris, but so far I have only seen them behind-glass in the stores. The milliners are also trying to bring back ostrich feathers as a hat trimming. Equal quantities cold, cooked ham and hard cooked eggs, mixed with mayonnaise and served in lettuce hearts is tasty. A mixture of two cups cold ham to a half cup each diced apple and celery or in that proportion, mixed with mayonnaise and garnished with pimento. The new boudoir pillows are the daintiest ever, made of rows and rows of petals in organdie of delicate shades. Some have corded edges, while the material is doubled and folded over to resemble a leaf in others. A new feminine undergarment is the two-in-one consisting of a bust support of silk jersey, joined to a lower part of crepe de chine cut like an envelope chemise and trimmed with lace and medallions. Its advantages are coolness, saving in laundry bills and time in adjusting. Those who belong to bridge clubs and occasionally entertain the players will find a wealth of new things in the shops, such as black or white table covers, some edged with red, some with blue each with an embroidered design in the corner playing tribute to bridge. Table markers may be just the plain numbers or saucy looking red and green parrots on stands with the numbers. Trump indicators of brass with little celluloid pages to turn over or with cloaks on the sides. Playing cards seem designed for the summer with flowers and scenic effects, all brightly colored and gay, with talleys to match. Then when one is hostess she is always on the lookout for odd gifts. Glass seems to be the choice of the moment for the colors are so intriguing and the objects innumerable. The midsummer edition of the Woman Voters' bulletin says that Manchester's Get-Out-The-Vote committee of twelve is to see that every member of the local league of women voters is informed of the dates of the caucuses and primaries. Canned salmon is practically the only sea food that retains considerable of its natural iodine content. It is just possible that a woman, Miss Martha McClure, of Mount Pleasant, Iowa, may be called upon to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Albert B. Cummins, Miss McClure is vice-chairman of the Republican State Central Committee of Iowa and has done notable work. MARY TAYLOR. One of the graveyards of the sea is off the southern end of Vancouver Island, where ship after ship has been piled on the deadly rocks.

HER OWN WAY. A GIRL OF TODAY JOAN'S MYSTERIOUS BROTHER. "Who is your attorney?" Jerry asked Joan. "Mr. Josiah Elkins." Jerry nodded his head in approval as he repeated the name of one of the oldest and most respected of Chicago lawyers. "He was my mother's attorney," she further explained. "After mother died it was decided that he should take care of my interests as well as my brother's, while my step-father, Mr. Robinson, took his affairs to another attorney." Jerry looked rather surprised at Joan's mention of her brother and he remarked that he had never heard of him. I, too, looked up with interest, because Joan had never told me anything about her brother except to mention him in the most casual way the first night I met her. From that I had gathered some way that no one knew him, that he was never seen in the home. However, I had supposed he was away at school. I knew that there was some mystery connected with him and I was not particular as to how I found Joan telling Jerry her brother was a hopeless cripple. "My brother and I are twins," she said. "I am about an hour older, I have been told, and everybody was delighted when I was born, because I was what you call a splendid baby." John—we were named Joan and John—by my mother—is a cripple. He lives the year around

Home Page Editorials JAZZ AGE YOUTH by Olive Roberts Barton.

I have come to the conclusion that we do not need to worry so much about the future of America. There has been a lot of talk in the last dozen years or so about the depravity of the next generation, how spoiled it is, how extravagant, useless, pleasure-mad, and, yes, even vicious. We got it into our heads for awhile that boys lived to be collegiate, drive roadsters and carry hip-flasks; that girls had no ambition above dancing and petting and possessing fourteen flavors of lipstick. Perhaps if we take the trouble to do more observing and less talking, we may change our minds. Young America may be playing hard—there are certainly many things to play with—but it is working harder and wasting less time per annum than it ever did in the good old days when summer vacations were just one round of mandolin parties and buggy rides. The sweet old summer rolled away and idly and lannely on in the nineties, and so did the world! Youth took small part in the world's work. Now, if you check up a list of the college boys home on vacations you will find tens of thousands of them doing the hardest kind of work. They are working with their hands. They are mining, on roads, in hot steel mills, on buildings, everywhere. They may have collegiate clothes of the largest cut hanging in their closets during the day, but

Good Nature and Good Health. SHOE LEATHER IS MORE HEALTHFUL THAN GASOLINE. By DR. HUGH S. CUMMING, Surgeon General, United States Public Health Service. Ordinarily it is reserved for infants to learn to walk. However, there appears an imminent need for adults to learn as well, for the increasing use of motor cars and other forms of rapid transportation has lessened the use of the legs until there appears to be some danger of our forgetting their function in the process of locomotion. That walking is coming into disuse is greatly to be regretted for it serves numerous, valuable functions, among which may be mentioned exercise, diversion and assistance in health maintenance. Children Ride. With the advent of rapid transportation, walking for pleasure has fallen largely into the discard. Even school children ride short distances to school when the trip could be made advantageously by foot. The failure of walking to achieve wider popularity is due in large part to lack of appreciation of the advantages accruing from this common form of exercise. Walking is primarily recreational in character, for it offers changes of scene which are not too rapid for assimilation and appreciation. SOCKS? NO, NO! London.—Fashion in the public schools here decrees that young men will no longer show their fancy socks, even when sitting down. This is the outcome of the long collegiate style of trousers. The World's Biggest Fans Here are the two biggest ostrich plume fans in the world. They are being used to set off the beauty of Dolite and Billie Large, Los Angeles girls.

Fall Art Shoe. Black satin and the new corn flower blue kid make this "nouveau" shoe for fall.

KODAKS KODAK Time Is Here Take pictures now and keep forever the happy days of fun and frolic. KODAKS \$5.00 to \$30. BROWNIES \$2. to \$15. Buy Your Kodak AT KEMP'S Finishing Be Sure Your Milk IS PASTEURIZED Especially during the HOT WEATHER J. H. HEWITT 40 Holl St. Tel. 5056.

SENSE AND NONSENSE

"Do you think Uncle Sam has too many people on his payroll?" "It's a delicate question," answered Senator Hi Jinks. "I don't know how most of my colleagues feel about the matter, but I'm positive that every government employee who goes back home and casts a vote for me is essential to the welfare of the nation."

Cash is the jack of all trades.

Have you not often wondered what is practical about a practical joke?

Everything except the people is undergoing constant improvement.

Prue: "The latest from Paris is that wigs are coming in." Dorothy: "Can you beat it? Now they'll be selling us back the hair we bobbed."

A girls show is called a review because that is a short way of saying rear view.

Bride (at phone): "Hello, Madge! Will you ask Helen to ask her husband to ring up Harry and ask him what he'd like for lunch? Then Helen can tell you and you can tell me, Harry and I have quarreled."

Marriage is the banana skin on the doorstep of romance.

Our ideal weather would be a cool summer and a warm winter, if some of the growlers had their way about it.

Hostess: "Why, darling, what's the matter?" Little Guest: "I've got a pain in my—er—my—equator!"

What you don't know won't hurt you, but it certainly doesn't help you to get out in the evening.

The happiest people are those who think all presidents are great men.

The head loaded with wisdom doesn't leak at the mouth.

Not doing more than the average is what keeps the average down.

Old Lady: "Poor man. And is there a way to get rid of those cooties?" Tramp: "Dat's easy. I take a bath in de sand and den rubs down wit alcohol. De cooties den gets drunk and kills each odder trawin' rocks."

A gown is a dress at twice the price.

Prophet Ragson Tatters: "I know a man, married for thirty years, who stays at home every night."

Mrs. Tatters, (with feeling): "That is love!" Ragson: "No! It's rheumatism!"

The chairs in Dougherty's bobber-shop were full—"Ten minds with but a shingle thought."

Suggested slogan for the w. k. Andrew Gump. So's your old Min.

"Have you any after-dinner mints?" asked the hotel guest. "No," snapped the waitress, "the only kinda pie we got is apple."

"I can't support you any longer," said the garter to the silk stockings. "I have no snap any more."

Two pints make one quart. One quart makes one wild.

Argument never settles—but one thing and that is it settles nothing.

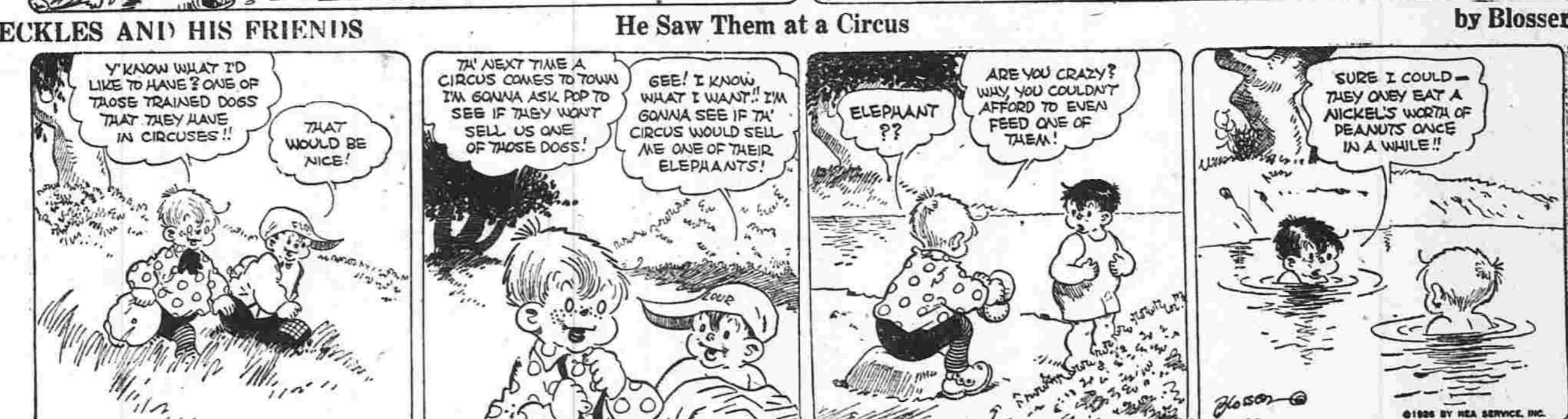
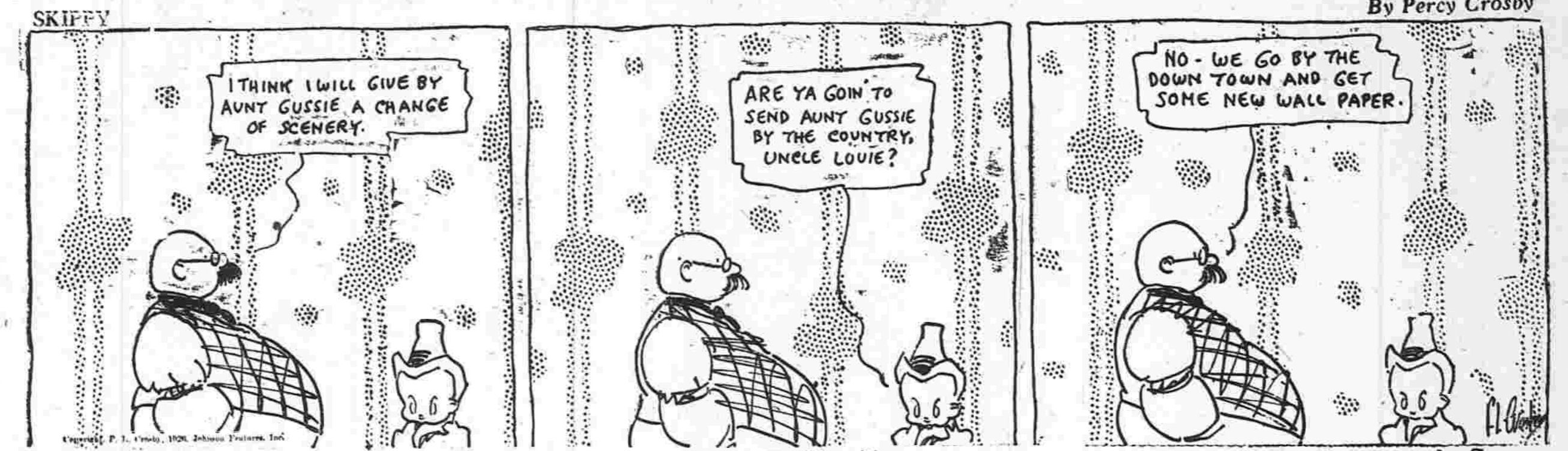
When two young people get their heads together they are dancing.

Brides are given showers to prepare them for rainy days.

History repeats itself so often that it has the appearance of stuttering.

GAS BUGGIES or HEM AND AMY—The Storm Breaks

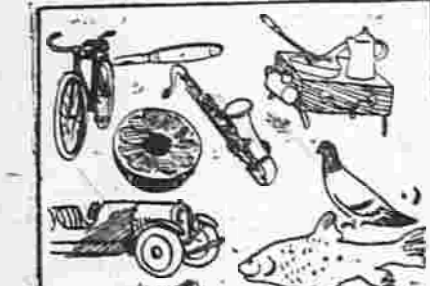
By Frank Beck



The modern girl has simply decided her face may be either her fortune or her misfortune.

A PUZZLE A DAY

Bill pointed to a planet in the sky, and then asked the famous astronomer its name. All he replied was, "Guess," and recited this jingle. "My first is in motion, but not in speed. My second is in poverty, and also in need. My third is in large, but not in small. My fourth is in creep, and also in crawl. My fifth is in sun, but not in moon. My sixth is in morning, but not in noon. My seventh is in sunny, but not in light. My whole is a spot in the sky at night." What is the name of the planet? Brainogram answer:



A—The objects illustrated are, bicycle, knife, saxophone, orange, camper's stove, coffee pot, fork, frying pan, automobile, fish and pigeon. If you wrote eight objects at a glance your rating was good. B—1—elm, tree; 2—cent, coin; 3—hay fever, disease; 4—violet, flower; 5—baseball, game (or sport); 6—Pacific, ocean; 7—July, month; 8—aspirin, drug (or medicine); 9—Paris, city; 10—eat, animal; 11—sardine, fish; 12—murder, crime; 13—cauliflower, vegetable; 14—encyclopedia, book; 15—mosquito, insect. The American tribe of Incas claim to be the children of the sun.

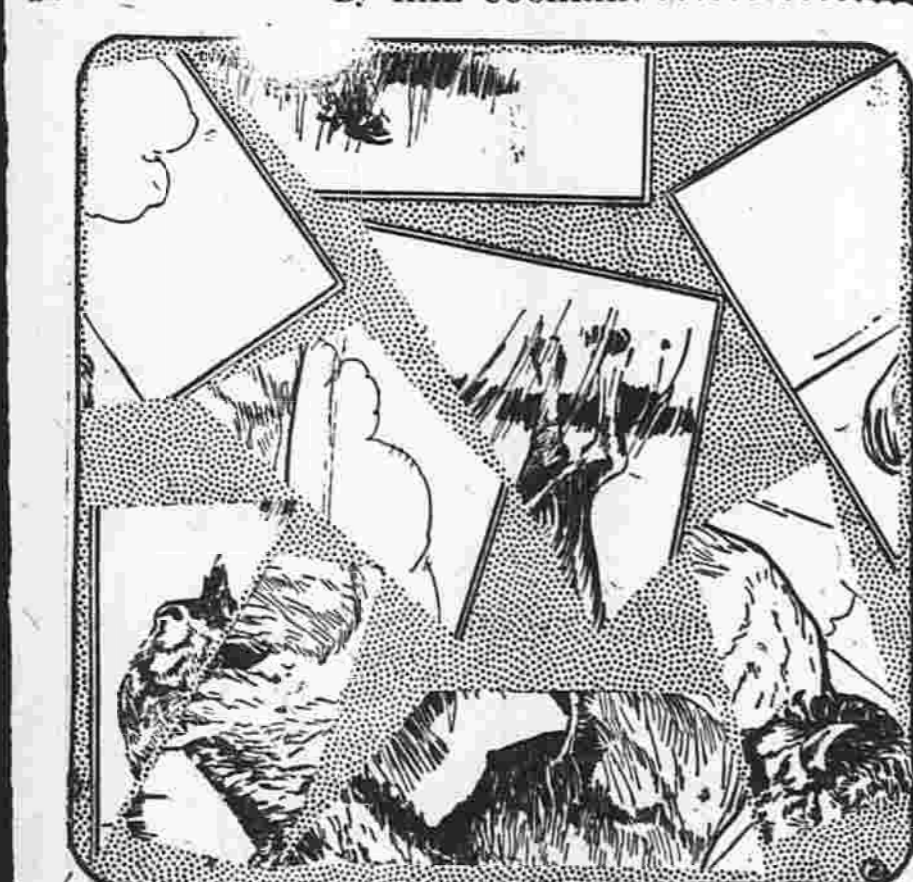
LITTLE JOE



IT DOESN'T COOL YA OFF WHEN YA GO DRIVING ON A GOLF COURSE

TINTED CUT-UPS

Cut Out the Pieces, Paste Them Together Correctly, Color the Sketch, and Fill in the Missing Word.



In Indian days of long ago, The Indians fought the Then white men came, And now it's tame, And folk just see them in a show.

DANCE Zipper Club Jarvis Grove Saturday Eve'g, Aug. 7

ABOUT TOWN

Several Manchester persons are in East Hampton today attending the Home Land and Carnival program which will open this afternoon. It is the thirteenth time the affair has been held and over 10,000 visitors are expected. A big parade will be one of the features and there will be abundant entertainment.

Mrs. Louis Odrulot of Wapping, is in the Memorial hospital today with an injured spine sustained Monday night when she fell on the steps in the rear of her home. Her condition is not regarded as serious.

Another horsehoe pitching tournament will be held at the East Side playgrounds on Monday evening at 7 o'clock. It is expected that about 20 teams will be entered.

Prizes at the setback tournament at the West Side Rec yesterday were won by Mrs. W. Donohue, Mrs. W. Scheldge and Mrs. W. Smith.

The Crawford Auto Supply is having a strong run of business since the new 1927 Oldsmobile models came out. They are unloading their second carload of new cars for this week today. They report deliveries of new Oldsmobiles to Otto Wiganowski of Spruce street, to Thomas Scott of Stock Place, John Limerick of Main street, Abram Winkle of Hartford and Robert A. Culver of Buckland. All are coaches except Mr. Scott's, which is a sedan.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Ferrell of 157 Birch street yesterday at the Memorial hospital.

Mrs. A. P. Lydall and daughters of Hudson street left today for a two weeks' vacation at Ocean Beach, New London.

Miss Helen Griffin of Waterbury is spending two weeks at the home of her uncle, John Griffin, of Henry street.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Dart of Crest View, Florida, are expected to arrive this evening for a visit of two months with friends and relatives in the north. They will be guests of Mrs. Sarah Slater of Hudson street for the present. Later Mrs. Dart will join Mrs. Laurence Barber and her children at Nashua, N. H., and Mr. Dart will leave on a fishing trip with Rev. Laurence Barber to Lake Umbagog.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Moriarty of Main street, Miss Helen Stankivsky of West Center street and Clifford Beebe moved to Watch Hill today for the week end.

Clayton F. Holmes of the Carlyle-Johnson Machine company's office starts on his vacation next week. A portion of which will be spent at the Sesqui-centennial in Philadelphia. His uncle, Ward Holmes, will accompany him.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses Gobeau of Bridgeport, with their sons, Albert and Ernest, are visiting relatives in Manchester.

John McMenemy of Marble street left this morning in company with a party of Hartford men for Buffalo, N. Y. The men are all members of the Thistle Bowling club and are to take part in the tournament in that city next week. The trip was made by auto and visits will be made to Niagara Falls and other points of interest.

Mrs. Louis Chartier of North Main street who is now at St. Francis hospital, according to X-ray pictures recently taken is suffering from a fractured hip, the result of a fall two weeks ago. She is as comfortable as can be expected but will be confined to the institution for some time.

Miss Catherine and William J. Ward of Union street have as their guest, Thomas Bacon of Cleveland, Ohio, who spent his boyhood in Manchester. Mr. Bacon was for years a linotype operator on the Hartford Times and removed to Cleveland, Ohio, ten years ago where he is with the Canton Publishing company, publishers of the best iron trade magazines in the country. Mr. Bacon is now married and has two children.

Michael Sheehan of 256 North Main street, Patrick Dullea and William Coughlin, are spending their vacation in New York and Boston.

Someone with an odd sense of humor placed a half dozen torpedoes on the trolley car at the Center late last night. When they exploded they almost lifted the car off the tracks.

It is probable that Chief Foy will ask the police to stop the use of sirens on boys' bicycles. The youngsters go about the streets blowing these and often autoists turn into the curb believing that a fire truck is coming behind. Small boys are also using police whistles.

The Union Service of the North Methodist church and the Second Congregational church will be held at the Congregational church at quarter of eleven, Sunday. The preacher will be the pastor of the North Methodist church. The subject will be "The Law of Sins and Life."

JAPANESE VISITOR GIVES INTERVIEW

Visitors to the fairs convention came to town today this morning. By ten o'clock there was an unusual crowd along the main street.

Mrs. Herbert Carlson of Middle Turnpike who underwent a tedious operation Wednesday at the Memorial hospital is getting along as well as can be expected.

Mrs. W. A. Strickland of Oakland street won a prize for the best mixed bouquet at the flower show held yesterday afternoon at the Manchester Community club grounds. Arthur Clarke was adjudged to have the best exhibit of gladiolas and Mrs. Glull Dubaldo of Homestead Park the best potted plants, a fine exhibition of large blossoming geraniums. C. W. Blankenburg, Falcottville won two prizes for his asters and zinnias. There were upwards of thirty entrants and the judges were John G. Pentland of the Park Hill Flower Shop; Charles M. Murphy of the Murphy Gladiol Farms; Carl Herrick of the Burr Nurseries and Fred Gross of North Main street.

Robert Grimason and family of Delmont street are spending a week in Canada.

Twenty-five children, with their mothers attended the outing for W. B. A. juniors held yesterday at Crystal Lake. The party which numbered forty-five made the trip by auto and enjoyed a picnic lunch and program of sports arranged by Mrs. Sadie Howard, the junior commander and Captain of Guards, Mrs. Ethel Cowles.

LARSON'S SPINE, SKULL, HAND, ARE FRACTURED

Trolley Worker More Seriously Injured Than Was at First Believed.

According to a bulletin issued from the Memorial hospital today, August Larson, of Strickland street, who was recently hurt while working at the Connecticut Company, is more severely injured than was believed at first.

X-ray photographs show that Larson sustained a fractured skull, fractured spine and fractured hand in addition to the burns. However, no complications developed and the physician in charge of the patient believes Larson's condition favorable.

Larson was injured a few days ago at the car barn at the Center when he was knocked to the floor by coming into contact with a trolley wire carrying 550 volts.

POLICE ON OUTING, REPORT GOOD TIME

All Members, Except Those on Duty, Spend Day at Ocean Beach.

The Manchester police department held its annual outing yesterday at Ocean Beach. All of the members except those who were needed on duty here went on the trip which was made in automobiles.

The party left Manchester at 9 o'clock in the morning and returned at 5:30 in the afternoon. They reported a fine time. A shore dinner and bathing provided the main part of the day's pleasure.

MISS KANEHL HAPPY YEAR AGO LAST NIGHT

A year ago today Miss Helen Kanehl was the happiest girl in Manchester for her selection as "Miss Manchester" which meant a trip to Atlantic City to participate in the beauty pageant had just been announced the night before. Now campaigns are going on in many cities to select representatives for the 1926 pageant.

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WASHINGTON LAWYER WORKING AS AN ORDERLY AT OUR HOSPITAL — INTERESTING TRAVELER.

Takeo Tanaka, L.L. B., J. D., a distinguished visitor from Japan, is in Manchester. He came here unheralded. In fact outside of the nurses and officials at the Memorial hospital, no one in town knows he is here. As to the patients all they see is a slightly built young man in a white suit who works as an orderly.

Mr. Tanaka is a lawyer. He is also a professor, having lectured in the Tokio University. He was an interpreter at the Arms Parley in Washington, D. C. He is a world traveler, a college graduate, of course, a linguist and what else you'll never know from asking him questions.

A Young Man.
It is hard to guess the age of a Japanese. He might be 26. Of the usual stature of a Japanese, small feet and hands, small mustache, brilliant eyes, perfect teeth, a chuckle and a smile.

The Japanese came to the attention of the public in a rather peculiar way. A day or two ago there was received by the Herald a type-written story about a nurse. It was a sort of allegory. It was so well written that the editor sent out his reporters to find out the identity of the author. They found him at the Memorial hospital and last night he agreed to take an auto trip around Manchester and give his impressions. The editor and the reporter, however, were doing all of the talking. The Japanese was listening.

Sees Silk Mills.
The trip took in the silk mills but the stranger seemed not at all interested. Then up to Highland Park. Still no reaction. Thence to the North End and toward Hartford.

Tobacco was mentioned and the Japanese seemed interested; in fact so much so that he asked the driver to stop the auto for a minute while he examined tobacco in the scenery he spoke little. On the return from Hartford he was induced to say something in answer to questions.

"Why was he here?" The American newspaperman is brutally frank in his questions.
"My nerves. Why my studies leave me unnerfed. I generally seek some country town where I am not known. I work at anything, even as a laborer. A month or two of that and I go back to my studies in a refreshed mind and body."

"What do you think of Manchester?"
"A pretty city."

A Traveler.
Then a pause as the auto bumped along. The conversation went along general lines. It appeared that the visitor not alone knew this country as far as the larger cities are concerned but he knows Europe as well.

"The Yellow Peril." One would imagine that would frighten a Japanese in a foreign country. It did not. Mr. Tanaka, whose mind travels in legal channels and who talks better English than anyone you would meet in a year in Manchester, answers frankly:
"We, who travel around know that the trouble in California is but a local issue but the rank and file..."

"What do the Japanese think about America?"
The question was dodged in this manner:
"You have your famous Monroe Doctrine. We have the same kind of a doctrine. You want Europe to keep hands off China. You will not take the initiative; neither will we."

Then as the ride progressed the conversation took on another tinge.
"What do you think of our billboards?"
"We have the same trouble in Japan. We text the advertisers as you do here but we do not allow the advertiser to cut off from view any pretty view as you do here."

The talk veered around to other topics. How do the Japanese like the movies and what kind do they like.
American Movies.
"Of course we have Japanese movies but the majority of the films shown come from America. They do not like comedies. They like dramas. The Japanese are very serious minded. When we show one of your dramas we have a lecturer who tells us the principal parts of the story. For instance when the next scene is to be a week or a month from that day, the lecturer tells us that. He does not speak continuously but gives a word now and then to help us understand."

"We have censors who look over all foreign films before they are shown. They eliminate all kissing and embracing between man and woman."
"Why is that? Do not the young men and women in Japan embrace and kiss?"
"Probably— and then the characteristic chuckle and smile, 'but they do it in private and we do not think it is proper to have these intimate things shown in public.'"

Again a long pause as the auto skinned along the road.
"America is so careless with its wealth!" murmured the Japanese. "Look at all of this wasted land. In Japan every tiny inch is cultivated. It is made to produce. But here you do it so big you do not care what you do with your wealth or your land."

"What do you think of Americans?"
"I find them natural acting and honest. Of all the various nationalities I have met I think the Americans are the most likable. There is no ceremony about them. I remember in Philadelphia where a noted statesman was speaking. After his speech, noticing that I was of another race, he came down from the platform, sat beside me and began to talk. Can you imagine anything like that happening in Europe or in Japan? You cannot see it as I do unless you have waded through the red tape and ceremonies of other countries. In Washington I can go right in and talk to the Secretary of State or other high officials. It would take me a week in Europe to do that."

Local Man One of Two Survivors of a Company

Birch Mountain Man Tells of Thrilling Experiences on Italian Front.

Out on the top of Birch Mountain in a woods is situated an old farmhouse which commands a view for many miles. From the yard in the rear of the house, one can see, on a clear day, as far away as Massachusetts. These ranges make a silhouette which is picturesque. On this lofty tract there lives a young Italian who has a World War record which is most interesting.

"Tony, the Woodchopper,"
Known only as "Tony, the Woodchopper," this ex-soldier is working hard to make ends meet. He has a 110 acre farm which formerly was owned by James M. Burke of this town. Tony raises fruit and vegetables in the summer time and chops wood and works in the mills in the winter. His wife, a slender and well-educated woman, nineteen years old, works about the farm with her husband. They are an affectionate couple and look forward to the time when they may take life easier.

During the idle hours, Tony's mind drifts back to his experiences in the war while serving with the Italian army and to the days when he and his buddy, Joe Bonomo, another Italian soldier, were together. But now, Tony and Joe are separated. Neither knows where the other is and each seeks the other.

Only Two Left.
Here is the highlight of Tony's story: He and Joe are the only two soldiers in the 13th Regiment of the Italian army who are alive today. The remainder, 273 in number, were killed in a battle on the Italian-Austrian front. Pocketed between two tanks of the Austrian forces, the unit was overwhelmed. Refusing to surrender, they met death fighting.

Both Privates.
Tony and Joe were both privates in that company and had been sent out as scouts to report on the location and actions of the enemy. When the battle started the stranded scouts managed to climb into a large excavation made by an exploding shell. Here the pair hid themselves.

"The powder and dust from the battle almost choked us," Tony says in describing their confinement in the shell-hole. "We had nothing to eat nor to drink. In fact we had to eat anything to eat or drink for two days. Our throats were parched. We were desperately in need of water."

Seeks Water.
"Despite warnings from Joe, I crawled on my face and hands back toward our lines for I knew I could find water there. Every once and a while I had to stop and hug the earth. The shells were exploding all around me even though the battle had been over several hours. Finally, I reached our lines. Every one was dead, they had died fighting shell. Austrian dead were mingled with the Italians."

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Ate Horse Meat.
"What did we have to eat?"
"Horse meat, rotten potatoes, acorns and oats were the principal things. And two meals a day—one in the morning and the other at night—were all we had."
"Twice we attempted to escape but were caught and brought back. This meant even harder labor than we had before when we were working on railroad work."

"We were kept in the prison camp until the end of the war and then were exchanged for German prisoners. When he got back to our homeland, Italy, again, Joe and I, we found that we were the only two left."

WASHINGTON LAWYER WORKING AS AN ORDERLY AT OUR HOSPITAL — INTERESTING TRAVELER.

Takeo Tanaka, L.L. B., J. D., a distinguished visitor from Japan, is in Manchester. He came here unheralded. In fact outside of the nurses and officials at the Memorial hospital, no one in town knows he is here. As to the patients all they see is a slightly built young man in a white suit who works as an orderly.

Mr. Tanaka is a lawyer. He is also a professor, having lectured in the Tokio University. He was an interpreter at the Arms Parley in Washington, D. C. He is a world traveler, a college graduate, of course, a linguist and what else you'll never know from asking him questions.

A Young Man.
It is hard to guess the age of a Japanese. He might be 26. Of the usual stature of a Japanese, small feet and hands, small mustache, brilliant eyes, perfect teeth, a chuckle and a smile.

The Japanese came to the attention of the public in a rather peculiar way. A day or two ago there was received by the Herald a type-written story about a nurse. It was a sort of allegory. It was so well written that the editor sent out his reporters to find out the identity of the author. They found him at the Memorial hospital and last night he agreed to take an auto trip around Manchester and give his impressions. The editor and the reporter, however, were doing all of the talking. The Japanese was listening.

Sees Silk Mills.
The trip took in the silk mills but the stranger seemed not at all interested. Then up to Highland Park. Still no reaction. Thence to the North End and toward Hartford.

Tobacco was mentioned and the Japanese seemed interested; in fact so much so that he asked the driver to stop the auto for a minute while he examined tobacco in the scenery he spoke little. On the return from Hartford he was induced to say something in answer to questions.

"Why was he here?" The American newspaperman is brutally frank in his questions.
"My nerves. Why my studies leave me unnerfed. I generally seek some country town where I am not known. I work at anything, even as a laborer. A month or two of that and I go back to my studies in a refreshed mind and body."

"What do you think of Manchester?"
"A pretty city."

A Traveler.
Then a pause as the auto bumped along. The conversation went along general lines. It appeared that the visitor not alone knew this country as far as the larger cities are concerned but he knows Europe as well.

"The Yellow Peril." One would imagine that would frighten a Japanese in a foreign country. It did not. Mr. Tanaka, whose mind travels in legal channels and who talks better English than anyone you would meet in a year in Manchester, answers frankly:
"We, who travel around know that the trouble in California is but a local issue but the rank and file..."

"What do the Japanese think about America?"
The question was dodged in this manner:
"You have your famous Monroe Doctrine. We have the same kind of a doctrine. You want Europe to keep hands off China. You will not take the initiative; neither will we."

Then as the ride progressed the conversation took on another tinge.
"What do you think of our billboards?"
"We have the same trouble in Japan. We text the advertisers as you do here but we do not allow the advertiser to cut off from view any pretty view as you do here."

The talk veered around to other topics. How do the Japanese like the movies and what kind do they like.
American Movies.
"Of course we have Japanese movies but the majority of the films shown come from America. They do not like comedies. They like dramas. The Japanese are very serious minded. When we show one of your dramas we have a lecturer who tells us the principal parts of the story. For instance when the next scene is to be a week or a month from that day, the lecturer tells us that. He does not speak continuously but gives a word now and then to help us understand."

"We have censors who look over all foreign films before they are shown. They eliminate all kissing and embracing between man and woman."
"Why is that? Do not the young men and women in Japan embrace and kiss?"
"Probably— and then the characteristic chuckle and smile, 'but they do it in private and we do not think it is proper to have these intimate things shown in public.'"

Again a long pause as the auto skinned along the road.
"America is so careless with its wealth!" murmured the Japanese. "Look at all of this wasted land. In Japan every tiny inch is cultivated. It is made to produce. But here you do it so big you do not care what you do with your wealth or your land."

"What do you think of Americans?"
"I find them natural acting and honest. Of all the various nationalities I have met I think the Americans are the most likable. There is no ceremony about them. I remember in Philadelphia where a noted statesman was speaking. After his speech, noticing that I was of another race, he came down from the platform, sat beside me and began to talk. Can you imagine anything like that happening in Europe or in Japan? You cannot see it as I do unless you have waded through the red tape and ceremonies of other countries. In Washington I can go right in and talk to the Secretary of State or other high officials. It would take me a week in Europe to do that."

Local Man One of Two Survivors of a Company

Birch Mountain Man Tells of Thrilling Experiences on Italian Front.

Out on the top of Birch Mountain in a woods is situated an old farmhouse which commands a view for many miles. From the yard in the rear of the house, one can see, on a clear day, as far away as Massachusetts. These ranges make a silhouette which is picturesque. On this lofty tract there lives a young Italian who has a World War record which is most interesting.

"Tony, the Woodchopper,"
Known only as "Tony, the Woodchopper," this ex-soldier is working hard to make ends meet. He has a 110 acre farm which formerly was owned by James M. Burke of this town. Tony raises fruit and vegetables in the summer time and chops wood and works in the mills in the winter. His wife, a slender and well-educated woman, nineteen years old, works about the farm with her husband. They are an affectionate couple and look forward to the time when they may take life easier.

During the idle hours, Tony's mind drifts back to his experiences in the war while serving with the Italian army and to the days when he and his buddy, Joe Bonomo, another Italian soldier, were together. But now, Tony and Joe are separated. Neither knows where the other is and each seeks the other.

Only Two Left.
Here is the highlight of Tony's story: He and Joe are the only two soldiers in the 13th Regiment of the Italian army who are alive today. The remainder, 273 in number, were killed in a battle on the Italian-Austrian front. Pocketed between two tanks of the Austrian forces, the unit was overwhelmed. Refusing to surrender, they met death fighting.

Both Privates.
Tony and Joe were both privates in that company and had been sent out as scouts to report on the location and actions of the enemy. When the battle started the stranded scouts managed to climb into a large excavation made by an exploding shell. Here the pair hid themselves.

"The powder and dust from the battle almost choked us," Tony says in describing their confinement in the shell-hole. "We had nothing to eat nor to drink. In fact we had to eat anything to eat or drink for two days. Our throats were parched. We were desperately in need of water."

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The Same Story

Each year I have advised those needing heating systems to have the work done in the Summer months. Each year some take notice, have the work done when it does not have to be rushed and are ready when cold weather comes.

But there are always those who wait until the last call, get a rush job and shiver before it is ready for use. Here is the warning: ACT NOW! Be ready next Fall.

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65 East Center Street

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Let The Thermax Oven Cooker

help do your cooking these hot summer days. Until August 20, you can buy this \$10.00 Cooker for

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DELAY and inconvenience may be caused by the unavoidable absence of an individual acting as executor or trustee.

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Manchester Trust Co.

South Manchester, Conn.
Member American Bankers' Association.

repair or regret

A little work now is certain to save you a big repair bill later on.

Spring is here and with it the call to do the annual repairing about the house. Get your house in order—start now! Putting off never made any repairs but it has caused many regrets.

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