

Local Stocks

N. Y. Stocks

Table of local stock prices including Bank Stocks, Insurance Stocks, and Public Utility Stocks.

Table of N. Y. stock prices including various industrial and utility stocks.

ELKS TO MAKE BONFIRE OF HOME'S MORTGAGE

Plan Celebration on Ninth Anniversary — Thirty Local Men on Committee.

George H. Williams of this town, exalted ruler of the Rockville lodge of Elks, will preside at the ninth anniversary celebration of that lodge on September 12.

TROLLEYS MAKE TIME UNDER 1-MAN SYSTEM

No Falling Off in Service Noted As Result of Cutting Down Crews Part Way.

Little difference, if any, has been noticed in the service on the South Manchester lines of the Connecticut Company since the new one-man system of operation went into effect on August 28.

Kidnap School Marm; Hold Her For Ransom

Corning, N. Y., Sept. 7.—Friends of Jeanie E. McClure, pretty 21-year-old Corning school teacher reported kidnaped in Johnson City, N. Y., and held for ransom, expressed the belief today that she is "playing a joke on her family."

HOOT GIBSON AT STATE TOMORROW

In Western With Furniture Night—"Love of Mike" Tonight.

Furniture night comes to the State theater tomorrow again with a big load of Grand Rapids stuff to be given away.

JITNEY PLAYERS GIVE "DUENNA" IN HARTFORD

To Play at Hartford Golf Club Tomorrow Night—One of Their Best Productions.

Residents of Manchester who missed "The Duenna," as presented here by the JITNEY Players a few days ago, will be delighted to know that the performance will be repeated in Hartford tomorrow night.

SCHOOL ALLOWANCE TO TOP \$400,000

Largest Appropriation in Town's History Will Be Necessary This Year.

Manchester's schools will cost the town \$406,550 during the next year. Town Treasurer George H. Waddell has completed the tabulation of the Education account for the town report and finds that schools cost \$374,787.49 last year.

AD BALLOON UNHEARD FROM EVEN BY S. O. S.

Considerable interest has developed in the "fate" of the advertising balloon which broke away from Fred Lewis' automobile supply store and filling station on Maple street Sunday afternoon.

WALTHAM GIRL EAGER TO HOP OVER OCEAN

Word that Capt. Hinchcliffe had agreed to pilot her from America to England.

POLICE COURT

Two transients, Charles Cotton and Stanley Woods were before Judge Johnson in the police court this morning charged with intoxication.

ABOUT TOWN

Delta Chapter, Royal Arch Masons will hold its first convocation in the new Masonic Temple this evening.

Revealing Newest Styles in Fur Coats

NO LONGER IS THEIR PRIMARY FUNCTION TO KEEP MILADY WARM



FUR coats are not what they used to be, by any means. Thousands of years ago, when the Mrs. of the household sat in her dark cave home and waited for hubby to come home, she wondered whether he would bring a bear or tiger skin to wrap his darling in.

For the primary function of the newest fur coats is not to keep Milady warm. Fur coats of today are not fur coats at all. But their real purpose in life is to serve as exotic confections of the wardrobe.

Ermine reveals its versatility by showing in picture No. 4 what it can do in its winter version of spotless white. This coat is a gorgeous thing, lined with garnet velvet brocade and trimmed with softest white fox, the collar continuing to the bottom of the coat.

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Manchester Evening Herald

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WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 7, 1927

TOTTERING STEPS

This morning's news of the plane "Old Glory"—that an S O S call had been received from the airship, then 500 miles at sea, provides perhaps the most impressive evidence yet developed of the inherent peril of transoceanic flying.

No plane has undertaken to cross the ocean under conditions apparently so favorable as those attending the take-off of "Old Glory" yesterday. A magnificent ship, fitted with every known safety appliance and possessing tremendous power, manned by pilots of surpassing skill and experience; perfect weather; no overloading; no handicaps of any sort—the outlook for the success of the flight to Rome seemed to be as good as unlimited means and abundant air-wisdom could make it.

And yet—S O S, with steamers racing to find a speck in the wide ocean! Again the thoughts of the world directed to the fate of three tiny human mites, perhaps sustaining themselves on the surface of the water, perhaps gone down already.

It is a heart-breaking business, this determination of brave but reckless men and women to run across the skies, over the oceans, while yet the flight of an airplane is as unstable as the tottering steps of a babe.

The time for oceanic flying is not yet.

THE GRANGE PLAN

Speaking, it is understood, with full authority of the National Grange, Louis J. Taber of Columbus, O., master of that great farm organization, will present in the next issue of the National Grange Monthly a definite formulation of the method of farm relief behind which the Grange intends to put its influence during the forthcoming session of Congress.

Advance sheets of Mr. Taber's article have been sent to the press of the country and, evidently, the Grange intends to start at once a campaign of publicity in favor of its scheme, which is called the Export Debiture Bounty.

Following the words of the Taber article, the proposition is as follows:

This plan would provide that when a cooperative association or general agricultural exporter would ship abroad commodities named in law, they would receive an export debenture certificate, which would be negotiable and accepted by the government at par for the payment of import tariff duties. Our laws require the importer to pay duties in American money. Consequently, it is certain that there would be a sufficient market for all debentures to guarantee that they would bring par, less interest and brokerage charges. Proof of this is found in the fact that last year import duties amounted to \$350,000,000. Under the plan advocated by the National Grange there would have been issued last year debenture certificates of not more than \$150,000,000 value. No plan has been proposed that would use more than approximately one-third of last year's tariff income, thus guaranteeing a constant market at par.

The Grange plan provides that to start, one-half of the tariff rates should be made applicable for the debenture value. For example, the present tariff on wheat is 42 cents. A cooperative association in Kansas ships wheat to Europe. Liverpool largely determines the world price less freight costs to reach that market. The exporter would secure the Liverpool price, plus the Export Debiture value, which in this case would be 21 cents, or in other words, he and the American millers, if they wanted to secure wheat, would bid the world price plus the value of the Export Debiture certificate. Automatically and instantly this would have a tendency to affect favorably the price of farm products and this is one result toward which the Grange is striving.

that anybody is warranted in feeling so very sure as to how some or any of the various relief plans would operate. It is only sure that it does not want to see life made easy for the western farmer by making it hard for the eastern industrialist. It is only sure that it does not want to see Congress pass legislation calculated to return more of the good things of life to the western farmer who works ninety or a hundred days in the year than accrue to the easterner who toils 300 days a year at lathe or loom or steel mill rolls, and calculated at the same time to boost the cost of the industrialist's food another twenty-five per cent.

Perhaps this Grange plan would do neither of those things. Perhaps it is a fair proposition. Perhaps it would do no more than strike a just balance.

But on one point we believe every easterner is justified in asking enlightenment. If such a bounty is necessary for the maintenance of American agriculture, if it is a bona fide thing that is to be taken to the country on its merits, why not strip it of the hokus pokus with which it is surrounded and say, "We demand that for every bushel of wheat we ship abroad the government pay us, out of the treasury, 21 cents?"

Because, so far as we can see, this business of issuing the so-called debentures is exactly the same thing as paying cash over the counter, with no advantage to anybody excepting that some easily bewildered citizens might be confused into unreality that the government was feeling the wheat groans.

There is just enough of subterfuge, just enough of circumlocution about this debenture thing to make ordinary people suspicious, without at all fooling them. It would seem that the bounty scheme would stand a good deal better chance of adoption if its promoters were to declare quite frankly for a government bonus on all exports of prescribed foodstuffs. The country might agree to it.

Let the case stand on its merits.

HI-JACKER METHODS

Three dead and an innocent bystander likely to die as the result of a wild gun fracas over the division of a real estate commission marks intrusion into the realty business of certain practices heretofore more characteristic of bootlegging, hi-jacking, automobile thievery and the gambling trade than of the usually respectable business of dealing in houses and lands.

Yet there may be a lurking suspicion that in such communities as New York the ethics of some real estate dealers are not, after all, so much more admirable than those of the so-called underworld itself. There are as fine pirates in some of the offices devoted to the buying and selling of real property in the great cities as on the seats of rum trucks or at the wheels of lightless speed boats.

Until the outbreak in the New York office which has resulted in the killing of three and the injuring of a passer-by smitten by the falling body of one of the victims, however, gunplay had not figured conspicuously in the division of the loot. Usually the realty pirates settle their quarrels in the courts.

But the resort to the automatic is probably in keeping with the times. How long it will be before we have the installment man coming around and collecting the weekly stipend at the muzzle of a five-shooter, or salesmen persuading a prospect to choose his particular car by training a Browning spray gun on him, it remains to be seen.

This is an age of violence, of smoking action. And the example of Cicero and the midnight rum trail is at all times intimately before the mental eyes of the people.

NEEDED One Cain Anderson of Tyler, Tex., who is a planter and reputed to be rich, is on trial for beating a man and whipping a woman, the pair being tenant farmers on land owned by Anderson. He is alleged to have been aided by four men.

"We don't want no more lying around at 3 o'clock in the afternoon," the woman swears that Anderson explained while she was being beaten with a rope end. "You must get into the field at sun-up, work till 12, go back at 1 and work till sundown."

of other folks' actions and correctors of other folks' frailties. If everybody else in his county were as energetic as himself, there would be no scared-to-death tenants for Anderson to exploit. He might even be somebody's tenant himself. If everybody were as sober as Mr. Upshaw there would be nobody for Upshaw to keep the booze away from—and then where would he be at? If there were no evolutionists for the fundamentalists to assail who on earth could they find to quarrel with—and then where would they be at?

Perhaps the lazy and the drunk and the wicked are needed in order that the enterprising the sober and the godly may shine forth.

Old Master's Long time a child, and still a child, when years Had painted manhood on my cheek, was I— For yet I lived like one not born to die; A thriftless prodigal of smiles and tears, No hope I needed, and I knew no fears. But sleep, though sweet, is only sleep; and waking, I waked to sleep no more; at once I'd rather die than sleep, with all the vanities of my age, with all the cares of duty on my back. Nor child, nor man, Nor youth, nor sage, I find my head is gray. For I have lost the race I never ran; A rather December blights my lagging May; And still I am a child, though I be old; Time is my debtor for many years untold. —Hartley Coleridge: "Long Time a Child."

TEST ANSWERS

- Here are the answers to the "Now You Ask One" questions on the comics page: 1—Macaroni is made of wheat and pasta. 2—A female figure used as a pillar in architecture is called a caryatid. 3—Lucy Stone is noted as an advocate of married women's retention of their maiden names. 4—New York's first was known as New Amsterdam. 5—A bushel contains four pecks? 6—Salmon jump waterfalls as they swim upstream. 7—The empire of Moscow is now known as Russia. 8—Numismatics deals with coins and medals. 9—An earl's wife is called a countess. 10—Winds blowing toward the equator and deflected westward by the earth's rotation are called trade winds.

DAILY ALMANAC

First performance by professional actors in New England, Newport, R. I., 1761. Birthdays anniversary: of Queen Elizabeth. I. Winthrop settled in Boston, 1630. Libraries are being installed more rapidly than librarians with the necessary qualifications can be found to take charge of them. The number of library school graduates last year was 200 less than the number needed to meet the demand.

WASHINGTON LETTER

BY RODNEY DUTCHER

Washington, Sept. 7.—If the Democratic presidential nomination goes to either Senator James A. Reed or Governor Alfred E. Smith, the 1928 sentiment of the brass industry will be easy to predict.

For if either of these gents comes to live in the White House, there is going to be a demand for a large supply of such brass receptacles as are seen most often in male smoking rooms and male barber shops.

Reed and Smith are two rugged, fighting big-guys. One of them peddled fish and newspapers on city streets in his youth and the other hoed corn and pulled weeds on a farm.

Thus it is no cause for astonishment to find them today the two foremost exponents in national politics of the manly art of exhortation. Each has an enviable private, rather than public, reputation for salivary achievement.

Some impulsive persons will promptly suggest that here lies an excellent method of choosing a presidential candidate, which otherwise is going to be a messy and heartbreaking task. Let Reed and Smith shoot it out, and may the best man win.

But, quite aside from the fact that William G. McAduo is altogether too dry even to have any ammunition and that Governor Ritchie's ability is totally unknown, there is another objection to this plan.

Smith and Reed represent two different schools in this art. While Smith has always gone in for distance work, Reed has been content with the short strokes. Although none questions Reed's endurance powers, it is altogether likely that he would require years of earnest effort before he could acquire Smith's vastly superior range.

On the other hand, the senator can give a much better imitation of a machine-gun than the governor.

If the contest were to be based on mere marksmanship, it is to be feared that the proceedings would be more unfair than ever. The Smith partisans insist that their man can deliver with unerring aim from a point 15 feet away. He is such a perfect sharpshooter, in fact, that he long ago abandoned the simple idea of merely hitting the target, and has since taken great delight in just clearing the brass rim on the far side, making a hurdle out of the receptacle.

Reed, on the other hand, can lay claim to no such control. Smith delights to chew all day on a dry cigar, sometimes lit, but never long lit. His favorite method of going into action is to remove his coat and hoist his brogans higher than his head on a convenient chair or table. He then uses his shoes much as a hunter uses the sights at the end of his rifle.

One of your correspondent's most precious memories is of the appearance of Senator Reed before the Massachusetts supreme court many years ago. Its dignity is one of the most painful affairs recorded since the Spanishquisition. Imagining a spittoon in that court room is to accept the possibility of a semi-nude chorus girl sitting on the arm of the president's chair at a cabinet meeting. And to imagine any Massachusetts lawyer spitting, just even once, on that courtroom floor is to imagine him in the electric chair just as soon as the court could recover enough breath to sentence him there.

But Reed minded not tradition, dignity or lack of facilities. The floor stretched out before him and Reed accepted the invitation. Furthermore he got away with it, although he lost his case.

SWISS VILLAGE MOVES IN FEAR OF PEAK'S FALL

New York, Sept. 7.—Wherever you wander in Manhattan incongruities hop out at you—that is, if you're looking for them.

In the very heart of Greenwich Village, within a couple of steps of a block that boasts the birth of the "free love" cults and other village manifestations, there is a hotel of modest, homey appearance, and here stop most of the gits of the Epworth League and Christian Endeavor when they are in town visiting New York.

Walking from the hotel they are in plain eyeshot of a corner noted as a gathering place for the young hip-flask college brigade and can see dizzy co-eds coming and going in taxicabs. On every side the hotel is bounded by those remnants of Bohemian life which put the village on the map. Yet it remains, year in and year out, a quiet and untouched abiding place for old-fashioned folk.

Again: There is a certain village eating and drinking resort which prides itself on its popularity with those completely "emancipated" youngsters of whom you read—artists, writers, radicals and such they gather at meal times and of evenings and order any drink from cocktails to mint juleps, and set it. The conversations deal with the latest sophisticated vogue, whatever it may be.

Yet, the other evening, two young men of my acquaintance sat down at a table occupied by two young women, who had smiled flirtatiously, and were summarily bounced out.

The other night I attended a banquet aboard the new French liner, Ile de France. This ship boasts the last word in modernistic appointments and equipment. The dinner was held in the elaborate marble dining room and the dishes were gastronomic delights. A futurist fountain sparkled in the center of the room and, from the stairway flashed a mural which represented modernistic art at its peak.

Yet, upon the tables were tooth-picks! And there is my favorite Broadway church which rents out its rooms on week days to musical shows and dramas for rehearsals.

And there is a certain aristocratic brownstone front in one of the most exclusive neighborhoods which hides a speakeasy with three floors of varied entertainment for "members."

In the very heart of the cloak-and-suit belt, smothered by towering buildings stands a lovely little Franciscan church. A flowered walk runs through the block and, while all about swirls the welter of traffic and trade you may see the holy fathers padding back and forth, completely oblivious to all that goes about them, prayerbooks in hand and chanting quietly to themselves. Few so much as stop to ponder the unwritten sermon that lies in this everyday scene. And these few cannot so much as hear the strange strains of the chant, what with the crash of traffic that goes by.

A THOUGHT

Physician, heal thyself.—Luke 4:23. The fate of a nation has often depended upon the go or no go action of a prime minister.—Voltaire.

The government of France gives to every mother who nurses her own child a monthly pension during the first year of the child's life.

Mount Motto Arbina Is Expected to Topple and People Scatter.

Geneva.—Nature has taken the form of War in one of the Swiss districts near here: Inhabitants of the villages have been told, by order of the government, to evacuate their homes, remove all livestock and leave their lands, and the district is expected to be entirely deserted within a short time. Yet to anyone visiting the spot, there would seem no cause, as everything is calm and the towns appear as they did ten years ago.

These towns are situated, however, at the foot of Mount Motto Arbina, near the town of Bellinzona, and it is this mountain which is causing much anxiety in Switzerland.

Ready to Tumble The summit of which has given warning that it will tumble over onto the inhabitants of the valley beneath it, destroying everything in its path.

Measuring over 100,000 square yards, the summit, which is 3,500 feet high, has subsided several yards in the past years and the movement has now become so great that the government is making a monthly examination of the crevasses. As a result of recent geological reports the government decreed that a large number of the villages in the neighborhood must be evacuated, leaving an area of deserted villages.

The platform of the summit has long been slipping horizontally at the rate of nearly an inch a year, and since 1838 a watch has been kept on the platform.

Projecting rocks have at times broken off, being hurled hundreds of yards into the abyss. A number of times these rocks have rolled down on top of houses killing the occupants.

When the underlying mass of rock gives way—an event which it is believed inevitable, the whole plateau, will crash into the valley. Although it cannot be ascertained when this moving Alp will tumble, the fact that the crevasses have widened this year over three times as much as in previous years, it is believed there is great danger.

DOG SAVES HIM

Rockford, Ill.—Discovering that one of his dogs was an egg-stealer, W. P. Pierce, farmer, decided to kill him. But a few minutes before he was to do the deed, a bull attacked him and threw him to the ground. The condemned dog was the first to get up and ran to the crash of traffic that goes by.

EVERGREEN Planting Time

It is now the best time of the entire year to make evergreen plantings.

If you need assistance we will help you to lay out your grounds.

Our Nurseries are one of the most complete in New England. Visitors always welcome.

(Open Evenings) C. E. Wilson & Co. Nurseries, 302 WOODBRIDGE ST.

You're At An Oasis Now The caravan preparing at the oasis for desert drought is a reminder that it's well for everyone to provide for future needs.

You can do so by arranging for our Life Income Policy now. Later you will receive from it \$100 monthly from age 65 on, or earlier if disabled; \$10,000 insurance for your family meanwhile.

Write for descriptive booklet. Connecticut General Life Insurance Company FAYETTE B. CLARKE, AGT. 107 DEYOT SQUARE, MANCHESTER.

Thursday Morning Special



All Wool BLANKETS \$7.45

Chilly September nights make this Thursday morning special a timely value. These blankets are woven of all pure wool, in a choice of blue, buff, rose or lavender plaids. Size, 66x80 and of heavy quality. Fresh new stock just unpacked. Regular \$10.95 value. Cash and carry. No Phone orders.

WATKINS BROTHERS

FOR SALE Bartlett Pears For Gunning Edgewood Fruit Farm 461 Woodbridge Street Telephone 945

McGovern Granite Co. CEMETERY MEMORIALS Represented by C. W. HARTENSTEIN 149 Summit St. Telephone 1621

It Won't Be Long Now

We apologize for even suggesting such a thing as winter. Nevertheless somewhere between October and January the winds "will whoop it up" and the snow will fly. Your house may need the protection of PURE lead and oil, so why put off for tomorrow what should be done today. The time to think of winter painting is now.

Let us talk the matter over with you and submit an estimate on the job without obligation to you. WILLIAM DICKSON PAINTING AND DECORATING CONTRACTOR 98 Hamlin Street South Manchester, Conn. Tel. 1118

INSURANCE

The Best Guardian of Life and Property

Insure Your Valuables A BOX IN A GOOD SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT IS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST INSURANCE. The Manchester Trust Co.

Fire and Liability Insurance RICHARD G. RICH Tinker Building, South Manchester.

The First and Second A. E. F.



DAILY RADIO PROGRAM

Wednesday, September 7.

"The American Beauty Ball," the dance at which the most beautiful girls in America will be guests of honor...

Wave lengths in meters on left of station; in feet on right. Times are Eastern Daylight Saving and Eastern Standard Time. Black type indicates best features.

Leading East Stations.

- (DST) (ST) 272.5-WPG, ATLANTIC CITY-1100. 8:10 7:10-Concert orchestra. 8:10 7:10-Dance orchestra.

Leading DX Stations.

- (DST) (ST) 476-WBS, ATLANTA-630. 9:00 8:00-WJZ, MAXWELL HOUR. 9:00 8:00-WJZ, MAXWELL HOUR.

Secondary Eastern Stations.

- 447.5-WEEL, BOSTON-670. 8:00 7:00-WJZ, MAXWELL HOUR. 8:00 7:00-WJZ, MAXWELL HOUR.

HEBRON

The republican caucus will take place on Saturday at 2 p. m. at the town hall, at Hebr's Center. The democratic caucus will be held at 7 p. m. Saturday evening...

The American Legion gave a dance at the town hall Saturday evening. The funeral of John E. Burden, aged 75, was held at the Federated church here on Sunday afternoon...

Miss Clarissa Lord has returned to the Connecticut State Agricultural College to resume her duties for the year. She is doing statistical work.

An attractive wedding took place on Monday at high noon at residence of Mrs. Gertrude Hough when her daughter, Marjorie Porter Hough was united in marriage to Maurice J. Leefe. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. John Deeter. The bride party stood under a banner of "The American Legion"...

WAPPING

Among the visitors in town last Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Howd, of Amherst, Mass., who called on their cousin, Miss Kate M. White.

The large herd of Holstein cows owned by Walter N. Foster of Foster street, were given a tuberculin test, last Friday and all but two passed the test.

The funeral of John E. Burden, aged 75, was held at the Federated church here on Sunday afternoon, with Rev. Truman H. Woodward officiating. A quartet consisting of Mrs. Henry Nevers, Miss Lois Stiles, Levi T. Dewey and Sidney Stoughton sang "Lead, Kindly Light" and "Abide With Me"...

Miss Alice Nevers and her cousin, Miss Elta Nevers, who have been spending a part of their vacation with friends in Vermont, returned to their homes here for over Labor Day. They returned to their work in Hartford Tuesday morning.

Miss Anette Burkhardt, of Cromwell was the guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Frink a few days last week. Mrs. Elizabeth Smith is spending a few days' vacation at her home here.

TOLLAND

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Merrow and Miss Martha Merrow of Hartford were guests last Saturday of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin De Haven.

Miss Elizabeth Baker of Dallas, Texas, Mrs. Raymond Simmons and four children and Mrs. Helen Gould May of East Hartford were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Steele.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Graham and Miss Hazel Graham of New York City were guests of their mother, Mrs. Anna Graham.

Miss Helen Chapin of Oradell of New Jersey is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Talcott.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Newman were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Newman.

Mrs. Minnie Norman in company with Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Lovrin and sons, Robert and Donald of Vernon and David Brown of Winsted motored to Myricks, Mass. and spent the week-end with Rev. and Mrs. George Brown. They also visited Plymouth, Mass.

The Grange social will take the place of the regular meeting Tuesday night and will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Crandall.

The Democratic voters of the town of Tolland will meet in caucus at the Tolland Town hall Thursday evening, September 8, 1927 for the purpose of nominating the several town officers to be voted for on October 3 and to do any other business proper to be done at said meeting.

Twenty-two ladies met at the home of Mrs. Charles H. Daniels Friday afternoon and listened to a very interesting talk given by Miss Helen Price relating to her student summer service work under the Congregational Church Extension Boards in South Carolina and North Carolina.

DARED REDS TO KILL

Paris—King Alfonso of Spain, visiting England and France, has acquired a reputation of great daring, since he, a royalist, seems to have no fear of anarchists. Once hearing of a meeting at which his death was to be plotted, he attended in person, unrecognized until he finally announced himself. The reds did not attempt to harm him.

Robert Terhune of Passaic, New Jersey was a week-end guest of his aunt, Miss Bessie Terhune. Mrs. Keat Burgess of Hartford was in town Sunday and called on many of her friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Horton Chapin of Oradell, N. J., made a short visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Talcott.

Mrs. Ellen Desso of Stafford road was in town Sunday and called on many of her friends.

Miss Harriet Farnham Pease, violin teacher, daughter of Mrs. Asaph Bird has gone to Harrisonburg, Va., where she is to teach music in the schools and she will also teach private lessons.

Mrs. Marion Agard Baker and Miss Florence Meacham returned Sunday on the steamship Coronia from Europe where they have been sightseeing for three months.

Harvey Clough and two children William and Doris Clough who have been for three months at their summer home, returned to their home in Flushing, Long Island, Thursday.

Miss Mary Ruth Ayers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Ayers of Merrow road has gone to Harrisonburg, Va., where she is to teach music in the schools and she will also teach private lessons.

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Callouses

Quick, safe, sure relief from painful callouses on the feet. De Scholl's Zino-pads. Put one on—the pain is gone.

JOHNSON'S ELECTRIC CO. Solicits Your Electrical Business—Both Wiring and Fixtures. First Class Work. Estimates Cheerfully Furnished. A Fine Line of Fixtures. 29 Clinton St. Phone 657-1.

BATTERY WORK Authorized "Willard" Service Station. Carbon Burning. Auto Electrical Work. Electrical Appliances Repaired. Free Crankcase Service.

JOHN BAUSOLA With Barrett & Robbins 913 Main St. Phone 39-2

Herald Advs. Bring Results

Advertisement for Hof Brau and Police Dog Malt. 2 GOOD MALTS. Either will do the work well. Ask for Hof Brau or Police Dog Malt. Your grocer has it or can get it. Connecticut Grocery Co., Hartford.

WTIC Travelers Insurance Co., Hartford, Conn. 467.

Program for Wednesday

- 6:30 p. m.—Dinner Concert, Hotel Bond Trio, Emil Heimberger, Director. 6:50—News and baseball scores. 7:00—Dinner Concert continued—Hotel Bond Trio.

COLUMBIA

Jack Galevich, Banjoist... Dure a. Mia Florence (waltz)... Dure b. I Don't Care (polka)... Dure c. Mr. and My Shadow... Dure d. Hallelujah... Dure e. Ain't She Sweet... Dure f. Harmony Trio (waltz)...

THE GREAT WAR TEN YEARS AGO TODAY

Secretary of State Lansing lets it be known that Japan, through Viscount Ishihara, head of a mission to the United States, seems willing to fight with the Allies, probably in Russia, in the spring.

TALCOTTVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur H. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Pitkin enjoyed a motor trip to Orleans on Cape Cod on Labor Day. Miss Anna Karas who has spent a vacation at her former home here returns this week to the Bronx, New York where she is employed.

Second Mortgage Money

Now On Hand Arthur A. Knofla 875 Main St. Phone 752-2.

Read Herald Advs

Large advertisement for Extra Good News. Gillroy Says: Extra Good News. 7 Special Cars offered each day till Sunday. Here are the ones for Today: FORD COUPE \$110 \$60 \$25 \$5. STAR TOURING \$125 \$90 \$25 \$5. STUDEBAKER TOURING \$125 \$80 \$25 \$5. REO COUPE \$175 \$125 \$40 \$5. CHEVROLET COUPE \$175 \$125 \$40 \$5. OVERLAND CHAMPION \$210 \$185 \$80 \$5. STREAPNS RUNABOUT \$250 \$150 \$40 \$5. 50—Other Good Buys—50 From \$25 to \$150 ALL MAKES SALE ENDS SUNDAY Buyers Get Busy! Manchester Automobile Dealers 10 Day Used Car Sale HELD AT MASONIC LOT MAIN STREET AT THE CENTER

THE HERALD'S HOME PAGE

FEATURE ARTICLES ABOUT INTERESTING WOMEN

LATEST FASHION HINTS BY FOREMOST AUTHORITIES

The PENNY PRINCESS

by *anne austin* ©1927 by NEA Service

BEGIN HERE TODAY

VERA CAMERON, plain business girl, allows herself to be transformed into a beauty by JERRY MACKLYN, her boss, advertising manager for Peach Blossom Cosmetics Co., who proposes to use her photographs in advertising booklets. Jerry falls in love with Vera, who knows as Vee-Vee, and his love persists even after he learns she consents to the transformation only because the man she falls in love with, SCHUYLER SMYTHE, ignores her.

Vera spends her vacation at Lake Minnetonka because Smythe is there. He and other guests mistake her for VIVIAN CRANDALL, ex-princess, who after her Paris divorce is in hiding. Vera insists upon her true identity but is not believed. She lets matters take their course.

The Crandalls, learning of their supposed daughter's whereabouts, send detectives to the Minnetonka. They arrive late one night. Vera and Smythe flee in a stolen car. Smythe confesses his love and insists they be married at once. Vera tells him the truth about herself, hoping he will love her for herself alone. He is furious, proving himself a fortune-hunter.

They are intercepted by two masked men. Vera is kidnapped and taken in an airplane to a shack in the mountains where Vivian's ex-husband awaits them. The kidnappers horrify the prince and Vera by the announcement that they will hold Vera for a ransom from the Crandalls. Vera convinces the prince to help her in the discovery of her real identity, warning him of the dire consequences should the men find she was incapable of bringing a handsome ransom.

In New York Jerry is erased by newspaper reports of what happened at Minnetonka. His stenographer stuns him with the information about the kidnapping and gave her one of the advertising booklets showing her picture. Jerry gets a phone call and going to a given address finds the real Vivian Crandall whom he had mistaken for Vee-Vee. She tells Jerry about the shack in which her former husband was strangely interested. Meantime at the shack Vera lies secretly the old HAPPY, one of the kidnappers, who formerly admires her. Happy advances to the prince. Happy agrees to stay at that night to protect her.



Vee-Vee was moved almost to pity for the scheming little nobleman.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XL

BREAKFAST that Friday morning—the second day after Vera Cameron's abduction by Prince Ivan—was a strained, unpleasant affair.

Vee-Vee had slept very little. She was wretchedly tired and her head ached dully from lack of sufficient ventilation.

"Happy" was almost as depressed and nervous as his prisoners.

"The more I think of it the less I like this business," he muttered to Vee-Vee, after his second unsuccessful search of the heavens.

"Maybe Satan has come to the same conclusion," Vee-Vee suggested wearily. "I hope so. Don't you think you'd better clear out while you have a chance, Happy? You've been a good friend to me, and I don't want you to have to pay the penalty for Satan's greed."

Vee-Vee could only guess at the mental torture which the thwarted prince was experiencing. He was, as the kidnappers had pointed out to him, as guilty as they in abducting the supposed princess and heiress. If the kidnappers were caught, "Satan" and "Happy" would certainly have no compunction about involving the prince as their accomplice, throwing the blame upon him as the instigator of the plot.

Vee-Vee was moved almost to pity for the scheming little ex-nobleman as she reviewed the hopeless aspects of his problem. If she had been the real heiress, his former wife, he might have had some faint hope that she would have pity on him, secretly arrange his rescue from the cabin after she herself had been safely returned to the

bosom of her family. But Ivan was well aware that the girl for whom ransom was even now being demanded was a nobody, that the mistake as to her identity would be discovered as soon as the Crandalls for nothing from the girl he had brought to such a pass.

Vee-Vee was washing dishes and the prince was playing a sulky game of solitaire when "Happy" made his third reconnoiter from the door of the cabin. His hand shading his eyes, which were upturned to search the heavens. He was evidently expecting "Satan" to arrive by airplane.

The prince, glancing up from his cards, saw the prospecting of the kidnapper and rose stealthily from his stool. He advanced on tiptoe to the fireplace, wrested from Vee-Vee's hands the trying pin she was washing, and, still on tiptoe, advanced as noiselessly as a cat toward the kidnapper, whose back was turned to the room.

Wild thoughts flitted through the girl's brain. If the prince should succeed in knocking out the kidnapper, the two of them—the prince and she—would be free. If he failed, if some slight noise or movement warned the kidnapper in time, the prince might very well die before her eyes. And the chances were of course a hundred to one that he would fail, for "Happy" had served a long apprenticeship in crime. He would not be easily deceived by an amateur crook like the prince. If, on the other hand, he did succeed in stunning the kidnapper and disarming him, she would have lost her one friend, strange as that friendship was.

"Do you see anything, Happy?" she called out in a casual voice.

At her first word the prince stopped dead in his tracks, concealing the tell-tale frown behind his back, and the kidnapper turned his head to answer her:

"Nothing yet."

Fifteen minutes later, the kidnapper, still slouching in the open doorway, flung up the hand which nursed the pistol and waved it wildly over his head.

"There he is! He's going to land in the next field!"

Vee-Vee and the prince both ran to the doorway. But if they had had any thought of trying to escape, it was swallowed up in the terrible drama of the next few minutes. For as Vee-Vee stared over the kidnapper's shoulder, the plane, which had been circling under perfect control, suddenly dipped and careened wildly, plunging toward the earth at a sickening rate of speed.

"My God!" "Happy" cried out hoarsely. "Something's gone wrong. And he's going to land on that hill—in the tree tops!"

Before he had finished uttering his prophecy it had been fulfilled. The plane plunged straight for the hill, turning over and over as it whirled downward. Vee-Vee clapped a hand to her eyes to shut out the inglorious horror of the catastrophe, but she could not help hearing the crash, the splintering of wood. While she was still trying to blingly shielding her eyes there came a terrific explosion, and she knew that "Satan" at least would never trouble her again.

During the next minute she scarcely knew what happened, for she was too violently nauseated by the thing that happened on the plane, the treacherous bosom of the hill. She heard sobbing curses uttered incoherently by the surviving

kidnaper. She heard the prince shouting and arguing; she was dimly conscious of a struggle between the two men; heard, faintly, the crack of a pistol-shot. Then she knew nothing else, for her knees buckled under her, her head struck the corner of a stool drawn up to the wall near the door, and she had fainted.

When she regained consciousness she was lying on the lower-bunk in the front room of the shack, and Prince Ivan's arms were about her, his kisses frenzied and wet on her neck and cheeks.

Her hand, feeling as heavy as lead, came up slowly, instinctively, and pushed with all its power against the fat, dimpled cheek that was pressing against her throat.

"Stop!" she moaned, struggling to rise, but the prince's shoulders were pressing against her chest, his hands had seized hers, were gripping them crushingly.

As her brain cleared, a dreadful realization of what had happened came to her sharply. "Happy," who had befriended her, protected her, was gone of course. "Satan" was dead, his plane a twisted mass of burned timber and steel. And she was alone with the prince—

That realization galvanized her slender body, gave her an almost superhuman strength. Somehow, while the prince's breath came panting against her cheek, she managed to free her right hand. A moment later she had drawn from the pocket of her tweed skirt the can opener with which she had had the foresight to arm herself the night before. With all her strength she jabbed the sharp point of the instrument into the prince's left shoulder, which was still pressed crushingly into her chest.

He sprang up with a howl of rage and pain, his face livid, his hand clapped to his injured shoulder. Vee-Vee took instant advantage of her opportunity to slide from the bunk and to run toward the door. The prince gave her scarcely a glance; his eyes were tearing off his coat to inspect his wound.

In that short flight from the bunk to the door she prayed a wild prayer that the door would be open, that she could escape. Her fingers clawed at the rusty iron loop of the door, and to her relief the bolt slid swung open. "Happy," in fleeing, had not forgotten his promise to her. At the risk of his own liberty he had decided not to lock her in the cabin with the prince, until he could make good his own escape.

She was tumbling down the three rotten steps of the cabin when she heard the thud of the prince's feet as he plunged across the floor after her. Reason halted her feet. She reached up, seized the door knob of the door, and to her surprise pulled it shut just as the prince, within the cabin, hurled himself against it. Her teeth were chattering with fear but her fingers were as strong as steel as she lifted the padlock over the hasp and snapped the jaws into place. The prince beat upon the door, called wild, incoherent promises and threats to her, but she did not heed them.

She was feeling down the faintly marked path, her feet winged with the joy of freedom, her brain too blingly shielding her eyes there came a terrific explosion, and she knew that "Satan" at least would never trouble her again.

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Bridge Me Another

BY W. W. WENTWORTH
(Abbreviations: A—ace; K—king; Q—queen; J—jack; X—any card lower than 10.)

- 1—Against a no-trump bid, partner opens A, and you hold K X. What do you play?
 - 2—When are low cards like sleeping dogs?
 - 3—To bid originally, how many probable tricks should be held by third hand?
- The Answers
- 1—K.
 - 2—They suddenly stand up and attack viciously.
 - 3—5.

The WOMAN'S DAY

by ALLENE SUMNER

The girl with the young peppy mother and the girl with the mother who was older in mind and body were comparing notes on their mother problem.

Before you condemn them for discussing that sacred object, a mother, rest assured that they do not dissect their respective maternal parents with one and sundry, but very warranted in so doing by a friendship of years which gave each one an understanding of the other's home relationships.

"You see, it's different with you; your mother is young and interested in the same things and the same people that you are. You have a real companionship, something more than merely an emotional bond which keeps you together even though you are each lonesome for real understanding and interests in common. I'm not blaming mother. She's almost three times my age. There's no reason why it should be hard to live with someone who is not companionable, even if you do love them."

Girl number two took her turn. "Has it ever occurred to you that the girl who is young and interested in the same things and the same people is more of a handicap than a blessing? You, for instance, can plan an evening or weekend away from home without your conscience ever making you feel that you are a brute for not asking her to go with her. You know that she wouldn't be able to or would not want to."

"Yes, interrupted number one, "but the very fact that she wouldn't want to go makes me feel like a brute to go off without her. I leave her hanging home alone. The result is that time and again I refuse fascinating engagements because I just can't enjoy them if I know she's home just waiting for me to come back. That's not a bit harder than finding it almost impossible to have any companionship except that of your mother, because she's just what you need. It's just things in the world and not caring how she did it so long as the motions were gone through with, how better off they all would be!"

Selah!

Back and forth the ball of trouble bounded, till both summarized things like that as just the old, old story of parents of a certain type refusing to have any interests in life apart from their children, and not to bother to make them. When children are small they are all a mother wants, and perhaps in fairness we should admit that it is hard to have anything else than even if they wanted it.

"But the children pay the price when they're grown and very naturally want a life well-rounded with friendships and interests apart from the female parent, much as they love her. Why in the world would parents keep up with their friends and accept unemotional companionship just as we do?"

"Well, if you any consolation, it teaches us one thing, doesn't it—not to yowl, if we marry, when our husbands want an evening away from us and home?"

The faults and frailties of women have been rather well covered, it seems to me, with what one "adviser" and then another telling women just why their husbands don't love them or why they leave them.

The reasons have run from wearing run-over shoes to not knowing how to cook a steak right.

But I had never heard "The Woman Who's Away Through the Motions" dissected until the other evening when my neighbor was discussing the woman we both know whose home is not at all attractive and whose family are so uncomfortable and dissatisfied that it can't be kept secret.

Not interested.

"The whole trouble with her is that she's not interested in the wants of anything she does. She wants to get it over with. If she has gone through the motions, that finishes it for her and her conscience is at rest."

Then we knew that about this poor soul, producing stories that proved this description was accurate.

We remembered the time that Betty Jean, her small daughter, came to the birthday party with

ETHIEL

"CHIC FASHION NOTES" FOR THE FASTIDIOUS TRAPPER

ETHER A VERY SMALL OR A VERY LARGE HAT

PEARLS—AT THE NECK OR BOTH

CLOX—ETHER AT THE ANGLE OR AT THE KNEE

"SHEIK FASHION NOTES" FOR HER BOY FRIEND

ETHER A VERY SLICK OR A TONGUED VARIETY OF HAIR

A TIE OR NONE AT ALL

SOX THAT MAY BE HEARD—AND NOT SEEN

NEW HAIR-CUTS

The new bobs grow more and more feminine—curls and swirls, if possible, but at least irregular ends which give a fringed hairline.

She's Done It Once.

"Can you imagine any other woman sending her child to a party with a muddy dress? But she had made the motions of washing the dress, and she not the kind who makes the motions twice, whatever the result."

We cattily remembered the ironing method which the shirts of the men of the family bore evidence when ironed, or if the iron wasn't hot enough, far be it from "The Woman Who Goes Through the Motions" to worry or repeat the process.

Eat 'Em So.

If a batch of cookies burned or a cake fell, it was not wasted and more goodies baked. No, siree, the process had been done once, and that job was finished!

"And she's eternally grumbling about the amount of work she has to do!" the other gossip commented. "If she'd only do a few things well instead of doing everything in the world and not caring how she did it so long as the motions were gone through with, how better off they all would be!"

Selah!

This lizard envelope has a two-tone trimming of brown, calf in an Egyptian motif.

Life's Niceties

HINTS ON ETIQUET

- 1—Should women sitting in boxes or orchestra seats at opera, always wear evening dress?
- 2—What is the proper attire for an opera matinee box party?
- 3—Are hats in place for a matinee at opera?

The Answers

- 1—Yes, for opera is the most formal of all public entertainment.
- 2—Any becoming afternoon or semi-formal costume.
- 3—Yes, hats are worn at boxes for opera matinees.

GOSETS RETURN

The godet skirt and coat has returned. A blue satin frock emphasizes this feature by using the dull side of the material for the godets.

WIDE SLEEVES

A black faille dress with laced bodice effect over cream lace, has old-fashioned sleeves that hug the arm to the elbow and then flare.

FOR SALE

2 Modern Houses
At Hollywood

Inquire of
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285 West Center Street,
Phone 1565-2

EGYPTIAN MOTIF

FILMS

Developed and Printed
24 Hour Service
KEMP'S
Film Deposit Box at Store Entrance.

WOMEN HAVE Always Wanted

A face powder like this new wonderful French Process Powder called MELLO-GLO—stays on longer—keeps that ugly shine away—gives the skin a soft, peachy look—prevents large pores. You will be amazed at the beautifying qualities and purity of MELLO-GLO. You will be glad you tried it. The J. W. Hale Co.—adv.

MONUMENTS

Grave markers and ornamental stone work of every description.

Gadella & Ambrosini
Shop at East end of Bissell St.
Near East Cemetery.

Daily Health Service

HINTS ON HOW TO KEEP WELL
by World Famed Authority

YOUTHFUL SUICIDES SHOW NO UNUSUAL INCREASE

This is the third of a series of five articles on suicide. Tomorrow: Causes of Suicide.

BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEN
Editor Journal of the American Medical Association and of Hygeia, the Health Magazine

Recently newspapers carried much agitation relative to the suicide of persons approaching college age. Actually, the suicide rate for persons of this age has not varied greatly for many years.

In ten years, from 1911 to 1920, there were reported in the United States only six cases of child suicide, including four boys and two girls from five to nine years of age. From the ages of ten to fourteen there were 135 boys and 145 girls.

Love Disappointment.

In the next age period, however, from fifteen to nineteen years of age, there were 1885 women and 1614 men. Women at this particular age are likely to be disturbed by disappointment in love, the expectancy of illegitimate childbirth and similar sex problems.

From the ages of twenty to twenty-four there were 4993 men, as compared with 4358 women; at the ages of thirty-five to thirty-nine, 8123 men as compared with approximately 7000 women.

The greatest number of women commit suicide between the ages of twenty-five to twenty-nine, whereas the largest number of men between the

ages of thirty-five to thirty-nine. As Concerns Marriage.

Suicide in old age is relatively infrequent as compared with that in middle life. While the figures are not absolutely dependable, they appear to indicate that married people commit suicide less frequently than do the single, that widows commit suicide more often than do married people or single people, and that widowers are even more prone to suicide than widows.

In all of the groups concerned, the divorced commit suicide most frequently.

BORAX WATER

If light colored hosiery is stained from black shoes, put a little borax in the water. It removes stain and makes washing easy.

NON-SKID DEVICE

To prevent a plate from slipping when you set it on the ice in the refrigerator, place an ordinary fruit jar rubber under it.

SOILED SPOTS

To insure perfect cleanliness in clothes, always scrub soiled spots, such as cuffs and collars with a small brush and suds before laundering.

Home Page Editorial

Really—Do We Want The Truth?

By Olive Roberts Barton

Dr. Joseph Collins, the eminent neurologist, discussing the question, "Should doctors tell the truth?" tells of several cases that ended fatally for the patient because he did tell them the truth upon the insistence of the family, when a little encouragement, equivocation if you like, would probably have saved their lives.

I know of no question more generally discussed among the laity or the profession than this very thing. "Is it ethical or otherwise for a doctor to pronounce sentence when an incurable disease is brought to him for treatment?"

To begin with, doctors do not pretend to be in fallible. They may be convinced that a particular case will result fatally for the patient in six months, a year, or longer. Yet there are two things to reckon with: one being the possibility of something that will cure that specific disease; the other, that invisible something that we call "divine grace."

Haven't we all known of cases where the doctors had given up hope, and at the gates of death a reprieve had come for the patient that baffled all scientific accounting?

Aside from this, Dr. Collins makes a

makes the point that telling often takes away the chief means of recovery, if the patient learns that he is practically a doomed man. The element of fear enters in and he is unable to combat the disease from sheer lack of courage, as he might do if the doctor's real opinion was not expressed.

I have heard people condemn doctors because "they won't tell you anything." In cases not so serious perhaps doctors may occasionally be too reticent. I have always fortunately had doctors who would discuss the matter freely with me.

But if I had what is known as an "incurable disease" would I say, "Tell me the truth, Doctor?" I don't know how far my courage would last before it snapped. I think a wise doctor would study me and make his own decision. And if I were spared months of an agonizing certainty of death why should I wish to know?

OPEN SANDWICHES

Vegetable or meat salad will go farther for supper if served on open sandwiches of bread or toast laid on a lettuce leaf.

GLITTERING MATERIALS

Instead of garish metal designs, winter materials take new richness by having the gold woven into the materials so it just gleams through.

MAPLE FLAVOR

To make the flavor of beverages more interesting, every now and then try sweetening them with maple syrup instead of sugar.

CHILDREN CRY FOR

Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, especially prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

AMERICAN LEAGUE SOCCER GAMES HERE

Holland-Bissell Winner Is Favored To Win Title

Tonight's Winner Draws Bye and Enters Tennis Finals; Katherine Giblin Wins Right to Oppose Aileen McHale Saturday; Fine Program Arranged.

By virtue of her victory over Ruth Behrend yesterday afternoon, Katherine Giblin won the right to meet Aileen McHale for the girls' tennis championship of Manchester next Saturday afternoon at the West Side playgrounds.

Tonight the crucial match in the men's tournament between Ty Holland and Cap Bissell will take place at the West Side playgrounds. It is scheduled to get under way at 6:30 sharp but, if possible, will be started earlier in order to insure completion before darkness. Great interest has been aroused over this match and a large gallery is expected to be present.

Francis O'Brien and Jimmy Neil will still play their match in the second round but will do so today. The winner will go against Mac Macdonald Thursday night. The winner of this match will then meet the Farr-Paisley winner in the semi-final.

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CHENEY BEATS LIBBEY IN GOLF TOURNAMENT

Young Jack Cheney won himself further golfing laurels yesterday when he sprang something of a surprise in beating Grey Libbey of the Hartford District Golf Association championship played at Hartford. Fred Jarvis and Sam Smart were the other winners yesterday.

American League

At Boston—	YANKS 14, 2, RED SOX 2, 5
Combs, cf	1 0 0 0 0 0
Paschal, cf	1 0 0 0 0 0
Koenig, ss	1 0 0 0 0 0
Roth, 1b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Gehrig, 1b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Musiel, 1b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Morehart, 2b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Dugan, 3b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Pennock, p	1 0 0 0 0 0

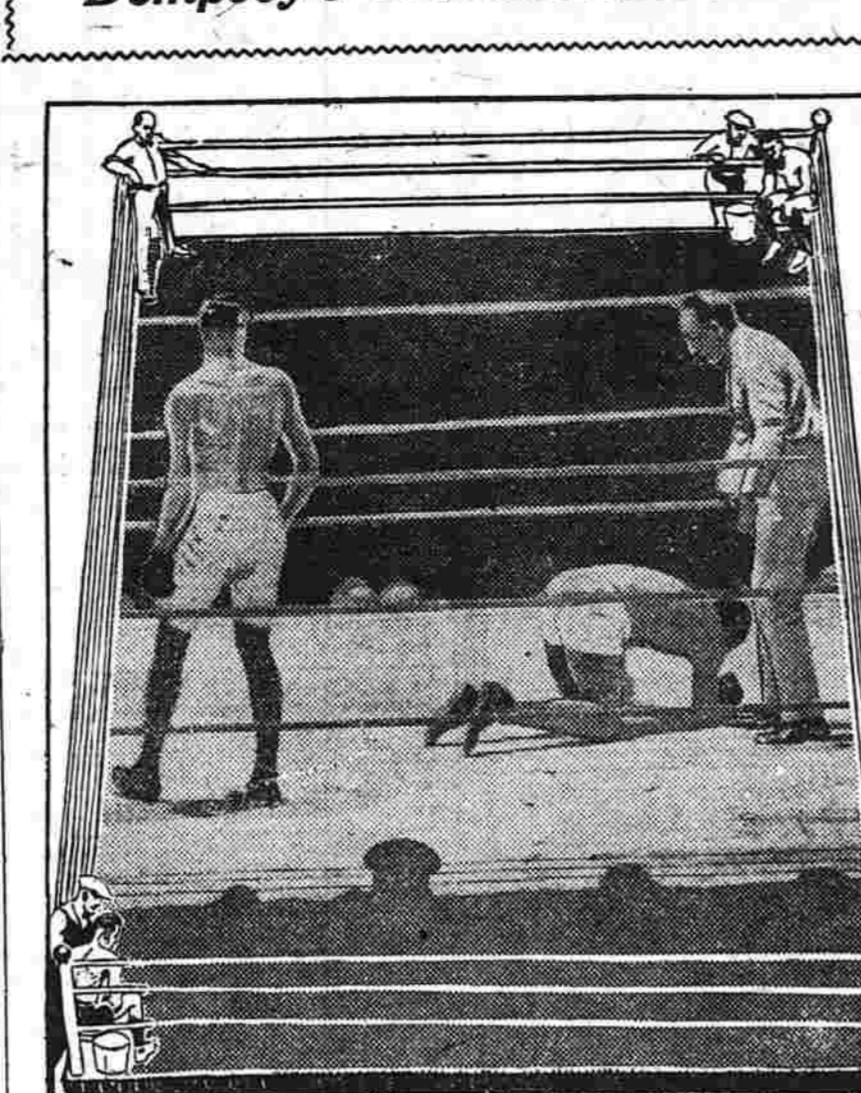
At Detroit—	WHITE SOX 9, TIGERS 6
Flaskamp, ss	1 0 0 0 0 0
Kamm, 3b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Metzler, cf	1 0 0 0 0 0
Park, 1b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Manush, 1b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Rubin, cf	1 0 0 0 0 0
Shea, c	1 0 0 0 0 0
Bassler, c	1 0 0 0 0 0
Stoner, p	1 0 0 0 0 0
Smith, p	1 0 0 0 0 0
Sothelberg, p	1 0 0 0 0 0
Warner, 3b	1 0 0 0 0 0

At Cleveland—	BROWNS 7, INDIANS 4
O'Rourke, 3b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Rice, cf	1 0 0 0 0 0
Williams, 1b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Miller, cf	1 0 0 0 0 0
Melillo, 2b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Gerber, ss	1 0 0 0 0 0
McClary, p	1 0 0 0 0 0
Crowder, p	1 0 0 0 0 0

At Philadelphia—	NATIONALS 6, ATHLETICS 9, 5
McNeely, rf	1 0 0 0 0 0
Rice, cf	1 0 0 0 0 0
Stewart, 1b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Speaker, cf	1 0 0 0 0 0
Stewart, 1b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Ruel, 1b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Judge, 1b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Bluege, 3b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Reeves, ss	1 0 0 0 0 0
Marberry, p	1 0 0 0 0 0
Braxton, p	1 0 0 0 0 0

At Philadelphia—	PHILADELPHIA
Bishop, 2b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Collins, 3b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Hale, 3b	1 0 0 0 0 0
French, 2b	1 0 0 0 0 0

Dempsey's Greatest Knockouts



Champion Jack Dempsey did himself of Bill Brennan as a challenger to his title in the twelfth round of their fight in New York, December, 1920.

AMERICA IS A 5 TO 4 FAVORITE IN THE DAVIS CUP TOURNAMENT

By Davis J. Walsh, I. N. S. Sports Editor.

New York, Sept. 7.—Charging that France will be guilty of playing internal politics if it fails to name Henri Cochet for one of the singles positions—and that his formation was that France would so fall—Henry W. Slocum, old time champion of American courts, declared today that America should be a 5 to 4 favorite to retain the Davis Cup.

Donie Bush to Lead Pirates For Another Year, Is Report

By Les Conklin.

New York, Sept. 7.—Manager Donie Bush will send his Pirates against the Reds with renewed confidence today, for he knows he will not lose his job no matter what happens this season.

happens this season. He has signed to manage the club for another year.

National League

At St. Louis—	CARDS 12, CUBS 1
Holm, cf	1 0 0 0 0 0
Bottomley, 1b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Frisch, 2b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Blades, 1b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Haley, 1b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Beck, 3b	1 0 0 0 0 0
O'Farrell, c	1 0 0 0 0 0
Snyder, c	1 0 0 0 0 0
Schultz, p	1 0 0 0 0 0
Alexander, p	1 0 0 0 0 0

At Chicago—	PIRATES 9, REDS 6
Mueller, 1b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Lindstrom, 2b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Ott, cf	1 0 0 0 0 0
Terry, 1b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Jackson, 1b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Taylor, c	1 0 0 0 0 0
Greenfield, 1b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Grimes, p	1 0 0 0 0 0

At Pittsburgh—	PIRATES 9, REDS 6
Granham, 2b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Wright, 1b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Wright, 1b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Barnhart, 1b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Harris, 1b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Kremer, p	1 0 0 0 0 0

At Pittsburgh—	PIRATES 9, REDS 6
Dressen, 2b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Purdy, cf	1 0 0 0 0 0
Bishop, 1b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Allen, 1b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Pittenger, 2b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Fleisch, c	1 0 0 0 0 0
May, p	1 0 0 0 0 0
Walker, xx	1 0 0 0 0 0

At New Haven—	SENATORS 7, PROPS 4
Schmehl, 2b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Davis, cf	1 0 0 0 0 0
Schinkel, 1b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Ward, 1b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Komiskey, 2b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Krahe, ss	1 0 0 0 0 0
Nietzke, rf	1 0 0 0 0 0
Nangum, 1b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Alwood, p	1 0 0 0 0 0
Smallwood, p	1 0 0 0 0 0
Hermann, p	1 0 0 0 0 0
Beall, xx	1 0 0 0 0 0

At New Haven—	SENATORS 7, PROPS 4
Martin, cf	1 0 0 0 0 0
Hillis, 2b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Boley, ss	1 0 0 0 0 0
Bowman, 1b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Griffin, 1b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Carlin, 1b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Jones, ss	1 0 0 0 0 0
Montague, 3b	1 0 0 0 0 0
Hopkins, p	1 0 0 0 0 0
North, p	1 0 0 0 0 0
Manthey, p	1 0 0 0 0 0

HARTFORD WILL USE STADIUM SUNDAY AND MAYBE ALL YEAR

CUBS OFFER TO PLAY RIVALS "WINNER-TAKE-ALL" AS TEAMS FAIL TO AGREE ON THE DATE

Coach Dwyer's Announcement Big Surprise; Griffin Wants Game Played October 9; Postpone Meeting Until Thursday Night.

The Cloverleaves and Cubs failed to come to a complete understanding at last night's meeting at the Herald office which was for the purpose of making arrangements for the 1927 town football championship. Definite action was tabled until Thursday night, at 9 o'clock when the officials of each club will convene for another session.

The statement that the Cubs would agree to winner-take-all is a real surprise of the season. It is a sign that the Cubs are more confident they can bring the town title back South this season.

THE SCOREBOARD

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS			
Eastern League			
Hartford 7, New Haven 4 (1).	W.	L.	PC.
New Haven 4, Hartford 4 (2).	W.	L.	PC.
Albany 6, Springfield 5 (1).	W.	L.	PC.
Albany 7, Springfield 5 (2).	W.	L.	PC.
Pittsfield 1, Providence 4.	W.	L.	PC.
Others not scheduled.			
American League			
New York 14, Boston 2 (1).	W.	L.	PC.
Boston 5, New York 2 (2).	W.	L.	PC.
Washington 14, Philadelphia 9.	W.	L.	PC.
Chicago 9, Detroit 6.	W.	L.	PC.
St. Louis 7, Cleveland 4.	W.	L.	PC.
National League			
Pittsburgh 5, Cincinnati 6.	W.	L.	PC.
St. Louis 18, Chicago 1 (1st).	W.	L.	PC.
St. Louis-Chicago, 2nd game, rain.	W.	L.	PC.
New York 9, Boston 6.	W.	L.	PC.
Others not scheduled.			
Eastern League			
Albany.....	60	574	
Springfield.....	75	64	536
Pittsfield.....	72	68	522
Bridgport.....	67	67	500
Hartford.....	72	68	546
New Haven.....	67	71	486
Waterbury.....	61	74	452
Providence.....	53	83	390
American League			
New York.....	92	40	697
Philadelphia.....	76	65	576
Detroit.....	70	61	534
Chicago.....	62	68	472
Cleveland.....	59	73	450
St. Louis.....	54	77	412
Boston.....	48	88	323
National League			
Pittsburgh.....	76	52	694
New York.....	75	53	586
St. Louis.....	72	53	573
Chicago.....	74	68	569
Cincinnati.....	55	73	480
Boston.....	65	78	468
Brooklyn.....	55	75	417
Philadelphia.....	47	83	362

LOCAL BOYS AGAIN WIN BOXING BOUTS

Out Their Men at the Velodrome.

Manchester boxers for the second time in two weeks, on their bouts at the Velodrome last night. In the 140 pound class Jim Reardon won on a technical knockout from Louis Rudolph, of Hartford, in the second round. Reardon cut his opponent's cheek under the eye with his first punch. The seconds could not stop the flow of blood and Referee Portell stopped the bout. Rudolph also was getting a terrific lacing and it was to prevent unnecessary punishment that the referee stepped in.

The feature bout of the evening was the battle between Harry Seehy and Joe Bard. Bard seemed to be out of condition as he put up a poor fight. Seehy weakened him with body blows. He punched Bard so often and reached him so easily that there were cries of "in the bag." Seehy won easily.

Old Baseball Player Dies In Willimantic

Willimantic, Sept. 7.—Patrick S. Sheehan, an old-time baseball player, died at his home here today of the age of 62 after a short illness with heart trouble. He was at one time short stop on the old Boston Blues and played on the Manchester team after the war.

Velodrome Too Small With Race Track; Philadelphia Eleven Here Sunday; Will Be First League Game In This State; Hartford Players to Make Their Homes Here.

The first American League soccer game ever played in Connecticut will take place next Sunday afternoon at the baseball stadium on McKee street. It will bring together Hartford and Philadelphia in the first game of the 1927-28 season.

This startling announcement was given The Herald exclusively last night by Frank Pearson, Manager Jimmy Dewhurst of the Hartford team who was in town last night and together with Pearson made arrangements with Cheney Brothers for use of the McKee street stadium.

The reason for playing here instead of at the Hartford Velodrome is because the local field affords a larger playing space. It appears that the velodrome interior is not wide enough without the removal of the race tracks which is an expensive proposition and one that may not be performed for several weeks. Until such time at least, Hartford will play all of its home games at the stadium here.

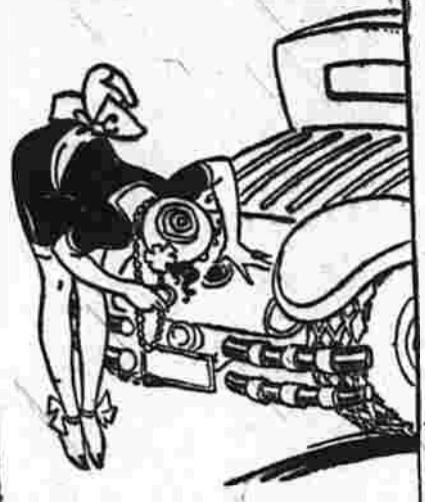
It costs approximately \$2,000 a game for Hartford to play at home and with the much reduced rental fee for the use of the stadium it is expected that the club will be able to start on the upgrade financially. Something like \$3,000 has been lost in the exhibition games to date. It is expected that fully 2,000 fans will see Sunday's game here. The team will be idle Saturday. The following Sunday, Newark plays here.

The Hartford players, 16 in number, arrived here this morning and went through two-hour practice sessions at the stadium. Sixteen men are carried on the club and it is said that they will make their homes in Manchester in case the team does not return to Hartford to play its home games. There is a strong feeling that the Hartforders are here for stay. The Herald learned from authentic sources that Manchester has risen rapidly to the fore during the last score of years and is now a real soccer town with some 1,500 odd followers of the sport living here. Manchester has always made a fine name for itself in the soccer world and the feeling is that the sport should thrive here. It will afford Manchester an opportunity to witness some of the very best soccer players in the world in action.

find your job in the classified columns

By Percy L. Crosby

FLAPPER FANNY SAYS:



He may have a big car, but you'd better look in the gas tank.

NOW YOU ASK ONE

THIS IS A HARD ONE

Several of the following questions are "stickers." The answers are printed on another page. 1-From what is macaroni made? 2-What is a caryatid? 3-For what is Lucy Stone famous? 4-What was New York's early name? 5-How many pecks are there in a bushel? 6-What fish is noted for jumping waterfalls in swimming upstream? 7-What was the empire of Muscovy? 8-What is the science of numismatics? 9-What is an earl's wife called? 10-What are trade winds?

LITTLE JOE

WEARING AN OLD HAT IS NOTHING NEW WITH SOME PEOPLE.



SENSE and NONSENSE

Well, next to a giraffe with a sore throat, the most out-of-luck animal is a centipede with fallen arches.

Happiness is something the more of it you give away the more you have to keep.

Miss Bayer: On whom are you operating today? Dr. Snow: A fellow who had a golf ball knocked down his throat at the links.

Miss B.: And who's the man waiting so nervously in the hall? A relative? Dr. S.: No, that's Tom Cook, a Scotch gentleman. He's waiting for his bail.

When an old man marries a young thing it's usually a sign the old man has money or the young thing hasn't another chance.

The principal trouble in the State of Matrimony is an unwillingness to be governed by the laws of the Union.

The nearest thing yet to "making both ends meet" are the new bathing suits displayed in the shop windows.

Static is like some children. It has had its way so long it probably will never be controlled.

A new salad may be made by turning the ice box upside down and shaking until contents are well mixed.

We used to go to the movies to see the main show; now we go to see what they're going to have next time.

At any rate, ignorance is bliss in the case of the man who doesn't realize how his sankis look below knickers.

Interviewer: "I'm told sir, that you began life as a poor brick-layer, what was your first step forward?" Great Contractor: "I became a good bricklayer."

A hick town is a place where you buy your hat back at a restaurant.

"Daddy, why is that man running up and down the smoking-car with his mouth open?" "My son, that is a Scotchman getting a free smoke."

No, gentlemen ever made any thing but a favorable remark of a passing woman and his breeding stands out all the better if he says nothing.

A baby will cry when it wants something, but a woman will cry when she doesn't know what she wants.

"She has a remarkable complexion." "That isn't a complexion. That's a color scheme."

Sometimes a man will spend more on his fat than his family.

You ain't heard nothing until you hear a bride give her opinion of a cook book that "failed."

SKIPPY



To be Nearer the Source of Supply

By Fontaine Fox

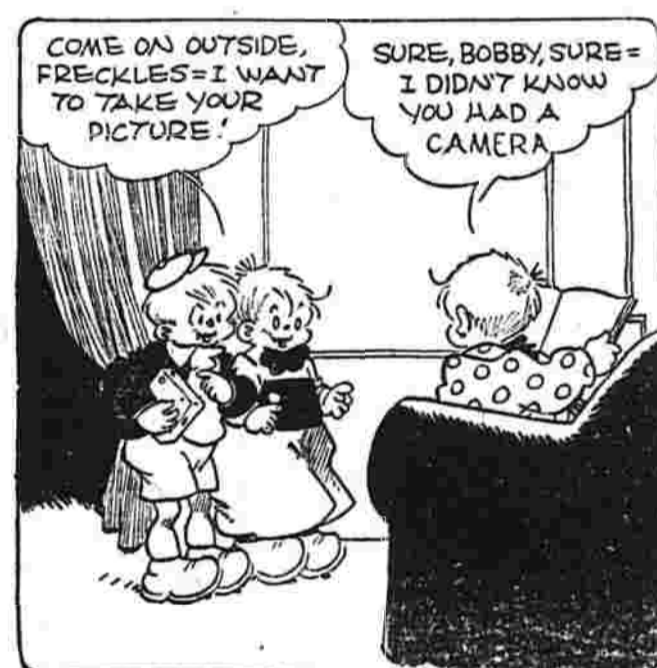
FOR THE SAKE OF CONVENIENCE, OLD MAN SIMON WHO SELLS SECOND HAND AUTO PARTS HAS MOVED HIS PLACE OF BUSINESS DOWN BY THE UNPROTECTED R.R. CROSSING.



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

In the Movies!

By Blosser



SALESMAN SAM

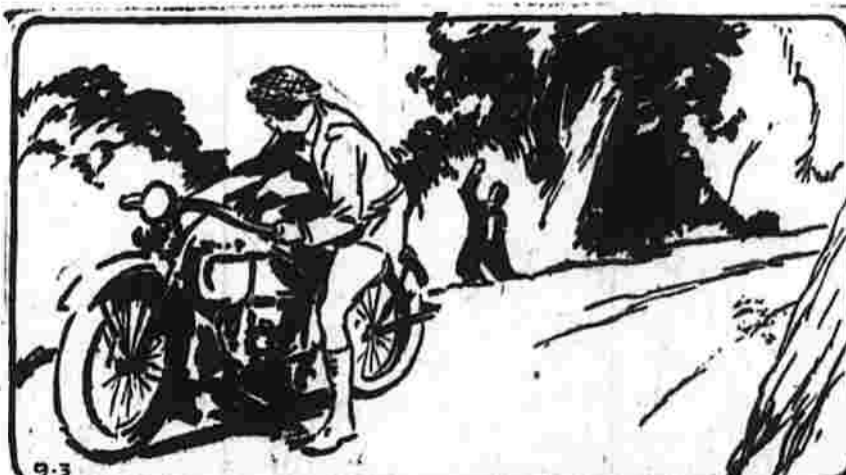
They Were, at That

By Small



Jack Lockwell, the Lion Tamer

by Gilbert Patten



THE TINYMITES

STORY BY HAL COCHRAN - PICTURES BY KNICK



(READ THE STORY THEN COLOR THE PICTURE.)

The Goofy Gooes and Tynmites had surely seen a lot of sights, but seldom had they had such fun as they were having now. The alligator that they rode could carry quite a heavy load. It seemed to be good natured and kept traveling on somehow. One Goofy found a piece of rope and shouted, "Here's a plan I hope will help us all to steer him so that he'll keep going straight. Right in his mouth 'twill nicely fit, and we can use it as a bit. I'll put it in securely if you'll stop a while and wait." The Alligator then stopped still, and all the Tynmites took a spill, "Ha, ha," laughed several Goofys, "cause they thought that quite a treat. We thought you Tynmites could ride. It sure was fun to see you slide. You never would have fallen, if you'd just stayed on your feet." "Of course we wouldn't," Copy tried. "You Goofys go ahead and ride. You'll find its not as easy as you all appear to think. We hang on tight, but what's the use? He moves and always shakes us loose. He's heading for the water now. I guess he wants a drink." The alligator moved real slow and all the bunch soon saw him go up to the water's very edge, and splash around a while. And then he jumped with all his might and shortly disappeared from sight. It happened all so quickly that it made the whole crowd smile. "Now, all our fun is spoiled. I guess," said Clowny, showing much distress. But then they heard a wee voice say, "I'll see you bye and bye." They stared around with all their might and saw a man up in a kite. "He's coming toward us," someone said, "and right out of the sky." (The Tynmites meet the Kite man in the next story.)

