

The Herald's New Serial, "Rich Girl-Poor Girl", Starts On Page 8 Today

Manchester Evening Herald

NET PRESS RUN AVERAGE DAILY CIRCULATION for the month of February, 1929 5,284

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations

THE WEATHER Forecast by U. S. Weather Bureau, New Haven Partly cloudy and slightly colder tonight; Wednesday fair and warmer.

VOL. XLIII, NO. 137.

(Classified Advertising on Page 12)

SOUTH MANCHESTER, CONN., TUESDAY, MARCH 26, 1929.

Conn. State Library—Comp.

PRICE THREE CENTS

COOLIDGE MAY BE NEXT BAY STATE SENATOR

Groundwork Already Being Prepared, Washington Is Informed; Frank W. Stearns Behind Movement

Washington, March 26—Senator Calvin Coolidge of Massachusetts! Political Washington heard with undignified interest today that the former President is looking not unkindly upon a movement begun by some of his Massachusetts friends to send him to the United States Senate next year.

Should such a thing eventuate, Mr. Coolidge would be following the example set by another distinguished Bay State President, John Adams, who one hundred years ago retired from the presidency and then returned to Washington as a member of Congress.

The political ground work in Mr. Coolidge's case is already being prepared, according to word reaching political circles here. Butler the Director It is in the hands of Ex-Senator Wm. M. Butler, who managed the Coolidge campaign in 1924, and Frank W. Stearns, who throughout Mr. Coolidge's occupancy of the White House was his political shadow, coming and going almost as a member of the family.

Another Candidate However, there is another candidate in the picture in the person of the militant Ex-Governor of Alvan T. Fuller, who has just laid down the governorship at the age of 51. He is independently wealthy, and desires to engage in further public service.

Freak Rainstorm Hits Manchester Thunder, Lightning, Wind, Snow and Hail Visits This Vicinity.

Thunder, lightning, rain, wind, snow and hail, combined last night to give Manchester a most unusual storm. Save for minor washouts and the general discomfort of all persons caught without shelter, this town did not suffer to any extent.

CAMERA MEN SEEK MEDICINE BALL PHOTOS

Washington, March 26—A flock of new photographers mounted on trucks and with their cameras equipped with long distance lenses circled about the spacious White House grounds at 7 o'clock this morning, seeking pictures of President Hoover and his "Medicine Ball Cabinet" at their morning exercise.

SINKING OF SHIP RAISES BRITISH IRE

Action of Our Coast Guard Cutter May Revise Anti-Smuggling Treaties With Great Britain.

Washington, March 26—Revision of the anti-smuggling treaties this country has with Great Britain and Canada, with a tightening up of the British conception of international law, may result from the sinking of the British auxiliary schooner "Im Alone" by gunfire from the Coast Guard cutter Dexter last Friday in the Gulf of Mexico.

Joint Protest That the joint protest by Great Britain and Canada when an investigation is completed by British consular officers, appears to be taken for granted by the British Embassy and the Canadian Legation.

100 PERSONS HURT IN CHICAGO RIOT

Trouble Starts at Prize Fight When Somebody Yells "Fire" and Starts Panic.

Chicago, March 26—Approximately 100 persons were being treated today for injuries sustained in a riot and panic during the prize fight between Ed Siskovskiy and a negro, Fields at the Coliseum last night.

NO TRACES YET OF LOST FLYERS

Plane and Four Men, Missing Since Friday Have Not Yet Been Found.

Freakish Tornado Deals Death



A freakish tornado, dipping to earth at long intervals, lashed a wide area from Texas to North Carolina, exacting a toll of six dead, many injured and heavy property damage.

HOLD SOLEMN SERVICE FOR WORLD WAR'S HERO

Noted Men from All Nations March in Procession at Funeral of Marshal Foch of France.

Paris, March 26—Marshal Ferdinand Foch, idol of France, found eternal rest today within the shadow of the sarcophagus of Napoleon, beneath the mighty gold dome of the Invalides.

REBELS FALL BACK BEFORE ATTACKS

Federal Planes Drop Bombs On Retreating Forces Near Mazatlan.

Mexico City, March 26—With strong Federal reinforcements nearing Mazatlan from the south and the rebels who beleaguered that city reported falling back to the north, Gen. Plutarco Calles today concentrated upon his campaign against the rebels holding Jiminez in Chihuahua.

SPAIN TO RIO HOP ALMOST SUCCESSFUL

Spanish Aviators Forced to Land Within 500 Miles of Goal Because Their Supply of Gas Gives Out.

John And Miss Florence To Get A Handsome Gift

Washington, March 26.—When John Coolidge and Florence Trumbull begin to look over their wedding gifts they are going to find one, and a very handsome one, from the Diplomatic Corps in Washington.

MRS. ADAMS CHARGED WITH SLAYING SPOUSE

Bridgeport's Slaying Charged To 4 Youths

Waives Examination in Hartford Police Court and is Committed to Jail Pending Trial—Questioned by State's Attorney Alcorn After Police Court Appearance; Detectives Checking Up on Her Story—Her Father in Court

Assembly Honors Memory of Foch State Legislature Pays Tribute to French Hero—Today's Business.

Nothing Being Put Over, Insists Hyde Tells Green Voters Charter Revision Committee Has Done a Good Job.

MRS. ADAMS CHARGED WITH SLAYING SPOUSE

Bridgeport's Slaying Charged To 4 Youths

Bridgeport, March 26.—Four youths are under arrest here this afternoon because of the murder on Saturday evening of Lester Jacobs, a local chain-store manager, during an attempted hold-up.

Assembly Honors Memory of Foch State Legislature Pays Tribute to French Hero—Today's Business.

Nothing Being Put Over, Insists Hyde Tells Green Voters Charter Revision Committee Has Done a Good Job.

RESULTS! Mrs. H. S. Angell of 79 Florence street, found the wrist watch she lost Sunday through a classified ad in Monday's Herald.

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Just Like Anna Held!



Just like Anna Held, whose famous bath in milk became the talk of Broadway, Dorothy Mackall has been taking odd baths, too. Inspired press agents relate of Dorothy's immersion in the juice of seven crates of lemons. She had been in Hawaii with Milton Sills making "His Captive Woman," and acquired quite a tan. Another part of the picture required that she remove the tan pronto. Here is Dorothy, and you can believe all that or not.

NO RESPECT FOR LAW.

Canton, O.—George Caprica was a wise bootlegger. He had a parrot, and every time the cops would raid his place, the parrot would scream, "Here comes the cops!" very loudly. By the time the cops broke in to his home, Caprica had the liquor dumped. But the cops put one over on the bird, and broke in and took it, the liquor, and Caprica to jail. Caprica paid his fine and started bootlegging again, this time with a

dog as his warning tool. The cops came, the dog bit the cops and Caprica was sent to jail again. Constructed at a cost of \$100,000 the new municipal garage at Windsor, England, will hold 141 autos. The fastest liners in the world at present are the Mauretania (25½ knots) and Majestic (25), both British ships; then come the France (24), a French vessel, and an American, the Leviathan (24). A new German cruiser to be

constructed at Kiel is to be electrically welded, no rivets being used in any part of the ship. **SLOW AND REVERSE** "I'm sorry I spoke sharply to that boy. I must have cut him to the quick." "Oh, it's all right; he has no quick." "No quick?" "No. He's a messenger boy."—Tit-Bits.

The first internal combustion engines were designed about the year 1860 and were made to operate on gun powder. **PISO'S** for coughs. Quick Relief! A pleasant, effective syrup—35c and 60c sizes. And externally, use PISO'S Throat and Chest Salve, 35c.

DAVID CHAMBERS
CONTRACTOR
AND BUILDER
68 Hollister Street
Read The Herald Advs.

Radiator and
General Repairing
OLIVER WELDING
WORKS
Corner Pearl and Spruce
Tel. 1235

Why Give Up A Government Which We Know Is GOOD and PRACTICAL, For One Which We Know Nothing About?

**Are Our Taxes High Enough Now?
Or Do We Want To Pay More?**

This is one of the questions you will vote upon next Saturday, March 30th

¶ As you know, it is proposed that we consolidate our nine districts. It is proposed, in other words, that we give up our present, proved form of government by district system. It is proposed in the amendments for the revision of our charter, that we delegate our present individual power of fair determination of taxes, into the hands of an arbitrary few,

¶ It is ADMITTED by the Charter Revision Committee that the PROPOSED AMENDMENTS WILL INCREASE OUR TAXES. It is admitted that the proposed charter will take away from us our present individual rights by the power of our individual vote, to control appropriations and taxes. It is admitted that the proposed charter will vest this right into the hands of an arbitrary few WHO ARE NOT ELECTED by the people, but who are APPOINTED by the proposed governing body.

¶ This is contrary to all sound principles of good government. It is contrary to our present, established form of government, which we have proved through the years to be sound and good, and fair to one and all. ¶ This is not a time for increasing our burdens of taxation. The affairs of our town do not warrant it. We can and will prevent such action, by voting NO! next Saturday.

¶ We are for PROGRESS. But more—we are for thoughtful and careful and mature deliberation of all questions and proposals that concern our individual welfare and that of our town. The Charter Revision Committee has taken since October, 1927, to determine the above-set-forth proposals of revision of our charter. And they give us less than six weeks for consideration of these changes. We will not be hurried quickly into an action we will regret ever after. It is an easy matter to make mistakes. It is a difficult one to undo such mistakes.

¶ We shall not take a gambler's chance. We shall play safe, absolutely, by retaining our present form of good government. All of us will go to the polls next Saturday, and vote "NO."

The Committee for Good Government

GILEAD

The monthly Tri-County Christian Endeavor meeting will be held in Columbia Sunday evening the 31st at 7:30 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Warner and family visited relatives in Rockville Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Foote visited relatives in Middletown last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Visny are moving this week on to the Hubbard Farm, where he is to be employed.

Charles D. Way is spending some time with his son Dr. Cassius Way and Mrs. Way at their home in White Plains, N. Y.

Norman Lyman son of Mr. and Mrs. John Lyman and Miss Bernice Whitehouse, daughter of Mrs. D. H. Hodge, were married Saturday evening at the parsonage by Rev. J. W. Deeter.

Mrs. C. R. Perry recently visited her aunt, who is ill at her home in Hampton.

C. W. Hutchinson and children Everett, Evelyn and Alfred of South Manchester, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Hutchinson's Saturday.

John Gilmore, Jr., of Hartford spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Gilmore.

Mrs. Whitehouse of Mt. Hope is spending some time with her daughter Mrs. D. H. Hodge.

Miss Lovina Foote spent the week-end with her grandparents Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Foote.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Fogil of South Manchester spent the week-end with his parents Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Fogil.

Several local men attended the hearing at the Capitol last Thursday before the committee on roads, rivers and bridges in connection with a bill to extend the state highway from Gilead to Manchester.

Miss Alice Owen and the Misses Ellis, who are employed in Hartford spent the week-end at their local homes.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fish and daughters were Sunday visitors at Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Post's.

The Grange held its regular meeting last week at the local hall. A part of the lecturer's program

was a debate on "Jury Service for Women." Mrs. C. R. Perry and Mrs. A. C. Foote spoke for it and Rev. J. W. Deeter and Winthrop Porter against it. The judges Messrs. Marriott and Stone of New Haven, decided in favor of the affirmatives.

Mrs. Mary Hunt spent the week-end in Wallingford, Saturday evening she attended a reception at the home of her sister who was recently married.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Twining of Hartford and Mr. and Mrs. Earl Post of East Hartford were Sunday visitors at Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Post's.

NOTICE!

NOTICE OF PUBLIC HEARING FOR A CERTIFICATE OF APPROVAL FOR A GASOLINE FILLING STATION IN THE TOWN OF MANCHESTER, CONN.

Upon the application of J. GEORGE ENGLAND for a certificate of approval of the location of a gasoline filling station to be located on the premises of J. GEORGE ENGLAND ON SPRUCE STREET.

It was voted and ordered: That the foregoing application be heard and determined at the Selectmen's Office in the Municipal Building in said Town on the 9th day of April at eight o'clock P. M. and that notice be given to all persons interested in said application, of its pendency and of the time and place of hearing thereon, by publishing a copy of this notice at least three times in The Evening Herald, and by sending a copy of this notice by registered mail to said applicant, all at least seven days before the date of said hearing, to appear at said time and place, if they see cause, and be heard relative thereto.

For and by order of the Board of Selectmen of the Town of Manchester, Connecticut.

THOMAS J. ROGERS, Secretary.
Mailed March 22, 1929.
G. H. WADDELL, Clerk, Board of Selectmen.

NOTICE!

NOTICE OF PUBLIC HEARING FOR A CERTIFICATE OF APPROVAL FOR A GASOLINE FILLING STATION IN THE TOWN OF MANCHESTER, CONN.

Upon the application of HARRY E. SEAMAN for a certificate of approval of the location of a gasoline filling station to be located on the premises of HARRY E. SEAMAN ON HARTFORD ROAD.

It was voted and ordered: That the foregoing application be heard and determined at the Selectmen's Office in the Municipal Building in said Town on the 9th day of April at eight o'clock P. M. and that notice be given to all persons interested in said application, of its pendency and of the time and place of hearing thereon, by publishing a copy of this notice at least three times in The Evening Herald, and by sending a copy of this notice by registered mail to said applicant, all at least seven days before the date of said hearing, to appear at said time and place, if they see cause, and be heard relative thereto.

For and by order of the Board of Selectmen of the Town of Manchester, Connecticut.

THOMAS J. ROGERS, Secretary.
Mailed March 22, 1929.
G. H. WADDELL, Clerk, Board of Selectmen.

NOTICE!

NOTICE OF PUBLIC HEARING FOR A CERTIFICATE OF APPROVAL FOR A GASOLINE FILLING STATION IN THE TOWN OF MANCHESTER, CONN.

Upon the application of RAYMOND PARIS for a certificate of approval of the location of a gasoline filling station to be located on the premises of THE J. W. HALE COMPANY ON OAK STREET.

It was voted and ordered: That the foregoing application be heard and determined at the Selectmen's Office in the Municipal Building in said Town on the 9th day of April at eight o'clock P. M. and that notice be given to all persons interested in said application, of its pendency and of the time and place of hearing thereon, by publishing a copy of this notice at least three times in The Evening Herald, and by sending a copy of this notice by registered mail to said applicant, all at least seven days before the date of said hearing, to appear at said time and place, if they see cause, and be heard relative thereto.

For and by order of the Board of Selectmen of the Town of Manchester, Connecticut.

THOMAS J. ROGERS, Secretary.
Mailed March 22, 1929.
G. H. WADDELL, Clerk, Board of Selectmen.

AS THOUGHTFUL CITIZENS

every man and every woman of Manchester, who wants to pay only his or her fair portion of taxes, and no more; and who does not want to be burdened with any other part or portion of other people's just taxes, will gladly execute his present privilege by voting "NO!" next Saturday.

STATE BOARD COMING TO FISH-GAME BANQUET

The entire State Board of Fisheries and Game and State Game Warden Williamson will be present at the annual banquet of the Manchester Fish and Game Club to be held in Tinker hall on Wednesday evening of next week. Superintendent John Titcomb has informed the club.

From all reports of the entertainment committee, headed by Bob McKinney, the banquet will surpass all previous affairs and a jolly time is promised. Those wishing to attend should obtain tickets no later than Saturday of this week. The banquet will be open to anyone interested in fishing and hunting. The club this week has released in local coverts a number of imported English cock pheasants. A consignment of legal sized trout is expected in the near future, to be planted in nearby streams.

BUCKLAND P.-T. A.'S PARTY A SUCCESS

Despite the thunderstorm last evening, more than 20 tables of players gathered at the Buckland school hall for the whist and dance of the Parent-Teacher association. The first prizes, which were \$2.50 gold pieces, were won by Mrs. Wood and W. W. Keeney. Second prizes were awarded to Mrs. W. C. Scheldge and Wilbur Markham and consolation to Miss Edith St. John and Joseph Pflukas. The committee headed by Mr. and Mrs. John Jackson served crullers and cheese, cake and coffee. Dancing continued until after midnight to music of Case's orchestra.

TALCOTTVILLE

Mrs. Sarah Bradshaw Smith, wife of George W. Smith, passed away at her late home on Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Smith suffered a cerebral hemorrhage on February 11. Until that time she had been unusually well for one of her advanced years, taking a great interest in all church affairs. She has been an active worker in the Ladies Aid society ever since its formation. In the present missionary society, her cheerful and helpful personality has ever been an inspiration and her influence will long be felt. She was also a member of Hope Chapter, O. E. S., and the Woman's Relief Corps of Rockville. Mrs. Smith was born in England, March 23, 1851, and there she spent her girlhood, she and Mr. Smith coming to this country during their early married life, to make their home in this village, where they resided until last October when Mr. Smith retired from active business. They bought a new home on the Rockville road. Mrs. Smith is survived by her husband and two sons Ernest Smith and Frank A. Smith, both of this place. There is one grandson, Sumner B. Smith, and two great grandchildren, Ralph and Shirley Smith. There are also two sisters in England. Funeral services will be held on Wednesday afternoon with prayers at the home at 1:45 o'clock and the service at the Talcottville church at 2:30 o'clock. Rev. F. P. Bachefer will officiate. Burial will be at Mt. Hope cemetery.

Funeral services for Mrs. Thomas Kingston were held at her late home on Thursday afternoon at two o'clock. Rev. F. P. Bachefer conducted the services and interment was at Mt. Hope cemetery. The floral pieces were many and beautiful. The bearers were William Dunlap, Sr., Fred Thomas, Lucius Smith and James McNally.

Miss Ethel Kingston who has been spending a few days at the home of Thomas Kingston has returned to her home in Allentown, Pa.

Following are excerpts from a letter received from Dudley Douglas from Birmingham, Ala. Mr. Douglas, who is en route from Atlanta, Ga., to New Orleans, La., by automobile writes as follows:

"Birmingham, Ala., Friday, March 22: Just a line to say that we are on the way to New Orleans. Lots of floods down this way. One place today the water was four feet deep over the road. Cars were being towed across with the water coming right inside the car. We turned back and found a place where the water was only over the running board. Twice the water was over our running board. Then we passed through a town that had had a tornado.

"We had planned on leaving Atlanta Thursday noon but it rained so hard that we waited until this morning and it is still raining at eleven tonight.

"We expect all kinds of wash-outs tomorrow but there is no danger.

Mrs. Frank A. Smith is confined to her home by illness.

Church Notes
The collection for the Chinese famine sufferers which was taken last Sunday amounted to one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

Good Friday will be observed by a devotional service on Friday morning at 9:30 o'clock.

The Rev. F. P. Bachefer conducted funeral services for the late Mrs. Lillian Coleman, a former resident of this village at the Quish funeral home at Manchester on Sunday afternoon.

BEG YOUR PARDON.

Indianapolis. — Ben Eggleston was peacefully sleeping when a strong light, flashing in his face, rudely aroused him. A burglar stuck a revolver in his face and demanded money. "I have none," replied Eggleston. The prowler, carefully looking in Eggleston's face said, "Oh, you're not the man I'm looking for," and left. Eggleston went back to sleep.

THE ANSWER
Here is the answer to the Letter Golf puzzle on the comic page.

SNORE, SWORE, SWORD, SWARD, AWARD, AWARE, AWAKE.

Where the "Boot" Pinches!



Daily Lenten Thought

By WILLIAM E. GILROY, D. D.

Editor of The Congregationalist.

In the days of the war the chaplains at the front were almost all agreed that the hymn that the soldiers asked for most was the one beginning, "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide."

Such a hymn seemed to have strange association in so grim and terrible an environment. But, perhaps, this was the very reason that the soldiers, even rough men who had little sought the consolations of religion, turned to it for comfort.

It emphasized in their experiences of the danger and uncertainty of life, where strong men went out in a moment to be destroyed, the fact that there was something eternal. The fleeting nature of their own lives led them to cling to the idea of something that was abiding and to the sense of an eternal Presence.

Probably, also, in this quest of the eternal and of that abiding Presence, there was a turning of men from the horror and mystery of the things in which they were engaged. Many a soldier felt that life had mocked him. He felt the futility of it all, and under the rigors of that experience some altogether lost their faith. They felt that there could be no place for God, or love, or righteousness in a world caught in the hell of war.

But others, feeling no less the mystery and the horror, felt in spite of it all that there was some meaning in life, and they found that meaning in the Christ who had gone the way to Calvary and who came nearer to them because of the calvary through which they were passing.

The heavier the cross we have to bear the more we feel the reality—and eternity—of the Christ who bore the Cross for us.

A CREDIT TO HIM.

Paducah, Ky.—When Ellis Keeling died at Hardmoney recently, he left 226 grandchildren, great and great-great-grandchildren. Keeling was 83 at the time of his death. He left a widow and ten children surviving him.

WAPPING

The musical comedy entitled "Miss Ann Teek" which was so successfully given by the Good Will Dramatic club of the Burnside Methodist church, at the Wapping school hall last Friday evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all who were present, as was also the sketch which was given between the acts, "mixed nuts."

Little Josephine Ann Woodward, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Truman H. Woodward of East Hartford, is ill at her home with the measles.

Mrs. Frederick Lawrence of Brimfield, Mass., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Arthur Loomis of Keeney street, South Manchester, Mrs. Lawrence was before her marriage, Miss Annie Gallinat of this town.

Allen Barber is ill with pneumonia, at his home in Windsorville, and Dr. Brace is attending him.

Mrs. Samuel Allen of East Windsor, who has been quite ill at her home, is reported to be much better.

SWEETEN ACID STOMACH THIS PLEASANT WAY

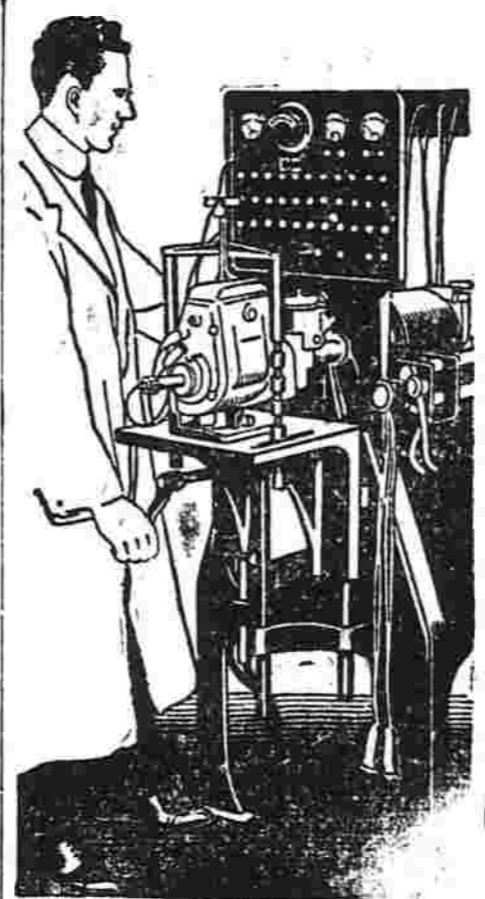
When people experience distress two hours after eating—suffer from heartburn, gas, indigestion—nine times out of ten it's excess acid that's causing their trouble. The best way—the quickest way to correct this is with an alkali. And Phillips Milk of Magnesia is an alkali, in the harmless, most pleasant and palatable form. It's the form physicians prescribe; which hospitals use; which millions have come to depend upon in over 50 years of steadily increasing use. A spoonful of Phillips Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water neutralizes many times its volume in excess acid; and does it at once. In five minutes, the symptoms of excess acid disappear. To know this perfect way is to be through with crude methods forever.

Be sure to get genuine Phillips Milk of Magnesia. A less perfect product may not act the same. All drug stores have the generous 25c and 50c bottles. Full directions for its many uses are always in the package.

"Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of the Chas. H. Phillips Chemical Co., and its predecessor, Chas. H. Phillips, since 1875.

An important business meeting of the South Windsor Mothers Club, will be held at the Woods Memorial Library on Monday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock.

Norton's Electrical Service



Generator Starter and Ignition
Repaired at a reasonable charge. We can save you expense and annoyance as we have instruments which locate all electrical trouble quickly.

Norton Electrical Instrument Co.
Hilliard Street, Manchester

ICE CREAM—
An essential part of America's daily menu—yet hardly known in Europe except in the larger cities.
Another example of the advantages of American life, nation-wide adoption of one of the finest combinations of food and dessert ever created.

Manchester Dairy Ice Cream
keeps in step with the march of progress and offers you all the quality obtainable in this delicious food-dessert. Your neighborhood store or favorite soda fountain is ready to serve you.

Manchester Dairy Ice Cream Co.
Phone 525

EASTER FLOWERS

We cordially invite you to visit our

Easter Flower Show



and see our display of the immaculate Easter Lily, Baskets of Plants, Narcissi, Daffodils, Tulips, Hyacinths, Baby Ramblers, Hydrangeas, Azaleas, etc.

This Easter "Say It With Flowers" and you will know you have said it well.

Phone orders are given that personal attention and efficient service which insure satisfaction.

Flowers by wire, anywhere, anytime.

Phone 786-2

PARK HILL FLOWER SHOP

985 Main Street, LEADING FLORIST, Store Open Every Night Until Easter, Phone 786-2

Sage-Allen & Co.
HARTFORD

An Entire Easter Wardrobe By Madelon

THE woman whose frock, coat or accessories bear the Madelon label is always conspicuous for her distinction and good taste. For Madelon Modes are chosen by a jury of more than fifty stylists, who, after carefully considering a selection of good styles, choose only those which are unusually smart.

Exclusive in Hartford with Sage-Allen.

Madelon Frocks

Feature the Vogue for Prints, Lace and Jacket Costumes

\$39.50

Silk ensembles, jacket dresses, the "all hour" frock—all these and many more of Spring's smartest dress fashions are presented by Madelon.

At the extreme left—A novelty print has been used for this tailored frock, with its surprise blouse and rippling side jabot.

At the left—Appropriately called an "all hour" dress, this model of georgette wears a deep lace yoke in the sleeveless frock, and adds a separate skirt has a long side draping.



Second Floor

Madelon Coats

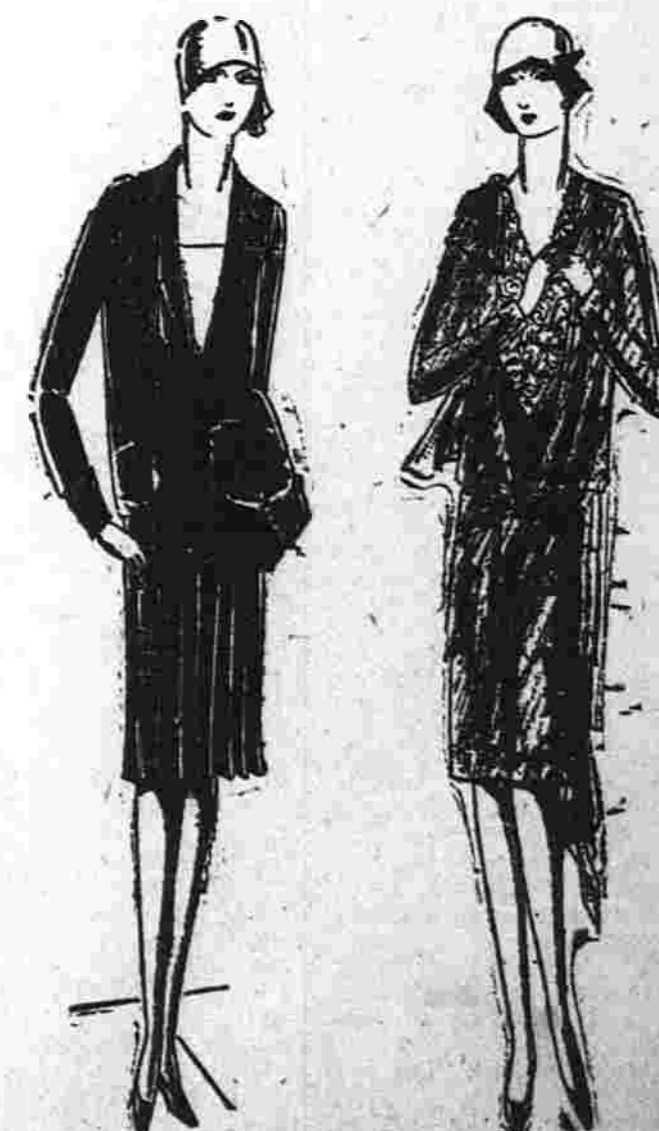
Use Supple, Flat Furs Effectively

\$49.50

Women who know Madelon Coats know that whatever type of coat they are looking for can usually be found among Madelon's many smart models.

At the right—A Kasha coat which shows a version of the smart throw of kid galyac. A flattering and youthful style.

At the extreme right—An effective shawl collar banded in kid galyac appears on this coat of basketweave cloth.



Second Floor

ADVERTISE IN THE HERALD—IT PAYS.

RICH GIRL POOR GIRL

by RUTH DEWEY GROVES

© 1929 By NEA Service Inc.



CHAPTER I

Mildred adjusted her hat before the mirror in one of the gaudy machines and tucked in a straying brown curl.

A man slipped furtively through one of the turnstiles, glanced rapidly up and down the subway platform and brought his eyes to rest on the fox neckpiece around Mildred's shoulders.

She was very fond of that scarf. It had been given to her by a woman guest in the hotel where she was employed just before the woman sailed for Siam with her husband.

Mildred did not notice the stealthy approach of the slylooking individual who stopped and leaned against a nearby pillar, half hidden from her sight.

Her attention was focussed on a young man down by the newsstand. They bumped together on the stairs. There had been an echo of a quick "Sorry," a fleeting, polite gesture with a soft, gray hat and he was gone, hurrying on in a vain attempt to make the train.

Mildred hurried also, but they were both too late. She was annoyed. Just those few seconds lost in the collision would cost her several minutes.

Well, Mr. Grant Hurry, whose fault it was had missed the train, too, she saw with satisfaction. Served him right to go tackling traffic as though he were on a football field.

It further annoyed her to note that he didn't seem to mind. Apparently he was absorbed in the paper he held in his hands.

"I'll bet he hadn't a darn thing to hurry for," Mildred thought resentfully, casting another cross-glance at him. Nice profile. Sort of a Wall Street-young broker look about his clothes, too. Surely there wasn't any need for him to worry about getting home before dinner was spoiled. And this was chop night at her house, Mildred reflected ruefully. Well, maybe her mother hadn't cooked all of them. "Anything but warmed-up chops!"



She looked at her wrist watch. Nearly an hour late. Well, at least, she had escaped the terrible crush of the subway rush hour. She went over and took a seat on a bench, snuggling her chin down in the luxurious platinum fox. It always gave her a pleasant sensation to do that.

Her mother had looked grave when first she saw the girl. "I don't want my girls getting used to flattery they can't stand," she said. Mildred had sighed over that. Her life was spent in getting used to things she couldn't afford. All day she saw fashionably and expensively dressed women coming and going in the Hudson Hotel. It was rather a hard contact for a very pretty girl whose salary was needed at home.

A train pulled in and she stepped quickly aboard, taking a seat by an open window with her back to the door. She noticed that the nice looking young man was not in her car.

Neither was he in any other. Back on the platform he lifted his eyes from the sports page and swore feebly. "Stood right here, like a dumb, and let it go past me," he lamented in disgust. As the departing train pulled father away the words he chose to express his emotions grew stronger.

Then, far up on the platform, a man thrust at her through the open window at Mildred's back, gave a swift jerk and withdrew it before anyone could stop him. With it came Mildred's scarf. She felt the sharp tug at her throat when the clasp was drawn against it before she knew that anything was happening.

Fortunately the clasp parted. Her hand flew up instinctively and she clutched frantically at the brush of the fur as its tip disappeared from her sight. Simultaneously she screamed but for a few seconds she was too bewildered to move. Then she jumped to her feet and ran through the cars to find a guard. He could do nothing for her. It was not a new story to him. He advised Mildred to leave the train at the next station and return.

Her helplessness brought a sense of complete loss to Mildred. The "my good fur she'd ever owned!" The thief would be many blocks away before she could get back unless he were caught. There was a chance that someone had seen him snatch the fur, she told herself encouragingly as she hurried over to take a downtown train.

She found a crowd gathered at the scene of the theft and when she had pushed her way into the presence of the officer at the center of it she was too breathless to speak for a moment.

He had expected the owner to return; had, in fact, delayed in starting for the police station with the man whose arm he held in an iron grip. But he couldn't wait any longer. The crowd would not disperse so long as there was something to be seen and the officer knew there was imminent danger of someone being pushed off the platform onto the tracks below.

"That's my fur," Mildred managed at last to gasp, and reached out a hand to take it.

"Sorry, miss," the officer said; "you'll have to come along with us to the station and claim your property."

"Oh," Mildred wailed, "I'm late now."

"You'll come too," the officer said, turning to a young man beside him. Mildred had not, until then, looked at anyone except the officer and his prisoner. She recognized the young man now.

"Did you catch him?" she asked breathlessly.

"Of course," he answered to both of them.

"But how did you do it?" she pressed as he helped her to make a way through the crowd to the street. "Weren't you on the train?"

"Couldn't have been if I caught him, could I? Don't you believe me?"

"Oh yes, of course." The crowd thrust them closer together. Mildred looked up at him with awe. "I'm awfully glad. But how did you do it?"

The young man threw out his chest. "Well, old D. A. M.—no, it's not a word, just initials—says I might amount to something if I could take my mind off the sports page. You see, I missed the train because I started reading about hockey. . . . I saw this yegg grab a fur. . . ."

"And you stopped him?" Mildred broke in, her voice filled with admiration. "Of course you didn't know whose fur it was," she added with a tiny trace of wistfulness. It would have been nice to have inspired heroism, she thought.

"Didn't I though?" the young man lied beautifully. He was asking himself how the deuce he'd missed seeing in the first place what a peach of a girl he'd crashed into.

They had reached the street now, in the wake of the officer, who was furthest squirming in his grasp.

"Let's take a taxi," the young man with Mildred said suddenly to the guardian of the law. "I'll pay for it."

"Right," the officer responded and held up a commanding hand.

Mildred was glad to escape from the curious throng that had followed them. But she did not like the way the fur snatcher, who sat beside the officer, facing them, flicked his evil eyes over her figure. She turned her glance from his ugly face and sat over a little closer to the man next her.

"Why, there a dreadful scratch on your cheek," she exclaimed, and her eyes flew back accusingly to the man. His mouth twisted in evidence of some inward satisfaction.

"He put up a stiff fight," the hero immodestly proclaimed and started to apply a handkerchief to his wound.

"Here," Mildred cried and thrust one of her own upon him. She had noticed that this was not irreproachably clean. He grinned at her as he took the hemstitched square she offered him.

"Whatever do you do with your handkerchiefs?" she asked scoldingly.

"Polish automobiles?"

"Yes, you see I believe in bigger and better polishes. Seriously, I sell automobiles and I hate the fingermarks people leave all over them."

"But can't you find something else to remove them?"

"Absent-minded, that's me. Old D. A. M. says. . . ."

"Who is this D. A. M.?"

"The big boss. D. A. Mettle of Mettle's Agency for the fastest eight in the country."

"Why, I know who he is," Mildred told him excitedly. "Do you work for the Mettle Agency?"

"Well, he has employed my services for several months, but there are moments. . . ."

"Your place is near mine," Mildred said on his unended sentence.

"Is that so?" The young man was instantly interested. The officer grinned slightly under cover of their oblivion to himself and his prisoner.

"Let's take a taxi," the young man with Mildred said to the guardian of the law. "I'll pay for it."

"My name's Armitage, Stephen Armitage," the young man went on. "Of course I can find a name for you but for practical purposes perhaps you'd better tell me what you're generally called."

"Miss Lawrence, I'm the public stenographer at the Judson's."

"Now isn't that a coincidence, Miss Lawrence? I was planning to take some work over to the Judson in the morning. Some stenographic work."

Mildred flashed him a glance of suspicion. "Surely Mr. Mettle's stenographers can do your work," she observed coldly. He might as well get her right, she thought. Her position at the hotel was a good one, the best she'd ever had and she took it seriously.

"Some private matters," the young man returned loftily, and before Mildred could frame an answer to that the taxicab had stopped at the police station.

The routine they had to go through was shortly over with and Mildred once more was in possession of her scarf.

"That's a nice bit of fur," Stephen remarked when they were back on the street. "Don't you think I'd better see you home so that it won't get stolen again?"

"I'll take better care of it after this," Mildred assured him. "I don't know how to thank you for what you've done already."

"Unless I know you get safely home with it I won't feel I've done anything," he protested. "And since we're going to see a lot of each other in the future don't you think that we might . . ."

"I must telephone mother," Mildred interrupted. "She'll be worrying."

"Here's a cigar store right on the corner. What's the number, please?"

Mildred had to smile at his ingenueness. "I'd better do it," she demurred. "A strange voice might frighten them. Mother's always nervous when I'm late."

"So they are not used to strange voices calling?" he said happily.

"Not when I'm away, Mildred replied teasingly.

"Your favorite pastime is bursting bubbles, isn't it?" Stephen reproached her. "And you're ungrateful too. You have a home and a mother and I have only a hotel room. Besides, I need someone to look after this scratch. I'm sure your mother could fix it up."

He touched his cheek gingerly and pretended to wince. Mildred was concerned.

"Well," she said hesitantly, "we live very simply. Mother isn't often prepared for unexpected company. In fact, I don't think there will be much dinner now but if you care to take potluck. . . ."

"Potluck! Why, potluck is what's at the end of the rainbow. And to a fellow whose home is out in Indiana and who hasn't had a home-cooked meal in six months your kind invitation sounds like the trumpet call to a feast."

"I don't know how mother will receive you," Mildred warned him seriously, "when she learns that you're a perfect stranger to me."

"Ah thinks for the adjective. It makes it easier to be called a stranger."

"Fresh, aren't you?" Mildred took him to task. Suddenly he changed.

"No, really I'm not, Miss Lawrence, and I think it's great of you to let me go home with you even if I have sort of forced the invitation. But I don't see any sense in wasting a lot of time getting acquainted."

when you know who I am and I know who you are. . . ."

"But I don't really know who you are."

"Sure you do. You know I couldn't be with the Mettle Agency if. . . well, don't you see, that's a recommendation, though honesty compels me to admit old Dam—I beg your pardon—old D. A. M. doesn't always agree with my point of view."

Mildred nodded. "Well, you seem determined to meet mother. Come along and let's phone. But when I tell her I'm bringing a man home to dinner that I didn't know she was letting me know it. We fellows are finding out that we haven't got all the original ideas by any means. We appreciate a lead or two to save time."

Mildred felt uneasy. She hoped he wouldn't talk like that in her mother's hearing. Of course she understood him. She heard a lot of such modern opinions. But they shocked her mother.

"Well, don't let Connie know you're looking for leads," she laughed. "Or she'll have you naming the date before dinner."

They were back at the subway now. "We'll change for an express at Seventy-second street," she said. "I told mother we'd hurry."

When they left the train Mildred stopped at a delicatessen store and made a few purchases which Stephen wanted to pay for and was not allowed.

"You'll have to carry them up four flights of stairs to pay for your dinner," she told him.

"Four flights of stairs! Why, my dear girl, I take a walk to the moon and back every time I'm feeling happy."

The stairs were somewhat narrow and not very well lighted but that did not seem to put a damper on the young man's spirits. Mildred was glad of the dimness; it hid the dirty handmarks on the walls and the unclean corners of the stairs.

Her mother welcomed them with poorly concealed agitation. She wondered what any young man would think of her daughter in these circumstances. In her day. . . .

"Did you cook the chops?" Mildred whispered in her ear when she kissed her mother.

"There's only one," the mother whispered back; "but it's got kidney. I wouldn't let Connie have it. She had it last time."

"This is the young man who saved my fur for me mother, Mr. Armitage."

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Armitage." She gave him a welcoming hand that felt rough to his touch but had a sincerity in its pressure that left a pleasant feeling in Stephen's memory. He knew the difference between genuine friendliness and the glad hand.

Well, usually he made a good impression. Someone once had told him it was his curly blond hair that awoke a maternal instinct in the women he met. Why men liked him no one had as yet told him.

"The conquering hero comes," a voice mocked from the living room

doorway. "I've a notion to break my date."

"For goodness sake, Connie," the mother snapped. "Mr. Armitage will think you don't know how to behave."

"You must excuse me a moment," Mildred said and left her mother to cope with the incorrigible Connie.

A few minutes to get into a simple lilac chiffon dress, a few magic touches before the mirror to hair and complexion and Mildred was ready to entertain her guest.

She found Connie lighting a cigarette for Stephen, perched on the arm of his chair. Mildred knew it wasn't a studied pose. Connie was far beyond posing in her strides toward modernism. She let herself follow instincts and act on impulses. If she wanted to sit on the arm of a chair—anyone's chair—she sat on it.

She wasn't bent on mischief, however, and when Mildred appeared she went out to the kitchen, ostensibly to help her mother. In reality to rave about Stephen.

"If only Mildred had a little more snap," she remarked, "she might be able to hold him. But I don't think it likely."

"Connie, aren't you ashamed the way you talk?" her mother reproved her. "Mildred is simply being nice to a young man who was of service to her. But I'd rather she hadn't got acquainted with him so easily. He might think she isn't very particular. . . ."

Connie laughed. "And how you know men, mom. As though any man would criticize a girl for picking him up. Some other fellow, now—that's different."

"Go set the table and don't talk so much. You'll learn a lot some day, miss," her mother answered irritably.

"Well," Connie said to herself a moment later, glancing into the living room, "maybe there are more ways than one of getting your man."

Mildred was applying an antiseptic lotion to the scratch on Stephen's cheek and he seemed to like her ministrations.

Just then the telephone rang. Connie went to answer it. Most of the calls that came in were for her.

"Hey, Mildred, it's for you," she yelled from the hall and put down the receiver with an impatient bang. "Wouldn't it be just like Pamela Judson to call up when Mildred had a new boy friend!"

Pamela's unexpected calls and sudden demands upon Mildred's time were bitterly resented by Connie, who considered that Pamela took advantage of her sister.

Mildred had a foreboding of what was to come.

"But I've only just got home," Stephen heard her say. "I was delayed and I can't possibly go out again tonight. Can't you get somebody else?"

Evidently the person at the other

end of the wire had plenty to say. It must have been convincing, too, for after a while Mildred agreed wearily, to do whatever it was that Pamela needed her for.

She came back to Stephen in a little flush of temper. He thought it most becoming to her.

"I've got to go down to the hotel this evening," she said apologetically.

Stephen rose. "May I go with you?" he asked.

"Oh, not before dinner," she assured him. "There's plenty of time."

"Dinner's ready now," her mother called from the dining room.

"Why don't you tell that pain in the neck to go to blazes. . . ."

"Connie!"

Connie subsided.

"Pamela wants me to be at the door in the reception room tonight," Mildred explained to her mother. "The junior dance. They don't want anyone to crash it."

"But what can you do?" her mother questioned.

"I know by sight all those who are invited," Mildred said.

"In, but not of our best society," Connie sniffed. "Well, it's too bad she couldn't have let you know before the last minute."

"Oh, Pamela never thinks of anything before the last minute," Mildred said good-naturedly. She

didn't want Stephen thinking they were catty. But if he just knew Pamela!

"Are you talking about Pamela Judson?" he asked and Mildred felt as though he had read her mind.

"Say, I know her. Sold her a car last fall. She saw a model in the show window that she liked. Walked right in and signed her check and then asked how much."

"Yes, she's just rolling in father's money," Connie remarked sarcastically.

"I'll say she's rolling in a lot of it when she takes that eight out," Stephen said. "A four-speed baby, too."

"What. . . at?" Mrs. Lawrence gasped.

"Er. . . I mean the car, Mrs. Lawrence. It takes some driving to handle four speeds."

Mildred got up to carry out their plates and bring in the dessert. Pamela wanted her early—there was always a lot Pamela wanted other people to do for her. Not that serving Pamela was any part of Mildred's duties, but she had begun that way to be obliging. Now she had a feeling that if she refused, her place at the hotel would not be secure. So long as Pamela did not carry her demands too far Mildred was willing to accede to them.

But tonight she was slightly re-

sentful. Stephen Armitage was good company. Her resentment prevented her from hurrying, but after they'd finished their coffee she said they must go.

At the hotel, when she was saying good night to Stephen in the lobby, she saw his gaze go past her face and his smile suddenly broadened in delighted surprise.

Mildred turned. Coming toward them, with a way of jeweled arms and flying silver feet was a honey-haired girl in a red tulle evening gown.

(To Be Continued)

In a recent study of the income and expenses of nearly 100 families of the members of the faculty of the University of California, it is shown that the average savings per family, including life insurance, are \$360.

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Insurance and Real Estate.

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INTENTIONAL DUPE

FLAPPER FANNY SAYS:



Blaming your auto for making you late is usually a flat excuse.



You can SNORE yourself AWAKE on today's letter golf puzzle. Far is six and one solution is on another page.

Letter Golf puzzle grid with words SNORE and AWAKE.

THE RULES 1-The idea of Letter Golf is to change one word to another and do it in par, a given number of strokes. Thus to change COW to HEN, in three strokes, COW, HOW, HEW, HEN.

Six Superstitious Negroes. A negro had died and his body was being shipped on the train. At the station there were six negro pall-bearers to take care of the body.

SENSE and NONSENSE

To a Jewish ex-service man an acquaintance remarked: "So you were in the army, Ikey?"

"Oh, I was in the Army," was the proud response. "Did you get a commission?"

"No, only my wages!" Star: I'm looking for a publicity agent. Would you recommend Elmo Glatz?

Another: I would not! He had me lose my jewels the day Lindbergh landed in Paris.

After boasting that he took a cold shower bath every morning and being told by his sweetie that there was nothing wonderful about such a performance, he retorted: "Well, I'd just like to see you do it."

Another prize dumbbell has been discovered. She thought the muffer on a car was used to keep it from freezing up.

Youngsters of today seldom die of a broken heart. More often it is a broken neck. . . . No wonder the Tunney is pronounced like money. Gene got better than \$268 dollars a second, \$16,133 a minute for his 30 minute tussle with Heehey.

A youth claims his girl friend is the champion high stepper, because she caught her toe in her skirt the other day. . . . The young man with money to burn never has any trouble in finding a match. . . . No wonder the censors are cutting out most of the getting scenes in the movies. Enough of it is usually going on in the audience to satisfy everybody.

"Willie, do you define ignorance?" Willie: It's when you don't know something, but some one finds it out.

First she put on powder. Then applied the paint. You see—the big idea is To look like what she ain't.

Mrs. Silverstein: "Ikey! Ikey! Wake up, a big bogler is trying to get in de window!" Ikey: "Well, ven he opens de window I shoot."

Mrs. Silverstein: "Vy wait? Vy don't you shoot now?" Ikey: "What!—und break a pane of glass?"

"And so you are the lady who is giving my wife painting lessons? What sort of pupil is she?" "Well, I find her very apt, to say the least."

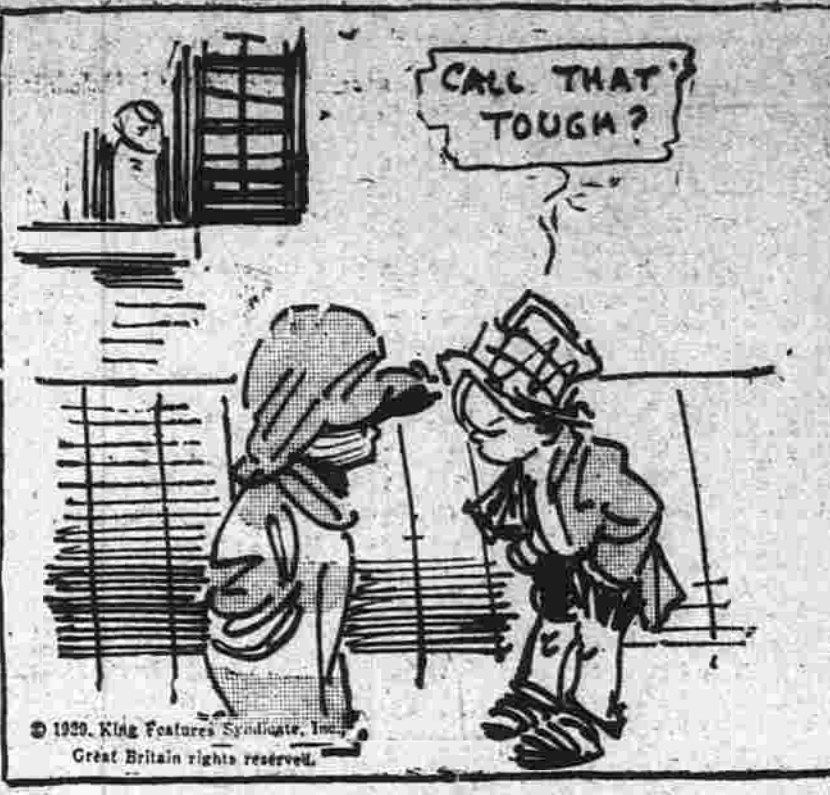
"That's funny. I always find her very apt to say the most."

"Look, Ikey, here's a nice coat." "Oh Rebecca, but see the price." "Don't be Scotch, Ikey."

WOMEN'S SUPREMACY "Of course, there is no such thing as woman's supremacy." "Think not? From the time a boy stays out playing under a street light, and on until he is blind and old and toothless, he has to explain to some woman why he did not come home earlier."

A garlic sandwich is two pieces of bread traveling in bad company.

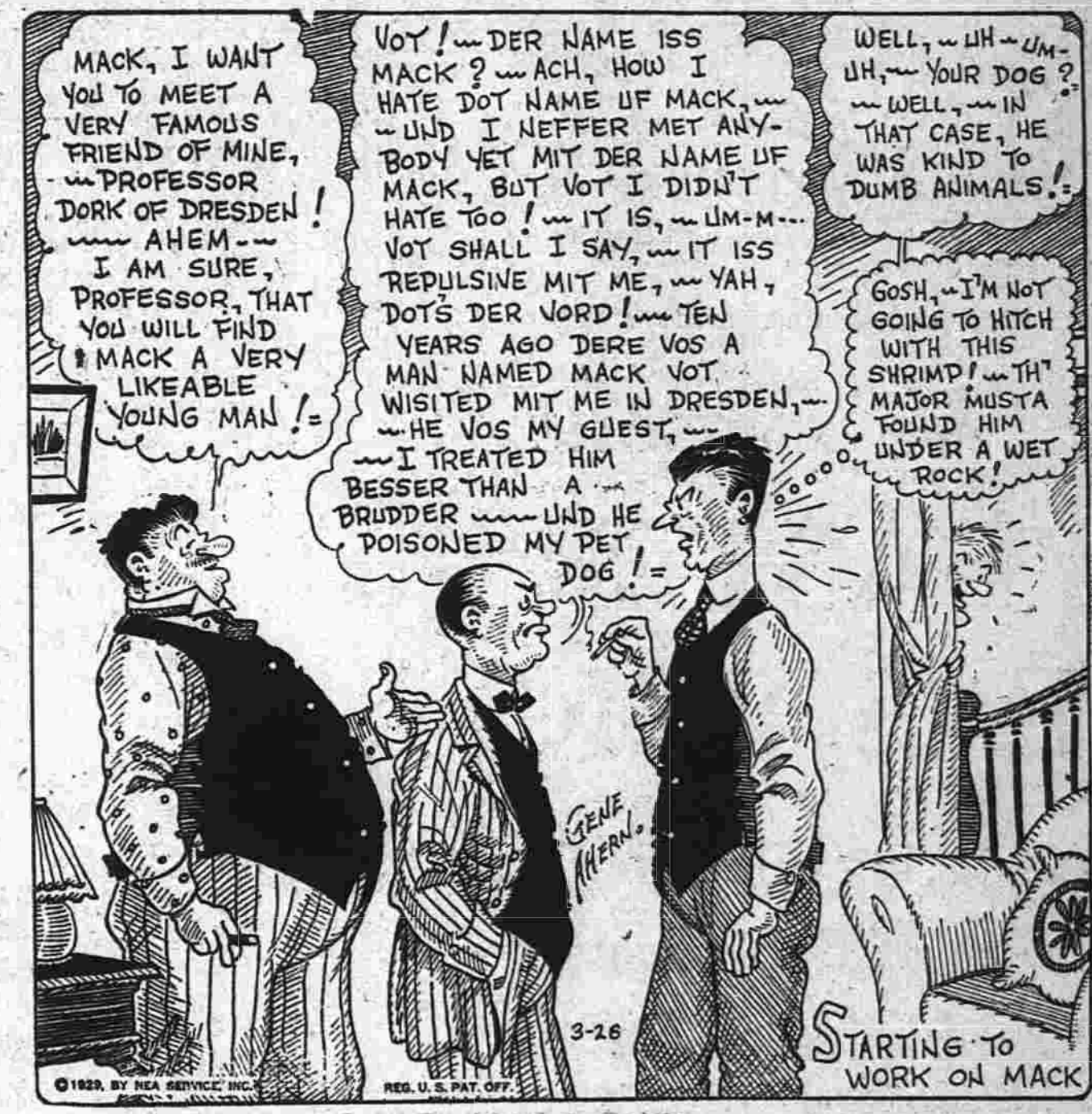
SKIPPY



The Toonerville Trolley That Meets All the Trains By Fontaine Fox



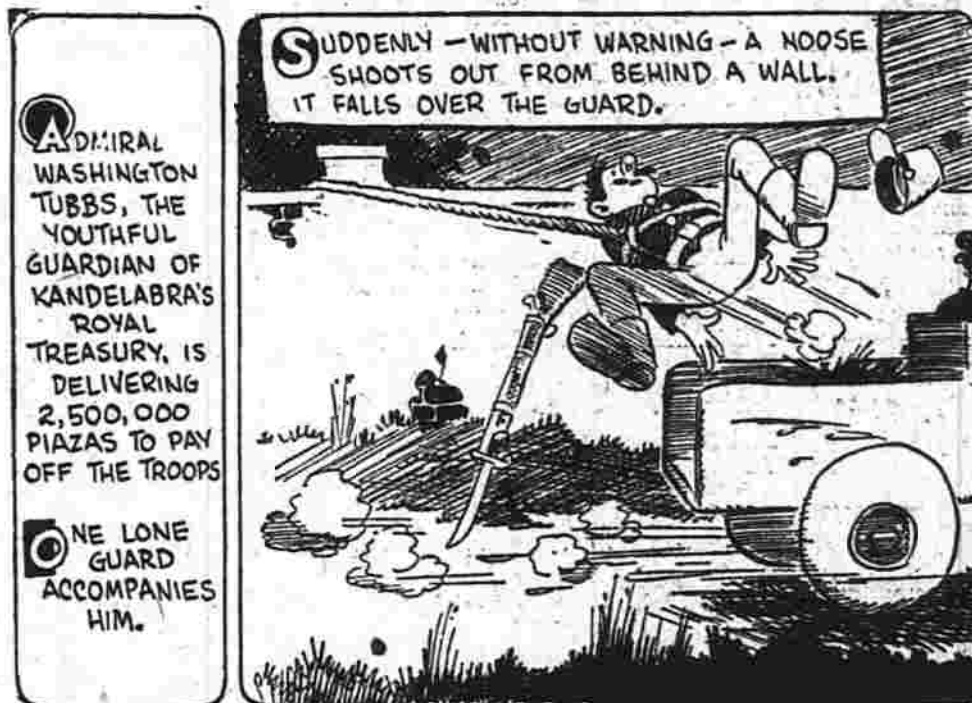
OUR BOARDING HOUSE By Gene Ahern



WASHINGTON TUBBS II

All Alone

By Crane



THE TNYMITES



(READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE)

The little coal car was a wreck, and scouty loudly shouted: "Heck! I never thought we'd come to this. Is everything all right? I must admit I ache a bit. Outside of that I'm feeling fit. The train threw us so far I thought we'd sail right out of sight."

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

Hawaii

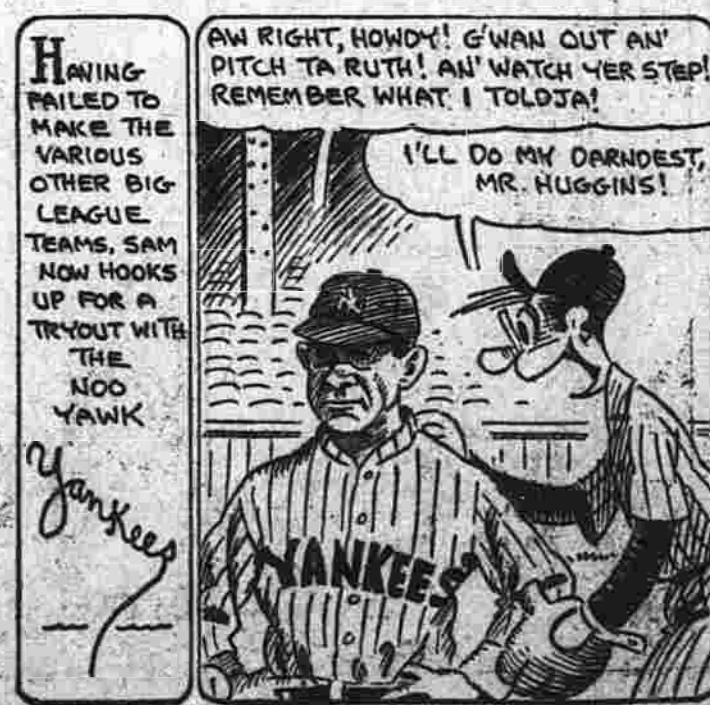
By Blosser



SALESMAN SAM

Careful, Babe!

By Small



NOTICE

Meeting of Manchester Fish & Game Club, Wednesday March 27.

TINKER HALL, 8 P. M. Application for Membership Secured Then. All Members Please Attend.

ABOUT TOWN

Mrs. R. Hutton of 22 Pine Hill street while doing house cleaning, lost her balance, fell off a step-ladder and sprained her left arm very badly.

Miss Ruth Marlow of Mount Vernon, N. Y., is at her home on Holl street this week.

Temple Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, will hold its regular meeting tomorrow evening at 8 o'clock in the Masonic Temple.

A 7-pound daughter was born this morning to Mr. and Mrs. James McAllister of 117 Cedar street.

At the Church of the Nazarene the regular midweek prayer service will be omitted Wednesday evening to give opportunity to all who wish to do so to attend the revival services which are being conducted at the Salvation Army citadel all this week by Rev. Laite.

The last of the series of union meetings led by Mrs. Nellie V. Burgess of Hartford will be held at 7:30 tomorrow evening at the North Methodist church. The subject under discussion at these classes has been "Current Problems in Our Homes."

Miss Inez Olson of Pearl street and Miss Esther Johnson of Clinton street returned last evening after a visit of several days with relatives in New York City.

Special pre-Easter services will be held at the Swedish Congregational church on Spruce street tomorrow, Thursday and Friday evenings at 7:30, with communion Friday night. The pastor, Rev. S. E. Green, will preach.

All Luther Leaguers who have signified their intention of going to Forestville tonight should be at the Swedish Lutheran church at 6:45 o'clock. A bus and several private cars have been got for the trip.

Voters who care to get a demonstration on machine voting will be able to do so all day tomorrow. The proposed amendments to the town charter are to be placed on the machine that will be on exhibition at the Municipal building from ten o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock in the evening. The eight voting machines are to be set up Friday for election on Saturday. The polls will be open Saturday morning at eight o'clock and will close at eight o'clock Saturday night.

Troops 4 and 6, Boy Scouts will meet tonight at 7 o'clock at St. Mary's church and the South Methodist church respectively.

Mrs. Frank Hollister of 46 Hollister street is suffering from bronchitis and a nervous breakdown.

The G. Clef Glee club's rehearsal this week has been cancelled on account of the trip being made by the Luther League to Forestville.

Mrs. May Duncan of 46 Hollister street is ill with the grip.

A special meeting of the finance committee of the North Methodist church will be held at the office of the Lydall and Founds company on Depot Square tonight at 7 o'clock.

Owing to a misunderstanding we wish to inform our patrons that yesterday's announcement of evening opening was an error. We will be open on Thursday and Saturday nights only. The Smart Shop, State theater building.—Adv.

George J. Smith Correct Modern Instruction of the Tenor Banjo and Other String Instruments 507 Main St. Tel. 2296

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Coats—Main Floor, Rear.



(Sketched) A nice green homespun sports coat with a scarf collar of crepe de chine. Full silk lined.

\$39.50

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Included are copies after best known Paris designers, charming and flattering to the smart young set and youthful matrons.

Women's, Misses' Easter Apparel—Second Floor.

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Pinehurst begs no business on the score of "local ownership" or on any other score. It has always from the beginning realized that householders seek their own interest in the purchase of their foods—and ought to. Pinehurst's bid for business is on the basis of FULLEST VALUE for the PATRON'S DOLLAR—in QUALITY, in SERVICE, in PRICE and in that close personal watchfulness which ALONE makes it possible for the Storekeeper to understand the especial needs and likings of his Various Customers.

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These principles rule our buying. They rule our selling. They rule our system of Checking Telephone Orders and our system of delivery. By consulting our customers' interests we create our claim to their patronage. It is the only permanent way. We MAKE our business by making it PROFITABLE to our patrons to give us their trade. And this we can do, and do so, by being Eternally Vigilant for our Patrons' welfare. Phone 2900.

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Wednesday, Thursday and Friday Canada Dry Ginger Ale \$2.00 dozen

Dandelions, Mushrooms, Spinach, Beets, Cauliflower, Tomatoes, Parsnips, Carrots.

Armour's Evaporated Milk, 5 for 50c Campbell's Tomato Soup, 4 for 31c Sliced Bacon 33c lb.

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ESTABLISHED 1905

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CLOCHE



BERET

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is intricate with fans and folds—and is yet superbly simple. Viscose is the answer to the riddle—a sheer and drapable material that fits snugly to the head. High shades and black.

THE CLOCHE

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THE BERET

is for the young and piquant face—piquant as it is, with its fullness all to one side. Bank's, braid and twisted viscose are the smart straws. Navy, black and gray colors.

\$4.95 to \$10.00

Millinery—Main Floor, left.

Daily Lenten Thought

BY WILLIAM E. GILROY, D. D.

Editor of The Congregationalist—The Lenten season should emphasize in our minds the social as well as the personal aspects of religion. The suffering and sacrifice of Jesus that we commemorate were for others, and the man who seeks to appropriate the blessings of Christ without sharing in the spirit and purpose of Christ never understands the meaning of Christianity. But true social relationships depend upon true character. If we would serve our fellow men, the greatest service that we can render is first of all to make our own lives good. It is as we ourselves become what we ought to be that vision of service for others and of our contribution to the world is made possible. There is a story told of a good priest who one day was mocked and stoned by some children. At first he was very angry; and then he reflected, "The children are largely what their homes and environment have made them; I will pray for their parents." Then he reflected further, "The parents are largely what society has made them! I will pray for society." And then came the best reflection of all, "What is society? It is you and I; I will pray for myself." There is a wise philosophy in that story. It is in praying for ourselves aright that we are in the process of making all men better.

ABOUT TOWN

The Trinity Fast Noble Grands association will meet next week Wednesday at 2 o'clock at Odd Fellows hall, East Hartford.

A well children's conference will take place at the Memorial hospital annex Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

LOANS



If You Need Money Come to Us—Family Loans \$10 to \$300

\$100 LOAN payable \$5 monthly, plus lawful interest.
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Mesh Bags in a Variety of Colors.

Cameo Brooch Pins \$4.00 and up

Westclox Alarm Clocks in colors.

R. DONNELLY JEWELER
 515 Main St., So. Manchester

TOLLAND

Mrs. Augusta Marshall has sold her place to Mr. Sungdrum of West Hartford.

Mrs. Walter Button was a recent guest at the home of her sister, Mrs. Harry S. Cahoon and family of South Manchester.

Mrs. Walter Button attended the funeral of her cousin Leonard H. Tilden in Windsor, Saturday afternoon. His body was brought from his late home in McKeesport, Penn., and buried in the family plot.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Ladd of Rockville were Sunday guests of Mr. Ladd's mother, Mrs. Matilda Ladd.

Miss Ethel Usher entertained over the week end Miss Olea Sands of Hartford.

There will be a special service at the Federated church Thursday evening the night before Good Friday.

Rehearsals are being held for a parent, "The Living Christ" to be given next Sunday evening in the Federated church.

Mrs. Laura Judson entertained guests from Hartford Sunday afternoon.

Miss Helen Meacham was a week end guest of her sister Miss Florence Meacham, commercial teacher in the High school in New Britain.

Mrs. Virginia Fullinwider of New York City and Birmingham, Ala., Mrs. Zoe Beckley and Leete Stone of New York City have been staying a few days at the summer home here of Mrs. Beckley.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Ernest Hall, Misses Bernice and Alice Hall were

recent guests at the home of William Rosbrooks of East Hartford. Mrs. Augusta Marshall has returned to her home in New Jersey after a short visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Crandall.

Miss Helen Johnson a teacher at the Hicks Memorial School spent the week end at her home in Willimantic.

Mrs. Robert Doyle had as recent

guests, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Shearer and children Viola, Agnes and Harold Shearer of Manchester, Mr. and Mrs. George Mulligan and Eleanor Bowers of Burnside and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Johnson Nelson and Elva of East Hartford.

There are about 800 different kinds of wood known to the timber trade.

Manchester Rating Bureau

Room 12, State Theater Building, South Manchester

Credit Investigations

Personal Collection Service
Open Daily
8:30 a. m. to 6 p. m.
Thursdays and Saturdays Until 9 p. m.



To My "Going Out of Business" Sale

JUST THREE DAYS LEFT TO DISPOSE OF THE BALANCE OF MY STOCK

Everything Must Be Sold!

I have reduced the prices on every item to insure disposal by Saturday Night. Men's and Boys' Shoes and Furnishings. Yes, you need the merchandise—I DON'T.

REMEMBER—Just 3 Days Thurs. Fri. Sat.

<p>MEN'S OXFORDS \$5 Anywhere, Going at \$3.45</p> <p>MEN'S GENUINE CALFSKIN OXFORDS, \$7 Anywhere, Going at \$4.95</p> <p>MEN'S WORK SHOES \$4 Anywhere, Going at \$2.89</p> <p>MEN'S HOSE, 20c Anywhere, Going at, pair 11c</p> <p>MEN'S FANCY DRESS HOSE 50c Anywhere, Going at 4 Pair for \$1.00</p> <p>MEN'S ATHLETIC SHIRTS AND-DRAWERS, 75c Anywhere, Going at 45c</p> <p>MEN'S ATHLETIC UNION SUITS \$1 Anywhere, Going at 75c</p> <p>MEN'S BALBRIGGAN SHIRTS AND DRAWERS 75c Anywhere, Going at 45c</p>	<p>MEN'S FINE RIBBED UNION SUITS \$1.50 Anywhere, Going at 98c</p> <p>MEN'S WHITE BROADCLOTH SHIRTS, \$1.50 Anywhere, Going at \$1.00</p> <p>MEN'S "LEE" WORK SHIRTS \$1.00 Anywhere, Going at 79c</p> <p>MEN'S WORK PANTS \$2.50 Anywhere, Going at \$1.69</p> <p>MEN'S BROADCLOTH SHIRTS \$2.50 Anywhere, Going at \$1.65</p> <p>MEN'S DRESS PANTS \$3.50 Anywhere, Going at \$2.19</p> <p>MEN'S DRESS PANTS—Colligates—Extra Wide Bottoms, \$7.50 Anywhere, Going at \$4.95</p>
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MEN'S RELIABLE STORE

695 Main St., Johnson Block, Next to Colonial Lunch
OPEN EVERY EVENING

Follow the Crowd

DIAMOND SHOE STORES

SELF SERVICE BARGAIN BASEMENT

1013 MAIN STREET SOUTH MANCHESTER

Where Bigger and Better Shoe Values are Obtained

All ready for the big Easter parade. We offer all that is new in vogue and most wanted in family footwear for the new Spring season.

Special Easter Offerings

Mothers bring yourselves and children to the store that is properly equipped to handle your requirements in our newly added and spacious quarters.

A line of novelty footwear in all newest shades such as blondes, rose blush, sunburn, lizard, watersnake, brown kid, patent leather, satins and black ties, step-ins, operas, straps and center buckles, all style toes and heels. Biggest variety ever.

\$2.95 pair

Ladies, a most charming assortment of footwear values such as will prove a revelation to Manchester buyers.

\$3.95 pair

Shoes embodying the latest in style creations and colors harmonizing with new wearing apparel.

Our \$3.95 shoes compare with \$5.00 and better values. Come and be convinced.

LADIES: We cannot say too much about our Dainty Arch Line. See the styles in our beautiful show windows. To try them on means the utmost in foot comfort and they appeal to the most discriminating tastes. Narrow toes and broad toes, high heels and the fashionable Cubans, a broad and varied selection.

\$4.95 pair

CHILDREN'S AND MISSES' FOOTWEAR: Never in our history did we have such a splendid assortment of trimmed and untrimmed, straps, ties, oxfords and buckle straps, all widths, shades and sizes and what values. An exceptional assortment at \$1.95 a pair. We offer some regular \$3.00 and \$3.50 values at

\$2.45 pair

This season, more than ever before, we have assembled a line of footwear which we have compared with all offerings in the shoe market and we are proud to say that our values this season are second to none. A larger and more beautiful store has been equipped to give you better service, bigger values and satisfaction that we hope will merit your continued patronage.

YOURS FOR BIGGER AND BETTER VALUES

DIAMOND SHOE STORES

SELF SERVICE BARGAIN BASEMENT

The Big Store With the Little Prices. 1013 MAIN STREET, Stores Throughout the State, SOUTH MANCHESTER

INFANTS' AND CHILD'S Straps and Oxfords, Goodyear welts, built for style, appearance and comfort with exceptional wearing qualities, sizes 5-8, \$1.95 a pair, Sizes, 8½-11

\$2.45 pair

BOYS: High and low, black and brown, Goodyear welt shoes that are solid leather through and through. The finest value that is offered anywhere in the country.

\$2.95 pair

And a new pair if they do not wear.

MEN'S SHOES: Shoes of quality, style and satisfaction which we purchased from a manufacturer as a factory filler. Worth \$4.00 to \$4.50 a pair

\$2.95 pair

MEN: Our assortment of black and brown calfskins, all solid leather, will stand unusual wear and give you that finished look for Easter. You will agree that they are worth more.

\$3.95 pair

WORK SHOES: Moccasin toes, Uskide soles, sturdy in construction, strongly built,

\$2.95 pair

Every pair guaranteed.

Men's Scout Shoes

\$1.95 pair