

Norwich Bulletin and Courier. 113 YEARS OLD. Entered as the Postoffice at Norwich, Conn., as second-class matter. Telephone Calls: Bulletin Business Office, 480, Bulletin Editorial Room, 35-B, Bulletin Job Office, 48-A, Williams Office Room 2 Murray Bldg Telephone 219. Norwich, Friday, May 28, 1909.

The Circulation of The Bulletin.

The Bulletin has the largest circulation of any paper in Eastern Connecticut, and from three to four times larger than that of any in Norwich. It is delivered to over 2,000 of the 4,053 houses in Norwich, and read by ninety-three per cent of the people. In Windham it is delivered to over 900 houses, in Putnam and Danielson to over 1,100, and in all of these places it is considered the local daily.

Eastern Connecticut has forty-nine towns, one hundred and sixty-five post office districts and forty-one rural free delivery routes. The Bulletin is sold in every town and on all of the R. F. D. routes in Eastern Connecticut.

CIRCULATION table with columns for year and circulation count. 1904, average 4,412; 1905, average 5,920; 1906, average 6,559; 1907, average 7,179; 1908, average 7,543; May 22, 7,533.

THEY DO NOT LIKE TO TELL.

There was a conference of laymen held at Portland, Me., the other day, to consider the general interests of the church; and, of course, there was a large attendance of clergymen there, also, and the laymen tried to tell why religion as presented today was not more attractive; but the tale could not be told in the presence of the clergy, and the Portland Express says, "they soft-pedaled" when they came close to the real climax of their conclusions. The religion which is lived as well as preached is the religion that succeeds; and it is the only religion that ever will. The manifestation of the Word in the flesh glorifies the cause. The world is looking for good things, and there is nothing more apparent than that the people are willing to pay a good price for every useful and needed thing they want. Worn-out theories have come to look to all too much like shop-worn goods. Pretty words attractively put together and scholarly delivered, with fine vocal and instrumental music, is not all the hearts of men are yearning for. They are longing for a practical manifestation of the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God, so long and ably preached—a demonstration that love is a divine power which heals the afflicted and weary soul.

In religious matters men are becoming more and more like the Missionaries—glowing descriptions and eloquent appeals do not impress them, but they are looking to the church and saying, "You must show us!" If religion is as beautiful and practical and such an everyday necessity as its advocates aver that it is, this should be no puzzling task. The power of God to declare his glory through his people—to make his very presence felt, has not been lost. The laymen know that the people are yearning for more love and sympathy and fellowship; and they are going to get it.

TROLLEY EXCURSIONISTS.

The better informed the patrons of a trolley line are, the safer they behave when there is a slight accident, and that is why every newspaper reader should be interested in electrical affairs and possess the knowledge which keeps fear in check. When a fuse blows out there is excitement on the car and some nervous women run the risk of their lives by jumping off when there is not a particle of danger. Don't do it. This is what a competent writer in a standard electrical magazine says about the offices of the fuse and what its real use is: "A fuse is a small piece of metal alloy wire having a low melting point and its purpose is to automatically open the electric circuit under abnormal conditions. The alloy may be in the form of a bare strip of wire, or it may be encased in a fireproof tube. When the current is excessive, or the amperage high, this wire is the first thing to melt, cutting off the current which would otherwise damage the motors. On street cars this wire usually melts with an explosion and a puff of smoke, harmless in itself, but sufficient to startle nervous passengers. "But instead of being indicative of danger the fuse is devised to prevent accidents. Electric machinery differs from all other machinery in that it will work itself to death, so to speak. Overloaded engines will stop; but an overloaded motor will work right on until it burns up. To protect it, fuses or circuit breakers are inserted in the circuit." This protective device goes off with a flash and a snap but it means no danger—it is simply the safety valve.

The successor of Librarian Tillingshast, at Boston, is an expert librarian, not a politician. The governor selected a man to fit the place.

A very few of the navigators of the air have learned what it is to fall 125 feet; but as a school of experience this is one of the least inviting.

Massachusetts men captured all the grand prizes at the National Federation of Musical Clubs at Grand Rapids and it speaks well for their culture.

The colored man, we are told, is treated better at the south than at the north, but he is not allowed to skillfully shovel coal in peace in Georgia.

The legislature has done so well by Norwich that we shall not grumble much if it does not adjourn till August. It must come to Norwich July 5th, of course.

REBUKE AND PUNISHMENT.

To the Editor of The American: Please discontinue my American on the date of its expiration. I disapprove of your attitude toward Sunday baseball. It seems unfortunate that Waterbury has no paper which invariably stands for truth and uprightness, regardless of the lower element of the population. One never knows on which side to find The American. You have it in your power to uplift public sentiment, instead of which you seem to court popularity at any cost. Very truly yours, MRS. CHARLES H. BIDWELL, 80 Lawrence Avenue, West Orange, N. J.

There is indignation for you right from a perturbed liver. The Waterbury American would be justified just for once in remarking, "Hain't it awful, Mabel!" The American stands for a sweet disposition and a noble service to the public, and if the editor does not see the Sunday baseball question through the glasses of the writer of this letter, or does not agree with the views of the editor of The Bulletin, he is unquestionably honest and perhaps he is right. The irate subscriber is no stranger to newspapers and he is the one who oftentimes is positive about things that are not so. He is so spirited and narrow that he cannot help it and all well-governed newspapers exercise a spirit of charity towards him.

THE FIRST STEPPER.

The Old Colony Memorial mournfully records the shattering of another cherished tradition. The Bostonian society says that neither Mary Chilton nor John Alden is entitled to the honor of first setting foot on Plymouth rock, as the best evidence at hand does not show that they were in the shallop's party at all, when the famous landing was made. It consoles its readers by remarking that everybody of Pilgrim descent can now claim his or her ancestor as the original "first stepper," and so many more will be made happy.—The Waterbury American.

Plymouth rock looks different in history upon the printed page from what it does beneath the canopy of brick and mortar at Plymouth. Considering the size of the Rock, it is apparent enough that the Pilgrim fathers did not all stand upon it at once. It is quite likely that a first stepper was necessary; and it may be possible that two may have jumped out upon it at the same time. The most singular thing is that the Pilgrims should have discovered the rock at all, since it is such a little one. Among rocks along the coast for bulk and weight Plymouth rock figures small and other rocks might as well have been featured in history. Norwich would not swap Meeting House rocks for a dozen of them.

A MOST SUCCESSFUL FARMER.

Intelligence is of as much value on the farm as elsewhere and that is what the agricultural department at Washington is constantly trying to teach the agriculturists through the bulletins it issues. "Farmers' Bulletin 255" tells the story of a professional man whose longing for the freedom of country life led him at the age of 36 to abandon the city for the farm. The owner and his family, with a little hired labor, have cleared 78 acres of heavily timbered land, built a comfortable home, with substantial barn, dairy house, silo and poultry houses, and have developed under trying conditions one of the best paying farms in the country. In 1906 the gross income of this farm was about \$5,000; it is considerably larger now. When the family moved to the farm in 1887 it consisted of man and wife, three boys and three girls, the oldest child being a boy of 13. The only labor ever hired on this farm before the first son entered an agricultural college, was a woodchopper for less than three months in 1888 to help do the first clearing, two carpenters for two weeks in building the house in 1887, and other assistants for miscellaneous pieces of work costing not over \$100 during the entire 18 years up to the fall of 1905. The father and the three sons have done the farm work, milked the cows and made the butter. The household duties have been systematically discharged by the mother and daughters, and for several years the mother and one of the daughters have run most of the poultry business, another daughter has reared the calves, while the third daughter has kept the books of the establishment.

Under the same conditions few families could achieve such a success as this. It shows what systematic work will accomplish upon the farm. This family by the same orderly and organized methods would have succeeded in anything else. There is no such thing as fall with a band of willing workers like these.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is remarked that Wirt's Andersonville game cannot be kept sweet even by a cake of ice.

Cuttyhunk harbor must feel well to know that \$10,000 is coming to it in the way of improvement.

The poor are still in the estimates close to the criminals. Isn't it always "charities and correction"?

Tolstoid would not mind becoming a martyr, but the autocrat of Russia is afraid to accommodate him.

Happy thought for today: If you do not know just when to speak, it may be as well to court silence.

Senator Root may have shown haste in speaking as a senator, but he did not make a fool of himself.

The men who took part in the parade of 1889 are not in physical condition to follow the bands this time.

The constitutional amendment now on the way to acceptance in this state is not likely to call forth much opposition.

The men of Norwich must do their best on the 250th anniversary, for the next celebration will not be in their hands.

The Boston Record need not feel so grand over its 25th anniversary. It is a new Record every day, and always will be.

Fairhaven, Mass., knows that multi-millionaire Rogers was a good street commissioner, and if the town didn't have funds, he had.

Carnegie has given a million to encourage heroism in France. It takes a live Scotchman to make the whole earth recognize him.

Southington—Wong tribe, I. O. G. M., will observe its sixtieth anniversary tonight (Thursday).

THE BULLETIN'S DAILY STORY

THE EVICTION.

"I think I shall have to move, unless—" Redmond signed his name to the receipt and passed it across his desk. "Unless—" he repeated, looking up inquiringly.

She placed the receipt in her little handbag and looked at him, shrugging her shoulders in the way she affected. "You see, those Desmond children are quite noisy, and now there's another one, and that makes three, and really it is rather too much." She pouted a little. "I like quiet, and my husband does, too, and that baby cries sometimes. We have stood it—the baby, I mean—for six weeks, but, of course, it can't be expected that we will stay."

"I see," said Redmond. "I don't want my tenants disturbed. I will see what can be done."

"And I have a friend who would like the flat." She spoke eagerly. "I've written her name and address on this card for you. She hasn't any children, and she isn't satisfied where she is living, so she'd come in any time."

"I will attend to the matter at once," said Redmond, taking the card. "Oh, thank you," she breathed, and swept quickly out of the office, leaving Redmond frowning vexedly. "Too bad," he grumbled. "Desmond always pays promptly. I hate to kick him out, but—well, I'll have to do it or lose a tenant. Hang it all—it isn't my fault; three children, and one of 'em a squally baby. It's unreasonable. I'll go fire him out today, and have the job done."

In an hour later he boarded the trolley car to go and give notice to the Desmonds.

The car was nearly full, and he secured the only vacant seat; he never liked to sit with a stranger. The car did not start at once, and in a moment he saw a young woman with a baby in her arms enter the front door. With her was a boy of three and a girl of less than two years. She found a seat by the window, and Redmond, looking at Redmond questioning. "Could she sit with you?" she asked, and Redmond made room for the mite beside him. She was dressed daintily and there was a big mustin hat on her head. Her little face was round and rosy, and she gave him an engaging smile, showing two rows of even little teeth. Her big brown eyes regarded him for a moment seriously, then she looked about the car with interest. She took no further notice of him, but leaned against him comfortably, and rested one pink, dimpled hand on his coat.

This was a new sensation to Redmond. He knew absolutely nothing of children, and to have this little creature lean against him with such trusting confidence, moved him strangely. He looked down at the mustin hat, and then touched the little hand tentatively with the tip of one finger. As it was not withdrawn he cautiously took it into his hand. It lay there, warm and soft and passive. He looked at it wonderingly and held it gently, afraid of hurting it in his big hand.

At length he began to notice the streets, and with a feeling of regret found he was near his destination. Reluctantly he laid the little hand in the child's pink mustin lap and quietly sat up and drew his coat about him.

The car stopped at his signal, and then he noticed that the child's mother was rising from her seat, the boy in her arms.

"I'll take the little girl, if you get out here," he said.

"Oh, thank you," she returned, and they left the car, the little boy holding his mother's hand. The little girl clinging to Redmond, her small hand nesting in his neck, her soft cheek just touching his.

To his amazement the woman with the baby led the way up to the door of his own apartment house.

"I live here," she said, "on the second floor. Thank you so much for helping me with the babies," and she gave him a frank smile.

Redmond saw the child in his arms gently on her feet, then lifting his hat he went down the steps. Looking back he saw the little girl's big brown eyes on his face, and then she waved her hand as he went.

The next morning in his office, his lips set in firm line. Redmond wrote a note to his visitor of the day before: "I shall be sorry to lose you as a tenant, but the Desmonds are going to stay."—Boston Post.

Henry H. Rogers.

The Rev. Dr. Samuel A. Elliot, president of the American Unitarian association, in speaking of Henry H. Rogers, said: "Mr. Rogers was a man of remarkable force and decision. He was a bold pioneer in many business adventures and thoroughly resolute in purpose and action. The world has heard much of his efficiency and success, but too little of his widespread but quiet charity, genial hospitality, domestic tastes and warm friendships. A man whose most intimate friends were Robert Collyer and Mark Twain had in his nature something besides extraordinary capacity for making money. The great and varied interests in which he was engaged, and with which his name is identified will suffer nothing by his death, for his able son and other trusted associates had taken over these cares long ago, but the town of Fairhaven will mourn the benefactor who had done so much to make it beautiful and its people healthy and happy and the friends who came most in contact with the heart side of Mr. Rogers will know that many good causes have lost a wise and unobtrusive supporter."—Holyoke Telegram.

The Laplander's average height is 4 feet 11 inches for the men, and two inches less for the women.

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The Difference.

How the tastes of men vary! Former President Roosevelt is in British East Africa looking for new kinds of animals as they had been carrying huge bundles of camp dunnage on their heads for 100 miles, but the fact is that his escort consisted of the leading women in Somali society, each one of them consumed with class pride at being permitted an honor so competent as the men's.—Special to the New York World.

Those in Danger.

The English are afraid that Colonel Roosevelt is in danger because Mad Mullah's Somalis are in the vicinity where he is hunting. If they knew Bwana Tumbo they would realize that the Somalis are the ones in danger if they start anything.—Pittsburg Leader.

Hard on Harmon.

Bryan is reported as writing to a friend in Washington that if he had to choose between Governor Johnson of Minnesota and Governor Harmon of Ohio for 1912 he would take Harmon. Quite luck for the northwest.—Boston Herald.

A Safe Job.

The latest wireless inventor says he can blow up a battleship's magazine from 500 miles away. Such a fellow should find war as safe as hunting lions in Africa; game preserves.—New York World.

Have to Enlarge Institution.

If the Colonel's aim continues good, we suspect congress will find it expedient to consider the idea of an enlarged Smithsonian institution soon.—Washington Times.

Will Revise Congress.

The people of the great central west have the alternative, if congress does not revise the tariff the right way, of revising congress.—Kansas City Star.

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