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Norwich, Saturday, Jan. 29, 1910.

POLITICAL MISREPRESENTATION

Of late there has been contributed to the press many false statements concerning the political conditions in Norwich and in the Third congressional district. The Bulletin has been surprised by the assertions made concerning the indignities heaped upon Mayor Lippitt and the stories spread about the disaffection of the republicans of this congressional district.

Mayor Lippitt has not been making any complaint; and The Bulletin, which is in a position to know what is going on in "the Rose of New England," sees no reason why he should. He is held in such esteem by his party that no one hears a single protest against his succession to the treasuryship of the state, and his candidacy seems to be received with a popular favor which assures his entering the convention for the nomination of state officers with the necessary backing to secure his acceptance if he desires the honor.

It is a fact that the Third congressional district was never better satisfied with its representative in congress than now, and its unity and enthusiasm for Congressman Higgins' renomination has not been excelled in its political history. Congressman Higgins is very much more of a doer than a talker and his list of achievements during his three terms is not surpassed by the achievements of any predecessor. He is a representative who not only faithfully serves his constituents, but who is "on his job" and earns his salary.

When the time comes for the nominating convention there will be no issue with him, for he has proved to be a servant of the whole people, and to have so well cared for the interests of his district that it entertains no thought of a successor. The fruits of his service are ample and his reward is sure!

THE M'KINLEY BANQUET.

It is because of McKinley's companionable qualities—because of his comradeship more than any other high and excellent quality which marked his career—that prompted his admirers in different states of the union to organize civic societies in his name and annually meet upon the anniversary of his birth to fraternize and do honor to his memory.

McKinley was a president and a citizen, who, by his faithfulness in small things and loyalty to eternal principles, to the honor of ancestry added the honor of great achievements; and it is not strange that in his name and memory there gathered together last evening at the call of President Norris S. Lippitt, two hundred of the leading men of the state and several of the leading orators of the country. It was a proud occasion for Norwich and a grand occasion for all concerned as the report elsewhere printed clearly discloses.

It was a disappointment to all present that our senators and members of congress felt obliged to send letters of regret instead of honoring the banquet with their presence. The motto of our public servants is "Business before pleasure," and their constituents recognize merit in the fidelity which keeps them at their post when they are needed.

Congressman Higgins would have been as delighted to have been here as his constituents would have been to have had him, but besides sickness in his family, he had on Friday an important meeting of the judiciary committee to attend, and then there are pending just now in committees the interests of New London and Norwich in the river and harbor bill, the Putnam interests in the public building bill, pending soldiers' claims, and other district matters of importance, to say nothing of the important national questions which preclude any negligence on the part of our public servants, all of whom are extremely busy and honoring themselves by responding to the call of duty instead of pleasure.

They were missed, for they would have added ability and pleasure to what was really one of the most significant and enjoyable meetings ever held in Norwich.

YOUR BUTCHER.

There are some irate consumers who get to thinking that their butcher is a real buccaneer or something worse to charge such prices, because they do not realize that his troubles are surely equal to the troubles of his patrons, or worse.

The retail treader in every line of business under present combinations and commercial dictations is more to be pitied than blamed. The marketman is on the fighting line trying to live with the enemy in his front and rear. His aim is not to get high prices but by despatch and fair prices to win patronage and to keep it. His motto must be "To Please." He not only builds up his trade but must plan to keep it.

The wholesaler and the customer both think that it is their glorious privilege to make it hot for him. He is in a hot box and just now is doing a good deal of sweating. He buys a carcass at a level price, and then he sells meat below cost and above cost, and disposes of the waste as best he can and then after a long day he figures out the profits, if he can find them. He has to see that the wholesaler doesn't stick him, or the customer beat him out of his bill for goods. He has few pipe-dreams—his forefront has been a maze in which he has seen only straggling profits now and then!

It is in good form to think kindly of your butcher and to take good care of your stomach and your earnings.

Julia Ward Howe, the Grand Old Lady of New England, heads the petition for woman suffrage now before the Massachusetts legislature, but she does not expect to be taken out of the class with dogs this year.

The movement to make women at the theaters let loose their rats and puffs as well as their peach-basket hats, is not likely to succeed.

The names that are being mentioned now for Connecticut state officers will have to be O.K.-ed by a future convention, of course.

RESENTMENT.

There are just now three countries that threaten to retaliate on account of our revised tariff rates—Canada, France and Germany, all of whom pretend to feel hard hit and call for consideration under the act of reciprocity, and we have serious foreign tariff issues staring us in the face.

It is not probable that this government will carry its tariff provisions too far with Canada. The trade between the United States and the Dominion is great, the relations close, and a tariff war would work a great hardship on much American capital on both sides of the line. If the provincial restrictions on wood pulp and the reciprocity treaty with France do not present too large an obstacle, the minimum will be proclaimed on Canadian importations, and tariff friction with that country obviated.

As between France and Germany matters appear to look most serious between the last named government and the United States; but it is not believed that there will be a trade rupture since the interests of all the nations concerned call loudly for peace. The Bulletin coincides with those who believe that it will be to the credit of President Taft's capacity for diplomacy if he avoids one, and, at the same time, secures admission for American products on fair terms; for unless material concessions are obtained in the French and German markets for our products, the maximum features of the new tariff measure will have proven useless and might as well be erased from the statutes.

BUSINESS COMING THIS WAY.

The evidences that the world-encircling naval fleet of this country made a good impression are multiplying. The latest is the placing with American firms by the government of Argentina contracts for new battleships amounting to twenty-two million dollars.

The Fore River Shipbuilding company gets them, with the privilege of having one vessel constructed by the New York Shipbuilding company, of Camden. In addition the Bethlehem Steel company gets the contract for supplying guns for most of the torpedo craft now being constructed for Argentina in European yards. This is worth about $1,000,000.

Let us hope that the work will be done on honor and that it will be followed by a great increase in trade from Argentina and other South American nations. This capture of $23,000,000 worth of business from our competitors early in 1910, is a most pleasing and assuring circumstance. There is no reason why American trade with the South American republics should not be increased scores of millions and permanently maintained.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

San Francisco can never be charged with trying to keep her earthquakes secret. She informs us of all the little ones.

It is more than probable that Colonel Bryan sees that a dollar dinner is no longer a symbol of democracy, but a sign of want.

Commander Peary, as a lecturer, has not the fascinating way of Dr. Cook; and his audiences go home in disappointment.

The man who gets freedom of speech at home is the man who knows how to compliment his wife better than he does the servant girl.

When the baseball players at this time of year tell what they are going to do, the atmosphere of the future takes on a perfervid hue.

Dr. Wiley is of the opinion that the only person who knows that an egg is fresh is the one who takes it out from beneath the hen.

A western scientist sees that where the hair is long the brains are usually short. This should make bald-headed men sit up and take notice.

Happy thought for today: The man who is religious cannot get the politeness shown to him that the man can who has a lot of money.

When the postal banks are in full operation there will not be a rush by intelligent citizens to get the two per cent. interest instead of four.

The New York girls who robbed the banker of $28,000 seem to have nothing that looks like such respectable capitalization about their clothes.

The consumer gets the wooden butter dish thrown in at the rate of 36 cents a pound, and no one claims that it will add anything even to a soup.

The trust magnate is always surprised by the prejudices that have been raised against the trusts. He cannot see why his prosperity should so excite folks.

It is not surprising that John L. Sullivan once had a seat in congress offered him. It happened to be at a time in his career when he could not afford to take it.

The hen that lays an egg today does not know but the people may be eating it a century hence. As a cold-storage treasure, who can tell when it will be served?

The cost of high living is the trouble, says James J. Hill. The soupbone with a hundred per cent. profit added in the past three years represents high living now.

NO LONGER HEADS TAX LIST.

Mrs. John S. Kennedy Swears Off Assessment of $6,000,000.

Mrs. John S. Kennedy, widow of the late millionaire philanthropist, no longer heads the list of personal taxpayers in New York. She has sworn off the entire assessment of $6,000,000 which the city had recorded against her. Her husband left $30,000,000.

The following statement was issued the other day at the New York tax department: "Mrs. Kennedy has only received a special bequest of $1,000,000, and this consisted almost entirely of city bonds and stock. The taxable balance is more than offset by legal obligations to contribute to educational and other benevolent causes." Mrs. Russell Sage and Andrew Carnegie were the next highest to Mrs. Kennedy on the personal rolls. Their assessments were $5,000,000 each, and probably will remain unchanged.

An Unkind Critic.

Another proof that Mr. Taft has the judicial mind is contained in the fact that he has placed so few Ohio men in office.—Los Angeles Times.

The Alliance Threatened.

That alliance between the house democrats and insurgents seems threatened with a fatal attack of cholera infantum.—Washington Post.

THE MAN WHO TALKS

If the early pioneers in this country had not learned that "the middle course is best; even a moderate deacon is better than a redhot one," a later generation would never have accepted the admonition "to keep cool and keep the middle of the road." Our experiences are not in vain—out of adversity occasionally crops a sprig of wisdom. Proverbs are signposts along the road of time; and when we see in the scrap heap of time that "all deacons are good, but there's odds in deacons," we can just imagine the rest. It was not necessary to say more. We see there, too, that "there are no weeds that wilt so quick as the weeds of the widower." Our observing forbears have left us many treasures of this sort.

I should hate to be the man who tries to make a living by telling a tale of woe. He soon finds out that the world has no ears for a song that is not sweet. There is no vibratory performance so frosty as the call for aid when there is no special peril. Want is not even a complaint in the doctor's book; and there is no drug prescribed for it—it is the one thing which soon becomes a drug upon the market. The tale that begins with "Beg your pardon, sir," makes must men deaf, for a plea with an apology in front of it is hard to understand. The world lets such men have a deaf ear and a wide berth, and they soon come to have as poor an opinion of the world as the world has of them.

It is pleasant when one is expressing himself in a sincere and devout way to have someone break out with: "You don't believe that stuff, do you?" You notice that his estimation of you has gone right down to zero, kerplunk! Perhaps you reply calmly: "I most assuredly do;" and he remarks "If I hadn't heard that with my own ears, darned if I would have believed it!" Perhaps you have spoken of a belief in hell, or expressed a serious hope of reaching heaven, or paid a compliment to a neighbor, or just spoken of the merits of your dog. This kind of an interrupting agnostic comes right to time on any issue, and this is about all he ever says. He never tells what he believes—he is just astonished by what you believe. He doesn't take stock in any such derned nonsense. He just likes to hear his neighbors talk horse sense.

Did you ever give a serious thought to the way men daily toss stuff into themselves? Any clerk behind a cheap lunch counter, or in front of a soda fountain, can tell you how customers in a hurry will come in and put down a plate of raw oysters, or a half dozen flapjacks and a cup of hot coffee in three minutes; or a cup of iced milk in a minute and a half; or an ice cream soda in two minutes; and as the drug clerk puts it, it is nothing for a half dozen nervous young bloods who have been rolling high to brace up on a caffeine preparation that is strong enough to make a healthy man dizzy for an hour. Life is a-whiz with them, and a great many of them never have time to send for a doctor. It is not surprising that there are so many sudden deaths!

It does not make any difference if this successful republic did begin with 13 original states and some of its greatest achievements have been consummated on the 13th of the month, there still lingers a popular fear with reference to this number for bad omen. No hotel has room 13; and a Norwich manufacturing plant that had a room 13 had to change the number, although it was a room in which skilled mechanics were employed—they would take no risks! A recent dinner party of 14 was disconcerted because one guest was absent, and it was discovered that 13 were to sit at table. One guest declared he would not sit at table under such circumstances for $30, and to calm the party one of the waiters had to be made a guest for the occasion. Adults even in this age are afraid of bugaboos just as children often be.

An old grouch says that "many a man who denies that marriage is a failure has not the face to say that it is not a compromise." He does not seem to know that compromise is included in the art of progressive government. I should hardly dare venture assert this if there was not such eminent authority for it. If compromise is such a virtue in government as President Taft thinks, it must be a real merit in matrimonial affairs, so Old Grouch cannot make a taunt of it. I do not blame some women for desiring to compromise when they come to a realization of what they got out of the matrimonial game. I speak advisedly, for if life is a game, and politics is a game, matrimony loses no caste in being classed with them.

Now and then some one ventures to say that "we cannot all be perfect," in a sort of apologetic tone of voice, which suggests that it is excusable for man to have as many flaws as virtues. Now, is it? That commentator stops on the wrong period. The philosopher of Folly knew too much to stop there, for he added, "but we may at least strive to live up to the standard set us by dumb animals!" A policy of dumbness, or silence, at times, is not a bad policy. There is no better sign of wisdom than knowing when to keep still. Half the world makes trouble for the other half by its senseless prattle. Perfection is not what man is striving for, but pelf; and too many expect to buy a reserved site in the Celestial Kingdom instead of having it awarded for real treasures.

A great many people do not realize that self-love is essential, and not a sin. Self-love and selfishness are as wide-apart as the Antipodes. When the Saviour gave the world a new commandment, he said: "Love thy neighbor as thyself, and the Lord thy God with all thy heart." If a man did not love himself he would not know how to love his neighbor, for his love for himself was made the measure of his love for his neighbor, which must create a golden rule relationship. This recognition of self-love by the Saviour makes it divine, and it is the very love by which he must become a real brother of man and a true son of God. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and self-love seems to be the first measure for divine conduct. It is the open door to better things.

How things do wear out in this world. There was a day not so distant when things that were wearying used to be said to be "as long as a Thanksgiving sermon;" and so soon, the people do not know how long that was, for Thanksgiving discourses now are the shortest ever, in their unity, because they were once so long in their manifoldness—"longer," it was said, "than the moral law." This is natural, too, for somehow man goes from one extreme to another—from gulping food he has come to Fletcherizing it; from gulping milk he has come to sipping it. He has learned at last that his ears have their limit and that his stomach is not a catchall. He knows that a good thing may be made killing, and that time may be wasted in trying to make a good impression.

Whoever gave the popular name to the pussy willow had an intelligent idea of what they were doing, whether the name was the outcome of serious observation, or awakened humor. It does not suggest kittens except as it may be thought of as the child of a cat-kin; and it comes nearer to being a puss than a pussy—for a puss is a fur tippit; and this hardy flower is wrapped in fur like an Eskimo. The popular name fits it so well that artists have played with it, and their kitten-kin pictures have everywhere found popular favor, and poets have now and then ventured to write of its "silver sheen and fuzzy-fuz," and the willow looks prettier in its opening buds than in its tassled bloom. It is the one native flower that can sit in a snowdrift like a patient being cured of tuberculosis and not be injured by the experience. The swan is saddest when it sings, and this flower is prettiest before it blooms.

OVER THE CREST OF THE HILL

(Written for The Bulletin.)

When I was a little girl I used to be taken on long, beautiful country drives by my father, my place being close up against his left arm, while he held the reins. All sorts of thoughts and fancies and wonderments go on in the mind of a child. I remember that whenever we drove up a long steep hill I held my breath in the sure conviction that when we reached the top of it it would be the end of the world; there would be nothing more, and we would simply fall off into space. I remember how surprised I was to find the good road running on from the top of the hill and our carriage wheels bowling along it just the same. Yet when we came to the next steep ascent, my breath would catch in the same unreasoning fear. It was not until I was a bigger girl that I spoke of this, and was assured by my father that it was always safe to follow an open road. To this day, however, I have never wholly overcome that childish terror of apprehension. I never drive or motor up a long steep hill that the expectation of falling off into space does not clutch at me, and have to be laughed away. It gripped me in the days when I climbed mountains; and though I know better, just as I know that the earth revolves round the sun, yet the top of the hill ahead of me tightens my heart today as it did when I was a child.

All our fears are born of ignorance, and are to be conquered only by understanding. I love to see the sun rise in the east and set in the west, and I am glad that usage still retains this poetic imagery of expression. All the same, it is convenient to accept the scientific fact that the sun is in reality a fixed star. It was a happy day for me when it dawned upon my childish comprehension that to arrive at the top of a hill did not necessitate an immediate falling off into space. It was not from anything my father said that I arrived at this understanding. Long before he gave the quieting assurance that it was safe to follow the open road, I had drawn certain conclusions for myself; the most comforting being that what had never happened probably never would happen; that as we had risen safely over the crest of every hill we had ever climbed, only to find our familiar road rolling on and on, so, by analogy, there was never to be any falling off into space.

A child's mind is embarrassed with unformed thoughts and fancies and wonderments that he has no power to express. To begin with, he has no vocabulary. His few earliest words give voice to elementary needs only; he has no words for the pressure within him of the infinite. Moreover, from what I remember of my own childhood, and what I understand of the ways of little children, and out of my deep sympathy with them, I know they never seek to express the depths of what they feel and fear. Distinctly I remember, on the rare occasions that on coming from school I did not find my mother at home, how desolate the whole world seemed to me. I used to wait for her on the front door-step, for nothing would have induced me to stay inside the lonely house, and when I saw her coming I would run to meet her, glad and happy and with my world all right again. But it never occurred to me to tell her how desolate the house had seemed, nor how lonely I had been, nor how empty my world with her not in it. I had to grow up before I could tell her the thousandth part of what was in my heart for her; but, thank God, I did tell her a thousands times before she left me to go over the crest of the hill. With a child, speech and action are both spontaneous. He does not try to express himself; it would never occur to him to try. It is a mistake to suppose that children give expression to every thought and emotion; they give expression merely to their sensations. From the depths of the innermost of them, they are dumb. This is why too many of us fail to understand them; why, they are too often thrown back upon themselves to work out their own salvation; why, in so many cases, they are little dumb strangers to those who love them best.

I was a very small child in the days when I used to catch my breath and almost clutch at the reins to hold our old horse back;—but ofter I wonder if I am more than a grown-up child even now. Never have I climbed any hill of difficulty—and I have climbed innumerable hills—that I have not felt the same old childish dread of getting to the top, lest it should be the end, lest there be nothing more, save an inevitable falling off into space. Perhaps I am slower than others to learn; but slowly I am learning that always from the top of every hill, however wearily climbed, there stretches before us a broad expanse of "fresh fields and pastures new," along which, as far as the eye can see, we get our vision of the open road. I remember one day, years ago, when I was staggering up along a hard steep hill, feet bleeding and back bent to my burden, conscious only of that deathly clutch at my heart and the fear of falling off into space, that I chanced upon an inscription on a tablet in the wall of a little mountain church. I wish I could give the German words. As nearly as I can remember they were somewhat like this:

"Hitherto God hath helped;
God help us now;
God will always help."

Yes, just over the crest of the hill, lies the bright, new country toward which we are journeying and before us stretches the open road we are to see so clearly that we shall not doubt nor hesitate whereon to set our steps, but shall press forward with a song in our hearts. Like the child, we have to learn this for ourselves. Assurances and re-assurances from those older and wiser never come home to us with inner meaning, until we ourselves can put two and two together and have our faith on law. So, dear friends and neighbors mine, may we not know that beyond the top of that long hill we all are climbing, and over whose crest we watch one another disappear, there will greet us a wider, a nobler horizon, while spreads before us a pleasant and familiar country of trees and hills and running brooks, of fields and meadows and limitless skies, with our own open road still leading on from unknown height to height?

"Other heights in other lives, God willing."

THE RECLUSE.

SUNDAY MORNING TALK

The Skipping Habit.

"He's acquired the skipping habit," remarked a man in my hearing recently concerning a third person. "Do you mean," I inquired, "that he goes tripping down the street, as children now and then dance out to their play?" "I mean that he has learned to let some things go by." When I grasped the situation, I said: "Capital idea; I'll pass it along."

Now I am not going on to make a plea for superficiality. We have too much of that in American life. Men skim when they ought to dig. But the kind of skipping I would like to see more generally indulged in is that which puts one side certain things in the interest of certain others.

Watch people read newspapers. Here comes the daily with its rich freight of news, comment and miscellany. I have sat behind persons on railway trains who spent a whole hour on a single page and that page dealing with purely ephemeral matters. I should not get through my half a dozen newspapers a day unless I had learned to skip much of the matter, and I will frankly say that the pages I skip are the sporting page, the theatrical page and the columns dealing with scandals, elopements and similar tragedies. Not that I do not like to read now and then about a good ball game, just as I like occasionally to attend one. Not that I eschew altogether the theater, but these matters do not interest me as many others do. But I am a parson and look at things from a parson's point of view, and I would not for a moment intimate that my practice should be necessarily that of everybody else. Personally, I am glad that with all the multitude of interesting subjects pressing for attention today, I can leave one side certain large realms of interest, and thus save time and strength for other realms of thought and action.

But not to set myself up as an example, I would drive home this point, that everyone should select for himself certain matters to which he will be relatively indifferent, concerning which he will not talk and think much.

For this subject touches something more than our newspaper reading habits. Editors, in selecting matter for their columns do but cater to the well understood demands of their readers and furnish "stories" in quantity and quality corresponding to the popular taste. The place to begin skipping then is not the newspaper, but the personal life. What are some of the things we should let go by? We shall all agree if we think seriously enough that it is well to skip both in print and in daily life as much of the trivial as we can, all of the sensual and idle gossip as well, and innuendoes, backbiting and slander. Slights and injuries, whether real or fancied, are to be little emphasized and that which feeds morbidity and pessimism should certainly be passed by.

Then there are places and companionships which are to be skipped because they waste good time and perhaps good money, even if they are not all positively harmful. Busy people in particular who feel driven all the time should stop some of these drains upon strength and nervous force. A good time it is here near the outset of the year to foster the skipping habit, to close the door upon certain regions of thought and activity in order that our lives may become dearer, richer and purer. Plan to skip something these next few months. Have courage to let it go by. Save yourself for the bigger things, the larger work of building an ideal home or a noble character or of purifying an neighborhood or a city, or for your proper share in the world's uplift.

THE PARSON.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Charles Klein's "The Next of Kin" has joined "The Daughters of Men" in the storehouse.

Edwin Holland has been engaged to support John Mason in his new play, "None So Blind."

Once more it is said that William Collier is going to London to play, this time in his newest success, "The Lucky Star," which made a big hit in New York.

Baroness von Hutton, author of "Pam" and many other novels, has been acting in London with a view to learning stage technic so that she can write plays.

Bessie Wynn has deserted vaudeville and gone back to musical comedy. She is now in the cast of "M'ss Nobody from Starland," which is playing in Chicago.

Henry B. Harris announces that James Forbes' new comedy, "The Commuters," which Mr. Forbes has finished, will have its premier on April 18, at Atlantic City.

Maurice Campbell, the husband of Henrietta Crosman, has been trying his hand at play-making and has adapted a French farce which he has called "Where There's a Will."

Alexander Konta, who made one of the English versions of Molnar's play, "The Devil," has secured the rights of another Hungarian drama, said to be equally good. It is called "The Typhoon."

All New York and Chicago as well is laughing at "Seven Days," the new comedy which Wagonhals & Kemper offer simultaneously in New York at the Astor, and at the Illinois theater, Chicago.

Mme. Bertha Kalich, the noted actress, has been engaged as a member of the New theater company and will make her first appearance Feb. 192 in "The Witch," a remarkable drama adapted by Prof. Hermann Kagedorn of Harvard university from the Norwegian of H. Viers-Jenesen.

Prof. Lowie of the American Museum of natural history, Central Park and Seventy-seventh street, has made a plaster cast of the head of Kiwi Amohau, leading chief of the tribe of Maoris now appearing at the New York Hippodrome. The cast will be added to the New Zealand collection of the museum and later other casts will be made from the heads of several of the women of the tribe.

George Rogovoy is first 'cellist of Oscar Hammerstein's Philadelphia opera house orchestra. He was formerly with Walter Damrosch's New York symphony orchestra, and previous to that in the Imeprial orchestra in St. Petersburg. The New York Review says: "There is no doubt about the high quality of Mr. Rogovoy's talent, that he will soon be one of the most prominent artists in this country."

Urban Movement of Population.

Massachusetts has a commission which has been undertaking to find out why people move from the country to town and how they can be induced to retrace their steps. Its conclusion in brief is that they go to town because they like it, and there is little the state can do in the matter. Four of the five members do not think the state should buy land, build houses and then invite the city dwelling to buy on easy terms. But they do think something can be done to increase suburban life by borrowing the garden city idea which has achieved the substantial results in Germany and which has been adopted with success by several English towns.

There is another reason why people move from the country to the town. To be a farmer is to be a capitalist in a small way. Three thousand dollars is a low estimate of the value of a farmhouse, stock and implements. Of course a man can get a farm on a mortgage. Bue even a thousand dollars is considerable for a man to get together as a farm laborer, so that he can transform himself into a farm owner. He may hire, and more and more of that is going on all the time; but the rent is a good deal more certain than the proceeds. The farm laborer finds it difficult to get employment during the winter and he goes to town and seeks a job that goes on at all seasons.—Philadelphia Record.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Let Us Have the Truth.

Mr. Editor: I noticed in today's (Friday's) issue, this paragraph, "Retailers Not Responsible," and goes joyfully on to say that if there is anything about "Meat prices" the retailers are surely not responsible (of course not, it is always the other fellow, every time). We will admit, however, that the Meat trust is in a large measure to blame (but not quite wholly) for the outrageous retail high prices of meat. We are also willing to admit that the retailer is, to a large extent, in the clutches of the Meat trust and has to depend largely on them for their supplies, which means, Pay their prices! and a high cost to the retailer means a high price to the consumer. We have no feeling for the trust and it certainly does not need any. It has demonstrated for years its capacity to look out for itself and to gather in most of our dollars, and we have also noticed that while the retailer is naturally such a modest fellow he has at last forgotten it and has been booming prices along without much thought of the consumer and there is no knowing how long this would have continued if the people had not at last become aroused and a national boycott of meats started all over the country.

Another statement the writer made—that it is notorious that retailers are forbidden to buy domestic cattle and if they did they would be penalized. Now, Mr. Reader, this statement is false. The facts of the case are that 85 per cent. of the retailers know nothing whatever about dressing cattle and would know no more what to do with a live steer than a white elephant. In the second place, the majority of the retailers have no necessary conveniences for dressing cattle and have learned to depend wholly on the refrigerators; but the retailer could buy cattle if he chose just as well as he could potatoes, and no risk of being penalized. Give us the truth in these matters.

"ONE WHO KNOWS."

Norwich, Jan. 28, 1910.

Forestalled.

William A. Pinkerton was talking in Chicago about the interesting statistics of his recently published report.

"Yes, it is true," Mr. Pinkerton said, "that we catch the criminal more frequently than we used to. It is true, too, that knowing the criminal's ways, we forestall him—we take preventive measures that reduce crime enormously.

"We are like," he resumed, "the Delmar deacon. This deacon was passing the collection plate one Sunday morning. When he came to a certain penurious Delmar citizen he noticed that the man extended toward the plate, not a hand with a coin displayed between finger and thumb, but a tightly closed fist.

"The deacon frowned at the fist, and jerked the plate back from it.

"'Give it to me, Mr. Keene,' he whispered audibly. 'One has just come off my vest.'"—Philadelphia Record.

BROADWAY THEATRE Mon., Tues., Wed., Jan. 31, Feb. 1, 2

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