

Norwich Bulletin and Couplet.

114 YEARS OLD. Subscription price, 12c a week; 50c a month; \$5.00 a year.

Entered at the Postoffice at Norwich, Conn., as second-class matter.

Telephone Office, 110. Bulletin Editorial Room, 25-1. Business Office, 25-2. Williams Office, Room 3. Murray Building, Telephone, 213.

Norwich, Wednesday, April 6, 1910.

GOING BACK TO THE FARMS.

The worst charge which has been made against the agricultural colleges has been that the graduates are farmers.

MILLIONS OF HOGS LESS.

There are millions of hogs who might easily be spared, but they are the hogs of the parlor not of the pen.

THE WARM-HEARTED.

After the chill Peary suffered in Georgia he succumbed to the southern elements and his mind to the warm-hearted west.

PROSPERITY FROM A CAR WINDOW.

When prosperity is so general that it is noted at the rate of forty-five miles an hour from a car window it must have a pretty good head on.

THE UNCHASTENABLE CANNON.

Joseph Cannon is of many years and full of the scars of political battles. He has accepted defeat slowly and painfully.

THE SUGAR TRUST HAS DEBARRED 200 OF ITS OLD WORKMEN.

The sugar trust has debarréd 200 of its old workmen, because "it wants in its employ only the best it can get."

DR. COOKE TRUSS CO.

My Patented Automatic Truss for rupture never fails. Consultation free. Write for free book on rupture. Parlor reserved for lady patients.

THE DR. COOKE TRUSS CO.

will be at the WAUREGAN HOTEL, Main and Broadway, Norwich, Conn., April 6th, from 10 a. m. until 9.30 p. m.

ALFRED C. COOKE,

Rupture Specialist. All kinds in their season. Good and Clean. Prices Right.

FRESH FISH.

All kinds in their season. Good and Clean. Prices Right. E. T. LADD, Agent.

FUNERAL ORDERS

Artistically Arranged by HUNT . . . The Florist. Tel. 150. Lafayette Street. Justified

WM. FRISWELL, 27 Franklin St.

BAKERY. We are confident our Pies, Cakes and Bread cannot be excelled. Give us a trial order.

THE NEW LONDON Business College

HUNDREDS of young men and women have obtained the foundation—the basic principles of success by a course of instruction in our school.

THE NEW LONDON Business College

WHEN you want to put your business before the public, there is no more dignified better idea than the advertisement columns of this Bulletin.

AS THEY ARGUE IN IOWA.

Out in Iowa they think the New England issue is of more importance than Cannonism and the Des Moines Capital feels sure that no congressman should be chosen until it is known how he stands on the question.

The New England states have the factories, Iowa has the corn, beef, butter, pork, eggs, etc.

There has been a faction in the work working harmoniously with the New England contingent and we want to know if that relationship is to continue.

In Iowa, the issue ought to be in relation to continuing the good prices now paid for all our products.

This shows how sectional tariff issues are, and that we must stand or fall together on this issue as present.

FARMING VACANT LOTS.

A remarkable work is being done by the Philadelphia Vacant Lots association in providing "farms" for persons who wish to raise their own garden truck.

There are at present about 450 families who are now raising vegetables on the vacant lots in the city.

With many misgivings was her first manuscript sent on its journey, and Betty thought her heart must break when it came back, rejected with the usual thanks.

Now my career has begun," she murmured happily, "and I know I will be a success, even if it takes years to accomplish. The folks at home may laugh at me, but I will show them what I can do."

She thought of the little home in the factory town and of the heavy mortgage encumbering it, and how hard it had been sometimes to scrape together the money to pay it.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Republican Who Smiles.

Mr. Editor: I have not been able to stop smiling since I read in "The Bulletin" of the appointment of Mayor Lippitt.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Andrew Carnegie should not get angry at his time of life if he expects to live to be a hundred.

Carnegie says: "Politics made Pittsburgh rotten!" Pray what made politics the cause of corruption?

The wood fires all over New England attest how dry it is. Unless we have heavy rains the loss promises to be unacceptably great.

Congressman Hobson would have automobile roads a fifth of a mile wide. Some drivers couldn't pass them without colliding!

A Danish prince has decided to become a farmer. Wonder if he knows that all American farmers are independent sovereigns.

Our multi-millionaires and the representatives of predatory wealth would feel proud if they could cut the swath abroad that Roosevelt does.

Wu Ting Fang has settled down as the Chinese ambassador to France. He'll cross examine all of Paris if he remains there a year or two.

The Unchastenable Cannon. Joseph Cannon is of many years and full of the scars of political battles.

An Indiana judge pronounced the final edict that the bank cashier who had been sentenced had sunk to the lowest depth of depravity when he tried to put it all on his brother. Strange that he did not think to ask the court: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

The Sugar trust has debarréd 200 of its old workmen, because "it wants in its employ only the best it can get."

Professor Lowell says that the tale of the comet is "the nearest approach to nothing set in the midst of naught."

There are those who doubt Roosevelt's ability to settle down and forget politics while he is writing history.

Dr. Wiley has joined the class who believe in a crime to have a cold; but they all have them.

The ideal sites on the Connecticut shore are now being talked up. There are some beautiful spots.

THE BULLETIN'S DAILY STORY THE ASPIRATIONS OF BETTINA

The whistle of the factory emitted a series of deafening shrieks, the roar of the machinery gradually subsided and the huge doors were thrown open as a weary stream of humanity came forth through the glass walls into the dim twilight of the spring night.

There goes our Lady Betty, head up in her hair as usual, shouted one of the factory hands, as a tall, intelligent looking girl made her way hurriedly through the crowd.

To these and similar remarks the lady referred to paid no attention, except to cast a glance of withering scorn upon her fellow employees.

And to think she has made herself so fashionable in the city. How did she do it? Well, her environments at that time were certainly not those calculated to inspire ambition.

But Betty cared not for the praises of the world, and that night, as she sat in the midnight train, rumbling noisily toward the little home town, she thought only of the words of love from the dear mother and the dear father.

Now my career has begun," she murmured happily, "and I know I will be a success, even if it takes years to accomplish. The folks at home may laugh at me, but I will show them what I can do."

She thought of the little home in the factory town and of the heavy mortgage encumbering it, and how hard it had been sometimes to scrape together the money to pay it.

With many misgivings was her first manuscript sent on its journey, and Betty thought her heart must break when it came back, rejected with the usual thanks.

Now my career has begun," she murmured happily, "and I know I will be a success, even if it takes years to accomplish. The folks at home may laugh at me, but I will show them what I can do."

She thought of the little home in the factory town and of the heavy mortgage encumbering it, and how hard it had been sometimes to scrape together the money to pay it.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Republican Who Smiles.

Mr. Editor: I have not been able to stop smiling since I read in "The Bulletin" of the appointment of Mayor Lippitt.

Carnegie says: "Politics made Pittsburgh rotten!" Pray what made politics the cause of corruption?

The wood fires all over New England attest how dry it is. Unless we have heavy rains the loss promises to be unacceptably great.

Congressman Hobson would have automobile roads a fifth of a mile wide. Some drivers couldn't pass them without colliding!

A Danish prince has decided to become a farmer. Wonder if he knows that all American farmers are independent sovereigns.

Our multi-millionaires and the representatives of predatory wealth would feel proud if they could cut the swath abroad that Roosevelt does.

Wu Ting Fang has settled down as the Chinese ambassador to France. He'll cross examine all of Paris if he remains there a year or two.

The Unchastenable Cannon. Joseph Cannon is of many years and full of the scars of political battles.

An Indiana judge pronounced the final edict that the bank cashier who had been sentenced had sunk to the lowest depth of depravity when he tried to put it all on his brother. Strange that he did not think to ask the court: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

The Sugar trust has debarréd 200 of its old workmen, because "it wants in its employ only the best it can get."

Professor Lowell says that the tale of the comet is "the nearest approach to nothing set in the midst of naught."

There are those who doubt Roosevelt's ability to settle down and forget politics while he is writing history.

Dr. Wiley has joined the class who believe in a crime to have a cold; but they all have them.

The ideal sites on the Connecticut shore are now being talked up. There are some beautiful spots.

THE BULLETIN'S DAILY STORY THE ASPIRATIONS OF BETTINA

The whistle of the factory emitted a series of deafening shrieks, the roar of the machinery gradually subsided and the huge doors were thrown open as a weary stream of humanity came forth through the glass walls into the dim twilight of the spring night.

There goes our Lady Betty, head up in her hair as usual, shouted one of the factory hands, as a tall, intelligent looking girl made her way hurriedly through the crowd.

To these and similar remarks the lady referred to paid no attention, except to cast a glance of withering scorn upon her fellow employees.

And to think she has made herself so fashionable in the city. How did she do it? Well, her environments at that time were certainly not those calculated to inspire ambition.

But Betty cared not for the praises of the world, and that night, as she sat in the midnight train, rumbling noisily toward the little home town, she thought only of the words of love from the dear mother and the dear father.

Now my career has begun," she murmured happily, "and I know I will be a success, even if it takes years to accomplish. The folks at home may laugh at me, but I will show them what I can do."

She thought of the little home in the factory town and of the heavy mortgage encumbering it, and how hard it had been sometimes to scrape together the money to pay it.

With many misgivings was her first manuscript sent on its journey, and Betty thought her heart must break when it came back, rejected with the usual thanks.

Now my career has begun," she murmured happily, "and I know I will be a success, even if it takes years to accomplish. The folks at home may laugh at me, but I will show them what I can do."

She thought of the little home in the factory town and of the heavy mortgage encumbering it, and how hard it had been sometimes to scrape together the money to pay it.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Republican Who Smiles.

Mr. Editor: I have not been able to stop smiling since I read in "The Bulletin" of the appointment of Mayor Lippitt.

Carnegie says: "Politics made Pittsburgh rotten!" Pray what made politics the cause of corruption?

The wood fires all over New England attest how dry it is. Unless we have heavy rains the loss promises to be unacceptably great.

Congressman Hobson would have automobile roads a fifth of a mile wide. Some drivers couldn't pass them without colliding!

A Danish prince has decided to become a farmer. Wonder if he knows that all American farmers are independent sovereigns.

Our multi-millionaires and the representatives of predatory wealth would feel proud if they could cut the swath abroad that Roosevelt does.

Wu Ting Fang has settled down as the Chinese ambassador to France. He'll cross examine all of Paris if he remains there a year or two.

The Unchastenable Cannon. Joseph Cannon is of many years and full of the scars of political battles.

An Indiana judge pronounced the final edict that the bank cashier who had been sentenced had sunk to the lowest depth of depravity when he tried to put it all on his brother. Strange that he did not think to ask the court: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

The Sugar trust has debarréd 200 of its old workmen, because "it wants in its employ only the best it can get."

Professor Lowell says that the tale of the comet is "the nearest approach to nothing set in the midst of naught."

There are those who doubt Roosevelt's ability to settle down and forget politics while he is writing history.

Dr. Wiley has joined the class who believe in a crime to have a cold; but they all have them.

The ideal sites on the Connecticut shore are now being talked up. There are some beautiful spots.

THE BULLETIN'S DAILY STORY THE ASPIRATIONS OF BETTINA

The whistle of the factory emitted a series of deafening shrieks, the roar of the machinery gradually subsided and the huge doors were thrown open as a weary stream of humanity came forth through the glass walls into the dim twilight of the spring night.

There goes our Lady Betty, head up in her hair as usual, shouted one of the factory hands, as a tall, intelligent looking girl made her way hurriedly through the crowd.

To these and similar remarks the lady referred to paid no attention, except to cast a glance of withering scorn upon her fellow employees.

And to think she has made herself so fashionable in the city. How did she do it? Well, her environments at that time were certainly not those calculated to inspire ambition.

But Betty cared not for the praises of the world, and that night, as she sat in the midnight train, rumbling noisily toward the little home town, she thought only of the words of love from the dear mother and the dear father.

Now my career has begun," she murmured happily, "and I know I will be a success, even if it takes years to accomplish. The folks at home may laugh at me, but I will show them what I can do."

She thought of the little home in the factory town and of the heavy mortgage encumbering it, and how hard it had been sometimes to scrape together the money to pay it.

With many misgivings was her first manuscript sent on its journey, and Betty thought her heart must break when it came back, rejected with the usual thanks.

Now my career has begun," she murmured happily, "and I know I will be a success, even if it takes years to accomplish. The folks at home may laugh at me, but I will show them what I can do."

She thought of the little home in the factory town and of the heavy mortgage encumbering it, and how hard it had been sometimes to scrape together the money to pay it.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Republican Who Smiles.

Mr. Editor: I have not been able to stop smiling since I read in "The Bulletin" of the appointment of Mayor Lippitt.

Carnegie says: "Politics made Pittsburgh rotten!" Pray what made politics the cause of corruption?

The wood fires all over New England attest how dry it is. Unless we have heavy rains the loss promises to be unacceptably great.

Congressman Hobson would have automobile roads a fifth of a mile wide. Some drivers couldn't pass them without colliding!

A Danish prince has decided to become a farmer. Wonder if he knows that all American farmers are independent sovereigns.

Our multi-millionaires and the representatives of predatory wealth would feel proud if they could cut the swath abroad that Roosevelt does.

Wu Ting Fang has settled down as the Chinese ambassador to France. He'll cross examine all of Paris if he remains there a year or two.

The Unchastenable Cannon. Joseph Cannon is of many years and full of the scars of political battles.

An Indiana judge pronounced the final edict that the bank cashier who had been sentenced had sunk to the lowest depth of depravity when he tried to put it all on his brother. Strange that he did not think to ask the court: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

The Sugar trust has debarréd 200 of its old workmen, because "it wants in its employ only the best it can get."

Professor Lowell says that the tale of the comet is "the nearest approach to nothing set in the midst of naught."

There are those who doubt Roosevelt's ability to settle down and forget politics while he is writing history.

Dr. Wiley has joined the class who believe in a crime to have a cold; but they all have them.

The ideal sites on the Connecticut shore are now being talked up. There are some beautiful spots.

THE BULLETIN'S DAILY STORY THE ASPIRATIONS OF BETTINA

The whistle of the factory emitted a series of deafening shrieks, the roar of the machinery gradually subsided and the huge doors were thrown open as a weary stream of humanity came forth through the glass walls into the dim twilight of the spring night.

There goes our Lady Betty, head up in her hair as usual, shouted one of the factory hands, as a tall, intelligent looking girl made her way hurriedly through the crowd.

To these and similar remarks the lady referred to paid no attention, except to cast a glance of withering scorn upon her fellow employees.

And to think she has made herself so fashionable in the city. How did she do it? Well, her environments at that time were certainly not those calculated to inspire ambition.

But Betty cared not for the praises of the world, and that night, as she sat in the midnight train, rumbling noisily toward the little home town, she thought only of the words of love from the dear mother and the dear father.

Now my career has begun," she murmured happily, "and I know I will be a success, even if it takes years to accomplish. The folks at home may laugh at me, but I will show them what I can do."

She thought of the little home in the factory town and of the heavy mortgage encumbering it, and how hard it had been sometimes to scrape together the money to pay it.

With many misgivings was her first manuscript sent on its journey, and Betty thought her heart must break when it came back, rejected with the usual thanks.

Now my career has begun," she murmured happily, "and I know I will be a success, even if it takes years to accomplish. The folks at home may laugh at me, but I will show them what I can do."

She thought of the little home in the factory town and of the heavy mortgage encumbering it, and how hard it had been sometimes to scrape together the money to pay it.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Republican Who Smiles.

Mr. Editor: I have not been able to stop smiling since I read in "The Bulletin" of the appointment of Mayor Lippitt.

Carnegie says: "Politics made Pittsburgh rotten!" Pray what made politics the cause of corruption?

The wood fires all over New England attest how dry it is. Unless we have heavy rains the loss promises to be unacceptably great.

Congressman Hobson would have automobile roads a fifth of a mile wide. Some drivers couldn't pass them without colliding!

A Danish prince has decided to become a farmer. Wonder if he knows that all American farmers are independent sovereigns.

Our multi-millionaires and the representatives of predatory wealth would feel proud if they could cut the swath abroad that Roosevelt does.

Wu Ting Fang has settled down as the Chinese ambassador to France. He'll cross examine all of Paris if he remains there a year or two.

The Unchastenable Cannon. Joseph Cannon is of many years and full of the scars of political battles.

An Indiana judge pronounced the final edict that the bank cashier who had been sentenced had sunk to the lowest depth of depravity when he tried to put it all on his brother. Strange that he did not think to ask the court: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

The Sugar trust has debarréd 200 of its old workmen, because "it wants in its employ only the best it can get."

Professor Lowell says that the tale of the comet is "the nearest approach to nothing set in the midst of naught."

There are those who doubt Roosevelt's ability to settle down and forget politics while he is writing history.

Dr. Wiley has joined the class who believe in a crime to have a cold; but they all have them.

The ideal sites on the Connecticut shore are now being talked up. There are some beautiful spots.

THE BULLETIN'S DAILY STORY THE ASPIRATIONS OF BETTINA

The whistle of the factory emitted a series of deafening shrieks, the roar of the machinery gradually subsided and the huge doors were thrown open as a weary stream of humanity came forth through the glass walls into the dim twilight of the spring night.

There goes our Lady Betty, head up in her hair as usual, shouted one of the factory hands, as a tall, intelligent looking girl made her way hurriedly through the crowd.

To these and similar remarks the lady referred to paid no attention, except to cast a glance of withering scorn upon her fellow employees.

And to think she has made herself so fashionable in the city. How did she do it? Well, her environments at that time were certainly not those calculated to inspire ambition.

But Betty cared not for the praises of the world, and that night, as she sat in the midnight train, rumbling noisily toward the little home town, she thought only of the words of love from the dear mother and the dear father.

Now my career has begun," she murmured happily, "and I know I will be a success, even if it takes years to accomplish. The folks at home may laugh at me, but I will show them what I can do."

She thought of the little home in the factory town and of the heavy mortgage encumbering it, and how hard it had been sometimes to scrape together the money to pay it.

With many misgivings was her first manuscript sent on its journey, and Betty thought her heart must break when it came back, rejected with the usual thanks.

Now my career has begun," she murmured happily, "and I know I will be a success, even if it takes years to accomplish. The folks at home may laugh at me, but I will show them what I can do."

She thought of the little home in the factory town and of the heavy mortgage encumbering it, and how hard it had been sometimes to scrape together the money to pay it.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Republican Who Smiles.

Mr. Editor: I have not been able to stop smiling since I read in "The Bulletin" of the appointment of Mayor Lippitt.

Carnegie says: "Politics made Pittsburgh rotten!" Pray what made politics the cause of corruption?

The wood fires all over New England attest how dry it is. Unless we have heavy rains the loss promises to be unacceptably great.

Congressman Hobson would have automobile roads a fifth of a mile wide. Some drivers couldn't pass them without colliding!

A Danish prince has decided to become a farmer. Wonder if he knows that all American farmers are independent sovereigns.

Our multi-millionaires and the representatives of predatory wealth would feel proud if they could cut the swath abroad that Roosevelt does.

Wu Ting Fang has settled down as the Chinese ambassador to France. He'll cross examine all of Paris if he remains there a year or two.

The Unchastenable Cannon. Joseph Cannon is of many years and full of the scars of political battles.

An Indiana judge pronounced the final edict that the bank cashier who had been sentenced had sunk to the lowest depth of depravity when he tried to put it all on his brother. Strange that he did not think to ask the court: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

The Sugar trust has debarréd 200 of its old workmen, because "it wants in its employ only the best it can get."

Professor Lowell says that the tale of the comet is "the nearest approach to nothing set in the midst of naught."

There are those who doubt Roosevelt's ability to settle down and forget politics while he is writing history.

Dr. Wiley has joined the class who believe in a crime to have a cold; but they all have them.

The ideal sites on the Connecticut shore are now being talked up. There are some beautiful spots.

THE BULLETIN'S DAILY STORY THE ASPIRATIONS OF BETTINA

The whistle of the factory emitted a series of deafening shrieks, the roar of the machinery gradually subsided and the huge doors were thrown open as a weary stream of humanity came forth through the glass walls into the dim twilight of the spring night.

There goes our Lady Betty, head up in her hair as usual, shouted one of the factory hands, as a tall, intelligent looking girl made her way hurriedly through the crowd.

To these and similar remarks the lady referred to paid no attention, except to cast a glance of withering scorn upon her fellow employees.

And to think she has made herself so fashionable in the city. How did she do it? Well, her environments at that time were certainly not those calculated to inspire ambition.

But Betty cared not for the praises of the world, and that night, as she sat in the midnight train, rumbling noisily toward the little home town, she thought only of the words of love from the dear mother and the dear father.

Now my career has begun," she murmured happily, "and I know I will be a success, even if it takes years to accomplish. The