

Norwich Bulletin and Courier.

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Norwich, Saturday, June 4, 1910.

REPUBLICAN CITY TICKET.

For Mayor, ALBERT S. COMSTOCK.

For Aldermen, C. EDLIE HICKKINS, HERBERT M. LEROU.

For Councilmen, BARZILLAI P. BISHOP, A. CHARLES HATTI, STEPHEN BEVES, JOHN HEATH.

For City Clerk, ARTHUR G. CROWELL.

For City Treasurer, IRA L. PECK.

For City Sheriff, GEORGE O. HARRIS, GEORGE W. ROUSE.

For Water Commissioner, ANSEL A. BECKWITH.

A LITTLE TREACHERY.

The Bulletin learns that a republican official in the Sixth district is co-operating with the democrats to sell out the republican nominee for alderman, Herbert M. Lerou.

Mr. Lerou was elected to the court of common council in June, 1905, and appointed to the board of police commissioners in 1905, and again in 1906.

He secured the information which led up to the investigation of the management of Tantic cemetery in 1906, and the dismissal of the superintendent's dismissal for inefficiency in June of the same year.

Mr. Lerou is an active, clean, conscientious public servant, and he is in the field now at the solicitation of his party because of his worth as a citizen and excellence as a councilman.

He is not the kind of a candidate to be made a victim of by the treacherous conduct of men of less manhood and less honor and we hope the conscientious citizens of the Sixth district and of all other districts will see that the plot to defeat him does not succeed.

INCREASING GRAND LIST AND TAXES.

The grand list of the city of Norwich has since 1870 increased about \$4,000,000, or 50 per cent, and the tax reached the highest point in the history of the city in 1901 when it was made 15 mills on a list a million and three-fourths greater than the list of 1870, when the city tax was 6 mills.

While the tax list has gained 50 per cent the tax rate has increased 65 per cent. In 1904 the tax was made 9 mills on a grand list of \$11,356,649 and the year closed with a deficit of \$50,000, and an 11 1/2 mill tax was laid the following year to meet the current expenses and wipe out this floating debt.

There doesn't seem to be so much difference between a professional trader and a labor union. The trust can teach the union how to soak people.

The hours of the city election were not designed to give labor more than a short-cut to the polls. The polls do not open until 9 o'clock Monday.

A Pekin paper is about to celebrate its one-thousandth anniversary. It is too old to review its own career. Time and space will not permit.

The first June bride was married at 12:02 on Wednesday morning. She was a college girl who planned to lead the bridal procession in the month of roses.

If John Bull had taken the good advice that has been given him in the past quarter-century he would not now have been regarded as such an easy mark.

When you read of the course taken by a balloon don't you wonder why they call the man in it a "pilot"?—In- dianapolis News. Sure. The way he signs here and there he should be called a skipper—Portland Express.

Why not call him a chauffeur, since he sits at the wheel ready to take the worst his run has to offer?

The calling of a special city meeting by the Bulletin on Friday morning was not a flight of the imagination but just a fluke resulting from misdirection. The sentiment of the article upon a new charter was the real thing, and will apply to the regular meeting, just as well. The Bulletin might apologize to the citizens who were misled, was not walking one of the healthiest exercises known to man. Walk and the world walks with you, walk and you will alone.

Uncle Eben's Wisdom. "De man dat wants to learn by experience," said Uncle Eben, "is liable to put in his precious time gettin' cured of a mule kick, while de man dat used common sense is gettin' his corn planted."

Worst of the Species. There are 240,000 different species of insects on the earth. Some are so small that 400 of them are only equal in size to a grain of sand, but the worst kind weigh about 175, wear clothes and walk around.—Exchange.

"Bearing the Bell" in England. To "bear the bell" is a phrase derived from the custom of giving a bell as the prize at running matches in England. A little golden bell was given at York, England, as a reward of victory, in 1087.

Immigration into this country reached the high water mark during 1907.

THE INCREASED EXPENSES.

The voters should realize that an increase of permanent expenses leaves no chance to levy lighter taxes. The cost of the fire department has more than doubled, the cost of the police department has been advanced permanently by the pension system, there are new park expenses, the school system is constantly making larger demands upon the people, and because of recent extravagance by the legislature a state tax now has to be paid. This state tax amounts to about a half-million upon the grand list, but added to other permanent expenses is a burden that is felt. The responsibility for these permanent advances is chargeable to both parties and to the times in which we live; but a care should be exercised to keep permanent expenses down; and to see that the tax funds are economically spent. The interest rate by refunding has been cut down commensurably, and the pledge of a party that has made as good a showing as the republicans have made in the past two years should be accepted by the people.

A YEAR OF GREAT FLIGHTS.

The summer of 1910 promises to be a season of achievements in air navigation, as has been shown by the three great flights recently made—the flight of Paulhan from London to Manchester, England, the flight of Curtiss from Albany to New York city, and the flight of Rolls from England to France and back across the English channel without stopping, in a Wright biplane. These were all daring and record-breaking flights, and they fore-shadow a season in this direction without a parallel. It is likely that flights may be attempted from New York to Washington and from New York to Chicago; and it would not be surprising if the Rochester man who announces his intention to fly across Lake Ontario should succeed; or if some one should capture the prize for a flight from New York to St. Louis. There is no foretelling what the flying machines may do in the next few months. The biplane ought to work the fairs in the fall, since it would be a great drawing card.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Happy thought for today: The man who knows his duty and does it is a good citizen.

Persons who take themselves too seriously create an amusing atmosphere for others.

President Taft appears to be the great American example to all the Don't Worry clubs.

If the Culebra cut doesn't behave itself better it will become a problem for the civil engineers.

Under the law Glenn Curtiss really had no legal claim to that \$10,000, for he did the stunt on Sunday.

San Francisco and New Orleans will both celebrate the opening of the Panama canal with an exposition.

When June opened, the open trolley car sought the barn, but the first heat wave will bring it out again.

Chicago proposes an exclusive club made up of the octogenarians who have seen Halley's comet twice.

An aviator appears to be in no danger of being sunstruck. He usually complains of suffering from the cold.

Who can say that the bags of gold hung up for aviators may not bring profitable business to surgeons or undertakers?

The rich youth who rushes penniless out into the world to get a living finds that recognition is not prompt or returns sudden.

The man who mows the lawn is surprised to note how the dandelion shortens up its stem after renewing its growth to cast its seed.

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THE MAN WHO TALKS

There are two definitions of man at present—the religious and the scientific; and it is surprising how far apart they be. The church teaches man is the noblest work of God, a sentiment which has attained a permanent place in the heart and in the conceit of man. The scientist teaches man is a machine, imperfect and as fuel for disease. It professes to make man immortal by the use of a machine, which, if their theory is correct, God doesn't do. Both definitions are accepted by religious people without noting the incongruity of the matter. That if this is true the power of man is exalted above the power of God. What thinking person would seriously think that God has filled the earth with diseases to menace, afflict and destroy his noblest work?

What a difference there is in folks! Although the command is to help one another, some have attained to a manner and some a soothing manner. Some people embarrass you and others soothe you by their very presence. Some it is good to be absent from, others it is good to be with. Mrs. Blaine said in one of her letters: "I would rather quicken my faith by five minutes' talk with a man who is listening to live sermons upon the immortality of the soul." All this means is that the man who talks in a manner and some a soothing manner, never mind how able or sincere it is, often defeats the purpose of the talker. The mind is not to be improved by listening to five sermons upon the heart that loves us impresses us more than the heart that would teach us the way. Being on the level is better than being on a hobby-horse in any work.

Perhaps you have not realized how many moons the people have created by analogy. They have the blue moon, the silver moon, the herb moon, and the honey-moon. There are also "once in a blue moon" are attended to twice a year. The silver moon glitters in the moon of little-tattle, not of the moon of them all, generally understood, but really indefinable because they are not the same. The moon is like. Perhaps you have never been delighted by a glade-moon, which makes the lanes on the ocean by which craft and disappear to those who sit upon the beach. It is generally conceded that moonlight, for the lane of light on the sea, is one of the prettiest words in the English language.

I suppose we are all victims of the tricks of the tongue. The commercial walks of life the men who can do the other fellow legitimately and oftenest are the best fellows. While schemers and tricks often go hand in hand, they are not of the same cloth, for achievement is blighted by trickery; and the man who achieves his goal by real achievement gives him high repute. Commercialism is full of penny and two penny tricks—underweight, undermeasure and under-quantity. It is easy some one in consequence counts ill-gotten gain. The greedy man thinks it is only a little here and a little there, in looking at the little gains, but the gains often bears upon his conscience when he has no fear of the law. It is not to be morally clean, since soap and water has no power to make white a man besmirched with little dishonesties.

A little money or a little fame make some people very interesting to folks who have neither. It has been said that if you have money and fame introduced to seldom forget your name; but then, your enemies have just as tenacious a memory of you as you have of your fallings. There is a sort of indelicacy to the meanness of others the moment that it is practiced upon us—only the material can forget. There are many better things that could dwell in memory and be more pleasurable and profitable to us. Only a few have learned to forget the evil acts of others and to cherish the good for good's sake, but all may. Men are busy to be kind to those who are alive, and it takes two to do it, just as it takes two to make trouble. The wise form better partnerships.

One day the past week I saw the first humming bird of the season enter the tube of a yellow iris and remain a long green throat glistened brighter than ever. Then I recalled that I was just as pleased when I saw the first bluebird, and robin, and wren, and oriole, and swallow. If the birds do not add to the galaxy of the nations, they do lend a charm to the world, for those who are awake to the beautiful. The first flower, the first toad, are always welcome, too. They mark the advance of the calendar, and are more salubrious and more fruitful part of the year. Cats do not seem to keep the birds away, and the well fed domestic cat is too lazy to catch birds or mice. Life to such cats passes from a ferocious pursuit of mice and a dream of salmon from the can instead of featherless birds in a high nest. Cats, too, court a life of leisure.

We know that man abuses his stomach until he invalids himself and abuses his mind by lending it to unprofitable and unwholesome work, hate and fear. The scripture says: "Whoever things are true, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." The advertiser and the grudge and the hoodlum are not the things that worth lending one's mind to. The person who knows the worth of love does not fool with venom, which is of the serpent. The scripture teaches us how to keep the heart and head working well together. It is a simple rule. It is the way to know the truth, the truth that makes you free. This passage should be accepted as practical. Instead of preaching christian sentiment, and then, it will prove its own practicality and force.

The burglar never tries to break into society, because when he makes a break he wants it to result in something worth while. If a burglar had everything that he needed, but society perhaps he would take a risk in that direction. Society is not the acme of anything but a vain ambition; and it is better than the best of those who represent it. Society, I have found is simply human. If the burglar does not break into the consciousness of the fact that he is society, God's mess never has flocked by itself, and never will. Goodness much oftener lights up our places than society. It is only different—and oftentimes it is prudent to live from it. There is no use of searching for society, for if you have the dough you can make it, and it is not likely to be the better of the world for the sake of the dough. Any real use for you it will seek you—so what's the use of trying to break in?

I wonder if any woman ever discovered how it is that the perfect husband always belongs to the other fellow? Because distance lends enchantment to the view, and another says: "It is because of the imperfection of man—no woman has a perfect husband." These are both very good answers. The imperfections of husbands are only known to those who are near and dear to them! The best of the best men in all the world—the husband often proves to be the worst of matrimonial folly. Hence women

THE CHILD AND HER BOY FRIEND

The child was born into a beautiful home. Her father, a great one, upon lovely surroundings and loving faces, her infancy was less a cry than a smile, her childhood was a dream of delight in that she was alive, dingly alive, in a bright, fair beautiful world. Perhaps what she enjoyed most was the scientist's teaching, the power of imaging. She was born with a wishing-cap, which no one ever saw but herself, a cap that transported her into all sorts of interesting places, and carried her in and out of wildly exciting adventures, and gave her all the wonders of the earth and heavens to possess and call her own and glory in. No one else knew. Often when she was quietest, making her elders think she was asleep, she would indeed not seem to be playing at all, she was really having a beautiful time inside of herself—perhaps journeying in a caravan across the desert, beset by wild beasts or whooping red Indians, perhaps raising on the outposts wings of some fabulous bird high into the upper air, or sailing the opal seas in a white-winged ship, or walking the tinted clouds of sunset, or even sweeping the golden pavement with her trailing robes.

Many an hour she was silently playing with her favorite playmate, the boy, and she liked best, the boy who lived in the wall and never came out, she saw, who was always with her when she wanted him, the friend who was here as she was his, the boy who walked and talked and played with her, and whom no one but herself ever saw or heard. Even her two big little brothers, who would not let her be alone, they would have said she did not exist. If she had spoken of him, they would have said she was a scold and called him "sissy"; they would have booted both at him and at her. Intuitively the child knew this, and when she was alone, she would read to her the dearest friend she had, the only one, in fact, to whom she could tell her secrets, and who would understand. In their silent way, the boy and the child played all sorts of plays together.

Sometimes she was a street wail, a tired, hungry, homeless child, without shelter from the rain, ragged and barefoot and friendless. She would be driven out into the streets at dawn to earn or beg or steal, some how to get bread and scraps of meat and copper coins for the terrible tyrant who controlled her and had her in his power. She was forced to sweep a city crossing for a penny bit, to stand on a street corner to beg, or to beg for a penny bit, and to give flowers to the ladies hurrying by. She was always stretching out a small, bare brown hand for the something, which she would not have dared take, if it were not for the fact that she was so young to have read them out of story books. She herself was always

THE CHILD AND HER BOY FRIEND

the lending lady of the drama, but the spectator, no less, as tears of compassion would stream down her cheeks for the wail she felt herself to be. It was a sorry life she lived, compelled to beg the hard crusts of her daily bread, pushed and jostled and thrust to one side by the busy crowd, a little friendless child alone in a rushing world. But into the depths of her misery streamed one ray of bright, white light. She knew that when the long day ended, when the welcome night came, when one by one the street lamps should be lighted, then, around the corner would come the boy, her friend, to take her by the hand and lead her home. To be sure, it was a wretched hole, a basement into which she plunged at night, with only a bed of rags to sleep on, and only by rare good luck could she sink into it unobserved, and so escape the cruel cuffs and blows that were always hers in waiting. But the walk along the gutter, lit up with her hand in his, seemed like going home.

A princess she was at times, occasionally in disguise, but oftenest a veritable princess, the daughter of a kingly line. Then she was apparelled in rich brocades and cloth of gold and wore upon her hair a jeweled coronet. She was marvelously fair, angelically kind, she knew every word, and did everything she knew. Mother's pretty sitting-room stretched away into palace halls, noisies were beneath her feet, wondrous tapestries veiled the walls, perfumed fountains sprayed the court, flowers bloomed and full-throated birds trilled from the trees. Mother herself was transformed into a queenly scepter. Father was lord supreme of all the realm, her hand was courtier in velvet and gold lace and sweeping plumes. The maids and the out-door man were retainers. And the boy? Ah, he was the prince!

She was often a beggar girl than princess, however. Brocade and gems and royal robes were far less dramatic than rags and hunger and weeping in the rain. She never loved her princess self as she loved her wail; with her hand in his, she knew she was never so dear to her as the boy her who rounded the corner of the street to round her from drudgery and loneliness and desolation, and to lead her by the hand.

As she grew older, she studied with her and helped her over the hard problems in her lesson books. They never quarreled, not even for the excitement of reading. They did not quarrel, not so truly one. Not that they invariably thought alike. He was neither her slave nor satellite. Rather, she would not have dared take a step by herself without him, lest she lose her way in loneliness and doubt. Boy though he was, and growing as fast as a man, he always seemed to her too young to have read them out of story books. She herself was always

The Republican Record

As an illustration of what has been done in all departments, the same and wise policy in handling the bonds which came due Jan. 1, 1910, of \$50,000, is an example. They had to be met at that time. The treasurer took \$19,000 from the sinking fund, \$6,000 from the treasury and borrowed \$25,000 at four per cent, thus reducing the rate from five to four per cent.

The administration kept decidedly within the appropriations, and Treasurer Peck's figures, which do not lie, show that there are unexpended balances of \$17,994. Some \$6,000 of this should go to the new pole line built by the electrical department to Taftville, but that leaves \$12,000 as a balance from last year's appropriations.

The common council now recommends a nine-mill tax, after having considered carefully all the necessary expenses of the city.—Amos A. Browning in Address to Citizens.

literature are spoken of as "non-sentimental." I have no doubt that some husbands are at that. You see, the little girl who is married to a bad husband cannot make a good citizen, good citizens may be rarer than we think.

It has been estimated that it will take \$2,000,000 to evangelize the world, and it is estimated that it can be done in five years, or in two years less time than the Panama canal can be built, and for about one-sixth the cost. It is estimated that that stunt. If it really can be done for the price of four Dreadnoughts and a gunboat, the money ought to be put to that use. The world is being saved for much less than the average of \$400. Harmony in all nations and tribes would be worth ten times this sum. The world is being saved for much less than the average of \$400. Harmony in all nations and tribes would be worth ten times this sum. The world is being saved for much less than the average of \$400. Harmony in all nations and tribes would be worth ten times this sum.

SUNDAY MORNING TALK WITH THE MINORITY.

Were you ever in the minority? I do not mean did you ever happen to vote for an unsuccessful candidate? All of us have done that more than once. But on a clean, sharp, moral issue, where you are sure of the right and did your identification with it cost you something? Did you forfeit the temporary regard, or perhaps the friendship of some of the persons whom you respected? Did the crowd jeer at you? Did you suffer in your business or profession because of the stand which you took?

Well, whether you did or you didn't, my conviction is that every man, at least once or twice in his life, ought to experience the inward joy and satisfaction that go with adherence to what he believes to be the right thing, or an unpopular cause. Lowell has well said: Once to every man or nation Comes the moment to decide In the strife 'twixt truth and falsehood For the good or evil side.

Fortunate is he if it comes only once. With most of us the test comes far oftener as we bear our responsibilities, in the home, in business, in the church, in the society, for if you have the dough you can make it, and it is not likely to be the better of the world for the sake of the dough. Any real use for you it will seek you—so what's the use of trying to break in?

I wonder if any woman ever discovered how it is that the perfect husband always belongs to the other fellow? Because distance lends enchantment to the view, and another says: "It is because of the imperfection of man—no woman has a perfect husband." These are both very good answers. The imperfections of husbands are only known to those who are near and dear to them! The best of the best men in all the world—the husband often proves to be the worst of matrimonial folly. Hence women

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