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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 3,000 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 postoffice 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

1901, average	4,412
1905, average	5,920
Week ending October15	8,092

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

Election Tuesday, Nov. 8th.

For Governor,
CHARLES A. GOODWIN
of Hartford.

For Lieutenant Governor,
DENNIS A. BLAKESLEE
of New Haven.

For Secretary of State,
MATTHEW H. ROGERS
of Bridgeport.

For State Treasurer,
COSTELLO LIPPITT
of Norwich.

For State Comptroller,
THOMAS D. BRADSTREET
of Thomaston.

For Attorney General,
JOHN H. LIGHT
of Norwalk.

Congressmen,
First District,
E. STEVENS HENRY
of Vernon.
Second District,
ANDREW N. SHEPARD
of Portland.
Third District,
EDWIN W. HIGGINS
of Norwich.
Fourth District,
EBENEZER J. HILL
of Norwalk.

For Representative-at-Large in Congress,
JOHN Q. TILSON
of New Haven.

Senators,
District.
21—Daniel M. Cronin of New London.
22—John M. Davis of Preston.
23—Angus Park of Sprague.
24—George A. Hammond of Putnam.
25—Thomas C. Elliott of Pomfret.
26—Farley B. Leonard of Rockville.

Judge of Probate,
Norwich District—Nelson J. Ayling of Norwich.

Sheriffs,
County,
New London—Sidney A. Brown, New London.
Windham—Preston B. Sibley, Killingly.
Tolland—William B. Sprague, Andover.

For Representatives,
HENRY W. TIBBITS.
ALBERT J. BAILEY.

UNGATHERED CROPS.

We hear loud calls for help from the western farmers, but no call from the farmers of New England, who have crops that cannot be gathered. The agricultural writer for the Portland, Me., Express, says: "Something is wrong when the middle of October is passed and the crops in danger of freezing, are not gathered. October 15th this year found thousands of acres of potatoes not dug and barrels of apples not picked. Throughout the state it has been almost impossible to find help even at increased wages and this is to be expected and must be planned for in laying out the season's operations next year.

"Men in central Maine have thousands of bushels of potatoes with no place to store but the barn floor and thousands more still in the ground. This is not good farming, surely not enterprise to be commended, but a waste of physical energies as well as dollars."

This writer points out that this is the way trade is demoralized in the fall and the market knocked down to unprofitable prices.

HOPES FOR SIXTH PLACE.

By the last census Massachusetts was pushed to seventh place in the list of great states and is now hoping, because of a 20 per cent. gain, to pass Missouri and return to the sixth place, but Indiana, which stood eighth in the list, with a population of 2,516,462 in 1900, and Michigan, which had a population of 2,420,982, and Iowa, with 2,231,853, are still to be heard from, and one of them may so advance that the Old Bay state will find itself steadily moving down the line. Hampden county, which was sixth in population, made a gain of 31.75 per cent. Plymouth being second with 26.62 per cent., and Bristol third, with 26.4 per cent. Franklin made the smallest gain, 5.8 per cent., and three counties, Barnstable, Dukes and Nantucket, showed slight losses. Suffolk, Middlesex, Essex, Worcester and Bristol counties continue to be the most populous counties in the state.

The St. Albans Messenger calls attention to the fact that eleven men can hold up any policy of the state of Vermont. This is the power given them by a free people.

The late David Bennett Hill, when he was an office boy, dusting law books, said: "Some day I'll know enough in 'em!" and the world now knows that he did.

HOW THEY SERVED THE CITIZENS.

The Oklahoma City Gas company has been showing what dishonest servants can do by the people. This municipal company does not produce or manufacture gas, but obtains its supply from a producing or pipe-line company. The Oklahoma City company is under investigation, and it has been shown that in the month of June last the concern sold to the consumers of the city 20,000,000 more cubic feet of gas than it bought from the pipe-line company. The auditor of the Oklahoma City company admitted the discrepancy, but said that he was unable to explain where the additional 20,000,000 feet of gas came from. Asked if the company had pumped air into the mains and sold it to the consumers as gas, he answered "That was outside his department." Hereafter the state corporation commission will keep check on the meters that measure the amount of gas supplied to the Oklahoma City company by the pipe-line company and on the meters that measure the gas supplied to the consumers, and it is confidently expected that no more discrepancies will be discovered and that there will be a marked reduction in the bills of the consumers.

By the sale of 200,000,000 cubic feet of air a year that municipal plant ought to show large returns for the people.

AS THEY CHALLENGE FOSS.

It is interesting to watch the campaign in Massachusetts take shape. It may properly be looked upon as a political mess; and the democratic candidate for governor has considerable difficulty in getting into the campaign in good form. He appears to have gone adrift upon the issues if the Boston Record is right, which corrects him in the following manner:

"Mr. Foss is in error. Candidates do not select issues, issues make themselves. The state campaign, cost of living and the tariff bill are in no wise an issue. The choice of executive officers to administer to the state is the thing before the voter in the state election. The question to decide is whether Massachusetts wants misgovernment of the type seen in the conventions at Springfield in 1907 and Faneuil Hall in 1910, or an administration such as Governor Draper has given it to the great pride and satisfaction of the state. It is clear to a blind man that the democratic organization, demoralized by Foss & Co., do not know what good government is. It would be a real absurdity to put them where the state would run any risk from their actions."

THE COURAGE OF HIS CONVICTIONS.

Congressman Gardner of Massachusetts manifests the right kind of a spirit on the stump and must be calling many republicans back to rational judgment. The present tariff is no grievance in New England and comparing it with the tariffs which have preceded it, it is as worthy of support. It was a downward revision, its enemies are forced to admit, but the reduction was too small, say they. Straight republican congressmen did what their constituents expected them to do when they voted for it, and of this Congressman Gardner is aware. This is what he has to say to his constituents:

"If you object to the tariff, vote against me? Why don't you hit the right man? Why do you vote against the governor, who had nothing whatever to do with it? Not only did I support the bill, but by the same token I have no apologies to make."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The jerky equilibrator has been made famous, if Mr. Wellman's kitten has not.

British municipalities are investing in golf links because they can make them profitable.

Some men can make lemonade from the lemons handed them, but it would not sell at a circus.

Walter Wellman's ocean experiences ought to be good for a book that will net him a few thousands.

Happy thought for today: The man with clove on his breath is wholly to blame for being a suspect.

Some of the men who talk fiercest about political wrongdoing do not trouble themselves to go to the polls.

The day is rapidly approaching when any citizen may wake up to find an aeroplane wrecked in the back yard.

It is not likely that a dirigible balloon will ever cross the Atlantic. The aeroplane flying from island to island, may.

When it came to campaigning with Roosevelt in Indiana, Senator Beveridge had to throw up the sponge. He wasn't in it.

The bounty on woodchucks is always a live subject in the Vermont legislature. It touches every one of the 246 towns.

"Less beer and more sport" is Kaiser Wilhelm's prescription for students. Who'll say he doesn't prescribe like a wise king?

Willie Hearst has hung up $50,000 for the first aviator who shall fly across the continent. It is not likely to be claimed at once.

The Rutland News thinks Vermont needs one holiday less instead of one holiday more, therefore it frowns upon Columbus day prospects.

Since Fashion has decided that the bustle should not be revived, this may be one thing to remember to give thanks for on November 24th.

Dr. Crippen is quite likely aware that there is no chance for him to get a New York trial in Great Britain. He can only wish it was possible.

No man ever caught hugging the hired girl could show his wife the necessity for it, although himself capable of proving it in a court at law.

There is no doubt Wellman will realize on his venture more than the balloon cost. It was a good investment, although the assets are all adrift.

The Chicago News, in view of recent wallopings of the Cubs, inquires: "Where do Philadelphians learn this game they call baseball? It seems an interesting game."

A Japanese Custom.

At a Japanese banquet it is considered a compliment to exchange cups with a friend.

THE MAN WHO TALKS

It does not seem as if the loss of present time was the loss of all time, but it is. Now is another name for opportunity, and the man who acts now doesn't wait for opportunity to happen along, he is bounding along the road of achievement as if he expected to meet opportunity on the way, and he usually does. The only way to get there in these twentieth century days is to keep agoing. It was in a chivalric age that opportunity was supposed to wait upon genius—in these days genius commands opportunity without ceremony and keeps plunging ahead. Opportunity doesn't knock at the door once, any more, but just waltzes along with the industrious and strives to the point where it will count most. The advantage is to him who does, not for him who waits. Do, and keep doing, is a good motto.

The new woman so glibly talked about will be the old woman by and by. We graciously pretend to recognize her as a new product, although we know that every age has recognized sweet sixteen as the new woman ever since language took a new form. Young womanhood is always new and constant—the bright side of the shield of life. Old womanhood is dignified and gracious and to be reverenced for what it has added to the world's assets—it is the mother of the new woman and the young manhood upon which the nation puts its dependence and sets its heart. The new woman and the old woman just balance on the fulcrum of life—the world could not do without the one or the other, although in its exuberance it cheers louder for the first.

My sunflowers invite daily flocks of sparrows and they banquet there upon the oily, hearty seeds and twitter about the affairs of today, for they do not take cognizance of tomorrow, but live by compulsion in the eternal now. Neither frost nor fate is a menace to them, as man interprets their life, for they have no mentality. It is popularly believed that they think not of the morrow, although they move in their migrations as if by an almanac of their own, steer to their destination by the air lines as accurately as the navigator with his quadrant and compass finds his home port, save food against the days of dearth and want, and do other things which it does not seem as if mindless creatures would attend to or could accomplish. But we cannot dispute with the great scholars of the world about these minor matters, for life is not long enough. We just notice the God-given evidence and conclude that men who are mortally thought to be wise may be far from it.

After the frost and the freeze there stands in the garden one solitary hollyhock as pert and promising, as green and full of buds as the departed generation of common hollyhocks were in July. This cannot be a common hollyhock, so uncommon is its performance, and the fact that it was hedged about by dahlias and was somewhat protected by fruit trees may not be the reason it stays with us, for its leaves are not heart-shaped, but more like large maple leaves and it may be the French Althea known as Narbonne—a late summer blooming variety which grows wild in the woods of France and Spain. It must be admitted that its chance of making flowers and perfecting seed is not promising in this latitude. With a week of warm weather, it may show flowers, or it may perish in a night should Jack Frost come roaring out of the northwest, but just at present in its solitude it is an object of beauty in even its flowerless condition.

It makes all the difference in the world whether one thinks most of weariness or rest. Rest is the natural palliative for weariness, and it is a true relief unless we get weighed on the mind, when it belongs wholly to the flesh. One writer's favorite definition of pessimism and optimism was this: The pessimist says after a hard day's work: "O, how tired I am!" The optimist says: "O, how good the bed feels!" One's frame of mind marks the difference. This sounds like nonsense to a pessimist, but not to the one who knows. Do not keep conscious of misery, but just let hope usurp its place. Cultivate the mind so that it recognizes a spirit of good cheer ten times where it sits down and takes countenance of weariness once. It is a good habit to see the bright side of things—to illumine the dark places with hope. Get your mind on the right side of things and you cannot get on the wrong side of them.

Many a man who prays: "Lead us not into temptation" never gets near enough to temptation to really know what it is. These little temptations that a fellow sits down with alone are so easily put aside that temptation seems like a weakling when really it is magnetic. When temptation meets you in good form there is always an inducement—an inducement that calls loud—that draws—that almost overcomes. In its presence it is much easier to say yes than to say no. It has been said for a fact, and it is true, that "nine a man's reputation for honesty is due to his having put aside temptation that didn't tempt." There is altogether too much value put upon the resistance of this kind of temptation. There is no namby-pambyism about the resistance of the kind of temptation against which man prays, for temptation is a prayer and often conscious of its power.

Do you know most men who think that they were driven to drink are merely victims of base imaginings? They did not have to be driven to drink for they were so thirsty that they walked right up to the bar and ordered their own drinks in excess instead of in moderation. A guilty man always has to find an excuse for his misdeeds, even if he has to lie to frame up one. Ordinarily it might be safely assumed that a man must be driven to the worst things of life since he can have the best by earnestly seeking for them; but it is not so. Men do things from spite they would be ashamed to do from deliberation, and they do things to annoy others which are ruining themselves. They become so lost in their desire "to get even" that they trick themselves out of the very best life holds for them. The man who says he is driven to drink is suffering from a weak-minded delusion—a man cannot be driven to his own destruction unless he wants to be.

The hardy chrysanthemum in late October and the hardy crocuses in March have a wonderful way of defying the frost—they stay and shine when all is sere and brown. They did not get their staying powers in manmade gardens but in the gardens of God somewhere where they were menaced with weather that meant death to most other plants and it was there they were by divine decree made last. Like the Esquimaux, they find life worth living where others make of it a dismal failure. It is this frost-defying quality which makes them popular in the garden; they extend the floral season from snow to snow. It is not unusual to see the chrysanthemum like the Christmas rose rearing its bronze or crimson head above the snow in splendid contrast. We cannot think of them as dying and when their bright faces disappear we just think of them as having gone to sleep.

The maxim that "A man of silence is a man of sense" would not apply to a wooden Indian or a wax figure that wears a window-display suit. It would not fit a politician in these days of sharp inquiry if he was silent upon burning issues. It is always sensible to be silent in moments of wrath or in the presence of prejudice. To turn this maxim about, it is the man of sense who knows when to keep silent. This is what calls for self-control and good judgment. It must be admitted that it is better to err by maintaining silence than by saying something which better not have been said. Silence is like solitaire, a good game to practice on all by one's self. To remain silent where vindication is possible is foolishness. The man of silence only becomes a man of sense when silence is more valuable than speech, and it may take an expert to always tell when that is. It is safe to always remain silent when conscious that one has nothing in particular to say.

Earned.

She—He was desperately in love with her. Why, he sent her costly flowers and presents nearly every day for two years.

He—Did he finally win her?

She—No; he earned her.—New York Telegram.

A WOMAN'S CAREER

(Written for The Bulletin.)

In these days when we hear of the departure of so many of our girls for college, the question is often asked, "What career is she to prepare for?" It seems to be taken for granted that a college training is only a preparation for something else than the home life which all girls should prefer. Many people fall into the notion that higher education unfits a woman for domestic life, but surely anything that develops a higher standard of cultivated womanhood should increase one's ability to make a happy home. Others seem to think time spent in college life is wasted unless it results in financial gain. This last standpoint comes from the American sense of money-making as the chief end of all things. Why should not a woman take a collegiate course without trying to make money from it? Many a man studies law or medicine who never practises either. Let the women have an equal chance.

Elizabeth Vanderwater, I remember, was one of those who took a college course with a view of fitting for life's duties as they should present themselves, and fancied she was called upon to undertake great things for the good of others. One morning at the breakfast table, her father, Judge Vanderwater, inquired of her as to her programme for the day. "I must attend the meeting of a society, in which I am greatly interested," was the reply.

"Which one is this, may I ask?" queried her father, with a quizzical smile. "I think I have heard you profess interest in more than one of late."

Elizabeth looked a trifle disturbed. She always dreaded that quizzical smile of her father's, and her cheeks flushed as she said, "This is the Association for Amalgamation of Society-leaders and Working-women."

"Pretty tough problem, that," ejaculated her father. "I am glad I do not have to solve it. Are both classes represented in your conference?"

"Yes," responded Elizabeth, "the Women's Labor Union send a delegation to this morning's meeting."

"You surely don't mean, Elizabeth," interrupted her mother, "that you meet working-women at your conference. Why, you might as well be at work in the slums. Who knows what you may encounter? I hoped when you finished your college course, you would be content to remain at home and take your proper place in society. But I see almost nothing of you from morning to night."

"But, mother dear, you would not have me unmindful of the claim of my less favored sisters. If I can help them to a higher plane of living, it is certainly a career worth following. But I shall be late if I delay any longer. I'll be at home for luncheon, and will devote myself to you for the rest of the day," and Elizabeth went to prepare for her walk, leaving her mother to lament her daughter's zeal, and her father to laugh over her latest "fad," as he called it.

Elizabeth was, indeed, a daughter to be proud of. Taller than most of her age, well-formed, and always well-dressed, she attracted attention wherever she went. Enthusiastic in whatever she undertook, be it society function or sociology, she easily became a leader in many an enterprise. So, no wonder that the conference of that morning recognized her merit and made her chairman of one of their most important committees, an appointment willingly accepted by her, though she knew it meant much of that "slum" work which her mother so much deprecated.

Not many days elapsed before Elizabeth began her duties in search of facts to be reported at the next meeting of the Amalgamated Association. These inquiries led her one day into an unfamiliar section of the city. A misstep on a broken stairway caused her to plunge into the street, and into the arms of a young man passing at the time.

She regained her footing with a stammered word of apology only to find herself unable to walk. Evidently she had sprained her ankle. What to do was the question. The small crowd which quickly gathered was profuse in sympathy, and the young man halting, offered his further assistance, saying he was a surgeon.

A carriage was procured, and, accompanied by the young surgeon, Elizabeth reached home. Here the needed care was given, and her newly-found medical adviser offered to summon their family physician, but both Elizabeth and her mother invited the young stranger to continue his attendance, something he was not at all loath to do.

Mrs. Vanderwater found she knew Dr. Rittenhouse's family well. "One of our old families, you know" she explained to her husband on his return home. "He is wealthy, too, and takes pleasure in using his skill in a charitable way. So delightful of him, I am sure."

"I've heard him mentioned as skillful," replied Judge Vanderwater. "One of Elizabeth's own sort, evidently; interested in the lower classes. Well, she won't get any more slumming for a time, at least." And his eyes twinkled as he thought of the possibilities in the case. Surely no sprained foot received more faithful care, for Dr. Rittenhouse made frequent visits to his fair patient, whose recovery was rapid. Too much so, indeed, to suit the young practitioner. As for Elizabeth, also, the pleasure of his visits in great measure balanced her disappointment at giving up for a time, her favorite work among the lower classes.

Before the cure was effected, Dr. Rittenhouse had persuaded his fair patient to abandon her charitable work and accept him as a substitute, and together they went to the library to announce the fact to Judge Vanderwater. He listened to their story and gave a ready consent, but said, "What of your career, daughter, and the Amalgamation Society, and all that?"

"I've found my career, Daddie. It's right here," turning to her lover.

AN IDLER.

SUNDAY MORNING TALK

THE FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE.

Acceptability with the people is a distinct asset for an aspirant to political office today. This may have always been the case, but it is specially noticeable now. He who is believed to be on the side of the rank and file, who will champion their rights against privilege and against entrenched monopolies, who will plead the people's cause in high places and illustrate in his own behavior the spirit of democracy is the hero of the hour. People will put up with a good deal in such a person which they would not otherwise endure. They will overlook his inconsistencies and even a little touch of vanity. I should advise any young man ambitious for political preferment to stand in with the people. In the long run he will get on faster than if he simply relies on the machine. For democracy in this country is coming to be a tremendously potent force and the will of the people will ultimately prevail in spite of the bosses.

But it is not so easy a matter as might at first appear to be a real friend to the people. From time to time sand-lot orators and other types of demagogues have assumed to be champions of the rank and file, making large professions of good will, but in due time they are always found out. So if your motive is simply to climb on the brawny shoulders of the populace to a position of eminence you are likely to miss the summit on which you are setting your eyes, or if you ever reach it, to remain there only a short while.

For what is it to be a friend of the people? Is it always to chime in with their sentiments, to toady to them, to nurse within them the sense of being ill-treated, to harp upon the opportunities and pleasures denied them? Or does real friendship consist in being willing, if necessary, to go counter to their wishes, to speak plainly concerning their errors and illusions, to chide them for their wrong-doing, at the same time inciting them to be and do their best. The common people of England have no better friend today than John Burns, who, though he is now a cabinet minister, still seeks to secure legislation in behalf of all the people, and to help them along the upward path. And yet, more than once in his dramatic career, Burns has had to differ from the trend of sentiment in his own class, to stand with what was at that time a minority and to speak boldly words that his audiences were not at first ready to hear.

When Edward Everett Hale framed as one of the three rules of action which should govern the daily conduct of young people this maxim: "Touch elbows with the rank and file," he had in mind that noble conception of democracy and comradeship which he himself always illustrated. He was not thinking of mere physical contact, but of the patient endeavor to understand how everyday people look at things, what their joys and woes are, what their hopes and problems and tasks are.

And that may well be anyone's ambition, for we all need a great fund of friendliness to draw upon as we mingle with our fellow countrymen. Indeed, most of us are just everyday people and everyday people must rely on one another and not on some outside good fairy if they are to move forward and attain any satisfactory measure of financial prosperity or intellectual and moral good. To have the good will of those who live in the next block or apartment, those by whose side you labor day by day, those who come and go in the cars with you, or whom you meet at games or in the social circles—that is a great boon for any man if it does not lead to anything in the way of office or renown. But to have it, one must be willing to sacrifice sometimes his ease and comfort and even his own advantage. In all our cities and towns are these quiet, gentle, self-effacing men and women whom everyday people love and who will be blessed by them with their latest breath for little everyday acts of kindness.

The best friend the people ever had was Jesus of Nazareth. They thought so themselves for a time, but then he puzzled them, and led on by their rulers they turned against him only in due time to repent of their share in the shedding of innocent blood. Not thus would he be treated today. But today, as nineteen hundred years ago, we cannot have this invaluable friendship unless we are willing also to heed his searching words, his solemn warnings, his clear-cut command to seek first the Kingdom of God.

THE PARSON.

Dolliver's First Campaign in 1888.

He went out into the 14 Iowa farming counties of the district and talked to the people. In some way he seemed to get closer to the Iowa farmers than any man who had campaigned the district before him. Instead of renting a large opera house and formally announcing that he would deliver an oration at a certain time, he went out into the country and pitched a big tent in a field near the crossing of four country roads. Beforehand he sent out an advance agent to invite the farmers living within ten miles to drive over and have a talk with Dolliver. The farmers came, and when the votes were counted Dolliver had a good majority. His Iowa friends have since declared that he can out-stump, out-talk, out-argue and out-campaign any public man in the country and still have time to spend in talking over the condition of the crops with his rural constituents.—Biographical Sketch.

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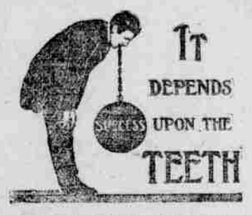

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