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Norwich, Saturday, Dec. 17, 1910.

ON TIME.

The General agitation against the state uniform examination makes its appearance on time. This year it is accompanied by a report in which the members of the commission set forth the good works they have accomplished. The commission of course does nothing which could not be done much better by the state if local health departments. In principal it and its army these officers who are not members of the commission and the sole reason for its continuance is to provide easy jobs for barbers who are valuable politically in caucus and convention season.—Waterbury American.

The eastern Connecticut barbers are not and never have been in love with compulsory methods, and since the exposition to them began in the first year of its existence and are kept up it is fair to presume that they are something the average barber cannot get enamored in. Since the duty of the commission is purely ministerial there is no reason why the health authorities could not pick out a good specimen to be taken on the commercial journey. The state barbers' commission may have done a great deal of good, but the people are not what they used to be and the change is not wholly due to safety razors and home shaving.

THE HEALTH BUG.

The health bug is said to have produced national hysteria along sanitary lines and to have gone beyond the limit of common sense. But, unlike the bacteria, he operates for the public good, although he is already being proclaimed to be a pest by some.

Dr. Daly, health officer of New York, says:

"Disinfection of money is not necessary from a hygienic standpoint; neither is there the danger of infection from straw in public conveyances generally supposed; we are suffering from a seal of national hysteria on the subject of sanitation, but fortunately it is on the safe side."

With reference to the participation of life insurance companies in preventive efforts to diminish the number of deaths by typhoid fever and tuberculosis, State Health Commissioner Hayes, of Porter of New York suggested the formation of a department of health to institute medical examinations and agents in sanitation and preventive disease work, issue health literature to policyholders, arrange public health lectures, co-operate with existing agencies for sanitary reforms and provide free re-examination of policyholders."

It will not injure the American public to be given a shower of sanitation literature but it may be a revelation and a help to those who read. The matter may be pressed too far, but it does seem time to attempt to check it yet. There is room for great improvement in this direction.

SECOND NATIONAL FLOWER SHOW.

Boston, from all the prominent cities in the country, has been picked out to have the second National Flower show ever held in America. The first, held some years ago in Chicago, was on a much smaller scale than the one now contemplated. It will be held under the auspices and in connection with the convention of the Society of American Florists and Ornamental Horticulturists and assisted by the American Rose, the American Carnation and American Gladiolus societies and the co-operation of the Massachusetts Horticultural society.

This will give a very adequate testimonial to the "class" of the coming exposition and when it is known that the society has appointed Chester I. Campbell as manager, there is no doubt that it will be, as claimed, the most extensive floral exhibition ever attempted. The entire Mechanics building has been engaged and the opening day will be Saturday, March 25, continuing through the following Saturday, April 1.

Over $16,000 will be offered as premiums and all the prominent florists and growers of the country will compete, as well as the private gardeners of many of our large New England estates. In the trade exhibits all the greenhouse construction, pottery, fertilizer and garden supply people have taken space, and every flower lover, from the humble possesser of six by six backyard garden patch to the owner of large estates will find something to interest them outside of wonderful display of flowers and plants.

A number of leading caterers are going to great expense in their exhibits, three in particular involving an outlay of nearly $5,000 each. These will represent a typical Holland or Dutch garden, an Old English garden and an Italian garden respectively. Even from far off Japan is to be imported the material for a Japanese garden, and, in fact, in many countries gardeners and growers are forwarding their yield, which in many instances will show varieties out of the regular season, for this occasion. It is the intention of the committee to make this show of international importance and scope and Boston is indeed fortunate in being the city selected to hold the exposition.

The Philadelphia Inquirer says no man is a good citizen who has not read the president's message. Does it realize that the message is six feet high and that no ordinary citizen can swallow it all at once.

The postmaster general favors a parcels post; so does President Taft and a great majority of the people. What reason can congress have for longer delaying the matter?

The traveler who does not know that there is more profit in coaxing a horse than in kicking him does not know enough to have charge of one.

When the clerk of the weather tells us it is abnormally cold, no one seems disposed to dispute him.

WHERE CONNECTICUT LEADS.

Sylvester Baxter has a paper in the December number of the Engineering Magazine upon "The Electrification of a Commonwealth," in which he cites Connecticut as being the most advanced state in the union in demonstrating the value of industrial centralization. He says:

"A highly significant example of how power for all industrial uses may be supplied from one central source, thereby affecting the economic organization of a whole state, is now presented in Connecticut. In no other state of the union has the principle been so comprehensively applied—primarily to transportation; prospectively with regard to all demands for mechanical energy that may arise. The railway system—that is, the primary, or steam-line, service of the great transportation company that serves Connecticut in common with nearly all New England—stands at the threshold of electrification. Certain fortunate circumstances have prepared the way for the extension of its advantages in the efficient generation of motive power to collateral activities of various kinds. A striking sagacity and foresight in a survey of the economic horizon has been a guiding factor in establishing these singularly favorable conditions.

"Years must go by before the ends aimed at in the Connecticut programme are fully realized. Yet when we recall what has been accomplished in the generation that has passed since electric lighting and power development became commercially practicable, it is hardly too much to expect that before the next generation has half run its course the ends now planned for will be fully achieved.

"It is along such lines that the twentieth century seems destined to work out the great problems of efficiency and conservation that, broadly considered, comprise the most vital elements of human well-being and progress."

STOPS ITS SUNDAY ISSUE.

The Memphis (Tenn.) News-Scimitar has retired from the field of Sunday journalism because it is convinced that it is not likely to find a permanent place in modern civilization.

The Atlanta Georgian, in commenting upon this action of its contemporary says:

"It has been found that the demand for the Sunday newspaper is growing less and less.

"For years past The News Scimitar has published one of the best Sunday editions in the country, but whereas the advertising patronage for the daily issue has increased 24 per cent. since 1905, it has increased only 14 per cent. for the Sunday issue during the same period. The result cannot be attributed to bad management. No newspaper in the country pays better dividends on the capital invested. It is prosperous and independent."

And it adds: "The Sunday paper is not an enemy of worship only, but of rest."

The Sunday newspaper is one of the best representatives of greed in the industrial world, of that excessive desire for gain which forces religious obligations and the moral and industrial rights of the workingmen.

The Atlanta Georgian is right when it says:

"The world's rest day must be respected.

"Back of the law of Sinai, which was written upon tables of stone, is the law of nature, which was written upon tables of flesh. It has not been abrogated.

"One day in seven is well earned by the faithful army of men who serve in the ranks of newspaperdom. They cannot continue day after day the incessant grind. It not only destroys enthusiasm for work, but it robs thought of its edge and fancy of its sparkle, and in the end it is the paper which suffers."

There are only a few businesses which require continuous service. There is no reason why the week The Sunday newspaper gives out no should not have its rest day from sensationalism as well as from labor. sign of true progress when viewed from a religious or a moral standpoint.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Out west they say the difference between an agriculturalist and a farmer is an automobile.

Happy thought for today: A good thought for the other fellow checks the thought that grinds within.

It is a matter of record that Mrs. Eddy's $1,000 crown came back; but such articles of virtu seldom do.

Lafe Young may not make a deep impression on the senators, but he promises to amuse the people mightily.

The man who says solemnly to you, Be sure and go right and you'll have no trouble, is not always the last man to go wrong.

Roosevelt calls attention to the fact that "One of the greatest dangers in life is being honestly misunderstood by honest men!"

A woman who is occupied all the morning to get her complexion up to the standard should not be expected to get the dinner there.

The Boston Tech. watchword is: "When you haven't a cent, spend it." Norwich demonstrates that she knows pretty well how to do that.

If Horace Johnson had notified us in September that we were booked for an old-fashioned winter, how we should be marvelling at his skill now.

General Funston was not among the generals who came in recently for promotion. As he was long a favorite with the people this causes a little surprise.

The new Christian Endeavor societies formed last year total a half-million members, and the field for growth has been nowhere near exhausted.

Postmaster General Hitchcock has plenty of enemies, as all great public men who stand for business principles or the people in this country are likely to have.

A Mexican poet has killed four men. This must be where he differs from the American singer, whom an unappreciative populace frequently lets starve to death.

This is a time when every careful man will have an eye to his chimney. What is more of a mockery when a city has no water than a neglected and defective chimney?

Unkindest Cut of All.

And on top of all Aguilita's troubles here comes Watson with a poem attacking him.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE MAN WHO TALKS

A great deal of butting in is done in this world in the name of duty, just because of the inability of those who are required upon doing their duty to distinguish the line drawn between duty and meddlesomeness. The way is straight from one to the other. There is no great gulf fixed between them. It takes keen perception to tell where duty ends and meddlesomeness begins. Our ideas of duty upon the whole appear to be considerably mixed. It is often our duty to remain silent when we think it is our duty to speak—it is often our duty to hold aloof when we think it is our duty to interfere—it is often our duty to pray when we think it is our duty to nag; and those who realize that it is their duty to mind their own business have a sense of duty which is too often lacking. How often we have done our duty to discover that we might have done it in a different way and achieved better results.

It has been well said that "the average man would find life easy sailing if he could make money as easy as he can make love." It seems to come as natural to the average man and most other men to make love, as it is for spiders to spin a web; but it is not so easy to make love in a way to attract a clever woman to bank upon it. Ability is the real lure in mortal combinations; and where ability is love usually finds a permanent abiding place, if fidelity is recognized as a binding quality. Easily made love is not always lovely, and designedly made love is too often a false pretence and this furnishes the divorce courts more than half their business. True love, somehow, never has come to be common. But there is no denying that if money-making was as easy as love-making this would indeed be a shiftless world.

A great many folks who think they are abused in this world are creators of their own hard luck. I have noticed that those who are careful not to create friction have a great deal less trouble than those who are reckless in this direction. The men and women who have a faculty for pouring oil upon the troubled waters seem to glide through seas of trouble without the slightest danger of shipwreck. It is the boisterous, the blaming, who make life choppy and unpleasant. The impatient stir up strife; and where strife is, pleasure does not abide. The awfully abused usually start in life abusive and continue to grow worse to the end. They are unmindful of the fact that as they sow, so must they reap, but ignorance does not save them from the retribution which justly belongs to them.

The man who knows what he would do if he was in the other fellow's place usually discovers why the other fellow didn't meet his approval when he finally faces the same experiences in life which called forth his adverse criticisms. There is no place where circumstances alter cases more decidedly than when the trouble is ours instead of the other fellow's. It takes adverse experiences to lead us in the way of charity. It is very seldom that charity is spoken of as a natural grace. It is born of experience and the more diversified our experiences if we make the most of them, the broader our charity. Some people never recognize that every day of life contains practical lessons, but those who do are the ones who become well developed in manhood.

This is true: "A boy has a chance to make a name for himself if his father isn't too rich." The lad who doesn't have to work to attain the things necessary to gratify the tastes of boyhood, doesn't see the necessity for hustling to distinguish himself in manhood. Poverty isn't a blessing, but it is a spur that goads ambition—it is a good thing to get away from, as all know who have been up against it; while the golden spoon has always been considered a splendid thing to cuddle to—its attractiveness detracts from energetic effort. It takes a wise rich parent to make an eminent citizen of his son. He can secure his comfort in life—his maintenance—but he cannot assure his usefulness to his fellowmen, which is essential to the development of statesmanship or the highest type of citizenship.

The man who defined matrimony as the first step to alimony must have been a keen-eyed bachelor, for a benedict has usually acquired too much caution to indulge in such sharp reflections upon the gentler sex. It is true that "a good catch" often turns out to be a bad husband; and commercial marriages too frequently end in large claims for maintenance. The first step to alimony seems to be the disharmony which prompts separation and the last is in the divorce court. So far as justice is concerned alimony seems a fair balance for cruelty and broken contracts. The fair sex have just claims or they would not be allowed; and a just claim is honorable, whether it is called alimony, or bounty, or fair compensation.

Do not expect a friend to listen with patience to your tales of woe. There is no scarcity of tales of woe in the world, and that is how the saying "Every man has troubles of his own!" became popular. It is only the fashion of the few to thus impose upon patience and sympathy, and these soon come to be known as bores. It is of real value to be able to keep our woes to ourselves. There is mastery in holding the tongue and burying trouble. It is only by silence that a nobler manhood may be maintained and a more welcome friendship be established. Do not toss your trials and your measly irritations into the lap of friendship for that is no place for rubbish. If you are tempted to, it is time to say with unction in your heart, "Get thee behind me, Satan," for if you do not, the devil may soon be to pay.

The woman who discovered that the tickling throat which occurs when one passes from wintry air into a warm room does not need cough drops must have been caught in church without the idea that Christian Science was a reliable balm. She says a cough drop or even a sip of cool water is not necessary since chewing paper will set the muscles of the mouth and throat to working and bring immediate relief. Finding one has no paper it is not necessary to cheer up a dollar-bill, for she says that a bit of paper torn from the corner of a hymnbook leaf will answer quite as well as a bit of hoarhound or liorice, and by the time the paper has been made pulp the tickling and consequent nervousness will be all gone. This is a new use for hymn books, but who will say that since it promotes the well being of the chewer and the comfort of the congregation that it is not an endorsable remedy.

Every man in this world cannot stand prosperity, and perhaps this is not the fault of prosperity. These men who cannot stand prosperity are usually victims of adversity, not because they like adversity better, but because they have a mistaken idea of the license which prosperity affords. It may be possible that there is in this world a brand of prosperity that would just fit each and every individual if it was judiciously selected. This being so, it behooves every man to be careful about the brand of prosperity he selects. As to license it is a very good thing to credit, or to put it in another way, a dangerous thing to fool with. It strikes us that license is the name of the boulevard that leads direct to trouble, and the fact that it can unset the prosperous makes it all the plainer that it is the one thing for a prosperous man to steer clear of.

STRAY THOUGHTS

Where do our thoughts go when they stray from us? They seldom wander so far that they do not return, sometimes after a few minutes, though at times they leave us for hours, or even days. Then all of a sudden they reappear to our minds like runaway children coming penitently home. While they are gone our minds are as blank on the points concerning those thoughts as if we never had any knowledge of such topics, and we say, "I know perfectly well, but I cannot think." In what fold of our brain do they play hide-and-seek while we search in vain for them? I wonder if they know our efforts at finding them and are chuckling among themselves at our perplexity.

Teachers blame children in school for that sort of failure, and tell them if they really know the lesson they can recite it, but even the teachers do the same at times and are demanding of their pupils what they cannot themselves do. This inconsistency is not confined to the teaching fraternity by any means, for we all, parents as well as teachers, expect a degree of exactness from little folks which is not maintained by those of riper years.

Absent-mindedness we sometimes call the loss of memory, but none of those terms seems exactly to fit the case. Sometimes such a trait increases with advancing years and especially with regard to names of people or objects, and our patience is sorely tried when we are hindered in our conversation by the escape of the name we need to use at that time.

If our stray thoughts give us annoyance at times, however, they often bring pleasure, also. How often some object or occurrence of today recalls to our mind a long-forgotten experience, and we find ourselves enjoying again what we have long ago laid away in the room our memories and the remembrance is a pleasure to us.

An old song rings in our ears and reminds us of the day when we heard it first, perhaps from a parent's lips, in our childhood, or later on when as one of a merry group we joined our voices in some popular chorus. We cannot help feeling those choruses were superior in words and melody to the ones we hear now-a-days. Were they really of higher type, or is it only the effect of the dim past that glorifies them to us?

So with our friends of long ago. They are frequently recalled by some trivial occurrence in our present life, or a semblance noted in some one we meet, and we say, "How much you remind me of my girlhood friends!" But more often we have occasion to exclaim, "What made me think of that?" oh, "I have been thinking all day of an old friend whom I valued highly, but I've not thought of her for years. What could have put it into my mind?" for such memories flash into our minds unbidden and apparently with no possible cause. But how much we enjoy them, and it seems like a visit from the friend in question. We reproach ourselves for forgetting such friends for so long and renew our regards and interest in them, much as we should if unexpectedly we met them face to face on the street, and wonder how we could have allowed them to go so long neglected.

Another kind of stray thoughts are the visions or day-dreams which float across our minds in striking contrast to our present surroundings. These are often condemned by many as sheer waste of brain energy. I am sure they have their use and add much to the happiness and content of many who indulge in them. Of course, we should not allow them to unfit us for present duties or make us discontented with our lot. Such results indeed, are much to be deplored. Holmes tells us a capability for perceiving the ridiculous is greatly to be desired, as it helps one over many a hard spot in life. Equally so is the power of living in a world of imagination. Often such visions are called "Spanish castles," but, wherever located, I am sure they are a delight to their owner if properly used.

Is one weary of the routine of life, day following day with little variation of duty or experience, one can find rest and relaxation in thinking of circumstances so arranged as to afford variety of work and pleasure. Is one deprived by straitened circumstances and narrowed income from the generous gifts one would like to bestow, pleasure is found in thinking of all we would do for others had we the means. Is one kept at home when the pleasures of travel would add so much to life's enjoyment, let the imagination reach to the desired point and the far-off country seems very near. In these days of illustrated news home travel is an easy matter. If our work be distasteful and conspicuous uncongenial, let us rise above all these hindrances by dreaming of the life we would arrange, had we the power given us to do so.

Once I was told by one who slept poorly that in the intervals of sleeplessness she had bought and made over, and re-furnished every house in her neighborhood; yet she was not discontented in her home. Another, whose wardrobe was of the plainest fashion, greatly enjoyed planning elaborate costumes which never came into existence. Very few knew how fond she was of fine dress and jewelry, for she never wore either.

We all have a double nature, we are told, and sometimes I feel that these day-dreams are the "other fellow" relating his experiences.

Stray thoughts can be valuable as stray minutes are. Frequently we are advised to employ our stray minutes in reading, study, or handwork of various sorts and are reminded of great achievements accomplished by careful saving of time. Let our stray thoughts be equally well employed, and we shall find in them comfort and solace, pleasure and profit, to ourselves, and what ennobles and expands our own lives cannot fail to have a similar effect on those within the range of our influence.

AN IDLER.

SUNDAY MORNING TALK

TO WHAT EXTENT ARE WE CIVILIZED?

My fellow-commuter leaned over the back of the seat and asked: "Have you noticed the headlines this morning? We were both reading the morning paper, which he by no means is the fellow-in the country and which is daily read by a considerable proportion of a large metropolitan population. But not until he spoke did I realize what a ghastly bill of fare it presented that morning. We went over together the various items which had been duly sensationalized in staring black type, as follows: "The Ex-Cashier a Suicide," "United States After the Hippo Trust," "Actress Shot on Stage," "Clergyman Kills Himself," "Court Clerk Charged with Embezzlement," "Mother Denied the Custody of Her Child."

The news matters covered by these flaring headlines occupied most of the first four pages of the paper. Then we got down, or rather got up to the less seamy side of life and read the morning's political gossip, the sporting news and happenings in society. But here, flung right in our faces as we began the day's work, was this broadside of crime, violence, lust and sin. It might have been a somewhat exceptional morning, but the shameful tale is humiliation enough to warrant my comrade's comment: "Is this what we call our boasted civilization?"

A royal good fellow is my fellow-commuter, but he has lived abroad a good deal and never idealizes human nature or expects a great deal from it. There is just the touch of the cynic about him also, and I was not unprepared when he went on to use the flamboyant headlines as a text for a little homily on the thin veneer of civilization which covers up the underlying barbarism of human nature today, as it did in the days of Alexander, Caesar and Charlemagne.

In other words, he thinks we have not got on very far when the elementary passions are so poorly controlled and break forth so constantly in various directions.

Of course I could argue on the other hand, that the light of publicity falls quickly and mercilessly on the misdoings of men today and that electricity flashes them now from the sky for the whole world to see, whereas in the days of our grandfathers, the knowledge of a foul act might be confined to a very few, perhaps to the victim and the perpetrator; or, moreover, we find some relief in Mr. Dooley's sapient observation to the effect that "being phoos ain't news." It is true enough that most people today are law abiding and order loving, and as they go quietly and faithfully about their day's business, as they enter into and fulfil the obligations of the home, even the hard-eyed reporters cannot call anything of public interest the routine duty doing of multitudes of men, women and children. But when Jones, coming down to breakfast, instead of saying "good morning" politely to his mother-in-law, empties the contents of the coffee pot on her head, why, then the afternoon Tell it All is sure to have one of the "young men" on the ground in a half an hour and behold, what a succulent tid-bit the trick will have later in the day.

But apologize, and extenuate all we may and should, civilization is too often skin deep and it will always be so as long as most people think of civilization as a vast collection of good roads, sky-scraping office buildings, transcontinental railways, 50,000-ton steamships, palatial hotels, yachting, automobiling, dress parades on Fifth avenue, and a round of gay but useless social functions. These are but incidents of the developing life of man. Their prototypes are found in civilizations that centuries ago decayed and were buried. They may exist today along the manners of the jungle and the morals of Botany Bay.

Not in the outward show, but in the inward disposition is the true test of civilization. How self-controlled is the modern man, how imperturbable, how considerate, how magnanimous, how pure and self-keeping. Tell us about this and then we can pronounce upon the reality and worth of the civilization of which he is supposed to be a fair type.

So long as men and women are self-centered and self-seeking, easily provoked and provoking, dishonest and lecherous, we shall read almost every day in our newspapers more or less of the seamy side of life, and often more, rather than less, no matter how high we build our houses and marts of trade, no matter how many electrical devices we invent that add to the ease and comfort of daily existence. The cure for civilization's ills and perils is not more civilization of the same sort, but certainly and none of us is fully civilized until he is Christianized.

THE PARSON.

A Distinction.

Champ Clark, in a magazine article, laments the want of orators in congress. Still, there are plenty of members left who can talk, and like to do it.—Philadelphia Press.

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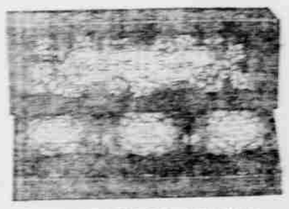

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