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and Gazette

115 YEARS OLD.

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The Circulation of The Bulletin.

The Bulletin has the largest circulation of any paper in Eastern Connecticut. Over 100,000 copies are printed each week. It is delivered to over 6,000 of the 4,000 homes in Norwich, and sent by subscription to over 1,000 in other parts of the state. It is delivered to over 300 homes in Putnam and Danbury to over 1,100, and in all of these places it is considered the local daily.

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CIRCULATION

1901, average 4,825
1905, average 5,920

Week ending April 1, 1911 **8,075**

RECIPROCIITY FROM THE FARMER'S STANDPOINT.

The Bulletin commends the attention of its readers to the Farmer's letter upon the proposed reciprocity treaty with Canada. While he is able and loyal Granger, he does not like the way in which the National Grange officers have tried to commit the Grange against the policy of the administration without paying any attention to those members who are in favor of the neighboring trade which such a treaty will promote. The Farmer takes a broad view of the matter and presents a few facts and figures just to show some of the advantages of this policy, which he interprets as tending to prove beneficial to the greatest number.

The Bulletin knows the Farmer has been a loyal republican and protectionist from the start, and that he is now standing for what he believes to be the best interest of the republican party and the country at large. He recognizes the right of every Granger to take any position he sees fit upon the subject, but he is decidedly opposed to any misrepresentation of the Grangers, or any political tactics to wheel them into line in a body against a wise policy from purely selfish purposes.

It is an interesting letter and worthy of attention whether one is for or against the treaty.

It calls attention to some facts which are of vital importance. There is no disputing that in various ways the country will be greatly benefited by the adoption of a more liberal policy toward our neighbor to the north of us.

LORIMER.

There appears to be only one wise thing for Senator Lorimer to do, and that is to resign. There appears to be no escaping the latest revelations. The testimony of Mr. Funk and Editor Kohlman that a fund of \$100,000 was raised to elect him is direct and positive. His case is likely to be reopened in the United States senate and he may not find another job to save his poll.

The men who give him their support are evidently conservative as New England is looking at the case now, who sees that the whitewashing of Lorimer was a great mistake which the senate ought to undo to save itself from the imputation of merely pleading technicalities against the aroused moral sense of the people. Even if a second investigation fails to bring home bribery to Lorimer himself, the revelations of methods and means spread before the country last winter and amplified recently in Chicago should be sufficient, in the interest of purity of election, to force a declaration that his seat in the senate be declared vacant.

The slogan of the country is: Lorimer must go!

CLEANLINESS VS. GOOD FOOD.

An English physician recently astonished his hearers by saying that cleanliness might be next to godliness, but that good food was the foundation of health—their fat, dirty children would enjoy good health, while clean, underfed children do not. Listen to what this doctor had to say with reference to feeding children:

"Well-fed children would almost empty our hospitals, and would add a great many of our medical men to the list of the unemployed. Nevertheless, it is one thing to assert the undisputed importance of good feeding, but quite another to insure that our whole day school children are properly nourished. Some things are being done by giving breakfasts in school, but this only touches the subject when parents of such children acquire a better sense of their responsibilities in this all-important matter, and a better knowledge of how to utilize the means at their disposal to the best advantage for the physical welfare of their children, we may hope to see a better state of things. In this our main hope lies with the next generation of parents, and we hope that the efforts which are now being made in our schools to instill a sound practical knowledge of cookery and domestic economy in our girls will bear fruit."

It is under-feeding and over-cleaning which is at the bottom of nine-tenths of the invalidism of life. Well-balanced rations and exercise rob life of half its distress.

Of Oklahoma really has 3,000,000,000 tons of coal within her borders, she has the foundations of wealth that ought to make Pennsylvania envious.

The Lorimer whitewash is not fast. The country today has no doubt what it is under it.

THE MISTAKE OF HIS LIFE.

The thing men do not often attempt to correct is their mistakes in life; neither are they inclined to talk about them. It appears that they are some of these who stress by good ambitions. A Welshman recently died whose life story is this:

"About thirty years ago he was a dragoon of a Welsh chaper, and having a desire to become a salaried man he saved out of his earnings \$100, which he paid as an entrance fee to Pontypool Baptist college. After four or five years there, where, it is said, he excelled in Greek, he settled in a small church in Northamptonshire, returning after a few years in Wales, where he held several parishes. His last charge was at Lord's Hill, near Minsterley, Salop, where he came to the conclusion that in attempting to be a pastor he had missed his right calling. Although he was now getting on in years, he accepted a situation as a laborer, under the Alshall company, at a wage of about 17s. a week, and continued his work—also acting as local preacher on Sundays when possible—for about ten years, mainly with a barrow, at Priorleeve furnaces. He had often to submit to good-humored chaff, and his barrow was sometimes called 'the parson's barrow,' but the old fellow took it all in good part. It is said that nothing in his conduct or conversation of a nature contrary to the religious profession he made or the better position he once occupied was ever detected.

He evidently was a good man, but did not feel at home as the shepherd of a flock and found pleasure in hard work.

WILL THEY MAKE A NEW RECORD?

It is generally believed that the democratic majority of congress will do what is least popular—that they will spoil their fair prospects for 1912. It is said that nothing in his conduct or conversation of a nature contrary to the religious profession he made or the better position he once occupied was ever detected.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The snore heaven has gone to its resting place and the lawn mower is being lubricated for early use.

March tried to freeze up April, but the month of showers appears to have forced him to let go his grip.

Friday does not appear to stand for bad luck at Hartford. It is now spoken of as the real workday of the season.

League baseball will be on in less than a week, and then the revolution in Mexico will have to take a back seat.

Happy thought for today: Never borrow anything that you cannot return, and this applies especially to trouble.

What do you suppose is the hardest stunt on earth for a man? Of course, there are the things that you do every most every man in employment thinks he has it; but as I have canvassed the field over it seems to me that the man who biggest redies any might find the real thing. You know that in literature man is set down as a devil, a beast, a civic animal, a bundle of habits, a fool to buy and sell, his own worst enemy, as vile, a stealer of the livery of Heaven and a paradox; and these are the things that success can expect to have in abundance to prove that he isn't a fool? There is no use of claiming that he is the dearest of men, that he is a creature serves the more to show up his foolishness, since it shows he has a friend he dishonors. This is a subject which it will do man to give a matter of himself, so let every reader wrestle with it for himself.

What the world is in need of is the creation of an atmosphere which leaves no doubt of the brotherhood of man or the Fatherhood of God. There are a good many things in right which people are doing, but they are not making a deep impression in this direction; but they are not the real thing. The expression of the highest love of one another is the thing which will make such an atmosphere and bring recognition of this great truth. Good-fellowship toward man, who is the conductor, and the factory-operative and the laborer all counts to make real what ought to be a natural condition. It is by the way of a common sense and breathe and have our being; and a grateful manifestation of this spirit would make a great and happy family. The joy in service and joy in living ought to be constantly in evidence; and these two could not fall to produce contentment and satisfaction in the work of the individual and can only be accomplished by him.

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THE MAN WHO TALKS.

The proverb, "March dust to be sold, worth ransom of gold," was written by Thomas Tusser in Good Husbandry in 1573, hence it is over three and a half centuries old, and from this have grown two later proverbs: "A bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom," and also "A peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom." While a German proverb has it: "A load of March dust is worth a ducat," a silver coin worth about 20 cents, or about 32.33. A king's ransom was usually the largest price demanded for the release of a prisoner.

Just because she tried to kick up a pretty box," interrupted Kenneth. "The man who talks is a fool," said Kenneth. "How was Barbara to know about such things when she is only six years old?" "I would the barrow had stayed in the corner. Guess he'll know after this. I punched him with for it. That was no April fool joke, neither. He's been crying the night before last, and he'll teach him," and Kenneth smiled up with pride at the thought of the punishment he had inflicted upon the hapless Jones boy.

"Climb up into my lap, dearie, and I'll tell you a story and we'll forget all about the April fool," said Kenneth. "I did not mean to harm my pet, and I'm sorry Kenneth had to fight him, bringing that cricket over here," Kenneth said. "I was watching the fire while I talk to you."

Although the first of April, a cheerful mood, Barbara brought her little heart, and the old brass andirons reflected the bliss which the children never tired of watching, but Kenneth threw the April fool, and he threw himself down on the rug.

"Will it be about soldiers?" asked Kenneth. For he liked grandma's war stories.

"No, not today, though there may be a soldier in it," replied grandma. "Now are we all ready to begin? You must know I am an April Fool myself."

"Why, Grandma Remington?" exclaimed Barbara, "you must be trying to fool us!"

"No, my dearie, I was born on the first of April, and so many years ago, and they said I was a pretty baby, too."

"(Think you are pretty now)" said Barbara, as she softly stroked the face resting against her own.

"Well, be that as it may, I was a happy baby, and very happy little girl. The other children found out my birthday, however, they made a great fun of me, and often they shouted 'April Fool' and 'April Fool' and wash your face and go to school," which sent me home crying, just as Barbara did just now.

"But when I was older, so many good things came to me in April that I became quite fond of the month and glad that I had my birthday when it came. My birthday party on the first of my plan for me, and there was always some little joke played off after me, April Fool, April Fool, dish of dainty-looking cakes, all frosted alike, but one was filled with cotton. How we all laughed when it was found out. The lady who gave it to me once some of the apples were sewed through and through with threads to catch the teeth of the greedy one who ate the biggest redies any for himself. But the silver dollar

awful, and it is fortunate that we called him in time; but had he just said: 'you have a breaking-out and I must give you something to clean you up after me, April Fool, April Fool, thought that we had better taken a little sulphur and molasses and pulled out of it ourselves. If we do not like the taste of the sulphur, we may be mystified; and some of the preachers in expressing themselves seem to fully realize this fact, and recognize the fact that the highest redies any for himself. But the silver dollar

ALWAYS ON THE GO.

"My husband keeps asking, 'When are you going to come to Hartford? You've been going on like this for five years and I see no prospect of your letting up.'"

The speaker, a young, genial woman who looked as if she might have just come from a meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance union, was sitting on her way to a gathering of the sewing society, to be followed later in the day in a church supper for which she was chairman of the committee. She was carrying a special responsibility. Meanwhile one pictured her husband as hanging for a little more of the bid-time, sedulously arranged the freddie in the days before the wife had her fingers in so many places.

This was a country woman, her story being in the story of the busy, ubiquitous woman of the period. Her activities may be quite outside of church circles and include a pound of soap, a basket of laundry, a number of clubs with perhaps just a dash of philanthropic work to save her conscience. Possibly her husband, too, was hungry for her company, and maybe the children see more of their purses than they do of the one who makes the money.

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KEEP THE HANDS SOFT AND THE COMPLEXION FAIR.

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Uncle Kenneth always gave tea was no joke, and my father's hug and kiss were as hearty as his. Aunt Fannie as for any of the others."

"Did you have an Uncle Kenneth, grandma?" asked Barbara. "Yes, I had. That's my name you know and I've got an Uncle Kenneth, too."

"Yes, it's been a favorite name in our family and I hope you will do it credit, my child," responded grandma. "But to go on with my story, grandma, it was in the month of April, when Remington asked me to marry him, and our wedding day came in April. 'Grandma went to be a soldier,' commented Kenneth, 'and I'm going to be a soldier when I'm big enough.'"

Grandma's eyes rested tenderly upon a picture on the wall of a young man in army uniform. "He was a soldier and gave his life to his country's service, dying on the battlefield long years ago. He has loving remembrance. He was always the husband of her youth, and in her placid life she looked forward to reunion with him as a joy constantly drawing nearer as the years rolled by.

"Tell me more, grandma," came from Barbara's lips in her lonesome tones. "Didn't anything else happen to you in April?"

"Yes, indeed," continued grandma. "You must know, I was poor and had to work hard to support myself and bring up my two children, my little girl, your mother, and your brother, Kenneth. One day in April, when I felt very tired and discouraged, I received news of the sale of some western lands of which I knew very little. Your grandfather had bought them before he went into the army, but they seemed good for nothing. Their sale made me a good deal of money, and I did not have to work so hard after that. That was the first of April, too, and a first of April was a joke usually made on the first of April, and what could we do without her!"

"Mamma calls me her little Easter fowl," chimed in Barbara.

"Yes, Easter comes in April sometimes, and the robins and the spring flowers come in April, and many other things to make us glad. And if you look in that top drawer of grandma's wardrobe, what do you suppose you will find?"

"Oh, I know, some goodies," and Barbara scrambled from grandma's lap and rushed to find the candies she usually discovered in grandma's room.

"Kenneth has gone to sleep on the rug, grandma, and I'm going to pop candy into his mouth for an April fool joke. Won't it be a nice one!"

"And there is mamma coming for her little girl, and the bell is ringing for luncheon. That's no April fool, sister. Where has the morning gone!" exclaimed grandma, as her daughter quitted in the room. "Oh, we had a dish of dainty-looking cakes, all frosted alike, but one was filled with cotton. How we all laughed when it was found out. The lady who gave it to me once some of the apples were sewed through and through with threads to catch the teeth of the greedy one who ate the biggest redies any for himself. But the silver dollar

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Cannon Should Shut Up and Stay Shut.

Dear Bulletin: With all due deference, yours truly quotes the following from the editorial column of his old favorite, The Bulletin of Friday. The Bulletin is good through and through, and more to come. It can be tied to without reservation.

"Conservatism cannot win in order when he told the democratic majority that it was not necessary for it to use the majority as any means than the republicans did."

But Uncle Joseph, although his gust still flew a foot deep, has been toned down to the level of the ordinary production, and that is only what might have been expected. The writer—a lifelong republican—is free to say that were it not for the ordinary production that gave the speaker such automatic power, Cannon would not be so objectionable. Of course, Cannon deplores the result. He should deplore it in sackcloth and ashes; he should deplore it in meekness and self-abnegation; he should deplore it with the same kind of howl that he now belches forth. He made it more pleasant than otherwise that the country were in his hands. If he had done the fair thing, the house of representatives would now have a republican majority. For one of his age, he still preserves his contour, but he is confronted with a most harrowing alternative at the present time. To keep his mouth in conformity he should keep it shut.

J. W. MILLER.
Jewett City, Ct., April 7, 1911.

TO HANG TRAIN WRECKERS.

The sole crime punishable by death in the state is deliberate and premeditated murder or the killing of human beings in the perpetration of any robbery, or any arson, rape, robbery or burglary. The killing of any number of human beings by deliberately throwing a moving train off the track will not cause the man convicted of this offense to lose his life. The house at Harrisburg thinks evidently this is a mistake, for it has passed on second reading, without a dissenting vote, a bill making train wrecking which results in loss of life punishable by death.

Through the general tendency of the present day is to restrict rather than extend the application of the death penalty, a grave crime can hardly be included in the list of homicides for which life is to be forfeited. So long as we have capital punishment for willful murder the train wrecker who destroys life should receive the penalty. A graver crime can hardly be conceived than the deliberate wrecking of a rapidly moving train carrying human beings. The slaughter is usually wholesale, while the maiming and suffering caused are unmeasured. A man capable of such a crime is too wicked to live.—Philadelphia Press.

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BIENOS WORTH THAT MUCH.

Rear Admiral Peary, retired, will get \$4,000 a year for the rest of his life, which is a fairly good reward for reaching the north pole.—Boston Globe.

The Unpardonable Sin.

Congress will be mad enough to cut high links if President Taft makes them miss their lecture dates.—Atlanta Constitution.

When "going to things" destroys our

relish for a quiet time at home with the children or with the husband or wife or with the grandparents or with some old friend, then beware. Mr. Fletcher, the expert on mastication says that when a man ceases to enjoy a slice of bread, when his palate calls constantly for highly-seasoned viands, something is the matter with his digestion or is going to be the matter with it ere long. When you have exhausted the ability of a good book, of a quiet hour of meditation, of a service in church, or a walk alone or with choice companions through lovely woods to yield you real enjoyment, something is the matter with your mental and moral state; you are acquiring intellectual dyspepsia and your moral fiber is becoming impaired.

Everyone disposed to periodic attacks of this modern spirit of restlessness needs to be anchored to things that are never in influx.

THE PARSON.

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