1796 CENTURY 1912

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Norwich, Tuesday, June 18, 1912.

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 1,200, 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 sixty 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
June 15	8,283

EQUIPMENT FOR SOUND LINES.

It will add a sense of increased security to the patrons of the Sound lines of steamboats when the policy of placing full lifeboat provision on all the boats is carried out. The announcement that it will be done shows that the New England Navigation company intends to comply with all the necessary requirements for the safety of its passengers. The company operates its steamers practically within sight of land at all times, and has been careful in caring for the needs of those traveling by water by carrying more lifeboats than the regulations of the department of commerce and labor require, and equipping their vessels with wireless.

The only safe way to proceed, however, is by providing lifeboats sufficient for all, and then if an accident befalls the vessel, that precaution of supplying the boats has been taken. Though the boats are in sight of land practically all the time, yet it is remembered that the Larchmont was lost just off Watch Hill, and it is not always possible to anticipate accidents and reach land, though it may not be far off.

The additional equipment is the result of the Titanic disaster, and the company is wisely complying with measures which are in the interest of human life, beside which other considerations must take second place.

MAKING RAGTIME UNPOPULAR.

Joining with the widespread opposition to the suggestive dances is the International Association of Dancing Masters, and they should have a powerful influence in putting a check on the hops and syncopated hugs that are classed as dancing. How far they can do this is problematical. They consider that ragtime music is responsible for the "bunny hug," "turkey trot" and "grizzly bear," to say nothing of the others of similar name. While the dancing masters can have some influence in destroying the interest in the dances which tend to degeneracy, by teaching the waltz and the minuet or twostep, there must be a determined effort among the dancers before it will be entirely eradicated.

Many who delight in making examples of themselves by persisting in the terpsichorean orgies do so because it is supposed to be "naughty" and up to date, rather than because of a desire to offend morals or good taste. The barring of them from public dance halls has good effect in decreasing the interest among a certain element, but until they cease to be fashionable the fad is liable to continue.

Those who set the fashion have an important part to play in this respect. As long as they continue the "daring" and keep the dances before the public, so long will they exist, but let them become unfashionable and they will cease as quickly as they came. Music and dances cater to the public demand.

MEASURE OF SUCCESS.

That was sterling advice which President Hadley of Yale gave to the graduating classes of that university in his baccalaureate address Sunday. In dealing with the question which so frequently bobs up as to whether colleges prepare for success in the after life of the graduate, he said:

"In nine cases out of ten, the man who asks this question measures success in terms of wealth. He thinks of the whole world as playing a game in which money is the prize and the man who makes the most money is the winner. If this were the right way to look at life, the inquiry would be an overwhelmingly important one.

"The true measure of a man's success is the service which he renders, not the pay which he exacts for it. The true measure of a man's ability is the power to help others and to contribute to their advancement. The effort to make money is an important incentive to social service and industrial progress; but the amount of wealth each man acquires is no accurate indication of the service he has rendered or the progress he has made possible."

It is the college training which prepares the young men of the country to perform that which can be measured by the true meaning of a man's success. They are by no means the only ones who can thus be able to make successful lives, but their training is given for that broad purpose. They have the advantages and the opportunity to make the most of their abilities, due to the preparation they have received. College men are sometimes failures because they do not realise the true measure of their ability.

RENOMINATION DUE TAFT.

Today at Chicago marks the climax of one of the greatest contests in the history of the republican party. The sorry spectacle is presented of an ex-president of the United States foisting himself upon the people for a third term and going to the convention city for the purpose of soliciting his own nomination. Precedent and self-respect have been thrown aside by Roosevelt in his wild fight to defeat the president for renomination. No other man, after the repeated declaration of the people, would have considered running for a third term, after having had two terms in the White house. But what cares the Colonel, who breaks his solemn promises, stands for demagogic measures, conducts a campaign of vituperation and assault, crawls from his avowed position for the sake of votes, slanders the national committee, and then, finding himself beaten, preys on the delegates of his opponent to defeat the will of the people, so long as he can get the coveted nomination? This is the type of man that is seeking to make himself president of the United States for the third term, and his actions demonstrated the wisdom of letting ex-presidents stay where they are.

The same intrigue which has existed from the start was continued to the time of the convention, and to induce the rush to the Colonel the same foundationless claims were issued in the fight for delegates and the keeping up of false pretenses which have characterized the campaign.

President Taft deserves the renomination and he has the delegates who represent a majority of the people in thinking so, money and promises notwithstanding. He is entitled to a second term by his efficient administration and adherence to his party platform, a characteristic which does not hold true with his opponent. It is the duty of the republican party to renominate and re-elect President Taft.

THE THAW CASE.

Another instance of what money can accomplish is shown in the reappearance of the Thaw case in New York in an endeavor to get him free from the prison for the criminal insane. This notorious case has had sufficient publicity since the accused shot Stanford White, but as long as the wealth permits, it can be expected to appear periodically until every effort is exhausted. It is intended now to show that he is sane and being in his right mind should be granted his freedom. Already fresh in mind, it will be remembered that Thaw escaped the electric chair only by the plea of insanity. There was a deliberate murder committed, but the electrocution of an insane man is never sought, so when the defense proved to the satisfaction of the court that Thaw was suffering from an incurable mania for killing he was saved from death.

Now the surprising quick recovery of the paronoiac shows that the criminal insane asylum is a remarkable hospital in bringing the incurable back to normal conditions, or else his condition at his trial was far different than alleged. Alienists will testify at this hearing that he is sane as freely as they did at his trial when he was pronounced incurable.

It is possible that such an appeal will influence the court, but it looks too thin on the face of it to believe that justice can be held up to ridicule in any such manner simply because there is wealth back of the appeal.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The convention over, Dixon's yawp will cease and he will fade from sight and hearing.

Happy thought for today: The love of applause makes a ninny of an otherwise able man.

Riding about Jerusalem on a trolley car will be pleasant; but it makes of it a new Jerusalem.

The Colonel believes in the effect of dress. A rough rider's hat and tie is right for Chicago.

Governor Baldwin and Governor Foss are only likely to receive complimentary mention at Baltimore.

The new machine at Washington for washing paper money is in operation. It takes out everything but the taint.

Bartlett's Dictionary of Americanisms says "to swot" is to smite. "To swat the fly" means today to kill him.

The man in London who died from handling too much money, it should be stated, was not engaged in newspaper work.

When the English suffragette tried to tear off Premier Asquith's epaulets, she knocked the chip off Mrs. Asquith's shoulder.

The strangest phenomenon this summer is that with all the hot air being sent broadcast it remains so remarkably cool.

When Mark Twain called Roosevelt a shrewd charlatan, no one thought the Colonel would ever attempt to make his words true.

Roosevelt didn'ot know what had struck him at Tarrytown. He might have thought it was the opening shot of the convention.

Ten million illiterate Americans under ten years of age shows the nation is not securing to children their rights or safeguarding its future.

Colonel Bryan is in Chicago, but he is not talking about Roosevelt's stealing his thunder. He must be reserving that for Baltimore.

The Chicago photographers are keeping the attention of the delegates who face the camera with "Watch the Colonel" instead of "See the birds."

The progressives in influencing delegates to desert Taft will not heed primaries or instructions. "Anything to win" is a good enough motto for them.

The fact that 1,000 pounds of dynamite failed to explode when struck by an automobile in New York gives little consolation to the Wauwecus Hill farmer.

It is well to bear in mind the national committee proved the contesting delegates were not entitled to seats, and Roosevelt members O-K-ed their decision.

No, William, the republican national committee are not Taft brigands. The great friend of the people and the savior of the party only wants you to think they be.

The republicans who blame President Taft for saying anything in reply to Roosevelt would have said five times as much and said it twice as loud had they been in his boots.

If the grouch was as faithful to all else as to his grouch what a fine fellow he would be.

The hotel keepers have their campaign so well in hand they have not a doubt with reference to results.

It is a great encouragement to men who volunteer to put down anarchy to prosecute the defenders of law and order for murder just as soon as quiet is restored.

A Massachusetts city bales its old paper and sells it for $5.50 a ton. That is better than letting it blow about the streets or smoking up the town with it.

The Colonel shows his recall ideas when he condemns the national committee, who decides affairs by evidence and demands the seating of delegates which they repudiate.

OTHER VIEW POINTS

Chauncey M. Depew is surely out of politics. He says: "There is no situation at Chicago. It is simply a question of which corpse will get the most flowers."—New Haven Journal Courier.

This will be a trying week, no doubt in many ways, but whatever the result, the people may be depended upon to settle it at the polls that it will leave no memory other than it deserves.—Meriden Record.

The warlike kaiser has reformed by turning his moustaches down. Only citizens and policemen cling to the old fashion of bristling points. France and England should feel reassured by the kaiser's action.—Bridgeport Telegram.

The gentle tip comes from Chicago that beef is due for another rise. Who cares? Pretty soon the American people will learn that their health is better without meat and then there won't be such a tremendous market for it.—Hartford Post.

What is worrying Boston most in the increase cost of food products is the fact that beans have advanced, if only beans had remained at the old figure, it is doubtful if Boston would have known that the price of eatables had taken a jump.—Rockville Journal.

It has been known for weeks that Timothy Woodruff could not be depended upon to stand by Barnes in holding the New York delegation in line for Taft. It is now no surprise to hear that T. R. contemplates lining up with T. R. in support of progressive principles on the first ballot.—Springfield Republican.

The four female members of the last class in Wesleyan which will contain women all bear away the coveted Phi Beta Kappa key, honestly earned. It is a worthy challenge to that picayune male narrowness whose efforts of years to insult women out of Wesleyan now wins its little victory.—New Haven Register.

Australia is about to build a magnificent capitol building for the new federation and the competition for plans was thrown open to the architects of all nations. The winning design came from Chicago, second prize went to Helsingforh, Finland, while third prize was taken by Paris. How small the world is now that a five cent postage stamp will carry a letter anywhere.—Waterbury Republican.

The newspaper cartoonists have a good deal of power in such times as these; and we are glad to see that the large majority of them picture the contesting Roosevelt delegates as straw men, bundled together, as Frank Munsey and other Roosevelt advocates now say, merely to make talk for the third-term side. This is the real history of the "will of the people," which Colonel Roosevelt has gone to Chicago to enforce.—Hartford Courant.

Those who have doubted if there exists a money trust, or a coterie of men who control the finances of this which the Pujo investigating committee is worming out of New York bankers, and the facts which have been brought to light regarding the Clearing House and its treatment of banks. The very fact that a bank of five irresponsible men, so far as the law is concerned, should be able to dictate as they have done causing banks to close which were perfectly solvent, and starting a run on a trust company, is enough to indicate that it is time that were regulated by law, and made to give publicity to their business.—Middletown Sun.

Power Cleaves.

The kaiser chooses his wife's hats. It is astonishing the great power still exercised by some sovereigns.—Washington Herald.

Another Candidate.

Mr. Tumbo of Muskogee, Ok., wants to run for vice president. Wonder if his first name is Bwana.—Grand Rapids Press.

Easy Game to Learn.

Claiming delegates is an interesting game and easy to learn.—New York American.

"On what grounds do you seek a divorce, madam?" "My husband has an artistic temperament and I love to eat occasionally."—Satire.

THE BULLETIN'S SHORT STORY.

HIS WIFE

She stood before him in all the glory of her dominant womanhood, smiling in the interception of a sudden light of admiration in her husband's eyes.

"Dear old Dick!" she whispered. "I really believe you still think there is nobody like me. You are the eighth wonder of the world to do that—after three years' marriage; and—haven't you had enough of writing for one day? Don't you know it is my birthday? I want to enjoy myself tonight, dear."

Temple laughed again.

"A fact which accounts for the evening dress," said he, rising. "Where's it to be, then? Funds will allow of no going beyond the first row of a dress circle, you know."

"I am going to have a box. You know I would not ask for one had we to pay for it. I am really dead set on seeing the premiere of 'The Slave of Circumstance,' and—Dick, I have had a box given me for the Charing Cross."

"I'd sooner cut my right hand off than pass over the threshold of any theater belonging to O'Dowd. Helen, have you forgotten what he wrote when he returned Gerard's Wife? No, I'm hanged if I'll go to the Charing Cross. Anywhere but there."

"But, Dick, dear, it is my birthday, and you have never, never yet refused me anything I have asked you to do on it. I would like to go to the Charing Cross above everything else, dear. Besides, dear, don't you think it is silly to be angry with O'Dowd? After all, he said that Gerard's Wife was very clever. It only lacked a human note of interest and the obligatory happy end. If you had met him on these points I believe your play would have been staged at the Charing Cross."

"Very well, we'll go," said he quietly. "I wanted the money badly enough at the time O'Dowd returned my play, still I couldn't ruin it to suit his fancy. Well, it came in handy to light the fire with, didn't it?"

"Yes, it came in quite handy, and—you'll get ready quickly—at once?"

The last bars of the overture were ringing in loud diapason out over a crowded house when Temple entered the stage box at his wife's disposal. Synchronizing with his arrival the lights in the theater's vast auditorium were lowered, the curtain rising ere he indeed had time to take his seat.

"Who's the author?" he queried listlessly as, picking up a programme lying on the velvet ledge before him, he scanned its heading. "Rodger Templeton. Never heard of the beggar. New man, I suppose?"

Helen nodded.

"Wonder O'Dowd touched him, then! I wish one could smoke and—— Hallo!"

Helen heard words hissed out grimly from between her husband's trembling lips, and shivered. With white, strained features she stared out across the garish footlights at the actors tripping their speeches in a manner peculiar to the mummer when he knows his lines are good and his part possesses the requisite action to carry them off with an effect that will reach his audience.

Brilliant as was the cast, Helen, however, possessed but deaf ears for the wit and sparkle of their dialogue. Her every thought lay with the varying moods of the crowded auditorium. She listened only to the ripples of laughter greeting the sallies of pungent humor. The audience was in a good mood. It was witnessing a clever play and voiced its approval in so decided a manner at the act's close as to produce a triple curtain.

In all that crowded house there were but two people who did not lend their hands to swell the general paean of applause—Helen and Richard Temple.

The latter, leaning back in his chair, faced his wife, drawn and ashen-hued of feature in the theater's electric glare.

"Do you recognize this—this original play, dear?" he asked thickly, addressing the woman resting her slender fingers on his knee. "Do you? My play! By heaven, child! It's my play, and O'Dowd has stolen it from me. Not only the plot, but its dialogue as well! He's filched the whole thing and presented it to the public with a few alterations of his own, the precious human touch he prated to me so much about; but I'll be even with him over the deal. It's copyrighted."

In silence Helen listened to her husband's mutterings. Had it not been for the gentle affection of her finger's touch on Temple's knee it might indeed have appeared as though his fevering words fell on deaf ears. In his rage the angry man ignored alike the contact of Helen's hand on his knee and the pleading of her eyes as he listened to each and every familiar speech of the second act and the deafening applause at the latter's logical conclusion.

Trembling, he watched the curtain rise for the third act, and doing so remained silent, as in a stupor. Temple leaned across the velvet embrasure in front of him, drinking in every word of dialogue and noting every change of phrase, each new inflection of sentiment. Unwillingly he found himself forced to admit that the play, as then staged, gripped him in a thrall it had till then ever lacked. The comedy was human. It pulsated with a note of real life. Sullenly the angry man watched the audience, who voiced their approval in so stentorian and decided a fashion on the curtain's final fall. Five times it rose; then from the back of the pit rang out a cry that on the instant found its echo in every part of the house.

"Author!" he hissed out in sibilant echo from between his closely set teeth. "Heavens, I wonder if the scoundrel will take that call in full view of the man who is responsible for five-sixths of the play?"

Temple paused, swinging round as the door of the box, flung violently back on its hinges, admitted the burly figure of O'Dowd. Hot and hurried, the manager held out his hand in overt congratulation toward the man who stared into his eyes with menacing fury.

"Temple, it's a hit! The thing's good for a year, and—— Come, man, take your call! Quick, Temple, none of your dashed modesty. There'll be a riot in the gallery if you delay facing the music much longer." O'Dowd paused, then added: "It's the human touch that's got them. I said it would and I was right. It's hit the house squarely!"

"Answer the call?" Temple muttered vacuously. "Do you want me to take the call—to bow my acknowledgments from that stage there?"

"Where do you suppose I expected you to take your call from—the pit bar?" O'Dowd laughed the words back in amused query. "Come on, Temple; don't start getting platform fright. If you think you'd make a fool of yourself if you spoke, just bow. That's all I require at your hands, but I want it done—quickly."

"Yes, go, dear. Mr. O'Dowd is right. This is not a moment for modesty. Your play is a hit—a big hit. You must not keep the audience waiting who have made it so."

Vaguely he looked into his wife's face, a sudden comprehension flitting across his brain as the softly uttered words sank into his mind. The sensitive quiver of Helen's delicately chiseled lips, the significant moisture of her eyes raised to his in such sweet command, roused into being all the native intuition of his soul. She had revised and rewritten the manuscript. With a sudden hump of the shoulders Temple passed out of the box and into a short corridor leading toward the stage.

A moment later Temple, facing the audience, was bowing his acknowledgments to a crowded and enthusiastic house.

"Great! The play of the year!" cried O'Dowd, cheerfully, welcoming Temple as the latter came into the wings. "It's the human note that's wanted in things of this kind, and you've given it, my boy—with the touch of an artist, too, by jove!" You'll split a bottle with me over this in my room, of course? Ask Mrs. Temple to come, and—as I verily believe it was she who induced you to surrender your obstinate attitude—will you kindly convey to her my best thanks?"

"You're right," said the playwright. "If it hadn't been for her I'd have seen the Charing Cross at Jericho before I spoiled my idea of a good play."

Trembling with excitement Temple pressed hotfooted on his way to the box where Helen awaited his coming. Opening its door with an abrupt jerk the playwright, striding to where his wife stood clearly silhouetted in the gloom of the half darkened theater, took her in his arms.

A stifled sob of happiness answered the passionate phrasing of the lips bent so closely to her ear, and Temple, knowing women and their weakness in the courts of joy, allowed his wife to weep undisturbed by any words of his.

Slowly the seconds sped in silence, to find their rupture in a sharp rap of knuckles on the panels of the door.

"I say, Temple," drawled O'Dowd's voice in accents of languid impatience. "Are we going to crack that bottle tonight or tomorrow morning?"—Tit-Bits.

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1 lb. LIVER ½ lb. BACON 12c

Fresh New Grass Creamery BUTTER, lb.... 29c

Sirloin Steak lb. 22c	Fresh Shoulders lb. 15c	Smoked Sugar Cured Shoulders lb. ... 12½c	Loin Lamb Chops lb. 20c
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1 lb. Gran. Sugar 6c
1 pkg. Argo Starch 5c
2 lbs. Rice..... 20c
Value 71c

All For 55c

IDEAS OF A PLAIN MAN

God is not to be known, but to be realized. We cannot come to Him as we come to a tree, we come to Him as we come to love. He is a fact, but a spiritual fact, and a spiritual fact is not to be taken between the fingers of the mind, as one takes an event of history or a phenomenon in physics.

All we can do with a spiritual truth is to adjust ourselves to it. We can only agree to it, acknowledge it, and act as if it existed.

In other words, God is to be realized, rather than known. There's a sensible difference. You can tell a boy it does not pay to lie or to get drunk, and then he knows it; but it is only when he afterwards, either by experience or by example, by suffering the consequences of his own or another's folly, realizes the truth, it is only then that he may be said to have it; it has become his.

When you tell a child fire burns, he knows it; when he gets burnt, he realizes it.

Truth of the spiritual sort is to be absorbed by experience. As the body eats food so the soul swallows and digests truth. Knowledge is an apple in the hand; wisdom is an apple assimilated in the blood.

So we go on, acting as if God were, assuming God, postulating God, and gradually God enters into our consciousness, becomes real in us. Speculating, reasoning, arguing is but holding the apple in the hand, turning it over and over; so we may starve to death. Acting-as-if-God-were, on the contrary, is to obtain Him.

This is the meaning of the sacrament. "Take, eat, this is my body. Except yet eat my flesh and drink my blood ye have no life."

176TH DIVIDEND.

Office of The Norwich Savings Society, Norwich, Conn., June 3, 1912.

The Directors of this Society have declared out of the earnings of the current six months a semi-annual dividend at the rate of FOUR PER CENT. per annum, payable to depositors entitled thereto on and after July 15, 1912.

COSTELLO LIPPITT, Treasurer.

je17daw

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June Sale of Undermuslins

We invite the woman who knows to visit this department before closing time Tuesday evening. We invite the woman who appreciates the luxury of fine muslin and dainty garments and who also appreciates a price which comes close to the actual manufacturer's cost. There is only one more day of this sale of quality undergarments at less than ordinary prices.

CORSET COVERS ..... 25c to $2.25
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The boys at Camp Comfort are using the same stove, that they had last year. It was the best they could get. It was a

New Perfection Oil Cook-stove

This year they got a New Perfection Oven
Also a New Perfection Toaster
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"Gee, what a difference in the meals a good stove makes," said one of the boys. So they called their shack "Camp Comfort." And they will tell their mothers and wives about the stove, too. For the New Perfection Oil Cook-stove is as convenient for the home, as for the camp. It will bake, broil, roast and toast as well as a regular coal range.

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