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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 4,068 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 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
July, 29	9,149

TWO YEARS OF WAR.

August 1st marks the expiration of the second year of the war with the days darkening for the Central Empires. Italy is about to declare war against Germany and to throw a third of a million more men upon the western front.

Germany claims she has won three times as much territory as she has lost, but omits to recognize that she is out of business, off the seas, has lost all of her provinces and has doubtless two years more of war before her, with a constantly growing force in numbers and efficiency of the Entente Allies.

Germany has practically challenged the world by her conduct toward neutral countries as well as belligerents; and her merciless policy toward her prisoners, which brings discredit to her even in the face of the worst she has to say against the Cossacks and their abuse of Polish women. The Hun spirit does not count for peace but arouses the spirit of vengeance.

The Central Empire has stirred up all the civilized nations of the earth, and called forth the assistance of the Turks and all their allies, and the horrors of war of the past two years have never been equalled in the history of the world, and the people pray they may not be repeated.

The Turks, under professedly Christian influence, have murdered a half million Armenians since the war began; and the belligerent nations have forced into battle 4,000,000 Hebrews and Poles who on opposite sides are murdering one another.

This is a sorry picture—this mania for bloodshed.

OUGHT TO BE ARBITRATED.

The prospective railroad strike ought to be arbitrated.

The roads involved claim that the advance in wages called for by their employes will make necessary a flat advance of 5 per cent. in rates, and this advance the interstate commission it is said declines to recognize. This state of affairs leaves these corporations between the devil and the deep sea.

The advance asked for calls for a hundred million more for expenses; and there is no doubt the great popularity of the automobile is lessening the passenger traffic all of the time.

The willingness of the roads to refer the whole matter to the interstate commerce commission for arbitration seems fair, but the employes decline such a settlement.

We all recognize, and doubtless, the employes recognize, that this is not a propitious time for a strike, and that it must be avoided, for no one would suffer more than the millions of people who would be discommoded by such a conflict.

With no force but the police to maintain order, no one can tell what the outcome of such a strike may be.

The government in the interests of the people should do everything in its power to avert a contest which will completely upset the business interests of the country.

MERCY, KAMERADE!

It is not infrequent that a German soldier in a hand to hand fight, conscious of failing strength or lack of skill, and perhaps of the wife and children at home, throws up his hands and pleads for mercy! "Mercy, Kamerade!" takes him forever from the strife, not in dishonor, for he had risked all and done all he could, but for the love and solicitude of those he has left behind.

Never since the war began, it is said, has a British soldier been heard to say "Mercy, Kamerade!" He grits his teeth and takes the cold steel because he prefers death to surrender. Is it best to perish from fear, or to so save one's self through a spirit of comradeship.

The spirit of comradeship is the spirit of brotherly love which prompts the wounded not only to aid one another as much as possible, but to risk their lives to get water, as Japanese and Russian wounded did on the battlefields of Manchuria. For the good of all comradeship sacrifices everything, even to self.

We all like and applaud the nerve that takes the last chance—then the exit; but is there any reason for holding in disesteem the man who asks for mercy.

If love compels use to ask of God mercy, why should we belittle the love which prompts a man to ask mercy of his brother man?

A REFORMER'S FIELD DAY.

Kansas City has been giving everybody an opportunity to make suggestions for the improvement of the city government and the charter board has listened to every theorist and crank in the city who thought he had a practical or beneficial idea of government.

They heard the men and they heard the women and after it was all over they found that 90 per cent. of the suggestions made were impractical because if applied to private business they would ruin it.

One factional endeavor was to make the positions of the city employes well paid and secure, and in effect these people would place the interests of city employes above the interests of the city itself.

It may be truthfully remarked right here that little cities and big cities always have in their midst a faction similar to this.

The nearer the business of any city is brought to straight business principles the more it gets for its money and the better it is governed.

City funds everywhere are wasted in soft snaps and political favors.

The average man ought to know more about government, the primary principles of which ought to be taught in the public schools.

THE MONOPOLISTS.

It looks as if the monopolists were born, not made.

The newsboy, who finding one newsstand paid him well, increased his ownership to fifty to increase his receipts, had the perception and tact of a monopolist.

The young Italian barber who invaded a city and soon acquired a half dozen barber's shops recognized the advantages of concentration in trade.

The boy who owns a bicycle and requires that the boys shall bring him junk that they may pay for their rides has the money-making percept well rooted in his brain.

And what of the boy who having contracted with his father to swat flies at ten cents a hundred, opened all the doors to keep the business good! Pa had to parley with him and get him to cancel the contract.

There is no end to incidents of this kind, and the man who said the boy is the father of the man made no mistake.

If there is anything America should take pride in it is her smart boys. Let them be carefully trained, for that is what makes good minute men!

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Nobel peace prize must look for lodgment another year.

Canadian smoke added to the brilliance of our sunsets and sunrises.

The old-fashioned country doctor isn't up to date, but his percentage of deaths is small.

Now that Carranza is booked to go, Mr. Wilson should prepare new notes for his successor.

Leather is getting scarce and dear, and we are in danger of becoming a wooden shoe country.

The Hebrews in Germany must look with satisfaction upon the pile of junk taken from the enemy.

Hughes will open the republican campaign in Maine next week. Charles will cut a swathe there.

Do not think any nation on earth respects American rights. All they respect is recognized force.

There is one thing John Bull is in no danger of losing—his stubborness. Right or wrong, he sticks.

President Wilson must have spent his week-end off the Virginia Capes to see the Deutschland off.

France has ordered ten million pounds of tobacco from Kentucky for her soldiers. Quite a quid!

The recalcitrant progressives are as happy as Jacksonian democrats who do not know yet their hero is dead.

Germany has taught the world one lesson well—the importance of having everything on hand when it is wanted.

Some men are at the saloon door every morning when it opens. They are not so prompt about anything else.

Ten cities have suffered one hundred degrees of heat in the shade. Aren't you glad Norwich wasn't in it?

In dog days it makes no difference whether a man says he is "sweltering" or "sizzling" we all know what he means.

One thing the politician has learned for keeps: Never to reach his hand toward the pie-plate unless there is pie on it.

It doesn't take a youth ten minutes to meet temptation; but it took a Rockefeller a whole week to find an opportunity.

A Philadelphia doctor says only two postage stamps in 50 are clean. Probably it would take a Philadelphia lawyer to prove it.

A Texas candidate for office says: Booze, boodle and big business defeated him. The good sense of the voters shines through this.

We bet the American summer girl does not wear wooden shoes in five years if necessity compels their adoption within two years.

Why should we take the butterfly as a symbol of happiness? The humming bird soars on as glad a wing in Alaska as in Connecticut.

The huckleberry-pie-mouth cannot be mistaken, but a huckleberry tongue might make a young physician suspect the presence of typhoid.

National book-keeping will always be defective. Over against its gains Germany does not set the cost in money, the dead, the widows and the orphans, not to mention the debt.

CORINNE'S VACATION

"Land sakes! Corinne Webster, ain't you got them peas shelled yet? When I advertised to have dinner at half past 12, I don't figger on keepin' folks waitin' till 1 or after. Just set that pan along this way. I spose I'll have to lend a hand, though, dear knows, it does seem as if you might do your day dreamin' o' nights, and try to be of some help to me these busy days. I guess 'twouldn't have taken but jest about one more year's schoolin' to have spoiled a perfectly good girl."

"Meaning me, mother," laughed Corinne, softly.

Mrs. Webster snapped a pod under her thumb. "An' nobody else," she said tartly, but her eyes belied her words, as they rested on her pretty daughter.

"It does beat all," she went on, more slowly, "how little you favor the Whipples. I dunno as you're so much to blame, seein' as you're only your father all over again, and I started in wrong anyway, alettin' him have his own way an' callin' you 'Corinne' instead of some good, sensible name like Julia. Maybe you'd been more like your Aunt Julia if I'd—"

"But I like the name that daddy gave me, and I wouldn't want to be—"

"Tut!" interrupted Mrs. Webster, "You Aunt Julia's a mighty smart woman, and a powerful hand at managing. If I'd been more like her, maybe I wouldn't be taking summer boarders now, and you wouldn't have so many peas to shell."

"But I like the boarders, too," laughed Corinne, happily. "Did you ever see anything as pretty as Miss Elliott this morning, in that white pique and pink silk sweater? Oh, mother! I'd like to be one of them myself."

"Like to be one of what?" demanded Mrs. Webster, setting a great bowl of raspberries on the table with unnecessary force, and turning to look at Corinne.

But Corinne, with flushed cheeks and eyes dark with wistful longing, faced her mother unflinchingly. "I'd like to be a summer boarder myself. I'd like to arrive, and depart, and do all the things that go between. I'd like to be waited on, and catered to, and—oh, I'd love to have a pink silk sweater!"

"For the land sakes. Corinne Webster, have you gone clean daft?"

"'Dippy,' I suppose Mr. Tennyson would say," murmured Corinne mischievously.

"Corinne! I won't have you talking slang," protested Mrs. Webster; but her voice lacked its usual sharpness, and she added gently, "I suppose you are kind o' tuckered out. It's been a hard summer, and you've took hold real well."

Corinne turned her head to hide a little smile, and Mrs. Webster noticed with a sudden pang, the delicate profile. How like her father she was growing. Suppose—

"I'd thought of sending you over to your Aunt Julia's for a couple of weeks, but if you really think you'd rather come to Crystal Springs to spend your vacation, I dunno but what I can accommodate you. You won't find no prettier view, no purer water nor better table good, home cooking—than you'll find right here at Crystal Springs, and as for attractions—" Mrs. Webster paused to laugh at Corinne, who had risen and stood listening as if fascinated.

"Oh, mother! Do you mean it? Could I—it would be such fun—oh, could I—?"

"I don't see nothin' to hinder. All this crowd's going Saturday morning—all except that young doctor (here Mrs. Webster shot a searching glance at Corinne), and you might let him into the secret. You can arrive with the new set, call yourself 'Miss Whipple,' and nobody'll be the wiser. And if you ain't good and sick of settin' round doin' nothin' before your two weeks is up, you ain't no girl o' mine.

"There, there! There ain't no call to smother me—an' I was jest agoin' to say, as there won't be no carfares' maybe we might manage that pink silk sweater—though land knows, a woolen one's much more sensible.

"Corinne Webster, do you see that clock? Be you or I goin' to mix that shortcake?"

THE WAR PRIMER

By National Geographic Society

Verdun.—"An appreciation of the task both of defenders and assailants in the five months' bloody struggle for Verdun is possible only when it is remembered that the region which goes by the name of the French town of 20,000 people is virtually a fortified area of 130 square miles," says today's war geography bulletin of the National Geographic society.

"When the crown prince's army began its siege of the great fortress on the Meuse it faced the herculean labor of reducing eighteen forts which had been constructed after the most approved plans of modern army engineers, and in addition to these there was an equal number of redoubts and batteries, girdling every height in the neighborhood of the town, on both banks of the Meuse.

"A series of straight lines connecting all the forts makes a perimeter of nearly forty miles, with the longest distance between any two being that from Fort de Marre on the west bank of the Meuse to Fort de Douaumont, the most northerly defense on the east bank. This line measures six miles but in the gap there were three strong batteries, including Poste and Charny.

"From Douaumont on the north to Fort de Genicourt on the extreme south is a distance of 2 miles in an airline, and between these in zigzag formation are Forts De Vaux, De Bellville, De Sauville, De Tavaness, Moulainville, Belrupt, Du Rozellier and D'Haudainville. De Genicourt, eight miles south of the citadel, is the most distant of the major defenses, while the nearest, Bellville, the apex of an inverted triangle which it forms with Forts de Marre and De Douaumont, is only two miles to the north.

"On the west side of the Meuse the forts are more regularly arranged and the distances between the works are shorter. They are, from north to south, De Marre, De Bois Bourrus, Choisel, Des Saxtelles, De la Chaume, Du Regret, De Landecourt, and De Dugny. Of these Saxtelles and Chaume are so close together as almost to constitute a single massive fortification, while Marre and Bourrus are similarly situated.

"The greatest diameter of the fortified area from east to west is nine miles, from Moulainville to Bourrus.

"The citadel of Verdun dominates the surrounding territory from the left bank of the Meuse, on the site of the ancient abbey of St. Vanne. A circle with a radius of ten miles drawn about the citadel before the war would have included more than thirty suburbs and villages nestling in vine-clad surroundings. Today practically all these garden spots of verdure and plenty have been charred by the curtains of fire which have swept over the entire region. Some of them, like Fleury and Damloup, under the shadow of Fort De Vaux, have become immortal on account of the frightful toll of life which has been exacted in their environs."

"Oh, I be," and Corinne laughed a little hysterically.

Young Dr. Gordon listened with eyes that were first amused, then sympathetic.

"I'll keep your secret on one condition, Miss Corinne," he said; "that you let me play summer man to your summer girl," and as Corinne looked a little puzzled, he added laughingly, "Of course, you'll need one—to carry your cushions and your books, to take you out on the pond, to bait your hook, and to save your life, if necessary—to quarrel and make up, to pay you compliments, and—"

He paused, as Corinne said a little disdainfully, "You seem to know the part very well indeed, doctor."

"It will take practice to make perfect, of course," retorted the doctor, a trifle disconcerted. "However, I'll do the best I can."

That Dr. Gordon had met with a fair measure of success was quite evident when, on the morning after "Miss Whipple's" departure, Corinne Webster said a little unsteadily, "Yes, it was a perfectly beautiful vacation. I can never forget it, but, it's all over now, Dr. Gordon"—vainly striving to withdraw her hand from the doctor's warm clasp—" and I think you must not talk to me like this. I am not playing any more."

"Good," said the doctor, as he quietly possessed himself of the other little hand, and drew her gently toward him. "I don't mind telling you, Corinne, I haven't been playing at all."—Boston Post.

OTHER VIEW POINTS

The war department is in the market for 14,000 tombstones. There's preparedness for you.—Waterbury Democrat.

There is such a thing as making too much of dog days. And the weather man seems to be in a fair way of doing it.—Ansonia Sentinel.

"'Arisona' is Huge Success," a Waterbury paper headlines its review of Augustus Thomas' play. Taking it literally, we should prefer to hear from some gentleman at Nogales before passing on its accuracy.—Hartford Times.

The clothes we impose on our policemen in hot weather undoubtedly constitute an atrocity. Nevertheless we impose them and the policemen, in accepting appointment, accept also the uniform. Having accepted it, they should wear it as the regulations prescribe. An officer directing traffic at an important point with his blouse wide open and his necktie fluttering in the wind, is not only violating the rules but is giving outsiders a false impression of municipal slackness. In justice to the men who, of their own volition, obey the rules and suffer the torments of a buttoned blouse, the others should be forced to do the same.—Waterbury American.

The government has just issued its index figures of prices for 1915 which causes the publication of numerous sarcastic paragraphs like this from the New Haven Times. The cost of living dropped one per cent. in 1915, but we careless Americans never noticed it. One per cent. is too little for careless Americans to notice. It is all they can do to discern four per cent. annual increase in a savings bank account. This, bower, will soon be remedied. For how that one per cent. will grow when the orators who are advocating the re-election of Wilson set out to prove that the Democratic party has redeemed its every pledge, and has, in particular, reduced the high cost of living.—Waterbury Republican.

POLITICAL

Bird Denounces Wilson for Disregard of Civil Service.

Charles Sumner Bird, former progressive candidate for governor of Massachusetts, has bitterly attacked President Wilson for his disregard of his own pre-election pledges concerning civil service, in the removal and appointment of a postmaster at Walpole, Mass., and in other postoffice appointments in that state. In his statement Mr. Bird declares that the reason President Wilson discharged a capable and satisfactory postmaster at Walpole and appointed another in his stead was "because President Wilson seeks re-election, and to that end has prostituted his great office in order to placate the democratic politicians of Massachusetts."

"I believe it can be proved without question," says Mr. Bird, "that no president has so openly and shamefully violated a platform pledge as Mr. Wilson has one pledge which he made before he was elected. Here is a plank in the democratic platform of 1912: 'The law pertaining to civil service will be honestly and rigidly enforced, to the end that merit and ability shall be the standard of appointment and promotion.' And further, when Mr. Wilson was soliciting votes for his election, he stated, in lofty and clear language, that a platform pledge was made to be lived up to and not to be broken."

Mr. Bird concludes as follows:

"Some of us, however, have hoped that Mr. Wilson, the schoolmaster in politics, at one time a professor in a great university, where young men are taught the ethical principles of government, at one time president of a great school of learning, would refuse to surrender the civil service to the professional politicians who feed only at the public crib. No part of President Wilson's public career will give to him, in days to come, less satisfaction than his assent to the looting of the public service at the beck of men who sell public offices in payment of political debts."

Here is Rank Heresy!

If there is any tribunal before which political heretics can be haled, let the farmers of the new revenue bill be tapped on the shoulder and informed that "the captain wants to see you." If there are any tortures condign enough to punish apostates who forsake the faith of the fathers, let the inquisition clear the decks for action—not to mix a metaphor too badly. For the national administration, not only overwhelmingly Democratic but dominated by the Southern wing of the party—A Virginian in the White House and almost every importnat committee in congress headed by a chairman from "below the line"—has incorporated in the bill the protective tariff principle pure and simple.

There is no beating about the bush, no epecious justification that it is for revenue purposes only, no excuse that the exigencies of the war require that revenues be secured whencever they may be had. There it is in black and white—a provision for a protective tariff on the dyestuff industry, frankly and unequivocally laying down the theory that this industry needs protecting and will have it at the hands of a Democratic congress. It is true that a provision is inserted that at the end of five years the tariff shall be reduced 20 per cent. annually, presumably until it has been wiped out entirely and left to shift for itself. The bill enunciates the principle that the "infant industry" will be strong enough to "walk alone" when it is five years old and can take its chances with foreign competition based upon decades of the most thorough organization and government fostering.

But this typical Democratic proviso will not save the face of the free trade or tariff-for-revenue-only doctrinaires. They cannot get away from the fact that they have acknowledged the economic soundness of the fundamental principle of industrial Republicanism.—Kansas City Journal.

Stories of the War

Half an Hour on U Boat.

Captain Watkinson, of the Hartlepool fishing trawler Ben Aden, which was sunk in the North Sea on Friday evening by a German submarine, told a reporter that the commander of the submarine, a young man of about twenty-three, and nine members of the crew who were on the deck of the submarine, could speak good English.

Watkinson was aboard the submarine half an hour, and the commander cut a button from his overcoat and handed it to Watkinson as a souvenir of the meeting. He expressed the hope that the war would soon be over and asked Watkinson if he had any newspapers.

Watkinson handed him a copy of a special edition of a local evening newspaper announcing a further British advance, but on looking at the paper the commander made no comment. The trawler was ransacked before being bombed, clothing, food, ice and cigarettes being taken off her. The crew were well treated.

People Dying of Starvation in Montenegro.

"Case after case has been brought before us of people who have actually died of starvation," said Mr. Alex. Devine in pleading before Lord Robert Cecil at the foreign office the other day the case for the deputation from the Montenegrin Red Cross and Relief Fund. Mr. Devine is the special commissioner to the continent for the relief fund, and he has made an exhaustive report on the distress he has found.

On the road from Cettinje to Podforitza bodies are lying with no one to inter them. Infantile mortality is unprecedented. The price of foodstuffs, if they are obtainable at all, is prohibitive. Bread has risen to 7s. 6d. a lb. and milk to 1s. 6d. a pint. To relieve the distress it is proposed that representatives of neutral countries should go to Montenegro and distribute personally stores at three places, and the foreign office was asked to say, "We are sympathetic with what you are trying to do."

Much, however, as he sympathized with the desires of the deputation, Lord Robert Cecil pointed out that he did not think it would be fair to hold out any hope that Montenegro would receive exceptionally favorable treatment. The most stringent conditions would have to be put on any foodstuffs going into the country to secure that they were not used by the enemy. In any case Italy would have to be consulted, and although he could not make any promise he would see whether anything in that direction could be done.—London Observer.

TOWING SEA TARGET REQUIRES HEROISM.

How it Feels to Have 860 Pound Shell Hurtling In One's Direction.

Not all the thrills of military achievement are confined to active battle, and even in the time of peaceful preparation for possible hostilities there are those who risk their lives in perfecting the efficiency of this country's armed defense.

While practically every authority on military efficiency in the United States has agreed that our coast defense guns are inadequate for the ends they fay be required to perform in resisting invasion, the coast artillery branch of the regular service is making the best of the means at its disposal for preparation. The 3-minute 10-inch rifle with which most of the coast batteries are provided are at all times prepared to meet and defeat any enemy fleet which may come within their range. While it is agreed that the battleships and fast cruisers which are equipped with the most modern ordnance would not find it necessary to come within range of our batteries in order to put them out of action, the coast defense force of the United States is so well drilled in the use of the present armament that give modern offensive equipment, the defended points of our coast would be impregnable.

Every day every coast defense battery on the Atlantic, Gulf or Pacific goes through practice drill, which includes the manipulation, jointing and care of the guns and the determination of ranges and locations at sea. And once a year, at least, every battery demonstrates the thoroughness of its training by firing a specified number of shells into a battle fleet, represented by a moving target at sea.

It is the towing of the target that requires the same amount of bravery that might be demonstrated by men in the midst of an actual bombardment. The target is a small thing, a pyramidal float 15 feet high and 15 feet at its base. It is towed through the sea, almost on the line of the horizon, by a tugboat, which is separated from its tow by a length of about 200 yards of cable.

Imagine yourself an observer on this tug. You see a puff of smoke from shore, followed by a heavy "boom" that announces the shell is on the way. Almost simultaneously, you hear a humming sound in the air, a sound which grows nearer and increases to a roar almost equal to that of an elevated train. That roar means that an 860-pound shell is hurtling through the air in your direction at a speed of more than 2,000 feet a second. Then you realize that that shell is aimed at a little target 200 yards astern of your vessel, and that it is expected to strike within a radius of 30 yards from the target, after a flight of 10,000 yards or more.

In time these men whose business it is to tow targets for big calibre guns come to look in the operation as a matter of routine, but they never cease to realize that these guns are aimed by men like themselves, trained men and good men, but mere men.

The steamer General Robert Swartwout, belonging to the Quartermaster's Department of the United States Army has towed targets at almost every post on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, and Captain Blake has had many an experience which shows that the job is not one without its thrilling features.

Many a freak shot is witnessed by those who watch the practice from the deck of the tug. Captain Blake tells of a recent freak at Fort Barrancas. The shell struck the water at a peculiar angle and shot up into the air, tumbling end over end to a considerable altitude and describing a perfect arc in its wayward flight. Many are the instances of shells which ricochettel on striking the water, bounding off at an angle which never can be calculated in advance. It is said that this angle is in almost every case away from the tug; but suppose it should be in the direction of that vessel? These shells are not charged with explosives. If they were so charged the risk of towing would be too great to be contemplated, but, filled with sand as they are, the amount of destructive potency in one of them is something to respect.

INHERITANCE TAX ON BEQUESTS TO YALE.

Question at Issue of Interest to Many Charities of State.

Judge John L. Gilson in the probate court at New Haven Friday, held a hearing on an interesting question of law and one of great importance to most of the charities of the state. It was upon an application for the ascertainment of the inheritance tax upon the estate of Justus H. Hotchkiss. The question involved the scope of the exemption clause in the inheritance tax law, it being urged that the bequests to Yale and Center church were exempt under this statute.

Ex-Judge Henry Stoddard representing Yale university, laid stress upon the value of the university to the state as a leader in educational matters, and as filling the place of a state university, thus saving the taxpayers from the burden of supporting a state institution such as those in the middle west. He showed how short-sighted it would be to levy such a tax upon bequests passing to institutions of this nature. Charles W. Cramer was present representing the tax commissioner of Connecticut, and argued that no exemption should be allowed to Yale or Center church.

The exemption clause of the inheritance tax law has always been regarded as ambiguous, and it is in the interests of everyone taht the law should be construed by the courts. Many charities in the state are vitally interested, since a decision in favor of the exemption of these bequests may mean that legacies to them will not be subject to the tax, which is a most desirable result to reach, and one in accordance with the law of other states.

Judge Gibson set August 25 as the date for arguments on the claim of the beneficiaries of the estate and asked Mr. Cramer to notify the attorney general of the state to appear at the hearing. On taht date briefs will also be filed by the state and by counsel representing the beneficiaries. It was stated in court that the case will very probably be taken to the supreme court.

The War A Year Ago Today

August 1, 1915.

Von Mackensen took Cholm.

Hindenburg checked Russians in the north.

Germans held on Blonie line west of Warsaw.

British regained some of trenches at Hooge.

Italians in general offensive on the Tyrol, Trentino and Carnia fronts.

Cheer up, little chap,
Resinol
will stop that itching

Resinol Ointment, with Resinol Soap, usually stops itching *instantly*. Unless the trouble is due to some serious internal disorder, it quickly and easily heals most cases of eczema, rash, or similar tormenting skin or scalp eruption, although other treatments may have given little relief. Physicians have *prescribed* Resinol for over 20 years, and it contains nothing that could harm even a baby's delicate skin.

Resinol Soap, used for baby's daily bath, tends to *prevent* chafings and eruptions. Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap are sold by all druggists. For free sample of each, write to Dept. 32-R, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

TODAY AND TOMORROW
THE BANNER SHOW
OF THE SEASON

DAVIS THEATRE BROADWAY

DIRECT FROM KEITH'S THEATRE, NEW YORK
SCOTCH LADS AND LASSIES
10— PEOPLE—10 IN KILTS AND TARTANS
THE FINEST SCOTCH REVUE IN VAUDEVILLE

TRIANGLE FEATURE PLAY
WM. S. HART in
THE APOSTLE OF VENGEANCE
5-Part Ince Production

KEYSTONE COMEDY
FATTY ARBUCKLE
In the 2 Part Fun Producer
"The Waiters' Ball"
The Funniest Film Ever Made

Breed Theatre
—TODAY—
Ethel Barrymore
in The Final Judgment
COMING WED. AND THURS.—BANNER SHOW—EIGHT REELS
The Catspaw
Founded On the Novel by William Hamilton Osborne—5—Parts—5
THAT INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS COMEDIAN
Harry Watson, Jr.
In "THE MISHAPS OF MUSTY SUFFER"
A Scream From Beginning to End.

MONDAY TUESDAY
AUDITORIUM
Paramount Pictures
THE FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM COMPANY PRESENTS
THE CELEBRATED JOHN BARRYMORE IN A NEW COMEDY
THE LOST BRIDEGROOM
HIS CONQUERED SELF
Two Reel Drama
WRECKLESS WRESTLERS
Pathe Comedy

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Watch Hill	11:30	12:00
Block Island ....Due	1:05	1:30
	P. M.	P. M.

*Daily, except Sundays.

	P. M.	P. M.
Block Island .....Lv.	*2:15	**2:45
Watch Hill	3:45	4:20
New London	5:10	5:35
Norwich .....Due	6:30	6:50
	P. M.	P. M.

**Sundays only.

SPECIAL EXCURSION TICKETS
Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, June 28 to September 1
WATCH HILL AND RETURN Adults, 50c; Children, 25c.
BLOCK ISLAND AND RETURN Adults, 75c; Children, 40c.
Shore Dinner Houses and Bathing Beach near landings at Watch Hill and Block Island. For further information, party rates, apply at office of company on Shetucket Street, Norwich.
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