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The Circulation of The Bulletin

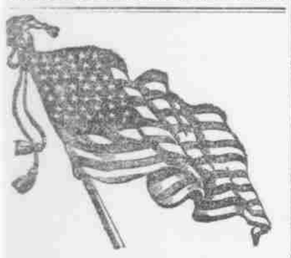
The Bulletin has the largest circulation of any paper in Eastern Connecticut and from three to four times larger than that of any in Norwich. It is delivered to over 3,000 of the 4,053 houses in Norwich and read by ninety-three per cent. of the people. In Windham it is delivered to over 900 houses, in Putnam and Danielson to over 1,100, and in all of these places it is considered the local daily.

Eastern Connecticut has forty-nine towns, one hundred and sixty-five postoffice districts, and sixty rural free delivery routes.

The Bulletin is sold in every town and on all of he R. F. D. routes in Eastern Connecticut.

CIRCULATION

1901, average	4,412
1905, average	5,920
July, 29	9,149



HUGHES—THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEE.

It is the concensus of opinion, that Charles E. Hughes, the republican nominee is the coming man.

He is the business type of an American, and positiveness rather than pedagogic manners would surely mark his administration.

Hughes stands for protection industrially and every other way; and he knows government is a fixed science, not an experiment.

He realizes that Mexico has been more patient than Wilson; and that Wilson with our forces has been an invader of Mexico, and has failed utterly in his purpose of increasing respect for this government because of his lack of firmness.

Hughes is not for war, but for peace without the impairment of the dignity of the law, or the breaches of neutrality which the nation has suffered for the past two years because of a foreign propaganda, and alien intrigues which should not have been tolerated.

Charles E. Hughes fits the situation. He believes in the policies which have made the people prosperous and the country great. He is firm for the right and representative of the American spirit. He is as dependable as was Washington or Lincoln, and he has the full confidence of the American people.

SOLDIERS HAVE A RIGHT TO VOTE.

New York has 17,000 soldiers at the front and the authorities of that state are determined these men shall not be deprived of their vote in November if they are detained on the Mexican border, and the officials of this and every other state should be active to prevent such an injustice.

A democratic paper calls attention to the fact, that "to reach this conclusion the attorney general has to hold that in the sense of the New York constitution a 'time of war' is the present time. This is perhaps rather risky government by interpretation. Washington says no war exists. Mexico City says no war exists. Albany says otherwise, and the Albany view will prevail so far as compelling the collecting and the counting of the soldiers' votes, unless the courts intervene and upset the attorney general's decision."

If there is no state of war, of course, there is no defense for having 100,000 men on the border; and they may be called home to fill their office as citizens.

There need not be a legal contest. If the men are absent on war duty the old law for taking and counting the vote will hold; and if they are not, then they should be sent home to reoccupy their places in the ranks of the industrious and to enjoy their privileges as citizens of the United States.

NOT PREVENTING PREVENTABLE ACCIDENTS.

The toll in fatal accidents because of the slack way in which automobiles are being handled would have horrified any other age but this.

As the automobiles are increased, and the accidents multiply, it is apparent those owning machines and using them need protection as much as the pedestrians in the streets.

When one or two children are crippled for life, or swept out of existence in a moment, it is not consoling to parents to hear that the infants "should have known better than to have taken the risk," or to witness a few tears and hear: "I couldn't prevent it—I wouldn't have done it for the world!"

There are some wounds in this world regrets or money cannot even soothe; and the inefficiently handled automobile is increasing them from day to day and week to week.

The state should take heed that there is a way to prevent these preventable accidents. The ability and dependability of the person licensed should be looked into by the state; and this running of cars by unlicensed and dissolute persons should be made an end of.

The state is not in the business for revenue only. Its duty to its citizens requires it should safeguard life as much as possible.

COMPULSORY PATRIOTISM.

The Bulletin is of the opinion if "The Star Spangled Banner" is not honored because of its inspiring sentiment, it had better die than to attempt to compel respect for it by law.

The action of the city of Baltimore, in passing an ordinance compelling people to rise when "The Star Spangled Banner" is played or sung, or else to be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and subject to a fine of $100, is worthy a tyrannical government but unworthy an American city.

"The Star Spangled Banner," an old song which first saw the light under the title of "The Defence of Fort McHenry," but afterward was changed and given the present title to make it nationally acceptable, is more Baltimorian than national; hence there is a sense of municipal responsibility for its being preserved and respected if it must to be done by punitive ordinances.

We are still freemen, not slaves to be rapped on the knuckles and commended to stand up when a national anthem is sung or the Stars and Stripes thrown to the breeze.

If the old flag and the old song do not incite the love and respect of the people we can soon teach them to hate them by such laws as Baltimore has enacted.

Let us teach people to love our songs and flag, and set the example ourselves by saluting them, that they may pay both due respect. It should not be done by law.

A REVELATION.

There has been enough of a conflict to show that the Mexicans are really better prepared for war than our own forces. At Carrizal they had machine guns to mow our troops down with, and our troopers had none.

Although trouble has been impending for years we have not taken steps to match the Mexicans in their equipment. We have sold them arms and munitions of war and we were so short even of cartridges when the troops were called out that a hurry order for ten million cartridges was given.

We did not have a dependable machine gun when Villa and his men raided Columbus, New Mexico; and it is said even yet we have machine gun companies who are unequipped.

Talk about unpreparedness! Eastern guardsmen arrived in St. Louis having been four days without food and ten days without a bath. It took the commissary department quite a spell to wake up.

The pacifists have every reason to be delighted with the state of unpreparedness the government found itself in. Tommy Atkins or Fritzy could have come over and knocked our men out by the score without winking.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A soldier's mail has to be paid for, but a congressman's goes free. Why?

Do not imagine Col. Roosevelt has been quieted. He is only gathering force for the future.

In Europe they are not taking so much notice of the temperature. Man is the hot article there.

The joy-riding automobile is something of a temptation to go mortgage the house and do likewise.

Pennsylvania now claims to be the leading good roads state in America. She is on good bragging ground.

There are a thousand different kinds of mosquitoes, but the bite will always remain in the singular number.

The Deutschland decided to return rather than intern, and now we are waiting to see the Bremen do likewise.

The man who does not know beans if the price continues to soar, is likely to discover they have become luxuries.

The American nickel may have six cents worth of metal in it, but the fact is not noticed at the soda fountain.

If the war does cost $35,000 a minute in cold cash, to say nothing of other costs, the parties to it are all still resolute.

The democratic editors who were anxious Hughes should start something are up against a flood now they cannot stem.

When Great Britain receives a sharp note from the present administration it realizes there's nothing very cutting about it.

Next to the game of life the game of baseball is the greatest game ever invented. No one is likely to deny this but the politicians.

California's protective scheme: To have hurdled roads approaching grade-crossings which compel chauffeurs to slow down their cars.

The Deutschland commander and crew are such brave fellows that we should share in the glory of a successful trip for them.

A general railroad strike would be a public calamity. Let us all hope and pray that such a turbulent state of affairs may be prevented.

This summer appears to have been specially designed to knock out the weather prophets. They are all down and so is about everything else.

Every fool who can pull or push a lever runs an automobile in these days; but the day is dawning when fitness is all that will take a license.

Galicia, Serbia and Poland, twice fought over, are marked by the crosses of the buried dead as no nations ever have been before in the world's history.

The primary cause of the tremendous explosion with its loss of property and lives on Tom's Island was violation of law. We wink at wickedness and suffer the consequences.

Those who approve of Wilson have to approve of the appointment of Bryan, of Bryan's resignation, and everything else, even to the shaking by Wilson of his admonistary, pedagogic finger.

Those who advise the death of cats to save the birds, and the death of birds to save the crops, are told it is time the disease-spreading horse with his glanders and tetanus laden excreta was exterminated.

CLOSE QUARTERS

"You took your vacation early, didn't you?" asked the friend that Crompton met at lunch.

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Crompton.

"Why so doubtful?"

"To tell the truth, I'm uncertain whether it was a vacation or not. I'm inclined to think it wasn't."

"Why, that's too bad. What was the trouble?"

"You see, our friends, the Havens, lent us their cottage."

"I've heard they have a very pretty little place."

"Yes, it's pretty, and you're right about it's being little. You remember those stirring verses we used to cite in school, beginning 'We were crowded in the cabin'? That line occurred to me over and over again while we were at Mayhaven. When it rained, which it did a good part of the time, and Molly and I and the children and the maid were all squeezed in together in the tiny living room trying to keep warm by the fireplace, that line seemed singularly appropriate. We certainly were crowded in the cabin, and when Molly had her way 'not a soul would dare to speak,' for fear of waking the baby, who had the good sense to sleep nearly all the time during the bad weather. But the older children were not to be quelled into quiet. They continually went out and came in, and steamed their dripping clothes by the fire.

"Although I've been a proud parent for twelve years, I never realized how astonishingly many five children are until I was shut up with them at Mayhaven. Their name is legion. I couldn't move without stepping on Bob's toes or upsetting Betty, who isn't any too steady on her pins yet, and as for the twins, they were positively ubiquitous. They have a scientific bent, and they were so astonished at the use of kerosene for light, which was new to their experience, that they decided to have an illumination, and the one pleasant evening when I took Molly and the youngest for a row they poured kerosene into every bowl in the house and lighted rags in them.

"Of course it was a plain miracle that the whole house didn't burn down. Luckily, it merely proved a pleasant diversion for the youngsters. Betty was ecstatic, and when Molly and I returned, frightened out of our wits nearly, she was dancing around the lights which those twins had deposited on the floor in front of the fireplace. Selma, the maid, was washing dishes in the kitchen and entirely unaware of the fireworks. When she learned what was going on she declared that she wouldn't stay alone with the children again. After that Molly and I took our brief outings accompanied by the whole clan and Selma, who was too timid to remain even in broad daylight by herself in the bungalow.

"My advice is to take a country broken girl if you're going into the woods to keep house. Selma's delicate feelings were such that she could not brin gherself to dispose of the garbage, and when I wasn't otherwise engaged I passed a good deal of time digging last resting places for our table remains.

"Also Selma wasn't accustomed to pumping and Molly said we mustn't expect her to do that or chop any wood or kindling, so of course all the hewing of wood and drawing of water fell to me. The twins' interest in the pump was thoroughly satisfied after they had removed all the bolts and lost the leather thongs which secured the bolts. I was obliged to whittle off a piece of my belt to supply the deficiency.

"Indeed, my wardrobe is somewhat the worse for the trip. The morning we were leaving Molly got the youngsters into their traveling togs and sent them outdoors to wait until the automobile came to take us to the station. She told the twins they must entertain small Bob and Betty, and they did it all right!

"Just as I had got into my town clothes and was brushing my hat I heard all four children screaming. I rushed out and saw Bob and Betty afloat in the boat and the twins out in the lake to their chins, yelling frantically. The wind was offshore, there was no other boat, so in I dived in my best business suit, for those 2 and 3 year olds might have tumbled out at any instant. I didn't catch the stern until the water was over my head. I had to swim for it. The twins, of course, were soaked and repentant. They had meant only to give their small brother and sister an imitation boat ride and it got away from them.

"They, like myself, had to change back into rough camp clothes, and Molly said we looked like a set of hobos in the parlor car.

"But the funny thing is, I'd like to go right back to Mayhaven again. I was just beginning to get acquainted with my family when we had to leave, and I've got some family, I can tell you."—Exchange.

THE WAR PRIMER

By National Geographic Society

Termonde, a prosperous town of 10,000 inhabitants at the beginning of the war, but now a scene of food riots, according to recent despatches, spreads over both banks of the Dender River and the right bank of the Scheldt, the Dender forming a juncture with the larger waterway at this point, says today's war geography bulletin of the National Geographic Society on one of the cities of Belgium which is feeling keenly the pinch of privation.

"Situated only 16 miles east of Ghent, the great heart of Flemish history, Termonde itself has a past of which its citizens may well feel proud. It was here that Louis XIV suffered an ignominous defeat at the very beginning of his war of Revolution, or Queen's War, in which he set about to upset political customs and substitute chaos in the matter of royal inheritance. When his father-in-law, Philip of Spain, died Louis laid claim to Flanders in the name of his wife, Maria Theresa, she who was a mere figurehead at the French court during the sway of the notorious Mademoiselle de la Valliere and Mme. De Montespan and in later years of the devout Mme. Maintenon. Louis' defeat at Termonde was due not to the prowess of the city's garrison but to the self-sacrifice of her people who employed the irresistible waters of the North Sea to fight their battle for them, as has been the case so many times in the history of the Low Countries. The dykes were cut and the irresistible army of the Grand Monarque fled before the flood.

"During the war of the Spanish Succession Termonde bravely resisted the great English general, Marlborough, but after a ten days' bombardment was forced to yield. This occurred in the famous campaign of 1706 during which Marlborough achieved his famous victory at Ramillies, 50 miles to the southeast, where the French under Marshal Villeroy lost 15,000 men while the English and their Dutch allies sustained a loss of less than one-third their number.

"On many maps Termonde goes by its Flemish name of Dendermonde. At the outbreak of the war it was one of the five fortified towns of Belgium, but its defenses were not of modern design. The city is 25 miles by rail southwest of Antwerp. It is nine miles from Lokern and 13 miles from St. Nicholas, two other towns of Belgium where rioting occurred simultaneously with the outbreaks at Termonde.

"The most interesting buildings in Termonde are the Hotel de Ville (formerly the Cloth Hall), a fourteenth century structure, and the Gothic church of Notre Dame which contains two valuable pictures of Van Dyck.

"Termonde is only 20 feet above sea-level, a fact which accounts for the ease with which the surrounding country was flooded when besieged in 1697."

POLITICAL

Still Wedded to Its Folly.

That remarkable literary document sent out from the St. Louis convention as the platform of the Democratic party is emphatically clear on some scattered points. One of these is the unqualified endorsement of the administration shipping bill now pending before Congress. That this measure was rejected a year ago does not lessen the devotion of the President and his secretary of the treasury to its provisions, and they will make all efforts to secure its passage, as at present pending the measure does not in any material way differ from the one that failed in the last Congress. It provides for the appropriation of $50,000,000 to be invested in merchant vessels for the seagoing trade, these to be sold or leased to private owners, with the provision that the government has a prior claim upon their services in event of war.

This means the investment of public money in enterprise into which private capital hesitates to venture. The absurdity of the whole thing climaxes in the fact that it is the serious proposal of a party that has always pretended to shrink from subventions of any kind, especially from the payment of subsidies or bonuses. It is also part of the record of the Democratic administration that it forced American ships to pay tolls through the Panama Canal, a concession to the shipping interests of Europe. A further anachronism is that the measure will open American coastwise trade to foreign built vessels, thus compelling the direct competition of our merchant marine with the world in the only field of profit that has been preserved to it by protective laws.

Objections to the Wilson-McAdoo shipping bill have often been stated, and do not lose any weight because of the inclusion of the measure in the St. Louis platform.—Omaha Bee.

The War A Year Ago Today

August 3, 1915.

Germans forced Narew line near Ostrolenka and the Bionic line.

Prince Leopold of Bavaria leading attack on Warsaw.

Italians continue advance in the Trentino.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Norwich for the Crowd!

Mr. Editor: If Mr. "One of the People," or, to more properly style him, "Mr. Autocrat," had put less politics into his remarks and given less criticism of the democratic administration, which, by the way, is entitled to no more bouquets than the present party of large promises and small performances for the good they have done in the way of driving business out of the city by their contemptible traffic rules, and if he had said "Good Night" to the present traffic ordinances, I would be very glad to say "Good Night" with him; but as he has not, I must say "Good Morning."

We were led to expect large things from the present regime, as we had little from the past. But what has been the answer? A big cipher! Even worse! He seems to satisfy himself with the idea that everybody is contented with the present actions of the city government. Glad he thinks so. Better look around and ask a few questions, or keep your car to the ground! You won't have to go very far and you will find the real facts. Sorry his feelings are so badly hurt by the criticism of this existing nuisance; but, then, don't become so abusive. Abuse was never argument. Be good-natured in your retort, anyway. It hurts oftentimes to tell the truth, but the truth should out at all times.

It looked nice in print the other day to see where a couple of people were presented before the city court and fined because they had left their vehicles on the street over 15 minutes. Fine stuff! One of them was from out of town; had come here to spend money in the town. That is the way they had to spend it. We find no fault with the city court, or with the officer who arrested these people; simply want to say the original source of the trouble can be remedied.

In the meantime—

HO! FOR A CROWD!

A Voice From Voluntown.

Mr. Editor: Let us hope that this will be the last of the letters printed in the "Traffic-Non Traffic" newspaper squabble. To the few who have been trying to make a nasty mess, by hollering for "more traffic, uncivilized laws, and ordinances, ill-regulated system of city safety," they would be the very first ones to complain of the laws, if they were knocked down or hurt by an automobile in one of their much wanted "great crowds," that they are clamoring for.

They holler now for "more traffic—never mind the safety!" They condemn those who are authorized, and who are doing their best to make Norwich streets safe for everyone, including these "rattle-headed know-it-alls;" who just want a chance to air their worthless views in the newspaper.

It is these dizzy-headed speed-breakers, or maniacs, who are a hindrance to our welfare, on the streets or any place where they are encountered. They need a prairie, where they can be turned loose, and rear and tear all they wish to. They are "cooped-up" too much in Norwich. They think they are credits to Norwich by shouting "more traffic." That in itself does not boost the town, unless the traffic has a system of its own.

The larger the crowd, the more care should be taken for safety. The laws need more enforcement when the traffic is heavy.

Some of these writers don't seem to think of that. If a man is too lazy to park his car, and walk to a store to trade, then his avoidupois needs careful attention, or his conceit needs turning down. If he is "too nice" to mix with the crowds on the sidewalk. They are part of the "crowds" he wants to see, and yet he wants to roll by in his limousine and look over their heads, and park his car in the busy sections and expect traffic cops to favor him. He is no better, nor half as sensible, as the common people who can walk and go by the rule of 59-50.

Common sense and character shows up unexpectedly some times, and these unlevel headed writers who have permitted their thoughts to escape them, should keep their mouths closed.

The laws are made, and will be enforced, whether you or your rabble like it or not.

The mayor pays no attention to you. His business is the welfare of the city, and "cranks" have no effect on him. He can enforce the law easier because he hasn't men in public office of your stamp. We would have no laws and Norwich would be bedlam let loose, with your idea of government.

If you don't like the way Norwich laws are made and kept, why don't you go elsewhere? You won't be missed, and you'd never make any impression on anyone, no matter where you live. We want no "bullies," and your letters show you belong to them.

It might sting you a little to have to obey the traffic laws, but just try to go against them and see who has the authority to change your opinion of what you think ought to be done.

Your letters are disgusting, and we want no more of them.

SAFETY FIRST AND LAST.

Voluntown, July 31, 1916.

Ho! Everybody!!

Know Zu Zu! *Eat* Zu Zu! The crispest, spiciest ginger snap that ever tickled a palate.

Make a bee line to the nearest grocer man, and get a whole packageful for a nickel.

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Stories of the War

Where Crosses Stretch Like Fields of Wheat.

And when one goes to the great Berlin art exhibition in search of sentimental pictures one finds that the war has stirred German artists to the production of a superbly realistic run of art. From the ink and charcoal sketches done on the battlefields to the oil paintings in the general headquarters there is no trace of sentimentality. There is one allegory, and only that, and the whole exhibition says that allegory is horrible, not sentimental.

The German soldier who glare from the canvases in life or stare from them in death are dirty, ugly, normal human beings. Most of the artists have been struck less by life in the trenches than by death in the trenches. Everywhere are huddled corpses; often, all traces obliterated except of what was once his next friend. The German artists have seen the war as it is, stripped of glamour, steeped in dirt and weariness. No; it is not sentimentality.

One is searching still for the source of Berlin's depression when one goes to dine with a German family of the type which the world assumes has ceased to exist. The father is one of the very great surgeons of Germany. He has been in charge of medical arrangements on every front. The mother is a splendid pianist. Their nieces, who dine with them, hope to become professional musicians. After dinner the elder girl plays Chopin and Grieg exquisitely; the younger sings Brahms' lieder as they are rarely sung. She is 18, and beautiful. While she sings one feels again the charm of this most musical land.

And the family's spirit is unchanged. Which make s one curious to know what this family thinks has happened in the world since August 1, 1914.

But one asks first, "Does it seem to you that every one in Germany is a trifle depressed?" "Depressed!" the mother turns upon one almost fiercely; "of course, we are depressed. Why shouldn't we be depressed? Look!" She hands one two photographs. Her husband took the pictures himself. The first is a forest of crosses—crosses 30 feet tall, with little ones about their feet. As far as the camera's eye has reached toward the horizon, the gray sky is streaked by their gaunt arms. And the arms of unnumbered crosses run out of the picture on either side.

"That is in Russia," says the mother. "Under the tall crosses are buried not single corpses, but hundreds of bodies thrown in and crumpled together. * * * The little ones stand over officers."

She hands one the second picture.

"That is in France," she says.

The crosses are smaller than those on the bare Russian plain, but they stretch like a field of wheat as far as the hilly horizon. One looks from the forest of crosses in Russia to the harvest of crosses in France, and as the muses (silently one thinks) "Kreuzland, (omitted by the censor. * *)

The mother overhears. "That is it," she cries, "Kreuzland (omitted by the censor. * * * And I have not heard from my youngest boy at Verdun for a week!"

Berlin's pulse beats low, her brows are knit, her eyes are intent, because her heart is with her children—her children who are dying in unhappy far off struggles she cannot see.—From a German correspondent.

LONG ISLAND DUCK RAISING.

A Single Farm Hatches 573 Ducks Every 24 Hours, or More Than 200,000 Annually.

Long Island duckling is a fixture now on the standardized menu of the first-rate American hotels. But it took many "shifts and pains," disappointments and losses, to learn how to put it there. For after obtaining a market for a specified product, you must be sure that you keep it steadily supplied or the market peters out; and the natural or artificial enemies which sprang up in the earlier duck farming experiments made the supply undependable.

New defences in the way of wired partitions in the waterways and on the land runways that were finally found effective in keeping off the muskrats and the frogs—which would drag ducklings under by the feet and drown them — and improved methods of hatching and feeding have made the industry stable, though the duck farmer still "has to work 365 days a year and an extra day leap year."

On the finally efficient and careful basis of management the duck farms pay high returns. They are pretty features of the landscape, and besides utilize creek sides that might otherwise yield nothing. Long Island although well situated for traffic with the chiefest wholesale markets, is singularly uneven as to productivity, yet partly luck and partly by studying the possibilities of the land, wins out. Thus the sand dunes of the Hamptons, which seemed hopeless to the old settlers, have become great summering places and the rendezvous of outdoor art students; and the prosperity of more fertile lands was lifted high by the discovery that potatoes grew better there than elsewhere.

Accompanying pictures are of the largest of the Long Island duck farms —it is indeed the largest duck farm in the world. On this farm at Speonk A. J. Hallock now raises with regularity 120,000 ducks a year, hatches from 4000 to 7000 a week, and collects 1800 eggs a day. Breeding pens constantly feed 2300 ducks. Most of the hatching is by incubator. The procedure is to gather the 1800 eggs laid daily, arrange them on trays, push these into the incubators. Twelve hours after hatching, the ducklings are removed from the incubators and carried in large boxes containing 200 or 300 ducklings to the brooder house at a time. Two weeks after their admittance to the brooder houses they are transferred to the cold brooder house, where they have an open run. During the night they are driven in doors. When the ducks are four weeks old they are moved to pens along the creek. When eleven weeks old they are scathered in pairs and killed.

After the killing they are shipped to the picking houses, dressed for market packed in barrels covered with ice and taken to the ship or railway.

Picking about 4000 ducklings weekly and never bruising the flesh is expert work. One new farmer remarks: "I started picking the other day and by night had picked only 15 ducks—and on most of those I had torn the breast."

Australia's Military System.

The military force of the Australian Commonwealth consists of (a) parmanent forces, which include the administrative and instruction staff, the royal Australian field artillery and garrison artillery regiments and certain small detachments of engineer, medical, service and veterinary corps; and (b) the citizen forces of all arms, embracing every man, save those specially exempted, between the ages of 14 and 26.

The Australian system is distinctive for the early age at which the training of the soldiers is begun. At 12 years of age this training commences in the Junior Cadets in the public and private schools. The course of instruction consists of calisthenics swimming, marching and first aid to the injured. This instruction is given almost entirely in the schools, under teachers superintended by the military authorities; all teachers qualifying for instructors being themselves excused from compulsory service. The prescribed training of junior cadets amounts to about 120 hours per year —including 15 minutes of physical drill daily. A standard is set for proficiency in elementary marching, and uring the two years the effort is made to attain efficiency in at least two of the following, viz, miniature rifle shooting, running exercises in organized games, swimming and first aid. The particular object of this training is to better the physique of the boys and to teach them patriotism. At the age of 14 the Australian boy is enrolled as a Senior Cadet, serving in this organization until he attains his eighteenth year, when he passes into the Citizen Forces provided he is not rejected at a physical examination.

It is interesting to note that the position of the Australian government is analogous to that of the United States, inasmuch as the commonwealth has no control over the school system, which is wholly under the states, but it exercises complete control over the military training. —American Review of Review.

King George of England speaks seven languages.

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Signed—Alonzo L. Glines, Jr.,

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Three Reel Comedy Drama

PATHE NEWS FILM
The Latest Events

COMING FRIDAY HAZEL DAWN in "THE SALES LADY"

Breed Theatre

—TODAY—
THE CATSPAW
With Marc MacDermott and Mir iam Nesbitt—Five Parts—Five

COMING FRIDAY AND SATURDAY
MADAME PETROVA
In "The Soul Market"
FIVE WONDERFUL ACTS

STEAMER BLOCK ISLAND DAILY SERVICE Until Sept. 5, to
WATCH HILL and BLOCK ISLAND

	A. M.	A. M.		P. M.	P. M.
Norwich .....Lv.	*8:55	**9:15	Block Island .....Lv.	*2:15	**2:45
New London	10:25	10:45	Watch Hill	3:45	4:30
Watch Hill	11:30	12:00	New London	5:10	5:35
Block Island Due P. M.	1:05	1:30	Norwich ...Due P. M.	6:30	6:50

*Daily, except Sundays. **Sundays only.

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MEALS SERVED DURING ENTIRE TRIP AT 25c.—50c. and 60c.

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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When you burn wood or coal you have the heat, dirt, and the trouble of attending to the fire. If you use gas you require no room for storage; no back-breaking scuttles to be carried from the cellar to the kitchen. The fire in the gas range burns steadily and without attention; it is always ready, without dirt or trouble, in large or small quantities.

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