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CIRCULATION

1901, average 4,412

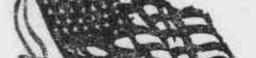
1905, average 5,925

July 27, 1918, 10,065

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"Right is More Precious than Peace"

PROFITING LANDLORDS.

Druidport is making war upon landlords who are increasing rents and excessively taxing tenants.

There is no denial that rents should keep pace with the increased cost of material and labor, as well as taxes; but the disposition to get the last drop of juice there is in the lemon is being condemned.

The Druidport Standard-American says: "Taking ten per cent. as the standard, rents that are somewhere near ten per cent. are not unreasonable. The figure cannot always be all exactly and there are circumstances that may modify the situation."

"There are thousands of landlords in Druidport who are not getting more than a ten per cent. return on their property and we should admit their fairness and justice, just as we accuse the eighteen and twenty per cent. landlords of being hoys."

"In the bitterness of war times we should keep our heads clear."

Of course, rents should be based upon the real, not the inflated value of the rented property; and in such times as these a clear income of 8 per cent. or twice the interest paid by the savings banks, ought to be satisfactory to both tenant and landlord.

If repairs which were \$75 a year annually are now because of changed conditions made \$125, the landlord must look to the tenant for enough advance to give a satisfactory return upon his investment.

THE KITCHEN GARDENS.

In comparison with other sections of the country New England is not quite as enthusiastic over home gardening as she should be. It is apparent to every observer, even if Boston Common is devoted to garden plots, and lawns in all the cities have been turned into cornfields and potato patches, that not one-half the vacant land has come under cultivation.

The kitchen garden has in it more of future promise than present gain. A gardener is not made in a minute, and what he will do the best in is not to be discovered in a single season.

The back yard garden, as a rule, is an awful amateurish looking patch of land which has been indifferently attended to and closed the season with a crop of weeds sufficient to seed all the gardens in southern New England have suffered severely from the drought, and many of them were beyond redemption when the beneficent showers arrived; but the few that withstood the dry spell have been greatly benefited.

The kitchen garden campaign will doubtless double the home gardens in New England permanently, and prove of considerable value for years after the war is over.

A SHORT SIGHTED POLICY.

The newspapers and periodicals of this country are having a hard time because of conditions which congress should have had better sense than to have imposed upon this great industry.

Leslie's Weekly calls attention to the fact that "during the past year over 1,300 newspapers and periodicals were forced out of existence by the high cost of paper and production. On top of this comes an increase in postal rates ranging from 50 to 300 per cent. according to distance." The industry is made why congress revived the antiquated, sectionalizing zone system, abolished by Abraham Lincoln in 1852, and denounced by President Wilson when governor of New Jersey, and by the postal investigating commission under the leadership of Charles E. Hughes in 1917?

The claim was that it was to assure the post office department "best of service." The final result will be, says The Weekly, "to decrease revenue, just as the doubling of the price of postal cards has reduced the income from that source. The incompetency of those who drafted the 'ride' to the war revenue act of 1917 which provided the zone system is shown in the following anomalous condition: A quantity of newspapers or magazines, made up and billed through by the publisher to a point west of the Mississippi will under the new law cost

approximately eight cents per copy. A single copy of the same periodical, dropped in a street box, collected and 'worked' through the post office and delivered to the addressee, will cost but four cents!

"It is a curious situation when wholesale mailing by publishers costs double that of single copy mailing by a private citizen, particularly when the argument for the passage of the zone law was simply to secure 'cost of service.'"

"This is the patriotism of the press paralyzed by shortsighted legislators."

PERHAPS WE NEED THEM.

There are so few people who are conscious of just what the patriotic duty of a citizen is, it is more than probable that Jane O'Ryan's "Ten Commandments of Loyalty," written to the New York World, will find a welcome here in New England:

1. You cannot serve both democracy and autocracy.

2. Honor our allies, who have borne the brunt of the war so long and so valorously.

3. Grievs and privations you shall bear in a spirit becoming our great cause.

4. You shall give your best to your country in thought, word and deed.

5. You shall not make blood-money.

6. You shall write letters of cheer and appreciation to our men in the service.

7. You shall conserve every way requested by the government to help win the war.

8. Do not let prejudice blind you to the accomplishments of your government and cause you to belittle its achievements.

9. Remember to give generously and continuously to the Red Cross.

10. Remember to invest liberally in Liberty Bonds and in Thrift and War Savings Stamps.

These are worthy of being honored as well as being preserved.

BREAKING RECORDS.

The coal miners of all ages are being called to service to meet the big demand for coal, and new records are being made.

With the week ending July 29th the coal production records found a new million mark to conjure with, thereby smashing all previous records of weekly output. According to the weekly report furnished the United States Fuel Administration by the Geological Survey the bituminous output (including lignite and coal made into coke) is estimated at 13,242,959 net tons, an increase over the week of July 6 (five working days) of 2,857,000 net tons, or 25 per cent. and over the corresponding week of last year of 1,475,500 net tons, or 12.5 per cent.

The average production per working day is estimated at 2,307,000 net tons, as against 2,051,600 net tons during the week of July 6, or an increase of 7.6 per cent., and as compared with the average production per working day of 1,851,000 net tons during the corresponding week of 1917.

The output during the week ending July 13, of 12,243,500 net tons is approximately 1,031,000 net tons, or 8 per cent. above the average weekly requirements of 12,211,500, estimated by the United States Fuel Administration. However, the average weekly production for the coal year to date is estimated at 11,548,500 net tons, or 5.3 per cent. behind the weekly requirements. In order to make up the deficit for the coal year from April 1 to date, of 443,000 net tons per week, or 8,551,000 net tons, it will be necessary to have approximately 10 more weeks of production equivalent to that of last week, or a production of 12,472,900 net tons during each of the 37 remaining weeks in the coal year ending March 31, 1918. This figure has only twice been attained—the week of June 15 and this week.

It will require sobriety and a strict attention to business to make the extra hundred millions of tons of coal required to assure comfort for all next winter.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Kaiser notices that the tug of war is still going on.

Why is Mackensen suing for Hindenburg if the General is not sick?

A real patriot never spends more than half his time arguing the point.

Where letter carriers are short postal mails are doing satisfactory service.

Mr. Hearst has tried his strength in America and discovered that he hasn't any.

Kaiser William is trying to solve how a man who makes law can be a respecter of law.

The German shock troops are not used to that little war game: "8 times in and then out!"

A great many "forts of folly" are falling these days, as well as the forts along the Marne.

American troops have arrived on the Italian front just in time to help hold up the Austrian drive.

What Germany wants to call off the war, and what she will get at the finish, are very dissimilar.

Austria is trying hard to keep up with the times. She has a new premier almost every week.

As a military leader the Crown Prince has shown himself to be only a pocket edition of Van Moltke.

Why talk about the Kaiser's "shock troops?" Uncle Sam's troops are doing most of the shocking just now.

The German Frankenstein is something more than a literary creation. It is pulling the junkers to their doom.

We have 2514 flying machines on their way to France, or enough to put at least 338 more flyers into the air.

The American troops have taken 17,000 prisoners and 550 guns. They'll have a fine collection before fall sets in.

They say there are wall papers which effect one like an east wind on a hot day; but they do not come our way.

Germany pleads to have the airplanes held up. They do not like to have the St. Vitus dance thrust upon them.

Since there is not food enough in Russia for the people and the German army, who is going to get it is no problem.

HARD TO SUIT

"The only reason why I offer my home for sale," said the suburban resident who was showing a prospective purchaser over the place, "is the fact that an obliging mover from another town. Whoever buys this place will have an ideal home. Just notice the view to the south—"

"I don't care two cents about the view to the south or the north, either," said the prospective purchaser, gloomily. "I always get suspicious when a man who wants to sell a house begins talking of the view. It looks to me as though he was trying to distract the customer's attention from the real matter at issue. I am not in the market for a view; it's a house I want, and I want to be sure that the roof doesn't leak and that the windows will work in their frames."

"Of course you want to sidetrack me by talking of the view so I won't notice whether the plaster is in good shape. It reminds me of a horse I bought several years ago. The man who sold me that horse kept bragging of the animal's legs and got me so interested in those legs that I never noticed that the old plug was blotched in both eyes. I have no doubt you're trying to work a similar game, but I'm older and wiser than I was then."

"I have no game of any kind," said the house owner with dignity. "You can say what you like, but when a man is buying a property for himself and his family he should consider the view. It takes more than bricks and mortar to make a real home, and such an extensive view as we have here—"

"You're bound to work off your view on me, hey? I'm more interested in this stairway. Whoever built it had his head on wrong. I never saw such a crooked stairway. A man would need a barometer to go up and down it and a woman wouldn't have any show at all, unless she was a trapeze performer. If I owned this place I'd have something done to the stairway."

"Oh, you may sneer at the view all you want to, if that's any satisfaction to you, but I venture to say that if your wife were along she would be enraptured with the magnificent view to the east. From that porch one can see the beautiful river for miles and the mud flats on this side of it. I have seen men fairly moved to tears when gazing over that remarkable landscape, and hurriedly have commented upon the view."

"You just can't get away from your blasted old view, can you? I wish you'd let the view slide along enough to tell me why the carpenter who built this shack didn't make the doors high enough. I have an uncle living with me, and he is rather tall and he is bumping the top of his head off if he lived in this house. And why in the world did you have a trap door over the cellar stairway? A trap door is about the worst man trap yet invented. I lived in a house that had one a couple of years ago, and somebody was always leaving that door open, and then somebody else was falling down into the cellar till I had to rig up a derrick to hoist the victims out again. A house with a trap door in it needs something better than a fine view as an asset."

"I'm sorry you don't appreciate the view. You are the only man I ever met who could contemplate that view without emotion. If you look from the west window you can see the canning factory and the stockyards in the distance, while in the foreground you behold the jazziest brickyard in the state. It takes more than a fine view to make that window contemplating the view and musing upon the profitable industries which are building up this suburb a fine view as an asset."

"I suppose it is an excellent view of the arctic regions and one can see the natives eating gundrops," said the customer. "I guess there's no use talking with you any longer. I don't seem able to convince you that I want to buy a house, not a franchise to look after the business of the house. The condition of the house shows that you have spent too much time studying the views and not enough making repairs."—Chicago News.

GLEANED FROM FOREIGN EXCHANGES

A housewife writes: I read that lots of all kinds were in demand because they could be utilized in some unexpected way to help in the winning of the war. So I collected tins. Nobody else was doing this. I gave them away in desperation I have had to pay (pay! mark you) the dustman to remove the lot.

Similarly with bottles. I had a collection of glass bottles, large and small. I offered them to four chemists in succession. Three declining to make any offer saying they did not require any bottles. The fourth offered five. We wonder what the Hackney Borough Council would say to this. They anticipate making £10,000 a year from the "valuables" found in household dustbins.

The motto of one of the most renowned regiments in the Army, the Gordon Highlanders, often puzzles the mind. It is "Byland." This is not Gaelic, but the partial form of the old Northumbrian verb "to byde"—still found in Scotland under the form "byd." It signifies calmly awaiting standing fast. It thus recalls the famous slogan of the Grants: "Stand fast, Craigheloch." Only the Gordons claim that their motto is the imperative. "They don't need to tell us to stand fast," they know we're byding right enough," said an old colonel to his biographer. Certainly the rest of the regiment from Waterloo to Arras has made good the boast.

One effect of the war—a shortage of books—has affected the "Layover" of Lincoln's Inn and the Temple. No longer can they get their books bound with what Dickens described as "underdone pleatwork covers, technically known as the 'Layover'—the best substitute, which however, the book-binding love not, as its stiffness requires an inordinate amount of soaking and manipulation of the paste which is now now worth its weight in gold. A fortune awaits the genius who can invent a method of binding books without the use of paste, glue, millboards, or thread—all expensive things now.

"Just over 150 blind soldiers have been married since they lost their sight," remarked Arthur Pearson yesterday at the Coal Exchange at a meeting on behalf of the Blinded Soldiers' Children Fund.

"And a bonny lot of girls they have picked," continued the speaker with a laugh. "I have seen most of them. (Laughter.) What better guide for a blinded father could there be than his own little boy or girl?"

Among the articles sold by Mr. George Graves at auction were the following souvenirs:—

Prime Minister's walking stick £100. Mr. Bonar Law's favorite pipe £56. 85 note signed by Mr. Asquith, £47 5s.

Cigar case and letter case from Lord Milner, £42.

Lord Curzon's walking stick, £22 3s. Brassie with initials "A. J. B." £30. Case of whiskey, £42.

Sir Edward Carson's blackthorn, £55 5s.

Four boxes of matches, £12 12s.

A lady in the gallery accidentally dropped her umbrella from the gallery. It fell on the auctioneer's desk. There were cries of "It's up for auction," the lady acquiesced, and the article was sold for £2. The buyer gallantly returned the umbrella to the former owner.

The second diamond ever cut in England, the work of a disabled soldier, was presented by Mr. John Hodge, M. P., and withdrawn at £100, a private bid of £200 having been previously received. The diamond, which was cut and finished in bag, realized £15, and a signed photograph of Miss Ellen Terry, framed by a blind soldier, was sold for £5 5s. The giddiest trapper we have at the present time" was Mr. Graves's remark.

The newest tribute to the airman is to say that he has "good hands" and to imply that he manipulates his machine as he would handle the reins of a horse with a sensitive mouth. The analogy is well put, but it is a wicked, glorious tradition of the "Fighting Fifth." Their record for prisoner-taking is truly remarkable, for on one occasion the Northumberlands captured a whole infantry regiment of more than their own strength, and on

STORIES OF THE WAR

An Aviator's First Flight.

An American aviator's first flight over the German lines is thus described in a letter dated June 24, by Lieutenant Szourney Thayer, Aviation Corps, U. S. A., to his mother:

"I must tell you about my first trip over the line. Today was certainly an eventful one for me. Last night the bad weather which had stuck with us for nearly a week vanished, and I was posted for an early morning reconnaissance. Two planes were to go out, one to do the observing and the other for protection as being my first trip over, my plane was 'protection,' as you follow your other plane and don't need to be familiar with the sector."

"I was waiting in the valley before dawn, and at four o'clock I was up and beautiful morning with the sun about to rise behind light faintly colored clouds and the river valley below us sunken beneath a sea of mist. I mist arrived at the hangars and as my plane was not quite ready, rushed into the mess-hall, where I found some bread and couldn't believe that I was in a lot. I got my guns ready, arranged signals with my observer and started up. The other plane followed and we set out."

"Our sector is right at the foot of the mountains; in fact, some of the lower hills are between the trenches, and once you get up in the air you see the range of hills. They were beautiful this morning, grey and purple with the sun lighting up spots over them as it shone through the clouds. A few down the valley to the end of our sector and the boundary line was in sight. I flew a few hundred meters above the observing plane and a little behind it so that I could always have it in sight. The line looked very quiet, and whatever white smoke there was here and there blended in the mist, so that you couldn't tell them apart. I couldn't believe that I was flying over the line in actual warfare. I felt like a prince in a fairy tale riding above the clouds on a magic carpet, and like in all fairy tales there below me the boundary line between the cruel demons, where merely to alight and set foot meant death."

"I was just about forgetting worldly matters when the other plane began slowly turn from dark shadows to broad sunlight when a black burst of smoke broke a little below me. It was followed by another and another, each one nearer and louder than the last, and I suddenly realized that I was setting my first taste of Archie. They were very close, and had our range almost exactly, so he began firing, climbing and twisting and turning to 'outflank them and make it hard for them to catch our range."

"I was greatly relieved when we reached the upper end of the sector and turned down again to where the batteries weren't quite so wide awake and early."

"I controlled back and forth several times and each time went down into the anti-aircraft net heavier and nearer and my heart was surely in my boots. To add to the excitement I saw a German balloon head on in a cloud, and it looked just like a plane, and I said to myself, 'my first Boche,' and shot off both my guns to test them. The crack and the flash were very comforting, and I was just about beginning to enjoy life again when a large volley of shrapnel landed upon me and over and all around me. I counted five or six volleys, but my batteries had been popping at us at once. The observing plane below me shot down in a steep dive and then turned for home. I followed and we were soon safely back on our field. By the time I had landed they were removing the observer from the other plane. The other plane was hit—one of the long guns was shot through and the left hand elevator wire shot off. The observer was shot through the knee and ankle."—Boston Transcript.

Views of the Vigilantes

DANCING AS USUAL

By Gelett Burgess of The Vigilantes

In the Broadway restaurant, where the orchestra under wiglets and grins and squirms as he gaily plays his violin, the music struck up

"Over there, over there!"

and the little imitation widow in her bogus weeds, a merry parody of suffering, jumped up and laid her hand on the back of the lounge-back, lean and lithe in his pinch-back palm beach suit.

"Say a prayer, say a prayer."

and off they capered like beetles on a tombstone.

And at that minute, at Mount Vernon, the President of the United States was graciously saying to the representatives of thirty nationalities, devoted to the cause of liberty:

"The Past and Present are in deadly grapple and the people of the world are being done to death between them."

Now, in the second year of the war I was at a Saboteur's Picnic on the coast of France. At the Pavillon, there, one night, a Parisian banker, no doubt a profiteer, gave a party for his daughter's birthday. The guests began to dance.

I would like to see a crowd from Broadway rise as rose those French fisher folk that night! I would like to see that merry mock widow and that tango lizard chased through the streets of New York as I saw those Parisian merry makers hooted down the beach at Sables d'Ornone.

Surely as the French say, "It is not the moment," how many Americans must die in France before we stop "dancing as usual!"

Skin Sufferers

You will sigh with relief at the first magic touch of Dr. D. D. The soothing wash of ails. Most of our customers thank us for this advice. You will find Dr. D. D. We guarantee it. 50c. and 80c. Ask for Dr. D. D. today.

The Liquid Wash

The King helped to cut soldiers' shirts yesterday, when accompanied by Lee & Osgood.

AUDITORIUM THEATER

TODAY AND SATURDAY

THE FILM SENSATION OF 1918

Cheating the Public

THE GREEDY DRAGON OF FOOD MONOPOLY EXPOSED IN A TIMELY DRAMA OF TODAY

The Thrilling Food Riots The Fight Between Man and Girl The 100-Mile-A-Minute-Race Against Death The Electric Chair in Operation The Fight in the Jury Room The Powerful Scene in the Court Room SUSPENSE! SUSPENSE! SUSPENSE!

WITH A PERFECT ALL STAR CAST

"HER TORPEDOED LOVE"—A Mack Sennett Comedy

Featuring Ford Sterling, Louise Fazenda and Harry Becker

DAVIS THEATRE

FRIDAY SATURDAY

The Coming Film Star in the Greatest of All Comedies TAYLOR HOLMES in "A PAIR OF SIXES"

A Six Act Comedy That Will Keep You Laughing For One Solid Hour. You Have Seen the Show Here—But Wait Till You See the Film

MARY WARREN in "THE VORTEX"

A THRILLING 5-PART TRIANGLE DRAMA FULL OF EXCITEMENT

CURRENT EVENTS—LATEST ISSUE

OTHER VIEW POINTS

BREED THEATRE

Today and Saturday BIG DOUBLE BILL

THE GREAT MAZIMOVA

IN REVELATION

AN 8-ACT METRO SPECIAL PRODUCTION DE LUXE

RUTH CLIFFORD

IN RUPERT JULIAN'S DRAMATIC PRODUCTION MIGHTY MADNESS

Hearst-Pathe News

starts out for August, however, with every promise as welcome rains have poured over the corn belts. No more important war news could be given for the consideration of the allies.—Waterbury Republican.

Deep Gloom in Spots.

As was to be expected, the movement to educate our singers at home instead of abroad suits everybody except the singers and the neighbors.—Kansas City Times.

We Sell Thrift Stamps



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