

THE AGE

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THE AGE

WOODSTOCK VERMONT

IF YOU HAVE A Farm, Camp or Cottage IN THE VICINITY OF WOODSTOCK

Which you would like to rent to a desirable tenant for the coming season send a description of it, together with your name and address, to the undersigned at once. Hundreds of families all over the country search the columns of the Boston Transcript each season for information as to where the most desirable summer residences are located. Free advice and all necessary information will be cheerfully given you. BOSTON TRANSCRIPT CO., 324 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Reaches the Century Mark

Mrs. Matilda Whitney, the oldest citizen of Springfield, the oldest member of the Methodist Episcopal church and the oldest person in that locality, passed her 100th birthday Saturday at the home of her son, Rollin W. Whitney.

Mrs. Whitney was born in Springfield, July 28, 1810, seventh of 11 children born to John and Phileena Spencer Walker, all but three of whom lived over 70 years. She married William Whitney in 1837 and to them three children were born.

At the present time Mrs. Whitney's memory is perfect and her eyesight and health are good.

IN THE REALM OF FASHION

Cool and Dainty.
A deliciously cool looking gown of striped linen is of green and white. It



PHOTO OF STRIPED LINEN. Is made with little tucks, which are very effective in this striped material, and neck and sleeves are finished with the new and pretty clown ruffles.

New Kind of Romper.
A new idea in children's rompers is a circular cut designed more especially for small girls' play, because the fullness created by the circular suggests a skirt. It is made from pink and white or blue and white checked gingham. The sleeves are elbow length, taken into band cuffs, and the garment is prettily trimmed with narrow folds of white plating. This model comes in sizes two to six years and costs only 50 cents.

At the same price rompers may be bought for babies from one to six years of age. The material is checked gingham, made with a square cut neck and short puff sleeves.

CLEVER IDEAS FOR SUMMER.

Now's the Time to Buy Ready Made Gowns.

Now that the summer season is at its height, the lines of hats, gowns, parasols, and all are reduced to the lowest, and the result is simplicity. Isn't that always the story? Almost every season's opening finds the woman with limited income and good taste reduced to despair. There is nothing in the shops that she can have. That is, nothing that she would have, that she can.

Extremes of new styles are everywhere, that her purse reaches. Of course, the best shops always show an avoidance of excesses, but for obvious reasons the best shops are not her shops. She must search around among the others, and her soon falls within the net of the monstrous hats, the over-trimmed suits and dresses, the cheap gingerbread neckwear.

And this suggests the question, why is it that the simple unadorned garments are always the most expensive? One would think the makers could save on the trimmings and laces, and give materials of good quality and good cut for the same prices that they sell \$1,000,000 worth of coarse lace, soutache braid that everywhere marks a suit as ready made, dinky little bows, gilt and lace motifs, so-called, that spoil what might have been a nice plain collar. To come back to the original matter, now is the time when the summer styles are at their prettiest, most tasteful and simplest. Now is a good time to buy ready made gowns, both because from now on the prices will be reduced and because all the best designs have been copied in cheaper goods—the best gowns, it cannot be said too often, being simple in outline and detail, effective because of material and cutting.

Summer Styles.
White muslin frocks are being trimmed with the finest of black chantilly lace, and a touch of cherry colored, lemon or Chinese blue ribbon.

The country and seaside hats display an endless amount of tall colored wings, white, biscuit and flamingo pink being the favored colors. Single ostrich plumes are uncurled and speckled or checked in curious designs.

Prince Edward's Income.
Prince Edward, the heir to the throne, derives a clear income of \$80,000 a year from the duchy of Cornwall, the property having appreciated enormously in recent years in consequence of the falling in of leases on its estates in London. This \$80,000 a year will accumulate for the heir apparent, so that by the time he comes of age he will have an independent fortune from this source alone of nearly half a million sterling.—London Answers.

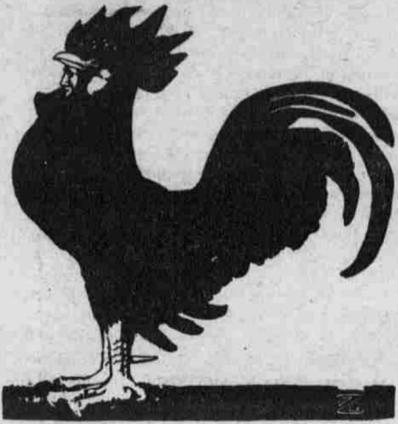
H. H. Bishop of Bolton says that the automobile travel is tending to revive the hotels along the old stage routes, 105 autos passed through that town Sunday.

Howard Gray of Bethel was operated upon at Montreal for the removal of a piece of steel from his eye. The eyeball had to be removed and replaced. It is hoped the eyeball may be saved, but the sight is lost.

TO OUR READERS!

By special arrangement we offer you a great opportunity to read "Chantecler"

EDMOND ROSTAND'S wonderful "Chantecler" is the dramatic sensation of the world. In it Rostand proves himself to be one of the greatest dramatists of all times. "Chantecler" is not only the greatest play of the century—it is the one great play of the last hundred years. It is an exquisite story, palpitating with human sympathy and interest. It warms the blood—stirs the emotions—arouses every commendable sentiment. "Chantecler" sparkles with wit—counsels with wise philosophy—entertains with fascinating idiom—while the tones of the hour bell of today, and today's problems, are heard through the medium of "Chantecler's" deliciously up-to-date slang. No language contains sufficient superlatives to describe it. Only reading and study will enable you to appreciate it. It has aroused all France—London has gone mad over it.



The Only English Translation

Rostand has chosen HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE as the medium through which to present "Chantecler" to the English-reading world. The publication will be in four installments, one act to each instalment, beginning in the June number. The translator is the same who helped to make "Cyrano de Bergerac" so fascinating to American booklovers.

We have made special arrangements with the publishers of HAMPTON'S by which our readers may get "Chantecler" and the many other fine features published in HAMPTON'S in connection with our own paper, practically without cost. Read our offer below.

OTHER EXPENSIVE FEATURES

HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE every month contains the most costly, most important, and most interesting contents ever put between the covers of a general magazine. "Peary's Own Story" of the discovery of the North Pole, a \$50,000 feature, is now in its most interesting stage, giving the positive "proofs" that Commander Peary and no other man discovered the North Pole. "The True History of the Southern Pacific Railroad" by Charles Edward Russell is one of the greatest magazine serials ever published. Mrs. Rheta Childe Dorr's articles on the "Power of the Women's Clubs" are without an equal in their appeal to women everywhere. Fiction contributors include the foremost story-tellers of the world: Arthur Stringer has a new series called "The Adventures of an Insomniac"; James B. Connolly describes in several stories his Trip Around the World with the American Fleet; Frederick Palmer is contributing a series of arship stories of which Danbury Rodd is the central character. The only new idea in detective fiction since Sherlock Holmes is provided in the second series of stories about Luther Trant, the psychological detective, written by Edwin Balmer and William G. MacHarg. Other Short Stories are by such favorites as O. Henry, Gouverneur Morris, Charles Belmont Davis, Rupert Hughes, Josephine Daskam Bacon, Harris Merton Lyon and many others.

Special Offer to Readers of This Paper

By special arrangement with HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE, we are able to make the following remarkable offer to our readers. The publishers of HAMPTON'S advise us that the demand for "Chantecler" is tremendous. We therefore advise you to order on the attached coupon now. The only sure way of getting all of "Chantecler" is to send today.

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A GAMBLER'S RING.

When its Owner Deals the Cards Are an Open Book.

A curious ring seen recently is one that belongs to a gambler, one of the most famous card players in the United States. It is a heavy gold band affair and is exactly five-eighths of an inch wide. Running around the band in such a way as to completely circle it is a row of five small signets. Each one of these is worked in gold in the form of a shield. These shields are polished on their surface and bear no marking of any sort.

Inside the ring and grooved into its outer circle is another gold circle. When the ring is put on the operator's finger by a slight movement it is possible to slide the outside band around on the inner one. The instant this is done from under one of the small shields appears a minute mirror. This mirror is a scant quarter inch in diameter.

When the operator sits in at a game of cards he wears the ring on the little finger of his right hand.

When he slides the cards off the pack as he deals the card that is being dealt. The dealer, looking down at his hands as he deals, sees each card as it comes off the pack. He knows each card that he has dealt and exactly who has the card.

As the dealer puts the pack down by a movement either slow or fast it is a perfectly simple matter to give the ring a slight rub, sliding it back into its original position. The mirror, even when it is exposed, is always on the inside of the hand and concealed from every one. After long practice it is possible to pull every card off the pack in such a manner that it will reflect in the exact center of the mirror.—Boston Post.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

Time For the Jury.
The prosecuting attorney began the cross examination of the witness who had been brought into the case to establish an alibi for the defendant.

"You testify, Mr. Canaggy," he said, "that at twenty minutes past 12, the time when the crime is alleged to have been committed, this defendant was taking a drink in a saloon and therefore could not have been at the scene of the robbery. Is that right?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were in the saloon at the time?"

"Yes, sir."

"You saw him taking a drink at that exact moment, did you?"

"I did."

"How do you know it was just twenty minutes past 12?"

"That was the time by the saloon clock."

"You looked at the clock, did you?"

"Yes, sir."

"While the defendant was taking the drink?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where was the clock?"

"On the wall."

"Behind the bar?"

"No, sir; on the opposite side of the room."

"On the opposite side of the room, was it? I will ask you, Mr. Canaggy, how you could see that clock and this defendant at the same moment of time?"

"I saw the reflection of the clock in the big mirror behind the bar, sir."

"And by that reflection it was exactly twenty minutes past 12, was it?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are sure of that, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, Mr. Canaggy, the real time was twenty minutes 'of' 12, wasn't it?"

"Why—er—"

"That's all, Mr. Canaggy. Your honor, we are ready to submit this case to the jury without argument."—Chicago Tribune.

Aug 10-11—Annual tournament of Vermont State Firemen's Association at Burlington.

Ferocious Juveniles.

Led by a ferocious chieftain, aged thirteen, a well organized band of boy robbers has just been captured by the police at Sopron, Hungary. The band consisted of eleven lads, aged from eight to thirteen years, who had left their parents for a life of adventure. They lived in a large cave and during the last three months have committed 123 robberies and one murder. In the cave booty to the value of \$25,000 was found. The young chieftain, who shot and seriously wounded the policeman who was sent to arrest him, has been sentenced to ten years' confinement in a reformatory.

Wise and Appropriate.

Jerome S. McWade, addressing a carload of Duluth slum children on the way to the country for a week, quoted Confucius pertinently.

"My dear children," said the millionaire philanthropist, "you may wander amid the plenty of orchard and garden, but you must take nothing—you must even make it clear that you are taking nothing. Remember, children, the wise words of old Confucius: 'Do not pull up thy stocking in a meadow field nor arrange thy hat beneath a pear tree lest people think that thou art stealing.'"

Cold Water Without Ice.

Ice is not a necessity in order to secure cold water, for water can be made sufficiently cool for drinking purposes by putting it in a bottle or jug and wrapping a woolen rag about the latter, then setting it in a shallow dish of water and placing the whole outfit in a cool place—if in a draft, all the better. The principle involved is found in the fact that when evaporation takes place heat is given off. The woolen rag absorbs the moisture from the dish below, which is evaporated from the rag, cooling the water.—Suburban Life.

The Canadian maple-sugar crop this year is estimated at 18,000,000 pounds, over half of it being made in the province of Quebec and the rest in Nova Scotia, Ontario and New Brunswick.

The Age to Jan. 1, 1911, 40c.

Cragmore

A Practical Lesson In the Art of Husband Winning
By GWENDOLIN ADAMS
Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

The central figure in these complications is Roscoe Curtis. If this were a play the heroine would be—well, I would be the heroine. There wouldn't be any hero; that is, unless Roscoe would be considered such, but he isn't. He's simply an objective point like the king in chess. A character the theater people would call the heavy woman—the woman who makes all the trouble—is Kate Carpenter. The reason she has made all the trouble is that she wants the same man I want. We both want Roscoe.

There! I think I have stated the case just as it is.

Roscoe is intellectual. He stood high in his class in college and took a lot of honors—whatever that may be—but I don't love him for his learning. I love him for himself. That is, I don't exactly know what I love him for. I only know that I love him.

Kate Carpenter is a college graduate too. She's the only girl I am afraid of. When we three are together, Roscoe and Kate and I, she always introduces subjects I don't know anything about. That's a way she has of making me take a back seat. Roscoe doesn't like to talk "booky," as he calls it, and tries to stop her, but she won't be stopped. Not that she prefers to talk booky; she only wants to show her superiority over me.

I'm not such a fool but that I can see that Kate always turns the conversation on to subjects she knows something about, and when Roscoe gets on to a subject of which she is ignorant she keeps mum. It occurred to me to listen when they were talking, notice the subjects she avoids, make a list of them and study them. And so I did. I found out that history doesn't interest her. Nor does science. She smatters over social questions, professes herself theoretically a Socialist and all that.

During the spring months I devoted myself to study. All the members of this play, as I call it, are friends—at least the families are—and we meet every season at the summer cottage of one or the other for a house party. This year we are at our country home. In March, April, May and June I stuffed myself like a Christmas turkey with history. I studied up to the last minute before leaving town, and when I reached Marston, our place, I tell you I knew a lot. I'd read a whole volume of the history of England.

I didn't let on what I knew. I just laid low for Kate when she got on her high horse before Roscoe. I didn't have to wait long. The day after we all arrived we three were sitting on the porch, Roscoe smoking, Kate doing fancy work, I lolling in the hammock. Kate got on to votes for women and cited certain conditions away back in Greece or Egypt or some other benighted country in support of the position she took.

"I've always considered," I butted in, "Lady Jane Grey to be the legitimate sovereign of England."

Both Roscoe and Kate looked at me, astonished, then glanced at each other. Then Kate went on about the women of other times. Notwithstanding her contemptuous glance I was not to be put down.

"Why don't they include Oliver Cromwell in the list of British sovereigns?" I remarked casually. "He was a king really, if not in name. At any rate, he was a ruler."

You should have seen the amazed sneer Kate gave me. But this time she deigned to notice what I said. "Cromwell was a regicide."

"That scooped me. I didn't know what a regicide was any more than what a camel or leopard feeds on. But I didn't let on how ignorant I was. I just looked as if I knew all about it. Kate took up her old subject again, and I did some thinking. She seemed to know more than I did about Cromwell and regicides and all that. How would it do for me to invent a character? I concluded to try it.

"Do you think," I asked, "that the hanging of Cragmore at Tyburn was a just and proper thing to do?"

"That caused both Roscoe and Kate to sit up and take notice. They looked at each other for a moment sort of quizzically; then Kate said to Roscoe: "One of Jeffrey's victims, wasn't he?"

"Never heard of him," Roscoe replied.

"I think he was a Monmouth conspirator," Kate protested. She would not deign to ask me about him. She had too great a contempt for my ignorance and too high an opinion of her own knowledge.

"Who was he, Lulu?" asked Roscoe.

"I'm surprised," I said, "that Kate doesn't know who he was."

She was the maddest girl you ever saw. Her face was red as a beet, and she made her fingers fly at her work.

"I'm not here cramming for an examination," she snapped.

I was so encouraged by the success of my scheme that I thought I'd go on a little further.

"Well, I don't mind telling you who Cragmore was, since you don't know," I said good naturedly. "One can't remember all the minor characters. I was interested in him because he was one of the men who helped Lord Darnley, husband of Mary, queen of Scots, to murder her lover Rizzio at Holyrood palace."

If Cragmore was a surprise, this connecting him with that assassin was the burning of a bomb. I had read about this Darnley-Rizzio business at all. When we were in Scotland last year I went through Holyrood palace and heard the story from a guide.

I think that by this time Roscoe had got on to what I was about. At a rate, I saw the corner of his mouth quirk up, and he was looking far on the landscape with his hat pulled down over his forehead. He did say a word. I was sure he was waiting for Kate to get tangled up some more. At any rate, he let her do talking.

"I thought," she said, "the murder of Rizzio was a mystery—that there was no certainty about the identity of the assassin."

"It may be," remarked Roscoe. "Lulu has got hold of some recent developments which I have not been made aware of."

"H'm!" sneered Kate. "More like she got this Cragmore mixed up with the wrong event. Seems to me I heard the name mentioned somewhere in English or Scotch history."

I just smothered her with kindness. "Why, so you have," I said in a soft voice. "How ridiculous of you. He was one of the Scottish chiefs who went with King James when he succeeded to London to assume the sovereignty of England. Now you member, don't you?"

"I think I do," said Kate as if we were trying to recall something.

There was a perceptible broadening of the smile on Roscoe's lips. "We had enough of history," he said. "I talk tennis awhile. I bought me a racket before leaving the city, it's dandy."

Kate rose and, taking her work with her, went into the house. Maybe I didn't feel pretty good. I knew I shouldn't. She'd ransack every book in the house trying to find out who Cragmore was. All I feared was that I would find somebody of that name. But I didn't care. I'd say that was the Cragmore I meant.

However, I'd only half won the battle. But it was the biggest half. I could put my rival out of the fight her favorite ground, learning. I thought I could snare Roscoe. I'm not one of those girls to quarrel with a rival when a man sees two girls fight over him he gets disgusted with both. There's where I got ahead of Kate. She showed that she was miffed because I knew who Cragmore was, she didn't. I think I played that pretty foxy.

"Lulu," said Roscoe when she came, "you should be ashamed of yourself." He gave me an amused and pleasant look that showed he was ashamed of me.

"Why so?" I asked.

"You don't know any more about Rizzio than a newly hatched chicken. I was ready for him. I'd been practicing looking hurt before a mirror and I flatter myself I'd got it down to a fine point. I made him think I was going to burst into tears. I tended to try to say something, couldn't, I was so heartbroken."

"Why, Lulu! Don't take a fellow seriously."

"You are very unkind," I moaned.

"Unkind? Why so?"

"You who know so much to snub poor ignorant g-g-girl?" I could no further for rising tears.

"My dear little girl," he said, rising and taking a seat by me in the hammock. "I'm awfully sorry if I've hurt your feelings."

"Because I've not been to college you and Kate have you do nothing but try to put me down?"

"I try to put you down?"

"Yes, I simply tried to take part some of your and Kate's conversation that I'm constantly left out of and combine to snub me."

He rested his head on the hammock back of me. I didn't propose that should remain there, so I turned away from him, put my handkerchief to face and was shaken by sobs.

That did it. He put his arm around my waist.

Before I let him go I had him kissing my tears away (I was awfully afraid he'd notice there weren't any tears, and if it hadn't been for Rizzio coming back ostensibly for a moment she'd left I would have had it all my own way and settled. You should have seen her when she saw Roscoe sitting by me in the hammock.)

"Excuse me," she said; "I do mean to intrude. I presume Lulu whispering in your ear who this Cragmore was."

Roscoe looked at her sort of as if I wished she'd say something that was disagreeable. I would have egged her on to do so, but that she had given me away also. So I let my peace, and when she had gone to the house I said softly:

"You mustn't mind what a girl says when she is angry. Kate is lovely, wish I was as good as she is."

"And knew as much. She's awfully booky."

The bell rang for lunch, and, knowing that he wasn't in a mood to go further then, I put matters off to the more convenient season. I felt sure that since I had induced him to put his arm around my waist and away tears that wouldn't flow I was smart enough to do the rest of it.

This is the way I managed. I didn't act at all as if there was anything in my scheme that I thought I'd go on a little further.

"Well, I don't mind telling you who Cragmore was, since you don't know," I said good naturedly. "One can't remember all the minor characters. I was interested in him because he was one of the men who helped Lord Darnley, husband of Mary, queen of Scots, to murder her lover Rizzio at Holyrood palace."

The Reason.
"Pop, why do people in Wall street put water in their stocks?"
"To be in the financial swim, my son."—Baltimore American.

Ready.
"Is the jury box full?"
"More than full, your honor. One of the jurors weighs 455 pounds."—Philadelphia Ledger.

To new subscribers, The Age to Jan. 1, 1911, 40 cents.

- What it Cost Fleetwood
F. G. Fleetwood, candidate for Republican nomination for governor of Vermont in the recent campaign, establishes a precedent by giving for publication a detailed statement of the campaign expenses. No before in the history of the state such a statement been given. The list includes items dating September 13, 1909, to July 8, 1910, and totals \$567.31.