

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

The People's Rights—A Representative Democracy—The Union and the Constitution Without Any Infractions.

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THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE
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WOODSTOCK NEWS

MEMORIAL LIBRARY AT BILLINGS, MONTANA

Additional Gift From Frederick Billings

The Billings (Mont.) Daily Gazette notes the recent donation of \$7500 by Frederick Billings of New York and Woodstock for the building of a wing to the Parnly Billings memorial library in that city. The Gazette says:

The announcement to the effect that Frederick Billings, Jr., of New York city, donor of the Parnly Billings library, this city, had given \$7,500 for the building of a wing for the children's department, was received with considerable pleasure by book lovers in particular, and by the city in general. It manifests the abiding interest Mr. Billings and members of his family have not only in the library but in the city.

The present structure was dedicated on October 1, 1901. The dedicatory exercises were held in the opera house, the then mayor, W. B. George, officiating.

The first news of the generous bequest of a library came on March 10, 1899, and the building committee selected by the Billings family was composed of A. L. Babcock, chairman; I. D. O'Donnell, James R. Goss, J. D. Matheson, secretary, and E. L. Boardman, Messrs. O'Donnell, Goss and Matheson are still directors of the library.

C. S. Haire was the architect. The main building is 60x50 feet, and is built of native sandstone. The walls and the ceiling are beautifully decorated, and the rare interior furnishings are of oak. The lighting effects are splendid. The pictures that grace the walls were donated by the Billings family, and these it would have taken years for the library to collect otherwise.

The structure is of the Romanesque style of architecture on the exterior. Simplicity and elegance combine to make it a handsome structure. The lawn, always well kept, adds to the general pleasing effect the structure has upon visitors.

The memorial tablet has a place of honor in the entrance to the library proper. The inscription engraved thereon was designated by the mother of the donor.

Frederick Billings, Sr., lawyer, railroad man and public spirited citizen, died at his Vermont home at Woodstock on October 1, 1890. In his early days he had settled in California and with his brother-in-law, Captain Simmons, was one of the first to open a law office in San Francisco.

He practiced in that city until 1863. He was a member of the well known law firm of Halleck, Peachy & Billings. He married Miss Julia Parnly, daughter of Dr. Eleazar Parnley of New York city, and in 1865 he closed his affairs in California and went east.

He bore a leading part in the re-organization of the Northern Pacific railroad after the failure of Jay Cooke. He was finally made president and held the position for several years, when he retired because of his health. He continued a director in the road, however. It was for him that the city of Billings was named.

Parnly, the eldest son, began his business career in this city after leaving college. He was a part owner of a ranch and one of the local banks. He died in 1887 at the age of 25, after contracting a cold during a fatiguing mining trip. The library was named for him.

Frederick Billings, Jr., the donor of the library, and son of the late Frederick Billings, lives in New York city, as does his mother. He has given much of his time to law and literature and is a traveler of some note.

Mr. Billings, Sr., in his early days, gave the Congregational society its church edifice, and donated liberally

for the first public school building. Mr. Billings expended \$22,000 in the original cost of construction of the library, and supplemented this with other cash contributions for books and other necessities from time to time.

Various members of the Billings family have sent whole sets of books from time to time, and on one occasion Mr. Billings expressed a wish that a particular contribution be used for children's books, while another was used for technical and scientific volumes.

Crayon portraits of Mr. Billings Sr., and Parnly, occupy prominent places, while an oil painting of Mr. Billings, Jr., has the place of honor.

When Mr. Billings surprised the local librarian, Miss Mabel Collins, with the generous offer for a children's department, Miss Collins assured Mr. Billings and his mother that people of the city would furnish children's volumes and books likely to interest and instruct the juvenile contingent of the visitors at the library.

Just whether the wing will be built to the west or the east of the present structure has not yet been decided. The work will soon be started. From citizens, high and low, from children and their elders, in fact, from the citizenship at large, comes rare appreciation of the abiding interest Mr. Billings and members of his family have manifested from time to time not alone in the memorial library but in the city in general.

Arrivals at the Inn

New York—Mrs. R. Stewart, Mrs. F. W. Crooker.
Boston—Rev. C. J. Sullivan.
Washington, D. C.—Mrs. W. J. McKnight, Miss McKnight, Miss M. J. McKnight.

Mr. and Mrs. F. K. McCully, Paterson, N. J.; R. D. Goodwin, Miss Ruth C. Dinsmore, Roxbury, Mass.; Miss M. Lane, Troy, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. George Comstock, Bridgeport, Conn.; Miss M. Mulligan, Miss E. D. Murray Winchester, Mass.; Rev. F. E. Rogers, Billerica, Mass.

A recent case in Orange county court is of interest to people here:

Adeline Slack on Tuesday rehearsed a tale of woe she had endured for the past thirteen years at the hands of her husband, Geo. H. Slack, 2nd, which story revealed hardships, both mental and physical, sufficient to satisfy any court that she was entitled to a bill on general principles, if that were a statutory ground for divorce, but in that the statute requires the ground to be more exact and explicit, the bill was granted for intolerable severity, and she was decreed also the right to resume her maiden name of Barney, and for alimony everything in the shape of property which she and George had accumulated and now had an equity in: since they were married. The parties belong in Randolph Center and N. L. Boyden was attorney for Mrs. Slack.

Eloping Medic in Toils

Advices received Monday disclosed that the elopement of Dr. Charles H. Bates of Ludlow with Miss Susan Barrett of Rutland, a trained nurse, on July 6, ended when the couple were located in a far western town. Dr. Bates was placed under arrest and is now on his way home.

When the elopement was discovered Attorney General Sargent and Town Grand Juror Ernest E. Moore of Ludlow, had the case placed in the hands of detectives and the culprit was located.

Dr. Bates was prominent as a physician in Ludlow and his disappearance made a profound sensation. When he left he had about \$2000, but was practically without funds when arrested. He started from Ludlow in the evening in his automobile, a Ford runabout. Miss Barrett left Ludlow the same evening on a train, ostensibly for Rutland. She went to Ludlow last winter professionally, being a trained nurse, and made her home with Dr. Bates' family, comprising himself, his wife and father, who is advanced in years. The Bates home is one of the finest in town and the doctor

was apparently very prosperous. Dr. Bates is 43 and Miss Barrett is 24 years old. There had been no gossip connected with their names and the doctor and his wife were apparently devoted to each other.

On the evening of the elopement the doctor left his house in his automobile to make professional calls, it was believed. Miss Barrett ostensibly left to visit friends. She boarded the 7.44 o'clock train here, and the doctor's wife accompanied her to the station. Mrs. Bates did not suspect the elopement until the next morning, when she found that the doctor's clothes were missing.

Dr. Bates and Miss Barrett met at some point north of Ludlow and went by automobile to New York city. They proceeded from there west by train, leaving the automobile, on which he had paid only a small amount. He left his financial affairs much involved, having raised money in different ways.

Who is Who and Where

Statistics, although proverbially dry, often reveal interesting facts and figures on birthplace and present whereabouts of the 17,545 people thought famous enough to be admitted to the volume, "Who's Who in America," for 1910 can be studied with profit says the Union Globe. The six New England States contribute 3,668 of these notables, or less than 20 per cent, and of these only 2,885 now live in New England, 800 of them having scattered to other states. In the language of the insurgent, we suppose the 2,885 represent the so-called New England domination.

The figures for the six states show that the three southern states are able to stay about balanced in the matter of birthplace and location, while the three northern states are heavy losers. For instance: Massachusetts, birthplace 1769, present location, 1771; Rhode Island, birthplace, 172, present location, 166; Connecticut, birthplace, 532, present location, 513; these three show that people of political, literary, economic, and educational importance born in these states have generally remained there, or if they have gone hence their places have been filled by notables from other states.

Turning now to the three northern states, quite a different situation appears: Maine, birthplace, 526, present location, 177; New Hampshire, birthplace, 310, present location, 157; Vermont birthplace, 359, present location, 101. These figures show that Maine retains only 30 per cent of her famous men, New Hampshire holds about 50 per cent, while Vermont retains but 28 per cent. Allowing for the personal equation in the selection of these men the figures vividly tell what is happening in upper New England. They show that the best men of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, finding the local field too restricted, move on to larger opportunities. This is no reflection upon those who choose to remain, for the standing of those three states is excellent. The figures only show the effect wrought by economic adjustment and the wanderlust impulse. There is no remedy for this condition unless it be making local opportunities so attractive that the best men will stay.

14-Year-Old Trotter Breaks World's Record

Country Jay, the grand old 14-year-old trotter, proved the wonder of the grand circuit opening, at Kalamazoo, Mich., if not of all harness history, when in the second heat of the 2:05 trot he made a new record for himself 2:04 1-4. Country Jay won this race, which broke the world's record for the three fastest heats ever consecutively trotted, the time being 2:04 1-4, 2:05 1-4 and 2:05 1-2.

A New Breed of Sheep

The department of agriculture has a breed of sheep not put down in American or European lists. They were brought there from the west coast of Africa, and are not white nor black but have a rather bright coat of short red hair, more like the hair of the goat, though shaped in body like the sheep. They are being crossed on Shropshires and Merinos. When crossed with the latter breed they grow a felt like coat of wool and hair, but the cross blood takes the red out of the coat. They seem to be very hardy, and although coming from a hot climate they stand the rigors of winter well. The department seems determined to find all there is in the old breeds of Europe, Asia and Africa, whether sheep, horses or cattle, and if possible to found American types that may prove better than any others known.

This new type of sheep are very prolific breeders, dropping from two to five lambs yearly. Perhaps the department realizes the increasing slaughter of lambs for food, and has taken this method of more rapidly increasing our stock of sheep in the United States, by laying the foundation of a new breed that will quadruple the flocks annually instead of increasing them only one and a half times in numbers.

Herd of 20,000 Walrus

The gasoline trading schooner Helen Johnson owned and navigated by Louis Lane, son of Charles D. Lane, the California millionaire, encountered a herd of 20,000 walrus swimming in the sea near Diomed Islands in Behring Strait. The animals covered an area of several acres of water, and the schooner, after trying to sail through the herd, drew to one side. A photographer was on the Johnson and the incident was recorded scientifically. This was said to be the largest herd ever seen and seems to discredit reports of the impending extinction of walrus through hunting for its ivory tusks.

State Fair Prize

The Morgan horse will be given much attention at the Vermont State Fair at White River Junction, September 20 to 23, and he will be there in great numbers. Many prizes have been offered and more are being made.

The Montpelier Morning Journal makes the latest prize offer. The Journal will give a handsome silver cup for the best Morgan mare with two of her get exhibited at the state fair. The Journal is a great believer in the Morgan horse and at this time when the Morgan is attracting so much attention the cup will make an added interest to this department of the fair.

Summer and Fall

Top-dressing and Seeding Down
Many farmers are finding it to their advantage to seed down during the summer and fall, claiming that by so doing they are apt to get a much better "catch" than they do when they follow the usual practice and seed down in the spring.

Killed by Lightning

Cyrus Stone, 27 years old, a prominent farmer of Bridport, was instantly killed by a bolt of lightning on Saturday during the heavy thunder storm which occurred at that time. With two hired men he was engaged in getting a load of hay into the barn before the storm overtook them and had entered the building. He was pitching the hay off the wagon into the mow, when he was struck, dying instantly.

John G. Carlisle Dead

John Griffin Carlisle, former secretary of the treasury under President Cleveland, died in New York Sunday night at 10.55.

The Library Association of Proctorsville has engaged Miss Daisy Miller of Brattleboro, a student of Simmons college, to superintend the cataloging of the free town library.

Best Trick of All

The Feat That Landed the Irishman Ahead of the Dutchman.

Naval officers love to tell of the reckless pluck shown by the enlisted men of the navy, and of these stories perhaps none is more interesting than the tale of the Irish seaman who entered in a certain rivalry with a Dutch sailor.

In the old days an American wooden ship of war once lay in a Dutch port, and a number of Dutch sailors came aboard to fraternize. Shortly a spirit of rivalry arose. The sailors tried to outdo one another in athletic tricks, and the honors were for some time with the Americans. Finally, however, the consternation of our men, one Dutchman climbed to the very top of the mainmast and there stood on his head.

Seeing that his fellows were much downcast by reason of the Dutchman's feat, one Irishman leaped to his feet, exclaiming:

"By hivins, I won't let a fat Dutchman beat me!" Accordingly this reckless Celt scampered up the mast like a monkey, and when he had reached the top he prepared to duplicate the foreigner's feat. He put his head down and gave a push with his feet. The first push wasn't hard enough, and he dropped back. But the second push was too hard, and he fell heels over head. His back struck the first rope, his legs the next, his neck the next, and so on, somersault after somersault, till, astonishing as it may seem, he landed on his feet on the deck.

"Do that, ye Dutchman!" he shouted as soon as he could get his breath.—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Cook Was Safe

An Italian prince who had a Sicilian cook was once traveling to his provincial estates, taking with him his cook, together with his entire kitchen force, without which, so fond was he of the delicacies they were wont to prepare, he rarely if ever traveled. At a point where the narrow path along the precipice turned the angle of a projecting rock the prince, at the head of his long cavalcade, heard a shriek and the splash of a body falling into the torrent far below. With a face white with horror he pulled up and, looking back, exclaimed: "The cook! The cook! Oh, do not tell me it is the cook!"

"No, your excellency," cried a voice from the rear; "it is Don Prodocemo!"

The prince heaved a sigh of intense relief, then said: "Ah, only the chaplain. Thank goodness!"

As Good as the Best

The mother of a pupil in one of the Philadelphia schools had been helping her small daughter with the arithmetic lesson for the next day and after struggling through the problems secured what appeared to be satisfactory results. Next day, when the little girl returned from school, the mother asked with some curiosity:

"Were your problems all correct, dear?"

"No, mamma; they were every one wrong," replied the child.

"All wrong?" repeated the amazed mother. "Oh, I'm so sorry!"

"Well, mamma," said the little one consolingly, "you needn't worry. All the other little girls' mammas had them wrong too."—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Careful Boy

Wallie, aged six, found four little kittens in the cellar. A visitor, being told of them, expressed a desire to have a peep at the new baby pussies.

Wallie went to fetch them, and soon pitiful mewling was heard below.

"Don't hurt the kitties, Wallie," called out his mamma.

"No, mamma," shouted the boy; "I'm bringing them up carefully. I'm carrying them by their stems."—Scraps.

A Boy's Definition of Peace

"Can you tell me the meaning of the word peace?" asked Miss Gray of a little boy who had just recited a patriotic poem in which the word occurred.

"Peace means when you ain't got no children," answered the child.

"How is that?" asked Miss Gray.

"When my mother has washed and dressed her six children for school in the morning she says, 'Now I'll have peace.'"

Kindly Consideration

Clerk—I am to be married shortly. Couldn't you manage to increase my salary a little?

Employer—Couldn't really. But I'll shorten your hours during the first three months so that you can spend your evenings at home, and after that I'll lengthen them again so that you will have an excuse to get away.—New York Journal.

Faithful to His Trust

Hans Got His Orders, Saw His Duty and Did It.

An officer in a Portland bank was ill last summer with malaria and confined to his bed at his country home. The house is situated in a village celebrated as much for its lack of conveniences as for the beauty of the scenery thereabouts. In fact, it is almost impossible to buy anything to eat there, and the summer residents send their provisions out from the city.

The invalid became possessed by a desire for a piece of watermelon, which fruit could not be found at the local stores. The only solution of the problem that appeared was to send Hans, the man of all work, to the city for one, and he was called in from the garden and instructed to take the first train, buy a watermelon and return as speedily as possible.

As Hans left his mistress gave him the family railroad ticket and a dollar with which to buy the melon. Melons were worth at that time about 25 to 30 cents, and his only instructions were to "get a good one" and "hurry back." The trip ordinarily would have taken two or three hours, and as it was forenoon the invalid had visions of his thirst being satiated during the afternoon.

The 3 o'clock train came in, but no sign of Hans. Possibly he had missed it. The 4 o'clock train tooted its way into and out of the village, but no Hans appeared. Five o'clock, 6 o'clock, 7 o'clock—all came with the same result. By that time the invalid had grown fretful, and the mistress worried for fear that Hans had fallen into the hands of the Philistines.

Finally, after the arrival of the last train, 10 o'clock at night, Hans' shuffling footsteps were heard on the porch, and he appeared with an enormous watermelon in his arms.

"Where in the world have you been, Hans?" asked his mistress.

"Vell, Mrs. A.," said Hans, "I'm awful tired, and I ain't had no dinner and no supper. I found melons for twenty cents and for thirty cents and for feffy cents, but I couldn't dake dem. I shust keep on goin' until I found von for a dollar, and"—triumphantly—"dere it is."

—Youth's Companion.

Diamonds

Not all diamonds are what they seem. There are two kinds—the real diamonds, called the "brilliant," and the "roses," the latter of which are used to meet the popular demand for diamonds. In the cutting of diamonds the rough crystals are first examined, and as far as possible they are chipped into shape by tiny wedges before being actually cut and polished on the revolving wheel. The various flakes thus chipped off are themselves cut and polished to the best advantage to form "rose" diamonds, while the bulk of the crystal is cut into a "brilliant." Obviously, then, roses are cheaper and also less bright than brilliants, but their judicious use, either with brilliants or with colored stones, enables manufacturers to produce articles which readily take the public fancy.

Some Uses For Sawdust

A box of sawdust is a convenient thing to have at hand in the household. It can be used in so many ways. Shaken up with a little water in a bottle that needs washing it is splendid to remove sediment. A handful thrown on a dying fire will revive it instantly. Well dried and heated and sprinkled over grease spots on carpets, etc., it removes these marks better than almost anything else. It must be well rubbed in and left for a few hours. Sawdust slightly moistened and sprinkled on the floors of verandas, outhouses, etc., will aid greatly in cleaning these floors. Finally, if cracks in stained or painted woodwork are to be puttied, a little sawdust mixed with the putty will make it take the stain or paint as it would not by itself.—New York Tribune.

Spencerian View of the Universe

According to the Spencerian view, the universe is a complex unity, which, when reduced to its ultimate analysis, is seen to be one fact—the redistribution of matter and motion—all phenomena being complex aspects of that one fact. Under the name of evolution Spencerism undertook to show that the universe, from star to soul, has passed by a process of development from the simple to the complex through successive integrations and differentiations. For convenience phenomena are divided into sections—geology, biology, psychology and sociology—but the process is one, and the law of the process is one. Evolution is one in principle and in fact.—Hector McPherson in London T. P.'s Weekly.

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