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TODAY! Princess Theatre PRESENTS Charlie Chaplin IN THE NEW MUTUAL COMEDY One A. M. JUST A SCREAM THAT'S ALL

Her Naked Truth Essanay Feature Drama in Three Parts HELEN GIBSON IN The Trail of Danger An Episode of The Hazard of Helen Matinee 2.30 Evening 7-8.30 Admission—Adults 10c Children 5c

MONDAY Edna Goodrich IN THE PARAMOUNT FEATURE The Making of Maddalena

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1916.

MATRIMONIAL OBEDIENCE. Even the conservative Protestant Episcopal church seems to be abandoning the word "obey" in the marriage ritual. In a printed report recently made by a commission of seven bishops, seven priests and seven laymen, the commission recommends changing the word "obey" to "keep" in the promise made by the bride to the bridegroom. Feminists may consider this a great triumph. And yet no tremendous upheaval in domestic relations will follow the omission of this word, which has been more or less of a dead letter for some time. Theoretically, of course, it does away with any "head of the house." Practically, however, he—or quite often, she—will continue to run things much as usual. In any partnership—business or otherwise—some one must take the lead. Through seniority, wider experience, training or simply by force of personality, one member of the firm wins the right to make the final decision where there is any difference of opinion. Marriage, in our civilization, has come more and more to be a fine partnership in which the wife is granted an equal chance with the husband to use her judgment. There is no cause for "obeying." Each member of this domestic partnership has sufficient reverence for the personality of the other to make rigid command or unquestioning obedience in ordinary circumstances both unnecessary and unthinkable. Deference to the decisions or opinions of another is a very different thing from implicit obedience. Recognition of woman's intelligence and ability, of her inherent equality to man, made the word "obey" meaningless as part of the marriage vow. It is just as well to drop the empty phrase from the most sacred and significant of our ceremonies.

Almost nothing has been done to solve the real Mexican problem. There is no stable government in Mexico, and in view of this fact the conference of the two commissions now being held at Atlantic City is a farce. If President Wilson's theory that Mexico should be left to work out its destiny in its own way regardless of the rights of Americans and other foreigners resident in that country had been applied to Cuba 18 years ago there is no doubt that Cuba would be in much the same condition as Mexico is today. Four years of intervention in Cuba transferred that country from an impoverished, anarchy-ridden land into a highly prosperous republic.

It is surprising to most Americans to hear that Canada is losing population to the United States. Until recently, all the evidence indicated that the trend was in the other direction. Now, however, Saskatchewan authorities are credited with the statement that we have gained half a million of Canada's population in the last three years. Added to the heavy war losses, this is a serious matter for the dominion, which needs people even more than our own West does.

Grand Duke Nicholas, if he has been summoned to the Rumanian field, celebrated his going by a smashing blow at the Turks before he left. He seems to be in a bright way to make good his reputation as a great strategist. Much will depend upon the fighting powers of his troops, but there seems to be opportunity for something better than trench tactics in the Bulgarian campaign.

President Wilson has remembered his old friend, George Rublee of Cornish, N. H., by naming him a member of the eight-hour board along with Gen. Goethals and Edgar E. Clark. Mr. Rublee was rejected as a member of the federal trade commission because he was personally offensive to Senator Gallinger, and not because his ability was questioned. Perhaps one effect of the milk strike will be to induce some farmers to go back to dairying. When milk is utilized on the home farm there are valuable by-products. The skim milk can be utilized in feeding stock, and the keeping of more stock means the production of fertilizers for use in the enrichment of the land. They are off in the world's series. May the best team win and may the best team be the Boston Red Sox. Welcome to our city—the boys of Company I. FORMS NEW ELECTRICAL FIRM. Addison Power Company Has Capital Stock of \$500,000. RUTLAND, Oct. 7.—The Addison Electric Power company has just been incorporated with a capital stock of \$500,000, divided into 5,000 shares of \$100 each, to transact business in Addison county and elsewhere. The incorporators are L. M. Frost of Rutland, who is largely interested in the Rutland Power company which is spending hundreds of thousands of dollars in electrical development of Lake Dunmore and vicinity, Edward W. Lawrence and Leonard F. Wing, who are associated with the law firm of Lawrence & Stafford of this city. The office of the new concern will be in Rutland. The Addison company has taken over the holdings of the Kingsley-Wood Pulp company at Salisbury, including a saw and grist mill, also at Salisbury. A modern electric power station, generating at first 1,700 horsepower, will be erected on Leicester river, which is the outlet of Lake Dunmore, to operate the Kingsley mill and other industries which the new company expects to control. Among the Addison county properties which have just come into their possession is a tract of 800 acres of timberland. Their charter gives them the right to acquire waterpower by purchase or lease, to build electric power equipment, to sell current, to cut and manufacture lumber, to quarry stone, to operate hydraulic works, and to do many other similar things. It is expected that the new power house at Salisbury will be in operation in a few weeks.

Stowe Man Paralyzed as Result of an Automobile Accident. MONTPELIER, Oct. 7.—A Ford car in which O. C. Stygles and Justin M. Marshall of Stowe were riding ran into a telephone pole between Middlesex and Waterbury, below the Twin bridges, shortly before 6 o'clock Thursday evening, broke the pole in two places and was ditched. Stygles escaped with comparatively minor injuries while Marshall probably has a broken back, and is now in the state hospital in a precarious condition. His body is paralyzed below the waist.

AMUSEMENT NOTES. WHERE ARE MY CHILDREN? Sensational Photo-Play Will Be Seen in Auditorium Beginning Oct. 16. There has not been such a great theatrical sensation for years as Where Are My Children? the daring photo-play which has been playing all summer at the Majestic theatre, Boston, packing the house for four times a day. An emergency call for police help was sent out on the opening night to control the crowds trying to gain admission to the theatre. On the fourth of July it was necessary to give eight performances from 11 a. m. to 11 p. m. to accommodate the thousands who wished to see this much discussed picture. There are doubtless ample arguments for and against the picture. From all accounts from New York and Chicago, and other large cities where it has been presented several times daily to packed houses, it is neither a vulgar nor a cheap picture. Competent critics have pronounced it dignified, worthy and impressive, dealing with a tragedy that should be near the heart of the universe. Where Are My Children? will be presented at the Auditorium three days starting Monday, Oct. 16. There will be two performances each afternoon and two each evening. Where Are My Children? is not a propaganda favoring birth control save incidentally. It emphasizes rather the tragedy of childless marriages, or barren homes and a lonely and cheerless old age. It puts the selfishness that prevents against the rewards of normal and righteous living. It bids the woman who refuses motherhood on the plea that children are a responsibility and a care to stand forth and answer the charges against her. Where Are My Children? has been endorsed by Dr. C. M. Parker, Rev. John J. Hughes, Paulist Superior, Commissioner of Charities Kingsbury of New York, Commissioner Dougherty, John Brisbane Walker, Rev. T. A. Daly and others. Also by Rabbi Feincher and many other well-known citizens of Boston.

Grandpa Frog's Concert. "Let's give a Concert," said Grandpa Frog. "What's your idea of a Concert?" asked Granny Cricket. "Beautiful Music," answered Grandpa Frog, and his eyes watered as he looked up in a very silly, affected way at the sky. "Beautiful Music, beautiful Sky, beautiful Pond Lilies with green Leaves and beautiful Stumps to sit on! They're all wonderful," and Grandpa Frog's voice gave a queer little croaking sound, as if he were going to sob. "Well, don't let it make you unhappy," said Granny Cricket. "I'm sure you have a long list of beautiful things. But may I ask—" and Granny Cricket hopped over near Grandpa Frog and looked a wee bit timid—"May I ask," she continued, "if you think the Music, as you call it, which is given by the Frogs, beautiful?" "To be sure I do," said Grandpa Frog. "There is no Music like it," he added. "Well, maybe," said Granny Cricket, "some folks are glad that all the Music in the world is not made by Frogs. For instance, there are the Birds. Many Grown-Ups would rather hear them Sing—and there are others who might like to hear little Boys and Girls play the Piano." "What's that you say?" asked Grandpa Frog, as he put on his green Spectacles made out of Leaves with holes in the center, and looked hard at Granny Cricket. "A Piano is a great big thing on which they play Tunes." "Who wants Tunes?" asked Grandpa Frog. "Tunes aren't Music." "What are they, then?" "They are—they are," and Grandpa Frog coughed as though he were going to choke. Of course, he really wasn't going to choke—but he didn't quite know how to explain to Granny Cricket the difference between Tunes and Music, and the thought he'd pretend he couldn't speak until she had forgotten that question. "As I was saying," he continued, "we Sing the same Songs over and over again. It's the old Favorites that we should hold to. I don't believe

Denmark has more than 6,300 motorcyclists. In 1515 the first school of artillery was organized by the Venetians, and a few years later was emulated by Spain.

COUNTRY-WIDE INTEREST IN WORLD'S SERIES HEY! WHO'S WINNING TODAY? WHO'S GOIN' TO PITCH TODAY? DO YOU KNOW WHO'S GOIN' TO PITCH TODAY? WHO'S WINNING FOR THE AMERICANS? RANNDOM REELS by Howard L. Rann "of shoes-and ships - and sealing wax -of cabbages-& kings" THE CREDIT SYSTEM customers who have not paid for anything since James K. Polk was elected President. If it were not for the credit system the two-legged pest known as the bomb-proof deadbeat would entirely disappear and be replaced by a class of trade which comes in before the tenth of the month following, and leaves a check along with an order for two pounds of soda crackers. If the deadbeat could not get trusted for anything from a kerosene can to an upright piano, more business men could go away in the summer without their wives and rest their heads and feet at some boarding house where prunes are served three times a day. The credit system is all right when it is not allowed to spread out too much, like a fat man in a lawn swing. The man who is insulted when a bill which has run since the last presidential election is presented to him, is a great trial to a timid storekeeper, but there are times when his money is worth more than his affection. The merchant who collects his bills when due will never have to order cheese-cloth by parcel post. C. O. D. All of which teaches us that no man is good who doesn't pay. [Protected by The Adams Newspaper service]

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE MARY GRAHAM BONNER GRANDPA FROG'S CONCERT. "Let's give a Concert," said Grandpa Frog. "What's your idea of a Concert?" asked Granny Cricket. "Beautiful Music," answered Grandpa Frog, and his eyes watered as he looked up in a very silly, affected way at the sky. "Beautiful Music, beautiful Sky, beautiful Pond Lilies with green Leaves and beautiful Stumps to sit on! They're all wonderful," and Grandpa Frog's voice gave a queer little croaking sound, as if he were going to sob. "Well, don't let it make you unhappy," said Granny Cricket. "I'm sure you have a long list of beautiful things. But may I ask—" and Granny Cricket hopped over near Grandpa Frog and looked a wee bit timid—"May I ask," she continued, "if you think the Music, as you call it, which is given by the Frogs, beautiful?" "To be sure I do," said Grandpa Frog. "There is no Music like it," he added. "Well, maybe," said Granny Cricket, "some folks are glad that all the Music in the world is not made by Frogs. For instance, there are the Birds. Many Grown-Ups would rather hear them Sing—and there are others who might like to hear little Boys and Girls play the Piano." "What's that you say?" asked Grandpa Frog, as he put on his green Spectacles made out of Leaves with holes in the center, and looked hard at Granny Cricket. "A Piano is a great big thing on which they play Tunes." "Who wants Tunes?" asked Grandpa Frog. "Tunes aren't Music." "What are they, then?" "They are—they are," and Grandpa Frog coughed as though he were going to choke. Of course, he really wasn't going to choke—but he didn't quite know how to explain to Granny Cricket the difference between Tunes and Music, and the thought he'd pretend he couldn't speak until she had forgotten that question. "As I was saying," he continued, "we Sing the same Songs over and over again. It's the old Favorites that we should hold to. I don't believe

THE BROWNIES LAUGHED. "We'd love to," said Granny Cricket. For, though she knew the Brownies would take the Frogs' Croaking as a Joke, she knew they would enjoy the Singing of the Crickets, and she was delighted to perform for the Brownies. "Well, will you be ready just as it gets Dark this Evening?" asked Grandpa Frog. "We'll all be there," said Granny Cricket. "Of course," said Grandpa Frog—"it's a compliment for you to be in the same Concert we are." "Of course," agreed Granny Cricket. The Brownies laughed hard at the Frogs' Noises and Gurgles and the Frogs were satisfied and thought they'd made a great impression—but the singing of the modest little Crickets the Brownies loved!

AUDITORIUM ALL NEXT WEEK Every Afternoon and Every Night Billy Hall AND HIS Musical Comedy Company 15—PEOPLE—15 BILLY HALL AND HIS MUSICAL COMEDY CO. In Laughable Comedies With Musical Interruptions. A BIG SHOW FOR A LITTLE PRICE Full of Fun, Joy, Music and Glee Watch out for this and don't miss it

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure No Alum—No Phosphate

At the Library New Stories for Boys and Girls. Blue Bonnet Keeps House, Caroline Jacobs. Blue Bonnet's uncle buys a home in the East and installs Blue Bonnet as its mistress, then all sorts of pleasant and wonderful things happen. The Boy Scouts of Black Eagle Patrol, Leslie W. Quirk. The adventures of the members of the Black Eagle Patrol at home, in school, and in camp, emphasizing the ideals of the Boy Scout movement. Danny the Freshman, Walter Camp. Captain Danny enters Yale as the fellow "who fought his coach in prep school" and finds it very difficult to live down his reputation and make his place on the freshman team. He makes up his mind to win and starts in at once to practice self-control and succeeds in making a great name for himself in class athletics. First Base Faulkner, Christy Mathewson. The third in a series, each volume treating of a different member on the baseball team. Pitcher Pollock was the first of the series, and Catcher Craig the second. "Lucky Faulkner goes to live with his Aunt Sarah in Amesville, Ohio, works his way through the high school and by his skill and courage wins the coveted place, first baseman on the Amesville nine. Phil Porter, disgraced in college and under sentence of indefinite suspension, is given a chance to redeem himself. He goes to spend the winter with an old fur-trader, Ezra Dodd, in Thunder Bay District, Canada. He traps, hunts big game camps in the desolate wilds, has adventures with Indians and thus facing the realities of life and sterner conditions, comes out with a better understanding of life and what life requires of a man. Gold Seekers of '49, E. L. Saffin. Relates how in the year 1849 Charles Adams and his father set out for California, there to find a gold mine; how they cross the tropical isthmus of Panama, by canoe and by mule, to the Pacific side; how they landed at last in wonderful San Francisco.

and what befel them there and in the high Sierras; relating how they encountered fortune and misfortune in that new land peopled from every quarter of the globe.—(The sub-title.) Ice Boat Number One, Leslie W. Quirk. The fourth in the Wellworth College series. Older boys will enjoy this story in which winter sports, rivalries in school, and the box left so mysteriously at midnight in the camp in the woods furnish the excitement. Jane Stuart at Rivercroft, Grace M. Remick. At a merry house party in the country, the Stuarts and their friends pass a jolly summer camping and finding new "puzzles" to solve everywhere. The Keepers of the Trail, J. A. Alshuler. Another book in which Henry Ware reappears, it comes between the Forest Runners and the Free Rangers in the Young Trailers series. Henry Ware, the redoubtable hero Paul Cotter and their three scout friends, Shiftless Sol Hyde, Long Jim Hark, and Silent Tom Boss annoy and frighten away the one thousand English and Indians who are marching into Kentucky with cannon and ammunition. The Kingdom of the Winding Road, Cornelia Meigs. Twelve modern fairy tales in which the same gentle blue-eyed beggar comes hopping, playing his silver pipe and calling each and all to high endeavor. The winding road takes you from Twopenny Town to the Palace of Bubbles, to the Garden of Tears and Smiles, to the Fisherman, to the Golden Tulip, to the Gentle Lady, to the Kingdom of Little Care, to the White Pigeon, to the King's Son, to the Sward of the Lady Isabel, and to the Beggar's Christmas.

Now is the Time to Get the Pick of the Fall Styles — IN — Ladies' and Men's Tailored-to-Order Suits and Overcoats Ladies' Suits, Skirts and Heavy Coats for Fall and Winter Wear Right up-to-date in cut, style and finish. Come in and look them over. WALTER H. HAIGH Custom Tailor Elliot Street