

HOME FOR FEEBLE-MINDED

Newest State Institution Now
Has 22 Patients.

Applications Already Are More Than
Double That Number—Property at
Brandon Cost \$20,000—New
Buildings in the Spring.

Governor Charles W. Chase was in the city at the Vermont state hospital, passing the night there on the way to his home in Franklin from Brandon, where he met with the members of the board of the State Home for Feeble-Minded. Governor Chase met the board, all of the members of which were at Brandon, to look over the improvements which have been recently been made on the buildings.

The home, of which Dr. Frederick J. Russell is superintendent, and which was made possible by the appropriation of the last Legislature, now has room to care for 25 children and their parents present 22 at the home. This is about one-half the number of applications. Forest Park farms at Brandon were purchased and the buildings have been put into proper repair at a total cost, including purchase price and improvements, of \$20,000. This leaves a further \$45,000 of the appropriation made by the Legislature, which was \$65,000, and work will be begun as soon as possible in the spring on new buildings on the farm.

The latest improvement at the farm is the connecting up with a six-inch main to the Village water supply, which will take care of any future demands made by the home with an exceptionally fine supply of water. The plumbing has also been made modern and all of the buildings on the farm are fitted for permanent use so that the home, which was located at a low figure, makes a very good purchase for the State. Plans for the new buildings are already under way and an architect will be out at work on them so that building will probably be commenced in early spring. Those children who are at the home are under proper supervision, taught to work upon the same plan as that by which the industrial school at Vergennes is carried on.

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HOME FOR AGED WOMEN.

Officers Elected at Adjourned Annual Meeting—Quarriers Are Indispensable.

At the adjourned meeting of the board of trustees of the Home for Aged Women, held Monday afternoon at the home at the corner of Bank and St. Paul streets, the following officers were elected: President, W. C. Latham; vice-president, Mrs. J. W. Linsley; secretary, Mrs. C. L. Smith; treasurer, H. T. Butler; auditor, W. C. Latham; executive committee, C. P. Smith, A. C. Whiting and A. G. Crane; house committee, Mrs. J. H. Gates, Mrs. E. W. Linsley, Mrs. J. H. Wilcox, Mrs. Edward Wells and Mrs. C. L. Smith; board of visitors for two years, Mrs. W. C. Linsley, Mrs. W. C. Linsley, Mrs. J. H. Wilcox, Mrs. E. W. Linsley, Mrs. J. H. Wilcox, Mrs. Edward Wells and Mrs. C. L. Smith; board of visitors for two years, Mrs. W. C. Linsley, Mrs. W. C. Linsley, Mrs. J. H. Wilcox, Mrs. E. W. Linsley, Mrs. J. H. Wilcox, Mrs. Edward Wells and Mrs. C. L. Smith.

The home was chartered in 1882 and had its first quarters in a rented house on King street. In 1883 the present building on the corner of St. Paul and Bank streets was purchased, but this is now found to be entirely inadequate with accommodations for only eight inmates. The trustees regret that at the present time they are unable to take care of a larger number, but as soon as an increased yearly income is provided for they will kindly take measures to do so.

The publication of a circular for general distribution is now under way and this will give, in addition to a statement of the financial condition, a complete list of the contributors to the endowment fund, since it was started. Copies of this pamphlet, which will be ready for distribution soon, will be had by applying to the secretary, Mrs. C. L. Smith of 129 Spruce street.

RHODES SCHOLAR CHOSEN

Appointment Falls to Raymond L. Grismer, Honor Student at University.

Raymond L. Grismer of this city, a member of the senior class at the University of Vermont, was Monday elected Rhodes scholar from Vermont and will go to England to take up his studies at Oxford University next fall. The action of the committee was unanimous. Three excellent men were candidates for the scholarship, namely Mr. Grismer, Mr. W. C. Linsley and Mr. C. L. Smith. Mr. Grismer, who is a member of the Phi Kappa Phi Honor Society, is a member of the senior class at the University of Vermont, and will go to England to take up his studies at Oxford University next fall. The action of the committee was unanimous. Three excellent men were candidates for the scholarship, namely Mr. Grismer, Mr. W. C. Linsley and Mr. C. L. Smith.

CENTRAL VERMONT RY

Time Table in Effect Sept. 12, 1915.
TRAINS LEAVE BURLINGTON.

4:10 a. m., daily, for Montreal and Chicago.
7:15 a. m., except Sunday, for Boston, Portland and New York. Reaches Buffalo 10:30 a. m. and New York 12:30 p. m. without change. Arrives Boston 4:30 p. m.
7:25 a. m., except Sunday, for St. Johnsbury and Portland.
10:10 a. m., except Sunday, for Richmond, Montreal and Ottawa.
10:10 a. m., Sunday only, for St. Albans.
11:05 a. m., daily, for Boston, Springfield and New York. Reaches New York 1:30 p. m. and Boston 4:30 p. m. without change. Arrives Springfield 1:30 p. m. and New York 4:30 p. m. without change.
4:30 p. m., except Sunday, for St. Johnsbury.
4:40 p. m., except Sunday, for St. Albans, Montpelier, Point, Ogdensburg, Richford and Montreal. Reaches Montreal 10:30 p. m. and St. Johnsbury 10:30 p. m. without change.
6:55 p. m., daily, for Montreal and New York. Reaches New York 10:30 p. m. and Montreal 10:30 p. m. without change.
6:55 p. m., Sunday only, for White River Junction.
11:40 p. m., daily, for Boston and New York. Through sleeping cars from White River Junction to Boston and New York via Springfield.

SEARCHING FOR GERMAN SPIES

Free Press Reporter Does a Little Sleuthing in Burlington.

Fortified by a Glass of German Beer and a Pretzel, Newspaper Man Starts Out and Makes Remarkable Discoveries.

What should be careful! The German spy is in our midst. The report that Paul Koenig's activities extended to Burlington led a Free Press reporter yesterday to do a little sleuthing, which resulted in some wonderful discoveries concerning a band of desperate men who are working at this nefarious business in our fair city.

The Free Press man's sleuthing started with a glass of German beer and a pretzel obtained in a life-saving dispensary presided over by a representative of the German ally. No information could be obtained here, since the pretzels were made in New Jersey and no beer had been imported from Germany since the opening of the war, as any intelligent newspaper man could easily tell after consuming a stein of the substance. The ally's representative said that no German spies had reported their presence in Burlington, but that some of them were in the city.

The general manager of the Western Union office was not able to recall the names of any telegrams addressed to "German Spy," and said that they would not have been delivered if received as all of the messenger boys are in sympathy with the allied powers. The best that the manager could do in the way of remembering any suspicious persons looking about the office was to recall a man who came in last week and after stating that he was attending the grand jury, he said he would be back in a few days. After the message had been given to the telegraph operator, who promptly sent it over the wire, the man who wrote it refused to believe it had been sent, since the yellow telegraph bank still reposed on an office shelf. He hung around the office for some time and acted in a strangely agitated manner. It is not doubted that he was a German spy who knew the Morse code and was listening to the messages being sent and received at the office.

Postmaster James E. Burke likewise was unable to remember any letters being received at the postoffice marked "German Spy" or "The President of the German Spy Club." Some of the clerks experienced considerable alarm a few days ago when a parcel post package contained an instrument which looked like a bomb with a time explosion attachment and did in fact explode when being unwrapped, after being thrown into a hall of water. The package turned out to be a German alarm clock. A rifle obtained at the postoffice resulted in the Free Press man hearing out to the north shore where a wireless station was reported to be operated by German spies, but the only wireless apparatus that could be seen was a small boy's kite, which was being flown from a stump of trees and hung there, with its tail flapping noisily in the breeze.

STATE Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The State committee is very desirous of a large supply of magazines and papers, or even books, to use in the work which it is beginning with the many men who are spending the winter in the lumber camps about the State. The committee hereby asks for any periodicals which can be used for this purpose. Word may be obtained from the State committee's office, 125 N. and a fund will be sent for them.

The State committee has just sent another check of \$145 to the work of the Y. M. C. A. at the front in the European war. This makes a total of \$145 that has been sent from Vermont for this purpose since last April. The committee hopes to raise at least \$50 more by April 1.

Secretary Clark has just received a large number of baskets, tea table sets, mats, mirrors, hand chairs and other articles from Warren E. Bristol in Europe. These articles have all been made by wounded French soldiers during their convalescence in the hospitals in Lyons, France. With every article there is a personal note about the man who made it, giving his name, home address, notes about his family, date and place of battle in which he was wounded, and other items. These articles are on sale at the office of Secretary Clark, and the money received from them will be sent back to the man who made them. The prices run from 50 cents to \$1 and the committee is anxious to dispose of them as soon as possible. Here is an opportunity to give two Christmas presents in one, to a friend and to the wounded soldier who made the article.

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INDOOR BASEBALL GROWS

League Formed in Many Cities for Popular Winter Sport.

Indoor baseball will be more popular this winter than ever before. Baseball clubs, clubs and associations of various sorts are taking up the sport and forming leagues for play throughout the winter. It is quite likely that the term "indoor" will soon be dropped for some more appropriate designation, since the game is growing to be more and more of an outdoor pastime, the players going indoors only when the weather is inclement. In New York city the Inter-Club Baseball League, composed of teams from the Chamber, Knickerbocker, Racquet and Tennis, Union, University clubs and the Officers' Club of the Twelfth Infantry, National Guard, play every Saturday afternoon in fair weather on a small enclosed lot on Fifth avenue, and on stormy Saturdays games are contested in the Twelfth Regiment Armory.

The game is played with a round, rather than a flat ball, somewhat larger than a baseball, and the bat is 2 1/2 feet long and about the diameter of a broomstick. A great about the size of the ordinary baseball diamond will suffice to accommodate a team of six men, including pitcher, catcher and fielders. The game was born in the rooms of the Farragut Boat Club in Chicago, in 1882, when several members, to while away a dull winter afternoon, played baseball with an old boxing glove and a broomstick. Its growth until recently has been gradual. For sheer sport, not to say fun, it may be commended without qualification.

WHY ONE WINDMILL STOPPED

Everything in the dear old village seemed the same to Jones after his absence of four years. The old church, the village pump, the ducks on the green, the old men smoking while their wives knicked it was so familiar after the rush and bustle of the city. Suddenly he missed something. "Where's Hodge's windmill?" he asked in surprise. "I can only see one mill and there used to be two." The native born, thoughtful, old man slowly surveyed the statement. Then he shook his head. "That pulled one down. There wasn't enough wind for two of 'em."—New York Globe.

Every day the countless "what" eyes in Burlington are turned to the right, looking for the right workers to the right place.

DIED WHEN ALONE.

Body of John Q. Ganey Found in His Bathroom.

John Q. Ganey was found dead at his place of residence, 221 North avenue, about seven o'clock Tuesday morning. He had probably been dead about 21 hours, according to a statement made by the health officer. The last time anyone saw Mr. Ganey was on Monday morning, when he went out to buy a morning paper. He was not seen again Monday and was discovered dead in his bathroom by Isaac Rosenberg between seven and eight o'clock Tuesday morning.

Mr. Ganey was talking with a visitor on Sunday and at the time said he had been troubled with indigestion, but did not say he was seriously ill. His brother-in-law, John C. Baldwin, left for Augusta, Me., last week and Mr. Ganey was living alone at the house. Tuesday morning Mr. Rosenberg heard a broken shanty, owned by the dead man, backing inside the house and after a time went over to see what was the trouble, not having seen Mr. Ganey all day Monday. Search of the house revealed the man's body in the bathroom, the cause of death probably being heart disease. Health Officer Nolan, chief of Police Russell and Dr. J. W. Courtney were summoned and after the remains had been viewed they were taken to the undertaking establishment of P. J. Dwyer.

Mr. Ganey was in the 64th year of his age and besides his brother-in-law he was survived by two nephews, John and Leo Allen, both of this city. A telegram was sent to Mr. Baldwin and one received from him in reply stating that he would be unable to come at this time, but that George Ashley of Montreal would take care of all funeral arrangements. Mr. Ashley arrived Tuesday evening and the funeral was held from the undertaking rooms of Mr. Dwyer at nine o'clock this morning.

FINE COW LOSES POISE.

Nerves Go Back upon Her after of Thrilling Rescue.

When a fine cow belonging to Frank Kridler, the prominent three-acre-and-a-halfly advocate of Building Republican territory, inadvertently tumbled into the channel of a brook, she was rescued. The cow, which did not lose her poise, was rescued by a man named Mr. Kridler, who was standing by the brook. The cow, which was a fine specimen of her kind, was rescued by Mr. Kridler, who was standing by the brook. The cow, which was a fine specimen of her kind, was rescued by Mr. Kridler, who was standing by the brook.

Quickly realizing that one man's strength would avail little in such a crisis, Mr. Kridler, not forgetting to speak a few words of comfort and encouragement to the cow, posted off for reinforcements and returned as soon as possible with a strong posse of prominent neighbors, the chief among whom were Mr. Kridler, who was standing by the brook. The cow, which was a fine specimen of her kind, was rescued by Mr. Kridler, who was standing by the brook. The cow, which was a fine specimen of her kind, was rescued by Mr. Kridler, who was standing by the brook.

The warmth of her reception proved too much for the already overwrought nerves of our cow, and, completely losing her head, now that all danger was over, she came at a speed at which she herself had not deemed herself capable, back and tackle bounding along the earth's surface or whirling in the wind behind her flying feet. The first blush of dawn was sliding the East before she was caught, and the weary posse underwent such a revolution of feeling toward her that, if she ever falls into the clutches of a midnight arctic blizzard, she will find it difficult to get the consensus of the best opinion in that her only hope of rescue will lie in glimmering—Ohio State Journal.

AS USUAL.

It won't be very long until the Christmas week is here. The busiest time, the busiest of all the dividing year. Sometime along in summertime we have a singular fact. That we can spend without regret, and generally do, if we could hang onto that clock, and gather two or three. To go with it, when it came time to fix the Christmas tree. We'd have enough of things to fill each little heart with song. But always we have spent it all ere Christmas comes along.

We know it in and think we'll save the very next we get. But that is a resolve we have not lived up to till yet.

We spend a little here and there the while we go along. To buy a little happiness, a little bit of song. And then when Christmas time has come with all its joy and cheer. It is the busiest, the busiest time of the dividing year. We have not anything to say the rhymes of little girls and boys.

No doubt it's because our face is good we let the days go by. And spend a little here and there beneath the Christmas tree. To buy a little happiness and buy a little song. For those who through life's rocky road when days are hot and long. We know that we can get the things to lead the Christmas hours. The stockings filled with things to eat. And so we look to Christmas morn, with confidence sublime. We'd hate to be hurried every year at Christmas time. —Judd M. Lewis in Houston Press.

AND 'TIS REALLY SO.

There is a story going the rounds that a certain juror in a recent case lost his overcoat during the trial. And juror ransacked through everything in the court room, according to the story, in quest of his coat. Finally one of the attendants noticed the man's missing things in the court room and approached him. "What are you looking for?" asked the attendant. "I lost my overcoat," replied the juror. "You must make more fuss over it than some people do when they lose their suits," said the attendant and before the juror could recover himself the attendant was out of sight.

STATE NOW A FISHING VILLAGE

Tiny Republic of Noll One of the Oldest and Quaintest.

Affords a Wonderful Glimpse of Medieval Times—Everybody Is Rich in This Poor Man's Paradise.

One of the oldest and quaintest little independent states that ever existed in Europe—the tiny Republic of Noll founded before Rome and maintaining its liberty for many centuries until Napoleon swept away its independence—is now merely a fishing village, and it is full of reminders of its former greatness, and affords a wonderful glimpse of medieval times.

Tramping the roads in time of war, looking for trouble from Monte Carlo to Montenegro, we come within sight of Genoa, upon a fantastic piece of fairyland, a relic of the Middle Ages. This was the ancient Republic of Noll, founded before Rome, some way in the days of Samson and Moses. Destroyed by the Carthaginians in 27 B. C., and who knows how often by subsequent marauders, there seemed no limit to her powers of recovery. This quaint little fishing village maintained itself as a sovereign state for centuries, took a prominent part in the quarrels of Guelphs and Ghibellines, sent doubly warlike to the Crusades, commanded the interest of Emperors and Popes, and only succumbed at last to the armies of Napoleon. Dante chattered bitter over terrible hills on hands and knees and resented himself by consigning Noll to his "Purgatory."

Something soothing and strange distinguishes Noll from other fishing villages on the smiling Ligurian coast. She holds herself aloof, has her own prejudices, her own particularities, almost her own dialect. She remembers that, in old days, she used to make war against the neighboring village of San Remo and held Genoa to curb the insolence of Savona. Indeed, the man from Savona or Savona is almost as much of a foreigner here as an Englishman or a Swede. He will be charged more than a Noisier for his glass of wine and mess of macaroni, and though received with perfect courtesy, he finds it thrust with reserve.

Everybody is rich in this poor man's paradise. During the autumn months, it is not rare for the hundred and twenty boats to earn eight hundred pounds in a night, or fifteen thousand pounds in a season. Through fish alone, a man gains far more than a clerk, besides which, he has no "superstitions" to keep him. Under these happy conditions he soon acquires lands and houses, which afford a steady revenue, while he sleeps or fishes. The earth here has only to be scratched in order to bring forth wealth, so rich is the soil and so abundant the water.

You need never be dull at Noll if you only stroll down to the beach and watch the nets being hauled in by old men with practical red caps and merry brown maidens of the Ligurian type. What marvellous draughts when the shells of aridness or alluring adventures have arrived! And what a business to spread them out on great trays in the burning sun!

The chief source of revenue at Noll, nowadays, is the summer bachelors. A house that cost little to build, or may even have been put up by the willing hands of friends in return for fruits and wine, will easily fetch forty pounds for July and August, besides something substantial for the rest of the year. Indeed, families will put almost any price for the roughest rooms during the short, bright season. They are Italian visitors, for the most part smart, young men who think it necessary to change their costume at least four times a day, and summer girls always ready to dance to the strains of a mechanical piano. As most of the day is spent in the water, the bathing establishments drive a roaring trade.

A pound a month is the usual price for a cabin, otherwise life is cheap, especially according to our notions. For instance, at the Albergo d'Europa, I was offered full board and wine, along with a bedroom and sitting-room and bathroom for the front, all for seventy-five cents a day.—From the Wide World Magazine.

WHY JAPAN MUST EXPAND.

Nation Differs Radically from Passive Races of India and China.

Deeply as we may sympathize with the Chinese, we should not hastily conclude that the expansionist policy of Japan is inconsiderate. In considering the causes and possible results of that expansion, certain fundamental truths are often overlooked by writers who approach the far-eastern question from a sentimental point of view. In the first place, it must be borne in mind that the Japanese nation differs radically from the typically passive oriental races of India and China. It is, in the words of John Stuart Mill, an "active, self-helping" people, a people inspired not only by ideals of imperialism, but possessed of strong martial instincts. When in India or China the pressure of population upon food supplies becomes acute, the nation suffers millions of deaths with fatalistic resignation. By thousands and tens of thousands, almost uncomplainingly, they go to their graves as to beds, accepting plague, pestilence, and famine as part of the inevitable burden of humanity. Only in the southern maritime provinces the more virile instincts of China have endeavored to lessen this dire burden by emigration, or seeking work and wealth overseas; but individually and collectively the race is lacking in the "self-helping" instinct which solves such problems of expansion by warfare and the survival of the fittest.

In the second place, it must be remembered that Japan's vital need of wider frontiers, new sources of food supply, and new markets for her industries has been in very great measure forced upon her by the policies and example of the Anglo-Saxon peoples. In self-defense they have learned from us the organization of machine industry in cities, following our lead some old explorers talking about "Progressive Pantheism," was the reply. "Really?" asked Mrs. McDrewey with sudden interest. "And how do you play it?" —Philadelphia Ledger.

A NEW GAME.

Mrs. McDrewey was a dinner guest one evening when a noted explorer was the attraction. Being of a somewhat languid turn of mind, she paid more attention to her dinner than to the conversation. After dinner was over she turned to one of the guests and asked: "What was that the some old explorer talking about?" "Progressive Pantheism," was the reply. "Really?" asked Mrs. McDrewey with sudden interest. "And how do you play it?" —Philadelphia Ledger.

The W. G. Reynolds Co.

Carpets---Furniture---Linens

Even though Christmas is a time for liberal giving, one is not averse to saving, especially when it can be done on purchases of things as reliable and worthy as these. Remember then, please, that from now till Christmas eve.

25% DISCOUNT

for spot cash or net prices for extended date, due June 1st, 1916.

CAN BE HAD

On Every Piece of Solid Mahogany in the Store

On Every Ladies' Desk of Whatever Wood Made

And on Every Electric Lamp

Linen Damask

by the yard—cut in lengths to suit each individual, has always been and is now a reliable and pleasing Christmas gift.

OUR BIG LINEN STOCKS are being called upon daily to supply this Christmas need and we assume that the values below quoted are one of the big reasons why.

UNBLEACHED DAMASK in 60 and 66 inch width—absolutely all pure linen, in a choice range of patterns at 50c, 65c, 69c, 85c, 90c and \$1.00 yard.

BLEACHED LINEN DAMASK—Full 72 inches wide—many of the patterns in the newer satin stripe effects, 75c, 89c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00 yard.

BLEACHED DAMASK TABLE SETS with cloth and napkins to match—many of these in the round and oval patterns so much in demand, set \$6.50, \$7.50, \$9.00, \$12.50 to \$35.00.

NAPKINS in an endless variety to match damask and separate. Rare values at .98c, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.25 dozen. Extra fine qualities at \$3.75, \$5.50, \$7.50 to \$10.00 dozen.

We are headquarters for the celebrated

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Each piece bought and given makes some one's home life just so much happier.

Chafing Dish

Exactly like cut. Just the thing for a rarebit when company drops in for an evening. No bother, just push in the plug, complete \$12.00

and this handy little

HOT BOTTLE

complete with cord

\$4.50

Electric Flat Irons, each \$3.00
Electric Percolators, each \$5.00
Electric Ovens, each \$2.50

Select an Easy Chair for Father or Mother

An extraordinary assortment can be found here and we have just the style to meet your particular needs.

OAK CHAIRS AND ROCKERS with upholstered or quartered oak seats at \$4.50, \$5.00, \$6.50 and \$7.50.
OAK AND FUMED OAK CHAIRS, ROCKERS AND MORRIS CHAIRS with slip cushions, upholstered in velvet, tapestry and leather at \$7.50, \$9.00, \$10.00, \$12.00 to \$25.00.

Handsome Reed and Willow Chairs, Rockers

With and without cretonne upholstery at \$3.50, \$5.00, \$7.50 to \$15.00.

Why Not One of These for Someone?

A BRASS BED, A WHITE SEWING MACHINE, A SILK FLOSS MATTRESS, A MAHOGANY CLOCK, A MUSIC CABINET.