

BARRE DAILY TIMES

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1907.

The average daily circulation of the Barre Daily Times for the week ending Saturday was

4,570

copies, the largest paid circulation of any daily paper in this section.

"A universal eight-hour working day in America"; that means everybody.

Governor Guild's assertion that Boston is controlled by tax-dodgers is apt to shake Bank Bay from stem to stern.

The expensive and the niggardly tastes are apparent, now that various candidates are declaring their election expenses. Not always the man with the more expensive tastes gets there, let it be noted, however.

It would be a good time to settle that Fair Haven slate workers' strike right now, when the international slate workers' union is meeting in that town. It would be reasonable enough for Fair Haven to prepare for Thanksgiving, if the tedious affair should be ended at this time. Why not?

The efforts of the Northfield News to inject a spirit of courage into its immediate community is a pleasing bit of optimism which should bear fruit. The News summarizes the situation in Northfield as follows:

"While business in Northfield, in common with most towns and cities in Vermont and in the East, is quiet just now, there is no reason to expect an especially dull winter. The granite business is usually slack between this time and until after holidays. The new knitting factory, which, however, the town did not have a year ago, is running full time and constantly increasing its help. The slate output has been larger this year than at any previous period in recent years, with an increasing demand. The farmers are obtaining good prices for products and the demand is equal to the supply."

There's reason enough for the downhearted to be lifted up and the carpers to crawl into their holes.
THAT POLITICAL BUGABOO AGAIN.
What moves The Messenger to its suspicion of politics (in Jamestown criticism) is, not that the exhibit or the commission is being criticized, but that the criticism appears to be largely directed toward Lieut. Gov. George H. Prouty and to single him out in newspaper paragraphs as a kind of scapegoat to bear the sins of his brethren.

If The Times recalls the discussion correctly, there was no mention of Lieutenant-Governor Prouty's name in connection with the criticism, nor hint of his connection with the commission, until he as chairman of the organization responded to the criticisms of those who visited the Vermont building. Then he came out man-fashion and replied to the critics and made friends by it, no doubt. But naturally, the fact that he became spokesman for the commission turned the criticism toward him and he has been mentioned quite frequently in connection with the affair. But just how anybody can read politics into the criticism, is not apparent. For its part, The Times can say that whatever criticism it has made of Vermont at Jamestown has been presented without the least intent to hurt Lieutenant-Governor Prouty's chances, politically or otherwise.

THE IMMIGRATION EBB.
As many as 10,000 steerage passengers are said to have taken ship from American ports to Europe during a single week just passed, which means of course that many of our newest comers are leaving the country. Part of them in the northern part of the country have been led to seek more pleasing temperatures in their native land for the winter months. Others are driven back just at this time by the poor outlook for work during the coming months. Still more and a comparatively few number have made their piles, that is, piles as measured by the standard of their home, and are now going back to enjoy life. While a fourth class are merely temporary birds of flight with a longing to see the old land, and taking the most auspicious time, when business is rather slack.

When the spring months open up again we shall see most of them back again, particularly if the business outlook brightens, as it undoubtedly will. They will serve to swell the incoming steamer lists and lead us to believe that the influx of aliens is greater than ever, for there are a great many among them who are not citizens and will therefore be classed as immigrants. The fact is, that a considerable proportion of these immigrants are only those who are coming back to the United States after a temporary sojourn in foreign lands. There is a ceaseless tide of humanity to and from between the old and the new world, and just now the United States is feeling the ebb.

Comparative Peace.
Back (encountering an old friend)—Hello, Jim! Fancy you volunteering! Jim—Well, you see, I've got no wife and family and I love war. But what brings you out here? Jack—That's just the point. I've got a wife and family and I love peace.—Regiment.



"No matter what they are doing they are sure to be wearing out their clothes." But the trouble is not all for the parents. A boys' department is one of the hardest problems for the clothing merchant. Manufacturers who make really good clothing for boys are few. We've studied the problem and bought good stuff. It's the kind you want your boy to wear. Overcoats, Reefers, etc.

WE CLEAN, PRESS AND REPAIR CLOTHING.



174 North Main St., Barre, Vt.

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.
Gov. Proctor Calls Upon People of State to Observe Day.

The early settlers of New England, after the harvest had been gathered, were moved to appoint a day on which to come together and give united thanks to God for his protecting care and beneficent providence.

Each succeeding generation has deemed it wise and good to follow the reverent example of these noble colonists. Heartily endorsing this custom and firmly believing in the religious intent of this observance, I name Thursday, the twenty-eighth day of November current, a day of remembrance and thanksgiving for the people of this state. Let not the day be given over wholly to amusements and social pleasures, but let us be mindful of the lofty purpose of its institution. By public worship and private devotions let us on this day express our special recognition of our dependence upon God, and our sincere gratitude for His Divine favor.

For the opportunity to labor and the products of field, mill, and shop; for the love of education, and the diffusion of learning; for the growing respect for law, and demand for its faithful administration; and for that strong, sensitive religious spirit which keeps us in pursuit of the ideals of the fathers, begets a lively hope in men's hearts, and illumines and gives faith for the future—let our thanksgiving be made.

But let us prove our gratitude and make it real before all men by uniting with a live and active sympathy for them that be in want or misfortune.

In these and other fitting ways let us commend to others, establish firmer in our own lives, and justify and commit to our children our patriotism, reverence, and high and noble purposes of manhood.

Given under my hand and the seal of the state this twelfth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred seven, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred thirty-second.

Fletcher D. Proctor.

CABOT.
Guy Badger of Williamstown is visiting at Carl Barrett's.

Mrs. B. G. Rogers is in Morrisville visiting her sister, Mrs. Worthen.

Clyde Lance was in St. Johnsbury Monday and Tuesday on business.

Mrs. Bates of Montpelier is here visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. B. Lance.

I. A. Farnham died at the home of his mother in New Hampshire, this week.

M. D. Wells returned from St. Albans Tuesday, where he has been on business.

M. D. Wells was in Montpelier Tuesday to attend the May and Lambertson law case.

Don't forget the entertainment in the town hall Friday evening given by the grammar school.

Mrs. S. J. Wiswell, Mrs. M. D. Wells and Miss Ester Wells were in Barre Monday visiting friends.

A new engine has been placed in the creamery to take the place of the one which was getting badly worn.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Dudley Fitzgerald of West Barre to Lulu Houghton of Cabot.

N. Billedeau has purchased the Burnap bakery block at Harwick and will go there soon to conduct the same.

The chicken pie supper held at the Congregational church vestry Thursday night was a grand success. It was followed by a literary program which was appropriate for the occasion.

The school entertainment which will be given at the town hall Friday night bids fair to be the best ever given here. Much work is being put into it and there will be violin solos and a 90 minute farce, a jock of lantern brigade, with good songs and many things which will prove it to be a success.

Mrs. George Harvey was called from Philadelphia to Burlington Wednesday, where her son-in-law had an operation performed, she was called from there to Harwick, where her brother, Rufus Kimball, was recently taken very ill with an attack of pneumonia. She is now here with her daughter at their stock farm for a few days.

JINGLES AND JESTS

Mevagiassey.
Yew'n from Lunnon, an' 'er, yew, 'Trespas' down along o' wef Us can show 'ee thing or two

Post as liver yew may bet Lunnon volks dew foot an' fuz, Starts at 'ee quist lew— Fashions niver trouble us Down to Mevagiassey.

Us be only fisher chaps, Proper Cornish, ivery wan, Don't taste cock to sich-bace traps— Hanks 'ee duck foot an' sticky span; Glad to see 'ee though, sure 'nough— Git the clean down, Lizzy— Us can give 'ee best o' stuff Down to Mevagiassey.

Dish o' tay—now do 'ee stop, 'Ain't a many knows 'ee way; Taste o' cream, yew, just a drop 'Fore us trespass down the bay; Hark to waaves on thiky coast— Fair et maakes 'ee dizzy, Us can fish, though, well as moast Down to Mevagiassey.

'Tee main dulseow now an' 'tween— 'Es, 'at, when the water's long; Still, it makes the brats get un; Graves 'ee big an' braves an' strong, So yew'm graine, then, with yer volks; Aw, yew be main louty— When yew'm up to Lunnon smoke Think o' Mevagiassey! —Spectator.

One Better.
When Learyoy, in the natural up and downs of al lherary career, went into a cheap—very cheap—New York restaurant for dinner and found Davol in a waiter's apron, he was amazed—Davol, the clearest fellow in the class: "You don't mean," stammered Learyoy, "that you have come down to this?" "Come down," repeated Davol. "I don't dine here, Learyoy, I merely wait." —Youth's Companion.

Causandeflect.
Reholtzandwuchlandsomeless, Apiceortwoofple, Andgulpsacupofceddown Whilleyouanabyoursye.

Then, later on, these comes to him A very common question; He wonders how it was that he Contracted indigestion. —Milwaukee Sentinel.

Laissez-Paire.
Beneath the softly swaying trees I love to dream about romance, And eat the various kinds of cheese From France.

And while I'm there, my folks in mobs Come galloping across the sea, To offer simply splendid jobs To me.

Clerk in a famous downtown bank, Cashier in Broad street—same in Wall Street, editor—I merely thank Them all.

And then in anger most profound, In ire that really is the goods, They gallop round and round The woods.

They quite forget reserve and tact, They wave their arms like weaver vane; And yet, in spite of all, the fact Remains—

Beneath the softly swaying trees I love to dream about romance, And eat the various kinds of cheese From France.

—Thomas R. Ybarra, in The Circle.

A New Version of Cock Robin.
Who killed prosperity? "I," said a voice from a White House chair.

"Down in the canebrake, I thought 'Twas a bear."

In my temerity, I killed Prosperity; Malefactors, beware!"

"I" said Tom Ryan, "Without half trying, With Belmont and Vreeland to aid; That Hughes was spoiling my trade, So of a verity I led Prosperity, Root being much in the shade."

Who saw it die? Root said, "Not I; But Cortelyou did, Took off the lid, And got many praises thereby."

Who resurrects it? Shall Morgan and Gary Find Roosevelt contrary? Nay," says E. Root, "We've play the astute, Never mind how much our words vary."

"There are good trusts and bad trusts, 'Tis the bad one that busts; We'll save Tennesseean, And raise the loud Paean To the steel that withstands all gusts." —F. B. Sanborn in the Springfield Republican.

ACCIDENT IN ELEVATOR.
Israel Lassar of Rutland Hurt Quite Badly Yesterday.

Rutland, Nov. 14.—Israel Lassar of Baxter street was seriously injured yesterday afternoon while performing his duties as elevator conductor at the Mead building on Merchants row. One leg was crushed between the elevator floor and a door frame, and his head was badly bruised.

Mr. Lassar has only one arm and to the extent in part are probably due his injuries. He had admitted a lady to the elevator from the ground floor and was standing with one foot on the elevator floor and the other on the floor of the building, when in some mysterious manner the car started upward. Mr. Lassar immediately tried to get into the moving car, but was handicapped because of the fact that he has only one arm, and he fell backward. In a half reclining position, his body was drawn upward and one leg caught between the elevator floor and the top of a door frame. The elevator was thrown off its shaft about four inches and kept on its upward course until the top of the building was reached, where it became set and could not be lowered.

As the elevator left its shaft, Mr. Lassar was released, and fell through the elevator well to the cellar floor, about 12 feet below. This caused the injury to his head. He was taken to the Rutland City hospital.

RANDOLPH.

Miss Mary Washburn of Bethel was in town on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Rix are in Rochester the guests of Mr. Rix's sister, Mrs. Harvey.

Mrs. E. R. Draper was in Barre this week to visit her daughter, Mrs. Walker, and attend to business.

Mrs. Gertrude Farnsworth has returned and is again at the home of Charles Green on Randolph avenue.

Whooping cough is prevalent. Among the victims are Robert Gay and Alice Lamb and some of the places are quarantined.

Mrs. J. F. Lamon has returned from Portland, Me., where she has been for the last two weeks with Mrs. Minnie Smith De Sion.

The young child of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Totman has been seriously ill with bronchitis and croup, but at present is improving.

The ladies of the Woman's Literary club are to hold an English luncheon on Saturday, November 16th, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

Harry Lyman has returned from Manchester, N. H., where he has been during all of last summer and is now at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hatch.

The social and supper given by the W. R. C. and G. A. R. and their friends was a success. Quite a number were in attendance, all of whom report a pleasant time. The proceeds were something over \$7.00.

Miss Julia Slack, who has been in the high school here, went shortly to the home of a sister in the state of New York and later will enter the business college at Albany where she will perfect herself in shorthand.

The Rebekahs have arranged to give a series of whist parties the coming season, the first of which occurs on Thursday evening at their rooms. They also voted to hold a social at the home of Mrs. George Hutchinson on South Main street next week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Prince are about moving to the home of Mrs. Knowlton on School street. Mrs. A. A. Smith having decided to live with her daughters for the present. Mrs. L. P. Thayer has been assisting her for two weeks in the packing of her goods ready for storage.

THE WHITEFISH.

The Legend of Its Origin in America.

In ancient times, when the Indians were better than they now are, when their laws were enforced by chiefs, and when every crime was promptly punished, there lived a noted hunter and a just man, at a remote point on the north shore of Lake Superior. He had a wife and two sons, who were usually left in the lodge while he went out in quest of the animals upon whose flesh they subsisted. As game was then abundant, his exertions were well rewarded, and he lived in the enjoyment of every blessing. But there was at this time a venom preparing for his heart, which was not the less poisonous because it was for a time kept in secret. His two little sons had observed the visits of a neighboring hunter during the absence of their father, and they ventured to remonstrate with their motar on the propriety of receiving clandestine visits; but she was in too temper to be reasoned with. She rebuked them sharply, and finally, on the intimation of disclosing the secret, threatened to kill them if they made any disclosure. They were frightened into silence, but observing the continuance of the visits, kept up by stealth, as it was, they resolved at last to disclose the whole matter to their father. The result was such as might be anticipated. The father, being satisfied with the infidelity of his wife, took up a war club at a moment when he was not perceived and with a single blow despatched the object of his jealousy. He then buried her under the ashes of his hearth, and fled to a distant position.

But the spirit of the woman haunted the children, who were now grown up to the estate of young men. She appeared to them in the shadows of evening. She terrified them in dreams. She harassed their imaginations whenever they went, so that their life was a life of perpetual terrors. They resolved to leave the country, and commenced a journey of many days toward the south. They at length came to the Plovergate Falls (St. Mary's). But they had no sooner come in sight of these falls than they beheld the skull of a woman (the mother) rolling along the beach after them. They were in the utmost fear and knew not what to do to elude her, when one of them observed a large crane sitting on a rock in the rapids. They called out to the bird. "See, Grandfather, we are persecuted by a spirit. Come and help us across the falls, so that we may escape her."

This crane was a bird of extraordinary size and great age. And when first described by the two sons sat in a state of stupor in the midst of the most violent eddies of the foaming water. When he beheld the skull he stretched forth his neck with great deliberation, and then rising himself on his wings flew across to their assistance. "Be careful," said the crane, "that you do not touch the back part of my head. It is sore, and should you press against it I shall not be able to fly. I will throw you both into the rapids." They were, however, attentive on this point, and were both safely landed on the other side of the river. The crane then resumed its former position in the rapids.

But the skull now cried out, "Come Grandfather, and carry me over, for I have lost my children, and am sorely distressed."

The aged bird flew to her assistance, but carefully repeated his injunction that she must by no means touch the back part of his head, which had been hurt, and was not yet healed. She promised to obey, and she soon felt a curiosity to know where the head of her carrier had been hurt, and how so aged a bird could have acquired such a bad wound. She thought it strange, and before they were half way over the rapids could not resist the inclination she felt to touch the affected part. Instantly the crane threw her into the rapids. The skull floating down from rock to rock, striking violently against their hard edges, until it was battered to fragments, and the sons were thus happily and victoriously relieved from their tormentor. But the brains of the woman, when the skull was dashed against the rock, fell into the water in the form of small white roes, which soon assumed the shape of a novel kind of fish, possessing a whiteness of color peculiar to itself, and the rapids have ever since been well stocked with this new and delicious species of fish.

The sons meantime took up their permanent abode at these falls, becoming

A BIRD-PROTECTING TOWN.

Where The Boys Form a League to Make It So.

When the average boy sees a bird his first thought is to look for a stone to throw at it. It is one of the boy inclinations which needs correcting, and it is not difficult to correct it. It is an easy matter for parents and friends to interest the boys in taming, studying the birds instead of persecuting them. Our village has 600 people, the homes mostly have ample grounds, and they are shaded by thousands of trees. There are birds by the thousands, and the town also abounds with boys. I have never seen one of these boys throw a stone at a bird, and it is probable that if a stone were thrown the boy would be reproved by almost anyone who saw it done. Some years ago we had some lectures from "Brown, the bird and bee man." His lectures are along the lines of bird protection, and he organizes the boys into a society for the protection of them. Each boy signs a pledge not to molest birds or their eggs, and receives a "bird button" to pin on his coat. The pledge and the buttons are placed in the hands of some citizen who is popular with the boys, and it is not long before each boy has a button on his coat and is proud of it. Of course the buttons are soon lost, for a boy cannot keep anything long, but the impression made on his mind is not lost and he takes an interest in birds and their protection that takes the place of the stone-throwing inclination with which he seems to have been born.

Birds are quick to learn who are friends and who are enemies, and they swarm by hundreds on our lawns and most of them may be approached to within ten feet before they take wing. I have stood within four feet of the yellowhammers (called high holders, flickers, and golden-winged woodpeckers in different localities), and watched the old ones dig for ants while from two to four young ones waited for their feed. The old ones, having found a nest of ants, bore into it, and the ants swarm out and are picked up so rapidly that the eye cannot follow the motions. When a bill full has been collected, the old bird turns to one of the young ones, who opens it bill to the fullest extent, the old one thrusts her bill down the throat of the young one, which then closes his bill and holds on while the old one shakes the ants into its throat. The shaking is very rapid, and while it is going on one of the birds makes a chirping noise, which is probably an expression of satisfaction as he feels the ants tickling his throat, which they doubtless do, as it is literally a case of "eat 'em alive." It is a very curious phenomenon.—Forest and Stream.

CATHOLIC CHURCH FAIR

Woodman Hall, Bolster Block, November 9-18.

Thursday, Nov. 14th Here they come; latest songs, fancy dances, local hits.

THE C. O. F. MINSTRELS

Interlocutor, E. H. Brown, Bones, J. Callaghan, J. Dombrowskie, A. J. Graylin, Lambert, A. J. Guthrie, George Lavette, W. Scott, Harmony trio, Trapp, McQuaid, Robertson, Circle, James Bennett, O. N. Boyce, Charles Frenier, Thomas Hamel, Wm. Letourneau, James McDonald, J. Nelson, E. Scott.

Programme: 1. Overture. 2. Wagon My Golden Hair Is Turned to Silver Gray. 3. All I Get Is Much Obligo to You. 4. The Mountain King. 5. What's the Use of Anything? 6. I Cannot Find Another Girl Like You. 7. Shovel' Coal. 8. Sweet Juliens. 9. Moses Andrew Jackson, Good Bye. 10. Capt. Baby Dunting. 11. Spooky Sam. 12. My Love I Dare Not Tell. 13. Nigger Love His 'Possum. 14. Six fancy end men, six sweet-voiced ballad singers, six comic shouters and ragtime warblers, six refined sentimental songsters, and harmony trio.

Friday, Nov. 15th HIBERNIAN NIGHT AN EVENING IN IRELAND

Ballad songs, comic songs, all good songs.

Monday, Nov. 18th DRAWING OF THE ARTICLES

Admission, 10c per night. Season tickets, with chances on five valuable articles, 75c.

Dancing Every Night From 9 to 12.

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Butter has taken a drop Best Creamery, per pound . . . 32c Beat Dairy, per pound 30c Western fresh Eggs, very nice, per dozen 30c

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Winter Underwear For Women and Children at The Vaughan Store.

There is not a time when we can't interest you both in quality and price.

Good Fleeced Vests and Pants for women and children. This quantity will not last long at the price, - 25c each

Heavy Fleeced Women's Pants and Vests, also extra large size - 50c each

See the heavy Union Suits we are selling at - 50c Wool Underwear for women, - 89c, \$1.00 up

Wool Underwear for children, grey or white, 35c up

Blankets worth buying, in large size, are here at 79c, 89c, \$1.10, \$1.50 up.

FURS---NEW THIS YEAR

Fur Scarfs, Muffs and in sets. See the special long Scarf Opossum or Fox for \$5.00. Others from 98c to \$25.00.

The Vaughan Store

There's a Difference IN FISH.

We have a stock that is gilt edge, cut to please you in any shape or style, and is giving excellent satisfaction to all fish eaters. Variety this week will be Fresh Salmon, Chicken Halibut, Flounders, Haddock, Cod, Mackerel, Smelt, Pout, Perch, Eels, Pike, Live and Boiled Lobsters, Oysters in shell and opened, Clams for chowder and our line of Fancy Green Vegetables is complete. To see our display is to appreciate it.

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PROGRAMME. Horse of Another Color The Grafter Village Fire Brigade Picnic Hampers Seal Rocks Difficult Arrestation Blind Man's Dog The Undergrad's Oxford Life At the Dentist's The Coffee Industry in South America

ILLUSTRATED SONGS. "Nobody's Little Girl," "By, By, Dearie," "The Flowers Outside the Gate."

JENNIE LAWS, Soprano, ILA BATCHELDER Pianist.

Adults 10c. - Children under Ten Years 5c.

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tell once a fire gets started in your building or home where it will stop or how much damage will result. But if insured, you can tell your builder to begin rebuilding at once—and your fire insurance will foot the bills. See us about your policy.

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APPLES

Baldwins, Pippins, Spies and Greenings in bulk, \$2.50 a barrel at the car. Bring your barrels. Car at Central Vermont yards.

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