TIMES

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Frank E. Langley, Publisher.

Entered at the Postoffice at Barre as Second Class Matter.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1908.

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

4,645

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

There is still a lot of shouting to be done.

Six votes separated Washington county from the "lily whites."

St. Albans City has finally fallen before the no-license assaults, but Bennington still "holds the fort."

Barre's namesake down in Massachusetts also had a close fight on the liquor question, voting license by four majority.

Governor Hughes of New York is showing the stamina that is in him by refusing to "peach" on his sources of information.

It can not hereafter be charged up against E. H. Harriman, the railroad magnate, that he never was known to give, for yesterday he gave his daughter in marriage.

Even now the magazines are beginning to share the disrepute of the newspapers on the charge of being "yellow." In fact, the newspapers are being called "white" once more.

BARRE'S DUTY.

It remains for Barre—citizens as well as authorities—to see to it that the community refuses to harbor the sale of liquor. The sentiment is unmistakably against the sale and it is now "up to" the citizens to give strong moral support to the course they have by majority vote chosen. A previous experience in the no-license column convinces that the enforcement of the "No" features of the local option law can be attained if the citizens be willing to co-operate. So, the duty is clear.

SATISFACTORY SERVICE ASSURED.

The new city government, elected yesterday by the voters of Barre, is well balanced and ought to do splendid work for the municipality the coming year. Six of the seven members of the council will be veterans in the affairs of the city and the seventh, Alderman Alexander, of the second ward, is no stranger to the questions that have come up for many years, besides being himself a man well-equipped for the place. His work in various responsible executive positions has afforded him experience that will prove of value to the second administration of Mayor Robins. Moreover, the whole seven are good workers. We shall miss our guess if the city of Barre doesn't get satisfactory service for another year.

VERMONT SENTIMENT ON HUGHES.

Three members of the Republican state committee of Vermont (names not published) wrote in response to the appeal of the New York Republican club as to the Hughes sentiment in their state. The first wrote:

"There seems to be a very strong sentiment in our state in favor of the nomination of Gov. Hughes for president."

The second put it this way: "I feel very strongly that the business interests of the country would be greatly strengthened by the nomination of Gov. Hughes. He has a great many influential advocates in this state."

And the third believed: "The people of Vermont greatly admire Gov. Hughes, and have great respect for the work which he has done in New York."

It may be stated that the three sentiments, thus expressed, epitomize quite well the ideas of a great many Vermonters on this presidential question.

This is the Raincoat that will lead this Spring. In addition to its protective points, we have put fashion into every detail, so for pleasant weather there is no Coat with more style for young men. See our Black Rain Coats at $20.00.

FUR COATS TO RENT.
WE CLEAN, PRESS AND REPAIR CLOTHING.

F.H. ROGERS & Co

174 North Main St., Barre, Vt.

CURRENT COMMENT.

John Stark Still Waiting for His Statue.

By this time the shade of John Stark, the hero of Bennington, who in the flesh was extremely quick tempered and impatient, must have abandoned hope of seeing the promised equestrian statue of Molly Stark's husband put up in the park at Manchester, N. H. The general was born 180 years ago, and although he lived to the ripe age of ninety-three years he has been dead long enough to be perpetuated in bronze as one of the hardiest and most intrepid soldiers of the Revolutionary war, a man of blood and iron, an inspiring figure.

The cloud piercing shaft at Bennington is a fitting memorial to the deeds of the American patriots who scattered like chaff the hirelings of Baum and Breymann, but in Manchester, where Stark died forty-seven years after the war for independence closed, a simple stone marks his grave. It was placed there the year after his death. Who makes a pilgrimage to the spot now or knows, unless a fellow townsman, where John Stark lies?

The proposal to raise a bronze equestrian statue to the memory of General Stark in Manchester was made so long ago that the precise date is lost in the mists of time. In Appleton's "Cyclopedia of American Biography," published in 1888, one reads that "it is proposed to erect at Manchester a massive equestrian statue in bronze of the general." Promotion came slowly to John Stark in his stormy life, and how the shade of him has had to fume and wait for the unveiling of that belated memorial! For times in as many Congresses, the last time on Wednesday on motion of Mr. Gallinger, the bill appropriating the cost has been passed by the Senate. Why is the House torpid? What is that irrepressible friend of the soldier of 1861, Sycamore Cy Sulloway, doing to wring from a reluctant House the price of a monument to the soldier of 1776, New Hampshire's bravest son?

If Congress won't supply the funds, can the pride of New Hampshire be stung into action? May we not hear from the members of her state legislature, there are 278 of them, an exultant vow to vote an appropriation, lest John Stark altogether pass from memory? In a few more generations the foreign born and their descendants in the Granite state will be asking who in the name of liberty John Stark was.—New York Sun.

Kentucky's Strange Overturn.

The election of a Republican senator by the Democratic legislature of Kentucky is an occurance of more than local interest. It throws some light on the difficulties of "sun-piking the constitution" in the election of senators. Kentucky held a popular primary in which ex-Governor Beckham was the winner of the Democratic nomination, and apparently all that remained for a Democratic legislature was to ratify this choice. But four Democrats in that body would not ratify. They went so far finally as to vote for a Republican, even after Beckham had offered to withdraw, releasing his party from any obligation to the choice made in popular primary. Legislatures thus on occasions do elect senators, actually as well as formally, in spite of the best devised schemes for taking that power out of their hands.

The result is notable in other ways. While the newly chosen senator does not take office until next inauguration day, with the opening of the sixty-first Congress his success will give the Republicans, in case they are able to retain their present representation all along the line, sixty-two of the ninety-two members of that body, or the necessary two-thirds, which has for a long time been almost within their reach, but annoyingly elusive. The probabilities are that the Republicans will lose one of the senatorships they now hold, somewhere in November contests, and thereby fall still short of the majority which is so serviceable within party lines in the ratification of treaties. But with the Republicans almost ready to grasp this two-thirds majority, it will be worth while to watch the November elections to see if they actually do it.

It is very rare that a legislature of one party chooses a senator of the other. William N. Roach was elected in 1892 as a Democrat from North Dakota when the legislature was Republican. Oregon lawmakers now promise in writing, as a rule, to elect the man selected in popular primary, whether his own party arrives in the legislature in the majority or not, but that they would actually do this has not yet been tested. The Kentucky president is in many respects interesting. Governor Bradley himself is an interesting man. It was he who telegraphed to Mark Hanna, when the latter requested him to come to Washington on political business, that the distance from Washington to Frankfort was just the same as that from Frankfort to Washington.

With a Kentucky Republican taking the oath of office on inauguration day, it would look as if the great tides were flowing with strange contrarity were anybody but a Republican to be inaugurated as president of the United States. No wonder Mr. Bryan sighed as he heard of Bradley's success—"a great calamity." It indicated a degree of Republican strength in the Border state region which spells disaster to his cause.—Boston Transcript.

Heaton Hospital.

Affairs at Heaton hospital have run along so smoothly and satisfactorily during the past year that its friends believe that if it has equal success in the future it will be only a matter of a few years before it is self supporting and will not require aid from the city. Any physician of a recognized medical school can take patients to the hospital, and patients can have their own doctor if they are able to pay for such doctor. The staff of physicians are required to treat patients unassigned and who are not able to pay for a doctor. A wrong impression has gone out about the compensation of the staff, who receive a remuneration from the hospital, unless it is the experience. Many poor people go to the hospital for treatment and these are not required to pay their staff doctor, although if they are able to pay for such services they are supposed to do so. In all discussions the hospital should be treated liberally. It has been a great benefit to Montpelier and the city has shown in the past that it has appreciated the fact. If there is one institution the city can ill-afford to lose it is the hospital. There is no danger of losing it, however. With so many manufacturing plants not only here but throughout the country where accidents are likely to happen any day its presence is a protection and refuge for the toiler. Any attempt to abridge or weaken its efficiency should therefore be passed upon with careful judgment.—Montpelier Argus.

Misusing The Flag.

The Messenger did not refer to it yesterday for the reason that on the eve of election its purpose light have been misconstrued, but certain "No License" advertisements posted in this city it regards as offensive reflections upon the patriotic intentions of many good citizens that do not espouse that side of the question. These advertisements have a picture of two children holding aloft the American flag and sheltering themselves under its folds, the while saying "Please protect us." Then follows an invitation to vote "No."

The Messenger protests that it is an affront to hundreds of self-respecting men in this city that believe in the regulated sale of intoxicants to insinuate in this manner that the flag of the country and the sublime things it stands for in the hearts of us all is in the sacred keeping o. the "No License" forces, and that only by voting "No" can a citizen throw its protecting folds around the children or the community. There are men in St. Albans that think as much of the flag, that have done as much for the flag, and that would do as much to protect the children of the city under it, as any "No License man.—St. Albans Messenger.

JINGLES AND JESTS

Advertising Literature.

Oh, the captain's fair daughter had teeth
white as snow;
'Twas Cheshire used daily that rendered
them so.
Good care of her garden she wanted to
take,
So she used it to polish the teeth of
the rake.

One time with her father a voyage she
made.
The winds they rose high, they were all
sore afraid.
"What was that," yelled the captain,
"you threw o'er the rail?"
"It was Cheshire, papa, for teeth of
the gale!"
[Large family size toothbrush given
free with each box.] —Judge.

An Apprehensive Parent.

Chauncey—So your father seemed disappointed when you told him I was a poet!

Edith—Yes. He said he was afraid some creditor would kill you before he got a chance.—Chicago News.

The Military "Scientist."

(Christian Science, according to report, is rapidly gaining ground among English army officers.)

The scout into headquarters rushed
As pale as well could be,
"Our vanguard from the hills is brushed
Like twigs before the sea;
The enemy is breaking through
To cut us off behind"—
The General said briefly, "Pooh!
An error of the mind!"

An aid, dust-covered, staggered in,
"Hark, hark—their cannonade!
The bravest of our ranks begin
To totter back afraid."
"Mere Matter," said the Chief," cannot
Disturb High Minds that dwell
Above imaginary shot
And non-existent shell."

The surgeon spoke, his aspect grave,
"So thick the fallen lie
We'll need an extra force to save
The wounded ere they die."
The Leader stroked his whiskers trim
In irritation slight—
"Oh, give 'em absent treatment, Jim,
And that will be all right."

All day the birds of war fed fat
While earth with cannon shook,
All day the peerless Leader sat
And read the Eddybook;
But when, defeated fore and aft,
He saw his last resort,
The calm commander telegraphed
To Concord for support.

But suddenly a cannon ball
Across the hillside tore
And blotted out the General
With one terrific roar.
The agent of the deed of hell
I hesitate to name—
Some claim it was a lyddite shell,
Some claim it was a "claim."
—Life.

A SATISFACTORY YACHT RACE

[Original.]

Royal Leighton had been hanging about Blanche Asche for a long while. Miss Asche gave him little encouragement; indeed, she seemed to be at times bored by his presistency. She was full of mischief and occasionally would give him a bit of hope just to see how crestfallen he would be when she gave him the cold shoulder. Both were rich. Leighton's taste was for horses; Miss Asche's for boats. One day when Leighton had proposed for the tenth time the lady said to him:

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll match my yacht Ariadne against your Oneida. If your boat beats mine I'll marry you. If mine beats yours be it understood that you're not to bother me with your propositions ever after."

"But my Oneida is a tub," said Leighton. "I know nothing about yachts. You know a lot about them, and your Ariadne is the fastest boat of her class afloat in American waters."

"It's that or nothing," Blanche replied. "If you accept, I'll send my sailing master to you to arrange the details; if not, I shall consider any future attentions from you as the world would consider an insult from one who has refused to fight."

There was nothing for Leighton but to seize upon this one chance. He agreed to the terms, the best two in three races, sailed under the standard yachting rules. Both yachts were inspected and measured, but this was a mere form, for neither was to give the other any time.

On the day of the first race few knew anything about it, and those who did failed to see much pleasure in prospect for a race between the fleet Ariadne and the commonplace Oneida.

There was a fine breeze to the stake boat, and the Ariadne sailed away from the Oneida, turning the stake half a mile in the lead, but coming back there was much surprise on the part of the spectators to see that the Oneida under a slackening wind gained on her rival, but she did not make up more than half her loss, and the first race was won by Miss Asche.

At the second—a triangular race—there was scarcely any wind at all. The spectators speculated as to how the Oneida could get over the water, while the Ariadne was almost becalmed, but it was generally supposed that the sailor of the former took advantage of a tide current. The Oneida drew away from her rival on the second leg of the triangle and kept most of what she had gained on the third leg, coming in a full minute ahead.

Miss Asche's heart stood still.

Before the third race was sailed the captain of the Ariadne asked permission to make a personal inspection of the Oneida. It was granted, but if the inspector was looking for some propelling machinery he found none. Indeed there was no need of such an inspection, for a representative of each owner sailed on the opposing yacht. The captain went away apparently satisfied, but puzzled.

There were a few persons on the dock early in the day before the third race who saw members of the Oneida's crew go aboard and noticed that when they walked it was with a stiff gait, while one of them had a stomach on him disproportionate to his limbs. But these witnesses had nothing to do with the yachts or the races.

The third race was to and from a stake boat with the wind on the quarter. The winning of the second race by the Oneida had excited an interest in the last trial, and the course was covered by yachts and pleasure boats. Of course no one knew of the stake or there would have been no room on the water for the contestants. If the second race was a surprise, the third was a marvel. The Oneida, without carrying either the sail or having the excellent lines of her rival, had no sooner got away under an eight knot breeze than she began to draw ahead, turning the stake a quarter of a mile in advance. On the way back the breeze lulled, and with the lull the relative speed of the Oneida increased. She crossed the line three-eighths of a mile ahead of the Ariadne amid shouts of the spectators and barking of yachts' cannon.

There was suspicion that, after all, there had been fraud perpetrated in the race, but Miss Asche's representative said that he had been on deck every minute of every race and could have detected it if practiced. Mr. Leighton dined with the loser on the evening of the last race, and after dinner they retired to the library, where he claimed his reward. Miss Asche confessed with her head on his bosom that she had dreaded lest she should win. Nevertheless she was chagrined that her yacht should have been so ignominiously beaten.

"Don't distress yourself about that, sweetheart," said her lover. "Tomorrow I will give you a sail in her and show why she was beaten."

When they were aboard the Oneida Leighton gave the crew orders to line up on deck. From the fat man's stomach he took the parts of a pump, while the rest pulled sections of piping from under their trousers legs. These were taken to the keelson, a cork taken from a hole in the stem and one from the stern. When the apparatus had been put together, water was sucked noiselessly from the forehead hole and ejected from the one at the stern.

"I got the idea," said Leighton, "from a marine animal that propels itself in the same fashion."

Miss Asche was satisfied. She had lost the race, as she had secretly desired, and her boat was still her pride.

A Boomerang.

A very rich, very economical and very parsimonious young squire was making preparations for a tenants' ball some years ago and at his wine merchant's discovered a cheap brand of champagne. "This," he said, "is a good brand of champagne. It is quite good enough for those people who will come to my tenants' ball. They couldn't tell the difference, anyway." Accordingly he ordered a dozen cases of the cheap wine. A day or two before the event, picking up his newspaper, he noticed that his wine merchant had a half page advertisement. He ran his eye over it and saw in big black letters the paragraph, "Try our celebrated champagne at 38 shillings a dozen, as ordered by Gobsa Gold, Esq., for his forthcoming tenants' ball."—Illustrated Bits.

Business Hours In Honolulu.

Business manners in Honolulu lack the strain and flurry of the mainland city. The hard, white, anxious Chicago face no man wears here. The dodging and hurrying to go around the man in front are never seen. The accent of life is on men, not money or machines. There is not much doing before 10 o'clock, and at 4 the safes are locked, the desks are shut, and the men who do things are off for a ride or a swim or a game of tennis. Here a man does his business.—Chicago News.

SPECIALS THIS WEEK

To clean up from our 5th Annual White Sale, we offer many broken lots, some slightly soiled, at prices that will sell them all this week.

Ladies' Night Robes, to close, 39c.
Ladies' Short Skirts, to close, 29c
Ladies' Long Skirts, 69c, 79c and $1.00.

Ladies' Corset Covers that we sold for 19c and 25c, to close for 12 1 2c each.

Children's Hemstitched and Tucked Drawers, 12 1 2c, 15c and 19c each.

One lot Ladies' Robes, Chemise and Covers, slightly soiled, at nearly half price.

New Wash Goods. All the latest weaves in White Goods and Novelties are found here. See the White Fancies we are showing in the window.

The Vaughan Store

Draperies and Couch Covers.

We have over one hundred pairs of New Draperies to show you, from $2.75 to $25.00 per pair.

Full size Couch Covers from $1.50 to $9.00 each.

A. W. Badger & Co., Morse Blk., Barre

Funeral Directors. Licensed Embalmers.
Residence Calls: - - 22 Eastern Avenue and 115 Seminary Street.
Telephone: - - Store, 447-11. House: 447-21 and 421-11
RUBBER TIRED AMBULANCE AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.

SAW HIS OPPORTUNITY.

The Reporter Seized It and Got His Real Start In Life.

All the city traveling public loves a strap hanger because it has a fellow feeling for him. This is why the story of how Frank Vanderlip, the banker, got his start has an almost universal appeal. It happened when Vanderlip was a reporter on a Chicago newspaper and writing financial news. The traction situation then, as now, was almost impossible. Charles T. Yerkes was traction dictator, and the stockholders and the public never had a word to say in the conduct of the roads. Nor could they get any definite idea of the financial condition of the properties.

The time for the annual meeting of the stockholders of the principal road came along. At all the meetings Mr. Yerkes had rattled off the reports in the usual undecipherable corporation way, and no one knew what was doing. So Vanderlip planned a coup. He bought a share of stock, which admitted him to the meeting. He had been a stenographer before he became a newspaper man. When Mr. Yerkes sailed into his breezy explanation of finances the young reporter took down everything he said. Mr. Yerkes used one striking phrase, and it was this:

"The passengers who have seats pay the operating expenses, but the strap hangers pay your dividends."

The next day the sentence topped Vanderlip's account of the meeting. It aroused a storm of discussion, for it laid bare some of the traction methods; also it got Vanderlip a raise in salary and a promotion.—Saturday Evening Post.

Nothing Like That In America.

"This was told me the other day," said a man, "by a friend who has just made the tour of Ireland. He was at the lakes of Killarney, and a jarvey driving one of those side seated cars was telling him of a visitor who was attempting to masquerade as an American, but had all the outward signs of being an Englishman.

"'You sir, sorr,' said the jarvey, 'that you live in the United States. Were yez ever in Dubuque, Ia.?'

"'I was,' said the traveler. 'I was there for a fortnight.'

"'Off wid ye!' said the carman. 'Ye were niver there. Divil a fortnight do they have in America.'"

Barre Savings Bank and Trust Company

Bolster Block.

STATEMENT, - - - - MARCH 2, 1908.

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Real Estate Loans, - -	$769,462.83	Capital Stock, - -	$ 50,000.00
Other Loans, - - -	460,032.42	Surplus Fund, - -	13,000.00
Bonds and Investments, -	142,648.70	Undivided Profits, - -	13,368.89
U. S. 2 per cent. Bonds at par	15,000.00	Dividend No. 15, 8 per cent.	4,000.00
U. S. 4 per cent. Bonds at par	2,600.00	Deposits. - - -	1,390,962.56
New York City Bonds, 4 1-2 per cent. at par - - - - -	30,000.00	Premium U. S. bonds sold, -	4,496.84
Funds on hand and in banks,	56,084.34		
Total - - -	$1,475,828.29	Total, - -	$1,475,828.29

This Trust Company is duly euthorized by law to act as Trustee, Executor, Administrator, Guardian, Receiver and Assignee.

When we are named Executor of a will the instrument may be deposited with us for safe keeping without charge.

Interests Credited April and October 1st at 4 per cent.

We pay all Taxes on deposits not exceeding $2,000.00.

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BEN. A. EASTMAN, Pres CEO. B. MILNE, V. Pres. F. G. HOWLAND, Treas.

DIRECTORS

Ben A. Eastman. M. E. Howland, Burt H. Wells, E. W. Bisbee, Geo. B. Milne.
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