

BARRE DAILY TIMES

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

5,005

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

Chelsea, Vt., came near being a second Chelsea, Mass.—a heap of fire ruins.

Maxim among the Barre police hereafter: Always suspect a man with a grip.

King Edward with a wry face goes to see Emperor William, also having a wry face. It evidently needs a little rye to change the face of things.

The fight between Concord and Manchester for the state capital of New Hampshire has not yet reached the stage of civil war, but things are living up considerably. Concord has been compelled to shake off her lethargy and make active resistance to Manchester's depositions.

Some sons of old Dartmouth are asking how their college can elect Congressman McCall of Massachusetts as president when Congressman McCall has a son in Harvard and playing on the Harvard base ball team. That appears to be a very small objection, but just as like as not it will be magnified out of all proportions and prove to be one of the insurmountable obstacles to Congressman McCall's chances.

Barre—the Messina of Vermont—naturally sends the banner amount to the relief of the Italian earthquake sufferers, \$1,265 having been forwarded on Saturday. It was a handsome thing for Barre to do.—Rutland News.

That is a very pretty compliment, indeed; but it would be more correct for the contemporary to call Barre the Milan of Vermont, if such a characterization is to be used, for Barre's population probably does not include a dozen people from the southern provinces of Italy or from Sicily, where Messina is located. Barre Italians come almost exclusively from the northern sections of the country, around about Milan and the territory contiguous to Switzerland. More properly speaking, Rutland would be the Messina of Vermont, while Barre is the Milan.

ANOTHER WARNING AGAINST CARELESSNESS.

The fatal accident on the Barre quarries yesterday illustrates anew that workmen have grown careless of the dangers which lurk in the blasting out of the rock. One might as well try to dodge a bullet as to escape the hurtling pieces of rock as they are loosened by a giant blast. The only safe course to pursue, even if it does occasion some inconveniences, is to take refuge behind some projecting object. The rules of the quarries require that a signal warning of the whistle shall be given prior to the touching-off of a blast, and this should not be followed by the firing of the blast until the workmen shall have had time to reach protected places. As we understand it, the rule requiring the warning whistle to be blown is observed; but the workmen—many of them, at least—do not take the precaution to go to safe distance or to covered spots.

ESTIMATES OF JOHN B. MORAN.

John B. Moran, dead, is as much of an enigma in Massachusetts as he was alive, and the newspaper comment upon his career furnishes an interesting study of the different attitudes which people took in relation to the late district attorney of Suffolk county. In two or three particulars, the comments seem to agree, notably in the belief that Moran was ruggedly honest in his personal life and in his public relations. Most others give him also the credit for being a hard fighter, among the number being several men who have been his political opponents in the past dozen years and who have felt the force of his personality. Another characteristic which is emphasized by many is the generosity of the man; in fact, his generous nature seems to have got the better of him sometimes in his official work as district attorney. But after these three points have been made, the comments on his career begin to diverge widely, and we are left in doubt as to the accurate estimate of the man.

The Boston Transcript, which was never particularly friendly to Mr. Moran sums up his public career in the following cold, matter-of-fact sort of a way: His intimate friends claim that he was not understood by the general public, and perhaps they are right, but that makes more inexplicable his apparent popularity, which twice made him district attorney, the first time under conditions that made success seem impossible. Even posthumous charity can hardly admit that his administration of the duties of that office was successful. His mental processes and temperamental eccentricities kept him out of adjustment with his environment. He was a unique product of his own contradictions.



Prices Dropping

This week they have hit the feet. Here are heavy shoes, felt shoes and all our heavy rubbers priced at a good saving to our customers.

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



174 North Main St., Barre, Vt.

CURRENT COMMENT

One Plank That Held Up.

The recent legislature paid little attention to party platform, but the Barre Times is in error in including the following plank from the platform as that was not needed.

"We demand such changes in the present liquor law as will prevent a community voting 'yes' from nullifying the vote of an adjoining community by granting a license to be exercised on the borders of a no-license town or city."

One of the laws enacted forbids the location of a saloon outside the principal village or center of population of a town, which covers the Middlesex case and others of a similar character which were the ones designed to be reached.—Bennington Banner.

Bennington's Last Public Hanging.

Seventy years ago today (Tuesday) a confessed murderer, Archibald Blakes, was publicly hanged from a scaffold at Bennington Center in the presence of a throng of people which, according to some estimates, numbered twenty thousand. Yellow journalism was unknown in those days, nearly three quarters of a century ago, but should a similar event come to pass in these early years of the twentieth century what a spectacle we should have been presented to us when we received our morning papers on the following day! Half page scare headings in poster type, in many instances full page half tone illustrations from actual photographs and column after column of descriptive detail. And yet the incident made but little change in the appearance of the Vermont Gazette, the weekly newspaper published at Bennington Center at the time of the execution. The hanging was dismissed with a paragraph and the only comment was upon the commendable behavior of the military guard and an expressed hope that Bennington would never have another execution. The Gazette, however, did recognize the importance of the event to the extent of publishing the best copy of the trial at the previous December term of court.—Bennington Banner.

A Lame Apology.

One of the last acts of F. M. Butler, before he doffed the toga and donned the ermine, was to defend the salary grab on the floor of the Senate. He said the members of the legislature were not adequately paid, they left their business to get into the service. The drafting process for the public good was not very apparent last September, nor did we hear at that time talk about going to the legislature at a personal sacrifice for the public good. Personal ambition out of a good deal bigger figure than personal sacrifice in the elections. As to the right for "reasonable compensation," with their record of accomplishments staring them in the face, the legislators simply gave an exhibition of unmitigated gall when they voted to jock up the bank account of each individual with a \$92 roll and to lift a total of about \$25,000 out of the state treasury. Judge Butler as an apostate looks like a shadow.—Brattleboro Phoenix.

Dailies or Weeklies.

Some of the daily and weekly newspapers of Vermont are generously awarding the palm of superior editorial merit to the class to which they do not belong and taking pains to explain their own handicaps. The dailies say the weeklies are the best, editorially because the writers are released from the constant drag of filling space and can give more thought and attention to their weekly product. The weeklies see it from a different standpoint. It is very difficult to treat current matters, which are the live subjects that every editor desires to treat, in a paper that appears only once a week. The arrangement of work, due to the demand for copy and space in nearly every Vermont weekly newspaper, requires that the editorials be prepared, put in type and often printed from one to four days ahead of the day of the issue. To intelligently treat matters, whose as-

Every Woman Will Be Interested.

If you will send your name and address, we will mail you FREE a package of Mother Gray's AUSTRALIAN LEAF, a certain, pleasant hair cure for Women's Itch. It is a yellow, red and never falling. If you have itching in the back, Urinary, Bladder or Kidney trouble, use this pleasant, natural, aromatic, herb, roots and leaves. All Druggists sell it. 30 cents per address, The Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

pret is likely to change the next hour says ahead is no small task. The dailies have a great advantage here. They get to the reader while the subject is right before him, and not stale. It is not so much the amount of space to be filled that stamps the editorial writer as the limitation of subjects at hand. With a weekly, these are reduced largely, as compared with a daily. Again, the editor of the daily, even in Vermont, has time for his particular task. Ordinarily it is his specialty, if not his exclusive labor, to "do" the editorial, while his assistants look after matters pertaining to the business. The editor of the weekly, on the other hand, has divers and sundry duties to perform quite out of line with high literary composition. Generally he must manage the business end, see that the help is employed, control that department, direct or do the make-up, help on press work and mailing, attend to correspondence, and, if his office has a job printing end, run that pestiferous branch also. In consequence, he necessarily scatters his shot, a good deal and his editorial efforts, done at odd moments, as he can snatch them, deserve and receive no great credit.

There is much to commend in editorial writing and certainly a great deal that has harassed the perplexing annoyance of running all the ends of a weekly newspaper business. The daily editor, who knows that his pay envelope is coming to him Saturday night all right, can take his pen with a firmer grasp and look through his spectacles with different vision than the weekly editor—publisher, printer and devil—who has the whole thing on his shoulders and the envelopes of others to fill.

Nor would we agree that, on the showing made, the Vermont weeklies have anything on the dailies as to the quality of their editorial columns. Such matter as the editors of the Rutland, St. Albans, Burlington, Bennington, Barre and Montpelier dailies put up is worthy of all the credit and weight it receives by a reading public that has come to look more and more to the Vermont dailies for advice and suggestion. The weeklies do their best, with their limited opportunities, but it is second-best to the dailies.—Randolph Herald and News.

BEAT DRUM 40 YEARS.

Edward Richardson Resigns From Montpelier Military Band.

After having beat the bass drum of the Montpelier Military band for 40 years, Edward Richardson has resigned from that position. He takes this action because his eyesight was failing, him and he did not think he did justice to himself. It was accepted only on one condition, that if his eyes should improve so he felt able to play he would again take up the work. Two years ago he asked to be relieved for the same reason but the members refused to consider it. As was said by one who knows the man rather, he has only one eye and a wooden leg. He has a peculiar stroke which blends in harmony with the other instruments and if someone else is playing those who know his work can easily tell the difference. John Beaman has been selected to take his place. He is a young player who has been with the orchestra since the late 1860s.

Mr. Richardson is the present leader, and has been in bands since he was 17 years of age. His first playing with a regimental band was in Montreal. He was a member of a British company band where he played between two and three years. Shortly after coming to this city at the request of the late C. P. Picken he joined the present band to succeed W. A. Lord. Since that time Mr. Richardson has filled that position. The first man he played under was Fred Grant, who is now with a band in New York. The next man was Ezekiel Chase, deceased, followed by Charles Cushman who is still playing the clarinet in an orchestra and last by T. R. Merrill, the present leader. There have been a few others who have supplied as leaders but they were never elected to the office. There is not a man in the band today who was a member when he joined it. T. R. Merrill joined a short time after Mr. Richardson and Mr. Richardson leaves the leader and the oldest member of the organization.

BIG JEWELRY FIRM FAILS.

Receiver Appointed For The Herman Keck Manufacturing Co., of Cincinnati. Cincinnati, Feb. 9.—On petition of New York creditors Robert D. Carroll was yesterday appointed receiver by United States Judge Thompson for Herman Keck Manufacturing company, widely known dealers in precious stones and jewelry. Liabilities are stated to be about \$194,000 with assets nominally worth about \$100,000 and actually about \$30,000.

The petitioners alleged that the Duhamel Jewelry company, with a capital stock of \$245,000 is owned and held by the Keck company, and later yesterday the receivership was extended to include the Duhamel company. It is charged in the petition that Oscar Keck president of the company, is incompetent and unfit to control the company.

LEWISOHN HAS SETTLED.

Paid Damages Claimed Against Miss Lillian Russell. Ballston, N. Y., Feb. 9.—In the supreme court yesterday, a settlement was made in the action of Sylvester T. F. Corning against Miss Lillian Russell, the actress, to recover damages sustained in an automobile accident. Corning, who is a coachman, was run down by an automobile containing Miss Russell and Joseph J. Lewisoohn. Miss Russell disclaimed ownership of the machine and said it belonged to Mr. Lewisoohn. Yesterday afternoon the case was settled by lawyers for Lewisoohn after it had been brought to trial.

DENMAN THOMPSON BETTER.

Symptoms of Pneumonia Have Passed Away—Not Out of Danger. West Swazey, N. H., Feb. 9.—That Denman Thompson, the aged actor, who is ill at his home here has had a very comfortable day, was the report given out last night. Mr. Thompson is suffering from a heavy cold. Yesterday's slight symptoms of pneumonia have passed away, according to the attending physician.

MONTPELIER

The funeral of Miss Mary Eliza Macomber occurred at Kellogg Hubbard Library at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Rev. Stanley Bloomfield pastor of Bethany church of which the deceased was a member, officiated, assisted by Dr. J. Edward Wright, one of the trustees of the library, where Miss Macomber was librarian. The bearers were George Macomber, brother, and three cousins of the deceased, Henry Abbott, Chester Gould and Walter Ordway. The body was placed in the mortuary at Green Mount cemetery.

Frank Shuttle and George Cross have been promoted from brakemen on the branch to conductors. Mr. Shuttle is conductor on the shifter in Burlington yard and Mr. Cross is running the night freight between this city and Barre.

The basket ball game which was scheduled to be played last evening in the Y. M. C. A. between the seminary and Montpelier high school teams against the Newport, N. H. high school team was called off because the seminary team was unable to change their date with St. Johnsbury academy team. However, it is stated that the Newport team will make a four days tour through Vermont later and that they will visit the city during that trip.

The funeral of Mrs. Henry Davidson occurred from her late home on Vine street at noon yesterday. Rev. L. J. Jaenbergh conducting the obsequies. The cause of her death, which occurred on Saturday, was crystallized blood. The bearers were three brothers, William, Austin and Hubert Simmonds and Ernest Gould, brother-in-law of the deceased. The Rebekahs attended the funeral in a body, a large delegation of them being present. Several Old Fellows were also at the service. The interment was in Worcester.

JINGLES AND JESTS

Jealousy in Cattle Land. A science sharp arrived the other day; He's going to dig, he says, for buried bones— Them animals whose awful howls and groans One'd cheered the ancient cave man on his way; But I've got this here spiteful thing to say This ghoul pettler girl, Miss Susie Jones, And love, not science, seems to be his lay. He says that he's a son of old Vermont; Them nose-glasses he wears must sort or pinch— I hate a dood that wears a window rig, And less he mooseys homeward, poco mont, I'll just observe that this here is a cinch— He'll furnish bones for some one else to dig —Denver Republican.

Convincing Proof. "Do you think that alienist's testimony proves anything?" asked one lawyer. "Yes," answered the other; "at a glance it shows conclusively the side by which he was retained."—Washington Star.

Never Falls. "He talks a good deal about Platonic friendship," said a girl, who can easily put a stop to that sort of thing. "But how?" "Encourage any other fellow to call."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Double Rates. Howell—Did you have double pneumonia? Powell—I guess so; the doctor charged me twice as much as I thought he would.—Harper's Weekly.

Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will note, not long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead, we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we be highly resolved that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

Plain Sour Pickles, 3 lbs. 25c
Dill Weed Pickles, lb. 13c
2 lbs. 25c
Pickled Onions, pound 15c
Mixed Sweet Pickles, lb. 15c
Mixed Sour Pickles, 2 lbs 25c
Sweet Cucumber Pickles, per pound 15c
Sauer Krout 3 lbs. 25c

ESTELLE MARSH. Viadvostok, the principal Russian port in the far east, possesses a well protected and sheltered harbor, with a depth of from thirty to ninety feet of water over a wide area.

Pickles SMITH & CUMINGS, The Department Food Store.

A PRACTICAL VIEW OF IT.

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"My dear," said Mrs. Griffin to her niece, Cecelia, "I fear you are not taking this matter of fact world in the proper spirit. You are at an age when your life's status is to be determined. Having no income, you will either work or marry. On the one side are endless struggle and loneliness, on the other home, children and a strong arm to furnish the means."

"How awfully practical you are, aunt." "Practical! Of course I'm practical. Where would I be now if I were not? When I was your age I had your prospect before me—the prospect of slave labor. That's what it is—slavery—work all day and in the evening a 7 by 9 hall bedroom on the top floor; an office by day and the cheerless room by night; a never ending struggle till it is finished by death. My practical nature saved me."

"What can I do?" "Marry Leonard Taylor." "He has deserted me for Estelle Minor." "Bring him back." "How?" "By the old method—another lover." "There's not a single man at my disposal." "You do not better a man. A dummy will do far better. A rival that one sees is not nearly so formidable as one in the dark. Invite Taylor to dinner." "Too late. He is already in love with Estelle."

"He loves a good dinner better. He will accept, and you may then introduce his rival to him." "But I thought you said his rival was to be kept in the dark." "Certainly, but his exponent is to be made prominent. On the evening of Mr. Taylor's appearance, while you are entertaining him before dinner—your pink silk will do very well—you will receive a box of cut flowers. It will be sent into the drawing room to you. You will open the box with manifest surprise and curiosity—flowers, a note on top. You run your eye over the note, blush slightly, place it hurriedly back in the box, put on the cover and resume your conversation with your guest."

"You don't really think, aunt, that Len Taylor will be caught by such an artifice?" "He is at an age of emotion. Emotion wafts us about like the wind and lands us heaven knows where. Self control, and handling causes, give us what we require. Len is pliable to his feelings. You will excite pique. He will discover that he is about to lose something. That something will consequently become necessary to his comfort, happiness, possibly his very existence."

"But who is to send the flowers?" "I will attend to that." "Auntie," thoughtfully, "I can't do it. It's contemptible." "Do as I say."

"Well, dear, I suppose since he has gone so early you are convinced that your work is all for nothing." "I certainly do, aunt, or rather, it has been harmful. He hardly spoke to me after dinner, and when I turned the conversation without regarding his hint to tell him from whom the flowers came he made an excuse to leave me."

"And you call that harmful?" "Certainly. My guilty conscience brought a blush to my cheek. He certainly sees through the ruse." "Indeed! How fortunate! I did not count on your really blushing. Heaven helps those who help themselves."

"What do you mean?" "Why, he supposed you were blushing at the thought of your absent lover, of course." "Of you, auntie! Ha, ha! You my absent lover!" "If any lover ever does as much for you as I am doing now you should feel under great obligation."

"Am I to invite him to dinner again? He will decline, I'm sure." "Invite him again! By no means! He will come of his own sweet will, and very soon."

"Never." "Wait." "Mr. Taylor's call has been a very short one. Doubtless you have offended him, Cecelia."

"I fear I have, auntie. He came in somewhat agitated and flushed. I asked him to sit down. He declined and demanded to know if I was engaged, as he had heard it reported. Some busybody has been—"

"I am that busybody. Go on." "Without waiting for me to reply he broke into a jumble about treating him badly, dishonorable conduct, and all that, ending by asking me point blank who sent the flowers. By dishonorable conduct he must mean using you as a foil."



Corset Covers

Just received, over 600 Ladies' Corset Covers direct from the factory. You can save one profit by making your purchases here at the White Sale.

LOT 1—Corset Covers trimmed with lace and ribbon, usually sold at 39c, this lot 25c.

LOT 2—Corset Covers trimmed with lace and embroidery pieces in yoke, a 50c Cover in city stores, our price in the White Sale, 38c.

LOT 3—Corset Covers in variety of styles, daintily trimmed with lace and ribbon, with embroidery panels, very much below the price. Your choice in the White Sale only 45c.

Wash Goods

New Gingham New Percales New Poplins New Voils

See the Gingham, 8c, 10c and 12 1/2c.

Percales, the nearest quality to the English Percale we have seen, only one price, the best, 12 1/2c a yard.

The Vaughan Store

MAGAZINE REVIEW.

Good Nature The Great Grouch Solvent. Lindsay Denison, writing in the February American Magazine, tells the story of the opening of the Rosebud Indian Reservation in South Dakota to homestead seekers. The trip to Dallas, which was one of the border towns where those who wished to participate in the drawing for homesteads first had to register is exceedingly well described. Mr. Denison writes: "The journey out of Norfolk into the night began with wrath and disgust, personal and impersonal; with contempt for the shallow brutality of magazine editors and self hate for having entered into the quest of entertain food and education of magazine readers with utter shame for the stinking herds of humanity who were running, like greedy cattle to the feeding troughs, for the very remote chance of winning a free farm. With all its selfishness and conceit, wasn't clean, leather-padded New York better than this? The journey ended in that historic sunlight such as only a prairie morning knows, with a new and healthy sense of partnership in the ruddy homely eagerness of true American citizenship. It isn't often that one is privileged, after an all-night sitting up journey, to find himself wider awake than when he started. It is nevertheless a cheering experience. "In the first place one with even the long support himself in despising fellow morals for grimy hands and obviously unclean linen and perspiration when one knows that he is himself just as filthy. Moreover, good nature is the great grouch solvent, after all; let the men around you be altogether glad of living, let them be persistently, noisily glad, and in time you will be glad too. And at last, despite yourself, a flicker of a smile escapes from the corner of your mouth—and then the big Swede opposite, whose knees have been crowding you all night, bursts into a roar of delight and tells you the joke about his wife and Eckstrom, who is sitting beside you. It is Shakespearean but altogether a joy. And you laugh so loud and so long that the whole car-load of sixty (they've all been vaguely wondering what has been the matter with you) crowds over the banks and arms of the seats and demands to be let in on the joke. And you laugh again, with them, until the tears make white channels down through the coal dust on your cheeks. "Ho! ho! George! shouts an aged brother with tobacco-bedraggled whiskers, here's a feller from New York. Now ask him what he thinks of your food guarantee for bank deposits. Ask him, I dare ye! You ask him how he likes 'em, pipes up George, whose whiskers are longed and therefore have lodged more tobacco juice, and then I'll tell ye what he's going to say! Once more, joy is unconfined. The tumult of corn, politics and religion rages again. There were 114,000 of us going out, hundreds of miles, to register; only one in twenty-three of us could possibly win; the other twenty-two would feel mighty sheepish when it was all over; we all know it. So whenever we pass another trainload or draw into a station beside another train, every man on both trains stuck his head out of the window and bawled: "Suck-errrr! Suck-errrr!" and then roared with laughter when the other train whooped the gibe back. "But through it all there is one ringing, singing overtime, clear and trilling as the strains of 'The Star Spangled Banner': 'We are the United States, thank God!'"

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