

THE BARRE DAILY TIMES

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1909. The average daily circulation of the Barre Daily Times for the week ending Saturday was

5,290

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

Says the Boston Transcript: "It is very appropriate for Secretary MacVaugh to reduce the size of our paper money by about one-fourth in the new designs which he contemplates. The dollar bill goes over only about three-fourths the ground it used to cover."

The figures of the business of the Barre and Montpelier Traction and Power Co. for the year ending June 30 last show an increase of \$1,632, or about 3 per cent. in the gross earnings over the previous year, or a total of over \$50,000; but to offset this gratifying increase, the operating expenses increased more than \$5,000. The company explains this as partly due to increased cost of power, which was \$2,700 greater than in 1907-08. The net income was \$2,542.45, or \$4,654.76 less than for the previous year. This does not look very encouraging for an extension of the company's lines towards South Barre.

SENT TO THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

Yesterday's papers tell of a lad sent from Montpelier to the industrial school at Vergennes. The lad is to be congratulated, because, aside from his parents, there is no place where he will receive better care than under Supt. Baras of this institution. The Vermont industrial school under its present management is one of the best conducted institutions of its kind in the country, and all Vermonters should feel proud of it. Supt. Baras possesses the happy faculty of knowing how to handle boys so as to develop the best there is in them and to make them manly, self-respecting young men. He does this by first treating them as such. A recent visitor to the institution was somewhat surprised at the extreme confidence he places in the boys by an incident that happened while he was there. A boy reported that one young fellow had disappeared. The superintendent sent for an older boy who had a record for escapes and sent him to hunt up the missing lad. The visitor expressed his surprise, but Mr. Baras assured him the older boy had outgrown such things. He would not abuse the confidence placed in him and that seems to be the feeling throughout the school. Most of the assistants to the superintendent are taken from the older boys in the school. They do good work and are paid for their services. The school is in no sense a place of confinement at the present time. The school instructs boys in farming, dairying, and a tailor shop, where they get a start in useful trades, besides a well conducted school in a new, four-room school building on the grounds. The boys have their ball grounds and their gymnasium and indoor playrooms. After 4 o'clock each day their time is their own for play, and they make the most of it. Supt. Baras has an able assistant in Mrs. Baras and the girls are as well cared for as the boys, so that when the time comes for their departure from the school they are promising young men and women.

JINGLES AND JESTS

The Making of the Hay. Got to be a mower if you want to make hay! Bound to live long if you start with the day! Teeny little hopped underneath a tree keeps on the jump—and so must we! Got to be a mower if you want to get along in the fields of hay or the fields of song. The fields of strife and the fields of care—Keep on the jump or you'll never reach there! Got to be a mower in the sun and rain if you want to climb the hill and harvest grain! Dances in the hive don't last no time when the old live rings with the work-time rhyme. Got to be a mower, and that's no joke, if you want to get ahead of the lazy folk! Can't make hay till you leap from bed, turn a couple handsprings and stand on your head! —Baltimore Sun. Too Much of a Risk. "I have a chance to marry an old man who has lots of money." "Why don't you?" "He hasn't any bad habits, and comes of a long-lived family." —Chicago Record Herald. In Fashion. Crawford—So your wife doesn't make nice pies any more? Crabshaw—No. She uses all the odds and ends around the house as trimmings for her hat. —Puck. Excursion to Missisquoi Park. See adv. on page 4.



Our shoe tree is bearing a bumper crop and must be pruned so you'll make a good thing of it by coming promptly.

Our sales, as well as our shoes are the real thing. Walk-over Oxfords, \$3.25. Boys' Oxfords, now \$1.25 and \$1.65.

WE CLEAN, PRESS AND REPAIR CLOTHING.



The big store with little prices. 174 North Main St., Barre, Vt.

STATE TOURNAMENT OPENS.

First Round in Tennis Singles Began at St. Johnsbury.

St. Johnsbury, Aug. 11.—The ninth annual state tennis tournament opened here yesterday at the courts of the Old Pine Golf club and there are 21 entries in singles and about the same number in the doubles. The courts are in fine condition and excellent playing is assured. George W. Pike of Springfield, Mass., the state champion, is ill, but expects to be able to come here Friday and defend his title in the challenge match. The out of town players include F. H. Harris of Brattleboro, a Dartmouth junior, who has ranked high here in previous tournaments and in the intercollegiate championships; G. H. Homer, New York; J. H. MacVaugh and Fenimore Cady of the Phillips Exeter team; Guy B. McKinney, Boston; Edward A. Freshman, New York; C. T. Porter, Worcester, Mass.; C. H. Collier, Gardner, Mass.; Leland Olds and Sidney Stone from the summer colony at Caspian lake, Greensboro, and Eliza A. Carter, Boston. Ten members of the Old Pine Golf club are also among the contestants.

Several events in the preliminary and first rounds were run off through the day despite a short interruption occasioned by a summer shower. The scores follow: Preliminary round, C. H. Hosmer beat Albert Richter, 4-2, 6-8, 7-5; G. B. McKinney beat Sidney Stone, 6-3, 4-3; F. Cady beat Ray W. Spaulding, 8-0, 6-4; C. H. Collier beat C. T. Porter, 6-0, 6-3; F. H. Harris beat W. H. Fitch, 6-1, 6-1; J. Fairbanks beat G. W. C. Hill by default; E. A. Freshman beat E. A. Carter, by default. First round, J. H. MacVaugh beat McKinney, 6-4, 6-3; Collier beat Fairbanks, 6-4, 6-1.

Bennington Battleday LOW FARE EXCURSION TO Missisquoi Park Highgate Springs Monday, Aug. 16th

Most Charming Picnic Grounds in New England Located at where are on Missisquoi Bay, Lake Champlain. The Green Mountain Band of Randolph, 25 pieces, will be in attendance and furnish music.

Missisquoi Park at Highgate Springs has long been known as an ideal spot for rest, recreation and pleasure. The grounds comprise some twenty acres of beautiful Missisquoi Bay, Lake Champlain, beautifully laid out by nature herself. The greater portion being thickly covered with shade trees, oaks, hickories, maples and spruces. Numerous streams which are dotted in among the trees. Winding paths and stairs lead the way around the different sections of the park. The grounds are equipped with race-seats, tables for serving refreshments, swings, croquet grounds and tennis pavilion, all adjacent to the grounds are the U.S. BRATED MINERAL SPRINGS from which originate the name "Highgate Springs." About ten minutes' walk from the Park are located numerous summer cottages, also a first-class hotel and restaurant, where those not taking their lunches can obtain regular dinner or light refreshments at moderate prices.

Table with 3 columns: FROM, Adults, Children. Lists fares to Barre, Montpelier, Waterbury, North Duxbury, Bolton, Jonesville, Richmond, Williston, and Arrive Missisquoi Park.

GOOD TIME FOR EDITORS.

Sixty Have Already Accepted Invitations to Lyndonville.

Lyndonville, Aug. 11.—The mid-summer outing of the Vermont Press Association Aug. 19 and 20, when the editors and their lady friends will be the guests of the Hon. Theodore N. Vail, promises to be as largely attended as the trip to the Pittsford sanatorium and the Proctor marble quarries last August. Already sixty acceptances have been received, and it is especially desirable that any other members of the association, planning to attend should notify Secretary Whitehill at once.

Mr. Vail has engaged the Rev. J. A. Dixon of West Charleston as chef for the clam bake. Mr. Dixon has had two successful clam bakes at Newport this summer and he gave a large one for the benefit of his church at West Charleston yesterday. Mr. Vail has engaged Mr. Taft of New York to play his organ for the concert on Thursday evening, and Landlord Hapgood will serve the banquet Friday night at the Newport house after the return from the lake trip.

Following the banquet there will be a reception in the ball room of the Memphremagog Yacht club and a chance to take moonlight rides on the lake in the numerous motor boats that belong to the hospitable Newport people.

YOUNG WIFE OLD OFFENDER.

Helen Tenney of Brattleboro Holds a Record for Variety of Trouble. Brattleboro, Aug. 11.—Helen Tenney of Putney and her husband, Frank Tenney, were arrested yesterday afternoon by Deputy Sheriff M. P. Davis of Brattleboro on complaint of State's Attorney Charles H. Williams of Bellows Falls, charged with a breach of the peace Aug. 5. They were arraigned before Judge E. W. Gibson of Brattleboro in a special session of the municipal court held at Putney, and both pleaded guilty to the charge.

Helen received a sentence of not more than 12 nor less than nine months in the New Jersey jail at hard labor, while her husband was sentenced to not more than nine nor less than six months in the same institution. Although but 23 years of age, Helen Tenney is one of the most notorious characters in the state and has been charged with more offenses than any other individual in Vermont.

For being drunk on the same date, James Connelly and Harry Tenney, also of Putney, paid \$12.14, pleading guilty of intoxication.

NORTH WOODS INDIANS.

Native Who Helped the Whites Across the Upper Wilderness. It was the North woods Indians who led the white race across the upper wilderness trails and helped that race to get and to hold its footing there. As the lower tribes, such as the Iroquois, were allies of Great Britain in war, so the people north of the great lakes were the allies of that country in industry. Without the sturdy voyagers of the north, half Indian at least, the fur trade could not have been.

If you read the story of Sir George Simpson, of David Thompson, of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, of Harmon, of Hearns, of Alexander Henry the younger—indeed, of any of the early or late explorers of Hudson bay or the old Northwest company—always you will find that the real man behind the pack and paddle was this northern native. Perhaps he was not full blood. Indeed, for the most part the typical voyager was not. From the time of Greyson du Lhut on down, wild white blood has merged with wild red blood. The first fur traders on both sides our territorial life got up very well, for there was much marriage according to the laws of the aboriginal world, and the tendency was for the two races to dwell in harmony. It was drierwater, cows and plows that broke up the game.—Emerson Hough in Recreation.

PAID THE DEBT.

The Captain Settled the Account Before His Vessel Sailed.

In Burnaby's "Travels in America in 1769," a book quite popular during the latter part of the eighteenth century, the following incident is related: The captain of a British man-of-war cruising off the Massachusetts coast left his wife in Boston. On one of his visits to port she came down to the wharf to meet him, and she was saluted as a true and loving sailor's wife. At once reported, and the captain was brought before the magistrate and sentenced to be publicly whipped. There was no getting out of it, and the captain submitted quite gracefully. Just before the departure of his ship he gave an elaborate entertainment, to which all of the magistrates were invited. After the festivities were over and every one had shaken hands with the captain and was going over the side the magistrates were seized by the arm and stripped to the waist. Each one was led to the gangway, where a vigorous boatswain gave him thirty-nine lashes on the bare back and then hustled him over into a boat amid the cheers of the whole ship's company.

The Waiting Ones.

A gentleman meeting a young woman who had formerly been a servant in his house and in whose welfare he was interested, the following conversation took place: "Why, haven't you got married yet?" "No, sir." "Well, I thought you would have been married before now." "Oh, no, sir; there's two waiting." "Two? Why, you don't mean to marry two, do you?" "No, sir." "Then who are they?" "They, the two that's waiting is the person and me. We are waiting for the man." —London Square.

PEOPLE OF THE DAY

Senator Gore's Memory.

Seldom has a legislative body witnessed so remarkable a feat as that performed by the blind senator from Oklahoma, Thomas P. Gore, during the recent tariff debates in the senate. Senator Lodge had cast doubt on some of Senator Gore's statements in regard to the earnings of certain cotton and woolen mills of New England. Depending solely upon his memory, Senator Gore repeated in detail from the report of the bureau of corporations of Massachusetts the official figures covering the capitalization, surplus, net earnings and dividend rates of a large number of Massachusetts mills. He did the same with fifty cotton and woolen corporations. Probably



THOMAS P. GORE

by no public man since Henry Favett, who became postmaster general in Gladstone's cabinet in 1880 after having been sightless for twenty-eight years, has possessed so infallible a memory.

Thomas Pryor Gore is a native of Mississippi, thirty-nine years old and is a Democrat in politics. After being graduated from the law school of Cumberland university, Lebanon, Tenn., in 1892 he spent several years in Texas. He removed to Oklahoma in 1901, served one term in the territorial legislature and was elected United States senator in 1907, drawing the short term, which expired in March of this year. In January last Senator Gore was re-elected by the legislature for a full term to succeed himself. His term of service will expire in 1915.

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FOOLISH CHRISTIANS.

Dr. Parkhurst in an address in Brooklyn condemned those who wrangle over religious tenets of no importance. "Such people," he said, "give Christianity a bad name. He must have been brought up among such people, the little Brooklyn boy, who on being asked to define the word 'heaven,' said: "Heaven is people who don't fight over religion."

Young Rockefeller to the Fore.

John D. Rockefeller's recent transfer to his son of large realty holdings in New York city and Cleveland seems to bear out the rumors that he is gradually letting go of the cares of business. The real estate to which title has been passed aggregates \$7,600,000 in value—\$4,000,000 in Cleveland and \$3,600,000 in New York. While the Rockefeller fortune is the largest belonging to any one person, its principal prop is Standard Oil. When a vacancy in the vice presidency was made by the death of Henry H. Rogers



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR.

It was at the personal direction of the master of Standard Oil that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was elected to the place. Since his election he has taken an active part in the discussions of the board of directors. This is accepted as an indication of young Mr. Rockefeller's determination to make himself felt in Standard Oil management, with the view ultimately of inheriting his father's title of president. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is now this twenty-seven years old and began his business career before he was twenty. He was married in 1901 to Miss Abby G. Aldrich, daughter of Senator Nelson W. Aldrich of Rhode Island. A daughter was born to the young couple in 1903, and a son, John D. Rockefeller 2d, in 1906.

Meal For Hogs.

The following meal mixture for hog feeding is recommended by a contemporary: Oats, finely ground, 50 per cent; barley, finely ground, 20 per cent; shorts, 20 per cent; oilmeal, 20 per cent.

PRIVATE JONES' CHEATING.

He'd Even Cheat the Goats That Would Feed Over His Grave.

By LEO CRANE.

"E was a coal passer, was Jones, an 'e stung a shovel on the bloom'n tramp Koolah until his mouth got him inter serious trouble affairs by recklessly slippin' lurid names toward the chief engineer. O' course we men know 'e didn't mean anythink over the way by the language, but the chief engineer was a vicious man, an' 'e allowed his terrible anger to become uncontrolled.

"So we men laid Jones away in the free ward of a leetle hospital that half hid itself shylike behind a row of scraggy palms. Then we men went off on a boat, eight of us. Seven got back to the ship in time to sail with her. The eighth man 'e was left on the wharf deserted amid a multitude o' coolies. He was that man.

"An' belag as 'e wouldn't shift cargo for a livin' wage, 'e presented me-self, body an' soul, to a recruitin' officer who was out after one devil called Juan Torres. This same Juan Torres was up country someres hidin', an' 'e didn't have no idear o' beln' ketch'd; hence it needed men, an' 'e was a man.

"Now, on the mornin' afore we marched away from 'em in all the world o' rascals should leave in sight but Jones. 'E had a rag about his head, an' 'e wanted to 'list. Now, 'e had never expected to see Jones again in this world an', beln' plous inclined, didn't want to meet him in the next. 'E always watched my terbacker when 'e was about. Sam Rawlins had tol' me o' that, an' Sam Rawlins had lost terbacker.

"Well, they needed men, an' Jones was one, so 'e went along. 'E tol' me that the doctors at the leetle hospital had been very confident that 'e would die, but in spite o' it 'e fooled 'em.

"Anyway, up country we goes after Juan Torres, an' the first beasty town we gets inter down goes Jones with the fever. The doctor o' the regiment said 'e would die certain, but Jones didn't. 'E scraped thro' it, 'e began to creep about the camp nule kicks him a reg'lar smasher in the side, an' away to the leetle hospital they carries him to mend up.

"'E didn't see Jones no more for near a half year; neither did 'e see Juan Torres. One day when we thought we had 'em spotted at last inter camp Jones walks, smilin' grimly. 'E goes to the colonel an' says, 'Hill show ye just where they are,' says 'e. An' in ten minutes out we marches, Jones leadin' the way.

"'How have ye been?' asks the colonel, lugin' it 'longside o' Jones. "Werry well," says Jones back to him, pleasant-like. 'Hill ain't been outter the hospital more'n ten days.' "Guns!" cries the colonel. "Did it take 'em all that time to patch up three broken ribs?" "No," explains Jones. "They fixed up them ribs in six weeks, but after 'e got discharged from that spell 'e went inter town on a leetle smooch aroun', ye know, an' some William knives me. In fact, 'e knifed me two or three times afore 'e was satisfied with his contract, an' so they bustles me back to the leetle hospital wither out any great loss o' time. That werr a four month job, but they did it, an' I nary a grumble. Oh, this gettin' well is my long suit," says Jones, proud-like. "What troubles me most," says Jones solemnly, "is that maybe when the blow comes again 'Hill be too far up country, an' I won't reach the hospital in time, but 'e hopes not."

"Why, you must like beln' sick," says the colonel, 'sprit-ed. "It ain't the beln' sick," says Jones; "that's nasty. But the soup—my, the soup! Delicious," says Jones, smackin' his lips 's if 'e could taste it. 'Hill've been in forty-two hospitals in my time an' 'e been discharged cured nigh on to sixty-seven times, so 'e know."

"Sixty-seven times," echoed the colonel. "Return visits," explained Jones quickly. "But 'e don't despair o' better that record, 'cause 'Hill knows my vitality an' what 'Hill can stand."

"On we men went silently. The reports 'Hill tell ye how we cornered them rats in the center o' a thick forest, but the reports won't tell ye how one Jones carried 'em an' award into the habitation o' Juan Torres.

"'E stood in a clearin', Jones beat us to the inclosure by a good twenty feet, an' Jones was first to show his leg over the top. Some native feller punched a bayonet through the calf o' it, but that native feller troubled no other man. Jones fought like a demon, an' we lost him in the smoke o' battle.

"Late in the day, when the struggle had ceased an' the smell o' rank powder was beginnin' to sterve away through the forest, we started to hunt up our men. We found Jones lyn' across a pile o' severely used natives ever again a secluded portion of the stockade. There he had cornered six desperate men, an' the sight o' his handiwork was exceedin' fair to look upon. We carried Jones tenderly away. The doc, 'e looked at him, an' says doc softly, 'e's dead, poor fellow, an' there were tears in more eyes than one.

"But that night a man came racin' inter the colonel's but an' bawls out, 'E ain't dead!' "Who ain't dead?" yells the colonel. "Jones," cries the man. 'E's come to life again!" "Down to the surgeon's he rushes the colonel, all excited an' pushed. Doc meets him at the door an' cautions him to be quiet.

2 MORE DAYS and Sale Closes Summer Goods

This sale takes in Goods on first and second floor. All goods that have a summer look must be sold.

- \$1.25 House Dresses for \$1.00. Gingham Jumper Suits - \$1.25 up. White and Colored Dresses - \$1.00 up. Outing Skirts, soiled, to close - 75c. Outing Skirts, white and colored - \$1.00 up. One table of Colored Muslins, to close - 10c yd. 25c Arnold Suitings - 12 1-2c and 19c yd. Extra sale Sample Belts, \$1.00 kind, for 50c. 50c kind for 25c.

Our sale of laces, it will pay you to buy for future use.

Extraordinary August Sale Waists

Colored and Odd Waists, to close - 69c. One entire counter of White Waists, every style that you are looking for in this sale - 95c. Another lot of Waist values, not often found, \$1.19

Second Floor. We cannot begin to tell you all the bargains but we ask you to visit this Ladies' Department of Muslin Underwear, Corsets, Skirts, Children's Underwear, Dresses, Baby Slips, Bonnets, etc.

The Vaughan Store

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COMFORTABLE AMBULANCE AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE

PLAYING THE PIANO.

Rubinstein's Way as a Teacher With His Pupils. "Once I played a Liszt rhapsody pretty badly. After a few moments he said, 'The way you played this piece would be all right for auntie or mamma.' Then, rising and coming toward me, he would say, 'Now let us see how we play such things.' Then I would begin all over again, but hardly had I played a few measures when he would interrupt and say: "Did you start? I thought I hadn't heard right." "Yes, master, I certainly did," I would reply. "Oh, he would say vaguely, 'I did not notice.'" "How do you mean? I would ask. "I mean this," he would answer: "Before your fingers touch the keys you must begin the piece mentally—that is, you must have settled in your mind the tempo, the manner of touch and, above all, the attack of the first notes before your actual playing begins." "On another occasion I asked him for the fingering of a rather complex passage. "Play it with your nose," he replied, "but make it sound well!" "Once Rubinstein said: "Do you know why piano playing is so difficult? Because it is prone to be either affected or else afflicted with mannerisms, and when these two pitfalls are luckily avoided then it is liable to be—dry! The truth lies between those three mischiefs." —"Hot-manna's Piano Player."



A Drug Store Bargain

The "Commercial"—a really and truly 10c Cigar for 5c. Try one, and then you will want a box. 25 in a box at \$1.25 per box as long as they last. 5c each, \$5.00 per 100, just what they claim to be, a 10c Cigar for 5c each.

D. F. DAVIS "The Druggist" 362 North Main St., Barre, Vt.