

THE BARRE DAILY TIMES

THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1910.

Entered at the post office at Barre as second-class matter. Published every week-day afternoon. Subscriptions: One year, \$3.00; one month, 25 cents; single copy, 1 cent. Frank E. Langley, Publisher.

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

5,430

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

And the town of Putney voted "yes." The name, as well as the game, now.

Of course, Tufts college will not woodrow-wilson its handsome bequest of half a million dollars.

Alderman Deady of Montpelier demonstrated on Tuesday that he is far from being a "dead one" when it comes to getting votes.

We beg leave to state to newspaper correspondents that unless otherwise specifically stated it will be taken for granted that "town meeting passed off quietly."

Clearly, a great percentage of the rioting in Philadelphia is being done by boys and young men, whose hide was not "tanned" sufficiently in their quite recent tender years.

A timely suggestion is made by the Concord Monitor that the Dartmouth college dormitories might well be supplied with fire escapes, there are so many serious fires in the various buildings of the institution. That would obviate the necessity for the trapped students to slide down the water-spouts, as some of them did last week, when South Fayerweather hall was burned.

It is worthy of mention that five-sixths of the registered voters of Barre cast their ballots in last Tuesday's municipal election, and that, too, in spite of the fact that there was less pre-election discussion than usual; in spite, also, of the weather conditions, which were considered very unfavorable for a heavy vote, and of absences from the city of many voters drawn away during the labor uncertainty. The voters did very well, indeed.

In spite of the cordial feeling felt throughout the state for Maxwell Everts, president of the Vermont state fair association and one of the leading corporation lawyers of New York, there will be a feeling that the village of North Hartland did the right thing in refusing to change its name to Everts. The proposed change smacked too much of the idea of proprietorship. If North Hartland finds its name clumsy and not distinctive enough, it can surely find some satisfactory name without attaching itself to the Everts family.

The recent flood in France did only \$50,000,000 damage, they have found, after sane computation. If France isn't able to take care of that, France is quite badly off. The Boston enthusiasts who called \$50,000 at the first cry of alarm from Paris could do more efficient service by sending the sum of \$10,000 to Herkimer, N. Y., right here in our own United States. Little Herkimer is much more sorely pressed than Paris was, because its industries are shut down; its lights out, power off, and disease is threatening; whereas, only a comparatively small portion of the city of Paris was flooded, that lying beside the river Seine.

POOLISH PRIDE IN ARMS. The proposed \$18,000,000 battleship for the United States shocks our peaceful sentiments. And well it might. Someone ought to put a bridle on Secretary Meyer, and perhaps Congress will. Please spare us the fever which has enveloped Great Britain and Germany in its tenuous grip, never ceasing, always urging on and on and on toward piling up armaments for fear of being outdone on paper by the rival nation. When it comes to this point, we incline to agree with the opinion of Prof. W. E. Howard of Middlebury college, who, while lecturing in Barre recently, decried the tendency toward tremendous outlay of money in ships and armies, declaring that the true glory of a nation is in peace and peaceful pursuits. There is a happy medium, and if the United States commits itself to the policy outlined by Secretary Meyer, it will have far overstepped that happy medium point between decent protection and ridiculous pride in arms. The fever will have Great Britain and Germany eventually, and the United States will feel ashamed to acknowledge that it allowed itself to be engulfed in the same spirit. A good time to stop the tendency is right now, and nip Secretary Meyer's plan for the biggest battleship abear.

GENERALLY A SATISFACTORY PRESIDENT. In summing up the first year of President Taft's occupancy of the White House, the Boston Transcript says: "If anyone should attempt to locate any large falling of Mr. Taft as president, temperamental or otherwise, such a quest would prove fruitless. He has made, in all substantial respects, a thoroughly good president. His appoint-



For March our Clothing covers the full range of the thermometer. If the weather is mild as a lamb, or roaring like a lion here are the right wearables to keep you comfortable. Spring coats, shower coats, "slip-ons" and suits in every weight without waiting. If you'd like looking over the New York fashions for men, it's a pleasure to us to show them. Suits from \$10 to \$45. Overcoats from \$12 to \$30.

We Clean, Press and Repair Clothing.



The big store with little prices.

174 North Main Street, Barre, Vermont.

ments have been strong and made on a very liberal basis, so far as partisan or sectional considerations are concerned. He is a thorough-going civil service reformer. His work for retrenchment—one of the nation's greatest needs—has been earnest and effective. He has accomplished even more in liberalizing the tariff than did either of his recent predecessors, who attempted to check the greed of the special interests with the influence of the White House.

With most of that sentiment, the American people will quite generally agree, although there are some scattered exceptions. It is true that the country has not found cause for complaint against the president for his collective acts, for the people believe that Taft is not only directed by the highest motives, but that he has a well-developed discernment. But there are still some unexplained things, notably the retention of Secretary Ballinger. However, that may come out later on and hear out President Taft's position and justify his loyalty to this member of his cabinet. At any rate, those who are the most disgruntled over the embargo are willing to stand corrected, if proven to be in the wrong. The tariff-tearers feel, of course, that all has not been done that might have been done; but they ought not to hold Taft responsible for the errors of omission by Congress. Minor dissatisfaction there probably is in some other corners; but when it comes down to the analysis of what they should require of a human being, even the small opposition sinks into insignificance.

Home Interests First. The home paper has become so essential a part of the reading of every well informed family that there are few people nowadays, who sacrifice their own local newspaper in order to get a metropolitan sheet. A great many families feel both to be necessary; but if one has to choose, there are to-day few who would pick the distant journal in preference to the one close to their more intimate interests. After all, the average citizen is far more concerned about the affairs of his own home town than about the affairs of the world. No matter how much he may read about Congress, about foreign affairs, about general politics, if he fails to know what his own home government is going to do about his taxes, if he fails to know what kind of schools and streets are being provided for him, if he is ignorant of the activities of the societies and churches conducted close by him, he is a pretty poor sort of citizen. To the housewife, the home paper is absolutely essential, because it conveys the most important business news, the offerings of the home merchants—Springfield Reporter.

Current Comment

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March 5

Deposits made on or before MARCH 5 will draw interest from March 1, at FOUR per cent.

If you do not have a savings account in the "Granite" isn't this a good time to start one?

Granite Savings Bank & Trust Company, Barre, Vermont.

EAST CALAIS.

Officers Elected at Town Meeting—Tax \$1.45.

The annual town meeting of the town of Calais, which was held at the town hall Tuesday, resulted in the election of the following officers: Moderator, W. E. Bliss; town clerk and treasurer, C. R. Duinell; selectman, for three years, H. A. Kent; road commissioner, Warner Lawson; literate, Ivan Gray, one year, to fill out the unexpired term of Clark Doty; school directors, Isaac Taylor, H. A. Kent and George E. Landers; town grand juror, George Daniels; amount of tax, \$1.55, also the round sum of \$250 state money for permanent roads. The license vote was yes 43, no 54.

D. L. Scott was in Marshfield Wednesday.

Harvey Bullock of Marshfield was in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bliss were in Cabot recently.

Samuel Meader of Marshfield was in town last week.

L. P. and D. S. Burnham were in Barre Thursday.

Carl Drenson of Montpelier was in this place Friday.

Ray Leonard and Frank Scott were in Woodbury Friday.

Ira Goodrich and daughter, Mrs. Ora Clark, were in Hardwick Friday.

Den Wilbur and son, Ralph, of South Woodbury were in town Friday.

Carl Rehn was at John Colley's in Woodbury Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon LaDau of Montpelier are visiting at John Emery's.

Mrs. Ira Goodrich and daughter, Mrs. Ora Clark, were in North Montpelier Thursday.

W. G. Eastman and H. A. Kent were business visitors in Waterbury Friday and Saturday.

Miss Sadie Colley has finished work for D. L. Scott and returned to her home in Woodbury.

The East Calais Creamery company paid its patrons 2 1/2 cents per pound, off test, for January butter.

Jingles and Jests

Looking For Landing. "Young man," said the optimistic philosopher, "never look downward. Always look upward."

"I have to look downward in my business," laughed the man in goggles.

"H'm! What are you—a well digger?"

"No; a pilot on an airship."—Chicago News.

In a Newspaper Office. City Editor—One minute, Jones. Reporter—All right. City Editor—I don't know whether it is absentmindedness on your part or an expression of your views on matrimony, but I'd rather when you have occasion to write about a wedding not have you say that Miss Smith and Mr. Brown "underwent" a marriage ceremony.—Life.

Plainly Apparent. "Pardon me," began the new acquaintance, "but are you the Mr. Cadley Nutrich who wrote that magazine article last month for us?"

"Yes," interrupted Nutrich, "but of course you'll understand that I don't make a business of that sort of thing."

"Of course I know that. I read the article."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Kept Busy. Bacon—How many buttons has your wife got on the back of that dress? Egbert—I don't know.

"Why, you've buttoned it up often enough to know, I should think."

"Oh, when I've buttoned it up I've been too busy to count the buttons!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Weary Willies of High Society. She—I thought you told me that your friend had very little to say.

He—I did.

She—But he hasn't stopped talking since he came here an hour ago.

He—True. But he hasn't said anything.—Judge.

Wise Precaution. He—But I tell you what it is, Mand, if your father is at all unreasonable I shall put my back to the wall and—er—er—

She—And keep it there. That would be the safest position.—New York Journal.

A Bad Blunder. "She made a horrible break at Green's dinner party the other night."

"What was it?"

"Called the hostess by her first husband's name."—Detroit Free Press.

Highly So. Hewitt—Is Dr. Grant successful in his practice?

Powett—He seems to be. None of his patients live to make any kick against him.—New York Press.

Bringing Up the Baby. Friend—What! The first word your baby said was "Daddy?"

Father—Yes. Couldn't afford a nurse, and my wife took him all winter to the bridge club.—Puck.

What He Noticed. "That barefooted dancer throws so much expression into her feet!"

"Yes. I notice that her insteps have an arch look."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Shocked. Ella—Bella married an octogenarian. Stella—I don't think the girl ought to change her religion for a man.—Exchange.

We are not in this world to do what we wish, but to be willing to do that which it is our duty to do.—Gounod.

MONTPELIER.

Fined \$300 and Costs for Selling Intoxicating Liquor.

Raffaele Pizzi, owner of the store which was raided at the Corry, Deavitt & Frost dam two weeks ago, where liquor was found, yesterday pleaded guilty to selling intoxicants and was fined \$300 and costs, including the cost of destroying five kegs of beer, which were found and condemned yesterday. In the afternoon a special session of court was held and Chauncey Recor, who was caught recently riding the cash register in the City cafe, pleaded guilty to the charge and was sent to the reform school at Vergennes on a mittimus issued by Probation Officer Thomas on a previous charge of larceny. He will serve the remainder of his minority. Sentence was suspended on the last charge of larceny.

Fred E. Keegan has transferred his share in the Savoy and Palace theatres to Louis Wood.

Aaron Rowell has been granted an increase of pension at the rate of \$17 per month from January 5, 1909.

Many friends of Mrs. Phoebe Griswold met yesterday at her home in honor of her 88th birthday anniversary.

Rev. L. P. Reed is in a sanatorium in New Mexico and his family are with the wife's parents in Oyster, N.H. Mr. Reed was formerly a pastor of Bethany church here.

The basket ball game played last night between the high school team and Co. H, was a one-sided affair, the former winning by a score of 50 to 9. Colleen was the star of the game, with DeColaines, Smith and Pape playing in fine shape.

The school board met and organized last night, electing Hugh J. M. Jones as chairman and George O. Stratton as secretary. The school needs were talked over and some new methods planned. E. D. Field was the only new man on the board.

The funeral of Thomas Castillon was held yesterday in St. Augustine's church and Rev. W. J. O'Sullivan officiated. The bearers were Dan Sweeney, M. Menard, Timothy McQueney, Joseph Brunard, James Carey and Dennis Sweeney. The body was placed in the vault in the Catholic cemetery.

Last evening, at the home of C. C. Lawless, occurred the marriage of Miss Jennie L. Silver and Ellis A. Mason, both of whom are well known here. Rev. Ward K. Clark was the officiating clergyman, the ceremony taking place in the presence of a few relatives and friends. Mr. and Mrs. Mason took no wedding trip but will reside at 98 Barre street.

The quarantine on the reform school at Vergennes for so long a time on account of an epidemic of diphtheria there, has been removed, and the four boys from this place, who have been committed to that institution, Chauncey Recor, the two McJarrett boys and the Malone boy, will be taken there tomorrow. The latter has been in the county jail several weeks waiting for the removal of the quarantine.

The building for the housing of the fan to be used in the new system of ventilating the State House will be thirty feet in length and will extend due west from the annex, where the heating plant is located, the width of the building being about the same as that of the heating plant. Excavation has been started for the new building, which will offer some complications; probably, before completed, as the bank back of the State House is composed largely of a solid ledge.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

"The Man of the Hour" Coming Next Tuesday Evening.

The most successful play of big city life yet produced, "The Man of the Hour" will be seen again at the opera house on next Tuesday night. It is impossible not to like this great drama by George Broadhurst. Certainly nobody wants to dislike it, but one cannot but ask himself wherein lies the charm that makes this unattractive play so attractive? In what does it consist? No matter how often the sophisticated theatre-goer tries to get away from the inevitable answer, back he comes to the one simple word explaining it all—nature. Really and truly nature. The characters do not "play," they do not "act"—they are. Sentiments as old as time may be uttered by them, but the attention, the interest never flags from the rising of the curtain to the fall thereof. It is as much a gift, as great as boasted "theatrical power" to be able to create such interest for the commonplace. But there you are. Is it commonplace to talk with honest, loving, sweet-tempered hearts? Managers Wm. A. Brady and Jos. R. Grismer's special company will be seen at this engagement.

HANOOK.

Abbie Eaton is in Barton for a time. Mrs. Rinaldo Whittier has been quite ill recently.

Henry Phelps is suffering from an attack of the gripe.

Mrs. W. W. Norton visited Mrs. Will Martin of Rochester recently.

Carl Eaton has been confined to the house several days by the gripe.

Hiram Perry was called to Northfield by the death of his brother's wife, Mrs. Harvey Perry.

Several from here attended the party at the home of Robert Marsh of Rochester Saturday evening.

Water was very high during the recent thaw, making it necessary for the mail to be carried over Braintree mountain nearly all the way on foot and the stage between here and Rochester could not make all the regular trips.

WILLIAMSTOWN.

The entertainment committee of the Village Improvement society will hold a whist party in the reading rooms in the Beckett block, Friday evening, March 4. Light refreshments will be served.

Don't Try to Do Less Insurance, but try to do what you do in as good a manner as we do it. 61st year. National Life Insurance Company, Montpelier, Vt. (Mutual.)

S. S. Ballard, General Agent, Montpelier, Vt.; N. R. Ballard, local agent, Montpelier, Vt. (Mutual.)

THE MASKED WOMAN

By ALICE T. SHERWIN

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During the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell there appeared in one of the stalls (or shops, as we would call them) in the Royal Exchange, London, a masked woman who sold small articles, such as gloves, laces, neckwear and other goods, called by the Britons haberdashery.

One day the Marquis of Lorenton, who since the defeat of the Cavaliers had kept himself away from London, passed that way. The entrance of his father, the Duke of Etheleston, had been forfeited on account of the family's adherence to King Charles I., and the marquis was in and straits for a living. He stepped at the stall of the "masked woman," as she was universally known, and entered into conversation with her, pricing such articles as he saw on her counter. Then, with a sigh, he turned away, saying:

"I would fain buy of your goods, mistress, but I am without means."

"Select what you wish, sir, and pay when Charlie comes home."

Now, the term "when Charlie comes home" meant in those days "when Charles, eldest son of the beheaded king and legitimate heir to the throne, is recalled to assume his rights as sovereign of England."

"I see," said the marquis, "that you are a royalist. Mayhap you are, like myself, an impoverished noble."

"I am a royalist, but I am simply the masked woman making an honest living. These gloves would, I think, fit you. Will you let me try them on your hand?"

The marquis permitted her to try the gloves on him, but not with the expectation of buying them. He liked to feel her fingers on his own.

"There," she said when she had finished, "tis a perfect fit. Take them and pay, as I said, 'when Charlie comes home.'"

But the marquis stubbornly refused to accept credit, especially from a commoner, for the woman had said, "I am simply the masked woman," and he went away.

But there was something in the figure, the voice, the carriage of the masked woman that appealed to him in a way he could not account for. Wherever he went the masked woman in fancy went with him. Waking or sleeping, he saw her moving about in her little booth and heard the sweet sounds of her voice.

So it was not long before he again found himself at her counter pretending that he came to look over her goods, though in reality he came to get another glimpse of her.

"What can I sell you this morning?" she said.

"Indeed, Mistress Masked Woman—I know not your name—I am lounging today, and I like to come here to see you sell your wares. I would that I could give you my custom; but alas, I have none to give. The Roundheads have taken my all."

"Mayhap they have spent it for pain books."

"What they have spent it for I know not, but this I know—it is hard for me, who have always had a sufficiency, to get on with nothing."

"May I sell you the gloves today?"

"Alas, I have no more the wherewithal to pay for them than when I was here before."

The masked woman took up the gloves the marquis had tried on the day before and, making them into a packet, handed them to him.

"Would you give a poor woman pleasure?" she asked softly.

"I would not rob a poor woman," he replied, drawing back.

"I ask you to permit me to do you this favor."

There was that in her tone which appealed to him. He took the packet and kissed the hand that gave it.

The marquis was seen no more at the stall after that for some time. Then one day he drove up in his carriage and purchased the whole stock of the masked woman. When she congratulated him on coming to his own he told her that a cousin had died and left him a legacy.

When the marquis drove away he did not take the stock with him, though he left the money for it. That was his last visit to the masked woman's stall, for soon after "Charlie came home." There was great rejoicing among the Cavaliers that after the rule of the Puritans the rightful king had returned from France. Then the masked woman disappeared from the exchange.

But the marquis thought of her by day and dreamed of her by night. His estates were restored to him, but he was not satisfied, because he longed for her and knew not where to find her.

One evening he drove to a fête given by the king. The young dowager Duchess of Aberkild, whose husband had fallen in the late war, was present and approached the marquis.

"Have you still the gloves?" she asked archly.

The marquis recognized her voice as soon as she spoke. "I have," he replied, "but have never worn them. I hold them too precious to be used."

The duchess, having been cut off from her income during the protectorate, had the choice of emigrating to France and there being supported by the French king or earning her own living. She had chosen the latter alternative.

Before the marquis came into the dukedom he married the masked woman.

Petroleum Butter. Petroleum has been introduced into medicine with beneficial results, and if a Paris contemporary be not misinformed the properties of petrol are limitless. It is claimed, says the London Globe, that from the residues of crude petrol a chemist has succeeded in extracting butter. It is said that butter can be made from a base of nitrogen and carbon, but that the residues of petroleum produce these elements in greater proportions even than milk. It is further claimed that this artificial butter is better than the natural. The color is said to be a little darker than that of dairy butter.

Hotel Guest (to pretty waiter girl)—This steak is not very good. Pretty Waiter Girl—Teacoffee? Guest—This steak—it's tough and— Pretty Waiter Girl (to another pretty waiter girl)—Charlie was asking after you this morning, Jen. (To guest)—Did you shy teacoffee? Guest (gloumily)—Coffee.—New York Sun.

Opening New Spring Goods

NOTE THE SPECIALS

New Directoire Silks for - 29c per yard.

New Rajah Silks, new shades, 39c per yard.

New Poplins, for suitings, at 25c per yard.

New Parisiana Cotele, for suitings, at - - - 25c per yard.

French Finish Suitings Tuexdo Shrunk at - - - 25c per yard.

Our 7th Annual Waist Sale for March now open. Many new garments added in our sale of Peerless Muslin Underwear. Hamburg special. Lace special. Fancy White Goods special.

See the extra special table of Muslin Underwear just opened.

You are invited to visit this store and see the new things and get prices.

The Vaughan Store

Now for Your Linoleum and Oil Cloth Wants

We have about seventy-five styles in Block, Carpet and Straw-matting effects, suitable for any room in the house. Prices from 25c to \$1.40 a yard.

Also a choice line of Hoff Fibre Matting at 35c a yard.

Rugs, Carpets and Art Squares to please all People and all Pocket-books.

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A.W. BADGER & CO., MORSE BLOCK, Barre, Vt.

Funeral Directors, Licensed Embalmers. Residence Office: 23 Eastern Avenue and 115 Broadway Street. Telephone: - Barre, 447-11. Hours: 447-21 and 09-4.

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