

THE BARRE DAILY TIMES

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Frank E. Langley, Publisher. The average daily circulation of the Barre Daily Times for the week ending Saturday was

5,605

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

One week in which to labor for Labor day.

Roosevelt commands not only the cowboy vote, but the cowgirl's as well.

Barre has something to show the visiting monument dealers that will interest them.

Representatives Foster and Plumley will be pleased to hear the good news from supervisor Hays.

The licensing of 2,804 automobiles in Vermont during the present year means almost a doubling of the luxuries by Vermonters.

The English public "boo-ed" Crippen and the Leneve woman. As cow-like a practice as the American hissing is goose-like, but perhaps just as effective in England.

St. Johnsbury is to be congratulated on securing the big industry of Pillsbury & Baldwin, but it would be better if Barton did not have to be robbed at the same time.

The Boston Journal probably had Vermont in mind when it spoke of the "extremely hospitable" reputation accorded the Munsey automobile tourists, who concluded their long run Saturday night in Washington.

Whatever advance information Vermont's September election may give as to national sentiment is already discounted by the knowledge that there is a sizeable defection from the Republican ranks and that it will be felt sorely if certain plague spots on the party are not removed.

Mayor Gaynor is his own worst enemy to complete recovery from the bullet of the would-be assassin. Should he be more tractable and listen more to the counselling of his physicians, he would find himself making much faster progress; but when a person tries to be patient and doctor at the same time he is bound to reap the consequences in delayed convalescence.

VERMONT IS PROGRESSING.

Will Vermont become the nation's abandoned farm?—Boston Herald.

No, decidedly no. Vermont will not become the nation's abandoned farm for obvious reasons. In the first place, Vermont is making progress in spite of the reports to the contrary; it is making progress in agriculture, in mining and quarrying, in manufacturing and in that newer industry, the entertainment of summer visitors. In the field of agriculture, there is a new spirit, the old ideals of a mere living off the land having been superseded by the more ambitious purpose of utilizing the soil to its utmost capacity; in other words, scientific farming is being rapidly introduced throughout the state by means of active agents from the state agricultural college, the state department of agriculture and from the examples of the great western country. Vermont is just on the point of stepping into a new agricultural era, for which it is eminently fitted through location so near the great markets of the eastern country, like New York and Boston.

To further prevent Vermont from becoming the "nation's abandoned farm," we have but to delve deeper and wider into the bowels of the earth and bring forth minerals and ores of almost priceless economic value. Vermont's granite, marble, slate, asbestos and other products are increasing in output each year, and Vermont is reaping a great measure of prosperity through them. They alone are enough to prevent the state from going backward. Furthermore, no single year in the past decade has been so full of manufacturing investments in various sections of the state, but particularly in the southern, as during the past year. Large industries have opened their doors, hundreds of new workmen have been set to work and the prosperity of the manufacturing business is enough to lend distinct encouragement. Then, too, the incoming crowd of summer visitors, attracted by Vermont's matchless scenery, pure air and good water, is being added to yearly; and many of these people are taking up permanent residence in the state, while others are investing their money in the abandoned land for the purpose of transforming it into a place for summer residence, while at the same time they are bringing the soil to a state of cultivation which has not been reached since its naturally great productive period.

And lastly, if further proof were needed that Vermont is not to become the "nation's abandoned farm," we have a statement from supervisor of the census L. M. Hays for Vermont, in reply to the silly canard, that has been going the rounds of the metropolitan press, to the effect that there has been a "decided decrease" in Vermont's population. In-



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Satisfactory Hats at \$2.00.

Satisfactory Shirts at \$1.25.

Luxurious ones at \$3.00.

See the new Soft Hats, \$2.00 and \$3.00.

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stead of decreasing, Vermont's population, so supervisor Hays writes the New York Times, has had a "substantial and healthy increase in the last ten years," which statement is enough to convince Vermonters of the truth of conditions. Doubtless, the Boston Herald and other journals got the basis for their inebriated views of Vermont from a Burlington dispatch previously commented on in these columns, and the accuracy of which was challenged. It is extremely unfortunate that a scurrilous correspondent should have published to the world such absolutely false information about Vermont, from which the Boston contemporary drew its conclusions about Vermont becoming the nation's abandoned farm; and it is to be hoped that the contemporaries which were so ready to comment on the same, to Vermont's detriment, will be as prompt to give refutation to the original story. Vermont is showing, and will show in larger measure, that it is not to become the nation's abandoned farm, but that it is advancing quite materially. Just watch Vermont!

back and forth between the St. Lawrence and the upper reaches of that basin this side of the boundary is choked by taxes levied for this very purpose; and Vermont, whose many valuable water powers fit it for the development of manufacturing industry, is forced with the rest of manufacturing New England into dependence upon raw material supplies remotely located and made available largely by a favoritism in railroad rates which may be cut off at any time. This handicap must be greater to Vermont than to any other New England state, owing to its interior position in relation to water transportation within the borders of the United States.

We may not likely attribute this backwardness of Vermont wholly to this cause of artificial obstruction to its natural industrial courses, but that this is largely responsible we cannot easily question. The province of Quebec, lying still farther north is not losing ground in population or otherwise, not probably would Vermont if permitted to enjoy with that province the natural advantages common to both. Reciprocity with Canada should not wait long for a solid vote from that state.—Springfield Republican.

Jingles and Jest

Sufficient Unto the Day. [Though you have eyes for only one (woman) to-day, there is always danger that a second may come within your ken to-morrow.—H. H. S. Williams.] Beloved, hear my hushing vow, I love you to distraction! At least, that's how I'm feeling now. As at your feet I humbly bow, A slave to your attraction.

Your beauty has enchained my heart; I glory in the fetter; I love the sting of Cupid's dart; Be mine! and we will never part—Till I love someone better.

I cannot swear to love for aye— I say it to my sorrow; For though my heart is true to-day, 'Tis quite impossible to say How I may feel to-morrow!—Truth.

Too Personal. "How did you get that black eye?" asked the victim in the barber's chair. "While trimming an actor's hair yesterday," explained the tonsorial artist, "I asked him if he didn't want an egg shampoo."—Chicago News.

Sounded Like Another Word. Maud—What is woman's sphere? Jack—That her hat isn't on straight.—Boston Transcript.

Mere Politeness. "How is your garden getting along?" "Why do you ask that question?" demanded the suburbanite suspiciously. "Merely out of politeness." "I see. I thought may be I had promised you some vegetables."—Kansas City Journal.

MARSHFIELD. A small delegation from Alberta grange were in attendance at the pomona meeting at South Woodbury last Saturday.

The next meeting of Winocski Valley pomona will occur sometime in October with Alberta grange, in this town. Twenty-six Knights of Pythias went to Rutland last Saturday, to attend the annual encampment of the grand lodge, and U. R. K. of P.

Schools in town will open next week Tuesday, September 6. The outlook is very promising, as a corps of efficient teachers has been engaged for the term.

Director S. H. Unwin is improving the grounds of district 4, by newly fencing the same. This will be a good fence for a long time if the pupils will take pride in keeping it free from defacing.

The ladies' aid society of the M. E. church will meet with Mr. and Mrs. Verne Hodson next Friday evening, September 2, in a lawn party, to which everybody is cordially invited. Cake and ice cream will be served.

The Only Way to Continue the earning capacity of your ability, your personality and your opportunity beyond your life is by life insurance. Apply this logic for the benefit of your family and your business interests. National Life Insurance Co., Montpelier, Vt. (Mutual). S. S. Ballard, General Agent, Montpelier, Vt.; N. B. Ballard, local agent, Barre, Vt. (Mutual).



The Best Plan

for saving money is to fix on a certain amount that you should save each week or month and then deposit that amount in The Peoples National Bank of Barre as soon as

you get your wages. We are open Monday evenings from 7 to 8 o'clock to accommodate those who cannot leave their work in usual banking hours. A Home Savings Bank loaned with a deposit of \$1.00.

The People's Nat'l Bank of Barre, Worthen Block.

NEW INDUSTRY SECURED.

Pillsbury & Baldwin Company Will Locate in St. Johnsbury.

St. Johnsbury, Aug. 29.—At the meeting of the executive committee of the St. Johnsbury Commercial club Saturday, C. R. B. Dodge, who has been working for the club over four weeks placing \$20,000 worth of preferred stock for the Pillsbury & Baldwin company, reported that he had succeeded in placing the last block of that stock. That means that St. Johnsbury has fulfilled the conditions on which that company agreed to move its plant here from Barton and invest \$50,000 more itself in the enterprise. The company was notified of this and operations are now under way to organize the company and begin the construction of a large modern plant here. The company will purchase a site on the land of the National Flooring company and erect between that mill and the railroad yard a cement building 120 feet long, 60 feet wide and two stories high. As soon as the plant is completed the company expects to employ 50 or more men in the manufacture of American oak fittings for toilet rooms. This increase in the working population of St. Johnsbury will mean the provision of greater housing facilities and the coming winter and summer will be busy times for the building trades.

CHARLES H. MORRISON

Died in St. Albans Yesterday; Funeral To-morrow.

St. Albans, Aug. 29.—Charles H. Morrison died at his home on Bank street Sunday morning at 1:30 o'clock. He had been in ill health since a year ago last March, and last Monday bronchial pneumonia developed which resulted in his death. Mr. Morrison would have been 80 years old next December and was born in Middlebury. He came to this city from Lawrence, N. Y., about 40 years ago and engaged in his trade as a carpenter. For several years he was superintendent of streets for St. Albans and for many years acted as sexton of the Congregational church. He is survived by three daughters, Mrs. R. Melvin Hopkins of this city, Mrs. Irving H. Melendy of Jeffersonville and Miss Alice B. Morrison of this city. The funeral will be held at the home Tuesday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock.

COURTESIES AT SEA.

Dipping the Flag Ranks Before the Booming of the Guns.

In the days before cannon and indeed until comparatively recent times a vessel made its salutation by lowering or "dipping" its flag. This is the oldest and most honorable greeting which a ship can give. It ranks before the booming of guns, however many.

This salute has always been demanded by English speaking seamen, and its exactness has burned the hearts and the powder of generations of naval commanders. For a foreign ship, whether merchant or martial, to enter an English port without veiling topsails or dipping its national flag was to court the chances of war, although the profoundest peace existed. Without warning or argument the shore defenses or a man-of-war would send a round of shot across the bows or between the masts of the insolent intruder, and if the offending flag came not down instantly the foreigner was brought to her senses by being raked through and through. Such was the reception accorded by Sir John Hawkins in the sixteenth century to the Spanish admiral who in time of peace sailed into Portsmouth sound without veiling his topsails or lowering his flag.

Salutes are essential matters of naval etiquette and are exchanged under an elaborate code arranged between the powers. The number of guns to be fired under all conceivable circumstances is minutely stipulated.—New York Press.

A Coin Worth Millions.

Somewhere in the world—possibly among the relics kept by some lover of the great Napoleon—there is a fortune, perhaps unsuspected. Among the coins Napoleon had minted were some millions of five franc pieces, and he determined to popularize these in an extraordinary way. In one of the coins, folded to a tiny size, was inclosed a note signed by Napoleon and promising the sum of 5,000,000 francs to the holder of that particular coin. Naturally everybody who changed a large piece demanded the new five franc coins in exchange and, as a rule, produced and dug and sounded the metal in eager search for the hidden note. But the years went on, and yet the note did not appear. Napoleon's pledged word is a sacred trust to the French nation, and today the government stands ready to pay the debt, which, with interest, is now worth many millions.—London Advertiser.

SALT SEA YARNS.

Signs and Omens to Which the Sailor Grimly Clings.

A JOKE THAT PROVED FATAL.

Superstition and a Guilty Conscience Proved Too Much for the Norseman—A Bucket of Water That Stopped a Mysterious Wailing.

It is a well known fact that in the past the sailor was among the most superstitious of mortals, and even in these enlightened days there are a goodly number of old salts who cling tenaciously to their belief in certain signs and portents. Some, no doubt, of these superstitions have vanished altogether into the limbo of forgotten things, but there will always be a credulous few who will shake their heads solemnly and prophesy dimly if a knife is stuck in the mast or an albatross or a stormy petrel is captured and brought on board. The origin of some of these superstitions cannot be traced. Many of them have been handed down from father to son for a great number of years, with a touch probably added here and there, turning a comparatively ordinary story into a weird and mysterious legend.

The Finn is the most superstitious of all sailors. There are many of this race who still believe in the ominous portent of the phantom ship, the folly of starting a voyage on a Friday (a notion by no means confined to seafaring men), the low burning blue lights which are ghost spirits hovering near to give warning of approaching disaster and many other things, all of which

Fill the sailor's mind with murmurings and speak to him of woe. A story is told of a brigantine which numbered several extremely superstitious men among her crew. One night when there was no moon and a slight ground swell was running the watch, who happened to be the most superstitious of them all, heard an unearthly wailing coming apparently from the very surface of the sea. The mate and the helmsman also heard it, but the former lacked imagination, and, although he was certainly interested, he merely blew the watch's head off when he ventured to suggest mermaids. The helmsman did not feel quite happy, but he had to stick to the wheel. The watch was pale with terror, but he kept silence owing to the mate's complimentary references to his courage and abilities. Slowly the sound began to move along the ship's side, becoming more and more agonized as it approached. This annoyed the mate, and, going to the side of the vessel, he waited until he had located the sound and then emptied a bucket of water over the rail. There was a gasp, then dead silence, and nothing more was heard of that night.

When the watch went off duty he or course gave a detailed and lurid account of the incident to his shipmates, who listened, as he thought, in awed silence and then called on one of the audience for his version of the matter. This man, a Tyne-sider, who dearly loved a joke and had no respect at all for hoary superstitions, had conspired with his fellows to play a trick on the watch. On the night in question he had crept over the bows with a sound, carrying with him the ship's cat secured in a bag. Crouching under the stays, the joker let the cat's head out of the bag, which he tied round the animal's neck so that it could not escape. He then applied his teeth to the unfortunate animal's tail. Everybody knows the fearsome sounds an angry cat is capable of producing, and those to which a cat whose tail is being bitten gives vent are among the most hair raising. The sound was more or less regulated by squeezing the neckless beast's body. The mate's bucket of water was as unwelcome an unexpected and caused the Tyne-sider to beat a hurried retreat.

Not only is the origin of many sea superstitions "wrought in mystery," but also any logical explanation of cause and effect. It would puzzle any one to say why it should be unlucky for the ship's boy to whistle on the weather bow, except that it is generally unpleasant from a music lover's point of view for a boy to whistle on any bow at all.

On one occasion superstition and a guilty conscience caused a practical joke to have fatal consequences. The incident arose through one of the sailors, a Norwegian, boxing the ears of the ship's boy for the aforementioned crime of whistling on the weather bow.

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Leading skirt manufacturers closed out to us 144 Black Petticoats made of mercerized and heatherbloom and permanent finished goods.

Until Sold at Cost of Material

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\$1.45 Heatherbloom Skirt for 98c
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\$1.98 extra wide Skirt for 1.45
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Not unnaturally the boy was annoyed and determined to pay the Norwegian out. Aided by two other sailors, a white shirt and some string, a very presentable "ghost" was arranged in the fo'c'sle on the night the Norseman was on watch. He was to be allowed only a glimpse of the "spirit" on entering the fo'c'sle, and it was then to vanish from view, being jerked by means of a string underneath the bunk of one of the jokers. Everything was ready, and the three conspirators lay in their bunks awaiting their victim. Unfortunately they all fell asleep, to be suddenly awakened by a loud cry from the Norwegian. He stood gazing at the "ghost," the dim light shed by the lamp falling on his ghastly face. The three were about to call out to him when he spoke. "No, no," he cried, "I did not mean to kill you, Morgan! Oh, mercy, mercy!" And he rushed madly from the fo'c'sle. Terrified, his shipmates followed him, but as they reached the deck they saw the Norwegian throw himself into the sea.—London Globe.

A Boy's Remarkable Adventure With a Pet Bear.

WHIRLED ABOUT LIKE A TOY.

After the Unique Performance Was Over Seventy-six Stitches in the Lad's Scalp and Ribs of Surgical Plaster on His Shins Saved His Life.

Ben was a pet black bear four years old and as good natured and friendly as if his ancestors had never had bad reputations. There is only one occasion on record, says his owner, Mr. William H. Wright, in his biography of Ben in "Black Bear," when even to appearances did Ben misbehave himself.

The circumstances being examined, however, the animal came off with his good name virtually untouched. Ben had been left in his shed as usual. Later in the day a crowd was seen about the door. I hurried home to find most of the women of the neighborhood wringing their hands and calling down all kinds of trouble on my head.

At first I could make neither head nor tail of the clamor, but finally gathered that that bloodthirsty, savage and unspeakable bear of mine had killed a boy, and upon asking to see the victim I was told that the remains had been taken to a neighbor's house and a doctor summoned.

This was pretty serious news; but, knowing that whatever had happened Ben had not taken the offensive without ample cause, I unchained him and put him in the cellar of my house, well out of harm's way, before looking further into the matter. Then I went over to the temporary morgue and found the corpse—it was one of the Urin boys—sitting up on the kitchen floor, holding a sort of impromptu reception and, with the exception of Ben, the least excited of any one concerned.

I could not help admiring the youngster's pluck, for he was a awful sight. From his feet to his knees his legs were lacerated, and his clothing was torn to shreds, and the top of his head—redder, by far, than ever, nature had

intended—was covered with blood. As soon as I laid eyes on him I guessed what had happened.

It developed that the two Urin boys had broken open the door of the shed and gone in to wrestle with the bear. Ben was willing, as he always was, and a lively match was soon on, whereupon, seeing that the bear did not harm the two already in the room, another of the boys joined in the scuffle. Then one of them got on the bear's back.

This was a new one on Ben, but he took kindly to the idea and was soon galloping round the little room with his rider. Then another boy climbed on, and Ben carried the two of them at the same mad pace. Then the third boy got aboard, and round they all went, much to the delight of themselves and their cheering audience in the doorway.

But even Ben's muscles of steel had their limit of endurance, and after a few circles of the room with the three riders he suddenly stopped and rolled over on his back.

And now an amazing thing happened. Of the three boys suddenly tumbled helter skelter from their seats on happened to fall upon the upturned jaws of the bear, and Ben, who for years had juggled rope balls, cord sticks and miniature logs, instantly undertook to give an exhibition with his new implement.

Gathering the badly frightened boy into position, the bear set him whirling. His clothing from his shoe tops to his knees was soon ripped to shreds and his legs torn and bleeding. His scalp was lacerated by the sharp claws until the blood came. His ribs rose to shrieks and sank again to moans. But the bear, unmoved, kept up the perfect rhythm of his strokes.

Finally the terrified lookers-on in the doorway, realizing that something had to be done if their leader was not to be twirled to death before their eyes, tore a rail from the fence and with a few pokes in Ben's side induced him to drop the boy, who was then dragged out apparently more dead than alive.

The doctor took seventy-six stitches in the lad's scalp and put rolls of surgical plaster on his shins. So square and true had Ben juggled him that not a scratch was found on his face or on any part of his body between the top of his head and his knees. He eventually came out of the hospital no worse for his ordeal, but I doubt if he ever again undertook to ride a bear.

How She Won Out. "Oh, George," she cried in perplexed tones, "I'm afraid we must part."

"Part? Why must we part, dear?" he echoed.

"On account of father," she replied. "He fears we would be mis-mated. We are so very different, he says."

"In what way are we so different?" he asked, with a show of dignity.

"Well, father says I am of such a ready and willing disposition, while you seem so—so backward, so reluctant and hesitating, so—so loath to come to the point, don't you know?"

"He does, does he?" blustered George, "tiring up, and the very next afternoon she was showing her girl friends how stunning it looked on the third finger of her left hand.—Boston Herald.