

THE BARRE DAILY TIMES

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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.

True, the rain had something to do about it.

Congressman Plumley made a runaway match of it.

Put away those campaign arguments amorphous balls for another two years.

Next governor of Vermont can expect to find the house put in order by Mr. Prouty.

Robert P. Bass of New Hampshire will let the public into his audience regarding campaign expenses.

We have been waiting with horror to read of a head-on collision between Taft and Roosevelt in the West, but not yet.

Parents don't hinder the work of the public schools by keeping your children out until after the opening day next Monday. Have them there on the opening day.

One matter that might have been overlooked as a cause for Labor's celebration last Monday was the fact that industrial peace reigned in most every part of the country.

Rather rough treatment to accord a speakership possibility to have him kicked by a Democrat, as in the case of ex-Mayor Warren R. Austin of St. Albans yesterday.

It looks as if Morrisville had already lost its fight for the Lamouille county seat. The legislature will decide largely by the local feeling, and when eight out of ten towns show preference for Hyde Park it is not likely that the wishes of those towns will be antagonized.

The man who called Roosevelt a "liar" at Fargo was merely lusted off the platform by the colonel. Roosevelt's sporting friends will fear that he is becoming a mollycoddle, while his other friends will be pleased at the show of self-restraint, being relieved in mind that the famous man did not at once lead off with a punch to the solar plexus.

John Senter is a brave old Roman at that. A lifelong Democrat like John, good old philosopher that he is, doesn't mind a little thing like a defeat. With such salving words does a contemporary console a defeated man, pour ointment on his wounds, bind up the torn ligaments, wash off the marks of conflict and lay him gently on the shelf. So, John so! But there's many a kick left in the "old Roman" yet.

White River Junction is sure to prove an important point in to-morrow's dispatches. It is the news capital of the Green Mountain state.—Boston Transcript.

That's rather peculiar, too, since the headquarters of the Republican state committee was in Rutland, the chairman of the committee was in Newport, the headquarters of the Democratic state committee was in St. Albans with its candidate, and White River Junction is only one of the smaller communities of the state. The advantage of the places lies in its location midway the length of the state and, therefore, able to get in communication with all parts of the state rather easily and collect the election returns. White River Junction is advantageously located, as we have previously had reason to point out.

A RUMBLE OF DISCONTENT. By virtue of a Vermont Republicanism which is almost as unshakable as the Vermont hills, John A. Mead of Rutland will be the next governor of Vermont. Yesterday's results give him a majority somewhat better than the low-water mark of Vermont off-year elections and



Books and Authors

Some New Publications Attracting Attention



DR. C. W. ELIOT.

IN Dr. Charles W. Eliot's new book, "The Durable Satisfaction of Life," we have a volume of charming essays. The title indicates that it is the lasting pleasures of life for which he seeks, those pleasures that grow rather than pall by repetition and cause man to say, when comes the time of dimmed eyes and whitened locks, not "All is vanity and vexation of spirit" but "It is good to have lived." But he emphasizes the necessity of cultivating the faculty of enjoyment as one goes along. "The best way to secure future happiness is to be as happy as is rightfully possible today." And together with this it is necessary to realize how common to all average men and women are the great, the most important, sources of human happiness. Neither great riches nor much leisure, he points out, can add a great deal to the possibilities of the fullest satisfactions in living.

Among these possibilities he gives ample measure to the satisfactions of sense. Even such humble delights as eating and drinking receive due recognition. "Taking food and drink," says the president emeritus of Harvard, "is a great enjoyment for healthy people, and those who do not enjoy eating seldom have much capacity for enjoyment or usefulness of any sort." But of far more importance are the pleasures to be gained through the eye and the ear. "The whole outward world is the kingdom of the observant eye. He who enters into any part of that kingdom to possess it has a store of pure enjoyment in life which is literally inexhaustible and immeasurable. His eyes alone will give him a life worth living."

In the Limelight

Writers Whose Works Are Being Talked About



OWEN JOHNSON.

SOME parts of "The Varieties," Owen Johnson's new book, will make you yearn to be a schoolboy again, while other chapters, if you put yourself in "Dink's" place, will make you glad that your college days are over, for Dink, whose real name is John Humberdink Stover, has a mighty hard time of it when he first enters the academy. No sooner does he reach the school than he is taught to treat the other boys with the greatest respect, and when finally allowed to go to his room he is greeted by his roommate as follows:

"Well, Stover, how are you? How did you leave mother and the chickens? My name's White—Mr. White, please. I'm most particular." "How do you do, Mr. White?" said Stover, recovering some of his composure. "There's your kennel," said Butsey White, indicating the bed. "The wash trough's over there; bath's down the corridor. Do you score?" "What?" said Stover, taken aback. "Oh, never mind! If you do I'll cure you," said White encouragingly. The story is, on the whole, our best American "Tom Brown at Rugby," and it carries a strong undercurrent making for honor and justice and all manly virtues. There are some exciting football incidents that will delight the lovers of the sport.

Sewell Ford, whose new book, "Just Horses," is being so well received, spent his vacation at Christmas Cove, on the Maine coast. While there he conducted some original research work, whose results led him to report the following:

"I regret to alarm any government bureau or disturb the summer quiet of scientific bodies, but the truth must be told. There are no more fish in the Atlantic ocean. It is useless to compare me with statisticians. Fish commissions must hold their jobs, of course, and I can hardly blame them for supporting as long as they can the popular fiction that cod, halibut, etc., still inhabit these waters. But I have been out and seen for myself. Something ought to be done about it, too—I don't know just what—but I should suggest a court of inquiry." "And while the proper officials are about it they might examine the surface of the said ocean. It is a most uneven surface to travel over, full of wretched little bumps and hollows that—well, a few hours' experience with that sort of going fills me with mixed emotions. Perhaps 'fills' is not the exact word, for when you have started out after quite a satisfactory breakfast, started buoyantly and trustingly and indeed by—let bygones be bygones. Anyway, it's a perfectly punk ocean without any fish in it."

Mr. Ford's new book is a companion volume to "Horses Nine." It is most entertaining and should be read by owners of horses who thoughtlessly often feel inclined to part lightly with their humble and useful friends after they have served their turn. There is a sympathetic note that runs through the pages and betrays in the author a kind fellow feeling for man's four footed friends.

Many good stories are going the rounds about James Whitcomb Riley, the "Hoosier poet," who was stricken with paralysis recently. One of his queer traits has always been an unwillingness to tell his own age. He always looked hurt when it was mentioned by anybody else. In response to a request for an autobiography a few years ago he wrote:

"The unhappy subject of this sketch was born so long ago that he remembers to never referring to the date. Citizens of his native town of Greensfield, Ind., while warmly welcoming his advent, were no less demonstrative some few years since to speed the parting guest. It seems, in fact, that as they came to know him better the more resigned they were to give him up. He was ill starved from the very cradle, it appeared."

"One day when but a toddler he climbed unseen to an open window where some potted dowers were ranged, and while leaning from his high chair far out—to catch some dainty gilded butterfly, perchance—he lost his footing and with a piercing shriek fell headlong to the gravelled walk below, and when an instant later the astonished parents picked him up he was—he was a poet."

And Peck Was Silent. Peck—I really think, my dear, that Miss Brown will make our son a good wife. Mrs. Peck (snappily)—And what, sir, do you know about good wives?—Boston Transcript.

Two-thirds of life are spent in hesitating and the other third in repenting.—Souvretre.

Sarah's Request. Doctor to his cook, who is just leaving—Sarah, I am very sorry, but I can only give you a very indifferent character. Sarah—Well, sir, never mind. Just write it like you do your prescriptions.—Stray Stories.

Justice discards party, friendship and kindred and is therefore represented as blind.—Addison.

Some years ago Colonel John Jacob Astor was known as the millionaire society man. Then he went into politics, and the word politician appeared after his name. Later on he gave us many clever and useful inventions, and we called him the millionaire inventor. But now that his book, "A Journey into Other Worlds," is attracting so much attention he will probably be called the millionaire author until he makes his mark in some other field. The volume is a flight of fancy, in which the author tells of the triumphs of science and the wonders to come. In writing of his work recently Colonel Astor wrote:

"In my book I assumed the discovery of a force counteracting gravitation. We know that magnets can repel as easily as they attract and that the earth is a great magnet. I coined a word, 'apergy,' for this gravitational counterpart. With apergy, if we could produce it, we could do almost anything, from lifting weights on earth to a trip to the moon or farther, if properly equipped. Think what emancipation from gravitation, if we could neutralize that ancient force, would mean to the aeroplane! It would need no wings, could carry as much weight as the aviator wished, and the engine would be needed only for propulsion."

"With apergy tremendous speed would not be difficult. As a falling body drops sixteen feet the first second, thirty-two the next, sixty-four the next, and so on, so the speed would increase in geometrical progression, with repulsion equaling gravitation, as we happen to find it, but if we could make the earth repel at all there is no reason why this should not be increased so that soon we should acquire cometary velocity."

"Now," said the doctor, "I am going to show you the effect of alcohol upon your circulation." I think it was "circulation," he said; it may have been "advertising." This is one of the opening paragraphs in the very last story that O. Henry wrote. He completed it only a few days before his death, and he got the material from his experiences in seeking relief from the very illness that was fatal to him.

Like the very last line of one of his deep, whimsical stories were the last conscious words he said. It was dark on Sunday morning, and he knew that he was going. "Turn on the lights, doctor," he said and smiled. "I'm afraid to go home in the dark."

The last volume of stories from O. Henry's pen was gone over by him not a month before his death. These stories will be published soon under the title of "Whirligigs." In less than ten years this man became the most popular and the best short story writer in America. He left behind him ten volumes.

are visiting her aunt, Mrs. H. L. Houghton.

You Can't Always Get insurance when you want it. You always want it when you can't get it. If insurable, act now. Get your National Life Insurance Co., Montpelier, Vt. (Mutual).

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

Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Adams of Barre

Head work now for the kiddies!

School opens September 12.

Our suits for boys have passed a severe examination, but we want your mark or your remarks of approval.

For boys from eight to fifteen years, here are the new styles in good variety.

If you are fussy, or if your boy is a fusser, come in and let's fuss over the things together. Our time is yours.

We Clean, Press and Repair Clothing.



The big store with little prices.

174 North Main Street, Barre, Vermont

considerably below the average for the off-years since 1870. At the same time, it is apparent that the defection from the Republican ranks was not as large as was threatened, or rather that the accretions of the Democratic side were not as large as were anticipated by the Democratic leaders. Republicans who sought to enter a protest against Mead did so by refraining from voting for the head of any ticket, rather than by voting for the Democratic candidate. It is evident from certain sections, notably Washington county, that this protest was considerable. For instance, Montpelier, which is a Republican stronghold, shifted to the Democratic column in the gubernatorial contest and at the same time maintained a good Republican majority in all the other positions. Northfield, which gave Leighton P. Slack, the Republican candidate for lieutenant-governor, 279 votes, gave only 193 to Mead. Among the smaller towns, Berlin, for example, gave 109 votes to Slack and only 76 to the head of the ticket. Those cases illustrate the feeling of the people around central Vermont. That was shared to more or less extent throughout the state; but the dissatisfaction was not general enough to make itself felt in the shape of a great protest. It was nothing more than a rumble of discontent, but still is worth listening to by the Republican party and its candidates.

Current Comment

The Vermont Militia.

It is encouraging to learn of the splendid part the Vermont militia played in the army manoeuvres at Pine Camp under the command of Col. J. Gray Estey, because it means that the First Regiment is steadily acquiring first-class efficiency in the practical knowledge of arms under the patient efforts of this excellent officer. Perhaps few people in the state realize at what sacrifice Colonel Estey, with his pressing business affairs, retains command of the regiment after a long service with it in peace and in war. But he is giving the best that is in him to make Vermont's militia force the equal of the best volunteer soldiers and to prevent, for this generation, at least, the humiliating experiences that befell the regiment in the war with Spain, because a mistaken state policy had not prepared it for actual service.—St. Albans Messenger.

Fifty-two fresh air children have just completed a two weeks' outing in Rutland and returned to their homes in New York City.

Advertisement for Granite Savings Bank and Trust Company, Barre, Vermont. Includes text: "Eternal vigilance is the price of financial safety." and "DEPOSITS made on or before September 7 will draw interest from September 1 at FOUR per cent."

Opening Sale of Fall Wash Goods For this Week Only

When in the market we bought this lot of New Fall Goods at nearly 1-3 of the regular price. One lot of Figured and Changeable Poplins at half price. Most of these fine goods are in small pieces so you can have a large variety of patterns to select from.

- Don't Miss This Sale When This Store Offers Such Values
405 yards Figured Poplins, 25c value, for 15c per yard
495 yards Changeable Poplins, 25c value, for 12 1-2c per yard
392 yards Shirting Madras, 19c value, for 11 1-2c per yard
512 yards Corded Madras, 15c value, for 10c per yard

We want to call your attention to this beautiful cloth, Corded Madras, for ladies' waists, children's dresses. Heavier and more dressy than percales.

- 15 pieces of Dark Suiting for ladies' dresses 15c per yard
New Fall Waists
White Nun's Veiling Waist, embroidered front, at \$2.25.
Navy Blue Embroidered Nun's Veiling Waist at \$2.25.
Also other new Fall Waists at 98c up.
New Silk Waists
Special Silk Waist at \$2.75, in black and navy blue.
Very pretty black Messelline Waist, special at \$2.98.
Also other colors, very pretty, trimmed with lace.
Bed Spreads at 98c, \$1.25, 1.50 up.
Ten-quarter Gray Blankets, also White, at 59c per pair.
Eleven-quarter Blankets, 75c, 95c, \$1.10 and 1.25 per pair.
Twelve-quarter Blankets, \$1.25, 1.45, 1.69 per pair.

The Vaughan Store

EAST CORINTH.

Mrs. W. R. Main was home over Sunday.

The B. A. students began school Tuesday.

Miss Amanda Thompson is on the sick list.

Wm. Taplin left Monday for Montpelier seminary.

Mr. Tracy of Groton spent Sunday at R. D. Rowland's.

Captain Chamberlain's family left here today for Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rev. George P. Rowell left Friday for his home in Southbridge, Mass.

Rev. and Mrs. Owens have returned from their two months' vacation.

Mrs. A. B. Grant of Rutland is visiting her sister, Mrs. M. O. Currier.

Little Bert T. Holland, jr., sprained his knee last week, but is getting along nicely.

Rev. George A. Miller has finished a pleasant vacation among us and will return home this week.

Rev. Mr. Corwin, who spent the month of August with us, has returned to his pastorate in Chicago.

Mrs. J. W. Zwickler and children, Catherine and Charles, spent a few days recently at Mrs. John White's at Topsham.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Jackman, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Jackman, have been spending a few days in the White mountains.

Jingles and Jests

A Reflection on the Horse. "My husband," bragged Mrs. Jones, "was a famous long distance runner in his day. He once outran a horse in a twenty mile race."

"Isn't that funny?" answered Mrs. Smith. "We once had a horse like that."

Now Jones and Smith wonder why their wives don't speak.—Buffalo Express.

Father Did the Work. "Why should you beg? You are young and strong." "That is right, but my father is old and weak and can no longer support me."—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Concoited. Nell—Polly says her fiance is awfully concoited. Belle—in what way? Nell—He has never once told her that he is unworthy of her.—Philadelphia Record.

Dry Cleaned Them. "Why is your grandpa's face hand-aged?" asks the lady next door. "He was sleeping in his big chair," explains the little girl, "and Willie turned the nozzle of the vacuum cleaner against his whiskers."—Life.

And Peck Was Silent. Peck—I really think, my dear, that Miss Brown will make our son a good wife. Mrs. Peck (snappily)—And what, sir, do you know about good wives?—Boston Transcript.

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Upholstering and Repairing

We can take care of your wants in this line in the best possible manner, as we have a new and large assortment of Coverings to fit any piece of furniture in the house, also carriages, sleighs and automobiles. Upholstered by a man that knows how. Let us figure with you.

Advertisement for A. W. Badger & Co., Morse Block, Barre, Vt. Funeral Directors, Licensed Embalmers. Residence: 25 Eastern Avenue and 115 Seminary Street. Telephone: 447-11 and 71-1. We use NATIONAL CASKET CO. Goods. COMFORTABLE AMBULANCE FURNISHED AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.

GODDARD SEMINARY

An Opportunity to Receive the Best Instruction at a Reasonable Price

- Business Course, including Shorthand, Typewriting, and use of Typewriter, \$17 a Term
Piano, Twenty-four Lessons, \$12 a Term
Harmony, \$5 a Term
History of Music, \$3 a Term
Voice, Twenty-four Lessons, \$12 a Term
All Regular Courses, \$15 a Term

FALL TERM OPENS SEPTEMBER 13. I shall be in Barre after September 8. O. K. HOLLISTER, Principal

Brace orchestra dance in Howland hall to-night. Gents 50 cents, ladies free.

Report of the Condition of The Peoples National Bank of Barre, at the close of business, September 1st, 1910.

Table with columns for resources and liabilities. Resources include Loans and discounts, Overdrafts, Bonds, etc. Liabilities include Capital stock paid in, Surplus fund, etc.

For One Week Only we will sell The Gem Jr. Safety Razor for 89c

This is the best \$1.00 Safety Razor on the market. The outfit complete with seven blades for 89c.

D. F. DAVIS "The Druggist" 262 North Main St., Barre, Vt.

School Shoes!

Good, substantial Shoes for school wear, a good line at reasonable prices. Come in and see them. We do repairing. Store closes at 5:30, except Mondays and Saturdays. Repair shop (entrance on Seminary street) open until 8 p. m. JOHN BERINATO, Prop.

HONEST MEASURE A yard—36 inches. A pound—16 ounces. Insurance—Blue Insects. I Want to Work for You. N. B. Ballard, Agent. Tel. — 2, Miles Cr. Bldg.