THE BARRE DAILY TIMES

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Frank E. Langley, Publisher.

China is cracking under the repeated blows of Russia.

A Carnegie library building to cost only $5,000 will hardly accord with Morrisville's size and progressiveness.

May many of these Vermont high school seniors be privileged to occupy those seats they are gazing at this week in the proper course of events.

With its memorial building of Hardwick granite, Hardwick will also put out an attractive bit of advertising. It will pay if the job is well done.

Judging from the wide sections from which the guests registered, Maxwell Evarts' state fair banquet Saturday might have been a politico-agricultural germinator.

Owners of dogs are invited to read the suggestion made by State Fish and Game Commissioner Titcomb regarding deer and other wild animals. It will be found in the column of state news to-day.

The decline of grand circuit horse racing ought to have no bad effect on the sport in Vermont; in fact, the various tracks, including the Granite City track in Barre, ought to get a boom through the very lethargy of the grand circuit.

Closely following Admiral George Dewey's announcement that there will be no war with Japan, comes a most friendly declaration from the Japanese emperor to PPresident Taft. Let Hobson give his voice a vacation for a time.

Something besides writing plays is in the line of Eugene Walter, the author of "The Easiest Way," with Mayor Fitzgerald shoo-ed out of Boston last week. As a letter writer he is somewhat of a scorcher, as note by the following closing paragraph in a letter to the mayor:

"If, however, this error in judgment—this pompous officiousness—this indulgence in cheap platitudes—is the beginning of an earnest effort on your part to cleanse your city of its vice, its spiritual, moral and physical disease, I am willing that 'The Eastiest Way' should become the sacrificial lamb."

Without coinciding with the sentiment of the letter writer, we are willing to admit that he can handle the vituperative style in sledge-hammer manner.

Speaker-to-be Champ Clark of the United States House has a habit of talking volubly, so volubly that he sometimes gets into extravagances of speech which are apt to trip him. On one of these letter occasions he remarked that while he was serving the common people he would not be seen whisking about in an automobile and that if elected to the speakership, he should ride to the capitol on the first day back of a pair of Missouri mules. Clark may as well realize now as later that as speaker of the House he will be quoted without discrimination by the newspapers and hence it will behoove him to dispense with playful imaginings and speak the substantial things he means. Otherwise, he will find himself in a peck of trouble all the time.

PUTTING TRUST IN CHANCE.

Because the building was of so-called fireproof construction, a ten-story structure in New York, where a terrible fire calamity occurred Saturday, was not properly equipped with fire-escapes for the seven hundred inmates working at benches. In other words, it was taken for granted that because some modern safeguards against the outbreak of fire had been installed in the construction of the building, everything had been done to protect the lives of the hundreds of workmen scattered through the ten floors; it was apparently argued that because the building was "fireproof," there could be no fire, no panic, no danger. Therefore, the building was not even decently provided with means for escape in the event of a sudden, terrible visitation. Then, as if in mockery of human calculations, a puff of fire belched forth on one of the upper floors of the building late Saturday, just before the time when nearly all would have been out of the structure; and, instanter, one hundred and fifty lives, approximately, had been sacrificed to someone's false conclusions. Terrible, isn't it? The descriptive stories of the great calamity are enough to rend one's soul in anguish for the poor human beings who were cooped in their narrow confines, some to die, suffocated by the onrush of flames, others to endure slower torture by burning to death and still more to drop to pavements, mangled corpses. Yet here was a condition right in the heart of New York's center, typical, no doubt, of a great many other conditons which have been allowed to remain a menace to the huge number of lives which were entrusted to chance as they entered the structures for their daily work. It has been said that the law is deficient and that the owners of the buildings are complying with their legal requirements as far as providing exits is concerned. If that be the case, then there is imperative need for prompt revision of the laws so that decent provisions shall be made. On this death-house in Washington place, there was but a single fire-escape, and that was madequate, not reaching the ground; there were two stairways; there were four elevators, two of them for freight—seven means of exit in case of danger, and six of them likely to be rendered useless within a short time in a fire. And, to cap all, the fire-escape was of the inside variety, opening on an airshaft. This lack of fire-escapes was all because the building was "fire-proof." Cruel mockery!

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174 North Main Street, Barre, Vermont.

The Big Store with Little Prices.

Not for Willie.

Sunday School Teacher—If you are a good boy, Willie, you wil go to heaven and have a gold crown on your head.

Willie—Not for mine, then. I had one of them things put on a tooth once. —Puck.

A CONSERVATIVE BANK

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stand for conservatism in business. They are practical men, men of experience in business matters. They fully realize their responsibility to the community.

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Current Comment

The Old Habit of Mentioning.

Not satisfied with what would seem to be a frank statement that he would not be a candidate for political honors, the Boston News Letter had to interview Theodore N. Vail on the subject. Mr. Vail's reply was as plain as the English language can make it. He said: "Of course I am grateful for the implied compliment, but I am not seeking nor would I accept any such preferment." Commenting on this, the St. Albans Messenger says: "The 'mentioner' should take Mr. Vail at his word and let him alone. He is entitled to be represented to the people of Vermont in the sincerity of his own unselfish and patriotic citizenship and not as a 'climber.'"—St. Johnsbury Republican.

We're "Promised" $25,000.

In speaking of new terminal facilities the esteemed Barre Times comments as follows:

"The Boston & Maine railroad is about to expend either $2,000,000 or $2,500,000 in building a new station in New Haven, Conn. Really, now, New Haven wouldn't notice the difference if Mr. Mellen should take $25,000 of that balance and construct a passenger station to replace the structure which does service on his newly acquired line in Barre. However, there is a still greater need a few rods further along; it's a new freight station, and people could get along without the passenger station for a time if the new freight station were to be built at once."

We are glad that New Haven is setting such a splendid pace for Burlington as to the character of passenger station to be erected in the Nutmeg state. We have been talking about a station that would cost less than a $1,000,000, but we fear we have been entirely too modest.

However, we feel like being generous with Mr. Mellen's money, and if we secure even one-tenth of the sum talked of in New Haven, we promise to let Barre have that $25,000.—Burlington Free Press.

Feminine Electioneering.

Here in New Hampshire women have had the right to be elected to school boards for so long that apparently very little thought is given to the matter. There have been examples of women rendering excellent service in this capacity, and if they have not more frequently been selected, the fact cannot be charged to any prejudice in the case. The difficulty has been rather to find women suited to the duties of the position who were willing to accept them. But out in New Jersey the idea is comparatively new, and the interest has been in proportion. The news comes from West Orange, in that state, that the women turned out in force and piled up a big majority for Mrs. Harriet Jenkins Yardley, and her name does not appear to have been a handicap, although she was opposed by one of the most seasoned men campaigners of the town, who put up the fight of his life not to be "downed by the women." He was "downed," however, in spite of all that he was able to do in his own behalf, and it is being pointed out that one of the most striking achievements of the women and their supporters was that they succeeded in bringing to the polls one Thomas A. Edison, sometimes spoken of as the "wizard of electricity," who, it is added, in his twenty-five years' residence in the town, had never before voted in a school board election. It is something to have aroused such a citizen to a sense of his duty, whether he voted for a woman or for a mere man.—Manchester Union.

A Big Asbestos Industry in Vermont.

It will be news to a great many Vermont people to be told that a mining industry of great promise is being developed in the town of Lowell, yet large quantities of excellent asbestos are being produced there every week. The Lowell Lumber and Asbestos company, incorporated under the laws of Maine, owns several hundred acres of land in the mountains of Lowell and is at present producing considerable valuable asbestos. Some forty men are employed, and there is a promise of a production of one hundred tons per day in the near future. Mr. William G. Gallagher and members of his family of Philadelphia are the owners of nearly all the stock of the company. Mr. Gallagher spends most of his time at the mines with the secretary, Mr. Thomas Ralston. The asbestos produced in the Lowell mine is of a high grade and known as chrysotile asbestos. This is the same kind that is produced in the province of Quebec.

There is only one other mine in the United States that produces this kind of asbestos. This is located in Wyoming and is still in the development stage, so that it is quite true to state that the Vermont mine is the only one of the kind in this country that is producing asbestos on a commercial basis.

The Lowell mine is somewhat handicapped by being off the lines of transportation and is forced to haul its finished product a distance of 15 miles, to Hyde Park. There is hope that a branch line of steam or electric railroad will eventually be built into the mine, which would undoubtedly pay with the full development of both mine and the lumber industry.

There is an amphibole asbestos mine in Bedford City, Va., which produces a short fibre asbestos, which is not nearly so valuable as the chrysotile, and these three mines are the only ones that are being worked at the present time.

For many years this country has imported practically all the asbestos consumed and at present is importing ninety to ninety-five per cent. of the quantity, most of it from Canada. It is said that there is great promise of an immense industry being developed in this state. The statement is authoritative and it is said there is enough asbestos at the Lowell mine to supply ten fibre mills for the next one hundred years.—Burlington Free Press.

Elizur Wright, First Mass—

achusetts insurance commissioner, described life insurance as "A sort of perennial providence for the widow and orphan, as pure and cheering as sunrise and almost as sure."

National Life Insurance Co., Montpelier, Vt. (Mutual.) S. S. Ballard, general agent, Lawrence building Montpelier, Vt.

Jingles and Jests

Different Now.

I used to call the landlord mean,
  Because he wouldn't paint the floors;
Most every spring we'd have a scene
  Regarding window screens and doors.
I used to kick a month or two
  To get another pantry shelf,
But now my wants are very few,
  I have to pay the bills myself.

I used to think the landlord ought
  To decorate the house anew;
And every spring him I besought
  To kalsomine the ceilings, too.
I used to bluster and to bluff
  For paint and varnish for the stairs;
But now the house is good enough—
  I have to pay for all repairs.

Behold the easy payment plan
  And all the wonders that it does.
A truly discontented man
  With home, a year ago I was;
But since I've started in to buy
  The place and have the bills to pay,
The paperhangers I defy
  And shoo the men who paint away.
—Detroit Free Press.

The Whole Family.

Mother—My darling, it is bedtime. All the chickens have gone to roost.

Little Philosopher—Yes, mamma, and so has the old brown hen!—Boston Transcript.

For Good Reasons.

'Why, Tommy," exclaimed the Sunday school teacher, "don't you say your prayers every night before you go to bed?"

"Not any more," replied Tommy. "I uster when I slept in a folding bed, though."—Philadelphia Record.

I Had a Little Pain.

I had a litle pain right in the middle
  of my back
And felt that all my aching bones were
  just about to crack,
And when I told the folks at home
  about my miseree,
Here are the several sorts of things my
  people did to me:

Mother got the arnica,
  Father got the oil.
Mamie put the kettle on
  To let the water boil;
Kittie got the mustard.
  Tommy rubbed the spine.
Cousin Howard ran and bought
  A can of turpentine!
Wife, she got excited
  And fixed a toddy hot;
Then the doctor came along
  And hammered on the spot!
Neighbors rang the doorbell
  And volunteered to help,
And even Fido, willing pup,
  Assisted with a yelp!

And when the things were ready they
  all gathered at my bed
With water bags to heat my feet and
  ice packs for my head;
And while I groaned in anguish, with
  the pain that I endured,
Here are several sorts of ways my people
  got me cured:

Mother rubbed with arnica.
  Father rubbed with oil,
Mamie got the foot bath out
  And put my feet to boil!
Kittie mixed the mustard
  And plastered up my spine,
And Howard made a sizzler with
  His can of turpentine!
Wife, she got me piffled
  With frequent toddies, hot—
And the doctor nearly killed me
  In his hammering on the spot!
Neighbors came and told me
  Of all their friends that croaked
With little pains just like my own,
  Until I nearly croaked!

At last the little pain that started all
  this ripping row
Just disappeared, and in the end I got
  to sleep somehow.
It was an ugly little pain—I hardly
  could endure it—
But heaven knows how I survived the
  things they did to cure it!
—Baltimore Sun.

Reformation for a Consideration.

The editor of the Barre Times should visit the Vermont state industrial school before he attempts to write about it. Unless he does he will not write the truth, which we know he intends to do.

The appropriation for religious instruction is absolutely right and proper, and was recommended by the committee from the legislature that visited the institution and obtained an accurate knowledge of the situation, which the editor of The Times evidently does not possess, and, unfortunately, attempts to write on the subject under these conditions.

Every other penal institution of the state has a chaplain on a salary. Is there any reason why the inmates of this particular institution should be deprived of religious instruction? Is there any reason why the state should not provide this small item the same as at other places?

The Bennington Banner in the following gives the facts of the case, which are respectfully commended to the editor of The Times for his enlightenment:—

"We can hardly agree with The Times in its views on this question. The industrial school takes to Vergennes nearly 150 unfortunate boys and girls, most of whom go there because of deficiency in their home training, often due to the death of parents or misfortune of some sort. Part of those boys and girls are Protestants of varying denominations, part are Catholics and a not inconsiderable part are practically pagans. All together they form a community that needs earnest and particular attention from the churches and clergymen of Vergennes. These clergymen have their own parishes to look after and the industrial school is some little distance outside the town. On the whole, isn't it rather decent and creditable for the state of Vermont to make an appropriation of $300 a year to insure regular and systematic attention to the spiritual welfare of these unfortunate children?—Vergennes Enterprise.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Mark Twain, as an example of unconscious humor, used to quote a Hartford woman who said one day in the late spring:

"My husband is the dearest fellow.

"'Jim,' I said to him this morning, 'are you very hard up just now?'

"'I certainly am hard up,' he replied.

"'Then, Jim,' said I, 'I'll give up all thought of going to the country for July and August.'

"'Indeed, then, you won't, darling. I thought you wanted to buy a hat with an aigrette or some such fashion. No, no, my darling—Jim can always find the money to let his dear little wife go to the country.'"—Washington Star.

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Women's and Misses' Long Coats, **$5.50, 5.98** and **7.50.**

Women's Long Coats, fine serge and light mixtures. for **$11.00, 11.50, 12.50, 14.50, 16.50** and **18.50.**

New Rain Capes, for 8, 10, 12 and 14 years, special price **$2.98** each.

Women's New Rain Coats at **$4.98, 6.75, 7.50, 7.98** and **10.00.**

Until Wednesday Night 10 Per Cent Discount

New Wrappers, special for **79c** each.

House Dresses, special **98c** up.

$1.50 Corsets for **$1.00.** Only sizes 19, 20, 21, 22 and 23.

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x	x	x	x	x	x	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
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