

THE BARRE DAILY TIMES

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Frank E. Langley, Publisher.

The greatest fatality of Thanksgiving in Vermont was Gov. Mead's proclamation.

Being a United States senator is not necessarily a life job. For the reminder we are indebted to Senator Wetmore of Rhode Island.

Roosevelt is about as disgusted with all this presidential talk about himself as the remainder of the nation is; and that is considerable.

Travelers will find waiting at White River Junction, Vt., drearier than ever now that the railroad station has been burned.—Springfield Republican.

Nevertheless, they ought to be able to find amusement in delving in the mysteries of antiquity, meaning the ruins of the oil station.

Perhaps it is too early to say so, but at present it seems that the state board of health made short work of the small-pox scare in northern Vermont. Which illustrates how much better it would have been had the information about the disease been given to the state board earlier.

According to some newspapers, Mellon is slated to buy the Waterbury-Stowe electric railroad; but the rumor seems not to be well founded. Mellon has got about all the load the Boston & Maine system will carry comfortably, and it is not likely that he is looking for such a proposition as the little road between the two Vermont villages.

WINKING AT COLLEGE DEPREDA-TIONS.

The people of the college town of New Haven have the faculty of slurring over the misdemeanors of the college youth with remarkable degree of equanimity. The case at hand is a riot among students, police and theatre management, in which the students succeeded in doing hundreds and thousands of dollars damage to property of others, followed by the arrest of a few who were alleged to have been partly responsible for the performance. Now on top of all that comes the information that the cases which probably are dropped, for some reason which is as yet shrouded in mystery. If the alleged offenders were not members of an almost sacred college community, one might wonder that the accused should go scot-free without the semblance of a trial. Other college towns have occurrences of this sort, but few of them take the offenses so much a matter of course as New Haven does. It seems that New Haven people must resolve at the opening of each college year that they will make certain allowances for the exuberance of the youngsters who come into their midst to spend four years of college life.

AN INJUSTICE TO BARRE FIREMEN AGAIN.

The experience of the Barre firemen at this morning's fire illustrates anew the unwisdom of the city's street lighting policy, which decrees that after midnight the city shall be plunged into darkness. The alarm was rung in at three o'clock. At that hour the community was in inky darkness, relieved here and there by some private lights, which were kept burning through the kindness of individuals. Fortunately, however, the run of the apparatus from the central station to the scene of the fire was not long, so that the firemen were relieved of part of the handicap of responding to fire alarms after the midnight hour; they were not forced to drive through streets which were little better than a dense wall of blackness.

But on arrival at the scene of the fire they met with the usual handicap in working without light. It was comparatively easy to find the hydrants because the firemen have the location of them well in mind so that, even if blind they could go to them with reasonable dispatch. In dealing with the fire itself, the conditions were different. The chief trouble was perhaps with the many public service wires which line South Main street at that point. The firemen attempted to raise their ladders and found themselves in a tangle at once, as it

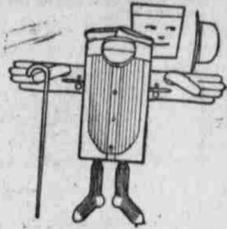
MONEY IS A NECESSITY

Most of us acknowledge this, yet there are many who do not appreciate the necessity of saving a little from their income to tide them over the rough places.

Money is a necessity at all times, but the need of it is most apparent when bills pile up and the pocketbook is empty.

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was impossible to locate the wires; and, therefore, they were compelled to feel their way through the network and then clamber up the ladders at peril of their lives, perhaps. Because of the delay in getting ladders against the burning building, the loss on the property was larger than it would have been had the firemen been given reasonable assistance from street lights, assistance that would have been valuable in permitting them to work with greater rapidity.

Therefore, it seems to us that the city owes it to the fire department to render whatever assistance it can in the hazardous and very important work of protecting property; and it can lend that assistance by providing street lights for a longer period of each night, and in no other way. Private citizens may be left to founder about in the darkness, breaking bones and receiving lacerations by contact with sides of buildings, and visitors coming in after midnight may wander from Dan to Beersheba without the city becoming ashamed of its policy in the matter of lighting streets, but we ought to make it possible for firemen to protect our property in the most expeditious manner. What do the citizens say about it?

CURRENT COMMENT

Straight Fare of 2 Cents Wanted.

The drop in the price of mileage books on the Montpelier and Wells River road to two cents per mile will be appreciated, of course, by people who travel that way. But it ought to be two cents per mile, straight fare, on every railroad in Vermont; and it would be, if the legislature had the courage of its convictions. Such a move, we believe, would result in not an atom of hardship for any of the railroads—and it must come, some sweet day.—Ludlow Tribune.

A Sheriff in the Pulpit.

Sheriff Tracy of Montpelier occupied the pulpit of one of the local churches there last Sunday evening and gave a talk upon "Humane Treatment of Prisoners." It is quite a rarity for a sheriff to occupy a pulpit; but it should not be. We believe if any man succeeds in bettering humanity the pulpit is a very fitting place where he should impart his experience to the public, and who is there that has more experience with men than a sheriff? Sheriff Tracy has gained considerable notoriety by simply treating prisoners as if they were human beings and that he has done them a vast amount of good there is no doubt. By all means let the sheriffs impart their success in this direction, not only to their associates, but to the public.—Morrisville News and Citizen.

White River Junction's Great Loss.

Is there any other building in Vermont with which more people are familiar than the so-called Union station at White River Junction, which was destroyed by fire yesterday? For White River Junction is the news capital of Vermont. From other states the news comes with either the date line of the capital, or of the chief city. But when the September elections roll around each alternate year, and the country is listening for the verdict of Vermont, it bears the date line "White River Junction," and actually comes from the old station which went down in flames yesterday. For this is where the railroads and the wires converge from many directions. It is this very convergence which has made the station well and widely known to the travelling public. An incidental title to fame is its nearness to Dartmouth college. In time an electric car line from Hanover, four miles away, will give the college town the benefit of the superb railroad connections of this junction point instead of leaving it dependent on the accommodation train "out of White River, on the Passumpsic, to Connecticut river points north."

The most pathetic phase of the recent calamity is the terrific loss of coffee and sinkers recorded. The restaurant man is said to have lost \$20,000. Even

at his retail rates this must have meant an exceptional supply of coffee prepared ahead, and a goodly amount of cold mince pie, bananas and baked beans. While dining cars cross the tracks there in several directions, the taste of the countryside is for the station restaurant, particularly in view of the long waits between connections often necessary at this point.—Boston Herald.

Value of Apple Grafting.

In recent days the Vermont papers have much to say in advocacy of apple grafting in the state and they one and all urge the Vermont farmer to plant more trees and continue the work by careful and intelligent cultivation, all the while assuring the aforesaid Vermont farmer that there is "good money" in the investment and labor.

A few moons ago The Landmark told of a farmer here in the White river valley who, four years ago, found a little wild sapling apple tree on his land and grafted the same to the McIntosh Red. In the four years the one single scion let live, has grown from the point at which it was grafted to a height of ten feet and two inches and the diameter of the spread of its branches is in excess of six feet. This season, the first of its bearing, the tree produced and matured 28 apples, and every one a beauty, large, high colored, and free from blemish and now stored away to the farmer's cellar for Christmas eating.

The site of the tree in question is waste land, that is, land not wanted for cultivation. No expense, save the work of grafting and two applications of ashes, has been incurred in the care and growing of the tree. On one occasion in the past summer its owner said that come another two years and the yield of the three would be at least a bushel of apples. The 28 apples the tree produced this season were of the kind that the Boston consumer is paying at the rate of \$8 per barrel for in these present days, that the Boston retailer is paying for at the rate of \$3 per barrel. That the Vermont farmer receives only from \$1.50 to \$1.75 for these same apples, is wholly his fault, and it is a condition in completest harmony with a lot of other things that he permits to be crammed down his throat, and will continue to be until he masters the gumption to read the riot act.

Some one is saying that the apple tree is a poem. If it is such anywhere it is in Vermont, for here its blossom is most brilliant, and as respects the McIntosh Red tree and apple are alike full of beauty and symmetry. The little tree of which we are speaking was a season long source of pleasure to its owner, not because of the money value of its apples but because of the genuine pleasure he found in observing the growth of the tree, the development of its first crop of apples and the solid satisfaction that came from the anticipation of future seasons of bloom and bearing. In fact the tree and its owner were of the same household.

But the question we would ask of those of our contemporaries who are preaching apple culture is this: Did it pay in the instance of this little wild sapling apple tree? Please answer.—White River Junction Landmark.

JINGLES AND JESTS

The Football Star. I ain't a genius heaven-born— At that time I feel forlorn— I seldom make a hit— I will allow this Homer guy Can put me to the mat, But I can boost the pigskin high, So what is Greek to that?

My record in scholastic stunts Is doubtful, I'll agree; But if you want some fancy punts, Just stick a while with me. The classics worry me for fair— I know where I am lame— But if you want to see a bear, Just watch me play the game.

We all have got our winning ways And ways wherein we lose; The ways that earn professors' praise— Them ain't the ways I choose; But I can make the megaphone Just ring with cheers of glee; Who is it makes our rivals groan? (The spotlight, please.) That's me! —Denver Republican.

By the Impudent Bard. Lady, lady, passing fair! As I view your beauty rare, Coldly radiant, like a star, How I wonder what you are! Your weight, 90 pounds, I guess— All the rest of you is dress! Some is hair and some is hat, Fluff and feathers and all that!

Say, how many lives were paid That you might be this arrayed? Your arm, furry coat reveals Egyptian sensual seals; Sable bow, sable muff— Twelve small lives were not enough. Egrets six were surely slain For your headgear, smart and plain.

These your dainty hands are hid In the skin of slaughtered kid, Calfskin of the kind called "ooze" Makes (they cost a life) your shoes. Your hair—curls by purchase, please— Was shorn from off a slave Chinese; Silks and laces that you wear Represent vast toil and care.

Your "complexion"—chemic bane!— Cost a world of woe and pain Lady, that you may be gay, Thousands throw their lives away. Do you ever in your pride, Count its cost in homicide? Lady, lady passing fair, Do you know—and do you care? —Chicago News.

THE HAPPY HOLIDAY HARVEST

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WINTERING HORSES ON PASTURE.

Experiments at Middlebury Show That This is Practicable:

The custom of running horses out on pasture during the winter is the common one on the range in most sections of the South, and to a certain extent in the corn belt. It is rare, however, in localities such as New England, where the winters are cold. The greatest obstacle to profitable animal husbandry in New England is the necessity to feed and shelter live stock during the long winter period. The department of agriculture has found this a constantly increasing bill of expense at the Morgan horse farm near Middlebury, Vt., and is devising means to reduce it to a minimum. In 1910, cheap barns costing \$500 each were built in three pastures, each barn having a door in one side, facing either south or east. Hay storage is overhead, and grain storage at one end. A hay manger runs along the inside of the back wall and a grain trough is outside. One or all of the doors are open all the time and plenty of bedding is provided.

The yearling fillies and the brood mares were given these accommodations during the winter of 1910, the brood mares being brought up to the main stables about three weeks before they were due to foal. The first winter's work was completely satisfactory. The horses had a bed which was roomy, always dry, and free from drafts, and were free to come and go as they wished. No colds or coughs were observed. The horses were undoubtedly better for their winter's outing. The cost of stabling was cut from \$2 to \$1 per head per month, and the cost attendance from \$3 to \$1 per head; it is possible still further to reduce the latter charge by increasing the number of animals on the pastures. The horses ate practically the same amount of grain that they would have consumed in stable and somewhat more hay.

During the coming winter, the foals of 1911 will run out, having an open shed in an especially well sheltered location. The barn for the brood mares has been enlarged and changed into an open L-shaped shed, facing south and east. A 100 ton concrete silo has been built in conjunction with this shed, and slage and timothy hay will make the ration of the brood mares during the winter. The leading stallion at the farm, General Gates, has for a year been given the run of a tightly fenced paddock of about three-fourths acre, to which he has access every day in winter and day and night during the spring, summer and fall. In this time, he has never worn a blanket and has never been in better health or spirits, or more easily handled.

The department's experience thus far seems to indicate that horses may run out during the winter provided they have a dry bed, sheltered from storms, and are given enough to eat, and that the practice will result in a considerable saving in cost of stabling and attendance. Secretary Wilson says that for 20 years a herd of horses has wintered outdoors on his Iowa farm. He puts the horses in at one year old coming to two. He built a shed for them when he put them out at first, but found they would not go into it no matter how severe the weather was; they preferred to go into a heavily timbered ravine where they got all the shelter they seemed to want.

What to do With the Small Boy Who Smokes.

In the December Woman's Home Companion there is an excellent article on "The Professional Parent." The "professional parent" is one who on all occasions in the presence of children, his own included, always looks solemn and dignified. The author says that this role of omniscience and omnipotence can deceive only very small children. As an illustration of a better way to handle boys, the following case is reported, a case where the parents, according to the author, dealt wisely with a fourteen-year-old boy who had taken up smoking:

"The question of smoking came up early in our family. Lawrence has always been greatly attracted by what he considers manly accomplishments. If he had been brought up in a Puritan atmosphere, he would have sown an abundant crop of wild oats—so great to him is the glamour of the forbidden thing. It savors of fashion or of luxury, it becomes almost irresistible.

"He was only fourteen when we noticed a suggestion of cigarette smoke about him.

"Have you been smoking, my boy?" his father asked in a tone unsuggestive of rebuke. Lawrence admitted that he had. "I should be sorry if it stopped your growth or injured your heart, so that you could not go in for athletics at college," his father went on in a casual tone. "I would rather you did not, if you do not care very much about it. I will give each of you boys a hundred dollars if you will not smoke until you are twenty-one. Think it over for a few days. If you decide that you prefer to smoke, and if, after you have had a talk with the doctor, you are not afraid of what it may do to you, your mother will find a place for you to smoke."

"A few words from our doctor, treating the matter from a scientific point of view, helped Lawrence to decide that he would take the hundred dollars. The other boys decided as he did; this ended it."

Inventory Your Assets!

not the few which show up well, but all, and then compare results with those guaranteed by our policies. 62nd year. National Life Ins. Co. of (Mutual.) S. S. Ballard, general agent, Lawrence, building, Montpelier, Vt.

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Our Opening Sale closes Monday night, December 4th, then we will be ready to show Christmas goods and the finest assortment this store ever had.

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Ladies' Coats, 5.00, 6.50 and 8.50. \$10.00 Coat for 9.00. Sample Coats, 10.50, 11.00, 14.50 and 16.50 up. Fur Muffs, 2.98, 3.98, 4.50, 7.50 up. Fur Scarfs, 4.98 up.

New Waists

\$1.25 lot Waists, 1.00. New Waist, soft collar, 1.50. New Thanksgiving Waists, 2.25, 2.98, 3.50. Ladies' Flannelette Robes, Peerless kind, at 79c, 85c, 95c, 1.19.

Gloves---Neckwear

\$1.00 Kid Glove for 79c. \$1.25 heavy Glove for 1.00. \$1.50 lined Glove for 1.39. 39c lined Glove for 25c. 75c Imported Glove for 50c.

Silks

New Silk, with border, 19c yard. Silk Waist Patterns, 1.98 each. 18c Serpentine Crepe for 12 1-2c. Sale Petticoats for 79c. \$1.25 and \$1.50 Petticoat for 1.00. Other bargains, 1.98 and 2.25. Aviation Caps, 50c, 98c up. Yarn for making Caps at 10c, 12 1-2c and 15c skein.

Table damask, 39c, 59c, 69c, 75c, 98c and \$1.50 per yard. Pattern cloths from \$1.50, 1.96, 2.45, 2.98, up. Napkins, lunch cloths, tray cloths, etc.

Sale of Towels, pure linen, 33 per cent discount.

Hand Embroidered Pieces in large variety marked 33 and 50 per cent discount.

The Vaughan Store

How Theodore Roosevelt Upset Black Coffee on Mrs. Senator La Follette's Gown.

In the course of his autobiography in the December American Magazine, Senator La Follette of Wisconsin relates his earliest impressions of Theodore Roosevelt, and tells an amusing story. Following is a brief extract from the autobiography:

"It was during the speakership fight between Tom Reed and McKinley in which the interest of the country was intense, that I first met Theodore Roosevelt. He was at that time civil service commissioner, and was much interested in the success of Reed. I liked him. I thought him an unusually able and energetic man, but I think no one then realized the power of growth that was in him. We were about the same age, we were both interested in Reed's election, and I saw quite a little of him that winter. I recall an amusing incident of one of our meetings. It was at a reception given by Secretary of Agriculture Bask. Mrs. La Follette and I were a part of a little group which included Lodge and Roosevelt. We were all drinking coffee. Roosevelt grew characteristically animated about something he was saying, and in gesticulating he struck the cup which Mrs. La Follette held in her hand, splashing the black coffee down in front of the white gown she was wearing!

"Years later when I came to Washington as senator, Mrs. La Follette and I attended a reception at the White House. The instant Roosevelt saw us he stopped the receiving line and laughingly recalled his first meeting with Mrs. La Follette and the coffee incident, saying: "Why, when I wake up in the dark and think about that, I positively blush."

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