



"On paper there's nothing easier than to economize—all you have to do is to cut out this luxury and trim down that and there you are! But to practice it is quite different."—N. Y. Tribune.

Here's a chance to practice true practical economy.

To-day you can have your pick from 38 summer suits for \$10.50—they are the \$15 and 18 grades.

A good new clean and up-to-date \$1.50 Straw Hat for 95c.

\$2.95 for a Panama Hat, only a few left.

\$2.39 for good pair of Outing Trousers, they are \$3.50 to \$4.00 values. Watch our window, it will save you \$\$ this month and every other month.

We Clean, Press and Repair Clothing

F. H. Rogers & Co.

We Have a Pair For You

Have you been one of the many who have taken advantage of the many shoe bargains we are offering. A lot of people have and we still have a good assortment both in styles and sizes to choose from. Don't wait longer.

All White Shoes at about cost.

All Men's and Women's \$3.00 Pumps and Oxfords, black and tan, at \$2.39 a pair.

1 lot Boys' and Youth's Oxfords, at \$1.00 a pair.

Remember the place and come in now. See window.

Rogers' Walk-Over Shoe Store

WASHINGTON.

Mrs. F. C. Huntington is not improving as her many friends would hope.

O. S. Cheney, who has been sick with pneumonia, is on the road to complete recovery.

Several from here have gone to Queen City park for a few days' outing.

Word has been received from Mrs. Carrie Bretteau at the Mary Fletcher hospital that she is improving and in hopes to return to her home here soon.

Just As You To-day Wish

you had taken insurance before, just so you will later wish you had taken it now. Delays mean regrets. Our examiner is here daily. National Life Ins. Co., of Vt. (Mutual). S. S. Ballard, general agent, Lawrence building, Montpelier, Vt.

The woman who wants home to be bright will use Matchless Liquid Gloss



Cleans and Polishes
Hardwood floors, furniture, pianos and all finished surfaces.

Removes dirt and grease from oil cloth and linoleum.

We are selling it in
1/2-pt. cans at . . . 25c
1-pt. cans at . . . 40c
1-qt. cans at . . . 65c
1-gal. cans at . . . \$1.50

Convenient spouts. No bottles to break. Order a can to-day.

A. W. Badger & Co.,
Furnishing Undertakers and Embalmers
THE BEST OF AMBULANCE SERVICE

BARRE DAILY TIMES

Published Every Week-day Afternoon

SUBSCRIPTIONS
One year \$5.00
Six months \$3.00
Single copy 1 cent

Entered at the postoffice at Barre as second-class matter.

FRANK E. LANGLEY, Publisher

The daily average circulation of the Daily Times for the last week was

6,200

This circulation is not exceeded by any paper in the state outside of Burlington.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1913.

The Senate merely gave granite the stony stare.

If Castro wants a presidency, he might go to Mexico and try it.

Can't the Panama-Pacific exposition try a little pacification on those recalcitrant European countries?

New York's "underworld" has a sensation a second without doubt, and a murder or violent death every hour or so.

Governor Eugene N. Foss is about the biggest live wire in Massachusetts, and people are afraid to get near him for fear of being shocked.

Those ten new "social service workers" in Chicago, who objected to the designation of policemen, must have been reading about the New York policemen.

For a little war practice, the Vermont National Guard might attack the Vermont Uniform Rank, K. of P., escaped a few miles to the westward; and again perhaps Mayor Burke would raise an army to meet 'em half-way.

If the same amount of energy expended in killing 27,000 hedgehogs in Vermont last year was being expended in exterminating moth and bug pests this summer, Vermont would be a far richer and happier state. However, there isn't so much ready money in the moth and bug business as there is in the hedgehog bounty receipts. Which explains the dereliction of duty in the m. and b. business.

The labor men of Vermont and of the country can note from the granite schedule just how friendly and considerate of them the Democrats in Congress are. With granite on the free list, granite workers must expect to be indirect competition with foreign laborers.—Rutland News.

But there is no proposition to put granite on the free list. It is proposed to reduce the duty one-half, or to 25 per cent. ad valorem. There is quite a difference between the two propositions, as the contemporary will agree, which ought to be stated in order to be accurate in giving the situation.

As the automobilist enters Barre from any direction, he is advised by large signs that he is at the "Home of Barre granite; the greatest granite center of the world," no idle boast, either. In Springfield he is informed by means of a large tablet what Springfield is, what is its present population, its leading business enterprises and its opportunities for business, residence or recreation. Other live Vermont towns take similar means of putting themselves on the map at a very small expense. Still others might, but haven't.—Randolph Herald.

That quotation from Barre's sign ought to be amended to the extent of leaving out the word "dark." The signs read, "Home of Barre granite"; and Barre has three shades of granite—dark, medium and light.

THE PROMISED THEATRICAL SEASON.

Early season announcement of the attractions booked for the Barre opera house gives promise of much entertainment for theatre-goers of Barre, Montpelier and vicinity, as the plays already secured are of an excellent class and they are likely to be presented by companies of recognized standing in the theatrical world. For a few years back the Barre opera house has been outliving a reputation which was none too good in the theatrical world and Barre, by the aid of the present management of the house, is once more back on the small city circuit of the best shows on the road in this part of the country. Barre now is favored with attractions which play the larger cities of New England and oftentimes it secures dates for the Boston and New York companies which are trying out plays at the opening of the season or which may be in transfer between some widely separated large cities like Boston and Montreal. Thus the theatre-going people hereabouts are afforded first-rate opportunities for seeing leading stage performances. And not only are they given many good shows but they are protected from poor shows so far as the management is able to do so. The Fox & Eaton circuit and Resident Manager Hoban are careful not to inflict cheap shows on the Barre public and it has been very rare in their enclaves of the lease of the local house that the public has felt imposed upon; and the people hereabouts have shown their appreciation of these efforts by giving uniformly good support. The coming season bids fair at least to equal the record of most recent years in high-class attractions, we are pleased to state.

THE LIND APPOINTMENT.

The appointment of Bryan's good friend, ex-Governor John Lind of Minnesota, to be the president's special representative in Mexico during the trou-

bulous times incident to the establishment of a new administration, does not bear out the stories told of growing differences between President Wilson and his secretary of state. On the contrary, the appointment seems to indicate that Secretary of State Bryan is not only still in the good graces of the president but that he stands high in the chief executive's estimation, else Wilson would not have appointed this man to a very responsible position who, so far as known, has never had any experience with Latin-American peoples and countries and who does not speak the language used in Mexico and whose qualifications for the work must have been urged largely by his most indebted friend, William J. Bryan, who has reason for gratitude to ex-Gov. Lind, for loyal support in campaigns in years past. But whatever may be the merits of the appointee as personal representative and perhaps later as ambassador, it seems quite likely that the Wilson administration will have at Mexico City a man who will not be running contrarily to the wishes and policies of the administration, as former Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson has apparently done during recent months. Mr. Wilson was too independent in his thinking and actions to suit the present administration. So the new arrangement will permit the carrying out of the cherished plan of the American administration toward settling the differences among the warring elements in Mexico for the time being at least. In Lind it has a man who will do its bidding.

JINGLES AND JESTS

Concurring.
He—As I was saying, Miss Mayne, when I start out to do a thing I stay on the job. I'm no quitter.
She (with a weary yawn)—Don't I know it.—Baltimore American.

Too Much Competition.
"Hang it!" mutters the enraptured youth. "What chance have I to get her alone? She has to go to the auto show, the food show, the flower show, the dog show, the millinery show, the land show and—Oh, well, there's no show for me!"—Judge.

Early Genius.
Proud Father—"I tell you, sir, that boy of mine will be a wonder!"
Friend (wearily)—"Why, the other day he ate all the preserves in the pantry. I overheard him say, as he smeared the cat's face with the stuff, 'I'm sorry, Tom, to do this, but I can't have the old folks suspect me.'"—Penny Pictorial.

Not Laboring Man.
Tramp—Good morning, lady, I thought perhaps I might be able to get a bite here.
Mrs. Snapp—Certainly not!
Tramp—Oh, then, I am laboring under a mistake.
Mrs. Snapp—It strikes me you never labor under any circumstances.—London Opinion.

His Yearn.
"Well, Claude," inquired the country clerk, addressing a young negro who had percolated into the office and stood nervously jiggling his hat in both hands, "what can I do for you?"
"W-y-w-y, sah, I wants—dat is—if yo' scusably please, sah—wants to git a license to practice mat'imony, sah."—Judge.

Oh, Dier!
Said a man on a big ocean pier:
"You wonder what I'm doing hier,
Well, I sit and I think
Of how much I could drink
If this foamy salt water was hier."
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Mean Slap.
"What's the matter?"
"What's the matter? Wombat says I'm the worst liar in town."
"Don't be discouraged. You may be the worst now, but anybody who keeps at it as persistently as you do is apt to become a pretty good liar in time."
—Washington Herald.

Breaking the Ice.
"Now, Miss Imogene," argues the young man who has been receiving the frigid stares and the monosyllabic replies of the fair young thing who chose to become offended at him at the dinner and accumulate indignation at the opera, "it's perfectly useless for you to attempt to act like an iceberg. Science tells us that only one-eighth of an iceberg is visible, and you—"
Considering the fact that she was wearing an evening gown, he really might have exercised a bit more tact.—Judge.

No Complaint To Make.
It was at the vaudeville. The girl with the execrating voice had just finished her song.
"Just think!" groaned Brown, to the stranger beside him. "We paid real money to hear that!"
"I didn't," was the placid response. "Come in on a 'comp.'"
"But you had to spend carfare to get here, did you not?" asked Brown.
"Nope," replied the uncomplaining one. "I live in walking distance."
"But," persisted Brown, desperately, "at least you hoped to be entertained, not punished."
"No, I didn't care," grinned the stranger. "I came to get away from home. My wife is cleaning house."—Judge.

Love's Labor Lost.
Flushed and breathless, young Binks at last succeeded in picking up the hat, blown by the wind, which he had been chasing vigorously along the street, and, with a sigh of relief, leaped up against a lamp post, panting pitifully, tried to recover some of his exhausted energies. Just then another man, also breathless, came running up, and, taking the hat from Binks' hand, remarked:
"I am very much obliged to you, sir."
"For what?"
"Well, this is my hat!" said the stranger, smiling.
"Your hat? Then where's mine?" gasped Binks.
"Oh, yours is hanging behind you at the end of a string!"—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.



Persons desirous of becoming competent and successful Accountants, Book-keepers, Stenographers, Secretaries, or Commercial Teachers, with assurance of employment, will find in the

BRYANT & STRATTON COMMERCIAL SCHOOL BOSTON

Now located in its new school building, 334 Boylston Street, a most desirable opportunity for study and practice under the direction and supervision of a large corps of well known and experienced teachers.
Courses—General commercial course, Stenographic course, Secretarial course, Civil service course, Commercial teachers course.
Every possible requisite is afforded for personal safety, rapid progress, with cheerful and healthful surroundings.
This school does not employ agents, solicitors, canvassers or runners.
Persons who cannot call for personal interview may have printed information of terms and conditions by mail. Will reopen September 8th.
H. E. HIBBARD, Principal, 334 Boylston Street, Boston.

NOTHING MAY BE VERY FUNNY. ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

Weedon Grossmith Proved It to Henry Irving's Satisfaction.

In "From Studio to Stage" Weedon Grossmith tells us of his invitation to play Jacques Strop to Henry Irving's Robert Macaire. He says it took his breath away. Irving told him that he had received good reports of the young actor from Booth and Jefferson in America and arranged to pay him \$10 a week if that would be enough.
"I didn't tell him that I would have played the part for nothing and have willingly given a premium to have done so (if I had had the premium). I positively received \$10 a week to be instructed in the art of acting by the greatest actor of our time! It was worth hundreds to me both from an artistic and a business point of view. The pains and trouble Irving took with every one over the slightest detail were remarkable. I admit he was very trying at times, especially when I was doing something quietly humorous—or, rather, nothing—and he would gaze on me very solemnly and say, 'That's not funny, my boy. You must do something funny there.'"
"I proved to him, however, on the first night that sitting perfectly still on the staircase looking the picture of misery was decidedly funny; at least the audience thought so—so much so that the great chief said to me afterward, 'What were you doing on the staircase that made the audience laugh so much?'
"Nothing," I replied.
"All right, my boy; do it again," he answered.

These College Girls.
Maude was home from college.
"Will you," she said to her mother, "pass me my diminutive argenteous truncated cone, con ex on its summit and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations?"
She was asking for her thimble.—New York Journal.

Her Dilemma.
Mr. Askit—And how do you like keeping a diary?
Miss Gabelgub—Oh, it keeps me so busy writing about what I have been doing that I do not have any time to do anything to write about.—Baltimore American.

Its Uses.
"Now, this portable garage," began the salesman.
"I see the advantages," interrupted the prospective customer. "When the machine stalls I can haul the garage out and cover it up. What are they worth?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Stoic.
"Now, remember, Willie, it hurts me more than you," said his father.
"Well, for an ordinary human being, you can stand more punishment without yellin' than anybody I ever saw."
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

These Girls of Ours.
"I tell you, Mr. Meeker, you're awful pop'lar with our hired girl."
"How is that, Tommy?"
"Why, whenever you send flowers to sis she always gives 'em to Jane."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Perhaps.
Mrs. Jones—My dear, dead husband never complained of my cooking.
Mr. Jones (her second venture)—Perhaps that's why he's your dead, dead husband.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

TESTED HIS LOVE.
Unfortunately, Though, the Test Did Not Work Out Right.
She had merely wished to put his love to the test. It had not occurred to her that he might impulsively say goodby and go out of her life forever, but apparently she had misjudged him, and now he was gone, gone, alas, and she was left alone to nurse a vain regret.
Half swooning, she sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands.
Tears trickled between her fingers, and bitterly she reproached herself.
"Why," she sobbed, "did I let him go? I have lost him! Oh, foolish girl that I was, not to have put my arms around his neck before it was too late and asked him to forgive me!"
But hush!
Suddenly she raised her head and listened.
Yes; there was some one at the door. It is he!
Hastily dashing the tears from her eyes, she assumed an uncompromising look. He had returned to sue for peace. She must compel him to humbly admit that he had been wrong. It was her duty to herself to insist that he must surrender unconditionally.
He rang the bell, but she did not rush to let him in. Not until he rang again did she go to the door.
For a moment they stood facing each other. Proudly she waited for him to begin his plea for mercy.
At last he spoke.
"I'm sorry to trouble you," he said, "but I forgot my rubbers."—Chicago Record-Herald.

To be weak is miserable, doing or suffering.—Milton.

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Our Annual Sale

of Bed Spreads, Sheets, Pillow Slips, Curtain Muslins, Art Ticking and Silkaline.

Sale Begins Today

\$1.19 Bed Spreads for 89c
\$1.25 Bed Spreads for 98c
\$1.50 Bed Spreads for \$1.25
\$2.25 Spreads at \$1.75 and \$1.98
\$2.50 Lace Bed Spreads \$1.98
Other extra large size Spreads \$3.25, \$3.50, \$3.98 up
25c Art Ticking, 12 designs to select from, price in the sale, at 15c yard

Sheets and Pillow Slips

Only one case of these goods to sell at this price.
55c Sheet, 72x90, at 45c
70c Sheets, 81x90, at 59c
75c Sheets, 81x90, at 69c
85c Sheets, 81x90, at 72c
95c and \$1.00 Sheets at 85c
Pillow Slips, at 10c, 11 1/2c 14c, 15c and 20c each
8 Patterns of Silkaline, at 11 1/2c yard

CLEAN UP SALE—All Odd Lots from Our Clearance Sale to Close This Week.

Lots of Wash Goods at one-half price; that means 25c Wash Goods for 12 1/2c per yard.

REMNANT SALE of all small pieces throughout the store from our Clearance Sale found on tables in rear of store you will find bargains on this table.

The Vaughan Store

A Close Shave.
A blue grass judge was sent up to the Kentucky mountains to try a lot of murder cases growing out of a desperate and bloody feud. He took with him as his official stenographer a young man named Wilkins, who dressed nattily and, in strong contrast to the silent mountaineers, did quite a good deal of talking.

On his first Sunday morning in the mountain hamlet Wilkins felt the need of a shave. He had no razor, and there was no regular barber in town, but he learned from the hotelkeeper that there was an old cobbler a few doors away who sometimes shaved the transients.

Wilkins went to look for the cobbler. In a tiny shop he found an elderly native with straggly chin whiskers and a mild blue eye. The old chap got out an ancient razor from somewhere, stropped it deliberately and was soon scraping away. Wilkins felt the desire for a little repartee coming over him.

"This is a mighty lawless country up here, ain't it?" he began in the way of opening up some conversation.
"I don't know," said the old chap mildly. "Things is purty quiet jist at present."

He paused to put a keener edge on his blade, then went on with his work.
"Well," said Wilkins, "you can't deny, I reckon, that you have a lot of murders in this town?"
"We don't gin'rally speak of 'em as murders," said the old cobbler in a tone of gentle reproof. "Up here we calls 'em killin's."

"I'd call them murders all right," said Wilkins briskly. "If shooting a man down in cold blood ain't murder then I don't know a murder when I see one, that's all. When was the last man killed, as you call it, here in this town?"
"Last week," said the venerable cobbler.

"Where'bouts was he killed?" continued Wilkins.
"Right out yonder in the street in front of this here shop," stated the old man, with the air of one desiring to turn the conversation. "Razor hurt you much?"
"The razor is all right," said Wil-

kins. "What I want to know is the truth about the killing of this last man. Who killed him?" he demanded.
"The cobbler let the edge of the razor linger right over the Adam's apple of the inquiring stranger for a moment.
"I killed him," he said gently.
There was where the conversation began to languish.

His Ground.
He—Why are you going to marry that old fossil? She—I love the very ground he walks on. He—I know, but isn't there any other way of getting it?—London Opinion.

Shorn and Dyed.
"Then you weren't always a black sheep?"
"No, mum; I started my career as a Wall street lamb."—Washington Herald.

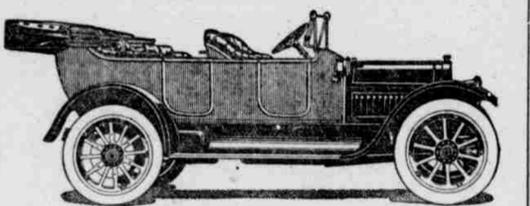
Spoiling a Compliment.
Jagson—I tried to pay the new woman a compliment last night in my speech, but it didn't seem to be appreciated. Bagson—What did you say? Jagson—I said that the new woman would leave large footprints on the sands of time.—London Answers.

One Way to Obey.
Her Dearest Friend—Do you really obey Charley? Mrs. Newlywed—Certainly. He tells me to please myself, and I always do.—Judge.



GOOD PLUMBERS and GOOD TOOLS

The N. D. Phelps Company
136 North Main Street., Phone, 29



THE 1914 CADILLAC

Has arrived and is now on exhibition at the Barre Garage. Just call and ask for demonstration in the finest riding and smoothest running car made.

VERMONT CADILLAC CO.
H. G. BENNETT

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THE UNIVERSAL CAR
Now Ready for Inspection

PRICES:
Runabouts . . . \$500
Touring Cars . . \$550
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