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FRANK E. LANGLEY, Publisher

And now Sweden has issued a "blue book." The United States will need to hurry along its book, else it will not have a distinctive color.

Published pictures of Rodriguez and Baca-Vallas, the Mexican bandits, as they appear in the press of the United States are not very pleasing albeit they are convincing.

The wisdom of keeping Col. Goethals on the job at the Panama canal is constantly being proven, no more fully than now, when a recent slide has tipped the canal indefinitely. Indeed, it looks like a life job for Goethals.

Dean academy at Franklin, Mass., is preparing to hold its semi-centennial celebration the coming June. That school antedates Goddard seminary by only a few years, for Goddard will celebrate 50 years of existence four years from now.

Burlington's new union station is a reminder of what Barre's union station ought to be, a handsome, commodious railroad terminal on Depot square, used by the Central Vermont, the Montpelier & Wells River and the Barre & Chelsea railroads.

If the United States government should suddenly withdraw its moral support from Carranza in Mexico, the American people would become "gringos" to that Mexican element just as they are to the Villa element at the present time. The Carranzistas are no better or more self-restrained than the Villistas; and both are none too good.

The Ford peace party is returning to the United States in segments and small parties. Indeed, there was never much cohesion in the organization which left the United States, and there could not be without a strong, capable, discerning head who had a full grasp of the responsibilities of the excursion and of the conditions underlying the war. A good heart is by no means all that is demanded for such a tremendous task as Mr. Ford set out to perform.

Now that Emperor William has recovered from his ailment sufficiently to return to the field of military activity, the gamblers with death are placing their bets on the life of that other emperor, Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary, a man who, figuratively speaking, has had one foot in the grave for several years. Meanwhile, the newspapers are dusting off their obituaries to meet a possible contingency in his case, just as they had done in the case of Emperor William, for you never can tell just what royalty is going to do, even when it comes to shuffling off this mortal coil.

After each of these sporadic raids on England by German airplanes, it has been asserted that the visitation was simply a reconnoitering expedition and that the real attack would shortly be forthcoming; yet England has never had the proof of the assertion albeit there has been no slight trepidation because of the threat. The German aeroplanes and Zeppelins have come and gone, doing relatively small damage, except in one notable instance; and England goes along about its everyday affairs just as usual. In consequence, there is coming to be real doubt about the capability of the aeroplanes to make a serious attack on the tight little Isle. As real agents of attacks the aeroplanes and Zeppelins have yet to prove their worth; as means of spying out the movements of armies and the location of batteries they are a deal of a success. Possibly they will demonstrate their value in the former province before the present war is brought to a conclusion.

Germany and Austria pass along the responsibility for the sinking of the steamship Persia to Turkey. Turkey has some submarines. Turkey hasn't received any direct warning from the United States to abide by international rules of warfare. Hence Turkey can just as well not be the object of the lecture to be delivered by the United States government. After we have sufficiently lectured Turkey, we suppose that Bulgaria will be the next nation to be found guilty of infraction of the sea rules of attack on unarmed and peaceful vessels. The manner in which the central powers pass along the responsibility from one to another is evidence of the unreliability of their governments in the face of that expediency by which they are guided in their conduct of the war. However, there is some slight satisfaction to the United States because of the fact that Germany and Austria have both admitted their shortcomings in submarine warfare instead of brazenly facing the world with added defiance.

TRAPPING THE SUBMARINES. There is no doubt that the British admiralty has been able to construct equipment that has proven very efficient as traps for submarines, else the German admiralty would not have transferred its operations almost entirely from the North sea and the other waters lapping

the shores of the British Isles to the Mediterranean sea. As long as the German submarines were successful in the harrying of British commerce and in the occasional destruction of British war vessels, they would have been kept at their task for all of the damage which they could do in other waters, for Great Britain is the chief object of German attack. But the vessels became unsuccessful, and not only unsuccessful but in extreme hazard themselves. No one outside of the councils of the British admiralty knows definitely how many of the raiding submarines became caught in the traps set by the British or how many have been rammed and sunk by British ships; but it is quite certain that the German loss in this way was enormous. The British have found a way to combat submarine raids in waters which are fairly restricted.

Whether the secrets of those traps are revealed to any other nations is, likewise, problematical; but it behooves the United States, for one, to strive to emulate the successful invention of the British. The geniuses who have been called into consultation with navy circles of the government at Washington should direct their attention in large measure to means for protecting the coasts of the country against submarine attack. The development of this form of naval warfare has been such that the vessels of that class are able to operate at a great distance from a naval base, and it would not be at all out of the question, in case of war, for hostile submarines to be sent against the long coast lines of the United States. How to thwart those possible efforts is a problem which the navy at Washington must solve. In view of the British success, the solution should be made more easy than it would have seemed a year ago. The British in this respect lead the world.

CURRENT COMMENT

Passing the Buck.

After torpedoing the Lusitania, the Hesperian, and the Arabic the German government concluded to stop slaughtering non-combatants on the high seas. Austria-Hungary, its ally, took up the work when Germany left off. Then, after torpedoing the Ancona, Austria-Hungary repented herself and gave over the practice. Inquiries having been made as to the subsequent torpedoing of the Persia, it is intimated that the Turk is responsible. In due time, after the customary protest has been filed and notes exchanged, precedent suggests that Berlin-reared Envers Bey, a young man of spacious morality, who is acting as the Kaiser's understudy at Stamboul, will probably change his mind. Then, when another ship loaded with passengers goes down, doubtless a further passing of the buck will occur, and Bulgaria will be the wicked partner. Then, when Bulgaria has been persuaded of the evil of her ways, perhaps Luxemburg will become the guilty one, and then, later, the republic of Cracow will be revived and take the onus.

The question arises of how far the respect for formalities requires our government to pretend to be deceived when it is not deceived. How long is it to be expected to concede good faith to thimble-riggers who arrange to have the pea under the shell that is not lifted? We don't pretend to say when nominal credulity ceases to be a virtue, but that there is a limit somewhere seems clear. —New York Globe.

Our Ocean—To Bathe In.

Scandinavian and Dutch shipping, unworried by local McAdoo's and LaFollettes, is doing more than to paint rosy pictures of its opportunities. Bankers and marine interests of those countries have entered into co-operative arrangements that are accomplishing powerful combinations—primarily against England, but ultimately against any mercantile marine development of the United States.

The Dutch, dominant in sea power long before the English, are particularly careful to make every day and every resource count while the war is on. The Holland-American line, which, by the way, has been bringing home a neat little 80 per cent of net earnings as its share of war salvage, is now associated through directorships with four other ambitious Dutch lines. The most profitable freight routes have been mapped out in readiness for holding old business and seizing the new. Germany attained her mercantile marine power by almost precisely the same scheme. It worked well and will continue to work after the war, either with or without opposition from the entente powers. America, looking on and paying German freight rates, has wished more than once that she, too, had a Herr Bullin and a little of the German admiralty.

The United States, now dividing its time between dreams of ascendancy and nightmares of government-ownership failure through Secretary McAdoo's bill, seems still unawake to these preparations of its trade rivals. We are between a reviving Europe on one side and a desperate Japan on the other. And we have staked our future on our success in sending manufactured goods to all the world. —Boston Journal.

"Is Hartness the Right Man?"

The Lyndonville Journal confesses its doubt of Mr. Hartness' quality as a statesman and thinks it too much to say that being a good business man insures being a statesmanlike governor. "Ford made a big success making an automobile," says our Lyndonville contemporary, and then adds sententiously: "But it looks as if he had had a hard fall in tackling a job that would seem to require some ability in the statesmanship line." It is true that Henry Ford did not get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas, but neither Mr. Hartness nor his friends contemplate that Mr. Hartness shall go to Europe on a mission of the Ford variety. Mr. Ford aimed at something for which there were no rules or precedents and he went without authority. The office of governor of Vermont is one for which the duties are prescribed by the constitution and the statutes. The governor deals solely with subjects to which his relation is fixed by law. He has authority. The next incumbent will have



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for his guidance the records of fifty-three predecessors. To a casual observer the work of a Vermont governor bears no striking resemblance to what Mr. Ford attempted to do with the nations of Europe and their rulers—at least that is the way it looks from Windsor.

The New War Fleets.

If at last the German fleet comes out to fight in the North sea, desperately trying to cut a strangling blockade, it will not be the fleet that took shelter in the Kiel canal at the opening of the war. Nor will the British fleet that meets it be that which then made its rendezvous in the Firth of Forth. Though secrecy has been preserved as far as possible respecting the transformations that have been going on behind the scenes, the re-arming of ships with guns of larger calibre and longer range, and the launching of ships that outclass their predecessors, have been assumed as matters of course. It is long since we were told that the vessels under the command of Prince Henry of Prussia were being prepared to equal, if not surpass, the most powerful British dreadnought, Queen Elizabeth with her fifteen-inch guns. And now it is asserted by London newspapers that seventeen-inch guns of twenty-mile range are being mounted on the new German battleships. If so, a difficult problem in the prevention or absorption of concussion and recoil must have been solved, and the lighter steel that was sought for the larger gun must have been produced. Guns such as the seventeen-inch howitzers that demolished the Belgian and Russian forts might have shaken ships to pieces, but the scientific artilleryist may not yet have reached his limit in the combination of greater power with less weight. The British admiralty is silent regarding new guns. But it is understood to have been launching new super-dreadnoughts at the rate of almost one a month ever since the war began. This is the chief reason why Parliament has voted 50,000 more men for the navy. The recent vessels probably have nothing under 15" in their main batteries. Sir John Jellicoe will need them all if he is to get a chance to fight Germany's new battleship squadron. —Boston Herald.

Senator Borah's Folly.

Senator Borah is busily stirring up intervention sentiment in the inflammable circles at Washington. He puts forth the rather ingenious plea that intervention would make Mr. Wilson a war president and increase his chances of re-election. The simple truth is that Mexico will never re-elect Wilson either through war or peace. And Senator Borah knows this when he makes his apparently unselfish plea. The president did well in recognizing Carranza; but, like the British in the Balkans, he was too late. Huerta would have made just as good a subject of recognition; but in the days of Huerta, President Wilson's international conscience was evidently more sensitive. Wilson's election of Carranza was the right principle applied too late. This fact is now pretty generally understood among intelligent people. President Wilson's political reputation as the peaceful pacifier of Mexico is lame and creaking at best. But what if he now tried intervention? Would that as Senator Borah suggests, improve his standing politically? Would it, in any conceivable way, make him more desirable, or more deserving of confidence? We think not. —Boston Herald.

By the Merciless Waves

By DWIGHT NORWOOD

During the winter of 1914, being in England and desiring to see something of the pap-European war, I crossed the channel to Flanders. But when I got there I was not permitted to go to the scene of conflict. Not caring to return immediately I went to a hotel on the seashore, intending to spend several days there.

The weather was cold, and the channel, stretching out indefinitely toward the northwest, was a gloomy sight to behold. One morning I heard a booming out at sea, but had no knowledge of what it portended. During the day there was always booming on the land north and south of me, and sometimes it came faintly from the east. These sounds continually reminded me that I was surrounded by war and its consequent distress.

But it was the channel that most affected me. I knew that out there many a merchant crew was sailing in danger of being sent to the bottom of the cold, black waters. Many a submarine crew was dreading lest their vessel become entangled in the enormous wire nets laid by the British trawlers to trap them.

One evening when there was a misty moonlight I was tempted to go out and walk on the beach. I was warmly clothed and enjoyed the icy air that blew against my cheeks. So enjoyable was my jaunt to me that I walked for an hour toward the north, then was about to turn and retrace my steps when I saw something denser than the surrounding atmosphere a short distance ahead of me.

I stood watching it. A thin cloud that had covered the moon passed from its face, giving a slight increase of light and revealing what seemed to me to be a knot of men huddled together. I had once seen a ship at sea about to founder, and these shadowy beings reminded me of its crew standing together about a mast, doubtless gaining some slight comfort from one another while waiting for the fatal plunge.

Curiously led me to approach what I saw, and I walked forward. But somehow I got no nearer to them, though they gradually became less indistinct, for by keeping my eyes fixed upon them they became individuals, though confused with one another. Their relative position was that of men discussing some momentous question. Nevertheless I heard no sound, nor could I discern any one of them addressing the rest.

Then it seemed to me that they were all looking toward me, but this was rather their position with reference to one another, for I had no evidence that they were facing me. Immediately after this they began to move away from me. I followed, and since I did not gain on them I hastened my steps. But the faster I walked the quicker they receded. Sometimes it seemed that they were tramping, sometimes that they were moving from me without taking steps.

When at last I saw them, or what they appeared to be, leave the beach and move out on the surface of the water I began to suspect that something was wrong with me. I swung my arms, pinched myself, rubbed my eyes. The group remained in my vision till they had gone a few hundred yards from the shore, then stopped and slowly settled down, it seemed, into the water—either this or they faded before me; I could not tell which.

This was the end of my dream, hallucination or whatever it might be. I waited for some time, peering out to where the men had disappeared, wondering if they would return, but they did not, and I considered it high time that I went back to my hotel. Before doing so I noted the locality that I might know it again. There was a little stream of running fresh water that flowed from a lake or swamp a short distance from the beach.

The next morning after an early breakfast I started to go over my walk of the night before. Soon after leaving the hotel I found myself in an un-frequented region. There was not a house in sight. I walked to the tunnel I had seen and knew that I was where my vision had disappeared. Turning seaward, I scanned the waters. It was ebb tide. The waves were high under a west wind. Presently, after a wave had rolled over a certain point,

I saw in the hollow it had left something that looked like the top of a small steamer's smokestack. Another wave passed over it, and when it had moved on I saw the article again.

I had no glass, and the interval between the waves was too brief to enable me to get a good view of it. So far as I could judge, I saw the top of a smokestack of a sunken vessel.

I concluded to return to the hotel and report what I had seen. I made no mention of my vision. After a good deal of talk and many assurances that I had seen evidence of a wreck a tug was sent to examine what I had seen. I was aboard and directed the captain to the point sought. As we approached it he swept the water with a pair of binoculars and presently exclaimed: "It's the periscope of a submarine."

And so it was. It was subsequently raised and proved to be a German torpedo boat. In it were twelve Germans, all dead.

This is the only mention I have ever made of my vision or whatever it was, and to this statement my true name is not appended. I do not care to be considered either a liar or a fool or to have broken down nerves.

Thackeray at Oxford.

An old story of Oxford and Thackeray is recalled by Thomas Plowman, who vouches in the Cornhill Magazine for the accuracy of his version. Thackeray had to apply to the vice chancellor for permission to lecture and found that gentleman ignorant alike of his name and fame.

Still, he had a trump card left, which he had been accustomed to consider would carry all before it wherever the English language was spoken. So, with a quiet smile of supreme confidence, he simply ejaculated, "Vanity Fair; you know?" Then at last, to his relief, a look of awakened intelligence manifested itself upon the vice chancellor's countenance, and Thackeray awaited the effusive outburst which would make amends for all. It came in the words, "Yes, yes, I have heard of 'Vanity Fair'; of course; it is mentioned in the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'" — Westminster Gazette.

To Make Copper Oxide.

An excellent way to make copper oxide for use in batteries is as follows: Take a quantity of copper filings or fine copper shavings and heat them in a cast iron container or in a crucible till they are red hot. Stir them with an iron rod, and while still stirring sprinkle a little water over the filings until they become other red. You will then have a good quality of copper oxide.

Copper oxide plates may be made as follows: Mix the granulated or coarse copper oxide with 5 per cent or 10 per cent of magnesium chloride and heat the heavy mass in forms made of iron sheeting, the forms being of the size of the wanted plate. The more porous the plates will be. The coarser the copper oxide the better will be the results.—Popular Science Monthly and World's Advance.

Well, Well.

"Did you ever aim at a deer in the Adirondacks and bag a guide?" "I did more than that. I aimed at a deer in a drawing room and bagged a bride." —Florida Times-Union.

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Advertisement for Vinol, a cod liver and iron tonic. Text includes: 'For Coughs & Colds', 'The Delicious Cod Liver and Iron Tonic Without Oil', 'Vinol Removes The Cause', 'Cough Gone and She Feels Stronger', and 'Russell's, the Red Cross Pharmacy'.

Large advertisement for 'CORSET SALE' at 'The Vaughan Store'. Text includes: 'This Will be the Greatest Corset Sale of the Year', '\$1.00 Corset', '\$1.50 Corset', 'Our January Clearance Sale', and a list of clothing items with prices.

Advertisement for Marie Rappold, Soprano and Jacques Urlus, Tenor. Text includes: 'Marie Rappold, Soprano and Jacques Urlus, Tenor', 'Metropolitan Opera House Stars', 'On Edison Diamond Disc Records', and 'Drown's Drug Store'.

Advertisement for A. W. Badger & Co. Text includes: 'If you haven't all the business you want, advertise in The Times.', 'A. W. Badger & Co.', 'Furnishing Undertakers and Embalmers', and 'THE REST OF AMBULANCE SERVICE TELEPHONE 447-11'.