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**5 DAYS, STARTING TUES., MARCH 14**  
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**BENNINGTON BRIEFS**

News of the Town and Village Told Briefly for Busy Readers

Albert Tatro spent Sunday at his home in Cohoes, N. Y.

Dennis Dragon of Arlington called on friends in town Monday.

Miss Jennie Clark entertained her uncle, Henry Ross of Shaftsbury Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Simeon Walker are rejoicing over the birth of a daughter, weight 7 lbs.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Davis of South Londonderry were recent guests of friends in the village.

William Farnum in "The Plunderer" a Fox feature in five parts at Harte theatre tomorrow. Adv.

Russell Jewell, who has been visiting his father in North Ferrisburg returned home Saturday.

Mrs. Charles G. Welles and son of Old Bennington are spending the present month in Miami, Fla.

Regular meeting of the Modern Woodmen Tuesday evening and all members are requested to be present.

William Faversham can be seen in "One Million Dollars" a Metro feature in five parts at Harte Theatre today. Adv.

The Ladies' Missionary society of the Second Congregational church will meet Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. John M. Mattison at her home, 219 South street. The hour is 3 o'clock.

The floor at the library is to be painted this week, so the library will not be open for reference work, in the afternoon, until it opens again for the circulation of books at the end of the week.

Don't fail to see William Faversham in an all star cast in "One Million Dollars," taken from Arnold Frederick Kummer's wonderful novel "1000,000 Francs" at Harte Theatre today. Adv.

The regular meeting of Bennington Lodge of Elks will be held Tuesday, March 14th, at 8 p. m. Election of officers for the ensuing year will be held at this meeting and a full attendance is requested.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Robinson, who pass their summers at their place at Old Bennington known as "Underwood" have written friends that they are spending the winter at Old Point Comfort.

Mrs. Carrie Welch of the Soldiers' home and Mrs. John McCurdy of Branch street extension went this morning to Norwich, N. Y., to the funeral of their niece, daughter of Herman Kestman. They will return Wednesday.

Mr. Mills' Lenten classes for boys and girls of the Second Congregational Sunday school begin this week. The girls will meet at the parsonage on Tuesday afternoon, directly after school, and the boys on Friday evening, at 7:15 o'clock.

The sixth installment of "Graft" featuring Hobart Henley, Harry Carey, Jane Novak and Glen White will be shown at the opera house tomorrow in conjunction with the Dancing Dolls Co. "The Railroad Monopoly" suggested by James Oppenheim. Adv.

Invitations have been received here to the "Transcontinental Night" of the North Adams Merchants' association on the evening of March 17. The feature of the occasion will be a telephone conversation with the central office in San Francisco.

Letter Carrier O. W. Harwood distributed 88 pounds of mail on his Main street route this morning. It was necessary to send the mail team to the corner of Silver street with the second half of the amount to replenish his mail bag. This is one of the largest amounts distributed on a single route since the Christmas rush, and no special reason can be given for the load.

Miss Angle Meldon, former librarian of the Bennington free library, has been engaged for some time in cataloguing the library at Blackinton. While engaged in the work she has made her headquarters at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Keeler of this village. Miss Meldon leaves at an early date for Atlanta, Ga., where she is to catalogue a large library. She is at present in the employ of the state of Massachusetts as a specialist in this line of work.

Theodore Voorhees president of the Philadelphia & Reading railroad, whose death is recorded in this morning's New York papers, is well-known in Troy and a large number of Old Bennington people were acquainted with him. Mr. Voorhees started his career in railroading as superintendent of the Saratoga railroad afterward going to the New York Central. He is connected by marriage with Mrs. C. Whitney Tillingham who frequently spends her summers in Old Bennington.

How the evil designs of Count D'Este to secure the fortune of his wife's niece and ward, the beautiful Grace Elliott, are thwarted by Richard Duvall, an expert criminologist, by means of strange powers conferred upon him by a Buddhist priest whose life he had saved, and how he wrings a confession from the scheming Count winning his heart's desire at the same time, forms an absorbingly interesting story, brimful of surprising and startling incidents will be shown in "One Million Dollars," featuring William Faversham at Harte theatre today. Adv.

Le Grand Griswold of New York, a grandson of the late John A. Griswold of Troy and of the late LeGrand B. Cannon of Burlington, was accidentally shot and fatally wounded at Aiken, S. C., last week. He was about 36 years old. The young man was a member of a party of winter colonists who were returning from a dove drive on a farm seven miles from Aiken. Mr. Griswold, when about to enter an automobile, handed his gun to the chauffeur. As the chauffeur broke the gun to take out the shells he accidentally touched the trigger and the entire load of birdshot was discharged into Mr. Griswold's side. The stricken man was hurried to Aiken and died soon after his arrival.

**FOOD FOR THE SEINE.**

Odd Incident of Whistler's Student Days in Paris.

The early scenes in "Tribby" have shown us the hilarious squalor of the student life in Paris when Whistler joined the studio that Gleyre carried on in succession to Delarocbe. It was the Bohemia, barely modernized, of Murger's novel, and the shifts to which these raw recruits in art descended furnished Whistler for life with some of his raciest stories. Once when an American friend unearthed him Whistler was living on the proceeds of a wardrobe. One hot day he pawned his coat for an iced drink. Invited once to the American embassy, he had to borrow Poynter's dress suit.

But the best story of these frolicsome days arises from the eternal copying in the Louvre, either on commission or on "spec," which kept them alive between remittances.

Whistler's chum, Ernest Delannoy, had done a gorgeous replica of Veronese's "Marriage Feast at Cana" that took when framed the pair of them to carry. They started out to sell it and tried it on every dealer up and down both sides of the Seine until the first price of 500 francs had dropped with several thuds to 100, then 20, then 10, then 5. Suddenly the dignity of art asserted itself.

On the Pont des Arts they lifted the huge canvas. "Un," they said, with a great swing, "deux, trois--vian!" and over it went into the water with a splash. Then arose a mighty commotion as a great crowd gathered. Serenades de ville came running, omnibuses stopped and boats pushed out on the river. Altogether the excitement was an immense success, and the pair of joyous artists went home enchanted.—Pall Mall Gazette.

**Do Good Now.**

If you do not now the good which you can do the time will come when you cannot do the good which you would.—Frederic H. Hedge.

**An Admission.**

A north of Ireland orator in a Scottish county constituency sought to ingratiate himself at the outset thus: "Gentlemen, I am an Irishman. I am proud to be an Irishman, but I am not ashamed to admit that I have a little Scotch in me."

And for a full minute he could not understand what the uproar was about.—Lippincott's.

**And He Set.**

A couple of Pennsylvania farmers, a man and wife, drove from their farm to the nearest railway. The man, small and scared, sat meekly beside



"COME SET."

his wife, who filled two-thirds of the seat, and only spoke to command.

Finally the station was reached. The woman bustled in, settled her numerous bundles and sat down. Looking over her goods and chattels, she suddenly missed something and, looking about, discovered that her husband had remained outside on the platform. She rapped sharply on the window.

"Hen!" she called, pointing to the bench beside her. "Come set!"—Everybody's.

**Ward on Chaucer.**

Artemus Ward once said: "Some kind person has sent me Chaucer's poems. Mr. C. had talent, but he couldn't spell. No man has a right to be a literary man unless he knows how to spell. It is a pity that Chaucer, who had genius, was so uneducated. He's the wuss speller I know of."

**More Exciting Than the Play.**

A countryman on one of his rare visits to London, after completing his business, visited the local theater and patronized that part of the house known as "the gods," obtaining a seat in the front row. He had provided himself with refreshments before entering in the form of a bag of cakes and a bottle of mineral water.

As the performance progressed he consumed these and, becoming absorbed in a thrilling passage, was absentmindedly toying with the empty bottle on the ledge in front of him when he accidentally allowed it to fall over.

Horror stricken, he instantly looked down and was just in time to see the bottle drop heavily on to the bald head of a man below, who, not noticing whence the attack came, jumped to the conclusion that his neighbor was the aggressor. He seized the bottle and belted the other man smartly across the head with it.

Our friend above had now seen enough and hastily but quickly quitted the place and reached the exit just as two angry, struggling men were being ejected.—London Tit-Bits.

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**PUZZLED THE POET**

The Societies Formed to Study Browning's Works.

**HE DIDN'T FEEL FLATTERED.**

Thought it Peculiar That it Required Organized Effort to Understand His Genius—An Afternoon Tea and a Story About Tennyson.

In her book "Pleasures and Palaces" Princess Lazarovich-Hrabellanovich, formerly Eleanor Calloun of California, who as a young woman won fame as an actress abroad, gives this story of her meeting with the poet Browning. The revealing charm of London lay not alone in making acquaintance with those who "dwell in marble halls" (in England, he said, they are not marble, but sculptured wood or sculptured stone and ancient tapestry, but in that vast universe of houses, big and small, whose lights glimmer softly through hazy atmosphere or blink morosely in the fog, where the aristocrats of genius also rove. On certain days, from gray and dull the place suddenly brightens into a new enchantment, as into my picture there came along some poet or painter, some writer of novels or other great one whose name since childhood had made my heart flutter like the yellow poppies on the California hills.

In response to the invitation, "Won't you come in for a cup of tea with us on Wednesday afternoon?" I had gone to the house of a new acquaintance, finding in reality a crush of fashionables in her drawing room. She put me into a seat and introduced me to an old lady on my right and an old gentleman on my left, both of whom looked very bright and alive.

"Mrs. Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall; mother of Adelaide Procter; Mr. Browning's poet, you know." At the names my heart thumped. I was wedged in between them. "I surely have a lucky star," I said, "to think of my good fortune in being placed just here!"

"Yes," piped the old lady merrily; "it's nice to like one's fellow sardines." Browning said:

"I am always glad to meet Americans; they are so appreciative, only in one way they're worse even than our

people here. I think I may say that the thing that puzzles me most in the world is the Browning society, and America seems full of Browning societies."

"That shows how much you mean to America," I ventured. "H-m, yes," he answered dryly. "It isn't my flattering to think you can't be understood without the aid of organized effort." He was very sweet and laughed at himself.

I mentioned Tennyson. Old Mrs. Procter said: "Look sharp. He does not love Americans. I simply adore Lowell, and Tennyson is one of my dearest. I've tried in a hundred ways to have him meet Lowell, but he answers like a brute. I'll not give up, though. Lowell wrote me a poem on my birthday. I thought that would fetch Alfred. So I took it down to Hester, stirred it before his face.

"You shan't read it," I said, he grunted. I folded it up and stuffed it into my pocket and said, "I'm back to town." He pouted like a naughty child, seized my hand and growled:

"You may read it!" "Oh, no, never," I said. He finally insisted. "Well, since you beg me to, it begins like this: 'I know a girl, they say she is eighty'—I paused.

familiarly snorted Alfred, never cracking a smile." The old lady chuckled. "But he's an angel all the same, they're both angels."

In the midst of our talk somebody began to play a long classical piece on the piano. Everybody said, "Sh!" Browning, who was in great vels whispered, "I abominate piano players—murderers of conversation." It was cruel; the piano ran the whole gamut of its possibilities for half an hour Mrs. Procter and Browning rolled their eyes at each other and at me as if in agony. At last it stopped. Browning applauded frantically, holding out his hands and looking back over his shoulder at us, while he began to say, "Thank God, it's over! I must tell you about the strangest experience I ever had. It was in France"—Just then the pianist began an encore. Browning almost growled: "What's she doing? You don't think she is going to—"

"Yes," I said, "you applauded so hard she had to begin again." "God forgive me!" he wailed. "Never again will I commit that error."

The old lady choked with laughter, and Browning bolted for the door.

**Girls in Guatemala.**

None of the maidens in Guatemala are allowed to go abroad from their homes without the company of a chaperon, and a lover is only allowed to come and court his sweetheart through the heavily barred windows of her father's home. After they are married they pass along the streets in Indian file, the woman marching ahead, so that the husband can be in a position to prevent any flirtations.

**A Fizzle.**

"My speech fell flat." "You told me you had rehearsed it until you could say it either backward or forward!" "I had. But I started it backward, and couldn't switch."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Life is a campaign, not a battle, and has its defeats as well as its victories.—Pitt.

**How He Got Even.**

"Getting even" is a hazardous undertaking. A Philadelphia lawsuit, originally involving less than \$60, ended a long course through the courts with costs aggregating over \$18,000. The plaintiff got the \$30 sued for, but his lawyer's bill was \$1,700. He is \$1,670 to the bad, but he has "got even" for the other fellow had a lot more to pay.—Christian Herald.

**Marked For Life.**

"No matter where I hide," sighed the leopard, "I'm always spotted."—Cornell Widow.

**NOTICE**

The annual meeting of the Young Men's association for the election of officers will be held in the Library, Monday, March 20th, 1916. Polls open at 1 o'clock and close at 6 o'clock in the afternoon.

Fred C. Martin, Recording Secretary. Bennington, Vt., March 2, 1916.

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