

BEING A LADY.

Before the gentler sex as a whole discovered that "woman" is a word that carries no invidious distinction, polite folk had to use the word "lady" a great deal. It was possible to get a "washlady," for instance, when to look for a colored woman to do the wash was hopeless, America's democracy, jealous of its rights, has risen a stage or two since then and "woman" is a respectable word again. But it was left to old Pennsylvania to apply a distinction. In Pennsylvania any woman can be a "lady," to be sure, but it will cost her 20 cents, says Milwaukee Journal. Township election laws make classes. "Housewives, housekeepers, servants" and so on must pay 20 cents to register for voting; stenographers, clerks and bookkeepers pay 25 cents; doctors and lawyers, 30 cents. But a "lady" must pay 40 cents. The class, it is naively explained, corresponds to "retired" for a man. Pennsylvania has baubles for her citizens—baubles that cost from 5 to 20 cents. You can be a lady in Pennsylvania for 20 cents extra—if you can stand the classification "retired." The way to be a lady that grandmothers used to tell little girls was harder, but it had the merit of convincing other folks than the registration clerk.

Leisure is freedom from responsible direction and social need. Work is the sinews of society, but a society based on leisure would disintegrate into an aggregation of hoboes. There is indirectly, however, a social value in leisure. Individualistic as it is, leisure wisely employed develops the personality into a better functioning social unit, says Chicago News. Leisure may be used for recuperation or education. Thus society, that increasingly powerful master of our lives, finds it wise to supervise a man's leisure as well as his work. His leisure, in a word, becomes voluntary, pleasant and yet useful employment. Thus leisure transformed into a positive asset not only to the individual, but to humanity.

Ten European nations engaged in the great war show a potential loss in population of 35,000,000 persons since 1914, according to figures compiled by the Society for Studying the Social Consequences of the War. Causes for the abnormal falling off in population were attributed as follows: Killed in the war, 9,819,000; deaths due to segmentation of mortality, economic blockades, war epidemics, 5,501,000; fall in birth rate due to mobilization of 56,000,000 men between the ages of twenty and forty-five years, 20,200,000. That is just one more thing to think of by those who speak so lightly of waging war.

Money is being raised in Great Britain at the rate of \$50,000,000 monthly for the promotion of housing schemes in that country. Plans have been approved for more than 200,000 houses so far, and work has been begun on 80,000 houses. Announcement of these facts comes from the British minister of health. Great Britain has passed the talking stage on the way to relieving its housing shortage. The United States is less fortunate.

The Austrian archdukes and archduchesses in exile have been compelled to go to work to earn their own livelihoods, it is reported, as the war has cut off their revenues, says Baltimore American. The Austrian aristocracy has been among the haughtiest in Europe, and it will do them good to be made by a not unkind fate to realize they are made of the same human clay as other people.

Six hundred Russian Reds will now be deported. Although their own government embodies their theories and has had ample time and opportunity to demonstrate this theory to the world, they seem to find living under this government much more comfortable, prosperous and even more free.

A popular, and paradoxically speaking, somewhat favorite fear has been dissipated by statistics, which show the majority of the graduates from the largest women's college in the country are married. It takes more than learning to overcome the feminine instinct for romance.

An inventor of children's toys has just died at the age of eighty-six. It is something to have the memory of so many years left behind one devoted to bringing joy into young lives and to earn the lasting monument of the name of the children's friend.

Inventors are working on a device to prevent listening in on wireless telephone conversations. Why don't they invent something like that for regular telephones?

France is considering legislation to make marriage easier. We do not need to smooth the way to wedlock in the United States.

Constipation causes headache, indigestion, dizziness, drowsiness. For a mild opening medicine, use Doan's Regulax. 50c a box at all stores.—advertisement.

LOCAL NEWS

MORRISVILLE

Mrs. Davis Brown of Elmore street is quite ill with bilious gripe.

Mrs. Frank Smith, who has been quite ill from bilious gripe, is improving.

Mrs. W. J. Atwell of Eden spent last week in town with Mrs. L. C. Derby.

Mr. and Mrs. George Neuland of Elmore street went Friday morning to Randolph to spend Christmas.

Mrs. Arthur Knapp of Richmond street who has been ill at her home for the past two weeks, is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Stoppel of the Morrisville Messenger staff spent Christmas in Montpelier with friends.

Mrs. Carrie Woodard, who makes her home with Mrs. Minnie Smalley, is improved from her recent serious illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer T. Ryder have returned from St. Johnsbury, where they have been spending a few days with friends.

Miss Bessie Ryder, who teaches school in Barre, is spending the Christmas vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Ryder.

A. W. Wheeler, bookkeeper for the Union Granite Company, who has been very ill, threatened with pneumonia, is improving.

Mrs. C. W. Barrows and little son, Wayne, who have been spending the past ten days with Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Butterfield in Burlington, returned home on Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Ellis are spending two weeks in Ottawa with the former's sister, Mrs. C. F. Pearson. Miss Nita Ellis, who has been with her aunt and cousin, Mrs. Howells Frechette, in Ottawa since the first of December, will return home with her parents.

The Waterbury Record, in its legislative personal, has the following concerning Senator-elect Slayton:—

William T. Slayton, Senator-elect, from Morrisville, hardly needs introduction at this time. Dr. Slayton makes public health one of his chief considerations. He is a former representative, a member of the state board of health and has been Health Officer 20 years. He will join with the members from Windsor, Mr. Bullard and a Harvard man.

To feel strong, have good appetite and digestion, sleep soundly and enjoy life, use Burdock Blood Bitters, the family system tonic. Price, 1.25.—adv't.

Caves Always of Interest.

None of the peculiar formations of the earth are more interesting than caves, and many are the adventures that have been had by the explorers of these often mysterious caverns. The very word "cave" seems to have a strong attraction for everybody. Some of the best and most interesting stories have been written about adventures in caves, so they have always been well advertised on library shelves. And then we must remember that caves were the only homes of many people who lived in the undiscovered parts of the world thousands of years ago and this in itself adds much historical interest to these natural tunnels under the surface of the earth.

Historic Building.

In the older part of the city of Kingston, Canada, is a small frame house which was occupied by Governor Simcoe in 1792-93 immediately after his arrival in Canada. Here he composed the proclamation calling the first parliament of Upper Canada (now Ontario) to meet in the summer at Newark (now Niagara). In that parliament he not only laid the groundwork of government but planned liberally for religious and educational work. The small "government house" has been modernized a bit by a cheap porch, but is still primitive as well as eloquent in historic interest.—Christian Science Monitor.

SEE HERE!

Do You Want Kidneys Experimented On?

Kidney troubles are getting more common every day. Government health bureau figures say deaths from this cause are 72% more than 20 years ago.

Anybody who suffers constant backache, who feels blue, nervous and irritable; who has dizzy spells, headache and urinary disorders should suspect kidney weakness. Overworked kidneys must have a rest.

Take things easier; live more carefully. Take a good kidney remedy to build the kidneys up again.

But be sure to get Doan's Kidney Pills—the oldest, the most widely used, the best recommended of all kidney pills, now in use all over the civilized world. Don't experiment with your kidneys. Thousands have already tested Doan's. You have your experience to go by. Plenty of cases right here in Morrisville. Here's one:

P. St. John, Main St., Morrisville, says: "I have used Doan's Kidney Pills for several years when my back and kidneys have been out of order and they never fail to give me relief. I get this wonderful remedy at Cheney's Drug Store and I surely recommend it highly."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. St. John had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

CHANGES IN MOTHER EARTH

Constantly Going On, and Some of Them Are of Immense Consequence to Human Race.

The proofs submitted by Prof. E. L. Moseley of the Ohio state normal school at Bowling Green that the waters of Lake Erie and several other lakes gradually are becoming deeper is of more than ordinary interest both in scientific and business circles. The information is of peculiar value just at this time, in connection with the campaign for the St. Lawrence river cut off, which is designed to make Toledo and other lake cities virtually ocean ports, says the Blade of that city.

Professor Moseley likens the lake beds to tilting platters. The tilt under Lake Erie is of such character that the outlet at the east end is rising, with consequent deepening of water levels at the western end in the vicinity of Toledo and the famous Bass Islands. Nature, which already has done so much for Toledo, is adding something to the score.

In this connection it is interesting also that scientists and engineers have noted somewhat similar phenomena in the western states. It is asserted that the coast of California is rising at the rate of about six inches a century, and that recent earthquakes there may be attributed to inequalities in the movement of the earth's crust. Measurements by engineers have disclosed also that Great Salt Lake in Utah, is receding gradually to lower level. It has no known outlet, but evaporation exceeds the inflow and rainfall so that within two decades the late boundaries have receded quite noticeably.

The geological story is written so slowly, as a rule, that it can be read only by such scientists as Professor Moseley, who has devoted the greater part of his life to research and educational work in natural history.

Professor Moseley, by observation and deduction, draws the conclusion that it was possible for the Indians, 1,000 years ago, to reach the main land from Kelley's Island by swimming and wading only a few streams and marshes. Within the next few years it is more than possible ocean-going ships manned by polyglot crews assembled from distant and strange ports will be piloted through lake channels once so shallow that soundings were made with the canoe paddle in the sinewy grasp of an Indian chief.

"A House of Gold."

A house of gold really exists. It stands in a little place called Rosamond, on the Mohave desert in California, as a sort of monument to an old miner who "struck it rich." His gold properties were in the vicinity of Rosamond, which years ago gave promise of some day becoming a city, and when the miner's wealth accumulated he determined to do something nice for the place, so he reared this structure of rock and put in the entire front of gold ore from his discoveries. It is a large building, and of heavy construction, particularly that part made of the gold-bearing rock, which runs about \$25 to the ton in yellow metal. The mines whence this came have been worked out. It is not unlikely that some day, when the building is razed, the rock will be milled and the gold extracted, and it may yield a large amount, because some very rich streaks were encountered, and part of this rock undoubtedly came from these ledges.

Economy is Foiled.

Mr. A. has a relative living in Cincinnati, whose firm deals in oil of one kind and another. Last fall Mr. A. decided he would paint his house and, thinking he would save a little money, he planned to buy the paint and the oil from the relative at the wholesale price, and to hire the painters.

The paint and oil were duly ordered, but arrived too late to be used last fall, so they were stored away until spring. Recently Mr. A. hired the necessary painters, brought out the paint and oil and set them to work. Imagine his chagrin when it was discovered after the painting was completed that the oil was of the common lubricating variety. The mixture did not work, but dripped off the house like water, and now Mr. A. has workers busy burning the paint off. The contracting painter will buy both paint and oil for the new coats.

Charles Infroit.

The most precious thing in the world—radium—has cost Charles Infroit, scientist of Paris, his left hand and his right arm, and he wants artificial arms now to continue his research. Infroit is head of the nitrate works, and his experiments with radium are among the most valuable in science. During the war he devised a "compass" to locate splinters of bullets in skull, and was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. He lost his right arm first and then several fingers of his left hand, and finally the whole hand, never hesitating at the sacrifice he was making for science.

Primrose Keeps Good Time.

In the garden of Charles D. Emery of Horwell, N. Y., is an old-fashioned English primrose which opens its flowers, Mr. Emery says, promptly at eight o'clock every evening and keeps them open exactly one hour. One evening curfew, which is supposed to ring at nine o'clock, was two minutes early, but the primrose was not fooled. It took the extra two minutes, and folded its petals promptly on the hour, as marked by the stopwatch of an observer.

Where do Savings Bank Depositors Prefer to Place Their Savings and Why?

What are the Earmarks of Superior Strength and Safety in a Savings Bank?

Number Two

In an article appearing in this paper last week we asked the above questions. The reply we then made was substantially covered by the following paragraph:—

"I will place my deposit in that Savings Bank which upon careful inquiry and investigation I finally conclude to be the best managed, strongest and safest. My motto shall always be

Safety First—Safety Last—Safety Always

The Best is None too Good—The Strongest None too Strong."

In emphasizing the fact that the Lamoille County Savings Bank carried a larger proportion of its assets in United States Bonds than any other Vermont Bank, and was therefore pre-eminently strong, we made use of the following language:—

"There are fifty-nine Savings Banks in Vermont. With a single exception, not one of them carries as large a proportion of its Deposits in United States Bonds as the Hyde Park Bank."

We wish now to refer to another strong feature of that Bank, viz: its very large surplus as shown by the last printed report of the Vermont State Bank Examiner. Here are the facts as shown by that report:—

Out of the entire thirty-three Vermont Savings Banks organized since the incorporation of the Lamoille County Savings Bank and Trust Co., in 1889, there are but two whose percentage of surplus to deposits equals that of the Hyde Park Bank.

Now, what conclusions may be properly drawn from this fact? Every experienced banker knows that there are two kinds of bank management. One insists that the surplus of the Savings Banks be conserved and laid aside as a safety fund to guard against and care for any and every possible loss to the end that the absolute safety of the depositor shall always be the paramount consideration and first care of the bank's management. The other kind of bank management would distribute this surplus, passing it along from time to time as dividends to individuals. IT IS UNNECESSARY TO SAY THAT THE HYDE PARK BANK COMES IN THE FIRST NAMED CLASS.

The conservative banking methods of the Hyde Park Bank for nearly two generations have been known and read of all men and when the prospective depositor once grasps the import of this unusual caution and conservatism he is inevitably forced to the conclusion that the Bank which stands out foremost and pre-eminent for conservatism is, other things being equal, the one where he would deposit a part at least of his savings.

Having now amplified upon two especially high points of financial strength in the Hyde Park Bank, its high quality of bank assets and its large surplus, we purpose in our next article to give the reader a third reason why Savings Bank depositors should prefer to place a portion of their savings in the Hyde Park Bank.

Meanwhile, perhaps, we can do no better in closing this article than to repeat what we said in our last. Here it is:

"Finally, if the reader does not deem it good policy to place all his eggs in one basket, but rather concludes it to be the wiser and better way to divide his savings among the different Vermont Banks, we are sure he will deposit a part of those savings in the old Hyde Park standby."

We again cordially invite a share of your deposits and again suggest that no deposit is so small as not to be thoroughly appreciated. We would be most happy if we had at least a small deposit from every Vermont family.

What finer thing can you do than to start a small account with the HYDE PARK BANK by making a Christmas or New Year's present of \$1.00, \$10.00, or a larger sum? Let the deposit be in the name of yourself, or, better still perhaps, in the name of your son or daughter, wife or husband, and commence the New Year by becoming a banker.

REMEMBER THAT ALL TAXES ARE PAID BY THE BANK.

Banking by mail is now regarded as absolutely safe. Your deposit should be sent by check, postal or express money order, or by registered letter.

In more than thirty-one years of business not a dollar sent by mail to the Hyde Park Bank was ever lost to a depositor.

For any information or suggestions, address

The Lamoille County Savings Bank and Trust Company

CARROLL S. PAGE, President HYDE PARK, VERMONT

LOVERS TRUE

By Evelyn Leo



CHRISTMAS comes but once a year," said Hugh Powers, "and it's right upon us just now. You're going to spend the day with us, Dalziel, that's settled. I'm counting on you to see Kriss Kringle—chubby, handsome, full of pep, you'll just capture the fancy of the assembled guests."

"Now, see here, Powers," interrupted Ernest Dalziel, "I'm a modest, unassuming man and verging on to an old bachelorhood where sense and dignity usually become a well-balanced person."

Ernest Dalziel would have liked to have asked Powers an important question. It would have been, if uttered: "And Miss Portia Moore? I haven't seen her for a year. Does she still go to parties?" And Powers would have answered: "Oh, we couldn't get along without Portia." And then Dalziel would have sought some plausible excuse to prevent his own appearance on the scene.

He was sensitive about Miss Portia Moore. She was, like himself, past thirty. For some months in the years past these two had been in considerable evidence at social functions, and the gossipers predicted an engagement. It did not come about, however. Apparently the two persons apparently so adapted to one another drifted apart. To Dalziel this unexpected ending to the one lovely day dream of his existence had come as a seemingly heartless, cruel blow. Effectively Miss Moore, one day had shut heart and home against him. There was no excuse or explanation given.

"She had just tired of me. I don't wonder. I'm not much," Dalziel soliloquized to himself in a fit of depression. For a time he threw himself in the way of the lady in question, but she gave him no encouragement. Dalziel did not go about wearing his heart on his sleeve, but he did not quickly get over the hurt of an incident that made him wary and suspicious of woman's caprices.

So with no intimation of the fact that in his breast Hugh Powers guarded a secret he would have given worlds



to learn, Dalziel made due preparation for having a royal good time with the family. If Dalziel had only known it, clever, friendly Mrs. Powers had purposely invited Miss Moore to the house to once more meet him—and Portia was willing! It was only a few weeks before Christmas that Portia had learned of a fatal error she had committed. She had so coldly dismissed Dalziel because of a story told by a jealous friend. It involved Dalziel in an escapade of which he could never have been guilty, but the false story was so well formulated and carried conviction. Then, at a late day the truth of the motive came out. Portia Moore felt ashamed and humiliated a sense of her deep injustice to Dalziel, a sorrowful belief that her folly had cost her a love worth the having.

"You must mend it all up under a Christmas tree, dear," Mrs. Powers had advised, but Portia shook her head forlornly. She was busy during the first hour of the evening assisting Mrs. Powers with the arrangement of the festive table, and entered the library on her way to the parlors, after Dalziel had roused up all hands with the frolic and jollity for which he was famous. She half turned to steady herself for the anticipated meeting. Dalziel saw her, but did not at once recognize her. Hugh Powers stole up to him.

"That looks like mistletoe on the library chandelier, Dalziel," he whispered. "Pretty girl. Great chance. Do yourself proud," and Dalziel exuberantly darted forward.

He clasped his arms about the lady in the half shadowed room, and imprinted a gentle kiss upon her lips.

"How dared you!" cried Portia. "And it isn't mistletoe at all, just a piece of green paper trimming. I say, Dalziel, you've done it now!" shouted Powers gleefully.

But, wise man that he was, he left the two alone, and diverted the atten-



tion of onlookers. Dalziel stood like one stunned, regarding Portia. "I did not know," he stammered. "I am always doing the wrong thing, it seems. Won't you forgive me?"

Her eyes were filled with tears. "It is I who needs forgiveness," she sobbed. "I have wronged you all these years. I have something to tell you."

Mrs. Powers tiptoed into the room and closed the communicating door to the parlor.

"New, Portia, free confession!" she spoke, and disappeared.

And then, like two wounded doves, these ardent lovers faltered forth, the repressed love so nearly destroyed, with Yuletide glory all about them.