

UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES

Some Facts, Serious and Frivolous, of Interest to the People of Montpelier and Vicinity.

"I'd like to join," I heard a man saying to another, "it's a good thing and I'd like to belong to it, but there are so many societies I belong to now that the dues are getting burdensome."

A gentleman never parts his coat tails when he sits down, is a dictum that was in vogue fifty years ago or so. Has the dictum been repealed or does the idea which prompted it apply only to one sex?

When did Camel's Hump first receive that designation? And why? It is well known that the mountain was originally called by the French Le Lion Couchant, the Crouching Lion, a better descriptive term than that by which it is known today.

Who made the change, and for what reason? Does the mountain look any more like the hump than the rump of a camel? Or was it originally called the hump and did Thompson err when he called it rump? Or again, did Thompson himself make the change which he had suggested in the early edition of his work?

The ignorant man who framed the constitution of Vermont declared: "A competent number of schools ought to be maintained in each town, for the convenient instruction of youth (not poor youth) and one, or more grammar schools to be incorporated, and properly supported, in each county in the State."

They said not a word about the maintenance of poor houses. They appear to have believed that education was a duty of the State and a right of the citizen. Now, more than a century later, we are pointed to the English idea, that the people of family, those who can afford it, should send their children to private schools; that the instruction afforded by the State is good enough for the common folks, for those who can't afford anything better and ought to give thanks for what they get, though they pay taxes in larger proportion to their holdings than those who can afford to patronize the private schools.

One of the speakers at the meeting Thursday night, discussing the matter of a site for a new High School put forth the proposition that the High School was for those whose parents could not afford to send them to an academy or college, which, carried to its logical conclusion, means that the public schools are an adjunct to

the poor-farm—institutions for the poor, for those who can afford nothing better.

Being a New Englander, with more than one generation of New Englanders before me, I totally and entirely dissent from the proposition.

The county grammar schools, which the old Vermonters thought ought to be established, and for the maintenance of which they set aside lands in every township they granted, have become the high schools of today. They are supported by a tax on all the people and are for the use of the people. If those who can afford to choose to send their children to other institutions that is their privilege, but it does not warrant an assumption on their part that the public schools are only for the poor.

Not only do the towns maintain their primary and secondary schools, but the State aids them in doing that and also aids in the support of the colleges. Norwich University, Middlebury College and the University of Vermont all receive aid from the State, not for the poor alone but for all.

When one goes outside of New England and New York the idea is carried to a logical conclusion. The State university is a State institution in fact as well as in name. The best instruction the State can afford is open to every child, rich or poor, from the kindergarten to the college. The university is as free as any other school.

Education is gaining. Culture is expanding. The tastes of the people are being raised. If you have any doubt of that look at barber shop literature for example, 25 years ago, even less the staple reading of the barber shop was the Police Gazette. There were a few patent medicine almanacs, with state jokes, that remained until they were worn out, sometimes a weekly newspaper and an occasional copy of Puck. Today any well regulated barber shop will have at least one daily paper, some high class weekly like Collier's or the Saturday Evening Post, Puck, Judge or Life, perhaps all three, and one or more of the popular magazines.

Why will a man persist in bringing a half smoked cigar into an assemblage where smoking is not permitted? I visited one of the moving picture theaters the other night and before I had been there five minutes I became conscious of an offensive smell. A smoker myself, it took but a minute to identify it and a minute or two more to locate it. A man sat near me with a half smoked cigar in his fingers. The ceilings of these theaters are low and good ventilation is hardly possible, which makes the offense of a dead cigar all the worse. Does a man hang on to such a stub and endure the foul smell of it and offend his neighbors for the sake of economy? If not, why does he do it?

"What is the correct word to describe the directions for making a pie or a punch," asked a friend, "receipt or recipe?" "Receipt," I answered. "Perhaps so," said he, "but I notice that most people use 'recipe' in conversation, and I find that form more frequently used in the household columns of newspapers."

Of course newspaper usage ought to settle the question, but to satisfy myself I looked up what Eliezer Edwards, that well known authority on the use of words, had to say, and found this: "A 'receipt' is a written or printed direction for mixing or compounding certain materials with a view to the production of something; it may be an article of food, a compound for personal or household use, or a medicine. The word 'recipe' is only properly used medically and it means directions for taking."

This appears to settle the question between those two words, but neither of them is just what is required and the English language ought to furnish a better one.

Our great trouble with the ordinary use of English is that we try to make one word perform too many duties. Dickens called attention to that when he satirized the American use of the word "fix." The vocabulary of most people is very limited or they are too lazy mentally to make use of it. English affords a rich choice of words of delicate shades of meaning and there is no need of twisting a word out of its power and original sense where some other can be used to express one's meaning.

Though there are more than a hundred associate members of the Brooks Grand Army post, only eight of them marched with the post to St. Augustine's church on Sunday to listen to the splendid and stirring address of Father Walsh. These associates are willing to contribute of their means to aid the work of the post, but are chary of their presence. That is always the difficulty this to enlist their personal effort. Men are willing enough to give money to any cause that interests them, but are disinclined to give the personal attention that counts. "Who giveth himself his gift feeds three, Himself, his hungering neighbor and me,"

Why do people persist in calling it Memorial Day? It isn't. It is Decoration Day, formally and officially, its original purpose was the decoration of the graves of fallen soldiers. Year by year the idea has developed until it has become really a memorial day, and the memorial services are of greater consequence in the day's programme than the scattering of flowers on the grave. That ceremony is not publicly performed as it used to be. The parade no longer marches to the cemetery and halts while the soldiers' graves are covered with tokens of remembrance. But the day still remains Decoration Day. The real Memorial day is May 10, and

was instituted as such in the South, where it is still observed. It is a legal holiday under that name in several of the Southern states.

A salvage corps is at work on the North Branch and the amount of flotsam and jetsam they are taking from the stream is surprising. I saw a pile of several hundred pounds of old iron they had recovered and a lot of rags, bottles and rubbers. Two youngsters, who might by Rogue Riderhood and Gaffer Hexam, in a home made craft, with boards for oars and an iron rod with a hooked end, constitute the corps and its equipment.

They are making a success in this line, but an experiment in natural history they tried failed to work. They captured a big frog and tying a cord to one hind leg tried to make him haul the boat, but the task was too much for the frog, so he was dispatched and his legs taken home for dinner.

Although Montpelier was not chartered until after the Revolutionary War was ended, there are 12 Revolutionary soldiers buried in the cemeteries of the town and six more just across the river in Berlin. The 1812 War came on before Montpelier had taken on any considerable growth, yet there are 46 soldiers of that war buried in Montpelier cemeteries. There were not many able bodied men in those days who failed to see something of military service.

They say trout are biting wet but I hear of no big catches. I saw a youngster going home with a dozen young dobsons Saturday. He said he was going to let them grow up for bass bait.

EARNEST TRIFLER.

Passing of the Abandoned Farm (New York Sun.)

A remarkable exhibit confronts us on page 11 of "New Hampshire Farms for Summer Homes," a handsomely illustrated and typographically excellent publication for which the State Board of Agriculture is sponsor. We refer to the picture of an unpaired frame house with pent up door and broken windows under the shadow of a great elm and looking out over a tumbledown stone fence on a road untraveled. It might be taken for the place where Hawthorne wrote "The House of the Seven Gables," but it has a distinction all its own, of type under the picture, tells us: "There are abandoned farms still. This is one in Hopkinton, Merrimack county."

Twenty years ago abandoned farms were a drug on the market in New Hampshire; in the houlder country there seemed to be no other kind of farm. A tract of 300 acres, wood and pasture, with a rambling house and spring water piped into it, together with a progeny of gray barns and outhouses, could be bought for two or three thousand dollars. It was a melancholy prospect to the old State. Sometimes a forgotten graveyard was found by the musing stranger in a second growth of forest. The census had less and less to do. The deer lumbered through the orchards of decrepit trees. Then the Legislature, in a brave attempt to stay the depopulation of the back country, imposed upon the Board of Agriculture the task of promoting immigration by using printer's ink; but the remedy was not found until it occurred to some genius that the honorable board was promoting the wrong kind of immigration, and that instead of husbandmen on her abandoned farms New Hampshire wanted captains of industry, statesmen, lawyers, doctors and literary men. In short, the right course was to advertise the attractions of New Hampshire as a summer pleasure ground. The abandoned farms had been a scarecrow; it was now to be a lure. We take off our hat also to the son of New Hampshire who conceived the fetching idea of "Old Home Week." Don't tell us that he was a flourishing exilist whose heart untraveled fondly turned to Hooksett or Boscawen, still to Coos or Carroll turned with ceaseless pain, and dragged at each remove a lengthening chain. He was one of the conspirators to turn the tide of migration from the city to the country and sell the hill pasture to men who were more interested in the azure robe of the mountain than in separators and scanty hay crops.

We see the perfect result in the sumptuous publication already mentioned farm advertising. In the preface there is confession—in the very first sentence in fact: "The New Hampshire State Board of Agriculture, charged by the Legislature of the Commonwealth with the duty of promoting immigration to the farming sections of the State, issues herewith the eighth edition of its annual publication, designed to further that end and called 'New Hampshire Farms for Summer Homes.'" It is like looking through a picture gallery of stately and luxurious homes to turn over the pages of this book. Take the MacVeagh estate at Dublin, for instance. What cool and spacious porticos, what rare smoothed lawns, what Italian gardens, what entrancing vistas of deftly trimmed woodland! Between them the architect and landscape gardener have made a paradise where once was a senile farmhouse (carted away to make room for the pleasure palace) and a hillside given up to the prodigality of nature. A most beautiful group of pictures shows another Dublin estate, "including Italian garden and ancient theatre," with marble Venuses and natads peeping at one another through the shrubbery and displaying charms that were only dreamed of on abandoned farms by the original proprietor. There are "summer homes" humbler by comparison.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.

Many a night's rest is spoiled by frequent fits of coughing—sometimes by a mere tickling in the throat that is so annoying as to prevent sleep. Kemp's Balsam will cure coughs if any medicine will and will relieve the irritation in the throat. For all throat and lung troubles take Kemp's Balsam. Druggists sell it at 25c and 50c a bottle.

we think of each happy tenant as one who "on honey dew hath fed, and drunk the milk of Paradise." Views of mountain and lake are to be seen from these "summer homes" that persuade you to believe there is no scenery in this collection, but the camera has transformed them so that they are in the world like New Hampshire's; and if there could be any doubt on this point there is the testimony of Ambassadors of the great Powers who have sojourned among the White Hills, contained in letters to the editor. The roll of distinguished visitors, owners and tenants is fully as impressive as the pictured estates, if not more so. We do not mention these things in criticism but in praise and admiration of the genius that has discovered gold mines in hills where only boulders were found before and who has transformed dilapidated farmhouses into pleasure domes like that of Xanadu, "where Alph the sacred river ran." We cheerfully grant that in its panoramas and delights New Hampshire gives full measure to those who can afford to solve the abandoned farm problem:

"Mark how the stately trees above us bend, And how the sunshine glimmers through the leaves: A dream of beauty every one perceives Who walks this way with sweet heart or with friend."

The lines are from the works of Moses Gage Shirley, the Rustic Bard of Shirley Hill, whose modest home appears as a foil to the great houses in "Farms for Summer Homes."

There is, indeed, a chapter devoted to illage for profit, to save the face of the abandoned farm, which in the first analysis should be by the sweat of the brow; but the illustrations of golf links, lawn tennis, croquet, mountain climbing and snowshoeing will not down in this part of the book. There is also a display of fat potatoes and blue ribbon apples, and a flock of aristocratic sheep; but in the main this is extensive and not intensive farming—only milk can be raised on the rock pastures. What we make of this fine and very creditable publication of the Board of Agriculture is that the abandoned farm is passing and giving place to homes of city folk who spend \$10,000,000 a year in New Hampshire.

HOUSES OF WILD CREATURES.

That of the Bald Eagle Most Striking Among Birds—A Bear's Snow House. (From St. Nicholas.)

There is a peculiar charm and interest in the study of the homes of wild creatures. Their efforts and the result in building these, even if crude, appeal to our sympathies.

We have admired and to some extent have investigated the nests of the more familiar birds; we have seen the squirrel make his home in some dead tree or hollow limb; we have, perhaps, studied the muskrat and his peculiar, dome-shaped house. Few people, however, have had the opportunity of giving the matter extended study.

Among birds the home of the bald eagle is perhaps the most striking possibly because of the majesty of the bird itself. It appeals to the imagination. Built of huge sticks loosely interwoven and situated on some lofty and inaccessible ledge, with the bones of the eagle's victims scattered round about, it gives a proper setting to the stern and savage character of its builder. Here the eagle reigns supreme, and here year after year he and his mate rear their young. This is the airy from which he can scan the whole countryside and like the robber, barons of old levy toll on all who pass his door.

Far in the still, white North, where winter reigns supreme, is the home of the polar bear. When the long arctic night approaches the bear retires to some shelter spot, such as the cleft of a rock or the foot of some precipitous bank. In a very short time he is effectually concealed by the heavy snow-drifts. Sometimes the bear waits until after a heavy fall of snow and then digs a white cavern of the requisite form and size. Such is his home for six long months.

Our common little cottontail, or so-called rabbit, does not live in a burrow as does the English rabbit, but makes a slight depression in the ground, in which she lies so flatly pressed to the earth as to be scarcely distinguishable from the soil and the dried herbage in which her abode is situated. The rabbit is strongly attached to its home wherever it may be placed, and even if driven to a great distance from it contrives to regain its little domicile at the earliest opportunity.

One of the most gruesome among animal homes is the wolf's den. This is simply a hole dug in the side of a bank or a small natural cave, generally situated on the sunny side of a ridge and almost hidden by bushes and loose boulders. Here the wolf lies snug; in and about his doorway lie the remains of past feasts, which coupled with his own odor, makes the wolf's den a not very inviting place. Nevertheless there is something so dread and mysterious about this soft-footed marauder that it even lends a fascination to his home.

A "by-by-night" sort of home is that of our friend the bob-white, yet it seems to serve the purpose very well. Under the broad, low bough of a small pine or cedar tree the flock take their night's repose. Quail, in retiring, always sits in a circle with their heads outward, and so they rest, presenting a barricade of sharp eyes and sharper ears against possible danger.

The home of the elegant little harvest mouse next claims our attention. It is built upon three or four rank grass stems and is situated a foot or so from the ground. In form it is globular and about four inches in diameter. It is composed of thin dry grass, is of nearly uniform substance and open and airy in construction. It shows great cleverness in this little animal, which is the smallest of mammals.

The winter home of the American red deer is very interesting. When the snow begins to fly the leader of the herd guides them to some shelter spot where provender is plentiful. Here, as the snow falls, they pack it down,

tramping out a considerable space, while about them the snow mounts higher and higher until they cannot get out if they would. From the main opening or "yard," as it is called, tramped-out paths lead to the nearby trees and shrubbery, which supply them with food. In this way they manage to pass the winter in comparative peace and safety.

One could go on enumerating bird and animal homes by the score, and they would all be of interest. The present space, however, will not permit of going further. The writer has therefore, simply described some of the more curious of the homes, as well as those presenting the widest contrast.

BEGINNINGS OF CIVILIZATION.

Mesopotamia, the Nile Valley, Greece and Rome.

(From Theodore Roosevelt's Recent Address at the University of Berlin.) The first civilizations which left behind them clear records rose in that hoary historic past which geologically is part of the immediate present—and which is but a span's length from the present, even when compared only with the length of time that man has lived on this planet. These first civilizations were those which rose in Mesopotamia and the Nile valley some six or eight thousand years ago. As far as we can see, they were well-nigh independent centers of cultural development, and our knowledge is not such at present as to enable us to connect either with the early cultural movements in southwestern Europe on the one hand, or in India on the other, or with that Chinese civilization which has been so profoundly affected by Indian influences.

Compared with the civilizations with which we are best acquainted, the striking features in the Mesopotamian and Nilotic civilizations were the length of time they endured and their comparative changelessness. The kings, priests and peoples who dwelt by the Nile or the Euphrates are found thinking much the same thoughts, doing much the same deeds, leaving at least very similar records, while time passes in tens of centuries. Of course there was change; of course there was action and reaction in influence between them and their neighbors; and the movement of change, of development, material, mental, spiritual, was much faster than anything that had occurred during the aeons of mere savagery.

But in contradistinction to modern times the movement was very slow indeed, and, moreover, in each case it was strongly localized; while the field of endeavor was narrow. There were certain conquests by man over Nature; there were certain conquests in the domain of pure intellect; there were certain extensions which spread the area of civilized mankind. But it would be hard to speak of it as a "world movement" at all; for by far the greater part of the habitable globe was not only unknown, but its existence unguessed at, so far as peoples with any civilization whatsoever were concerned.

With the downfall of these ancient civilizations there sprang into prominence those peoples with whom our own cultural history may be said to begin. These ideas and influences in our lives which we can consciously track back at all are in the great majority of instances to be traced to the Jew, the Greek, or the Roman; and the ordinary man, when he speaks of the nations of antiquity, has in mind specifically these three peoples—although, judged even by the history of which we have record, theirs is a very modern antiquity indeed.

The case of the Jew was quite exceptional. His was a small nation, of little more consequence than the sister nations of Moab and Damascus, until all three, and the other petty States of the country, fell under the yoke of the alien. Then he survived,

For Sprains and kindred aches and pains there is no remedy so effective as Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. Parson's Pills cleanse the system and make you feel fresh and vigorous. JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

while all his fellows died. In the spiritual domain he contributed a religion which has been the most potent of all factors in its effect on the subsequent history of mankind; but none of his other contributions compare with the legacies left us by the Greek and the Roman.

The Graeco-Roman world saw a civilization far more brilliant, far more varied and intense, than any that had gone before it, and one that affected a far larger share of the world's surface. For the first time there began to be something which at least foreshadowed a "world movement" in the sense that it affected a considerable portion of the world's surface and that it represented what was incomparably the most important of all that was happening in world history at the time. In breadth and depth the field of intellectual interest had greatly broadened at the same time that the physical area affected by the civilization had similarly extended.

Instead of a civilization affecting only one river valley or one nook of the Mediterranean, there was a civilization which directly or indirectly influenced mankind from the desert of Sahara to the Baltic, from the Atlantic ocean to the westernmost mountain chains that spring from the Himalayas. Throughout most of this region there began to work certain influences which, though with widely varying intensity, did nevertheless tend to affect a large portion of mankind. In many of the forms of science, in almost all the forms of art, there was great activity. In addition to great soldiers there were great administrators and statesmen whose concern was with the fundamental questions of social and civil life.

Nothing like the width and variety of intellectual achievement and understanding had ever before been known; and for the first time we come across great intellectual leaders, great philosophers and writers, whose works are a part of all that is highest in modern thought, whose writings are as alive today as when they were first issued; and there were others of even more daring and original temper, a philosopher like Democritus, a poet like Lucretius, whose minds leaped ahead through the centuries and saw, what none of their contemporaries saw, but who were so hampered by their surroundings that it was physically impossible for them to leave to the later world much concrete addition to knowledge. The civilization was one of comparatively rapid change, viewed by the standard of Babylon and Memphis. There was incessant movement; and, moreover, the whole system went down with a crash to seemingly destruction after a period short compared with that covered by the reigns of a score of Egyptian dynasties, or with the time that elapsed between a Babylonian defeat by Elam and a war 15 centuries later which fully avenged it.

This civilization flourished with brilliant splendor. Then it fell. In its northern seats it was overwhelmed by a wave of barbarism from among those half-savage peoples from whom you and I, my hearers, trace our descent. In the South and East it was destroyed later, but far more thoroughly, by invaders of an utterly different type. Both conquests were of great importance; but it was the northern conquest which in its ultimate effects was of by far the greatest importance. With the advent of the Dark Ages the movement of course ceased and it did not begin anew for many centuries; while a thousand years passed before it was once more in full swing, so far as European civilization, so far as the world civilization of today, is concerned. During all those centuries the civilized world, in our acceptance of the term, was occupied, as its chief task, in slowly climbing back to the position from which it had fallen after the age of the Antonines.

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Of course a general statement like this must be accepted with qualifications. There is no hard and fast line between one age or period and another, and in no age is either progress or retrogression universal in all things. There were many points in which the Middle Ages, because of the simple fact that they were Christian, surpassed the brilliant pagan civilization of the past; and there are some points in which the civilization that succeeded them has sunk below the level of the ages which saw such mighty masterpieces of poetry, of architecture—especially cathedral architecture—and of serene spiritual and forceful leadership. But they were centuries of violence, rapine and cruel injustice; and truth was so little heeded that the noble and daring spirits who sought it especially in its scientific form, did so in deadly peril of the fagot and the halter.

Pointed Paragons.

Even the honest pretzel is crooked. It is only the expected that fails to happen.

Everybody is selfish—with the exception of yourself.

How people do like to ask questions you cannot answer!

A compliment that isn't exaggerated seldom makes a hit.

The uncertainties of the strenuous life make it interesting.

After burying the hatchet some men go out and dig up an axe.

And many a politician makes his mark only by throwing mud.

It keeps the wife of a self-made man busy making alterations.

Occasionally a liar tells the truth because he thinks it isn't.

How a woman does hate to be told that she is "well preserved."

If you would please your friends, keep your troubles under cover.

Never judge people by their aims; it's what they hit that counts.

The man with a noble aim in life isn't always shooting off his mouth.

It's a waste of time trying to talk to a woman with her first baby.

A gossip believes everything she hears, and takes the rest for granted.

How many do you know—including yourself—who really understand you?

However, the biggest price ever paid for a pew in church would not buy standing room in heaven.—Chicago News.

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