

# A Pointer

Flour at wholesale has already advanced about \$1.50 a barrel. Today the retail price stands lower than the wholesale.

We should advise the consumer to buy immediately from their regular source of supply, and save at least \$2.00 per barrel over the prospective winter price.

E. CROSBY & CO.



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Can you see distant objects clearly through your reading glasses? Or are you compelled to take them off every time you look off at a distance? Then you need KRYPTOK Glasses.

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We call for your family washing. We wash all your clothes. We iron all of your flat pieces. We dry the remaining pieces. We return your wash promptly. We charge for all this only 3 cents per pound, provided your wash weighs 25 pounds or over. If you have not already received one of our new family wash lists, call for one at once, as you cannot afford to have your washing done elsewhere.

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## The Brattleboro Reformer

Published Every Evening  
Except Sunday at  
the American Building Annex,  
Main Street,  
Brattleboro, Vermont.  
Address All Communications to  
The Reformer.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:  
Single Copies ..... Two Cent  
One Week ..... Twelve Cent  
One Month ..... Fifty Cent  
One Year ..... Five Dollar

Entered in the postoffice at Brattleboro, as second class matter.

The Reformer Telephone Number 1  
127  
for Business Office and Editorial Rooms

TO ADVERTISERS.  
Transient advertising—Run of paper, 20 cents an inch for first insertion; 25 cents an inch for each subsequent insertion. Limited space on first page at double rates.  
Space rates on application.  
Classified advertisements—Five cents a line first insertion with 50 per cent discount for each subsequent insertion without change of copy.  
Reading Notices—Ten cents per line first insertion with 50 per cent discount for each subsequent insertion without change of copy.  
Position 10 per cent extra.

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Windsor, Vt., Windsor Restaurant.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 4, 1916.

To think that Hly-white St. Johnsbury should ever be disturbed by a Sunday baseball agitation!

Now that the national house of representatives has passed the honest berry basket bill it will be interesting to see what activity Senator Page will display in behalf of the horticulturists of his native state.

The primary law has killed the still-hunt candidates. Some of us can recall stunts that were pulled off in county conventions that would not have a chance to get by under present conditions, when the candidates are forced to come out into the open.

Natt L. Divoll of Rockingham, who made a highly creditable record in the last session of the legislature as senator and as representative in 1908, is a candidate for reelection. His statement to The Reformer is well worth reading. There will be few to dissent with him in his desire to shorten the legislative session. There are now four avowed candidates in Windham county—Mr. Divoll, Herman E. Eddy of Brattleboro, Frank A. DeWitt of Newfane and John H. Ware of Townshend. All of these men have had legislative experience.

The White River Junction Landmark uses half a column of space to explain that Senator Page is not an aged man, while in his 74th year, and it points to Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire at 79 with five more years to serve, Representative Cannon of Illinois young at 81, and then rings the changes on such old boys as Van Maitke, Gladstone and Benjamin Franklin. This talk is all well enough as far as it goes, but the point is that Senator Page has had eight years of service and there is nothing exceptional in his record. All of the men referred to had "made good" before they were 70. Page isn't likely to do so after reaching that mark.

Samuel O. Dunn in the Journal of Political Economy gives an exhaustive review of government ownership in Canada. He says the government owned railroads in that country are a hopeless financial failure. They have cost the Canadians \$268,000,000 more than their present value, or \$154,378 per mile more than they are worth. One of the government roads is the Intercolonial Railway and the railroads of the United States with a capitalization less than the construction cost of the Intercolonial handle five per cent more passenger traffic and 27 per cent more freight traffic per mile with only two and six-tenths per cent greater operating expense. The Canadians have \$268,000,000 to pay in taxes for which they will not receive a cent's value. This actual example should make the people of the United States cautious about venturing into a \$50,000,000 government ship-owning scheme.

Governor Gates has made what the Monitor believes will prove to be the greatest mistake of his life in allowing his name to go before the people as a candidate for the United States senate. Governor Gates is a man loved, honored and respected in his state and his administration of the highway commis-

sioner's office was above criticism and par excellence in every respect. He has made a good governor. But in Washington, C. W. Gates would be out of his environment. That's all.

The Reformer believes the foregoing paragraph from the Barton Monitor expresses the opinion of hundreds of Governor Gates' friends in this part of the state. And they are none the less his friends for possessing such convictions.

## Best Hay Crop in Years.

(Barre Times.)

The esteemed Boston Transcript speaks of "the threatened failure of the New England hay crop, due to the excessive moisture of a backward season and the difficulty, not to say impossibility, of obtaining harvesters as the result of the labor shortage," and it goes on to advise farmers of Vermont, as well as of the other states, to raise alfalfa instead of hay. The advice to raise alfalfa may be good enough, but the contemporary is somewhat misled as to conditions of the hay crop in Vermont, if not in other states of New England. The hay crop of Vermont is one of the best in years both as to quality and quantity; and the barns are being filled as they have not been filled for many a year. Moreover, the crop is being harvested without unusual difficulty although the labor market for farms is not so plentiful as the average farmer might hope for. There is no discouragement whatever among Vermont farmers over the 1916 hay crop.

## Compliment to Dale.

(St. Johnsbury Republican.)  
Congressman Dale has been selected by the congressional campaign committee as one of its preferred list of speakers and will take the stump as his duties in Washington will permit. His engagements will begin in New Jersey, October 2. This is a distinct compliment to the ability of Vermont's second district congressman. We know he will make good.

## GUILFORD.

Mrs. Kate Heaphy, of Northampton, Mass., is visiting her cousin, Mrs. J. Lowry.

Mrs. A. J. Belden returned home Monday from a five-weeks' sojourn at the seashore.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hutchinson of Greenfield, Mass., are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Ernest Starkey.

Mr. and Mrs. George Whittemore of Westfield, Mass., are visiting Mr. Whittemore's sister, Mrs. Rose Hamilton.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hewlett and son, Philip, of Townshend are guests at E. M. Spencer's. Little Miss Hazel Blanding has received a present of a piano from her grandfather, E. M. Spencer.

News has been received of the death of Miss Sarah A. Arms at the age of 69. Miss Arms was born in this town, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Arms. After the death of her parents Miss Arms at the age of 19 went to Connecticut to live with an aunt, but was a frequent visitor to this place to see her long friend, Miss Emeretta Weatherhead. Of late years she had been a resident of Terryville, Conn., where the funeral was held. The burial took place in Hartford, Conn. Her parents are buried in Christ church cemetery in that town.

## GUILFORD CENTER.

D. Lyon went to Jamaica last week to visit.

Miss Lillian and Alpheus Ingraham of Connecticut visited their uncle, Ray Ingraham, this week.

Miss Nora Jaquith of Brattleboro visited from Saturday to Monday at E. E. Thayer's.

Mrs. George Prouty and daughter, Mrs. Kath visited Mrs. Prouty's brother, Worthy Worden, Sunday.

Mrs. Jason Baker is visiting her aunt, Mrs. George Thomas, in Brattleboro and attending the Chautauqua.

C. Kenneth Farnum went to Bernardston Sunday to work for his brother-in-law. His family will remain here for the present.

Mr. and Mrs. Nard and son and Mrs. Nard's sister, Miss McCarthy, and Mrs. Flora Snyder, sister of the Misses Hill, all of 1 Looklyn, are spending ten days with the Misses Hill.

## VERNON.

George Streeter is visiting his grand-mother, Mrs. George Moseley, in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bingham and daughter, Mildred, of Brattleboro spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Owens.

Mrs. Arthur Miller is entertaining her father, E. K. Maynard of Barrington, N. H., and sister, Miss Ruth Maynard of Boston.

The young son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Owens fell from the upper window of the barn Monday and narrowly escaped serious injury.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Miller and family attended the Maynard family reunion in Ashburnham, Mass., Tuesday. They were accompanied by Dwight Miller and family of Dummerston.

## WEST NORTHFIELD, MASS.

Mrs. White is visiting Mrs. Dayton Park.

E. B. Buffum and Gordon were at Ocean Beach a few days last week.

Eric Lincoln of Hingham, Mass., is visiting his aunt, Mrs. C. I. Holton.

P. H. Martin and father, also his son, Edgar, are in Vershire on business.

Mrs. Abbie Smith of Sharon, Mass., is with her daughter, Mrs. Spiller, for the present.

Miss L. M. Thayer, who has been visiting Mrs. Corse, has gone to Springfield, Vt., to visit friends.

Little Lewis Stark is much better and is with his mother in the home of his father, Henry Cushman, in Bernardston.

Miss Madeline Radway has gone to New London for a two-weeks' vacation. Miss Grace Corse is taking her place in the postoffice.

Mrs. H. W. Riley and Mrs. Cora Gale came Wednesday from Worcester to make a short stay with Mrs. Doolittle on their way to Wardboro, where they are to stay during August, having rented a cottage. They will be joined later by Mr. and Mrs. Will Johnson of Worcester for two weeks.

Excursion to Ocean Beach, New London, August 6. See Ad. on page 3.

## The Meddler

"If the coat fits you, put it on"

The Meddler sincerely hopes that the new cement road on Western avenue will prove to be as durable and as satisfactory as its builders seem to expect. Surely, the amount of inconvenience its construction has caused entitles the public to something in the way of a reward. There is serious question, however, whether a highway of this kind is worth what it costs even when constructed in the most approved fashion. It is found to be noisy and dusty and certainly will not be easy to repair when excavations for pipe repairs are necessary. One has only to compare it with the recently built gravel road on the flat this side of Linden lodge to become doubtful as to the wisdom of using concrete. The latter road is one of the very best in this part of the county and although its cost was but a fraction of that of the Western avenue stretch careful upkeep should make it almost as durable.

As to the wisdom of a concrete surface for Main street The Meddler has serious doubts in spite of the recently expressed opinion of the state highway commissioner. Such a surface would be almost if not quite as noisy as granite paving blocks, and the amount of digging that takes place in one season would be likely to leave it full of depressions. Brick paving would be cleaner, less noisy and much easier to replace.

The Meddler is not inclined to view as over-severe Judge Barber's sentence of the young man who figured so conspicuously in the automobile accident at West river bridge July 3. The case was an aggravated one from whatever angle it is viewed and the summary punishment that has been meted out should serve as an indication of the attitude of the local authorities toward all automobile drivers who are oblivious to the danger of mixing rum and gasoline. To claim that the young man in question should have received a lighter sentence merely because previous offenders escaped punishment is an argument for perpetual postponement.

Official notification of the primary election to be held throughout the state Sept. 12 brings to mind the fact that candidates for town representative must be nominated on that date. The Meddler has yet to hear of any Brattleboro man who has aspirations to be a member of the next general assembly, but doubtless some willin' Barksis will appear before the time for filing petitions expires. One thing to be borne in mind in connection with the representative question is the attitude of all candidates on the repeal of the Perry bill. The work of getting this statute off the books was only partly done in the referendum of last March; to complete it representatives must be chosen who will agree to act in accordance with the verdict rendered at that time.

County politics seem to be in a lukewarm condition despite the numerous candidates in the field. The announcement of N. L. Divoll's senatorial candidacy this week brings the number of aspirants for this office up to four: Mr. Divoll and J. H. Ware of Townshend from the northern district and H. E. Eddy of this town and F. A. DeWitt of Newfane from this end of the county. However, the primary law is likely to prove as much of a stumbling block to the custom of choosing senators by probate districts as it is to the mountain rule in the distribution of state offices, so there is no likelihood that Messrs. Ware and Divoll will have a chance to fight for one toga while Messrs. Eddy and DeWitt are contending for another. The two who get the most votes in the primary will be the ones whose names will appear on the official ballot without regard to residence, and this is as it should be.

Two criticisms of Brattleboro, made in the course of an appreciation of the town's beauties printed in a recent issue of The Reformer, are in the opinion of The Meddler worthy of serious consideration. One had to do with our failure to plant new shade trees to replace the many that have died and been cut down. The other referred to the shiftless habit of using Whetstone brook as a public dump. Thought for the comfort and enjoyment of future generations should prompt us to replace our shade trees as fast as they outlive their usefulness. Consideration of our own welfare and health should point out the advantages of making Whetstone brook something more than a public dump and an open sewer.

## RAWSONVILLE.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Heald and two sons of Washington, D. C., are visiting at W. W. Heald's.

The old home week picnic will be held Aug. 16 on A. A. Kingbury's hill farm. Everyone is invited.

Mrs. Manie Helson and daughter and Mrs. Mary Jackson of South Londonderry visited at W. W. Heald's recently.

## THE CITY KID



## RANN-DOM REELS

by Howard L. Rann  
"of shoes-and ships -and sealing wax-of cabbages-& kings"

## THE BOARD OF TRADE

The board of trade is a place where men put down money and guess how far No. 1 wheat will jump inside of thirty days. If the jump fails to shatter any of the existing records several unfortunates drop off the board and apply arnica bandages to their wounds.

It costs a great deal of money to get on the board of trade, and sometimes it costs several times as much to get off. Every year some new, brash member from the far west is admitted to membership by paying \$50,000 and repeating one of Jesse James' favorite passages of Scripture, and a few months later retires by the back door with a vast amount of helpful experience and a check book shot as full of holes as a coffee strainer. Nobody ever joined the board of trade with the pious idea of showing up the old members without breaking down in the middle of the third verse and backing off the stage with a van, pinched look.

Pecking the board of trade continues to be the favorite pastime of sanguine citizens who have access to other people's money and who always know that mess pork is due for a phenomenal ascension by September 1. Many a trusted Sunday school treasurer has dumped the proceeds of the mite-box into the wheat pit, while the other brethren were learning the Golden Text, only to have the market slump downward with a hollow groan and leave him stripped of both religion and collateral. Every once in a while some rural merchant indulges the idea that he can invest a \$10 bill in the board of trade and have it come back in the form of an eight-cylinder touring car, and after keeping this up for a reasonable length of time he decides that it is cheaper and more exciting to play draw poker with total strangers who carry a stripped deck.

The number of people who make any real money by playing the board of trade with a shoe string is about as numerous as those who locate the little pea at the circus. The real wise men of any community are those who play the savings department of a solvent bank every Saturday night. Four per cent interest may look small to the man who wants to double his money between supper and breakfast, but it is better than having to protect the original investment with a lien on the household furniture. The man who gets this solemn fact hammered into his system while young will never have to be cared for by the county when he is old.

[Protected by The Adams Newspaper Service]



## ROOSTER AND PEACOCK.

"What shall the story be about this evening, children?" asked Daddy, as he came into the nursery.

"Oh anything at all, Daddy," said Dick.

"Well, that seems easy enough," said Daddy. "You certainly are not fussy or particular. And, as I haven't told you a story for a long time about the Barnyard Folks, I think it is high time to do so."

"Several days ago Mr. Rooster was walking around and shouting at the top of his voice 'Cock-a-doodle-do' over and over again. He had a fine red cap on the top of his head and he was just as proud of himself as he could be. Dear me, but he was proud!

"He strutted about and kept on crowing. The rest of the Barnyard Folks were just the least little bit afraid of Mr. Rooster. He was so very dignified and stylish. At least he always told them he was, and he said so in a tone that made them believe it must be true."

"Was he the only Rooster in the Barnyard, Daddy?" asked Nancy.

"Oh, no, indeed," replied Daddy. "though you would have thought so from the way he acted. But he was the only Rooster they called 'Mr.' The others they called just plain 'Rooster,' or 'Red Top,' or 'Tuft,' or maybe 'Roostie,' but this one they called Mr. Rooster always."

"As he was crowing and strutting about he happened over by a small pond at the extreme end of the Barnyard. It was just what he had meant to do all the morning, and he hadn't found time to before."

"Ah, I'm a busy old fellow," he said. "I must crow for the delight of all the Barnyard Folks—and if I didn't crow early in the morning I do believe some Grownups would sleep all day! They should appreciate me, though sometimes they're so lazy they think they like that old Sandman creature better. Yes, I have a great deal I must do. But now I can attend to my looks."

"He stood on one side of the pond and looked at his own reflection. After he saw that he was looking well and that his white feathers were spick and span, and his red hat bright and clean, he started back, crowing as he went."

"He used to walk alone you see, for he didn't quite think any of the other Animals were fine enough to walk with him. But on his way back he met Mr. Peacock."

"Good morning, Mr. Peacock," said Mr. Rooster with a special 'crow' of



"You Two Mustn't Quarrel," He Said.

greeting. "How are you? Fine day we're having."

"Good day," replied Mr. Peacock. "It seems to me you don't say anything very remarkable for a creature that puts on such airs. Any Animal can talk as wisely as you do. It's just ordinary, every-day conversation."

"I never heard you were so wise either," said Mr. Rooster very rudely.

"I don't have to be wise," said the Peacock. "For I am beautiful. There is no other tail in all the land that is so famous for its beauty as the tail of the Peacock. And the colors of my feathers are wonderful. You know yourself, Mr. Rooster, that when I spread my tail even the Animals can't help admiring me—and as for the People—well, they think they never saw anything like me in all their lives."

"As you can imagine Mr. Rooster and Mr. Peacock had a fine old argument—which was almost a quarrel—for they are both so vain and proud of themselves that each had hard work trying to say more often than the other."

"I'm a finer Animal, I'm a finer Animal," for they got so excited they said the same thing as often and as fast as ever they could.

"Soon came along Grandfather Pig who was feeling quite happy and cheerful in the nice morning Sunshine. "You two mustn't quarrel," he said. "It's so extremely stupid. You don't feel happy when you argue like that. And it's no fun to stand around—or strut around and keep praising yourself up every minute. Why don't you play or get your breakfast—or do something sensible—each of you?"

"Both the Peacock and the Rooster looked a little ashamed when Grandfather Pig talked to them, and they went away with their heads hanging down when he said, 'Peacock, for all your beauty, you've hideous feet, and Rooster, no one likes to hear you 'cock-a-doodle-do' but yourself!'"

To effect a quick cure, mix cheerfulness with your medicines.

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