THE BARRE DAILY TIMES

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Frank E. Langley, Publisher.

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The average daily circulation of the Barre Daily Times for the week ending Saturday was

5,430

copies, the largest paid circulation of any daily paper in this section.

"Gr-r-r-r-r! Vindicated!"—Fitzy.

A Ludlow man has lived to be one hundred years old. But then, they have to live longer in Ludlow to see as much life as the average.

Once again the "power of the press" is indicated in politics. Not a single Boston newspaper supported Fitzgerald, albeit some of them may crawl around and claim the distinction now.

Outcroppings like this indicate the trend of the public mind:

"The longer Mr. Knox stays in the office of secretary of state, the more sympathy there appears with those strict constructionists, who argued a year ago that the law should not be juggled with to make him eligible under the constitution for this position."

The statement is from the conservative Boston Transcript, a Republican journal. By the way, what has become of Secretary Knox's little personally conducted war with Zelaya?

THE WEAR ON BARRE STREETS.

Practically the entire population of Barre passes over North Main street at Depot square during the coure of a day in the fall season, finds the city engineer—that is, a number practically equal to the population of the city. Of this tide of people, 9,574 were on foot, showing the strain to which the sidewalks are subjected. In the same day, or rather fifteen hour of it, as taken for the standard, the road was subjected to the wear and tear of 1,435 vehicles, most of which were horse-drawn, and many of them huge stone-teams loaded with tons of granite. By these figures, one is able to judge of the durability of the roads and sidewalks required; and, inasmuch as City Engineer Reed has secured figures for streets in various parts of the city, the report will be very valuable in enabling the city to reach a decision as to the best materials to be used in road building.

TOTING ABOUT AN ALLEGED LEPER

The case of John R. Early, the alleged leper of Washington, D. C., is, despite its sad features, such as to warrant stricter attention than has been given to it. Early, since first suspected of having leprosy, has been toted around the country here and there, to be taken before juries of medical men to determine whether he has the disease or not. To be sure, considerable precaution has been taken in the transportation of him, even to the extent of locking him up in a box-car during transit. Nevertheless, we do not think of transporting small pox patients about the country to place them before various experts for judgment; we isolate the patients and have the experts come to them, if there is uncertainty as to the exact nature of the disease. The same course ought to have been pursued in the case of John R. Early, when the first expert opinion was given that he was suffering from leprosy; and then, if his isolation was considered unjust, the medical council should have been held where he was detained. To carry him from Washington to New York and back again, not only once, but twice, was unwise and inimical to the general public health. Now that another council has decided that he has the disease, it is to be hoped that his keepers will hold him in strict isolation, pending futher appeals, which are threatened.

BOSTON HAS MADE ITS BED.

All things considered, Boston did not select the best candidate for mayor yesterday. John F. Fitzgerald is far from being an ideal man at the head of municipal affairs, in Boston or any other city. But he is a vote-getter; there is no gainsaying that fact. He goes down into the congested tenements of the city and pulls out the votes as readily as a fisherman pulls out flounders. He makes himself one of the class with which he associates, whether the task is to his liking or not. Opposed to him was a man who traveled normally in a different crowd of people and who, inevitably, drew toward himself a certain hostility from the less fortunate in material goods, whether he tried to avoid it or not. He was the Beacon street candidate, above all else, in the minds of the west and south ends of the city, and when he came down to ask the people for their votes he was met with a shrug of the shoulder. Fitzgerald was not slow, too, to fan this animosity into open flame of opposition; and thus Boston's election took on the nature of a struggle of class prejudice, during which the really fine qualifications of Storrow were overlooked. Storrow has Mayor Hibbard also to blame for his defeat, since the latter mulishly remained in a contest in which he himself must have realized he had no hope. Hibbard drew from Storrow the few votes which, as it turned out, were needed by Storrow; and made himself ridiculous. As for the fourth candidate under Boston's new-fangled charter, there was only pity for Nathaniel Taylor long before the time came for casting the ballots. He did not materially affect the election. And so Boston has made its own bed.

CURRENT COMMENT

Mustered Out.

The old guard are being mustered out. The one time leaders of the Democrat party in Vermont have nearly all been numbered with the great of all ages whose work has been accomplished. Within a year Bradley Smalley and William B. Viall of Randolph have gone to their reward. Both were able men, leaders in business as well as in politics.—Vergennes Enterprise.

Thoughtless Cruelty.

A Ludlow man has called The Tribune's attention to the habit which some boys have of snaring tame pigeons with strings and otherwise abusing them. He cited the case of a pigeon found hanging to the limb of a tree in his garden, caught by the string attached to its leg and suspended thus, out of reach, till it died.

This is a piece of thoughtless cruelty that could be remedied by a little emphatic action on the part of parents of boys thus inclined. The numerous pigeons which appear on our streets, undisturbed by the near presence of human beings, are deserving of most considerate treatment, and the boys should be taught that cruelty to dumb creatures is not a manly habit.—Ludlow Tribune.

Encouragement for Any Boy.

There is encouragement for every boy who is willing to work in the career of Daniel Willard from Hartland, Vt., who this week was elected to the presidency of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. Mr. Willard did not have the technical education which counts so much in securing advancement at the present time, but he was well trained in the school of rough knocks, beginning work at the age of 19 as a section hand after a boyhood spent on the home farm. We are pretty sure that Daniel was not a boy who watched the clock, but that he gave willing and efficient service. He rose slowly and gradually through various grades, and although he has filled a responsible position for years it has taken 30 years of persistent endeavor to reach the high place he now occupies. Mr. Willard has recently been vice-president of the Burlington, Chicago and Quincy railroad. He will go to the Baltimore & Ohio familiar with the ground, as he formerly served the road as assistant general manager.—Brattleboro Phoenix.

The Joys of Editing.

With this issue we close our labors—not editorally—but in the office of the Express and Standard for the next few weeks and hie to our southern home. We have been asked many times why, in the past three years while in the south, we have not furnished our paper with articles as on previous trips; but the fact is we have remained in one place, worked on land, and have faced no adventures worth writing about. This season we have prepared ourself for deep sea fishing and coast trips, and it is possible a series of letters may be the result. If so we trust our readers will find them interesting.

Thus speaks Brother Hildreth of Newport, the one Vermont editor who doesn't have to shovel his own walks, tend his own furnace, sift ashes, split kindlings, thaw water-pipes, contract coal bills, keep cheerful, speak pleasantly to his advertisers and write done about the beauties of old-fashioned New England winter weather all winter long.—Brattleboro Reformer.

Dairying and Politics.

The after prattle of the state dairymen's convention is that it was one of the most notable gatherings of politicians ever assembled in Vermont, not barring the fish and game league outing and the dinners of the Lake Mansfield Trout club.

It resolved itself in the end to a more or less determined attempt to precipitate a little anti-Mead sentiment, with a somewhat mortifying result.

"Who will undertake to beat Mead?" was the despairing cry, voiced particularly by the friends of Fletcher D. Proctor, who, apparently, have never forgiven the doctor for permitting himself to be a doormat for the august Proctor feet.

In the end, Fleetwood alone developed any serious opposition strength and the Herald is bound to say that his candidacy is shaping itself into a pretty and gratifying "success d'estime," as the critics say of a show that won't draw.

Eventually, it looked as though the astute and wily doctor had about every visible avenue buttoned up, with plenty of buttons and buttonholes to spare.

The Herald regrets to see him thus taking advantage of his benefactors(?) and turning well-known machine methods against their creator, but it submits that occasionally the most unkempt political situation develops elements of poetic justice.

Among the exhibits at Burlington—not necessarily dairying or sugarmaking in its character—was a deplorable bit of doggerel, which the Herald cannot too indignantly reprehend;

Here lie the bones of Fletcher Proctor,
Who tried in vain to stop the Doctor,
He tried his best,
He had to go,
Praise God from Whom all blessings flow.

—Rutland Herald.

JINGLES AND JESTS

In Extremis.

Father he has got Eodysis,
Mother's sure that she will die;
Grandmamma is at a crisis,
Hordeolum on her eye.

Little Dan has got Coryza,
Gastralgia's gripping Kate;
It's Dentition ails Eliza,
Causing her to lachrymate.

Our old horse has got the Glanders,
Mange the dog, and Pip the chick;
Roup is killing off our ganders—
Yes! The whole dam family's sick!

—Puck.

Her Reason.

Elder Sister—Do you want women to have votes?
Younger Sister—No.
Elder Sister—Why?
Younger Sister—Because I like to hear about the suffragettes.—Punch.

In Prohibition Territory.

The Tailor—Hip pockets?
The Customer—Yes.
The Tailor—Large or small?
The Customer—Half pints.—Cleveland Leader.

Good for Evil.

"I trust you try to return good for evil," said the high-minded man.

"I not only try," said Mr. Sirius Barker, "but I succeed. Biggins gave me one of his cigars yesterday and I gave him one of mine this morning."—Washington Star.

Rules of Football.

I seized her little hand in mine,
And got an awful scolding.
For it seems in my excitement
I'd been "penalized for holding."

I stole ten kisses more or less—
I guess 'twas chiefly more;
For since I had begun the game
I'd have to make the "score."

The chaperon was watching me,
And was prepared to "kick";
But it turned out to be a "fake,"
For I was just too quick.

The nature of the game demands,
Of course, a set of rules;
But they are only worrisome
To imbeciles and fools.

—Harvard Lampoon.

Trials of a Host.

"I suppose you will give some elaborate entertainments this winter?"

"Yes," answer Mr. Cumrox, "I think we'll improve on those of last season."

"Weren't they all successful?"

"Nops. It was my fault. I tried to make everybody have a good time, and the first thing I knew mother and the girls were complaining because they weren't sufficiently high class and formal."—Washington Star.

Suitable Name.

"What's that you call your mule?"

"I call him 'Corporation,'" answered the old colored man.

"How did you come to give him such a name?"

"F'um studyin' de animal an' readin' de papahs. Dat mule gets mo' blame an' abuse dan anyt'ing else in de township, an' goes ahead havin' his own way jes' de same."—Washington Star.

Auto Terms.

The Major (who, owing to an attack of gout, has to shoot from a motor car)—Watch that bird. He's hit hard.

Chauffeur—Yes, sir; 'e's steerin' a bit wild. Got it in 'is differential gear, sir, I think.—Punch.

Such Language.

"Please, your satanic majesty," begged a lost soul, who was fishing from the banks of a boiling lake, "can't I try my luck somewhere else? I've been fishing from this blamed place for the past hundred years and haven't had a bite yet."

"That's the hell of it," explained his satanic majesty.—Everybody's.

To Be Free and Take Life

easy in advanced years should be the aim of everyone. Start to-day either endowment insurance or a deferred annuity to help bring about this result. Rates sent on request. 61st year. National Life Insurance Company, Montpelier, Vt. (Mutual.)

S. S. Ballard, General Agent, Montpelier, Vt.; N. B. Ballard, local agent, Montpelier, Vt. (Mutual.)

MONTPELIER BOARD OF TRADE.

The Past Year a Successful One.—Old Officers Reelected.

The annual meeting of the Montpelier board of trade was held last evening, with an attendance of 50 members. The old officers were all elected, as follows: President, Joseph A. Deboer; vice president, James M. Boutwell; secretary, Fred E. Gleason; treasurer, James H. Kelliher. The following members of the board of directors were reelected: J. A. Deboer, J. M. Boutwell, G. L. Blanchard, A. D. Farwell, A. J. Sibley and L. D. Taft. It was stated that Mr. Boutwell did not desire a re-election as vice president, but the vote was allowed to stand.

The treasurer reported a total of $654 taken in during the year in admission fees and that $458 had been paid out, and there is $486 in the treasury, with no outstanding debts.

The secretary's report showed that the board started with a membership of 240, which has been altered by resignations, removals, deaths and additions until the present membership is 250.

The board has done much along various lines to bring Montpelier before the state in a favorable aspect, being especially interested in the telephone complaint, the seminary endowment, the rest room for out-of-town shoppers, the postal telegraph, the bringing of new industries to the city, the $30,000 fund and the developing of Montpelier into a winter resort. The organization has been in correspondence with others throughout the country, bringing Montpelier into touch with them along lines bound to be of advantage to all concerned.

President DeBoer told of some of the things the board had attempted to do in the past year and thought there were ample opportunities in the capital city for work for the bettering of conditions. The industrial fund of $30,000, which the board of trade has been striving to raise, has reached $20,000.

DOUBLE CAPITAL STOCK.

American Fidelity Company Now Has Half a Million.

The American Fidelity company, a bonding company located at Montpelier, held its annual meeting in Montpelier yesterday afternoon and voted to increase its capital stock from $250,000 to $500,000. Old subscribers are to be given the first chance to buy the new issue until January 26, after which the sale will be open. Stock will be sold at $135 a share.

The following officers were elected: President, J. W. Brock; vice-presidents, Fred A. Howland and M. E. Smilie; secretaries, R. B. Denny and B. B. Bailey; treasurer, R. B. Denny. The other directors are J. L. Martin, F. M. Corry and F. H. Wells.

EAST BARRE.

Mrs. John Boyce and family wish to thank their numerous friends and their neighbors for their kind words and actions in their recent bereavement, and the nurses in the Barre City hospital for the deeds rendered them in sickness and at the death of husband and father; also the Odd Fellows for their kindly thoughts. The floral tributes at the funeral were: wreath of geraniums, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Watson; bouquet of carnations and ferns, Willie Haddican and wife and Hattie Haddican; carnations and ferns, William Crowley, Mamie Crowley and P. M. Crowley and mother; carnations, W. C. T. U.; cut flowers, Dr. and Mrs. Minard; pillow, Gill lodge, No. 57; wreath of carnations and roses, Silver Leaf circle, No. 828.

If it is a sheep-lined coat or vest, you can save money from the Frank McWhorter company.

TOO LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION

TO RENT—Furnished rooms in the Arcade building, by day or week. C. M. Hawes, room 3, Arcade. 252tf

TO RENT—Large furnished front room with electric lights and bath. 28 Wellington street, city. 253tf

TALK OF THE TOWN

Last week of Abbott's sale.

There will be a meeting of the Presbyterian Barsas class Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. All come.

Stair work and corner blocks, any pattern you wish, turned out at C. L. Bugbee's woodworking shop.

Gentlemen's clothing repaired; coats and vests relined; button holes remade. Also, mending of all kinds neatly done. 7 French street (first floor).

There will be a meeting of St. Jean Baptiste in the hall this (Wednesday) evening at 7 o'clock. All the members are requested to be present. After the meeting, all the French people are invited to the hall. Free to all.

The Hedding male chorus, under the direction of W. H. Goodfellow, goes to Williamstown this evening, where they will give a concert under the auspices of the lecture course. The chorus will be assisted by Miss Alice B. Farnham of this city as reader. All of the clerks in the Fitts store and many other friends of the chorus will accompany them, so there will be a party of about fifty from this city.