

A FARMER'S TALK TO FARMERS

It is the Little Things that Make Up Life—There is Nothing New Under the Sun—Neglecting Small Details Ends in Large Losses—The Difference in Farmers.

(Written especially for The Bulletin.) It's the little things that make up life.

To which true and ancient saying I can imagine you responding: "Of course, and the sun rises in the east, and the moon rises in the west, and something new, old, true, or false, can't do it, dear boy; there is nothing new to tell. Even the freshest society scandal was enacted and chronicled hundreds of years ago, and has been hundreds of times, since. The latest fire on Franklin square is just another fire over again, and the new one murder is hardly a variation on the one in Eden's borders, many thousand years back.

I am not so wise as the Great King, who was also called "The Preacher," and he had to give it up ages since. "That which hath been is, that which shall be, and that which hath been done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun. Is there a thing which hath been already, in the ages which were before us?" If you don't believe it, why, light it out with Solomon: it is he who says so. They had wheat trysts in ancient Judea and the Assyrian transportation companies used to pay rebates four thousand years ago. There was at least one steam engine in Alexandria in the years marked B. C., and if the priests of Isis didn't have telephones and telegraphs four millenniums before Morse, they had something quite as effective in carrying messages instantly over hundreds of miles of space. In the way of philosophical truth, the vapors of German metaphysicians are only a weak dilution of the oracles of a prehistoric past, and the very latest divagations of theosophy and soul-science are but re-hashes of a lore that was as old as the hills of the East. India. Don't, therefore, sneer at this little old farmer man because he says something you have heard before.

The trouble with most of us is, not that we haven't enough new truth to go on, but that we don't use the old truths we know all about. "It's the little things that count in life." You have heard it, and you know it, and you probably believe it is true. But it is also highly probable that you don't act on that belief once a week. If you do, you are the exception. There's a great difference between knowing the truth and living the truth. Some people know all the rules of grammar, yet violate a dozen of them every day. A very few people talk good English, who couldn't properly be called so, because they don't know the rules so thoroughly and obey them so instinctively that they invariably say the right thing in the right way and according to the law of the language, before they are thinking what they are saying. But they are the very small minority, the exceptions, the salt in the salad.

Some great man once said that genius was nothing more than the capacity for taking infinite pains. Certain it is that the one thing which impresses most observers of great geniuses is their unusual faculty for detail. Mr. Edison doesn't permit his wonder-working inventions to get a blow of the hammer. He has factories full of machinery and of strange supplies, busy with the activities of scores of chemists and metallurgists and electricians and engineers and skilled workmen, each one of whom is a picked man in his specialty. Yet Mr. Edison is the master of them all in every smallest detail of the innumerable separate details of his work. It is the combination of which, after thousands of trials and experiments, he at last achieves success.

But, as a rule, we farmers have souls above details or things more than we can see into the corners of our fences, because they are not so prominent as the spreading expanses of the open fields. Of course, there are exceptions: some of us are so stingy and so miserly that we see only the little things and we can't see anything else. But these old hunks are rather rare. And they are generally hardly sane people, in the true sense of that word. They are warped and twisted deformities to be pitied, not quoted. The most of us waste opportunity and lots of profit just because we can't or won't look after the little things.

Three years ago, I noticed a little patch of orange hawk-weed growing by the roadside about six miles from my place. It was close by the home of a busy farmer who raises big fields of corn and potatoes and other crops. In fact, it was right against his fence. But it was too small a thing for him to notice—certainly too small to excite enough interest to send him out with a little salt to kill it. In due course it thrived and continued to grow. Now the patch is so firmly established in that town that farmers are writing to the papers to ask how to save their pastures. All agree that it started from the little chance patch; it was absolutely unknown till then. Ten minutes' salt is but a little time; a pound of coarse salt is but little value; the combination of the two three years ago would have saved a great many losses and a tremendous amount of work.

A shingle is only a little thing. If Peter Tumbledown had put one on his leaky horse barn roof last week before the rain he would have lost those two bags of ground feed which were soaked by the leaking water and promptly heated and spoiled when the following hot wave struck on. He lost \$3.10 because a shingle was too small a thing to engage his massive intellect. You all remember Ben Franklin's famous fable: "For want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the rider was captured and his detachments taken away; for want of the battle was lost." Not long ago I passed a broken down wagon by the side of the road. One wheel was hopelessly smashed and the axle badly bent; part of the load spilled beyond recovery; a whole day had been lost to the teamster, all his day's pay, several dollars for repairs, and so on—all because he had thought a certain worn out bolt too small a matter to waste time in replacing before he started out.

There's an automobile now standing before a neighboring blacksmith's shop which went into a ditch and against a wall, killed one man and seriously hurt two more the other day, just because somebody didn't properly make or fit one little gear. Some years ago one farmer's wife complained that she couldn't afford to make butter; she didn't have enough to pay the fees bills. She felt ill and a competent neighbor took hold of the dairy. In two weeks this latter woman had turned a loss into a good profit, simply by taking pains in two or three small details of caring for the milk and saving the cream. Another neighbor came to see me recently. Could he get a little feed? His land had wasted and he was going to suffer if he didn't know how much loss unless he could get some for his milk room. I have but a small teahouse and am already furnishing one customer, beside supplying my own needs from it. So I couldn't help him. He has a house larger than mine, but he won't do it last winter, uses no more than I do. You see, when I take out a cake I carefully pack the sawdust back over the exposed remainder, tramp it down enough to make it compact, lay my hands over the next cake, so that it don't have to uncover a square rod to find it tomorrow. He, on the other hand, grabs a shovel and digs away any old piece till he strikes ice, yanks it, breaks up enough for immediate use, throws it out of the door and the shovel into some corner, half the time doesn't even take pains to shut the door when he comes out. I'm sorry for him, but I'm not going to suffer for lack of sleep for letting him have what I've taken pains to preserve when he could have had more than I by taking equal care.

Four times out of five—I guess one might say nineteen times out of twenty, our accidents and our losses and our discomforts are due to our own fault in not looking after the little things. Those whom our Bulletin "Man-Who-Talks" wisely and wittily calls the "children of hard luck" are generally the fathers of that same luck. Not always, of course; some things can't be foreseen and prevented, no matter how careful of the little things we may be. One can't help dying if he's struck by a healthy lightning flash; but he can help leaning against a wet tree trunk when the storm is roaring its loudest. Deacon Sanders says he couldn't help it that his best cow choked to death on a green apple out in pasture the other day, and he's not, but if he had cut the bushes out of that pasture ten years ago, when he ought to have done so, and when the wild apple tree was only a sprout, why would the green apple have come from?

According to the latest crop prospects, the corn yield of the United States is going to come close to 3,000,000,000 bushels. That's a whooping yield of corn. But it's all made up of single kernels. And nature takes more pains and lavishes more solicitude and constant care on the fashioning and ripening of each of those separate kernels than some thousand-acre farmers of the wide west think they ought to give to their whole farms in a year. It's out of the little things that big things are made: "Many a mickle makes a muckle," as the Scotch saying has it.

If there is any one thing which, more than another, differentiates the prosperous from the unthrifty farmer, I believe it is this very matter of details. In many cases all the difference between profitable and unprofitable farming lies in the attention given to minor matters, after the bigger affairs have been looked after. I find that the work I do in my truck patch evenings, after supper and the chores—just "puttering around," and there, just one backward plant, pulling a few new crocheting weeds, tending to a new hatch of bugs, nailing a board on the line fence, catching up the loose threads of the day's work—I find that about as much in the debit and credit account of the gardens as the solid work I put in between 7 a. m. and 6 p. m.

THE FARMER.

LETTERS FROM TWO STATES.

WINDHAM COUNTY.

MOOSUP

Guarantee Discontinued, Spinners Strike—Sunday School Class Has Picnic at the Lake. The spinners' strike at the woolen mill remains practically unchanged. J. J. Werner, agent of the American Woolen company, explains that the spinners have practically been working by the pound or piece work heretofore, with the difference that they have received a guarantee of ten dollars a week, under which plan some of the men have received as high as twelve and thirteen dollars. No other mill in the American Woolen company's syndicate pays this guarantee and as the cost of spinning is more than in other mills, the guarantee can not longer be continued in competition with other mills in the company. Mr. Werner says that men can continue to earn good wages by the new system, but they seem unwilling to make the attempt.

Miss Corn Southworth has gone to the Rhode Island hospital to receive treatment for trouble with her left eye.

Outing for Sunday School Class. Wednesday Mrs. John Stanton gave her Sunday school class of boys a pleasant outing at Moosup lake. The boys passed the day with games of various kinds and boating. At noon tables were spread under the large oaks and a lunch of cake, fruit and ice cream was enjoyed.

Handsome Residence Planned. The foundation of William Beland's new house on School street are in and the frame work is up and nearly covered. C. R. Johnson is putting in a well and will grade the

WESTMINSTER

Miss Alice Baker Recovering from Injuries. The C. E. meeting Sunday evening was led by the president, Edgar H. Parkhurst.

Misses Grace and Sybil Rathbun are spending a couple of days here last week with the pastor, Rev. A. A. Smith, and made several calls in the parish.

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Miss Alice Baker, who was thrown from her carriage near Plainfield two weeks ago, is improving slowly.

Mrs. Merrill Button, Miss Carrie Button, Mrs. George Rathbun and

Mrs. A. A. Smith of Leicester, Mass., spent a couple of days here last week with the pastor, Rev. A. A. Smith, and made several calls in the parish.

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BROOKLYN.

Rev. Dr. Gehrig Returns from Oswego—Old Home Celebration—Baptist Sunday School Outing. Rev. Dr. Gehrig returned Saturday from his vacation of two weeks spent mostly in Oswego, N. Y., the home of his boyhood, where he met many friends of former years, it being Old Home week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Pond have returned from their vacation spent with their children in Providence.

Charles Edwin Blake is for a short time at Pine Meadow, Conn. Miss Irene Minott has returned to her home in Medford, Mass. Miss Helen L. Witter accompanied her for a short time.

Riley B. Witter was in Boston the past week. Miss Sylvia Minott is visiting at the Baptist parsonage.

Mr. Frank A. Spaulding enjoyed a shore dinner at Fields Point Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Spaulding of Worcester with their daughter were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Spaulding Sunday.

Miss Ethel Allen is visiting Mr. and Mrs. William R. Pond of Meriden.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Sheffield entertained a large party of relatives on Wednesday, besides having as guests Henry Sheffield and Miss Sheffield of Chicago, Mrs. Ida French, Mrs. Harry French and son Roger of Medford.

Mrs. Cora Casey of Worcester has been the guest of her mother, Mrs. Henry Murray.

Mrs. Helen Brown of Willimantic is staying with her sister, Mrs. Lucy Binckel, who has been ill.

Mrs. John Shepard has been entertaining relatives this week. On Sunday four generations were present—Mrs. Laura Fox, Mrs. J. A. Litchfield, Mrs. Harry Young and son James—besides Mr. Young, Stuart and Olive Litchfield.

Mrs. Lorin Bowarth has been ill this week, but is improving.

Sylvia May celebrated her seventh birthday on Monday. Sixteen little misses accepted the invitation and met at her home from 3 until 6 o'clock. After a short time all were blindfolded and marched in line to the home of Mrs. N. M. Gifford, an aunt of Miss Sylvia's. Here games were played on the fine lawn and dainty refreshments were served.

Miss May received many pretty gifts. The following were presented: Misses Agnes White, Ruth Witter, Eleanor Louise and Doris Linderman, Gertrude Anderson, Mabel Richardson, Marguerite Clemens, Mildred, Annette, Gladys and Mary May, Dorothy Dart, Clara Eddy, Mary Chamberlain, Marguerite Atwood.

John Phillips spent Friday down the Providence river. Supt. John L. Chapman returned on Friday from a pleasure trip to Maine.

Mrs. Charles Barber has been entertaining her sisters, Mrs. Luther Eaton of Plainfield and Mrs. Waitt Pillsmore and daughter Grace of Worcester.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Hopkins, Fred Brewster and George Torrey have been in Boston attending the ball games.

Mr. John Hoover of Greene, R. I. has been visiting relatives here a few days.

WOODSTOCK VALLEY.

Ernest Keene of Milford, Mass., is visiting his cousin, Percy Mattocks.

Mrs. Stephen Singsley and daughter, Miss Harriet, and Mrs. Arthur Eldredge are visiting friends in South Woodstock.

Sidney P. Butler of New Haven spent Sunday with his wife at Mrs. I. P. Briggs.

Howard K. and Clovis L. Carpenter of Putnam spent Sunday at Allen W. Kenyon's.

Miss J. Louise Kenyon is visiting friends in Providence.

Alvin Burley of Springfield called on friends in the valley Tuesday.

Mrs. Allen W. Kenyon was in South Williston Sunday.

Mrs. Allen Kenyon was in South Williston, Mass., on Wednesday.

Miss Jessie Tourtellotte of North Grosvenordale and Miss Della Newell of Spencer, Mass., are guests of Miss J. C. Palmer, all of Springfield.

Mr. Douglas and daughter of Willimantic are visiting at H. O. Bellows.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Briggs of Norwich and Harold Briggs of Pomfret are guests of Mrs. I. P. Briggs.

HOWARD VALLEY

Preston Woman Preached at Valley Church. Frank C. Hawkes left Tuesday for Raster, R. I.

Miss Edith Parsons, who has been visiting friends in this village, returned home on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Love have the sympathy of their friends in the loss of their child.

J. W. Baker is spending his vacation in East Hartford.

W. W. Vaughan is visiting friends in East Hartford.

Mrs. T. J. Belanger is entertaining her sister, Miss Mildred Heath of Beecher Falls, Vt.

COLUMBIA

Henry D. Hunt and Family in Paris—Seekers for Curious Well Rewarded. A ball game was played on Columbia Green last Saturday afternoon by Columbia and Hebron nines. The Hebron were the winners.

Mrs. Eunice Hunt recently returned from a visit of several weeks with the family of her son, Henry D. Hunt, at Providence. Mr. Hunt and his family are now visiting Paris, France, the former home of Mrs. Hunt.

Fred Wolf was the guest of Bert Lewis of Manchester on Saturday last.

Mrs. Eibert A. Little of New Orleans is visiting relatives in Columbia.

Dr. and Mrs. A. Little of Hartford are spending the week with the doctor's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James P. Little, on Columbia Green. They will spend the remainder of their vacation with Mr. and Mrs. Clarence C. Little at Chebeague Island, Me.

Misses Beattie Kingsbury, Vera Holmes, Marian Pratt, Gertrude Martin and Edith Smith of Rockville were boarders at Mrs. Eunice Hunt's in Pine street district, where Miss Kingsbury was formerly teacher.

Miss Mosler of New York is the guest of Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Harris, Mrs. Brockett and Mrs. Edwards of Simsbury and Mrs. and Mrs. W. H. Bruckett of South Willington were guests of the family of W. H. Kneeland in Pine street over Sunday.

Jewett Collins was with the family of his brother, Raymond E. Collins, at Whiteville over Sunday.

Mrs. Etta Andrews of Hartford is visiting the family of A. A. Latham at Chestnut Hill.

The Sunday school of St. Peter's Episcopal church, Hebron, held a picnic at Columbia lake on Thursday last.

Mrs. J. A. Utley is visiting relatives in Hartford.

Relic hunters from Middletown were in town this week looking for furniture of an ancient time. They succeeded in picking up an automobile load of various articles.

The residents of Chestnut Hill held a picnic at the home of Mrs. Walter E. Palmer on Wednesday last. These local picnics have been held annually for several years at the end of the haying season.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Mary Rachel Myers of this place and Rev. Hugh Graham of Union Wednesday, Aug. 18, at the home of the parents of the bride-elect, Mr. and Mrs. William Myers.

Mr. and Mrs. Knell are Frank and William Maule of Passaic, N. J. Mrs. Sarah Decker, Mrs. Sturges and two sons of New York, Miss Elizabeth Fanning, Miss Ware and a friend of Pawtucket, R. I.

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SOUTH WINDHAM.

Summer Visitors in Local Homes.

Mrs. Nathana Godfrey of Hartford is the guest of Mrs. Mary Turner.

Mrs. E. W. Avery and Miss E. A. Larkham returned Tuesday from a visit with friends in Mystic.

Miss Annie L. Smith is spending a week in Westley.

Mrs. M. L. Larkham and son, William Backus, attended the funeral of Mrs. Eugene Latham in Windsor Locks Wednesday.

H. A. Avery and H. A. Card called on friends in Mystic Sunday.

Masters Allan and James Eaton have returned home after spending a week with Mrs. H. A. Eaton.

Miss Edith Parsons, who has been visiting friends in this village, returned home on Monday.

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TOLLAND COUNTY.

John Oates of Ashley Falls, Mass., is home for a vacation.

Mrs. John Reed and sons, Donald and John, of Providence, have arrived at Thomas Stenson's to spend the month.

Mrs. Max Crampton of Brooklyn, N. Y., is spending the week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Niles.

Mrs. George Rook of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been visiting Miss Mattie Niles.

Mrs. Allen and daughter Hattie are guests of their cousin, Francis Plimpton.

Raymond Pinney of Manchester was a visitor in town Wednesday.

Miss Rosa Barr of Hartford is spending her vacation at her home.

Mrs. Caroline Lowton was in Warrenville visiting her son, M. J. Lowton, over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Walker of Guryville called on Mr. and Mrs. Henry White recently.

Mrs. William Ford of Norwich is visiting with her sister, Mrs. J. H. Bacon.

Mrs. W. H. Griggs and sister, Miss Ida Dean, were Willimantic visitors recently.

Master Charles Lowton of Warrenville has been staying with his grandmother for a few days.

Mrs. Gilbert Ide is under the doctor's care. Mrs. Philo Church's daughter, from Rockville, is carter for her.

Albert Watrous fell from a load of hay and broke his shoulder.

Mrs. Fred Squier has recently been to the hospital again.

Mrs. Deborah Wells gave a birthday party Monday to nineteen friends, having attained the age of five years on that date. An enjoyable afternoon was spent in games, followed by sandwiches, cake and ice cream.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Carpenter and son visited at the home of John E. Wells Sunday.

A new traveling library has arrived in town from Providence.

Driving Accident—Horse Breaks Neck in Runaway.

Mrs. Leroy Kenyon had a narrow escape from a serious accident when she was thrown from a wagon in which she was riding and was kicked by the horse. She escaped with severe bruises.

Prof. Oscar L. Burdick and family started for New Hampshire Wednesday to visit friends.

Mrs. Alice Wells and daughter, Miss Louise of Westley were guests of Miss Lottie Burdick from Friday until Monday.

Elmer Burdick of Moscow lost his horse Tuesday. It ran away and throwing itself broke its neck.

Miss Lucretia Crandall is the guest of friends at Westley.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Chester of North Stonington have been guests of the former's sister, Mrs. J. P. Greene this week.

Moscow mill started up Wednesday after being still a few days to have the engine repaired.

USQUEPAUGH

Aid Society Meets With Mrs. Albert Hoyle.

Annie Kenyon is visiting her aunt, Mrs. W. B. Wilcox, at Norwich.

Mrs. Amy H. Potter is visiting in Providence.

Mrs. J. S. Saragend and daughter have been visiting the former's sister at Acotic.

J. S. Leonard went to Narragansett Pier Sunday.

The Ladies' Aid society met last Wednesday evening at Mrs. Albert Hoyle's.

Miss Eva Franklin, Miss Clara Webster, Charles Franklin and John Cottrell went to camp meeting Sunday.

Doc Taylor from Rhode Island spent Tuesday night with Amos H. Kenyon.

A. W. Kenyon, who has been sick, is convalescing.

Herbert Robinson has completed the new church steps. He made them of cement.

RICHMOND

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hoyle spent Tuesday at Matunuck Beach.

Town Treasurer Charles J. Greene and Nathan Wilbur left Wednesday for Seattle, where they will attend the Pacific-Alaska-Yukon exposition.

Mrs. E. K. James spent Tuesday at Pleasant View Beach.

Miss Ada Broadbent of Providence is the guest of Mrs. A. H. Phillips.

Mrs. Susan Hoy who has been spending a few days with her niece, Mrs. B. B. Moore, left Wednesday for Westley, where she is the guest of her son, Herbert L. Hoyle.

Mrs. E. K. James, Mr. A. H. Phillips, Miss Ada Broadbent spent Wednesday with Mrs. Charles Bliss at Matunuck.

ELLINGTON

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