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The Bulletin.
Norwich, Friday, Dec. 17, 1915.

THE WEATHER.

Conditions.

The center of the southwest storm has advanced northeast to Illinois, whence it will move to the upper lake region with increasing intensity.

The indications are that there will be rain and possibly snow Friday and Saturday in the middle Atlantic states and New England, where the temperature will rise Friday.

The winds along the north Atlantic coast will be moderate variable becoming east and southeast; middle Atlantic fresh southeast.

Forecast.

Northern New England: Cloudy Friday, probably rain or snow at night and Saturday; warmer Saturday.

Southern New England: Rain or snow and warmer Friday; Saturday probably rain.

Eastern New York: Rain or snow Friday; Saturday probably rain and warmer.

Observations in Norwich.

The following records, reported from Sevin's pharmacy, show the changes in temperature and the barometric changes Thursday:

	Ther.	Bar.
7 a. m.	20	30.00
12 m.	36	30.05
6 p. m.	30	30.12

Highest 40, lowest 20.

Comparisons.

Predictions for Thursday: Cloudy.
Thursday's weather: Fair.

Sun, Moon and Tides.

Day.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	High Water.	Moon Sets.
	a. m.	p. m.	a. m.	a. m.
13	7.06	4.18	2.40	Morn.
14	7.06	4.18	3.40	0.29
15	7.06	4.18	4.38	1.29
16	7.08	4.18	5.31	2.26
17	7.09	4.19	6.19	3.40
18	7.10	4.19	7.03	4.42
19	7.10	4.20	7.44	5.43

Six hours after high water it is low tide, which is followed by flood tide.

GREENEVILLE

Jay Ricketts Appointed Assistant Professor of Entomology—Personals and Notes.

The Monson correspondent of the Springfield Republican says: Dr. Jay Synger Ricketts, son of Rev. C. H. Ricketts of Norwich, who is well known in Monson, has been appointed assistant professor of entomology at the Davery tree Institute of Kent, O.

Dr. Ricketts is 23 years of age, was born in Somers, but has passed most of his life in Norwich. He was educated at the Norwich Free Academy and the Connecticut State Agricultural college, and has specialized in forestry at the Davey Tree institute, from which he received the degree of doctor of tree surgery. At a recent meeting of the corporation he was elected to a place on the faculty.

Personals and Notes.

Oscar Barrett has accepted a position in Willimantic.

Local Academy students are taking examinations this week.

The Greeneville Grammar school basketball five are arranging a series of games with the Riverside Grammar school of Jewett City. Last year the two schools had an interesting series.

Automobiles passing along Central avenue when the street is in a wet condition splash mud and water up onto the sidewalk and in some instances widwoms of local merchants have been covered.

CHRISTMAS CHEER TOWARDS ALMSHOUSE INMATES.

Women of St. Patrick's Parish Made Visit Bringing Gifts.

Mrs. James B. Shannon and other members of St. Patrick's church visited the almshouse Thursday afternoon. At present there are seventy inmates, twenty women and fifty men. For the women the visitors had prepared baskets containing an orange, a banna, assorted cookies and candy. The men were remembered with tobacco, fruit, cake and candy.

Mrs. Chapman was pleased with the interest shown in the home by the visitors and showed them around the well kept institution.

The visitors were Mrs. M. Donohue, Mrs. Andrew Wholey, Mrs. Thomas M. Brown, Mrs. M. V. Murphy, Mrs. William McMahon, Mrs. D. T. Shea, Mrs. P. H. Harriman, Mrs. John McNamara, and Mrs. George Mansfield.

COMFORT CIRCLE'S OFFICERS.

Annual Meeting Held Wednesday—King's Daughters Do Much Charitable Work.

The meeting of Comfort circle of the King's Daughters, held Wednesday afternoon with Miss Mary Backus, of Otis street, was the annual meeting. Mrs. Albert T. Utley was reelected leader, Mrs. J. H. Allen vice leader, and Mrs. Albert Allen treasurer—an office which she has held for eleven years. To succeed Mrs. Walter E. Xanfield, who declined reelection as secretary, Mrs. Alvin D. Lewis was the choice. Mrs. William Baker was elected chairman of the sick committee, succeeding Mrs. Fred Allen, who declined reelection. Mrs. Edward Adams was chosen chairman of the work committee.

The circle has twenty-five active and three honorary members, and in a quiet but effective way does much charitable and helpful work during the year. It recently celebrated the sixteenth anniversary of its organization.

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POMONA SECRETARY'S TRAVEL TALK

Miss Alice A. Bishop Described Her Trip to Exposition—H. O. Daniels, Middletown Expert, Told Grangers How to Make Success of Dairying—Committee Appointments By County Grangers.

Three applications for membership were received, two committees, credentials and financial, were appointed and other important business was transacted at the regular business meeting of New London County Pomona, No. 6, Patrons of Husbandry, in Pythian hall on Thursday. Morning and afternoon sessions were held, Worthy Master I. E. Crouch presiding.

The morning session convened at 10.45 o'clock when the fifth degree was worked. The applications received were from Albert Thompson and Mrs. Albert Thompson of Groton grange, and Huntington Lathrop of Franklin grange. Miss Alice A. Bishop, the secretary, read an invitation from the Preston City Extension School committee to visit the school which is to be held from January 4th to the 7th, and the invitation was accepted.

Mrs. H. H. Leland of Konomoc grange was appointed assistant lecturer to the lecturer, Maud E. Bliss, who is unable to attend to the duties required by that position owing to ill health.

Two committees were apointed as follows:

Credentials; Mrs. E. E. Louis, Konomoc grange, B. T. Avery, Ledyard grange and Charles Adams of Groton grange.

Financial committee: E. H. Berry, Norwich grange, Mrs. Otto Pultz of Lebanon grange and Mrs. I. E. Crouch of Groton grange. Charles Adams of Groton grange was appointed a member of the executive committee for three years.

Afternoon Session.

The afternoon session was called to order at 1.30 o'clock and consisted of an attractively arranged programme. W. H. Banfield entertained with magic feats, Miss Nellie Howie was heard in several well rendered piano solos and Frank Maples gave recitations.

A highly interesting address on Dairy Farm Management was delivered by H. O. Daniels of Middlebrook Farm, Middletown.

Miss Bishop's Travel Talk.

As the final number on the program Miss Alice A. Bishop, the Pomona secretary, read an unusually well prepared paper on her trip across the continent to California last summer. The paper follows:

I have given my paper this heading: Tarry-at-Home-Travels. Of course that means they are tarry at home travels for you. I think it is quite a task assigned me, that of making you see some of the sights I saw this summer, while on my jounrey from ocean to ocean. I only wish I might have had your eyes to use some of the time, for the reason that I've no doubt I should have been able to see more than with my own, for yours may be better trained, and for another reason, one pair of eyes is hardly sufficient to use for nine weeks in such strenuous, sight-seeing as I participated in. It is true the blue-coated boys who came through the trains with their amber colored glasses assured us that a purchase would relieve us of all discomfort of the head and eyes, but I doubt whether just glasses would do much to relieve the strain on our eyes. I don't know that I can go into detail in my descriptions for many times it seemed as though there was so much to see that if we got a general idea of what a certain thing was like, the finer point would have to be skipped. Or if we did get the minor detail our minds couldn't retain them all. Of course we weren't quite like the tourist who asked where he was and upon being told he was near Paris replied, "Oh, all I wanted to know was what continent it was." I think we weren't even aware of what state we were traveling in most of the time. There were twenty-three different states during the nine thousand mile trip and two countries were crossed. When we were in some states where we could look for miles and miles and miles and see nothing and then look for miles farther and see more of it. There came to my mind these words of Charles F. Gardner, former master of Massachusetts State Grange, when he was crossing these western prairies and deserts. He said to himself, "If ever I get back to New England—and here's praying morning, noon and night that I do." It is true when you got there you saw something and that something spelled with capital letters, but sometimes it seemed that we looked at the desert for a long, long time before we came to anything. And this great American desert cannot be escaped whichever route one takes.

Our party went by the Santa Fe route and our first great sight, perhaps it may be called the "greatest wonder of the world," was the Grand Canyon of the Colorado in Arizona. Charles F. Lummis says, "Possibly it is no more wonderful than the fact that so tiny a fraction of the people who confess themselves to be the smartest in the world have ever seen it. As a people we dodded abroad to see scenery incomparably inferior. I have seen people who rave over it; better people struck dumb with it; even strong men who cried over it, but I have never yet seen the man or woman who expected it." Now to give you an idea of its immensity if such a thing were possible, it is said if the falls of Niagara were installed in the Grand Canyon between your visits, and you knew it by the newspaper, next time you looked over the place you would need field glasses and much patience before you could locate it, and we think Niagara Falls look pretty big when we go where they are. If Mt. Washington were plucked up by the roots—not from where we stood to look at it, but from sea level, and set down carefully in the Grand Canyon, it would hardly be noticed. This great trough is 6,000 to 7,000 feet deep, 10 to 20 miles wide, hundreds of miles long, and filled with peaks—hundreds of them—taller than any mountains east of the Rockies, which don't come up to your feet as you stand on the rim—and all of this a mass of color which we easterners can't conceive of. It is painted as only the masters of old could paint. And yet it isn't within my power to describe it; even those who could do it say it is almost impossible. Together with this wonder of nature is the work of man—the El Trovar, the most unique hotel in the southwest. Built by the Santa Fe Railway company at the head of Bright Angel Trail, 6,860 feet above sea level in this desert region where no water is to be found for 125 miles. Imagine running an immense hotel, powerhouse, laundry etc. and caring for 150 horses and mules which are used for the trip down the trail, with no water nearer to us than New York.

But it can be done, for here at the canyon water is brought by rail from Del Rio Spe, 125 miles south. It is true the Colorado river, 250 feet wide, is only seven miles away, but it is at the foot of a mile deep canyon and no equipment has yet been devised for pumping water from this depth.

But I must leave the Grand Canyon and take you on to California. When I say California I think Riverside. If any of you have been to Riverside and the Mission Inn you will know why. It was here we first saw orange groves, palms, magnolias, pepper trees, lemon and acacias, which threw our party into ecstasies. We took our first auto ride up a mountain here at Riverside. Out of the 30 autos which met the train to take us for the ride, I happened to get into a Ford, and you'd hardly believe it, but that little old Ford rambled right along up the side of Mt. Rubidoux on high gear. I don't know which feeling predominated in me, admiration of the beautiful panorama stretched out before my eyes, hundreds of feet below, acres of glossy green orange trees, being the most picturesque part of it, or the fear that our little car would not keep the track as it whirled around and around the mountain on a narrow road with nothing to prevent our toppling over the side of the mountain. Here in Riverside is the famous Glenwood Mission Sun. If you have studied the history of California you will remember that California was founded by Franciscan monks. These monks came up from Mexico 150 years ago to plant missions and convert the Indians. Elbert Hubbard says: "There was a line of these missions skirting the coast from San Diego to San Francisco, just a day's journey apart. These missions were a refuge and a home for the worn traveler—he could stay as long as he wished and pay what he could afford, and when he went away he took with him the blessing of these men of God, and if they served mankind and made the world better, were they not truly men of God? This hotel is built and furnished after the general style of the mission. Its mission is to serve mankind and benefit humanity, and surely if one of those good old monks could drop in here he would think he was in Paradise. It was planned and built by Frank A. Miller and has always been managed by him. I think this is one of the famous hotels of the world, for it is certainly the most unique. It is an immense modern hotel, yet it is called the "Inn of the Bells," for it has a collection of 300 bells—it has a museum, chapel and art gallery, and everywhere is the peace and quiet of a monastery—yet it is in the heart of a busy city. It is said while the manager was in Europe once getting curios for his museum, he asked someone for ideas for his hotel. This man, not knowing who he was, told him if he wanted to get any novel or excellent ideas for a hotel he ought to go to the Mission Inn, Riverside, for there was the most wonderful hotel he knew of. As much as I'd like to stay with you in Riverside, we must continue our travels along the coast. When we reach San Diego, in the extreme southern part of the state, we will stop to attend the fair there. "How does it happen," you inquire, "that California had two Panama expositions in one year?" When the question is answered it becomes plain that this is the most natural thing in the world, for California never does anything by halves. These two expositions were both national expositions, but the San Francisco was official, and hence received a much larger appropriation from the federal government, and of course had to adhere to the formula which governs international expositions brought into existence by the United States congress. San Francisco celebrated the opening of the Panama canal, thinking of what it would mean to the country and the world, but San Diego celebrated the opening thinking of Southern California and San Diego, in other words, she did it to boom her end of the state. In some ways I preferred it to the other larger exposition. The grounds and the vegetation were not only wonderfully beautiful but it was surprising how they could have been made so in so short a time. But they told us some of the trees had been transplanted and when we learn that there are 365 days in the year of perfect growing weather we don't wonder any more. One exhibit was five acre orange grove so cultivated that one portion was in bud, another in bloom and others in every stage of bearing fruit at the same time. Another interesting fact in regard to climate—the sun shines on an average of 350 days a year. It sounds ideal, doesn't it? but I tell you, although I haven't tried it for 350 days, I have tried the land of perpetual sunshine enough to know it isn't ideal—it's monotonous. Someone spoke of not seeing any cemeteries in California. The Californian answered: "Oh, people don't die out here." "No," replied the Yankee, "they dry up and blow away." In the exhibits at this fair, everything and everybody was in motion, not a single shelf of canned or bottled goods was to be seen anywhere. We hardly knew how to spend the part of a day we had, for it was so interesting to watch the Navajo squaw weaving a blanket, or the man from Ecuddo making a Panama hat, or stay a while in the Ceylon tea garden to see the growing tea plants and their culture. We lingered a while to hear the concert on the pipe organ out of doors and to watch the flocks of thousands of pigeons—so it seemed—as they fluttered over the visitors, eating from their hands, resting on their shoulders and heads as gentle and tame as if they were someone's pets, and so they were—the pets of all the visitors.

But our train is ready to take us on to Los Angeles. A stay in this city means a visit to Santa Catalina Island and its wonderful marine gardens. Here we scramble for seats in the glass bottomed boats. I say scrambled and that expresses our movements most of the time in our transcontinental trip, for last summer you all know, all the world went to California; that is all the traveling world, and every place was over-flowing with the human race. We had a chance to cultivate the virtue patience at least for we couldn't get where we wanted to or when we wanted quite a little of the time. But our scramble brought us at last to a seat in the glass bottomed boat and we steamed out the bay to a place where our boat anchored and we leaned over the rail, not on the side, but in the center, to look down at the marine life, thirty or perhaps fifty feet below us. It was a novelty to say the least, for probably most folks don't feel so well acquainted with either marine animal or vegitable life as they do other forms. The sea cucumber, the abalored shells lying on the bottom which a diver went down for while we watched were strangers to us and so exceedingly interesting when we were introduced to them by the lecturer.

In direct contrast to looking downward to the depths of the ocean was our next stop at Santa Cruz and our gaze upward at the big trees. Here instead of looking down for forty or fifty feet, we looked up 300 or 400 feet, and we felt in the presence of these giants of the forest—the Sequoia giganted—the force of the words of our ritual, which remind us that we should constantly study the book of nature. Learn from it the truths which may remind us of the immense greatness of God and our own littless, his blessings and the obligations they impose on us. And now we come to the exposition and by the accent on the the you know we are at San Francisco. We read that this excelled all other World's Fairs, and when we think that industrial progress in the last half century surpassed that of any other century, then we see why it is correct to make this statement. This was the only World's Fair ever held on a seaport, the first to be held on the Pacific, and the first to be held in a land of almost perennial summer. I find that the climate of California seems to be a topic of general interest. Those who never seem to care to hear anything about what you have seen or where you have been will ask with a good deal of interest about the climate on the Pacific coast. I have already spoken of San Diego. It doesn't rain there in the northern part of the state between March and November, and we nearly forgot that such a thing as rubbers and umbrellas existed or there was any need for any until we got back to Yellowstone Park and were caught in a sudden shower. But even though it doesn't rain in California through the summer months, it comes so very near it. The fogs of the mornings are just as near rain as can be and yet not be called rain. If the moisture were condensed ever so little more drops of rain would be formed. These fogs are the reason for the lima beans of California. Perhaps you will be interested to know that in the south western part of the state, probably in some other parts, too, but I have seen the area under cultivation there, so I know that to be true, lima beans is an important product. It might come under the head of landscape gardening, for it did more than any other crop I saw in beautifying the brown and parched hillsides. During the dry season, there is no water to be seen except in pipes and the mountain streams, or rather the places where there were streams, mad rushing torrents early in the year, during the summer months are beds of rocks and we appreciate Mark Twain's soliloquy, "How much water does add to the appearance of a stream." All the country expect the lawns and the fields of lima beans is bare and brown and to the eye of an easterner who is accustomed to the green verdue of the hills, all the summer, the fields of lima beans are a comfort. This seems quite a depression from the exposition about which I was writing, but I will come back to that now. It is said if you should spend one minute at each of the exhibits it would take 100 days of 10 hours each. I was in San Francisco 5 days so it is needless to say that I didn't do the exhibits very thoroughly. So I'll just try to make a few random remarks about one thing and another, that stood out a little more prominently in my mind that some of the others. The four destinctive features of the exposition were the coloring of the buildings, the landscape gardening, the courts and the night illumination. These was the most gorgeous yet, at the same time the the most delicate and harmonious coloring imaginable. The climate of California has helped to make much of the beauty of the exposition for the gardeners could lay out a plan which would last throughout the entire year, and the wonderful climate would develope all the shrubbery and allow the palms and shrubs and trees to be combined in a way that might not be seen anywhere else. There is something in the names used on the grounds that help one to feel the beauty. Doesn't Court of Abum Dance, Court of the Universe, Court of the Four Seasons, the main courts, and Court of Palms, Court of Flowers, the minor courts, bring to your mind a suggestion of beauty that some other names wouldn't. But the illumination, that was simply, well, I wanted to say wonderful, but I've used that adjective so many times I'm ashamed to again. All the lights were reflected there was nothing glaring. One of the great features was this, from the light tower on the edge of the bay were thrown 40 search lights or suntillators as they were called. They were of many different colors and so pivoted that they could be turned around or back and forth and as they were thrown on the delicately and beautifully colored buildings, the different colors cross and recrossed the effect was beautiful. Near the light tower was a steam generator which threw out jets and clouds of steam in all directions, when there many colored search lights were played on this white sparkling steam the effect was grander than any Fourth of July fireworks we ever saw. The Tower of Jewels, you surely want to hear about; 432 feet high, studded with what were called Novo gems or imitation jewels. There were thousands and thousands of them, and each piece so cut that it would reflect the sunlight on the search light to the best advantage.

One of the cleverest exhibits and most interesting to me was the Panama canal which was in the zone, as the lane of laughter was called. This exhibit covered, and was a bird's eye view of 5000 square miles of the Isthmus of Panama, and a perfect representation of the canal. It was depressed so that we looked down 20 feet below us at the canal and the country surrounding. The topography of the canal zone was exact. Cities were seen, boats pass back and forth, trains move across country, signals were flashed from lighthouses and buoys, and were to be seen in the houses of the villages and cities, as real as can be. As we entered, we stepped onto a moving platform, put duplex telephones, one to each ear, receivers and immediately we heard a lecture which described the scene in front of us, and we moved around the model for 22 minutes at each point the lecturer was taken up and stopped so it was always describing the spot in front of us. The moving platform was on the style of an amphitheater, and was supplied with 1200 opera chairs, so you can see on what a large scale the exhibit was planned. The system by which this lecture was delivered was invented especially for this purpose and was a novel combination of phonographs, 60 in number, and telphones.

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TAFTVILLE

Miss Bridget Malone Dead—Noel Benac Badly Injured—Notes.

Miss Bridget Malone died at the home of her brother, Peter Malone, South B street, early Wednesday evening. She had been sick for about a month and death was due to heart disease. Miss Malone was born in Ireland, the daughter of Peter and Mary Malone, and has been a resident in this country for many years. For the last 23 years she has lived with her brother, Peter Malone, who survives her with the following nephews and nieces of Taftville, William, James. Misses Mary, Catherine and Agnes Malone. Miss Malone belonged to the Rosary society and was a member of the Sacred Heart church. She possessed a splendid disposition, always kind and devoted.

Whist Tournament.

The Samaritan lodge leds the whist tournament conducted by the Manchester Unity Odd Fellows. The H. H. Osgood lodge, which has very many members from here, ranks fourth with 21 points. The standing:

Samaritan, 27 points, played 4 games; Livingstone, 24, 4 games; Rose, 24, 4 games; H. H. Osgood 21, 4 gaems; Fort Griswold, 18, played 3 games; H. Gardner, 18, 3 games.

The H. Gardner and the Fort Griswold lodge will meet this evening in New London, where they will play and the committee of arrangements has announced the following schedule for the next round in the tournament: Samaritan vs. H. H. Osgood, Jan. 14; Livingstone vs. Rose Jan. 17. The order will hold a big class initiation in Olympic hall on Saturday evening and before the meeting a parade will take place in the city starting from Little Water street, through Shetucket street to Main, to Burnham square, countermarch to Franklin square, up Franklin street to Willow, to Broadway, to Main street, to Washington square and from there to Olympic hall. There will be three bands in line.

Noel Benac Hurt.

Noel Benac of Front street was badly injured while at work in Mill No. 2 of the Ponemah mills, Thursday morning, when he slipped while fixing a light over a frame. He caught hold of a belt and received several bad cuts and bruises. Practically from the shoulder to the wrist the left arm was bared open and he received a bad cut over the forehead. Dr. George Thompson rendered medical aid to the injured man.

Ben Hurs Here Christmas.

Manager Roy of the basketball team has arranged a game with the Ben Hurs of Hartford for Christmas afternoon. Last year the Hartford quintette defeated the locals by a few points and as they have about the same lineup this year, the local players expect a hard go.

Notes.

Arthur Durr has accepted a position with the Goodyear company of Williamsville.

MARRIED.

M'GEE—WEEKS—In New London, Dec. 16, 1915, by Rev. Philip M. Kerridge, Harry J. McGee of New York and Miss Lillian Weeks of New London.

PORTER—LANE—In Salem, Dec. 11, 1915, by Rev. H. A. Blake of Colchester, Philip Samuel Porter of Goshen, Mass., and Miss Bessie May Lane of Williamsburg, Mass., and Salem, Conn.

DIED.

FITZGERALD—In Norwich, Dec. 15, John Fitzgerald, son of Mary and the late Andrew Fitzgerald, of No. 3 Fountain street.
Funeral from the home of his mother, Mrs. Andrew Fitzgerald, 3 Fountain street, Saturday morning at 8.15 o'clock. Requiem mass in St. Patrick's church at 9 o'clock.

KEANE — In Preston, Dec. 16, 1915, James Keane, son of Daniel and Margaret Craig Keane, aged 39 years.

CHAPMAN—In Groton, Dec. 15, 1915, Martin V. B. Chapman, aged 76 years.

BECKWITH—In Niantic, Dec. 16, 1915, Bert P. Beckwith, aged 38 years.

METZGER — In Willimantic, Dec. 14, 1915, Andrew Metzger, aged 71 years.

SMITH—Suddenly, Dec. 13, 1915, at his late residence, 18 West 51st street, New York, A. Alexander Smith, M. D., in the 69th year of his age.

REDDEN—In New London, Dec. 15, 1915, Hannah, widow of Michael Redden, aged 76 years.

BISHOP—In New London, Dec. 15, 1915, Harriet K., daughter of the late Gurdon and Lucy Kimball Bishop, in her 82d year.

WHIPPLE—At the Backus hospital, Dec. 15, George Horace Whipple, aged 62 years.
Funeral private from his late home at Voluntown Saturday at 2 p. m.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to return our sincere thanks to our neighbors and friends, and to the Loyal Order of Moose, for the sympathy and kindness extended during our recent bereavement.

MRS. CLEMENT JOUBERT AND FAMILY.

CARD OF THANKS

We desire to express our sincere thanks to relatives, friends and neighbors for kindness and sympathy shown us in our late bereavement. Also for the beautiful floral offerings.

MR. AND MRS. ALEXANDER W. DOUGHERTY AND FAMILY.

Plainfield, Conn., Dec. 16, 1915.

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