



OLD WEATHER SIGNS DON'T COME TRUE

(Written Specially For The Bulletin.)

"One by one the roses fall." One by one our most cherished superstitions are knocked over by experience. One by one our pet weather signs fall.

It's getting so that a farmer man can't always tell which way the wind blows, or form any sure idea about the weather, even when he does tell.

Within the last month two of my special, particular, never-to-be-disputed weather signs have gone into the waste-basket of discard. One morning all the brooks in the vicinity began to show signs of "anchor ice."

That afternoon their original beds were a spongy mass of ice and slush; they were lifted far above their natural level and, in many cases, were spreading on both sides over acres of usually dry ground.

"Anchor ice is a sure sign of a coming thaw," I've heard that over and over again, ever since I was "knee high to a grasshopper."

To make it sure, I asked every fellow I chanced to meet if he knew what the anchor ice meant. Two were farmers; one was a wood-chopper; two were hunters and trappers; one was a farmer-hand and one a retired farmer; closing in on his eighties. The same answer came from every one. "Be a thaw, tomorrow."

But, instead, "tomorrow" morning found the mercury well below zero. For three consecutive mornings it ran from ten to twenty below, and never got so warm as zero at any time during the three days.

If this is your idea of a thaw, what would you consider a cold snap? "Oh, well," he chuckled, "all signs fall in dry weather."

But it wasn't dry weather. It was winter weather: snow, and big, and windy and cloudy, with frequent flurries of hard snowflakes that bit and stung when they struck one's face like sharp gravel.

A few days afterward, another time-honored sign looked over my shoulder. It was a "blue sky" which kicked the bucket before my very eyes. Then, before finally dying, it spasmodically flapped around and expired faintly, "together" way so as to prove itself a Lie, whichever way it looked.

The evening before had been a dull, gray, early darkening night. Not a sign of red or orange or purple was visible anywhere in the leaden skies. Next morning before sun-up the eastern horizon glowed like a huge carbuncle with all the shades of red a painter can imagine for his palette.

Now if there's any one weather sign which has been law and gospel for hundreds of years, it is the one described in the universally known doggerel—

"Evening red and morning gray Will send the traveller on his way." BUT—

"Evening gray and morning red Will bring down rain on the pilgrim's head."

It was "evening gray and morning red" that time, for sure. As gray as gray and as red as red as I ever chanced to see.

And the day turned out as bright and sunny and warm as any reasonable man could ask in December, without a cloud after ten o'clock, and not a drop of rain or flake of snow all day long!

That, however, was not the end of it. The western sky that same evening was aglow with rosy radiance, as red as a sky can be without clouds to gather up the color and mass it. And the next morning the coat was a dull, heavy gray, but alas! for the traveler who trusted to its false promise! About the clock a flock of few snowflakes fell—big, fat, soggy fellows which you could almost hear "plump" as they struck the ground. They soon turned into rain, and it drizzled and drizzled, all day, was still drizzling when I went to bed.

So, there you have it. Isn't there anything more we can depend on? Has Nature become infected with the prevalent human folly of not knowing her own mind and the prevalent human vice of not keeping her own word? Has she, too, gone "on strike" against her own job? Has she set out to prove that the long-observed sequence which we have come to believe were her "laws" are nothing more than manifestations of her whims which she can and will vary at caprice?

deplorably un-admirable "human nature." Almost any explanation will be cheerfully accepted and indorsed till it proves wrong. One is about as likely to be good as another.

"Oh, bosh," said Uncle Ike, one time when nothing seemed to follow the rule and everything turned out different, and some timid soul intimated that it looked as if the end of the world was near at hand; "Oh, bosh! The old girl" (thereby disrespectfully alluding to Step-mother Nature) "has got her hind leg over the traces and is just kicking a little; that's all. She'll get over it."

Let us trust so, even in these latter times. Seriously, though, these unexpected "tother-way" facings of Nature ought to give us all food for thought. We boast ourselves overmuch of our knowledge and of the "strides" of science. Really, those "strides" are about as clear and wide-reaching as a blind mole's vision. Said one of the wisest of men when congratulated on his wonderful scientific discoveries: "I have spent my life picking up pebbles on the shore of an infinite ocean."

The supremest knowledge to which any man can attain is the comprehension of his own ignorance. When we speak of the "law" of gravitation all we mean is that, hitherto, so far as has been observed, an apple tossed into the air has dropped back to the ground. Or that a baby falling out of the fourth story window has usually hit the pavement too hard for his future welfare.

In other words, we have erected an observed sequence of events into a "law" and undertake to tell Nature that the "law" is her master. Perhaps it is—and perhaps it isn't. The simple fact is that we don't know. We think what we think and we see what we see; we pile argument on argument and cap reason with reason; we chop logic and some of us are proud of our deductive and some of our inductive powers. But—we—don't—know.

Practical, everyday wisdom, as applied to the details of life on the farm, we'd say, consists first of all in a candid, unreserved confession of comparative ignorance. Among its fruits are humility and the complete absence of dogmatism. It is never cocksure of anything except that it isn't sure.

This doesn't mean that we should sit down contented with our ignorance, making no effort to diminish its boundaries. "We can't know for sure, so there's no use trying to find out" is not a commendable rule of conduct. True, the ocean of knowledge is infinite. True, we can never hope to sound all its depths nor harness all its mysterious Gulf Streams to turn grindstones.

But that is no reason why we shouldn't continue to pick up and study the pebbles along the shore, or sound the bells and chart their ledges, or harness the estuary tides if we can, or build ships to sail the seven seas.

We shall draw many wrong conclusions from our pretty pebbles, and we shall fall to discover all the ledges, and we shall make many a bad mess of it trying to force the tides to work for us and we shall drown by the hundreds when our ships go down by icebergs or in storms or ripped open by uncharted rocks.

But every mistake is a disclosure, every error a warning, every failure a lesson. Little by little, grain by grain, the broad-based pyramid of knowledge grows toward attainment. We shall never fix to see it crowned with certainty; perhaps no "last man" of a dying race may ever see that conclusion. Nevertheless, it is not only a duty but a privilege for each one of us to add his mite, as he may, towards the enlargement and upbuilding of the pile.

Perhaps, far off, at the "divine event" towards which the whole creation moves, someone may actually come to "know" something with absolute certainty. In the meantime, we don't, any of us. We might as well be decently humble and admit it.

P. S. This is just as true in politics as it is in weather!

Friday evening. Although the night was most disagreeable, forty couples were in attendance. Rowland's jazz band furnished snappy music. As soon as the orchestra can be engaged again, another dance will be held.

All sorts of discarded clothes are being brought to the front to be worn by the villagers at the poverty social to be held in the parish hall.

Arthur Dearwater, night overseer in the weave room of the Liberty Woolen company, has moved his family to Norwich from the Gardner cottage, which he has occupied all fall.

Local people who have followed with interest the progress of the oil bearing beds of Homer, North Louisiana, noted this week that salt water has been discovered in the product of some of the big oil gushers. Harry D. Billings, favorably known here, is at present in Homer and has seen many changes there in the past two months.

Several from here have been attracted to the city by the famous picture Auction of Soles.

Miss J. M. Pendleton, school nurse for several surrounding towns, has been busy engaged during the past month taking the height and weight record of school children. In many schools 25 per cent of the children have been found under weight, and in many places the percentage has been higher, showing the need of such systematic investigation.

Sugar can now be purchased in the village, prices varying from 20 to 22 cents per pound.

The wedding of Michael O'Hearn and Rose Berke Garreau took place in St. John's church, Fitchville, Wednesday at 9 a. m. The attendants were Miss Katherine McCarthy and John Driscoll, and after the ceremony there was a breakfast and reception at the home of Mrs. Mary Marra. After a short wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. O'Hearn will reside in Fitchville. Mr. O'Hearn is a veteran of the world war and is chauffeur for Nathan Gilman of Bozrah.

State Factory Inspector Miss Julia Corcoran was in the village during the early part of the week inspecting the Liberty woolen mills.

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Advertisement for L.C. COUGH DROPS. Text: 'BUSINESS MEN WHEN THE THROAT IS DRY TAKE L.C. COUGH DROPS'. Image: A box of L.C. COUGH DROPS.

The Towers this week. Coasting has not been as good in two years, and all the children are making the most of the sport. Miss Rose Wathley of Kent is spending a few days with Miss J. M. Pendleton. Michael Mountain of Philadelphia is in the village for some time. Miss Margaret Coughlin, who has been in town with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Coughlin, for several weeks and in-Westerly with her sister, Mrs. M. F. Scanlon, left town Wednesday for New York to resume her duties in the office of the Thermos company. Michael O'Hearn was a visitor in Springfield Monday. Miss Emma Badger has returned from a stay of several days with Lebanon relatives. Harry Northrup of Stonington has been spending the past week with his aunt Mrs. John Kilroy, of Yantic.

SALEM Services were held in the local church Sunday morning, the pastor taking for his theme, Full Surrender. There will be no preaching next Sunday morning. About \$15 was realized from the supper held in Grange hall Saturday evening. After supper, volleyball and other games were played. Supervisor Gove visited the schools in town this week; also conducted a

teachers' meeting at the Center school Wednesday. Miss Minnie Kingsley was a recent caller in Colchester. Master George Seimenowitz entertained a party of young friends Sunday afternoon in honor of his sixth birthday. Miss Nellie Gray of Colchester was a recent caller in town. Nathan Strong of North Plain called on friends in this place Sunday afternoon in honor of his sixth birthday. Mrs. Carrie Cranmer of New Haven spent a few days recently with friends here. James Beebe and Herman Nelson of Orange were callers here Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. William Darling, Fred and Edwin Harris were Norwich callers Saturday. Mrs. Eva Tucker of North Plains was the guest Sunday of her sister, Mrs. W. B. Kingsley. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Houston and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Rogers were in New London Tuesday.

Advertisement for CASTORIA. Text: 'CASTORIA For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years Always bears the Signature of J. C. Watson'.

YANTIC

Wednesday afternoon at 2.30, as a traveling salesman for a large grain concern was coming to Norwich from Williamantic in a Ford car, the car left the highway near Badger's pond, this side of the Frink farm, and overturned, taking part of the guard rail protecting the state highway with it. John O'Connor of New London, passing in a limousine was the first to give assistance, and the men got out of their car, but none the worse for the accident. A couple of local automobiles arrived later and the car was righted in little time and started on its way. It didn't travel far before it stopped, as the water had leaked out of the radiator while it was overturned. This was refilled. Aside from a bent mudguard, no damage to the car was noticeable. Paul Brumme and Thomas Carberry held a successful dance in Fire Engine

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Advertisement for Swift's Premium Oleomargarine. Image: A box of Swift's Premium Oleomargarine. Text: 'Oleomargarine 1 Pound Net Swift's Premium'. Map of the United States showing distribution.

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Advertisement for Swift's Premium Oleomargarine. Text: 'Swift's Premium Oleomargarine. The high quality of this food entitles it to a place on every table. Only the best and purest materials are used. It is prepared in cool, spotless rooms, and is never touched by hands. To its other attractions this food adds the important one of economy. You make a worth-while saving on every pound you buy. Get a package from your grocer today. Swift & Company, U. S. A. Manufacturers of Gem Nut Margarine A High Quality Nut Margarine'.

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