

Flakes of Dandruff Wear Hair Away Noonan's Hair Petrole Soon Brings It Back

Word of warning: Don't let dandruff wear your hair away. Use the popular hair preparation, Noonan's Hair Petrole, and not only save what is left, but stimulate the fine hair to renewed health again. Make it a daily habit to use Noonan's Hair Petrole every morning. After a few applications you will be surprised to find that all signs of dandruff have disappeared and the hair that was full looks healthy and vigorous.



THE ORDINARY FARMER LIVES NEAREST TO THE DRIVING WHEELS OF NATURE

(Written Specially For The Bulletin.) The Rev. Dr. Charles M. Sheldon is trying to find solutions for some of the vexed problems of this 24th century by asking "What would Jesus do?" and by trying to map out a course such as it seems to him. Jesus would counsel. We may assume that there is nothing in this attempt by Dr. Sheldon.

In a recent issue of The Christian Herald, Dr. Sheldon asks "What would Jesus do as a farmer?" In answer, he says first what he thinks would be the Lord's response to a harassed farmer and farmer's wife who are supposed to be entertaining Him.

It is a long conversation which Dr. Sheldon reports as being carried on around this imagined farm table. It involves not only the farmer and his wife but a typical consumer from the city and typical farmers' children who want to lease the farm for the city as well as the divine guest-in-chief. I haven't room or desire to summarize it all, but only to take a few minutes about one of Dr. Sheldon's points—indeed, his main point and the one he lays chief stress upon. For, of course, it is Dr. Sheldon who is the speaker—speaking as he thinks his Master would speak, to be sure, and with divine reverence, but telling what his eyes see as the truth in such language as he thinks should strike the vision.

In his idea, before the big problem can be finally solved there must be a change of mental attitude towards farm life. This change must be general to be effective, but it must begin with the farmer himself.

There must be a change of mental attitude on the farmer's part towards his work. He, of all men, is making his living out of God's holy earth. The very soil that sustains his garments speaks to him of the dawn of creation. The living creatures, the grass, and vegetation, the vision of the world's bodily need, the knowledge that he is supporting an actual physical necessity, should give the farmer a sense of dignity and power, together with a humble exaltation at the thought of his great place in the economy of the world.

Dr. Sheldon's imaginary farmer responds to this imagined appeal that he is tired of cultivating an imagination. "I'm tired of making up work, chores, lifting, mowing, leading, unloading, wearing, holding, and heavy garments, wringing with the elements and with unruly soil. It is nothing but dirt in which I rot."

There is much more of the hypothetical discussion and many other phases of the eternal problem are brought up. But in that which I have quoted lies the real essence of the reverend doctor's suggestion.

I know beforehand what a great many think. I have not lived seventy years without getting some insight into the minds of some farmers. There are hundreds and thousands who will read Dr. Sheldon's brave words with either interest or unconcerned irritation. What does he know about actual, down-to-the-furrow farming? They will ask. "Has he had to worry forty or fifty loads of corn-stalks out of a half-acre barnyard every spring? Has he had to weed endless rows of onions, shallots under a blazing sun, his head enveloped in a swarm of buzzing, biting, pricking gnats and midges? What sort of heaven would it take to make poisoning potato-bugs seem a work of dignity and power?"—And so on and on.

There is lacking excuse for just this sort of answer. It simply will not do for Dr. Sheldon or anybody else to minimize the hard and cruel facts which form the foundation of this widespread feeling. Doubtless there will be more in other vocations to welcome his thought than among farmers. For his lethargic farmer has not put the really sordid and drugging character of much farm work one-half as strongly as we old farmers know it might truthfully be put.

I sometimes wonder if my lady, dressing for the reception or the opera, would thrust that royal rose in her corsage so noticeably if she could look into its heart and see the loathsome worm which was harboring there.

It is the farmer's prerogative to see and think of that worm—to see it more clearly than he sees the crimson petals, to think of it more constantly than he thinks of the aroma of the flower.

It is not to be wondered at nor must he be too harshly blamed if, in many cases, the hard and cruel and repulsive nature of his calling more impresses itself upon him than its other phases.

Nor should it be forgotten that we are not all built to the same pattern. There are differences mental, physical and spiritual which we are born with. Some of us can't help seeing the dark side of things. There are just as many "termites" in the country as there are "bees." Perhaps there are more. It seems so at times. Considering all things, I for one do not wonder that when a farmer toilers with a natural blue streak, it should develop into blue-black in course of time.

Moreover, one is compelled to believe, as his acquaintance with his fellow widens and matures, that there are a considerable number who haven't an imagination to cultivate. Sydney Smith once said that you couldn't make some Southerners see a joke if you fired it at them out of a cannon. "Why, Mr. Smith," said his Boston landlady, "you could you fire a joke out of a cannon!"

I happen to know two farmers to neither one of whom, as both have frankly said to me, has an October sunset plowed in clouds of glory upon the western hills any meaning whatever, except as it may bear the promise of a fair day tomorrow to dig potatoes or hunk corn.

"A primrose by the river's brim A yellow primrose was to him, And it was nothing more."

It isn't even so much as that to some of us. To many it simply suggests a tress of cowslip greens for supper.

Then Dr. Sheldon would admit probably, that it is somewhat difficult to cultivate a non-existent faculty.

Furthermore, coming back to the majority, to the ordinary farmers who have an ordinary supply of imagination, it must be said that they stand too close to the plow for their imaginations to be given a fair chance. A man is a hero to his valet," said the

French wit. The Nature to which a farmer's occupation makes him perpetual witness is a little too raw, too coarse, too uncombed—not to be too squamous with words—little too nasty to stimulate his imagination to poetic visions.

It is the occasional visitor and guest, held off at the proper distance, to whom Nature shows her most alluring enchantments. To such guest, making from an eastern window upon the crimson gates of dawn; swinging slowly apart for the coming of the majestic sun, imagination is easy and natural.

To the farmer, coming down from the barn with the morning's milk, that can see special means simply trouble. "Gods," he ejaculates, "rain before night—and ten acres of hay down to be spoiled!"

The summer guest, looking up at my hill pastures glowing in the western sun with great masses of aurea yellow flaming out from a carpet of contrasting dull purple, sighs with admiration and envies me the every-day sight of this beauty.

Looking into my half-empty milk-pail or at the increasing gauntness of my cows, wonder anxiously where I am going to find adequate pasturage for my cows, most certainly the average grass with golden-rod and wild thyme, both weeds which no cow will eat unless close to starvation.

When the actor, pantophed in gleaming armor, draws his shining sword and, leaping upon a fallen block of the crumbling wall, shouts "Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more!" the audience is stirred to admiration and applause.

Not so the actors who, standing close beside the figure of the fair-haired harrier of England, see that his gleaming sword is only polished tin and his shining sword only plated hoop-iron, and the huge "stone" on which he rests his advanced foot is only a paste-board imitation, which he is to drop in the next scene. It is the unusual which is interesting. It is the hidden and mysterious which fires the imagination.

The ordinary farmer, who stands closer to Nature than any other man; who, despite his admitted ignorance of her meaning and many of her meanings, nevertheless lives nearest to her driving wheels; who sees her painted sunsets and her solemn stars only from afar off, but walks daily with his feet in the mud and slime; whose well-being, and whose very life depend upon what he can coax or cajole out of that underfoot mold—Oh! do not blame him too severely if he does not see his eyes most of the time on the ground!

He is really in small danger of bumping his head against any star, even without looking up to avoid it, while he walks daily with his feet in the mud and slime; and quick-witted, if he doesn't absolutely watch every step.

Who can doubt, who will deny that the ideal farmer of an ideal world, such as we all desire and pray for, will find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Who can doubt that he will have, with his other enlarged faculties, the

divine imagination which Dr. Sheldon describes as able to see in his grain what is merely dollars of income but loaves of bread for the feeding of the world?

Let's not criticize Dr. Sheldon for his dream. Let's not sneer at it. Let's throw no mud at it, even if it is too clean and dry for many of us.

Perhaps it is, at present, only a dream. But, after all, may there not be somewhere in the unknown Land-Wind-Dreams-Come-True? Though no such stores yet rise up before our veiling, it will not do to deny that they may exist.

There are more things in heaven and earth than are catalogued in any philosophy. And there will be many days and many men and many, as yet unimagined changes in the outside universe and in the mind and soul of humanity before we reach that divine event towards which the whole creation moves.

Why may not we also, you and I, join in dreaming of a future when the farmer shall stand of right in the front rank, among the foremost files of time, prophet and priest of that world-honored work which is truly a form of worship?

We shall not see it. But let us put no hindrance in the way of its coming.

THE FARMER.

MISS SADIE M. EDWARDS, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Edwards, and Clifford R. Duxbury were united in marriage Wednesday morning at 1 o'clock at St. Mark's rectory, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Vincent C. Lacey, rector of St. Mark's church. The bride wore a suit of black broadcloth with hat to match and carried a bouquet of white roses. She was attended by her sister, Miss Jane Edwards, who wore a dark blue broadcloth suit. Robert J. Edwards, a brother of the bride, was best man. Following the ceremony, a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Duxbury left on the 12:05 train for Boston, and on their return will reside in Pawtucket, R. I.

Harry W. Fielder, who has been in China for the past two years, is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lester Fielder.

A number from here are planning to attend a supper and dance to be held in Leyden.

Miss Estlin Spofford of Brooklyn, N. Y., is a visitor here.

Mrs. Wilfred E. Brown is spending several days in Trenton, N. J., with her daughter, Miss Mildred, who is taking a course in nursing in a hospital in that city.

Mrs. George Stott has returned from a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John McMichael in Danvers.

Several friends were in New London Thursday evening attending an afternoon and evening session of Union Lodge, A. F. and M. M. supper being served between the meetings.

E. A. Diven was a business caller in Providence Wednesday.

Mrs. Anne Eaton is recovering from illness. Albert Dibble of South Windsor is the guest of his daughter, Mrs. John T. Brooks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Dorrance have re-

turned to their home in Scotland, Conn., after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Wheeler.

George McKenna is in New York on business.

David Stett has returned from Boston. Mrs. Bergen I. Greene was a caller in New London Thursday.

Miss Esther Barnes is visiting in New York.

The supper and cake sale held by the women of the Baptist church Thursday was a very successful affair and netted a substantial sum.

An automobile bearing a Rhode Island registration number collided with Edward Pinkham on his bicycle in West Main street Wednesday forenoon and damaged the bicycle.

Miss Elizabeth T. Mallory has returned from a visit with relatives in New York. Announcement is made by Mr. and Mrs. Walter T. Fish of the engagement of their daughter, Louise Horsene, to Winthrop Hewitt Patterson of Springfield, Mass.

SCOTLAND At the local grange meeting last Friday evening the most furnished the program in competition with the women's program of two weeks ago. The judges of the two programs were Rev. W. H. Stewart, R. S. Tomlinson and Mrs. Ella Plase, who gave a decision in favor of the men's program, which was as follows: Instrumental music, grange orchestra; readings, Growing Up to Us, George N. Perry; original paper, George Orrok; solo, Frank Wood; original paper, Arthur Roberts; debate by E. F. Chesbro, L. J. Moffitt, John Wilson and Gerald Waldo; original poem, Russell Waldo; song, H. P. Chesbro and H. W. Clark; mock trial, The Great Pumpkin Case, by 11 brothers. The men gallantly furnished ice-cream for the entire company.

Rev. W. R. Stewart spent Tuesday and

Wednesday at Stamford and Oakville. Several from here attended the Social Center meeting at Willimantic Wednesday. The C. E. society is to hold a social this (Friday) evening.

Costing Them Most Tickets. Some American eye wearers of the party form of eyeglasses, most of them are democrats.—Chicago News.

Fairfield.—A meeting of the Fairfield County Bar association has been called for December 17, to take action upon applications of candidates for admission to the bar.

COLOGNS "Page's Cold Compound" is Quickest Relief Known. Don't stay stuffed-up! Quit blowing nose and sniffing! A dose of "Page's Cold Compound" taken every two hours until three doses are taken usually breaks any cold right up. The very first dose opens clogged nostrils and the air passages of the head; stops nose running; relieves the headache, dizziness, feverishness. "Page's Cold Compound" costs only a few cents at drug stores. It acts without assistance, tastes nice, contains no quinine—insist upon Page's!

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WILLINGTON

News of the wedding of Miss Dorothy Sprague and Elbert Shiles, both of Ellington, which took place at the parsonage Thursday night, came as a surprise to their many friends. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. T. Curdson of the Congregational church. Mr. Shiles is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shiles and his bride is a successful teacher in the primary room of the Center school. Mrs. Shiles will continue teaching for the present.

Edward P. Charley has returned from Waterbury where he has been visiting his uncle and aunt, Rev. and Mrs. I. L. Smith.

Mrs. Otto Powell of Manchester was the guest of Mrs. A. D. Hile Thursday.

Mrs. Reynolds has returned to her home in Springfield, Mass., after spending several weeks with her daughter, Mrs. H. L. Hoving.

The Friendship club enjoyed Monday evening in a social held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Curdson. During the business meeting a new officers were elected for the coming year, and it was voted to hold the annual banquet at the Steele house, Towland, on the evening of Dec. 13.

The annual business meeting of the Congregational church was held Thursday afternoon, followed by a supper and social hour, after which the roll call services took place. There was a large attendance.

Tuesday afternoon about 70 met at the home of Mrs. J. T. McKnight and a class in dreammaking was formed under the direction of Mrs. Sheldon of the Towland county farm bureau. The first meeting of the class will be held Jan. 15 in the parlors of the church.

The grange met Wednesday evening in town hall. The program consisted of catches, tableaux and songs, all relating to the Bismarck.

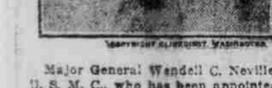
The Women's club met Monday afternoon with Mrs. K. H. Kibbe, the subject being Egyptian Architecture.

Will Investigate Killing Of Haytians

Major General Wendell C. Neville, U. S. M. C., who has been appointed to a board of three to investigate the charges of indiscriminate killing of Haytian natives by United States Marines and members of the Haytian native forces, officers by American non-commissioned officers.

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This Corn Remover is Guaranteed. Throw away that dangerous rasps and plaster. Don't waste your time simply treating that peevish, itching sore that get rid of it with "Gets-It" Remove it!



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Simply apply two or three drops of this favorite corn remedy and you gain from THAT corn forever. Then in two or three days, if the corn has not dropped off, take hold with your fingers and lift it off as easily as you peel a banana! You never enjoyed such instant, delightful relief from corn misery, you never used anything so perfect as "Gets-It." It never fails.

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