

Wife Surprised Him

It was the good wife that so agreeably surprised O. S. Manley, Salisbury, Ct. He declared, "All last year I was afflicted with stomach trouble. What I ate distressed me so I could hardly stand it and my head ached continually. I tried several different medicines without relief. My wife saw the Goldine advertisement and unbeknown to me got a bottle of Goldine Tonic and Nervine. I hadn't taken half of it when I began to realize a great change. Am now on my third bottle and feel like a new man. Can enjoy a good meal and am free from those distressing spells and terrible headaches. I advise anyone to take Goldine as it is truly a wonderful medicine and worthy of great praise. Containing among its herbs the precious Yung-Gon-Root from the Filian Islands, GOLDINE is America's greatest remedy. This Tropical Tonic is the finest known for summer illa. The best way to get well is to get your bottle today.

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SOUTH COVENTRY

Miss Grace Smith of Canterbury was a recent guest of Miss Callista Backus, Charles Palmer spent Thursday in New London. Herbert Card moved to his recently purchased home in the village Friday. Mrs. Callista Backus was in New London over the week-end and attended the Yale-Harvard race. Mrs. Louis Patis is spending a week at the home of Charles Fisher of Westland and will spend a week with Louis Kline of Lebanon, before going to Ridgeport to the home of her son, Louis Patis. Wednesday evening moving pictures were shown at the church. Last Sunday evening there was no service in the church. The Y. P. S. C. E. met with the society of the Baptist church at Willimantic in a union service at 8 o'clock at which Mr. Herbert Elick, field secretary of the Connecticut C. E. Union was the speaker. Mr. Harold Nichols is spending a week with relatives in Hartford. Mrs. George T. Sikes, Mrs. Florence Atch of New York and Miss Sarah Abbe spent Wednesday in Hartford. Richard Holmes of New York is the guest of his sister, Mrs. George F. Sikes. Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hannat and two children of New York are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Ziegler.

EKONK

Mrs. John Frink went to New London Friday and witnessed the boat race. His sons, Albert and wife, returned home with her Sunday. The many friends here of John N. Lewis of Yonkers are glad to hear that he is recovering from his recent illness.



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THE OLD-FASHIONED FARM HOUSE AND THE "PERFECT" HOME.

(Written Specially For The Bulletin.)
The plain old farm-house in which I live was built 125 years ago, this summer. It was supposed to be about "the latest thing" in farm-houses, at that time.

That is to say, it was built wholly of hard-wood lumber so far as the frame was concerned; had a cellar underneath the whole of it; had two chimneys 'boarded over four feet by six instead of just one eight feet by ten; was clad 'hardwood' instead of up-and-down sided; had a sort of hood projecting over its front door and the broad landing-step, said hood being called in those days a "stoop," a name retained even till my own boyhood days; and had its chief rooms not only lathed and plastered, but the walls painted a brownish-red and "adorned" with a diagonal, wire-cross design of conventional vine-work, roughly outlined in black and white on the warm background.

Externally and internally, however, it was just a box with a roof on it. An exact replica in the wide drapings which inevitable all at the back for kitchen and wood-house, it was equally square-cornered and uncompromising within. When it was roofed, the windows were set and glazed, the few partitions finished and the floors laid, it was "done" and turned over to its owner for domestic occupancy.

That owner and his wife with their growing brood of children had hitherto been living in a log cabin "chickened" with mud and covered with thatch of warping bark which leaked about as much rain as it shed. They "moved in" before the carpenter's last shavings were swept out and started prompt first-class in the wide drapings which in those stormy days served for both heating and cooling. While those old drapings have all been closed up, what still remain in one of them the "crane" which swung over the open fire, and the "pothooks" by which the household pots and kettles were hung from them.

Their new home seemed to its occupants almost a wonderland of comfort and convenience in comparison with the primitive log hut which had sheltered them after a fashion during their first weeks in a little clearing. Lacking, they began to discover lacking; lacking in point of convenience, in point of comfort, in point of protection from the weather. Some of these lacks have been remedied from time to time, and some have not been.

The huge old fire-places which took half a cord of wood to make a real winter fire in (and which scorched people on one side while the drafts engendered children on the other), the first places have been closed and stoves substituted. A sink in the kitchen with a pump at its end has taken the place of the old mangle "one-out" in which dishes used to be washed with water brought in buckets from the pole-and-sweep-out-door. Most of the painted walls have been covered with "bookcase" to hide the scratches and stains which a century's rough occupancy has produced. But besides the walls and pot-hooks in one or two places, there still remain the old brick smoke-house built against one chimney in the attic; the attic itself, bare-raftered as when built; and the original heavy paneled front door with its brass "knocker" just as it was bolted on 125 years ago.

I used to be pestered almost beyond endurance by bargain-hunting speculators who wanted to buy that "knocker" for about one-tenth of what they expected to sell it for. I got tired of explaining over and over again, that I didn't want to sell it, that I was fond of it myself, and had associations with it which money wouldn't pay for. Nowadays I use a shorter formula. "Who Mr. or Mrs. Antique-hunter sees it and cries, 'Oh, will you sell your 'knocker'?' I respond nonchalantly, 'Why, yes, I can get my price.' And how much do you ask?" There's where I get such 'em. "About \$5.50 with a discount of ten per cent. for cash." Is my answer. While they stare at me, goggle-eyed, I add: "The knocker goes with the door, you know, and the door goes with the house, and the house goes with the farm." After which they manage to see the point more or less clearly and depart leaving me to go back into the garden and weed onions in peace.

To come back to our old farm-house.

Sir Conan Doyle Conjures Another Spirit In Patent Controversy

Miss Catherine Curtis, of Los Angeles, who claims she paid \$35,000 for the film rights of "The Lost World" and expects to pay more. She is the newest angle of an already tangled situation which bears the name of "The Conan Doyle Exhibited the Film of His Novel at the Magicians Banquet." Miss Curtis is the only woman movie producer in this country, and she has employed a legal adviser to find out just how Wattersen Rothaker stands on patent rights for the movie film of prehistoric animals such as dinosaurs, etc., which Herbert M. Dawley, of Chatham, N. J., claims.

Suppose it would take us to get used to the "patent kindler," and the "patent coal choker," and the "ice-making refrigerator," and the "heat regulator." How many of 'em would we wear out, practicing with 'em just to see how the dumb things work, before there was half for their actual employment? And just what would we do when the "ice-making screens" stilled on us in the midst of their disappearing and stuck fast, half of them right in the way and the other half hidden in some mysterious recess, impracticable to the approach of such domestically available screw-drivers as the poker or the screw-driver? Eh? Think of that, please.



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On the whole, after thinking over the details of that "perfect home" of the suburban dream, I'm growing more and more content with the old-fashioned imperfections of commonly existing homes. I think I can get along better with an old style ice-box, which may leak and sweat, but never has blown away, than with an "ice-making refrigerator," amateurishly made. All closed porches, etc., at either end. Eight rooms, besides three baths, five closets, furniture, hall, pantry and "dining alcove." But what made my unophisticated and "trophy room" eyes stick to the list of interior fittings. Here it is, exactly as recapitulated by the efficient sales-manager on his little slip:

"The house will be fitted with built-in china closets, bookcases, window seats, hidden radiators, electric clothes washer, ironer, vacuum cleaning system, ice-making refrigerator, ventilating system, patent kindler, ash chute in fireplace and lift for logs, cold storage room, package receiver, disposer for household waste, 'Tuckaway' fold-down ladder, folding wall ironing board, laundry chute, disappearing screens, hidden safety vault, efficiency kitchen, dining alcove, radio markers, bells, and intercom, speaking tube, closets with sliding hangers, raised floors and door control lights, radio room and flower studio, patent coal chute and rotary ash receiver, copper ash cans, water filter, heat regulator and phone and closet."

I commend the reading of that list in full to all my farmer friends and their wives. "Modern conveniences," according to my count, of which my own particular old shack has just one, and of which I don't believe any farm-house in Connecticut has over half-a-dozen, all told. Yet they must all be included in what the suburban architect and sales-manager regard as a "perfect home."

Now do you begin to understand why there are "deserted farms"? Why the young folks won't stay in the old homes? Why they flock to the city as the sparks fly upwards? Why should they remain in houses which are not fitted with "Tuckaway" folding ladders, "disappearing screens," "dining alcoves" and "door control lights"? To say nothing of "cooper ash cords" and "rotary ash receivers" or "hidden safety vaults"?

They can't be any "perfect home," you are told, without all these things. And, equally of course, you can't have perfect people or bring up perfect children in any but perfect homes. Is there any longer reason why we should wonder at crime? Or why we shouldn't wonder, things being as they are, that so many of us are half-way decent citizens and fairly contented? Considering that we've all been born and nurtured and lived in homes running from thirty-two to thirty-six points imperfect out of a possible thirty-seven, isn't it a wonder that we've developed into anything higher than straddle-bugs?

Of course, a child born in such a mansion as "the perfect home" above described, might be expected to slide to it as the well known duck takes to water. But consider the case of comparatively old fellows like you and I, say, turn us loose in this modernly connected "perfect home." How long do you



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Miss Louise M. Elliott, teacher, Room 5; Michael Bessin, Amos Breisford, Edmund Davignon, James Foy, Abe Groman, Edith Johnson, John Kay, Arthur Lacasse, Edith McKeeney, Havin Mercier, Francis Normande, William Odier, Victoria Techie, Alice Sowerbest, Francis Sullivan, Dorothy Whiteley, Muriel Whiteley.

Miss Helen I. Phillips, teacher, Room 4; Walter Collin, Arthur Couss, Richard Huron, Edith Lacourse, William Lees, Leo Vosper, Frances Babcock, Edna Burke, Jeanette Jodoin, Dorothy Jilcoeur.

Miss Mary E. English, teacher, Room 2; Francis Mathewson, Leona Smith, Alfred Bibesault, Romeo Breisford, Norman Burton, Arthur Gocher, Arthur Congdon, Lionel Demoune, Edward Dougherty, Lionel Lafash, Thomas Lang, Wilfred Mercier, William Mulcher, Dona Mitchell, Gilbert Parry, Conrad Smith, Annette Combarbe, Leola Dion, Georgianna Dupere, Grace Flynn, Catherine Foy, Pearl Lever.

Miss Helen I. Newton, teacher, room 2; Leo Auser, Francis Davignon, Elmer Hopkins, Roland Landry, Everett Lee, Frederick Walsh, John Higginbottom, Lena Butler, Alice Coulombe, Sude Groman, Nora Linfoot, Miss Olga S. Jernall, teacher, room 1; Edward Breisford, Emma Dion, Ernest Hopkins, John Leek, William Mercier, Gerard Boucher, Dorothy Babcock.

Plainfield Annex, Mrs. Josie G. Buell, teacher, room 2; Edna Baldwin, Cora Cleveland, Genevieve Evans, Helen Krauss, Dora Lafash, Elizabeth McKeeney, Mrs. Annie L. Jerome, teacher, room 1; Rheta Lacourse, Agnes Lee, Arthur Davignon, Leo Joliveau, Leo Lacourse, Charles Taber, Alfred McKeeney, Thomas Connel.

Plainfield Academy, Miss Agnes B. Allen, teacher, room 1; Henry Desroive, Florence Bazinet, Sidney Gardner, Mary Hopkins.

Black Hill School, Miss Nellie McGovern, teacher; Ida Felt, Helen Tuley, Frank Tuley.

Green Hollow school, Mrs. Clyde M. Healy, teacher; Alfred Collette, Louis Collette, Rosa Collette, Camille Collette, Edith Grimshaw, Phoebe Pratt, James Pratt, Olney Pratt, Almira Pratt, Fred Pratt, Orlide Millette, Urban Millette, Orlide Millette, Bernadette Millette.

Flat Rock School, Miss Mary J. Burke, teacher; Frances Day, Alfred Jay, Evelyn Gervais, Evelyn Hopkins, Irving Hopkins, Willard Squires.

South school, Miss Marion H. Lee, teacher; Harold Hentacheil, Joseph Walsh, May Hentacheil.

Dance tonight, Ashland Casino, "Chic" Stanley's orchestra, 8:30 to 12 D. S. T. —adv.

LYME

Mrs. Emma Webber is at her home after spending a few weeks in the western part of the state.

A party of 23 from Meriden enjoyed a chicken dinner on the Meriden house lawn last Saturday. The trip was made by power boat from Middletown.

The Crowley family have opened their summer home on Locust Hill.

Mrs. William Grook visited relatives in Rutherford, N. J. last week.

Mrs. Garden returned to her home in New York last Saturday after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. James Bennett.

Feed Pitts and family of Hampton spent Sunday with Mrs. Pitts' parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Harding.

William Johnson of Trenton, N. J. was registered at the Meriden house last week.

Mrs. Ida Harding was in New London last Tuesday.

Mr. Taylor and family of New York have moved into their new home at 612 Hamburg.

MOHEGAN

Mrs. Edith Purvis and Miss H. Winifred Quigdon and several other members of the Kappa Delta society spent the week-end in Groton.

Miss Loretta Fielding and Miss Gladys Quigdon were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Fielding of New London over the week-end.

Several from this place attended the boat races last Friday.

Mr. Lamb of Providence has returned after spending several days with Mr. and Mrs. Peete.

Mrs. Dolbear was in Norwich Saturday.

E. C. Fowler was in Norwich recently.

There would be but few mysteries in this world if people looked into everything as closely as a woman looks into the mirror.

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