

AUTUMN FASHIONS

The Maple owned that she was tired of always wearing green. She knew that she had grown, of late, too shabby to be seen!

The Oak and Beech and Chestnut then deplored their shabbiness. And all, except the Hemlock sad, were wild to change their dress.

"For fashion-plates we'll take the flowers" the rustling Maple said. "And like the Tulip I'll be clothed in splendid gold and red!"

"The cheerful Sunflower suits me best," the rightsome Beech replied; "The Marigold my choice shall be"—the Chestnut spoke with pride.

The sturdy Oak took time to think—"I hate such glaring hues; The Gillyflower so dark and rich, I for my model choose."

So every tree in all the grove, except the Hemlock sad, According to its wish ere long in brilliant dress was clad.

And here they stand through all the soft and bright October days; They wished to be like flowers—indeed, they look like huge bouquets!



MINING RATHER THAN FARMING THE LAND

(Written Specially For The Bulletin.)
Dean Davenport of the Illinois College of Agriculture and Experiment Station says, in effect, that the big question of the age is whether farmers are so going to farm it as to make their lands constantly richer, or so as to finally deplete them of all existent fertility.

If the former, then we can look forward to a steadily brightening future. If the latter, then we shall eventually starve to death, because the soils we have worn out won't any longer produce.
Dean Davenport, it may be said, is quite a chap. Born and bred on a Michigan farm, he went through the Michigan Agricultural college, and, since 1915, has been dean of the Illinois institution. He has just resigned therefrom, in order to go back to the old Michigan farm on which he was born and take up, in the maturity of his mental and physical powers, the task of a practical farmer. On his resignation, Farm and Fireside, the well-known farm magazine, asked him what he considered the most important agricultural problem which confronts us. His answer is an article in the October Farm and Fireside wherein he thus states the problem as he sees it:

"Mining" the land, not "farming" it is the charge, you observe. Robbing it, not fostering it. Sucking it dry and leaving only a shell. Forever drawing at the tap without as persistently filling the reservoir. Mr. Davenport admits that there is little use asking an average farmer to incur additional expense for the sake of his land when, under present conditions, he can't hope even to get his money back. "And yet," he says, "it gives one gooseflesh to consider what a large proportion of the national domain is being mined out for present profits."
While a few farmers here and there are treating their land with intelligence and fairness, "as a national enterprise, the enormous errors which we are taking out of our land from year to year are so many subtractions from our native store of wealth, which is the free gift of nature."
Now, if there is one thing more incontrovertibly true than any other, it is that you can't take anything from something without lessening that original something.
You can't draw water from a barrel's spigot day after day unless you keep a fresh stream running in at the bung-hole.
You can't draw daily checks against your bank deposit and expect to have them always honored, unless you keep up that deposit by adequate renewals.
You can't take anything from a horse or work from a horse unless you feed them both with the materials needed for reproduction and work-output.
You can't take anything from every pound of which contains something which was originally in the dirt, forever from any soil without ruining it, unless you put back the elements your crops have taken out.
If you try any of these things year after year, and assigns will certainly bring up, sooner or later, against that other undeniable proposition that you can't take something from nothing.
No doubt Dean Davenport is right in asserting that a vast number of so-called farmers are trying to do just that thing. Perhaps the proportion may be bigger in the west than in the east. But it's too big everywhere. It would be too big if there was but one farmer in a township doing it.
And yet, there is hardly sufficient reason to despair utterly, as the outlook is, and short-sighted as the average man may be. Sometimes the sulky child who will not yield to appeals or exhortations has been known to see a new light after a sufficient spanking.
The world may come to perilously short commons, sometime, if present practices continue, but it won't let itself starve to death without trying almost anything to avoid it.
"What ye diggin' for?" asked the passer of the small boy.
"Woodcock," breathlessly responded the lad.
"Don't expect to get him with that hoe, do ye?"
"Got to; we're out o' meat!"
Get them hungry enough and even Sir Leicester Dedlock and Lady Clara Vere de Vere would dig out potatoes with their own manured fingers, rather than starve to death. We do not want us a whole gets pushed up to the starvation line it will use both its brains and its hands to dig its way back again. It's too bad, though, that any such desperate state should have to be reached.
Reflecting thus on Dean Davenport's rather lugubrious prognostications, I can't help turning my mind's eye towards that five acre field on Storrs hill where Prof. Esten is demonstrating the capabilities of The New Agriculture. When one considers what he has done with that bit of abandoned pasture land, what he is now doing with it, and what any other farmer anywhere can do with similarly worn-out dirt, one is convinced that there is simply tremendous possibilities ahead of the farming world.
He has shown that the everywhere present bacteria, which have been for untold ages working in an aimless and desultory way to transform the crude elements of original soil into plant foods, can be organized and brigaded into disciplined allies. Their hit-or-miss labors can be directed into straight-aimed lines of productive work. They can be so aligned that their scattering and ineffective fire shall become a sweeping volley. They can be so controlled as to draw from the practically inexhaustible stores of air and earth at least all the nitrogen and potash which farm crops must have, but can't forage for themselves.
Really, it isn't so much a problem of the land as it is a problem of human intelligence. We don't know all or the half of what will sometimes be known about the recuperative and reparative forces of nature. But we know enough even now to turn almost any worn-out New England brush land into a laughing garden of fertile productivity—if we'll only use the knowledge at our command.
There are millions of acres in China where reckless forest cutting and ignorant soil mismanagement have changed the landscape to bleak and seeming-ly hopeless desert. On the other hand, there are millions of acres in Europe which have been cropped for two thousand years and are still producing better yields than our much boasted virgin soils of the west.
It isn't the land nor the climate which is responsible for these differences, but the care which has been given the land. In other words, it is the human touch which is vital. Energy, industry, dirt, all these count for much. Intelligence, open-eyed and open-minded, counts for more.
If the human race ever starves it will not be the land's fault, but the race's own. It will be because we haven't had intelligence enough or interest enough in our first business to find out, for why and wherefore. It will be because we spend our lives robbing the good dirt, instead of managing and nourishing it.
Just at present things don't look so cheerful as they might. Too many land-owners are mining their land rather than farming it. Too many are listless and discouraged and sulky. Too many are timid about trying new ideas. Too many are dreaming of some easy way instead of considering first the right way. But there is a heaven working in the lump, even now. Give it time, and watch it with hope. The dough may not be as hopeless as it looks.
THE FARMER.

CHAPLIN

Charles Gallup, the contractor and builder, with a force of men, is building the new store at Clark's Corner.
The estate of the late Charles E. Ross of South Chaplin is to be settled by Mrs. Lee Lyon, of Phoenixville, Conn., who was named as executrix in the will Mr. Ross executed a few days before he died.
The political pot in town is warming up for the republican caucus to be held at the town hall Monday evening at 8 o'clock to nominate a candidate for representative, judge of probate and justices of the peace. There are several candidates in the field for representative and a larger caucus than usual is anticipated.
Chaplin is passing through a number of changes this fall and has lost several of the old residents.
Mr. and Mrs. George B. Howard sold their place in the Center and have gone to Quinebaug.
Frank W. Martin sold his farm to Stephen Sokel and moved his family to North Windham. Mr. Martin's farm was one of the largest and most productive in town and had been the home of five generations of Martins. Mr. Martin had for a long time been a teacher of the young men's class in the Sunday school.
Justin B. Holt died last spring and now Mrs. Holt has closed her home and gone to live with her sister, Mrs. Handall Jones in Andover.

BOLTON NOTCH

Mrs. Mary Brownell is visiting her sister, Mrs. Sarah Hale, in Springfield.
Mrs. Minnie Howard returned Monday from New York where she was the guest of her daughter, Sadie Howard.
Mrs. Bessie Clark from Southold, N. Y., and her sister, Jennie, who have been in town and had been the home of five generations of Martins. Mr. Martin had for a long time been a teacher of the young men's class in the Sunday school.
W. H. Rice was in New York to attend the world series baseball game.
Miss Charlotte Dullinger of Hartford,

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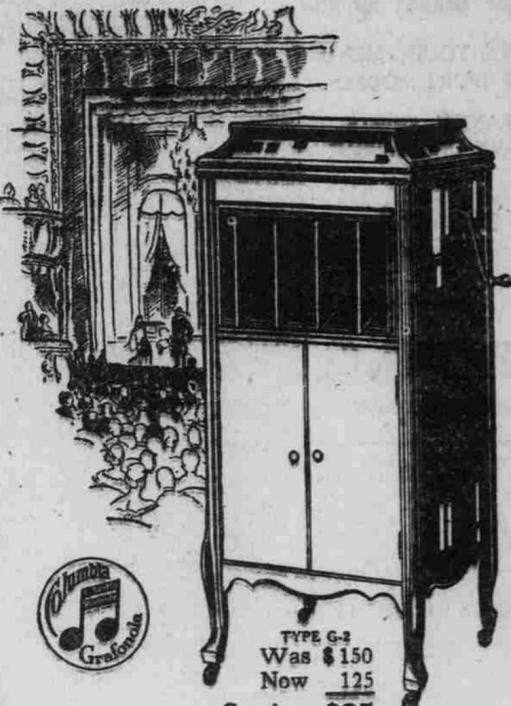
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Local gardeners are this week bringing to your table, Spinach, Cabbage, Head and Curly Lettuce, Chinese or Celery Cabbage, Parsley, Fancy Celery, Cauliflower, Beets, Carrots and Turnips. Have some of the above tasty green foods at each meal, and notice how much better you feel. **EAT MORE VEGETABLES!**

ELLINGTON

The Delphian chapter met in the li-

brary Monday afternoon, the subject being Social Life in the Middle Ages.
At the republican caucus held Tuesday evening in town hall, Robert Hyde was nominated as representative to the legislature, by a large majority.
The monthly meeting of the Christian Buzsavor society will be held Friday evening. This will be followed by a dog-
and Mrs. Parker Lathrop of New Haven Mr. and Mrs. C. I. Metcalf and children returned home Monday after spending several days with relatives in Niantic.
Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Hale and daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Clark motored to New Haven Monday and visited Mr.