



THE FARMER'S TALK TO FARMERS

THE CUSTOMER IN VARIOUS ASPECTS

(Written Specially for the Bulletin.) This is a great world, with a whole lot of people in it. A whole lot of different people. No two just alike; no three in the same class. A good many of the lots are "job lots," too. Some who think themselves all-wool and yard-wide are really compounded of equal proportions of shoddy, cotton, flax and clay, being really about twenty-two and one-third inches wide,—when stretched.

I used to wonder at and disapprove the somewhat bored and cynical attitude of a good many clerks and salesmen when I dashed at them with some whim that I wanted attended to at once. Surely they must see how very simple and wholly reasonable my demands were. I could see why they shouldn't take fire at my squinting spark, and be eager to drag the whole stock down to hunt out exactly the kind that I desired. Why, it seemed to me as if everybody on earth must certainly want just that very thing. I have found myself inwardly condemning the "stupidity" of salesmen who couldn't see in a minute the twisted and involved corollaries of a crocheted which had incubated itself in some dim corner of my brain.

When you go in to try on a pair of shoes, you rather expect the clerk to know just to a millimeter where your wickedest corn is and bring you a shoe that won't even touch it. Now, don't you? Likewise every other intending purchaser expects that same clerk to know all the details of his or her corn-crop. And were you to show a severe on him, aren't you? If he brings on a second or third pair that fail to have a bulging annex built out at the side where that bunch is growing.

Every one of us is,—to himself or herself,—the consciously all-important center of the universe. Of course we admit, as a theory, the equal rights of other folks. Practically and as a cold matter of fact we all rather resent their existence, whenever they fail to see with our eyes and smell with our noses and taste with our palates and hear with our ears. "Orthodoxy in my doxy; heterodoxy is another man's doxy," said Bishop Warburton. Like the famous Scotchman of the story, each one of us is convinced of his own orthodoxy, but doubly doubtful of everybody else's. Even in so small a matter as that of our personal likes and dislikes, we are "always" "it," and all others are either "cranky" or "pigheaded" or "unreasonable." What we like is "good"; what we don't like is "horrid." It makes no difference if I am the only man in a whole township who likes caviar; necessarily caviar is and must be delicious, and those who don't want it, won't touch it, revolt at it and are nauseated by it are simply contrary and fanciful.

"A mighty good place to study human nature is a peddler's wagon," said one of that vocation to me, once. It surely is a very effective way to get a poor opinion of human nature. Even we peddlers of truck, we dispensers of garden seeds, we purveyors of miscellaneous and patchwork, I've sometimes thought that a real diary of a real garden-truck peddler, would be about as much of a novel as Judge Shute's "Real Diary of a Real Boy" was. But I don't believe any of us would dare to write it, absolutely unpunished. Even if one should have the courage to put his imprint on it, a wise insurance company would promptly cancel its policy on his life. But there are some phases of it which may bear telling, if one is only careful to suppress names. And I'm gradually getting so calloused to the criticisms and so immune to the "soft soap" that I'm beginning to be able to take the thing philosophically and extract some fun out of it. I'm going to share a little of my last fortnight's amusement with you.

As many of you who are real farmers know, this has been a rather hard season for vegetables. The drouth has affected nearly all crops unfavorably. Even those which we have been able to coddle into continued life have too often failed in some degree of quality. I am especially fortunate in that I am able to run many of my crops from dry ground into wet land, so that a part of them will be apt to do tolerably well, whichever way the summer heads,—towards drouth or drench. Also, my crops are of the sort which enables fairly constant cultivation, and this helps a good deal towards the conservation of moisture. But practically all my garden crops are short, and prices are high, and quality is a l-a-e-t-l-e bit "off." Here are a few fairly accurate reports of what the diplomats call "sour parkers" with corn customers in the last fortnight.

Mrs. A.—"Is your corn any better than it was last week? It was so old and tough that we couldn't eat it and had to throw it away. You ought not to pick it after it gets so mature."

Mrs. B.—"Is your corn any better than it has been? We haven't been able to use it, it's so immature. It's a shame to break ears till they get fit to eat."

Mrs. C.—"Have you any more of that same corn you've been carrying? It's simply delicious; we never had any so sweet and tender. I want some more of the same, just as long as you have it."

Mr. D. (who couldn't trust his housekeeper fitly to express his sentiments).—"Say, Mr. Farmer, that corn of yours is rotten. Take it off for hogs. Haven't you got any or aren't you ever going to have any that's good enough to eat?"

Mrs. E.—"Those big ears you've been bringing are wonderfully sweet. What kind are they? Can't you save me some seed so I can plant it in my own garden, next spring, and not have to buy it?"

Mrs. F.—"If you can pick me out some small ears, I'll try it once more. But I don't want great clubs, big enough for gate-posts."

Mr. G.—"What makes potatoes so high? Why, we shall have to be selling them. Drouth? Well, why don't you farmers put in irrigation plants and water your crops? They do it out west, where my sister-in-law's aunt's cousin lives."

Mrs. H.—"Fifty cents a peck for potatoes! Why, my husband knows where he can buy them for a dollar a bushel. You must be getting rich. What's that you say? You'd rather sell 'em at twenty-five cents and have a good crop than at fifty cents when you have less than a quart of a crop? Well, why didn't you plant more land? Then you'd have had more potatoes, wouldn't you?"

Mrs. I.—"What's cabbage worth? Eight cents a head? Why, we bought some of old man Hoskins last fall for \$5 a hundred. That's five cents apiece, ain't it? 'Nd they was big ones, too, twice as big as these little rants."

Mrs. J.—"Got any tomatoes? Oh, mercy, I can't pay twenty-five cents a basket. We got some day before yesterday of a peddler for the very first for only twenty-two cents. Were they good? Well, no-o, they were tough and tasteless; must a-been picked green, I guess. I was hoping you'd have some we could buy that was good. But I can't pay twenty-five cents. Give you fifty cents for three baskets. No? Then I guess I won't take any."

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Mrs. M.—"Got any more of those lima beans? Those last were just be-you-ti-ful. I want a peck this time."

Mr. N.—"No, I don't want any more of your Limas. They're green yet, ain't it for human food. You ought to have to pay the doctor's bills when people get sick on such unwholesome stuff."

And so it goes! Fifteen miles of customers,—and no two agreeing about anything. Each one wants something different in character or quality, shape or looks. Some want yellow sweet corn because it is "so sweet"; some won't touch it. Some like black corn because it is "so tender"; some don't like it because it is "so hard that it might almost be ground into meat." Each one is absolutely sure that his or her taste is the measure by which all other tastes should be calipered. What one likes is "good"; it is not conceivable that any one else can possibly find anything else "good."

Of course, when one has learned a particular customer's tastes it is mere exercise of memory to cater to them,—till they change. They do this, sometimes, very suddenly and quite arbitrarily. Some years ago one customer was seriously put out because I had no yellow tomatoes. "Oh, they're so much richer than the red ones." Next season I put in a few yellow plants on purpose to suit this customer. But I never sold one at that house. "The red ones look so much prettier in the salad" was the comment when I offered the big, smooth, golden fruit.

I used to worry over the criticisms freely passed me on my various garden truck. I used to get indignant, sometimes over the whimsicality of some of the demands on me,—such as celery in July, for new potatoes in May, for cucumbers before the vines had started to run, for cauliflowers in June and green peas in November,—for all sorts of things at all sorts of seasons,—provided only that they were out of season. But I'm getting so now, I notice such matters little more than a duck notices a dew on its tail. I take all sorts to make up the world. Mr. A. is one sort and Mrs. B. is another sort, and Mrs. John Farmer is a third different sort. No doubt, my whims seem as capricious and my big faults as inexcusable to them as theirs ever did to me.

It's easy and natural for many of us to find life only a treadmill; there's more fun in trying to turn it into something like a "merry-go-round." In any case we're pretty firmly attached, and are enforced to see the "wheel go round," as Budge felicitously phrased it. Better always "make the best of a bad job." Thereby we may, sometime or somehow, perhaps, turn out a fairly good job,—now and then.

THE FARMER.

Admission of Wealth. A Senator Kenyon's declaration that "the rich are crazy" comes perilously near to being a confession that Senator Kenyon is a man of opulence.—Kansas City Journal.

Fall of Mississippi. Poor old Mississippi! Think of Jefferson Davis, L. Q. C. Lamar, George and Williams, and then think of Vardaman.—Macon Telegraph.

Can't Make the World Believe It. Experience proves that more satisfaction can be got out of not minding other people's business than by any other plan.—Sheffield (Ala.) Standard.

A Divided Smith. Days pass into weeks and still Hor. Hocus F. Smith owes one undivided half Hoke to Georgia and the other to the United States senate.—New York Sun.

One Life's Compensations. Funny how suddenly Colonel Roosevelt appears and disappears these days without talking about it afterward.—Pittsburg Post.

Villain Still Pursues Them. It is pleasant to see Harmon and Wilson avoid Bryan, but the danger won't be over till he is permanently quarantined.—Boston Transcript.

THE LONDON'S MUSICAL NEEDS

They Must Go Abroad for Good Band Music Until Conditions Change

PLAYERS CANNOT GET TOGETHER

Why Thomas Did Not Fly on Beach Day—How an Italian Woman Lost Her Savings—The Newsboys Must be Off the Street by 8 o'clock, P. M.

Even if Clarence W. Thompson and his airship did not help out the Beach Day celebration, it is set that the police have set that hour as the time when these small boys must be to their homes or to the police station. Some of these boys may be destined to be the Rothschilds of the future, but never if they are permitted to roam the streets at night just for the sake of doing it and using the newspaper gag as an excuse for their presence on the streets when they should be tucked away in their trundle beds.

On the streets at night with a dirty newspaper or two tucked under the arm, these little lads hang around the streets, dodge in and out of saloons, and watch out for the individual who happens to be intoxicated, willing listeners to talk that is beyond their understanding but which is liable to excite their interest in matters that are prejudicial to morals and which is liable to leave its impress on their plastic minds. It is well that the police are to protect these small boys by seeing to it that they not only go to their homes, but also warn their parents to have them in the house at a reasonable hour or make answer in court to a charge of not properly caring for their children or with a charge more serious, for it is said that some parents have forced these little things to go out on the street and not to return until they bring home a specified sum of money and without regard as to how the money is obtained. The police have talked these things over and the change is welcomed by all who consider the future of the rising generation.

There is music in the air of an unharmonious nature by some of the local musicians quite often nowadays, for everytime the Eleventh Artillery band fills an engagement here or hereabouts the local musicians neglect their work in the shops or other places where they are regularly employed and inflict their tales of woe in doleful tones upon their fellow-workmen from whom they receive very little sympathy. It is the same old story of the disunited union musicians of the city, who are continually talking of organizing a complete brass band but who fail at successful organization, owing to the lack of willing material to make up the organization, or the refusal of some musicians to play in the same band with the other fellows. So there you are. It is the old dog in the manger game and in consequence there is no brass band in New London worthy the name and there has not been any for quite a number of years. Still these musicians who are affiliated with the musicians' union and make a few dollars on the side, in addition to their regular employment, are constantly kicking because the excellent military band from the fort is of necessity engaged when good music is required, for there is no band of musicians in New London that can fill the engagements.

The Fort Wright band gave two delightful concerts at Ocean beach, Tuesday and Wednesday. These concerts were repeated there are not bandsmen in New London that could have filled these engagements, or any one of them, with out ringing in musicians from Norwich or Westerly, or some other place where musicians dwell together in harmony. When the local musicians can get together and work as regularly and as a band competent to fill engagements of the character here named, it is time enough for the locals to consider themselves as competitors to the fine military band from Fort Wright.

Two labor organizations of New London are to picnic at different places on Saturday, the bricklayers and the plumbers, so it is no union picnic for them and labor day is not the one selected for the outing. The plumbers, the same who were on strike not many moons ago will have the master plumbers as their special guests and they not only plan to wine and dine them, but also to give them a drubbing at the game of baseball and in a number of athletic and track events in which employer and employe will make even entry. This is evidence of the good feeling that exists between the master plumbers and plumbers of New London and is a reminder of the relations that existed in the days before organized labor came into existence in this section and when the line between boss and men was not so tightly drawn.

But in those days of long ago the methods and the modes of living were not as they are today and perhaps it is well that the change has come for none of the per families would want to have their children do as many of them were required to do in their happy childhood days, so to speak. Yes, perhaps the electric light is an improvement of the candle and the whole oil or the fluid lamp, and the hot and cold running water an improvement over the hogshead and the pump. It may be that labor conditions have made equal improvements in keeping with the progress of the times, brought about by organized effort. But what has all this to do with the high cost of living?

When the enterprising burglar went aburging this week he paid his respects to the health officer, Dr. Black, and was recompensed for the time spent upon the job—\$200. These things have been taken from the doctor's clothing and no effort was made to get into the strong box. Dr. Black, has among his possessions a modern Colt revolver, the property of the state of Connecticut, for the doctor in addition to being health officer, is carried upon the roll of the military service of the state as a commissioned officer in the medical department. The doctor gives warning to the burglar that should he call again he will be greeted by a burglar's salute from that revolver, and he used to think that the doctor is entitled to the expert marksmen's badge.

Dr. Black has made the public believe that the health department has secured the position of health officer, developed into one of the principal departments of the city government, while those who served in the office previously did not realize the importance of the position and exercise the full power of the office. Guess the doctor is right for he is certainly on his job about all the time. He cheerfully accepts his duties and responsibilities and his aim seems to be to have the health department of New London second to none in the state and to closely safeguard the public health. When occasion requires he insists on the strictest of quarantine and some who are directly affected by the health officer's orders declare that quarantine periods in some instances are longer than necessary and in consequence the doctor has naturally made some enemies among those who believe that they were unnecessarily deprived of some comforts and put to unnecessary expense. It is suggested that the burglar may be one of those enemies, one who might have seen the doctor display his big roll and thereby determining to steal it and thereby get even with the health officer. Be that as it may, Dr. Black is certainly a most efficient health officer and evidently performs his duties impartially and with a fair degree of favor. He is ever on the alert to do something that he considers to be beneficial for the public health.

A hard-working Italian woman who resides in Shaw street who has had trouble by reason of her husband figuring in a murder case, and who, in consequence, has been obliged to live on the outside poor and received assistance from the charity commissioner, has been robbed of \$100 which she had concealed between mattresses in her home. She presumably preferred that place to a bank knowing that if she had cash in the bank she would be deprived of public support. Now that the money is gone she will probably continue to receive aid through the charity commissioner and she probably ought to have it now more than ever before. But the robbers developed the fact that she had been receiving public aid through false pretences and undoubtedly there are other beneficiaries of the same stamp. The poor we have always with us and no one begrudges the assistance that the poor receives, but when people who are comparative strangers apply for aid there should be through investigation made before they are placed on the regular list of beneficiaries of the public charity.

There are plenty of deserving poor in New London, who are actually needy, but whose pride prevents them from even taking the kind-hearted commissioner of charity into their confidence, and who therefore suffer by reason of lack of the actual necessities of life; while others who have ample means beg from the town in order that they can hoard cash if for no other purpose than to make the pile large enough to be worth the stealing. Except where applicants are really known to be deserving they should never be placed on the regular list until their case has been thoroughly investigated. The Shaw street case is not the first of its kind that has come to light since Winthrop founded the town.

The newsboy nuisance has grown to such proportions in New London that the police department will abate the nuisance in response to the frequent complaints. It is perhaps all right for the newsboys to be annoyingly persistent during the day time and early evening, but when this is carried on until midnight and his boys under twelve years it is almost time that there was police interference. There is no demand for newspapers on the streets after eight o'clock at night and the police have set that hour as the time when these small boys must be to their homes or to the police station. Some of these boys may be destined to be the Rothschilds of the future, but never if they are permitted to roam the streets at night just for the sake of doing it and using the newspaper gag as an excuse for their presence on the streets when they should be tucked away in their trundle beds.

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Anty Drudge has no Patience with the Woman who 'Never gets Through.'

Neighbor—"I am going shopping this afternoon. Lots of bargains advertised. Will you go with me?" Friend—"What! Go shopping on Monday afternoon! Why I won't be done with my washing until dark." Anty Drudge—"If you used Fels-Naptha soap, as your neighbors do, you could get done by twelve and have the afternoon for shopping."

What is the cost of your Monday wash? Isn't it what you expend of muscle strength, nerve force and health?

Do you know that you can cut this "labor cost" in two by using Fels-Naptha soap?

Fels-Naptha is the "new way" soap. It lifts the load because it is a scientific soap. It atomizes the dirt—dissolves it into minute particles; and loosens them from the fabric.

You soap the clothes with Fels-Naptha, roll them and soak for half an hour in cool or luke-warm water.

While you attend to other household duties, Fels-Naptha is doing the hard part of your washing. After rubbing lightly, rinse and the wash is done. Easy, isn't it?

Why not cut the "labor cost" in two? Try once, follow directions on the red and green wrapper, and you will know the difference.

Holland House NEW YORK CITY Offers All That is Best in Hotel Life Recognized for years as the headquarters of New York's representative visitors from every state in the union. Arranged, appointed and conducted under an established system of Hotel Management that has long catered to public demand. HOTEL PERFECTION AT CONSISTENT RATES BOOKLET 5th Ave. and 30th St.

BORDEN'S Malted Milk A REAL MALTED MILK THE BEST THAT SCIENCE CAN PRODUCE IT HAS NO EQUAL MALTED MILK DEPT BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO NEW YORK

Do You Need Printing? Thirty Years Together. How the merit of a good thing stands out in that it is the most worthless of a bad one. So there's no guesswork in this evidence of Thos. Ariss, Concord, Mich., who writes: "I have used Dr. King's New Discovery for 30 years, and its benefits are cold cure I ever used." Once it finds entrance in a home you can't pry it out. Many families have used it forty years. It's the most infallible throat and lung medicine on earth. Unequaled for lagrippe, asthma, hay-fever, croup, quinsy or sore lungs. Price 50c. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by The Lee & Osgood Co.

Should Not Be Missed. Left-Handed Compliment. Mr. Bryan says Governor Harmon is a fine fellow and a good governor, but—His new tack seems to be damming with faint praise.—Pittsburgh Dispatch. Fits Him. It is observed that when a reactionary paper wishes to be especially bar-castic it refers to Gifford Pinchot as Gifty.—Kansas City Star.

An Itching Scalp is a sure indication of some scalp disease, an advance alarm of future trouble—eventually baldness. COKE DANRUFF'S CURE And Hair Tonic prevents the approach of baldness. Kills the dandruff germ. Excites the scalp. Carries the dandruff away, thereby carrying proper nourishment to the glands. Furnishes nourishment to the hair follicles, and promotes luxuriant growth of hair. 50c. and \$1.00 COKE LIQUID SHAMPOO thoroughly cleanses the hair and scalp and should be used when needed, before Coke Hair Tonic is applied. Large bottle 25c. At All Druggists. THE KELLOGG CO. 1 John St., Newburgh, N. Y.