

THE FARMER'S TALK TO FARMERS

LEARNING TO FARM BY PROXY

(Written Specially For The Bulletin.) I think it was Horace Greeley who once said: "Of all horned cattle in a newspaper office deliver me from a college graduate."

And it runs in my mind that Peach-King Hale has sometimes or other made a similar remark about "city help" on the farm.

One day last summer, a New York city woman who, it seems has undertaken to supervise the agricultural industries of a large farm near me, appeared in my gardens with a sponsor to introduce her and to explain that she wanted to know "all about gardening."

The introduction was accompanied with a little soft-soap about my being of all parties the right party to come to for such information, etc. I happened to be exceedingly busy at the moment, and so begged him to wander about as they pleased for a short time when I would join them, and answer their questions as I could.

"Twenty or thirty minutes later, I found them standing at one end of the pea patch. The lady had a notebook in her hand, and a somewhat puzzled expression on her face.

"How do you get your peas so much earlier than we can on our farm?" was her first question.

In order to make the examination as brief as practicable—for I was still in a real hurry to get at other needed work—I responded: "Why, by selecting the right kind of soil, the right kinds of seed, and sowing at the right time."

Then the note-book and pencil came into vigorous action. But, after she had written down my somewhat oracular pronouncement and read it over to herself, little lines of bewilderment began to show on the fair forehead.

"Er, yes," she said, "but what is the right kind of soil?" And the pencil-point dropped low over the paper to catch my answer.

It was my turn to show hesitation. "Why, I really said, 'it wants to be rich enough but not too rich; it wants to be light but not leachy; it wants to be early and ought to be fed with a little phosphoric acid or lime, according to its particular needs.'"

"And how do you test for all this?" she asked. I grimaced. "By trying plot after plot, and keeping on trying till I've found the right one," I answered.

"It has taken me twenty-five years to find three patches in my gardens where peas will grow well—and seventeen other patches where they won't."

"But can't you tell beforehand," she persisted, "something about the soil? Can't you use litmus paper or something of that sort?"

"Well," I answered, "long years of dirt-digging have begotten two or three suspicions in my mind about the possibilities of various sorts of soil. I have to act on 'em, in lieu of anything better. But my guesses are very much like the weather bureau's forecasts of the weather. Sometimes they're right, but more often they're dead wrong."

"But what led you to plant your peas in this place, this year?" she persisted. (She was cut out for a cross-examiner, you see.) "Cause last year I tried two rows across one end, to see what they'd do," I answered, "and they turned out so good that I hoped the entire half-acre would do as well."

She turned to another clause of my answer. "How do you select the seed," she asked, "so as to get the right kinds? What varieties do you plant?" I told her: "They you'd recommend those varieties for us, would you?" she went on.

"Lord save you, No! I cried. 'I wouldn't recommend any sort of pea for somebody else on some other land in some other part of the town. I choose these simply because long years' trial of them and a hundred other varieties has taught me that they average best with me on my soil. Neighbors within half a mile of me have tried some of them—not on my recommendation, but because they knew I sowed them, and have found them flat failures. And other varieties, which won't pay back their seed with me, sometimes do finely in gardens not a hundred rods away.'"

She didn't seem to be getting much really definite information that would do for a note-book, thus far. She sighed a little, and then turned to another phase.

"When did you plant these?" was the next question. A glance at the stake nearest me enabled me to answer: "May 11th." At last she had got hold of something for that note-book and down the date went. "You consider that the right time, do you?" she asked.

"What, May 11th?" I returned. "These you, what was the right time for this particular row of peas this particular year, in my very fallible judgment. Some others were sown May 23rd and some April 17th."

But isn't there any date that would be right for us," she asked. "There certainly is," answered. "There's a right time, every spring, for every particular quarter-acre and for every variety of seed. But that time varies with the seasons and the seeds. I have sown extra earlier in this garden in March, and I have had, other years, to wait till May. I have sown late kinds anywhere from early May up to mid-June."

I could see that she was sorely disappointed. She had heard of my little local reputation for getting garden crops along rather early, and she had expected me to tell her, in a couple of neatly written sentences, the whole secret of garden practice. I tried to explain a little.

"My dear lady, so far as I know there are no rules and no dates for any sort of garden work. It's just a case of try and try again and keep on trying. You cut and baste and try on and then you cut and baste and try on again till you get the thing to fit, after a fashion. It's taken me twenty-

five years to learn just a few of the simplest whims of my particular garden. And every season the pesky dirt springs from two to twenty new surprises and conundrums on me. I would as soon think of telling a Hebrew professor how to translate a knotty passage in Chaldean, as of presuming to tell another gardener how to grow 'hices in another garden. He must find out for himself,—and out what it wants to do, what it can be made to do, what sort of help it will accept from him, and what it won't do and cannot be made to do; profitably, that is. And the only way a common farmer chump like me, without any genius and not in the confidence of the earth-gods, can find those things out is by studying and experimenting, season after season, rood by rood and inch by inch, till he, at last, gets hold of a clue. Even then it is unsafe for him to assume that those clues will lead across the road to another farm—or even half-way to the line fence."

She put up her note-book. "I've got to go back to New York in a month," she said, plaintively. "And I thought I could find out a lot of things to tell the men, so they could have a better garden next year."

What do my fellow-gardeners think of the idea of a city woman gardening, by proxy, according to notes, no ever crisp and sensational, taken in a half hour on another farm, five miles away?"

THE FARMER.

COMMERCIAL CHAMBER WILL SEE SHIP LAUNCHING

The annual meeting of the Connecticut State Chamber of Commerce is to be held at the Mohican hotel in New London Oct. 17. The charter provides that the annual meeting shall be held on that date, and the meeting will be called that date, but will immediately adjourn to the 21st for on that date it is expected that the first big steel ship under construction at the Groton Iron Works will be launched and the members of the state chamber will then have the opportunity to witness this big event.

This will be the first time in the history of the chamber that the association has held a two days' session, for the meeting will continue through the 22d. On the night of the 21st, a speaker of national prominence will address the chamber.

Alton T. Miner of New London is a vice president of the state association, and Mr. Miner, Leon T. Sprague of New Britain and Herbert R. Branche of Norwich are the committee which is arranging for this annual gathering.

DISAPPROVES SUNDAY CELEBRATIONS AT PRESENT

Public celebrations held on Sunday and which involve travel, have, it was learned, been disapproved by the Connecticut State Council of Defense on the ground that they make difficult the enforcement of the "sainless Sunday" regulations of the federal fuel administration.

The state council of defense took this action at the suggestion of Thomas W. Russell, federal fuel administrator for Connecticut. Mr. Russell's attention was called to the fact that

PAINS IN BACK AND SIDE

Yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Kansas City, Kansas.—"I suffered from pains in my back and side caused by a functional derangement. I was nervous and had headaches most of the time. So many people recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to me. I tried it and after taking six bottles I am well. I do not think the Vegetable Compound can be beaten for women's ailments."—Mrs. L. TIMMERMAN, 3011 N. Hutchings St., Kansas City, Kansas.



Women who suffer from headaches, nervousness, backache, the blues and other symptoms of a functional derangement, should give this famous root and herb remedy a trial.

For forty years it has been overcoming such ailments of women after other medicines have failed.

If you want special suggestions in regard to your condition, write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of long experience is at your service, and your letter will be held in strict confidence.

Sykes Comfort Powder

Heals The Skin



in several cities in the state, celebrations, some of more or less patriotic nature, and to be held on some Sunday in the near future, were being planned. Mr. Russell said that in his opinion such celebrations "would make extremely difficult the observance of Fuel Administrator Garfield's request for the conservation of gasoline."

QUOTA OF TWENTY-FIVE MEN FOR GREENLEAF

On October 10th twenty-five young men will leave Norwich for Camp Greenleaf, Little, Ga., where they will enter the service of the country. The last twenty-five men takes ever-available Class I man in the Norwich district. The men will report at the local draft board rooms on the night for final instructions. Those who will leave are as follows:

- 316a—Alford Thoutte, farmer.
319—Robert Desheffy, farmer.
324—Dennison E. Caswell, farmer.
1112—Joseph E. Bottomly, cook.
1116—Alba A. Gray, farmer.
1257—Herman H. Hilderbrand, chauffeur.
1725—Tyler S. Stanton, salesman.
2055a—Anthony Wisneski, munition worker.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OF STATE TO MEET

The county commissioners of the state are now planning for a meeting to be attended by all members of the county boards for the discussion of matters pertaining to the issuing of liquor licenses during the month of November. The meeting will be at Hartford, but the date is not designated until Commissioner J. D. Waller of New Haven has heard from all boards as to the most convenient time.

Commissioner Charles H. Smith of this county says the commissioners are unable to state at this time what provision will be made for the issuing of licenses this year, in view of the pendency of the proposed general prohibition law. The New London county board will be in session Oct. 8, the day following the town elections and the meeting will be held in Norwich. At that time, Mr. Smith says, the application blanks for the renewal of licenses will be ready and to comply with the law, all liquor dealers who wish to continue in business must file application before Oct. 25.

WILLIMANTIC THIRD IN MONTH OF AUGUST

East Windsor leads all communities in Connecticut in sales of war savings and thrift stamps during August with a total of \$3.88, according to announcement made today by the Connecticut War Savings committee. Branford is next in line with \$2.55, followed by Willimantic with \$2.54. Of the large cities Bridgeport leads with \$1.84, followed by Hartford with \$1.61, New Haven with \$1.58, Waterbury with \$1.11 and New Britain with \$1.12. Sales as reported included the following: Willimantic \$2.58, Putnam \$2.50, New London \$2.43, Clinton \$2.31, Sterling \$1.94, Plainfield \$1.72, Old Lyme \$1.59, Norwich \$1.52, Somers \$1.49, Canterbury \$1.38, Pomfret \$1.32, Stafford \$1.31, East Lyme \$1.20, Coventry \$1.26, Sprague \$2.81, Bozrah \$1.11, Saybrook \$1.11, Killbuckly \$1.05, Old Saybrook \$1.05.

TWO COLORED MEN GO TO CAMP DEVENS TODAY

At 5:05 o'clock this (Friday) morning John Harris and Leroy Lacey, two young colored men, will leave for Camp Devens to be inducted into the military service. The two men reported on Thursday afternoon at the local board rooms and received their final instructions. Both the young men have received many parting gifts from their friends who wish them a safe return.

FITCHVILLE SOLDIER DIES AT DEVENS

Word has been received here of the death of Ambrose J. Rivers of Fitchville, who has been stationed at Camp Devens for some time. He was to Devens as a member of one of the quotas from the Shoestring district. He leaves his mother, a sister and two brothers who are in the service. Mr. Rivers' death was due to influenza.

The Store of Individual Shops

Style Show 1918



Our Latest Arrivals In Distinctive Coats and Dresses Are On Display

FOR THE REST OF THIS WEEK in particular we take pleasure in welcoming those who prefer to devote the first Fall days to inspection of the new styles rather than to actual buying. Our latest Coats and Dresses are now on view; and, while unusually smart in line and finish, each model is characterized by some apparently trifling touch that makes it different.

The complete assortment on display will delight your eye as some individual garment will later delight your purse.

Rockwell & Forester

NEW LONDON

You Never Pay More at Rockwell & Forester's

SEEN IN THE LOCAL STORES—FALL GINGHAMS—MEN'S TIES

Each year now manufacturers put on the market a special line of gingham for the fall demand.

This season the new patterns which seem to lead in popularity are in large plaids, mostly in dark colors. Of these, the mixtures in blue, brown and yellow are at the top notch of favor, although standard designs in the familiar tartan plaids are also found on the counters.

The best weaves of the Bates gingham come 27 inches wide and in general sell at 49 cents. They are among the most satisfactory goods to buy, always fresh, dainty and becoming, either for children's frocks or for house dresses for their elders.

War is hitting the poor men hard in the matter of neckwear, that is, as far as collars are concerned. Standard makes of linen collars, always sold at 15 cents, have taken a jump to a quarter—and may cost even higher, the prediction is.

So far, the average tie remains 50 and 75 cents; but when the present stock is exhausted the dealers are not prepared to say that the newer inventories may not come priced a bit more.

A tie is a tie, and the majority of persons would say that inventors could not think up any marked improvements in their design or make; but here we have a genius who has patented a scheme warranted to do away with the objectionable wrinkles which so soon make the gayest four-in-hand look aged and frizzled.

This clever unknown has simply put out a flowing rubber-lined. Hidden under the silk or broadened satin or whatever the material is, a thin wadding of lightweight rubber, which has sufficient elasticity so that after the four-in-hand is untied the silk or what not is stretched back into shape again and the wrinkles disappear as by magic. It is a great scheme for the man who would be a good dresser yet must economize, the dealers say, and they are selling scores of the new style neckwear.

Such ties sell at 75 cents and are shown in all the liked materials and staple colors, perhaps mauve, Persian designs, dahlia, burgundy, navy and stripes taking the lead. Solid colors always appeal strongly to some men and these ties are displayed in great variety and rich materials this fall.

But the rubber-lined scheme is not all. Now has arisen a clever wight in distant Omaha who would immortalize

his home town by what has long been referred to derisively as a made tie—but according to his device the "made" part is never suspected.

This Omaha bowdler would deceive the closest observer, having all the earmarks of one knotted on the minute, with much labor and pains, and perhaps many impatient ejaculations because it won't tie straight. It comes artistically knotted by deft fingers, and by means of a metal slide slips up under the collar and, presto! there you are! It is a great time-saver—and a temper and money-saver also.

The stores which advertise in The Bulletin this morning have these and other up-to-date articles in stock.

Draft Delinquent Sent to Camp. On Thursday Joseph W. Prosser, Jr., a draft delinquent, was sent by the local board to Camp Upton, Yaphank, L. I., where he will be inducted into the military service. Mr. Prosser is a Quaker but claims he failed to receive his notice to report for duty.

Had Life Interest in Estate. Louis H. Jerome, formerly of Uncasville, whose death occurred in Providence Monday from injuries received

at the Silver Springs plant of the United Finishing company, had a life interest in the Jerome homestead and estate in Pequot avenue, in New London, which he inherited under the will of his uncle, Benjamin Jerome some time ago. The Jerome homestead is at present the residence of Erwin A. Morse, president of the Groton Iron Works.

For Not Sending Daughter to School. Charles Leceas of East Brooklyn was before Frank M. Bedard, justice of the peace, for not sending his 10-year-old daughter, Ellen, to school. He pleaded guilty on three counts and as he promised to send the girl to school at once, the last two counts were continued. He paid a fine of \$5 and costs, on the first count, amounting to \$14.65.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

EVERYTHING FOR PRESERVING

PANS KETTLES FRUIT JARS

WIRE FRAMES FOR PANS OR BOILER

All shapes and sizes

"CONSERVO" STEAM COOKER AND CANNER

Cook a whole meal or cook 14 quart jars of preserves at one time

BLUE FLAME OIL STOVES

Two or three burner, wick or wickless

The Household

Bulletin Building, 74 Franklin Street Telephone 531-4

Do It Today—Time Is Limited

See Your Dealer and Get

Your FREE 15c Can of



with the purchase of a one-pound package of

20 Mule Team Borax

and an 8-ounce package of

20 Mule Team Borax Soap Chips

See Coupon and all details in last Wednesday's paper.

