



# THE FARMER'S TALK TO FARMERS

### A STORY OF A WONDERFUL SUCCESS!

(Written Specially For The Bulletin.)  
Another one of those wonderful stories of what boys or girls can do with gardens comes nose-diving down from Maine.

The tale is that of little Miss Waneta Blake, a student in the high school at Gardiner, Me. She was the winner in a "small garden contest" throughout that state, instituted under the federal extension service of the University of Maine.

She had a plot containing just one square rod of land—16 1/2 feet on a side—one one-hundred-and-sixtieth of an acre. She grew on it peas, tomatoes, cucumbers, radishes and carrots. She sold \$17.11 worth of stuff. Her expenses were \$2.66. Her net profit, therefore, was \$14.45.

This net profit of one single square rod was at the comfortable rate of \$2.875 an acre.

Don't you wish you could do that, brother farmer? Don't you wish you could do it, fellow-gardener?

Doubtless some of the book-writing back-to-the-landers would remark with authoritative finality that "anyone can do the same," and impliedly cast scorn on those undereducated working farmers who don't "do the same." But it would seem as if even a suburban back-to-the-lander might see that this was going a little too far. For there must have been a contest, or little Miss Blake couldn't have won it. If there was a contest, there must have been other contestants. If there were other contestants over whom she won, it follows that no one of them, though doing her or his level best, was able to do the same. So the answer to that assertion that anyone could do the same is ready to hand: to wit, namely, that no one else did it, though a good many tried. Little Miss Blake was the state-wide exception. She rustled on

the top of the tree, where there wasn't room for anyone else.

The Maine paper from which I learn the story of her exploit gives some details. Not as many as the really inquiring agriculturist would like, but quite a few.

"She hired her little plot, plowed and harrowed, then she did all the rest." She made a "charge of fifteen cents an hour for her own labor." We are not told whether she bought her manure and fertilizer, or whether her seeds were given her or not. We must assume that she used some fertilizer and sowed some seeds, but we can't figure on them because of the lack of information about them. But she "hired it plowed and harrowed" and the rest of the work she did herself, at fifteen cents an hour, the total expense for plowing, harrowing and her own labor coming to \$2.66. It she paid for plowing and harrowing the usual rate per acre charged about here, this work would have cost her exactly two and two-fifths cents. As she would have found extreme difficulty in making the correct change for that amount, we will assume that she threw in the part cent and paid three full cents down. This, then, would leave a charge of \$2.63 for her own labor which, at fifteen cents an hour, would seem to imply that she "put in" about seventeen and a half hours' work on her rod square.

Carrying this ratio up proportionately, to a full acre, it comes to 280 ten-hour days for each and every acre worked. As there are just about 140 days available in our northern latitudes for crop-making, this would require the constant daily work of two persons on every acre farmed, including rainy days and Sundays, but not including the getting out manure, the plowing and the harrowing. This would be "intensive cultivation" indeed. But where would the help come from? Where would the farmer who wanted to farm ten acres this way go to get the twenty men essential for the work? To do this, clearly, a considerable percentage of the farmers are giving up all activity this coming season, to do any more farming than they can do with their own backs, because of the actual impossibility of obtaining even three or four men.

Accumulating that the farmer did this, plow and harrow and a half hour of his own work on each square rod of plowed ground, he would be able to care for only about sixty square rods, all told, in the way of things.

They would be a good many more farmers or parts of farmers included under that total than there are even now. As to the Maine prize winner, the degree of cultivation, as we are told, is that she sowed the radishes and cucumbers in one row, the potatoes being planted in the way between the cucumber rows. She also sowed the peas on poles, to save garden space and that she put the carrots "in rows" in the rest of the garden.

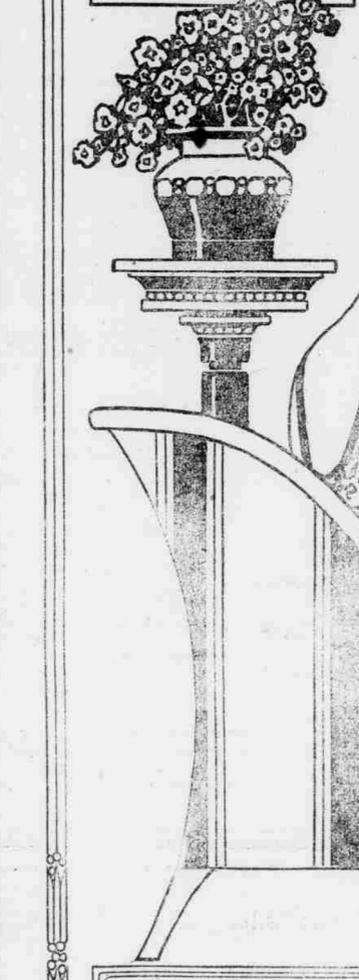
The final price-earnings I cannot say I understand. But perhaps you will.

Now, as to her receipts. Again our imagination is not deluged. The report of who gloried her performance tells us that she "got 15 cents a pound for her tomatoes," sold "three and a half pecks of peas" and "a dollar's worth of radishes," also that she sold carrots by the bunch, and at the end of the season gathered 125 pounds more which she sold at \$6.25.

She surely got good prices for the two items which are given. The average, everyday occurrence, in the tomato season, for fifteen cents a pound—which is at the rate of at least five cents a quart or \$5 a bushel—would naturally feel like hugging himself. He would also be highly satisfied with the bargain if he could sell end-of-the-season carrots at five cents a pound or \$2.75 a bushel. I have fed fifty bushels to the horses, this past winter, because I couldn't get half that price for them.

It is not really a matter of very much interest to us working farmers what some high school boy or girl does with a bit of garden. I should not take so much space to talk about this particular case, were it not that the country is being flooded with similar stories of similar exceptional luck, all told with the implication that they are simply illustrations of what anyone can do, by using similar judgment and taking similar pains. They do not, indeed, if not thousands, of tired city dwellers into the belief that they can do as well on any bit of ground, anywhere.

And they can't do it. The pity of it is that too many find this out after taking the leap instead of before. Miss



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Drink a glass of real hot water before breakfast to wash out poisons.

Life is not merely to live, but to live well and well, digest well, work well, sleep well, look well. What a glorious condition to attain, and yet how very easy it is to come into it! Adopt the morning inside bath.

People who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when they arise, suffering from a cold, a headache, a stuffy nose, a cold, a sore throat, a heavy, acid stomach, can, instead, feel as fresh as a daisy by opening the sluices of the system each morning and flushing out the whole of the internal poisonous stagnant matter.

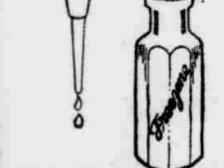
Everyone, whether ailing, sick, or well, should, each morning, before breakfast, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys, and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins. The action of hot water and limestone phosphate on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases, waste and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast.

The millions of people who are bothered with constipation, bilious spells, stomach trouble, rheumatism, indigestion, and various other ailments and sickly complexion are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from the drug store which will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone a pronounced rank on the subject of internal sanitation.

### OUCH! CORNS! LIFT CORNS OFF



Doesn't hurt a bit to lift any corn right off with fingers



Drop a little Freezone on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it right out. It doesn't pain one bit. Yes, magel!

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led by chromatic rainbows of hope, they jump into what they think is another Garden of Eden only to find that it is a bottomless Slough of Despond.

Such stories get into the newspapers just because they are not common happenings but something strikingly unusual and out of the ordinary. They are not common, but they are not so common as you think.

There is no doubt that high ideals tend toward high attainment. "Hitch your wagon to a star" said Emerson, with fine transcendental imagination. Unquestionably such a hitch would result in a high degree of speed. Unfortunately, however, there are certain practical difficulties in the way of making it. I gravely doubt, also, whether the motor, if the hitch could be effected, would prove manageable. I fear that the attempt to steer Arcturus to market with a wagonload of cabbage would prove an exceeding ticklish job.

But without doubt there are those who feel themselves quite competent to undertake it. Or to undertake making a net profit of \$2,500 off an acre of eastern Connecticut dirt.

There's little more use in warning such than there is in reasoning with a boy who is in love, or a baldheaded bumblebee in his nest, or a discouraged emigrant.

The only way they'll ever learn that the fire is hotter than the frying-pan is from jumping into it. Let's see. A few blisters are sometimes more effective teachers than a whole faculty of philosophers.

and Saturday in Willimantic where she attended the Junior and Senior reception Friday evening.

Otto A. Nettleton and Charles M. Geer motored to Clinton Monday.

David Walsh received word Saturday of the death of his aunt, Mrs. Mary Kennedy Hares at her home, 2 Emerson place, Brooklyn, N. Y. She leaves two daughters, Misses Rose and Anna Hares.

Station Agent Charles C. Carpenter recently received notice that the Lebanon Bridge railroad station was to be closed March 26. A petition was circulated in the community and many signed it in an endeavor to keep the station open. Since then Mr. Carpenter has received word that the station will be kept open until further notice.

A hearing is to be given the matter on Thursday, March 27, and it is hoped that a decision in favor of keeping the station open will be reached. The station has done business for the past 23 years and at present with the summer boarder traffic an average sale of \$200 worth of tickets is made each month. It seems as though the station was on a good paying basis.

Mrs. Eunice G. Adams, aged 51, of East Hampton, who has been confined to her bed for the past fourteen weeks, remains comfortable, although failing gradually. She is a great aunt of Miss Lavinia P. Kneeland's of this place.

Chauncey Brown, a former resident, recently died at his home in Middletown. The body was brought to the Exeter cemetery Wednesday for burial.

J. S. Lamond were in Providence on Monday.

Mrs. Louisa Sutton, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. C. D. Kenyon, has returned to her home in Providence.

Mrs. Avis Proctor of Hamilton visited over Sunday with her aunt, Mrs. Fannie Bicknell.

Mrs. Dorothy M. Kenyon of West Kingston visited over Sunday with relatives here.

Mrs. Gillette Franklin of Wickford Junction visited relatives here Sunday.

Mrs. S. C. Webster, Jr., and daughter, Mildred visited the former's sister, Mrs. F. K. Crandall, and family of Kingston Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Roth and daughter, Edith, and Miss Nellie Lyon spent Sunday and Monday with relatives and friends in Sutton, Mass.

Mrs. Roxie Bartlett, who has been ill for several weeks, is recovering.

Mrs. A. E. Saples of Rockland was a recent guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Brooks. While here she dug a mass of dandelions—the first of the season.

Joseph Owens and Luther Cole of North Sterling were callers here Monday.

S. D. Sheldon has purchased a pair of work horses.

W. E. Whittle of Versailles spent the week-end with friends here.

Pupils attending the K. H. S. are enjoying a week vacation.

Leland Wood of Manchester was a caller at the Anchorage Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Huntley attended the funeral of their aunt, Mrs. Ariette Lombard, in Chester, last Friday.

Mrs. Anna Hassel returned to her home in Newburg, N. Y., last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving have opened the summer home at Hamburg.

The E. F. I. whist was held with Mrs. C. M. Peck last week Wednesday evening.

A member from here attended the parent teachers' district at Old Lyme last week Thursday evening.

Miss Eliza Martin spent a few days at her home in North Lyme last week. A large crowd from here attended the surprise party given Miss Gladys Cone last Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Tiffany of New York visited the former's grandmother, Mrs. Mary Tiffany, the first of the week.

Miss Ora Harding of West Newton, Mass., spent the past week with her mother, Mrs. Ida Harding at the Anchorage.

There was no service Sunday owing to trolley trouble on the New Haven line.

**WILSONVILLE**  
Mrs. Kate Haggerty entertained friends from Pawtucket, R. I. Sunday. Lawrence Keegan was a Worcester visitor Tuesday.

Mary Schmitt is working at the American Woolen company's mill in Webster.

Mr. Gevery's granddaughter has returned to her home in Worcester.

Miss Fanny Jennings of Webster and Mrs. Joseph Baker of New Boston were in town Wednesday.

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When your muscles become tired and swollen and the joints become stiff, your circulation poor, and your suffering makes you irritable, an application of Sloan's Liniment gives you quick relief—kills pain, starts up a good circulation, relieves congestion. It is easier and cleaner to use than nifty plasters or ointments, acts quickly and does not clog the pores. It does not stain the skin.

For sprains, strains, bruises, "black and blue" spots, Sloan's Liniment reduces the pain and eases the soreness. Certainly fine for rheumatism, stiff neck, sciatica, lame back, toothache. You don't need to rub—it penetrates. Its use is so universal that you'll consider Sloan's Liniment a friend of the whole family. Generous size bottles at druggists everywhere.

