



THE EFFECT OF FARMING BY MACHINERY

(Written especially for The Bulletin.) Doubtless it will sound like jeremiad, but I am sometimes inclined to wonder whether the invention of farm machinery hasn't done almost as much harm as good. Oh, no; I don't want to go back to the days of the scythe in place of the mowing machine, nor those of the old wooden mold-board plow in place of the modern horse-drawn plow. Nor do I want to see the universal use of hand tools in place of horse or motor-drawn implements. No, indeed; I'm probably just as lazy as you are, and just as willing to get along without work or, if that is not possible, with the least work necessary. But— With machine and horse work is unquestionably faster, and while it is also sometimes easier, and while it certainly increases the productive capacity of the farmer, there can be no denying that it has a tendency to cause "whittles" farming. If he isn't mighty careful, it will make a stunted farmer out of the best in town. Moreover— While, in the present era of high wages and the present impossibility of securing indentured and capable farm help at any wages whatever, every farmer must, perforce, rely upon machinery to tide him over, the fact remains that the machinery which has so strongly aided in making his life nearly unbearable. We've made us willing to let "George do it." And by "George" we mean somebody or something, anybody or anything else. We're a great deal easier to sit on the fence and see the other fellow dig potatoes than it is to grab a fork, jump into the field, and start digging ourselves. It's a great deal pleasanter to sit at the end of a spring seat on a mowing machine than it is to drag a gutting scythe back and forth through clogging grass, while you hitch painfully along, a few inches only at a stroke. It's a great deal more agreeable to ride a sulky plow and let the horse do it all than to stumble along behind the reinster and jiggling now behind on



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acres or less than eight acres. The difference is solely due to the introduction of the mowing machine and horse rake. The machine will not and cannot cut into the fence corners as the scythe did. The brook was a high one to drive a low-wheeled machine across and so the part beyond it was abandoned. Nor would the machine cut the inch-high ridges which started, here and there. So they were mowed around and so the future attention—the time and disposition for which never came. Next year the silvers were bigger and there were more of them. At least one-third of that meadow, for these reasons, has been lost to hay production and given over to bush growing. Four or five miles beyond me is a four-acre cornfield. It used to have eight acres in it. There are still eight acres inside its alleged fences, but only half of them are now arable, for similar reasons to those outlined above. It was plowed last spring with a sulky plow, and the farmer and I went to the field. That is, it was plowed at. Some of the sod was turned over and some was tilted on edge and some was just scratched enough to make it mad. It was harrowed with a riding harrow and plowed with a horse-drawn corn planter. Two weeks ago it was "cultivated" with a four-row two-horse cultivator. From what I could judge motoring by it last week—and I slowed down here and there to get a fair observation—the rows might average perhaps two or three corn plants to the rod, with about forty quick-grass plants to the rod in between. The corn looked yellow and discouraged. The quick-grass didn't. Another object lesson in machine work. The simple fact seems to be that we are compelled to use machinery in order to get any work done in any sort of way. It's like the famous story of the miser who asked the small boy who was furiously digging in a field by the roadside what he was digging for. "Woodchuck," snapped the lad, as the boy, a deeper thrust with the spade, "But," the miser, amazed passer, "you don't expect to get him by digging, do ye?" "Got to," snorted the boy; "we're out o' meat." We've got to use machinery to do so much of our work as they will do because we're short of strength and help to do the work any other way. "Who saps with the devil needs use a long spoon." We must use the longest spoon we can find. If it spills half the soup en route to its destination that isn't so much our fault as the fault of the situation in which we find ourselves. I'm not starting or trying to start any crusade against farm machinery. I'm supping with His Brimstone Majesty myself, and I'm using just as many and as long spoons as I can get hold of. I've got all the machines I can afford to buy—and some which I couldn't afford, though I thought I could when I bought them. I'm not poking sticks at anybody else because he uses them. Nevertheless, I do not propose to shut my eyes to manifest facts nor try to include myself into the belief that the machines make better farming possible. They don't. They make a sort of farming possible where none of any sort would be possible without them. But they don't do as good work nor as clean work nor as permanently valuable work as can be done and used to be done with simpler tools. Up to and within their limitations, machines often do tolerably good work. But they have neither brain nor bowels. "That's the best cultivator I ever used," said a prominent Connecticut farmer to me one time, "but a fellow's got to keep his eye peeled all the time. If'll tear up a corn plant just as quick as a weed, if it gets headed for one." Even the stupider "man with the hoe" has intelligence to recognize a plant from a weed and bowels of compassion to spare the plant while destroying the weed. But the machine, of itself, goes it blind at all times. I've got a patch of corn growing this summer. That is, it is supposed to be growing, though I'm blessed if I can see much progress. It hasn't had a hand hoe on it, for the simple reason that I am so short of help I can't get the time. And it's going to be a poor crop. Fifty years ago I helped my father, an old-fashioned farmer, grow corn on the same patch. He had no cultivator—used an old plow instead. Then the hand hoes came into play. Each hill was hoed around and what weeds the hoe couldn't reach were pulled out with the fingers. This was done at least three times in the season. Then the corn was "hilled up." And the resulting crop was invariably a bouncer. He never had any soft corn or unfilled ears. Moreover, he got at least two more rows on each side of the lot, because he could work that much nearer the fences by hand than I can with a horse. Again, the difference between that corn patch today and fifty years ago is largely the result of enforced machine work in place of hand work. I shall probably get some corn this fall. Without the machines I shouldn't get any, for hand work is no longer procurable. So much is to the credit of the machines. I'm not complaining of them. Instead I'm profoundly thankful for them. They enable me to make the best of a bad job. But it is a bad job all the same, and there's no use denying it. It would be futile folly to kick about machine farming under existing circumstances. What I am kicking about is not the machines but the shiftless pretense that they do better work. They do not. They do faster work, and they do more work, and they do some work when it couldn't be done at all without them. Furthermore, they make some work easier. Nor will I question that they occasionally make possible production at a temporary money profit which would necessitate a money loss if undertaken by hand. Let's give them all the credit which belongs to them. But, in the name of common honesty, let's stop this foolish talk about their doing better work. If we haven't the time or the boards or the shingles to make a first class board or pen, it's all right to knock something together out of old boxes and paper roofing and call it a hog house. But there's no call for us to brag of our shortcoming and dilate endlessly on the glories of the pig-shack. We know it's a makeshift, and we needn't be ashamed of doing the best we can with what we have—or haven't. But to make a boast of our inability and celebrate our misfortune as a gain is quite another thing. Let's be honest with ourselves, even if

PANTS! PANTS! A LOCAL MANUFACTURER WHO MUST HAVE MONEY AT ONCE HAS CONSIGNED TO US 1000 PAIR MEN'S AND BOYS' PANTS TO BE SOLD REGARDLESS OF COST TO MANUFACTURER. SALE STARTS SATURDAY AND CONTINUES UNTIL ALL SOLD. Men's Cotton Pants \$2.25 Boys' Cotton Pants \$1.00 Men's Heavy Cotton Pants \$2.85 Boys' Heavy Cotton Pants \$1.25 Men's Khaki Pants \$2.45 Boys' Khaki Pants \$1.35 ALSO QUITE A FEW PAIR OF MEN'S DRESS PANTS AT \$3.45 AND UP CUSTOM TAILORING—Unique Shops—CUSTOM TAILORING 56 Franklin Street N. Blumenthal Norwich, Conn.

MID-SUMMER THOUGHTS When a fellow's thoughts run far and free, What vagabond things they seem to be! They tug and tussle, they fret and frown To lure you far from the crowded town. Thoughts have a habit of running wild When the sunshine's warm and the breezes mild. You stand at your window and look afar, Then feel what a slave to the job you are. You think of the things you ought to do, But something rebellious comes up in you. Work is a curse, a gruelling grind You long to forget and leave behind. Down comes your hat and the job goes hang— You're breaking away from the whole shebang! And like some wild, unherded thing You and your thoughts go galloping. You smile at the boy-like way you seek The nearest path to the nearest creek. And 'way out there on a fallen tree You dream of the things that boy eyes see. Hours wear away as you sit and toss Stones at a can! Then you start to cross To the other side—but the dream is gone— You can't do that with your good clothes on! Wm. Herschell, in Indianapolis News.

Families Who Start the good custom of using Instant Postum as their table beverage, seldom change back to coffee. There frequently follows such a gain in health that this comfort, together with Postum's satisfying flavor, makes the change a permanent one. If you have not started using Postum, why not order a package from your grocer? "There's a Reason" Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc. Battle Creek, Michigan

the machinery dealers don't approve of it! THE FARMER. HUMOR OF THE DAY "Do you know anything about firing?" "No, I only tried it once and the girl married me."—Town Topics. Her Father—The fact is that I cannot give my daughter a dowry just at present. "Suiter—That's all right. I can love her for herself in the meantime."—Boston Transcript. "Why did you break off with that girl?" "Well by the way she and her mother ran the old man, I saw they'd make short work of me."—Louisville Courier-Journal. "Yonder are a husband and wife who never had a single quarrel with each other." "That don't know each other. They are other people's husband and wife." Baltimore American. Editor (to unsuccessful artist)—None of these drawings suit me—but cheer up, Dan! Fortune will come to your door one of these fine days. Artist—She'll jolly well have to knock then. Her daughter, Miss Fortune, has wrecked the bell!—London FV-Bits. "You fool, what kind of a husband are you? A burglar came into the house a while ago and like to have frightened me to death. Didn't you hear me screaming?" "I—yes, my dear, but I thought you were singing."—Florida Times-Union. Smith—You seldom see such beautiful golf as that man plays. His drives were corking, his approaches superb and he never missed a putt. Jones—How much were you beaten by? Smith—Why, I won!—Cartoons Magazine. "Why does it always have to be a dark horse to win, pop?" "I dare say, my son, because the other candidates do not think it is fair to them."—Baltimore American. Mrs. Flatbush—You know I told my husband I believed that cheap hat he bought me would bring bad luck. Mrs. Bemonhurst—And has it? "Sure! I wore it down to the polls and the man I voted for was defeated!"—Yonkers Statesman. "Are you in favor of equal suffrage?" asked Smith. "Naw," replied Jones. "If you've got to choose a woman as if she was a man what's the use of her being a woman?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE KALEIDOSCOPE Nearly one-sixth of all the post offices in the world are in the United States. A hymn book in English and Eskimo has been prepared for use in Alaska. A London policeman is not permitted to marry without the approval of his superior. In China an average of only one child out of ten has an opportunity to attend school. The Atlantic liner Imperator is the first steamship to be equipped with a full-fledged bank. The shah of Persia possesses an armchair made of solid gold, inlaid with precious stones. In Mexico when friends pass each other in the street without stopping they say "Adios" (Goodby). One of the big hotels in New York city pays out more than \$3,000 a year for its supply of toilet soap. On dark nights a white light can be seen farther than any other, but on light nights red takes the first place. A sign has been discovered in an

"TIZ" EASES TIRED, SORE, SWOLLEN FEET INSTANT RELIEF FOR ACHING, PUFFED-UP, CALLOUSED FEET AND CORNS. Why go limping around with aching, puffed-up feet—feet so tired, chafed, sore and swollen you can hardly get your shoes on or off? Why don't you get a box of "Tiz" from the drug store now and gladden your tortured feet? "Tiz" makes your feet glow with comfort; takes down swellings and draws the soreness and misery right out of feet that chafe, smart and burn. "Tiz" instantly stops pain in corns, callouses and bunions. "Tiz" is glorious for tired, aching, sore feet. No more shoe tightness—no more foot torture.

old tailor's shop in Pompeii reading "Creases ironed in your togas while you wait." Perhaps one of the most primitive of independent kingdoms is the little island of Johanna, in the Comoro group. The sultans board any ship that may call there, and endeavor to obtain the washing for his wives, while the prime minister peddles coconuts and bananas. One of the most remarkable places of worship in the world is the chapel in a coal mine near Swansea, Wales, where for more than half a century the miners have assembled daily for worship. The chapel is situated close to the bottom of the deep shaft, and here, during meal-times, the oldest miner is generally to be found addressing an earnest and attentive congregation. Manchester.—Fifteen New York children, nine girls and six boys, arrived in Manchester at noon Tuesday and were taken in charge by Manchester people who will provide for their comfort for the next two weeks.

CHESTERFIELD Misses Lula and Anna Powers of Hartford spent the week end with their parents here. Ruth Morgan, Lula and Anna, Mildred and Florence Powers were callers at Miss Ruth Tinker's Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Gurdon Avery and son Carlyle were visitors with Mr. and Mrs. Matt Tinker Sunday.

THE PRICE SHE PAYS There is hardly an American woman nowadays who can keep pace with the demands made upon her time and energy without paying the penalty of ill-health. It may be that dreadful headache, dragging pains, headaches, nervousness, the tortures of a displacement, the price she pays. To women in this condition Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound comes as a boon and a blessing. A simple remedy made from roots and herbs which brings glorious health to suffering women.

U. S. ARMY Balbriggan Underwear Actual Value \$1.25 Sale Price 69c SALE BEGINS THIS MORNING We have just received another shipment of this U. S. A. first quality Balbriggan Underwear—the first big lot was disposed of in three days, so you can see what a bargain it is. This underwear had to come up to government specifications, and before acceptance had to undergo a rigid inspection. It all bears the official stamp which shows that it passed the examination. The Shirts are all pull-over style, with short sleeves. All sizes from 36 to 44. Drawers are all ankle length, and have the double seat. All sizes from 32 to 44. WHILE THEY LAST — 69c A GARMENT U. S. ARMY WOOL SOCKS Worth 85c a Pair Sale Price 49c These are from one of the foremost manufacturers in this country, and are absolutely seventy-five per cent. wool. This Fall socks of this quality will be selling for 85c a pair. They are all a good medium Winter weight. SECURE YOUR FALL AND WINTER SUPPLY DURING THE NEXT FEW DAYS—DONT DELAY 49c A PAIR The Boston Store The Suits & Shirts Co.