

Let's Have a Garden

That Acre I Was Offered

By THE EDITOR

Get the Garden Fever

By DOROTHY PERKINS

Deserted Gardens

By ANNIE CAMPBELL HUESTIS

The Herbaceous Border

By D. H. KITSON



Eton Boys on the Grand March to the Potato Field—New Vogue at England's Great School.

ONE of Carlyle's great slogans was, "If thou hast aught in thee to produce, in God's name produce it." He was not referring to land, neither to gardens. But the slogan is right up to date in 1917. We are told in cable despatches how the Germans are killing French trees and spoiling vegetation as they retire on the Western front. All very devilish and idiotic, to be sure. But what of the valuable Canadian farms which this year will not produce because the normal producers have been taken away? How in God's name—to quote Carlyle—are we to keep up in production if we can't keep up our army of producers? When six recruiting sergeants stand for hours on one street corner in order to grab the passer-by for either the militia or an overseas battalion, how do they know they are not corraling some of the farm producers

of the 1917 class? Boards of Trade are working on the scheme to get urbanites on to the land (see Hodge, Canadian Courier, next week). If the farmers want the men, and the munition factories want the men, and the military camps want the men—who is to get the men?

The gardens and the fields of this country are expected to produce this year as never before. The cost of Canadian living has gone up 70 per cent. The price of Canadian staple foods has increased 45 per cent., as against 25 per cent. in the United States, where similar conditions prevail. The scarcity of workers and the heavy export of available produce has sent up the price. How do we know that 1917 will not see as great an advance on 1916 as 1916 was on 1915? And unless we obey the Carlyle injunction, how are we to avoid it?

THAT ACRE I WAS OFFERED

By THE EDITOR

A FRIEND of mine who has a fine farm 30 miles from where I pay rent on a 40 x 60 backyard plot made me an offer the other day that has caused me to do a heap of productive mental arithmetic.

"I'll loan you, rent free," said he, with sudden benevolence in his eye, "as much land as you want to work this summer, to raise whatever you like, enough to keep your family for a year and give away or sell to your friends as much more. Think it over."

Believe me, I have so done. Never before had I been offered an acre rent free. Once a farmer donated me a calf which became the basis of subsequent fortunes still to be realized after a lapse of thirty years. Experience has not taught me to avoid the river Eldorado or that one yclept Bonanza—both of them full of rocks and rapids. This offer of a rent-free acre, including the free use of team, plow, harrows and hand-implements roused again in a hard-working soul the desire to make a crony of the earth. This acre and editor would go into a partnership to keep down the cost of living.

Intensive farming, of course. I am assured that the land is well fertilized, well drained and easy to work. It is part of a growing productive concern. That acre will not have to be reclaimed—if I take it. As soon as the frost lets go I can begin to plough and harrow.

What shall I raise? Not oats and barley. No, I shall intensify on potatoes—worth two cents each now; on vegetables of various sorts, exclusive of cabbages and that ilk. I don't know off-hand the value of an acre of this stuff. But at 1917 prices it's worth calculating. Suppose I put in half an acre potatoes. This means—anyhow 100 bushels. At \$3.00 a bag this is \$200, because I know a bag is a bushel and a half. The other half acre could not be less than \$200; and of course I should sell at least half that to my less agrarian friends and neighbours.

Here's \$400—to make a conservative estimate, call it \$300. All that lies between that \$300 and my cash-

book is—labour, seed, land, transportation, and marketing.

The land is already provided. Seed: suppose that costs me \$25.00. I can afford that—if I can get it. But I could get that \$25 much easier if I had the crop to sell. And the seed man won't advance me seed on the security of my crop. No, he looks me over and figures that what I don't know about making an acre of land yield back its seed would fill a farm paper. So the \$25.00, less or more, must be invested.

Labour involves both handwork and tools. My friend will lend me the tools. I can have his team, plow, harrows—anything. Do I know how to handle these? Oh, yes. I was raised on a farm. That's all clear profit. Hoe, rake, easy. Paris Green costs very little. Potato fork, borrow that. I shall need baskets, bags. I can borrow the team and waggon to gather the crop. So all that is left for me to provide under this item is—labour.

That, of course, has no particular value. I shall count it as an asset, instead of a liability. I need the exercise. To make one acre produce as it should, will make a new man of me. As for time. I shall merely adjust my office hours to let me put in at least 10 hours a week on that acre after the plowing, harrowing and planting are done; over a period of eight weeks. That will include all hoeing, Paris greening and bug-destroying. In October I shall have to knock off from work for a week to get the crop harvested. But the week I spend putting the crop in and the week for taking it off will be just an average holiday. The rest of the time spent will be no less to my business, because I shall have so much extra energy for office work while I am at it. As for clothes, I have plenty of old togs; all I shall need to buy is a pair of truck boots and a "cow-bite" hat.

I have already accounted for land, seed, tools, time and labour. My only remaining item is trans-

portation. But that will be very easy. I buy a commutation ticket. The distance is 36 miles. Three trips a week will cost me only about three dollars a week. Eight weeks—\$25.00.

Actual cash expenditure, then, up to the time of harvesting, will be:

Seed	\$25.00
Clothes	5.00
Tools	00.00
Horses	00.00
Land	00.00
Time	00.00
Transportation	25.00

Total	\$55.00
Total Estimated Revenue	\$300.00
Net Profit	245.00

Honestly, the prospect excites me. I shall point with pride, and with horny hands, to my achievements, to my cellar crammed with vegetables, to the cash on hand from sales. And my friends will look upon me as a real patriotic producer. How



Crippled English children gardening.