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Solid Comfort
OR
FUN ON THE FARM.

The title is rendered in a decorative, blackletter-style font. 'Solid Comfort' is on the top line, 'OR' is in the middle, and 'FUN ON THE FARM.' is on the bottom line. The words 'ON' and 'THE' are contained within a diamond-shaped frame. The entire title is embellished with illustrations of wheat stalks, a scythe, and small flowers.

Preface to Second Edition.

When we issued the first edition of this little book, we let Farmer Doubtful's statements go before the country without comment or addition. We knew *then* that every word he said would be sustained by the "Solid Comfort" in the field.

Now at a later date with the advantages of a wider range of work and circumstances, and with more Sulky Plows in actual use than was ever placed on the market in the same length of time, we can cite intending purchasers to hundreds of men, whose statements based on actual service on their own farms, make Farmer Doubtful's story seem tame and weak.

Briefly—Farmer Doubtful's statements are inside the truth; the plow is a better one than he describes. *We stand ready to prove* that in all the essentials of a first-class implement, quality and range of work, lightness of draft, ease of management, strength, simplicity and comfort to team and plowman, it has no rival, while in its ability to work stony fields, rough hill-sides, and hard ground it is unapproached by any plow in use—walking or riding.

We are further prepared to prove by actual trial on any farm in America that the man who runs a walking plow, when a "SOLID COMFORT" Sulky is obtainable, *loses money every day he uses one.*

It's not a question, whether yourself, your son or the hired man shall walk or ride. But *shall you ride, and do better work, more of it and at less cost than if you walk?*

In the language of Farmer Doubtful, we assure you that you cannot afford to let even the hired man walk.

ECONOMIST PLOW CO.

SOLID COMFORT; OR, FUN ON THE FARM.

A True Story of Rural Life.

“ONCE ON A TIME,” and that time was the fall of 1884, in the village of Advance, lived a man named Thomas Bright, who was proprietor of a general store, where he sold dry goods, groceries, Agricultural Implements, etc. A most careful man was this Bright, noted for his honesty in representing the merits of the goods he sold, and of him it was truthfully said, he never sanded his sugar, watered his vinegar, or gave short weight. The golden rule, “Do unto others,” etc., appeared in a neat frame, behind his office desk, and he lived up to the sentiment of this rule, in letter and spirit.

One morning, when at his desk looking over his ledger, he was interrupted by the entrance of Farmer Doubtful, who greeted him with, “I say, Bright, I am in a peck of trouble; my plowing is not half done yet. The ground is baked as hard as a stone, my team is all run down with the little plowing it has done, and the plows I have been using cannot work it at all, until after we have had a good rain, and I have dropped in to learn what others are doing about their fall plowing.”

Bright replied, "Your neighbors are in the same fix you are in, and two weeks ago I would have advised you to wait for rain, but now I can say, you need not wait."

"Bully for you," cried Doubtful, "you have never failed to help me out of my troubles. Now tell me how I can finish my plowing and I'll owe you another good turn."

"Use a sulky plow," replied Bright.



"USE A SULKY PLOW !!" repeated Doubtful, with a tone of disappointment. "Why, Bright, I would not use one as a gift. You are going back on your past record of condemning every sulky plow ever tried in this county, all of which have failed, as you said they would, as soon as their weak features were developed. If that is your advice, I won't take it; I'll wait for rain," and he started for the door.

"Hold on, Doubtful," said Mr. Bright, "I don't want you to think that I have taken back anything I have said

against sulky plows as a class, for I have not done so. You know that I have refused to take the agency of almost every sulky now being sold, because I knew that the users would be dissatisfied with them after a short time, and I will not sell goods I have no confidence in."

"I have always believed that of you," said Doubtful, "but your advice to use a sulky plow now, seems mighty strange when my trials of them have proved all you ever said against their heavy draft, side draft. complications, pounding of the team by the tongue, joints working loose, swaying of the frame by the tongue, difficulty of driving, the expense in keeping them running, irregular depth and width of furrows in rough ground, and many other defects that I need not mention."

"Well," said Bright, "I will surprise you still more, by saying that I have taken the agency for a sulky plow that needs no tongue! *What do you say to that?*"

"Only this," replied Doubtful, "you must show me a wagon that needs no wheels, and prove that it will run without them, before I will believe that a sulky plow can work without a tongue. Have you got a churn that will make butter without cream, or a stove that will cook without fuel?"

"No," answered Mr. Bright, laughingly, "I have not got any of the wonders you mention, but I *have* got a tongueless sulky, and if you will come out to the machine room, I will show it to you."

"Well, if it has no tongue, the poor thing can't talk back when I make fun of it," said Doubtful, as he followed Bright to the room, where stood the sulky whose existence he had just heard of.

After allowing his friend to make a careful survey of the sulky, Bright broke the silence by asking him, "Well, what do you think of it?"

"It is the simplest sulky I ever looked at," replied Doubtful. "Why, there is scarcely enough of it to base an opinion on. It looks like a cow with its horns, ears, legs and tail cut off, and it is built as solid as the 'Rock of Ages.' I see by your eyes that you are just aching to say something, so shoot ahead, while I rest myself on its seat."

"All right," said Mr. Bright, "here she goes. I will not detail the faults of sulky plows, as heretofore made. You, and every other farmer, know them to your cost, but I must remind you that where a fault exists, and becomes well known, somebody is sure to provide a remedy. I have watched carefully, knowing that when the right sulky should make its appearance, it would be eagerly sought for. The right kind has at last been made, I have secured the agency for it for this community, and now, for the first time, I am ready to do my part, towards showing my friends that they cannot afford to walk when they plow, and that the only riding plow fit for general use, by anybody and everybody, is the one you are sitting on."

"Well," said Doubtful, with a smile, "I must confess you have got it bad. The traveling agent who captured *you* must have been a good one. What kind of bait did he use, to induce you to swallow hook and all?"

"The same kind of bait that will capture every farmer who wants to plow his land in all conditions, with the least possible draft on his team, with the least care on the part of the driver, and do the work in the very best manner," was the reply of Mr. Bright.

"That sounds very well," said Doubtful, "but *how do you know* that this sulky will do all you say it will? The country is full of other sulkies, for which the makers and sellers claim everything that is good."

"I have seen it at work in the most difficult fields," replied Bright, "and know just what I am talking about. When the agent from the factory called on me he simply said that he was introducing the ONLY PERFECT SULKY PLOW MADE; that he did not ask me to believe it until I had seen it work. He told me where to meet him, which I did, and one hour convinced me, as it will every spectator, that it is almost impossible to over-estimate its merits. I was not only surprised at its work, but really delighted with all its operations, and I was not long in closing a contract for its agency, I assure you, for when I see a good thing, my rule is to grab it."

"Friend Bright," said Doubtful, with a sober look, "I owe you for many a favor, and I want to help you all I can, but I can't take much stock in this riding business. However, I want to do what is right by you, so if you think you can convert me, just bring this sulky out to my farm, come along yourself to start it, and I promise you a fair shake, anyhow."

"I am much obliged for your good will," said Bright, heartily, "but there is no need of me going out to start it. One of its merits is, it does not need an expert to work it. You can take it home with you, start it yourself, and report results after trial. Will that suit you?"

"Why, yes," replied Doubtful, "that will do, but I don't want to fail, and then bring it back, and have you think I did not do the right thing by you. I would rather have *you* start it, and then you will know it was done right."

"I would not take it back," said Bright, "until after I had seen it work, and knew that its failure was due to the plow, and not to the user. My contract with the company requires me to send the plows out under their guarantee on two days trial, and if any complaint be made

against them, to respond promptly and try to remedy it, and if I cannot do so then I take it back. Take it with you and notify me if it does not work right. Here is a little card of instructions which you must follow, and then you cannot fail to make the plow work satisfactorily."

Farmer Doubtful put the card in his pocket with the remark, "The instructions are as short as the sulky is simple," and just then spied something new. "What is that?" he asked of Mr. Bright.

"That," replied Bright, "is a backing pole for the sulky, used only——"

"Hold on!" cried Doubtful, "you can't play Heathen Chinee on me, by blowing about your tongueless sulky, and then trying to slip in a tongue at the tail end of the cyclone. I have been looking for this all along, for I *knew* that a sulky could not work without a tongue, and now you confess that I was right."

"You are *not* right," replied Bright. "Please give me a chance to explain and you will change your mind. Every user of a sulky plow knows what a terrible nuisance a pole is, and yet it had to be used, for other sulkies will not work without one. This sulky will work perfectly without it. But there is a class of men who find out what a dealer has *not* got, and then insist on having just that one thing and nothing else. I got this one pole to meet the objection of the class referred to. In some few, rare cases, the pole may be useful, in holding back the sulky, when going to or from work, over very hilly roads, or for backing out of stumps in new ground. But it is safe to say that, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, the farmer who insists on having a pole, will bring it back after seeing how needless it is. You will see that it is simply hung to the beam by a hook, and that it cannot control the run of the plow in any manner, as it has perfect freedom in every direction."

"Well, Bright," said Doubtful, "if I had struck that tongue before I promised to try the plow, I would not have promised, but I'll keep my word, so roll it out and I will go home, but you can bet on one thing; if the plow stays with me, the pole will stay too, for that sulky is trying its best to say, 'United we stand, divided we fall.'"

Mr. Bright only smiled at this outburst, and rolled out the sulky, which was soon tied to the farmer's wagon, who started in the direction of home, with many a dubious shake of his head at the strange ending of his morning trip to town. "Trapped, by jimminy," thought he. "What will the folks say, when they see me bringing home a sulky plow, after all I have said against them?"

Mr. Doubtful reached home, and bore with as good grace as possible, the bantering of his family, to which his only reply was, "wait, wait, wait!" They waited, and so did Mr. Bright. Two days elapsed without any complaint from Farmer Doubtful, so Bright knew that the sulky was sold, but was very anxious to learn how it performed in the hands of a new user.

One evening, just as Bright had seated himself to enjoy a quiet smoke, he was startled by a yell that fairly lifted him from his chair. Before he could decide where it came from, in rushed Farmer Doubtful, who caught him around the neck and danced with him up and down the store, with a noise that soon filled it with the astonished passers-by. With much difficulty Mr. Bright succeeded in breaking loose, and asked him, "What in the name of goodness is the matter with you, are you crazy?"

"Yes, I am crazy," replied Doubtful, with many a puff. "I HAVE GOT SULKY PLOW ON THE BRAIN. Bright, old fellow, you have done it to me this time, sure pop. I have pulled down my flag, and I am here now, to make an unconditional surrender."

"Good enough," said Bright, "come to the back of the store and tell me all about it."

"You can go back if you want to," replied Doubtful, "but what I am going to say is good and true enough to be said right here in front, where all these friends can hear me. I've struck oil, I have, and I ain't hog enough to want all the grease either. I want my friends to have some, to make their work slip along easier, so if you will give me more room around here, I'll tell you something that every farmer ought to know, and the sooner he knows it the better off he will be."

With cries of "go ahead," the crowd stepped back, and farmer Doubtful commenced his talk by saying, "In future, when any plowing is done on my farm, the plowman is going to ride. Walking is played out, even for my hired man, for I can't afford to have him walk, when it is cheaper to ride."

"The old man's full," said a boy in the crowd.

"Yes, I am full," admitted Doubtful, with some show of anger at the disrespectful remark. "I am full of 'SOLID COMFORT,' for that is the name of the sulky plow that has converted me and made me turn missionary. I am going to labor with unconverted farmers, who stick to their idols in the shape of hand plows, until they turn from the error of their present way of plowing, and ride with 'SOLID COMFORT.' When they do this, the drudgery of plowing will disappear, and there will be 'Fun on the Farm' for plowman and team."

"Now you boys keep quiet," commanded Mr. Bright, "and listen to what Mr. Doubtful is going to say."

"Well," said Doubtful, "the first piece of land I tried the plow in was that gravelly field back of the house, covered with tall English clover. That land has just had its

own way ever since I owned it. Every fall I have tried to plow it I have had a tussle with it, and came off second best, until this fall I was whipped out entirely. It was baked as hard as it could be, and my hand plows and neighbors' sulkies could not touch it, and the tangled clover added to the difficulty. When I reached the field I hitched to the clevis, jumped on the low-down seat and started up. You ought to have seen that plow throw the furrow! It just walked through and seemed to say, 'I AM BOSS OF THIS JOB, I AM,' and you bet it was boss. It worked at any depth I wanted it to, and the way the stones and gravel were turned up and got out of the way, fairly made me laugh. The plow hung to its work like a bull dog. At the corners I had a picnic. I left the plow in the ground, (I was throwing out) turned the team at right angles, started up, and the plow came round to its work in a way that tickled me all over. I did not touch a lever, and I commenced to learn why it is called 'SOLID COMFORT.'"

"Well," continued Doubtful, after a short pause, "I plowed until dinner time, and enjoyed every minute, for it was real fun to see how I had got the 'dead wood' on that field. I could see the work as it was being done, which added to my enjoyment, and when an extra heavy bunch of clover—of which there were many scraped up when I was trying to plow before—showed any signs of choking the plow, I just kicked it loose and stopped that trouble at once. I tell you, Bright, that low-down seat, giving a full view of the furrows as they are turned, is a big thing."

"I know that," said Bright. "Did your front furrow-wheel run right?"

"Yes," replied Doubtful, "it worked finely. It was set just right to make it run close to the furrow bank, and not climb up on it, and brought the plow in line at once,

when it struck any large, solid stones. I tried its adjustment, by moving the sliding block, that is between the wheel spindle and frame. By moving this forward the wheel would run closer to the furrow bank, while moving it back made it run from the bank. I found this gives the user perfect control of the run of the plow, and it may come handy sometimes, in governing width of furrows, when there is not room on the clevis to get it by the hitch."

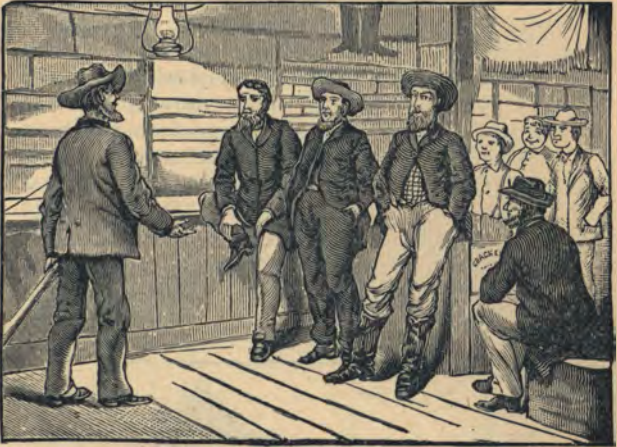
"You struck it there," said Bright. "And now tell us what you think of the rear wheel that runs in the furrow."

"That wheel," answered Doubtful, with a positive gesture, "is a daisy. It not only aids in carrying the plow and frame, but it is the only perfect landside I ever saw. The saving of friction over the usual landside, reduces the draft of the sulky, below that of any hand plow I ever used. This is the reason I said that all my future plowing would be done by riding. I can't afford to use walking plows, and besides this, the driver's weight keeps the back wheel down on the furrow bottom, so the plow cannot run on its nose even in the hardest ground; hence, it does better work, and the shares wear longer than when run on the nose. The steel dirt-guard, used to hold up the furrow bank, works to a charm, and keeps the furrow bottom clean, so the rear wheel has a smooth road to roll over. Without this guard the furrow bank would fall in and raise the wheel, which would throw the plow on its nose. *That steel plate knows its business, and don't you forget it.*"

"How about side draft?" asked some one in the crowd, and the eyes of every sulky user present, showed that "they had been there."

"There was not an ounce of side draft," quickly replied Doubtful. "How can there be any, when no tongue is used? Did you ever see side draft on a hand plow?"

"That reminds me, Bright, I have got something in my wagon for you," saying which, Doubtful ran out and soon returned, bringing with him the very tongue which he had declared should never be separated from the sulky.



"Here is your tongue," he said, "and you may tell the next man who insists on having one, that he don't need it, unless he wants to take it along for an excuse to come to town to get away from his mother-in-law."

The crowd laughed heartily, and when silence had been restored, Doubtful resumed his statement as follows:

"At dinner that day, I told my experience with the 'SOLID COMFORT' Sulky, and the whole family was interested, promising to be present when I tried it in old corn ground that afternoon. I had scarcely got to work when out they came, and it did me good to hear their expressions of delight. I had the laugh on them that time sure, and you bet I laughed loudly. After watching how the team walked, sometimes crowding, and again spread-

ing apart, neither of which had any effect on the run of the plow, and seeing how easily the corners were turned, by not having to touch a lever, or be bothered with a tongue, my boy Dick, only 12 years old, said, 'I can plow as good as you can, father, let me try it.'"

The farmer's voice choked with emotion for a moment, when he said, "Excuse my feelings, friends, but some of you may not know that my poor boy is a cripple, made so by falling from the hay-mow three years ago, and the doctors say he will always be lame, because his hip bone is crushed. This calamity has blighted his spirit, and he has felt that he was a burden on me and likely to remain one. But this sulky has brought 'SOLID COMFORT' to him, too, as you would know, had you seen the lad as he rode the plow, looking as proud as a king, and heard his triumphant tone as he said, 'Now father, I can be of some use on the farm, and do all the plowing.'"



When the cheer which the crowd gave, had died away, Mr. Bright asked Doubtful, "What kind of work did the plow do in this corn ground?"

"Magnificent work," was the reply. "That furrow lever is a perfect wonder, for so simple a thing. It just let the land-wheel play up and down, when running over corn hills, and the beam kept perfectly steady; this made the plow run at a uniform depth, and made a level furrow bottom, regardless of the rough ground above."

"Tell us about this lever," requested one of the listeners.

"I'll do it right now," said Doubtful. "The lever has a loose foot on it, which works the beam. I found I could get a hitch on the clevis high enough to pull the plow in as deep as I wanted to plow in the hardest spots in the field, and rest the foot against the lever in such a way as to prevent running any deeper in the softest spots, besides allowing the land wheel to drop into the hollows between the corn ridges, without forcing the point down, and gouging out holes in the furrow bottom. This hitch put pressure enough on the furrow wheel to hold it firmly in line with the work, and lightened the draft considerably. When a buried rock was struck the point glanced over it and caught again without jarring the frame or lifting the wheels."

"But," asked a bystander, "what is to prevent the plow doing the same thing in very hard ground?"

"It will be a cold day," said Doubtful, "when you find ground where that will happen to the 'SOLID COMFORT,' but if you ever do, you can lock the foot and lever solidly together, so the point can't raise without lifting the wheels off the ground."

"But, do not these actions make the lever complicated?" asked a machinist, who had been listening.

"Just the other way," replied doubtful; "it is the simplest lever I ever saw, having only a straight upright piece, the loose foot, and a bolt to hold them to the frame. You can't imagine how simple it is until you see it."

"What other work did you do with the plow?" asked Mr. Bright.

"Just a lot of all kinds," replied Doubtful. "I took it from stiff sod to stubble and loose fallow land, and it worked all kinds in fine shape. The mouldboard is the best shape for general work I ever tried. No need of using two shapes when a man has a 'Solid Comfort' Sulky on the farm."

"Suppose you are plowing in lands, how do you do that?" inquired a farmer.

"Easy enough," replied Doubtful, "at the end of a furrow, while the plow is yet moving, lift it out, drive across to the opposite furrow, and stop the plow when its point has crossed the furrow far enough to make the required width. Now move the furrow lever forward, until the furrow wheel raises. Bring the team around to position; the plow will turn on its nose and follow it. Start the team forward, bring the lever back to its position for the required depth, and away you go, in less time than I have been telling how to do it."

"That *is* slick," said another farmer, "but I would like to see your sulky work in land that has hard and soft streaks; *mine* requires a different adjustment, for almost every change of soil."

"The 'Solid Comfort' Sulky will run from the hardest to the softest soil, with the same adjustment," said Doubtful. "I worked in hard upland, running to wet marsh down at the other end, and could see no difference in the width of the furrow; they were all alike, whether wet or dry."

"How do you *know* that the 'Solid Comfort' Sulky draws lighter than a hand plow," asked another farmer. "I don't take much stock in sulkies being light draft."

That expert, or fraud, who gave an exhibition here last year, and made it appear that his sulky was lighter draft than *any* of our hand plows, sold *me* one, which turned out to be a regular horse killer. He made it run light at the exhibition, by running it on its nose, which let the furrow pass under the mouldboard. When I started the plow with his adjustment, I found the shares rounded up very soon, and would not go in the ground, when it was baked; the neck yoke was forced up under the horses throats and worried them, and the work it did was awful. When I adjusted the plow, to keep its heel down where it belongs, so the mouldboard would turn the ground over, the draft was so heavy that my team could scarcely pull it, and I soon threw it aside. I am looking for another expert, who will say that a plow should run on its nose, and if I don't run him on *his* nose, you may call me a coward."

After a hearty laugh, Doubtful replied, "The 'Solid Comfort' Sulky cannot run on its nose, as the driver's weight keeps the heel down. As to its draft, my team worked it without sweating, while it was lathered with sweat most of the time, when running my hand plow."

"Did you try three horses on it?" asked Bright.

"I did," replied Doubtful, "but soon found that two could work it easily, so I took off the third horse. For three horses, I had to simply turn the clevis over, to bring its long end toward land, so I could hitch farther from the furrow, but this made no difference in the run of the plow."

At this time, the clerks commenced to put up the shutters and make other preparations to close the store, so Doubtful ended his statement by saying, "Before we part, I want to give you some advice. Don't fool away time with hand plows; get one of these sulkies, so you can plow your land in any condition, and do it with less ex-

pense. Don't wear out your body by walking when you can ride, and do better work with less draft than any hand plow will do. The drudgery of plowing will then be done away with, and like myself, you will enjoy 'solid comfort' and fun on the farm."

Mr. Bright said: "Gentlemen, I have ordered a car load of 'Solid Comfort' Sulkies, and want every farmer in this county to try one. You will find they are all that our friend Doubtful claims them to be, and every one will be sold under the company's guarantee, so the buyer assumes no risk. You will be surprised at their simplicity and ease of management. You hitch to the beam, as with walking plows, and you can turn any soil that can be plowed, without side draft, and without a tongue to annoy your team."

Reader, Mr. Rustic has given you a statement of *facts* in the foregoing, which every farmer should investigate for himself. The way to do this is to try one of our "Solid Comfort" Sulkies on your own farm, where you can be your own judge and jury, and our word for it, you will be as well pleased with it as was Farmer Doubtful. This Sulky has been thoroughly tested in the most difficult work, and has never failed to give unbounded satisfaction to every user. Its novelty is no greater than its success, and its success is as marked as its simplicity. We do not ask you to rely on our word in this matter; try one of the Sulkies, and let it tell its own story of "Solid Comfort" and enjoyment.

Respectfully,

ECONOMIST PLOW Co.,
South Bend, Ind.

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