

the universal failures of all amateur farming and the negative results of 98 per cent of all "experiments." Wheat is grown in great bulk where every farm hand in the district knows precisely how it is done. Potatoes are grown with profit not necessarily where they grow best, but where the details are standardized and become common practice and knowledge. So it is with cotton in Marlboro County, S. C., Rocky Ford melons in Colorado, peaches in Fort Valley and Southern Pines, apples in Albermarle, and horses in Warrenton.

To raise hogs in a section of Illinois where nothing else but hogs are raised, is as simple and inevitable as making shoes in Lynn or rails in Pittsburg or lace in Brussels.

It is *not* necessarily because these places are ordained by nature for these industries. It is simple because a method of conducting them that is profitable and has first been demonstrated, and then, simplified and standardized and made common property in those places. Experiments, great skill, inventiveness—the qualities of the genius and pioneer are no longer needed. The information how to make money in each of those localities in those particular games is part of the atmosphere—it pervades the banks, the labor, the clerks, and the collective mind of the neighborhood. All that is needed is plain business acumen and industry.

And industry is all most people can bring to any problem.

Now, coming back to pigs.

The country needs pigs. The world will need pigs for a generation.

In other words, it is common knowledge that there is big money in pigs.

But we have seen that they can become an industry only where the exact method of raising them has become established and is common information. To invite any man to attempt it upon a theoretical or book plan, is to invite failure. In other words, a community of pig farmers *must*—always have and always will—merely make a Chinese copy of some other paying pig farm close by.

Observe, I said *paying*. Pamphlets, demonstrations, exhortations on *how* to raise pigs is of no avail. The pith and heart of the whole matter lies in the balance sheet. Champion pigs, beautiful pigs, sublime pigs, are of no avail. By the inevitable underground channel the neighbors know the final profit and loss. If it be a *profit*, no further inducement is needed. He will pry about and make his own Chinese copy.

These are the facts.

It follows that if any man interested in the welfare of the republic, or a given community, desires to successfully introduce the growing of hogs (or any other thing for that matter) he might as well discard the bulletin method, the exhortation method, even the "demonstration of *how*" method. He must put up his cold cash and proceed to do it until he has the profit per year to show. Then it is all done. The method that brought the profit is the method that will be copied.

Who ever did such a thing?

I'll tell you who.

Charlie Williams over here on the road

between Aberdeen and Southern Pines.

The problem he had was universal. Could he grow pigs at all? That was determined first. He could. Because the sandy soil made grazing possible all winter, and the year around. While in the clay a winter pasture is a mud pie.

Very good.

All the experts in the country were called in to determine what nobody on earth knows—how many acres a man and his family and a team of mules can handle in a given place. How it should be divided, and in what planted to provide eternal pasture, and rotation in each individual pasture? How many sows can provide pigs to exactly consume the harvest?

Friends, this is no exact science. It is an experimental proposition. And the answer is not to be read in hogs. For anyone can buy skimmed milk and raise prize hogs. It is to be read in dollars and cents. And not a soul will follow the lead until the exact formula is worked out in practice under their noses—and *not on paper*.

Let us say at once that when the Department of Agriculture and Don Gray (who is the best in the business) and the hog masters had laid out the plan, and Leonard Tufts had put up the money, and it was all planted and worked according to the best possible theory—that it was *a financial failure*.

Well, why write about it?

Because this is the most important point of all. No possible existing advice or formula can institute a business in a new neighborhood. And the old idea that all anyone needed to raise hogs was expert advice on how to raise hogs is exploded as the Divine Right of Kings.

The hogs are not the thing. Williams got hog, God knows. The *money profit* is the thing. And that cannot be taught nor provided in a year.

The revolutionary aspect of this Williams proposition is that they went to work and changed every detail that seemed to interfere with the paying end. Sweet potatoes and peanuts cost too much. Chufers were established. Every effort was made to insure the hogs gathering their own food. The *formula was changed to fit the facts*. A loss ensued the following year. Cotton was introduced on six of the sixty acres found to be the proper size for the outfit. It was a money crop to cash in the increased fertility of the land.

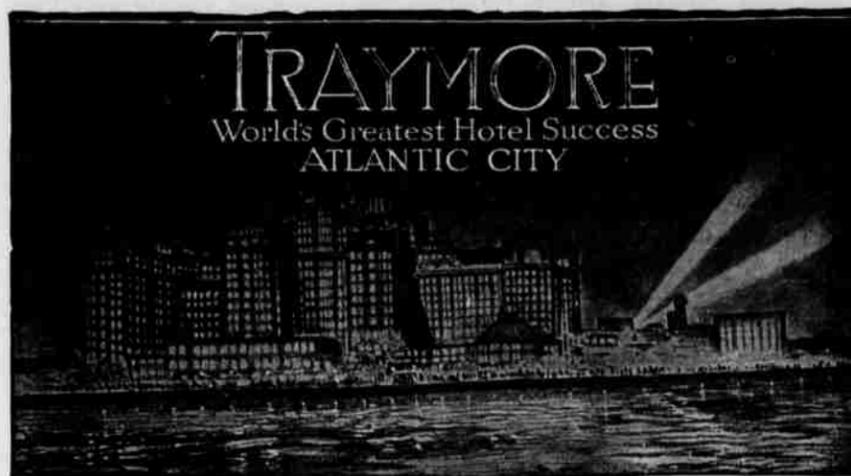
And so with a new division of fields, a new rotation of crops, eight sows and a boar, the game was tried a third time.

And this time the answer was found. A certified public accountant stayed with the game, and on November 1st, 1918, he sounded the advance and heralded success with a statement showing an exact net profit to Williams and his two mules and sixty acres of—

Cash	\$1335.92
Keep of 2 cows	230
Keep of chickens.....	30
Complete garden	100
All meat supplied family for one year	140

Profit to Chas. Williams \$1935.92
This is down to brass tacks.

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