

THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER

AND SOUTHERN FARM GAZETTE

A Farm and Home Weekly for
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A STORY YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS

GOD, I hain't nothin' but a boy, but I got to ack like a man now!"

Such was the prayer of Chad, homeless now and friendless save for Jack, his faithful dog, as he kneeled beside the new-made grave of his foster-mother—Chad, the wonderful creation of the pen of John Fox, altogether one of the most winning pictures of childhood in all the pages of English literature.

The story starts in this issue of The Progressive Farmer—the story the name of which we have not given before, but which we have correctly announced as "The most beautiful Southern story ever written." And we have also correctly declared that to get the serial rights for our readers we have had to pay the highest price ever given by any Southern farm paper.

You mustn't miss, Kind Reader, whether man or woman, boy or girl, the opening chapters in this issue. You will love Chad, for you simply can't help it. He gets mixed up with your heart-strings from the very first—as surely as Kipling's Kim, "the Little Friend of All the World," and it will do you almost as much good to know Chad and learn to love him as to make a new friend in real life.

We kind o' expect you will find Mother wiping her eyes a good deal about the self-reliant little fellow as she reads the chapter in this week's paper, and you needn't feel ashamed if you cry a little bit yourself. It will really do you good and warm your heart and make you more interested in all the later wanderings of Chad and faithful old Jack—and interested even more, in the surprisingly wonderful story of love and war and heroism through which later on the boy Chad, now grown up, became the central figure. And through it all he did "ack like a man."

It's a strong, clean story—as pure and sweet as the mountain breezes of Chad's early home in the hills; and in this day of oceans of filth, it is a great pleasure to us to give such a story to the readers, young and old, of The Progressive Farmer: a story which you will really be better and stronger for having read and which at the same time will brighten and gladden a hundred and fifty thousand family circles from week to week as they follow it.

And again we say, Kind Reader, don't miss the opening chapters in this week's paper. Even if you don't intend to read the whole story at all, this first installment is one of the most beautiful passages in modern literature



"God!" he said simply, "I hain't nothin' but a boy, but I got to ack like a man now. I'm a-goin' now. I don't believe You keer much and seems like I bring ever'body bad luck: an' I'm a-goin' to live up hyeh on the mountain jes' as long as I can. I don't want You to think I'm a-complainin'—fer I ain't. Only hit does seem sort o' curious that You'd let me be down hyeh—with me a-keerin' fer nobody now, an' nobody a-keerin' fer me. But Thy ways is inscrutable—leastwise, that's what the circuit-rider says—an' I ain't got a word more to say—Amen."

DON'T FAIL TO READ—

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and richly worth reading just for its own sake.

But we believe you will want to follow the whole story. The best plan of all is to let some member of the family read it aloud each week when the paper comes, beginning with the very first installment on page 5. When The Progressive Farmer, in order to put this great serial at your disposal, has paid the highest price ever paid for a serial by any Southern farm paper, don't cheat yourself out of the delight it offers you.

Read it now.