

DITY the man out of whose heart the joy of play has gone. Pity more the boy or girl whose innocent games are discouraged, frowned upon, and decried as inventions of the devil. The man or woman whose heart isn't gladdened by the shouts of pure joy from the playground, who doesn't see, in the friendly rivalry and human contact that games afford, one of our surest and safest means of aiding in the physical and spiritual growth of the child-such a person has indeed a bad perspective from which to view and aid in the development of those qualities of heart, head and hand out of which true citizenship is built.

Unalterably do we believe that only out of hard labor are the best things of life to come. But we would have our boys play hard that they may work hard; learn to laugh and sing that they may smile on and sing on when Life's knocks are hardest. The man with a cheery community in all the South without its baseball in summer and football and basketball in winter. The time is fast coming, too, when the whole neighborhood will take a deep interest in its athletic teams, and will turn out en masse at the field day contests that are going to prove a great factor in rounding out our future community life. Isn't it our duty to encourage such wholesome things? Isn't it our business as fathers and citizens to foster that which will add to the happiness and permanence of our rural life?

We believe we are still preserving our neutrality when we say that the English, with all their faults, have a steadiness and courage that no impartial critic can fail to admire. On Saturday afternoons, from one end of England to the other, thousands of playgrounds are dotted with tens of thousands of players, ranging in age from seven to seventy. Old and young, male and female alike meet to play and cheer on their



THE RURAL SOUTH NEEDS MORE SCENES LIKE THIS

smile when things go wrong, the man with the grit to get up and go again when he is downed, the man who knows that it is not winning or of pluck that has placed the English flag in the four corners of the losing that matters so much as how one fights

or works or plays,-this is the man who wins the durable things in life. And the man who as a boy has learned to play hard as well as work hard is more likely to be such a man.

Somehow we cannot but believe, even in May and June when farm work is most pressing, that the boy who follows a plow or cultivator from Monday morning to Saturday noon has established a right to Saturday afternoon off. Wise then is the daddy who gives him this half-holiday, and wiser still the daddy who encourages the neighborhood ball game, instead of letting the boy spend the afternoon in town under questionable surroundings and with questiona-We don't believe there ought to be a rural

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players. Who will say that the spirit of fairness, of sound judgment, earth, has not been strengthened by the English-

man's playground associations and competitions with his fellows?

By all means teach your boy to work and to work hard; but, as you value his future welfare, teach him also to think, and think hard and straight. To do this the boy's nose must, not be kept so close to the grindstone of hard labor that he can never raise his head to glance at the vision of better things that lie beyond. Make a partner of that boy of yours; join him in his work and in his play.

Go out next Saturday afternoon and help cheer the home team to victory; and if all the places on the team are not filled, lend a hand yourself.