

THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER

AND SOUTHERN FARM GAZETTE

A Farm and Home Weekly for
The Carolinas, Virginia, Georgia, and Florida.

FOUNDED 1886 AT RALEIGH, N. C.

Vol. XXX. No. 29.

SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1915.

\$1 a Year; 5c. a Copy

Make the South the Beautiful Land It Ought to Be



HAYING TIME

By courtesy of Anseo Co.

NO PEOPLE can be what they ought to be unless they live amid beautiful surroundings, and this haying scene reminds us to say that there is no excuse for any farmer in the South not having a pretty farm and home. The Almighty will certainly make any farm beautiful wherever the farmer does his part—wherever gullies, stumps and sprouts are eliminated and fields kept large, whole, and symmetrical instead of being ragged and spotted with neglected hedgerows and heartsickening patches of turned-out land.

Nor is there any excuse, no matter how poor the owner may be, for having one single ugly home anywhere in all our Sunny South. Where we can't have paint we can have whitewash, and where we can't spend money on handsome buildings, we can at least have the glory of beautiful trees, shrubs, vines, flowers and grassy lawns that the Almighty puts within reach of everybody in our favored section. A Southern home without flowers ought to be a disgrace to the owner. Even a cabin whitewashed and made beautiful with blossoming morning-glories may be a greater delight to the eye than a showy mansion built without taste.

And just here there comes to us a letter from one of our women readers, Mrs. W. I. Zachry, of Baxley, Ga., so happily expressed and so suggestive of our opportunities for adding to the world's beauty, that we cannot refrain from giving it emphasis on this page. She writes:

"I am living at an old homestead that has belonged to several generations of the same family. It has now passed into the hands of strangers; the members of the old family are dispersed and gone far away. But this place is a memorial to them, and especially to the first lady who came here as a bride and lived here as wife and mother through a long and useful life. Her impress is still upon everything, her spirit lives anew in the recurrent blooming of her rose garden. I, a stranger, feel a kinship with her as I breathe their dewy fragrance. Early in the spring myriads of daffodils, jonquils and narcissus came up in great haste. Some bore trumpets and were the trumpeters of the good tidings of spring, the eternal yellows of all the sunsets within the hearts of

them, their fragrance and freshness almost divine. At Easter time the white flags unfurled in all their purity, an emblem of the sweet spirit of her whose pure thought and innate love of the beautiful gave them, a perpetual gift of loveliness, to those that came after her. Today there is a flaming of crimson lilies and amaryllis against the green shrubbery. Nor can we who are the inheritors of this loveliness forget that the sweetness of one woman made it all possible. Though she is mingled with the dust, the work of her hands lives on in the beautiful life of the lilies; she is immortalized in the blooming of her flowers."

Who of us should not covet a like immortality, and who of us should not now strive to make home and farm a little fairer, a little more beautiful, not only for our own families, but for those who are to come after us?

Let's make the South the beautiful land it ought to be!

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