

Painting Pays Its Way Besides Acting Beauty

ALK about microbes, it does look sometimes as if the "microbe of progress" is starting a genuine epidemic all over the South! Farmers beginning to run their brains with two to four horse power instead of one-horse power, and getting tractors and gasoline engines, to help where horses and mules can't work fast enough! Sowing legumes and getting free nitrogen from the air instead of buying it in fertilizer sacks. Old scrub cows and razor-back hogs going out of fashion, and farmers beginning to brag about having pure-bred sires with pedigrees as long as any in the First Book of Chronicles. Full corncribs and smokehouses beginning to ruin the old "time-prices" slavery that was once worse than Negro slavery was before the war. And not only this, but farmers finding out that a man doesn't have to live in town to be "a business man", and so coming together in business deals to buy or sell, starting marketing associations, coöperative creameries, coöperative associations for getting any improved machinery that is too expensive for individuals to buy, cooperative fire insurance associations, etc.



Nor does the good news stop here. Southern farmers not only are learning to make more money

and save more money, but they are beginning to make improvements in the home as well as on the farm. No wonder E. F. McIntyre, seeing all this, couldn't hold in any longer, but burst forth into a regular Walt Mason lyric the other day, reading as follows:

"I remember, I remember the house where I was born, the little window where the sun came peeping in at morn. You'd hardly know the old place now, for Dad is up-to-date and the farm is scientific, from the back lot to the gate. The house and barn are lighted with bright acetylene, the engine and the laundry are run by gasoline; we have silos, we have autos, we have dynamos and things, a telephone for gossip and a phonograph that sings. The hired man has left us—we miss his homely face—a lot of college graduates are working in his place. There's an engineer and fireman, a chauffeur and a vet., 'lectrician and mechanic—oh, the farm's run right, you bet. The little window where

"THE OAKS" Farm Home of Mrs. W. T. Wilson, Jefferson County, Ala

the sun came peeping in at morn now brightens up a bathroom that cost Dad a field of corn. Our milkmaid is pneumatic and she is sanitary, too, but Dad gets fifteen cents a quart for milk that once brought two. Our cattle came from Jersey and the hogs are all Duroc, the sheep are Southdown beauties and the chickens Plymouth Rock. To have the best of everything, that is our aim and plan, for Dad not only farms it, but *he's a business man.*"

That's the way things are going, and the only thing Mr. McIntyre forgot to report was about the house being painted, too—for of course it was painted. Painting the house, indeed, is frequently about the first sign that the "microbe germ" is really "taking" in a fellow's system. And then just as soon as he gets really modern, up-to-date paint on his house, he goes out and looks at it and says: "Well, by George,

I've got to make the farm match the house!" And so the second stage of the disease sets in, and there's no telling where it will stop.

It's no longer a question whether you can afford to paint. The fact is you can't afford not to.

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"VIOLET HILL FARM" Home of J. W. Ridley, Southampton County, Va.