

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

DID YOU DO YOUR BEST?

DID you fail in the race?
 Did you faint in the spurt?
 Where the hot dust choked and burned?
 Did you breast the tape midst the flying dirt?
 That the leader's spikes had spurned?
 Did you do your best—
 Oh, I know you lost. I know that your time was bad.
 But the game is not in the winning, lad.
 The best of it since the beginning, lad,
 Is in taking your licking and grinning,
 lad,
 If you gave them the best you had.
 Did your tackle fall short?
 Did the runner flash by
 With the score that won the game?
 Did it break your heart when you missed
 the try?
 Did you choke with the hurt and shame?
 If you did your best—
 Oh, I know the score: I followed you
 all the way through.
 And that is why I am saying, lad,
 That the best of the fight is the staying,
 lad,
 And the best of all games is the playing,
 lad,
 If you give them the best in you,
 —Nelson Robins, in the Youth's Companion.

FROM FACTORY TO FARM

(This Week's Boys' Prize Letter)

HAVE read your paper for the past eight years, and I do not think that there is any better published because you do not publish any patent medicine or whiskey advertisements. Am sorry to say that I have been to school but three weeks but by studying at night I have learned to read and write at home. I was once a factory boy in the city but the city life does not compare with farm life at all. When I worked in the factory it was similar to the chain gang, for we children were put under an over-seeer. Sometimes we had a good one, sometimes a cruel one. Most over-seeers in those places remind me of a big tom cat that wants to be boss over the cream jar. But out here on the farm I am my own boss. Here I can have my dogs, cows, pigs, hogs, chickens, etc., which make our lives happy. But I will remember the years I lived in the city.

When you leave the city and move to the country you do not know what change it makes. I believe in farming and doing something worth while. There are a lot of farmers who do not take care of their land and build up; but take an old plantation, trim all the hedge rows, fill up all the ditches, clean out all the old ditches, and make some new ones, paint the buildings and get a gasoline engine, water tank, etc., and see what a change it will make. Now that is just the kind of change it will make on a boy or girl you take from the factory to the farm. Now, people who live on the farm and who have been reared there do not at all realize what a life people in these little villages live. Those days are over and I am living now, and living at home and boarding at the same place on the raised farm products. I have brothers or sisters, my father is dead, just mother and I live out on the old farm.

The Progressive Farmer is a well-known visitor at our home every week, we think it is the best farmer's paper published. I wish you and your paper a happy new year and a life of prosperity.

JNO. B. NICHOLSON.

A Young Hog Raiser

MY BROTHER and I together own a pure-bred Berkshire pig. We had him about a month ago from Alabama. He cost us \$16 all told, and is now three months old. For some time after we got him, he was fed a quart of butter and some corn soaked in water. We kept him in a grassy lot with two other pigs, where he had plenty of room to run about and get exercise. The pigs need. Then for a few weeks we grazed him on cowpeas and he was planted April 19, and on

which all our hogs and pigs were grazing. Now we have him back in the grass lot by himself, and he seems to get lonesome, and wants to get out and be with the other pigs. We now are feeding him soaked corn and dry cowpeas in the pod. He is very gentle, and is always ready to eat when feed time comes.

We want to keep our pig healthy and growing so he will some day be a big, fine hog with which we can build up our common grade herd of hogs. We need more pure-bred and high grade hogs in the South, because they make more meat for the feed given them than the "scrubs" will with the same kind and amount of feed. I believe, though that the feed counts as much as the breed.

ALONZO McKAY.

Likes Primer of Hygiene

I HAVE been studying hygiene, and I have learned how to prevent smallpox, scarlet fever, measles and several other kinds of contagious diseases. I can help mama cook and wash dishes. Mama says I can cook as good bread as she has ever eaten, and I love to make pies and cakes and help papa on the farm.

I get up every morning and feed the chickens and help mama about the house and then I get ready to go to school. I study the fifth grade.

We play basket ball. We play it for our health, to strengthen our bodies.

Primer of Hygiene is the best study I have.

NAOMI FINCH.

If Naomi had read our "Good English" lessons, we don't believe she would have said "I study the fifth grade." Do you?

Helps to Run a Canning Factory

MY FATHER takes The Progressive Farmer and I enjoy reading the Young People's Page. I am a little girl of eleven years old.

We run a canning factory and can our tomatoes at home. We put up about 5,000 cans of tomatoes and 200 of peaches, beans and other things. I help mother and father can tomatoes. My father is a carpenter too. We raised this year about 800 bushels of potatoes. I love to go to school. I live about two and one-half miles from school, and I go and come in a buggy.

ALCIE MAE BIRMINGHAM.

Have You Read These Fairy Tales?

1. IN WHAT story is there a little glass slipper?
2. In what story does the princess sleep one hundred years?
3. In what story is there a house made of ginger bread and sweet cakes?
4. In what story is the hero about three inches tall?
5. In what story do flowers and jewels fall from a girl's mouth when she speaks?
6. In what story are there seven little dwarfs?
7. In what story is there a "talking fish"?
8. In what story does a boy trade a cow for some beans?
9. In what story does a girl have three eyes?
10. In what story does a cat perform wonderful deeds in the service of her master?—Kansas City Star.

HORSE CLOTHES

A horse dealer was showing a horse to a prospective purchaser. After running the animal back and forth a few minutes he said to the buyer: "What do you think of his coat? Isn't he a dandy?"
 The buyer, noticing that the horse was affected with heaves, replied: "Yes, I like his coat all right, but I don't like his pants."
 —Exchange.

\$1.50 pays for your own renewal one year and The Progressive Farmer one year for a new subscriber.



Business Talks For Farmers and Farmers' Wives

By J. A. MARTIN

"SORROWFULLY YOURS"

ENDING his letter as above a poultry breeder writes me as follows:

"What is the matter with Southern poultry men and women? I have been advertising high quality stock at half or a quarter of what I paid for my cheapest birds but without results. I paid \$100 for my five cheapest birds.

"Only high-grade birds are used in my breeding pens and I am so careful about the birds I keep or sell as breeders that I only get from 20 to 25 per cent of breeders from the eggs I hatch. Remembering this and coupled with the expense of advertising, raising, shipping and packing eggs—what does the buyer expect for his money? One man wrote me he was willing to pay \$7 for four hens and a cock—the cock alone costing me \$25 in England! The birds in my breeding pens will weigh from 7 to 12 pounds each. Live market poultry is now selling at from 22 cents to 25 cents per pound. Where is the margin between that and \$2.50 for a good breeding hen?"

There is much food for thought in this letter, though I cannot (as he seems to want me to) jump on our readers and criticize them for being unwilling to pay fancy prices for fancy breeding stock.

Fortunately this man (for I know him personally) is well to do, and raising fancy birds is, with him, more a "hobby" than a means of livelihood. He, therefore, must remember that the average farmer or farm woman raises poultry as only one of many crops and that unless a man is equipped to handle and raise fancy poultry the risk to him is great.

Where this man has made his mistake (if he wants to sell a lot of eggs and birds) was to have brought (1) a new breed, little known in the South and only a little known anywhere, (2) to pay such prices for his breeders as he did pay and (3) to expect everyone to be willing to pay as much for their start as he paid for his.

If a merchant lives in a mining section he will sell more overalls than he will silk shirts.

It would be foolish to advertise or expect to sell fancy, selected cotton seed in the Wisconsin Agriculturist or the Rural New Yorker.

The man who lives in a section where the roads are impassable has no business with an automobile, and no farmer should "go into the dairy business" by buying a lot of fine Jersey cows and expecting them to pick a living in the cotton fields and retire at night on an armful of poor hay.

And yet—there is no use trying to deny the fact that too many people try to buy high quality breeding stock (poultry, cattle, horses, sheep and swine) at scrub prices. It simply can't be done.

If you are going to get rid of all your scrub poultry and start out with good pure-bred birds, \$5, \$10, or even \$15 is not a "high" price for a good cock, nor is \$2.50 to \$5 a high price for eggs from the best flocks.

Don't try to "Jew" people down by offering \$4 for a \$20 pig. \$4 won't bring anything but a little hair, a little bone, a few grunts and—a world of trouble. And remember, "Something for nothing" is expensive—always.

ONE BY ONE THEY GO

AS THE Southern member of the National Vigilance Committee of the Associated Advertising Clubs, I have time and again begged various Southern newspapers and religious journals to refuse advertising of certain rascals who were robbing people.

One of the scoundrels was an "astrologer"—Prof. Roxroy, of London, England.

In the last sheet of the Vigilance Committee's News Bulletin, I see that the (in-) famous Prof. Roxroy is no longer permitted to filch hard-earned dollars from the people of the United States. On December 24, 1915, the Post Office Department issued a fraud order against this faker, prohibiting him the use of the mails.

Very few newspapers have been carrying the Roxroy advertising for some time. More than a year ago the vigilance committee of Minneapolis persuaded a newspaper there to throw out this copy, and similar results were obtained in many other cities.

Fraud orders have also been issued against Henry Sacra, London, Eng., and C. Spargo, London, Eng. In circular matter these "astrologers" claim that they have already cast the horoscope of the addressee and that "Your star of fate is soon to arise," or "a period in which some matters can be turned to your advantage is approaching," or "conditions are soon to arise that will have a great bearing on your family relations."

As a matter of fact, these readings are

practically the same in each instance. The readings are made up in twelve forms, one for each sign of the zodiac, and the readings differ only according to the date of birth of the individual. So, two persons born on the same day of the year receive the same reading, regardless of the year in which they were born.

W. H. Dings, a Ft. Wayne, Ind., doctor, advertised that he could cure cancer and locomotor ataxia. Result—\$300 fine and costs. "If I could take your license away from you also, I would," said Federal Judge A. B. Anderson, of Indianapolis, in passing sentence. Judge Anderson said that locomotor ataxia is a progressive, incurable disease and so recognized by the medical profession, and anyone who had no more conscience than to claim that it could be cured ought not to be in the profession.

Now and then I get letters from farmers asking if this and that "doctor" or this and that patent medicine can or will do all they claim in their advertising.

As Samuel Adams has said, "if it's medical—it's fake"—one and all alike. Let them all alone but above all the advertising "specialist" doctors. They would starve to death if all papers barred them.

AW, MAN, GIVE US TIME!!

WHEN the postal card reproduced below came in I jumped on the advertising clerks and told them that when an advertiser once ordered his advertising stopped, it should not be necessary to be told again. One of the boys looked up and said: "Aw, man, give us time."

*Carlisle, Miss.
2/21/16*

*Gentlemen:
Will kindly ask you again to take my ~~order~~ order Seed and out of your paper. I have sold out & haven't time to ans. the many inquiries you'd truly
W. M. Richmond*

You folks who advertise with us ought, by now, to know we can't start or stop an advertisement without two weeks notice. When an issue is locked up and running on the press we can't go down to the press-room and take out a big or a little advertisement. Once in, it's just gotta go.

I feel like the advertising clerk felt when we get such kicks—"Aw, man, give us time!"

KEEPING TIRES ON THE ROAD

WITHIN the past week repairmen in every part of the country have been notified by the B. F. Goodrich Company of an improved method of tire repair which will save car owners thousands of dollars.

Two principal difficulties have been found with repairs as made heretofore. The repairman often has not taken the injury out of the tire. Piles of fabric have been heaped upon the injured parts but the injury itself remained. The repair was no more than a patch, a make-shift, and often the patch was as stiff as a piece of armor plate. The stiff patch and resilient tire body parted and the tire "shuffled off" before its time.

Again, in some cases repair materials have been used which were not designed to harmonize. As a result, part of the tire was either over-cured or under-cured.

Under the new method the same tools and equipment are used, the repair cost practically the same as heretofore, but the tire goes back on the road nearly as strong as before injury.

The Goodrich Company's latest improvement has caused a great deal of comment among the trade and also among car owners, many of whom have heretofore felt that it was impossible to repair a badly blown-out tire effectively. Instructions are furnished to repairmen without charge.