



The Progressive Farmer Company

(Incorporated under the laws of North Carolina.)
119 W. Hargett St., Raleigh, N. C.

CLARENCE POE,	President and Editor
TAIT BUTLER,	Vice-President and Editor
B. L. MOSS,	Managing Editor
W. F. MASSEY,	Contributing Editor
JOHN S. PEARSON,	Secretary-Treasurer
J. A. MARTIN,	Advertising Manager
J. L. Mogford, General Representative	

SOUTHERN farmers ought to save more seed oats than is now being done. Almost uniformly the home-grown seed yield better and are more rust-resistant than seed from a distance. Get the services of a threshing machine this year and save at least enough seed oats for your own use next fall.

FARMERS contemplating purchasing a tractor should write the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for Farmers' Bulletin No. 719, "An Economic Study of the Farm Tractor in the Corn Belt." While this bulletin deals with the tractor under Corn Belt conditions, it nevertheless contains valuable information for farmers in any section who are about to buy a tractor.

INCREASING complaints indicate that wild onion is becoming an all too common pest in Southern fields and pastures, and there is a constant demand for information as to the best means of eradicating it. Progressive Farmer readers who are troubled with wild onions should write the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for Farmers' Bulletin No. 610, Wild Onion: Method of Eradication.

READERS who are interested in forestry and kindred subjects would do well to write the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for the following free farmers' bulletins: No. 173, A Primer of Forestry—I; No. 358, A Primer of Forestry—II; No. 476, Dying of Pine in the Southern States; No. 582, Uses for Chestnut Timber killed by the Bark Disease. Also write your state agricultural college and state department of agriculture for whatever information they may have available.

THOMAS A. Edison, whose message to our Progressive Farmer boys appears on another page, will be seventy years old next February, and is still one of the hardest-working men in the United States—as he always has been. On the occasion of his last birthday he gave out an interview advocating moderation in eating, and warning against alcohol and tobacco. He believes prohibition will become world-wide, and says a law should be passed prohibiting any one under twenty-one from smoking cigarettes.

IN MANY sections, as is usually the case, spring oats are a failure, while fall oats are generally making good yields. In two years out of three, we believe this will generally be found the case. Carefully conducted tests extending over a number of years have proved that fall-planted oats will average from 50 to 75 per cent better yields than the spring-planted, and this rule will probably hold good anywhere in the Cotton Belt. We are wasting far too much land, time and money by not planting our oats when we should.

AFTER our Farmers' Union page for this week was made up, Mr. Daughtridge finally sent Secretary Faïres the long expected answer to the Farmers' Union inquiries of April 12. The letter reaches us too late even for this issue, whereas in order to have enlightened the public, it should have reached us a month ago. There is general regret that instead of telling promptly where he stood, Mr. Daughtridge took over forty days to answer these questions, when it would seem that forty minutes should have sufficed for an answer so largely non-committal as he has sent.

FOR generations North Carolinians have been going West and paying two prices for land no better than they could have found right here in North Carolina. But at last the tide seems to have turned. The following clipping from the Washington, N. C., Dispatch is one sign of the new day:

"Indications are that more homeseekers will come to this section from the Middle West this year than in any previous year. Many

scores of Indiana, Ohio and Illinois folks, and persons from other states west of the Ohio river, have settled in the vicinity of Washington, Belhaven and Pinetown during the past two or three years."

WE AGAIN urge every North Carolina farmer, and especially all Democratic farmers (there is no Republican contest for state offices), to resolve now to go to the primary June 3 and help nominate the best men for all offices. There are many men in the state who wish to kill the primary and go back to the old convention system of nominating candidates, with all its possibilities for manipulation by cliques and rings, and traders. If the vote in the primary is small, that fact will be used by these men as an argument for taking away from the people the right to select their own leaders. See your neighbors and get all voters to attend the primary. You may not feel so much interest in the contests this time, but you should go anyhow to show that the people want the right to name their own candidates, and will use that right.

Uncle John Talks About Fire, Foolishness, Fertility and Forestry

I LIKED your Timber Crop Special, especially that man Akerman's plan for heading off fires," said Uncle John, as he dropped in for his usual Saturday visit.

"Yes," we answered, "don't you think it's high time we folks down here in the South were thinking more about saving trees instead of killing them?"

"You bet," he replied. "I'm right with you. Why, I know fellers right in our neighborhood who've actually killed a hundred dollars worth of timber to put a ten-dollar hillside in cultivation, an' then let the hillside wash off in three years. They say Nature's a great doctor fer sick lands, but when she lays her eyes on them ten-foot gullies I'm afraid she'll back off from the job. At any rate, few folks o' this generation'll live to see her finish it. Sometimes I wonder why she don't get sick of her job an' quit altogether, any way, seein' how she's got to contend with fellers a-burnin' an' a-killin' faster'n she c'n patch up their mischief. Old Dr. Knapp wuz, to my way o' thinkin', one o' the wisest men I ever read after, an' he said that one trouble with our country wuz that we used too much fire an' too little sense.

"An' did you ever think," he inquired, "what a pile o' money we've lost right here in the South by not knowin' the worth of a tree? Twenty-five years ago, the biggest part of our hills wuz covered with big tall pine trees—millions an' millions o' them, an' all people thought they wuz fit fer wuz to deaden or sell fer a little o' nothin'. After the timber in the North wuz about all gone, them buyers come South an' bought every acre of timber they could lay their hands on. They knowed what it wuz worth, but we didn't, an' they got it fer a song, an' sometimes they even made us sing the song. I know thousands of acres that went fer a dollar an acre, an' you couldn't touch it today fer less'n sixty dollars. It's jest another case of a few makin' all the money because we didn't know what we had nor what it wuz worth.

Buying Fertilizers by Name

A GREAT change has come over the farmers in all the fertilizer-using sections of the South. A few years ago farmers bought fertilizer by name. Now they have found out that names never yet made cotton or tobacco grow, and fertilizers are bought by ingredients instead of names. "A Louisa County Hayseed", writing a Virginia exchange, describes the change that has occurred in many sections:

"We used to haul just plain 'guano', without stopping to ask what per cent of plant food it carried. You did it over in your county, too. Just so it was Eureka, it didn't make any difference whether it was Eureka 10-2 or Eureka 4-8-4 just so it was Eureka. In Louisa and Fluvanna today 90 per cent of our farmers do not care one toot of a gnat's horn whether it has a name or not, so the plant food is there in the right mechanical condition, properly mixed and derived from the right sources."

When we once get a series of arithmetics in

schools telling the farm boy how to compute the value of fertilizer formulas, the old system of buying by name—or odor—will pass away entirely.

The Farmer Who Was Too Late

DO YOU know him—the man who is always too late? We daresay he lives in your neighborhood, and maybe his farm actually adjoins your own. He's usually not hard to find, this man isn't; in fact you can usually tell his farm the moment you come in sight of it.

It is likely the first sight to offend your ordering sensibilities will be a crooked fence row with a ten-foot fringe of bushes and briars bordering it, that Mr. Slow-Coach, because of getting behind with his work, has found it inconvenient to clean up. Then this time of the year there'll probably be a patch of something with a greenish, bilious cast that closer inspection will show to be oats heading out at an average height of exactly ten inches. You see, he got behind with the cotton picking last fall and for this reason it was impossible for him to insure his oat crop by planting it in September or October. Farther on there's a field that looks just like a great mass of hard clods, and, in fact, that's about what it is. You see, he didn't have time to harrow the land right after he plowed it, and now about the only way the clods can be broken is with a sledge hammer. Later in the summer this field will be adorned with the variety of cotton known as "bumble-bee"—another of the fruits of being behind time.

Of course, we don't suppose there's anything that can be done for such a fellow—his ways are "set"; but it does seem a pity for him to set such an example to our boys and girls—the farmers and farm women to be, doesn't it?

The Week on the Farm

BE SURE to read elsewhere in this issue Congressman Lever's statement in regard to the status of National rural credits legislation. Of course time alone can show how nearly perfect this legislation is, but whatever its defects may be, we do feel sure that the country is nearer than ever before to a solution of the problem of providing an adequate rural credits system. The great thing was to make a start, and this has been done; now as whatever defects there may be in the legislation become apparent, the law can be amended to remedy them. Just as soon as the conference report on the matter has been adopted, we expect to give considerable space to a discussion of its provisions, and just what farmers must do to obtain loans.

* * *

We continue to get reports of the great value of Abruzzi rye as a winter cover and grazing crop. One reader says that as a producer of milk in mid-winter he has not seen its equal. Of course, as a means of making pigs pretty and hens happy it is equally valuable. Better try at least an acre next fall. A bushel of seed will sow it.

* * *

To our readers who have never planted velvet beans, we would say that this is not a good hay crop, the vines being too long and difficult to handle, and we would prefer soy beans or cowpeas. However, for fall and winter grazing and as a soil builder the velvet bean stands right at the top.

* * *

Be sure to read what is said about humus in this week's article in our "\$500 More a Year" series. Humus is really a wonderful key that unlocks great stores of plant foods, and thus it also opens the door to wealth for the farmer. If you are trying to farm without humus, just try it once, and its great value will make you decide never to be without it again.

A Thought for the Week

NEVER lose an opportunity of seeing anything that is beautiful; for beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament. Welcome it in every fair face, in every fair sky, in every fair flower and thank God for it as a cup of blessing.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.