



THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER
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THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER, Raleigh, N. C.



DEAM'S MEAT SMOKER

TAKES the place of the Smoke House, no fire, no danger, imparts the fine smoky flavor, protects meat from skippers and mould. Sold for 18 years, guaranteed satisfactory or money back. Put up in quart bottles and sells for 75c. Ask your dealer for Deam's Meat Smoker; if he should not have it, write us.
BLUFFTON CHEMICAL COMPANY, BLUFFTON, INDIANA.

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Carefully selected from fine Cotton. Absolutely Pure. These seed have been handled carefully, and are not mixed. This is the cotton seed to plant to beat the boll weevil. Orders filled promptly while they last. Price \$1.50 per bushel, cash with order, f.o.b. Griffin, Ga.

DOUGLAS BOYD

Postoffice Box 356 GRIFFIN, GEORGIA.
 Reference: Merchants' & Planters' Bank.



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Sit down and send us a letter letting us know how many copies of our "Reference Special" of February 17th you will want. When you see it, you are sure to want some extra copies for your neighbors who ought to have it but who might not be subscribers.

The kiddies can mail the letter on the way to school. If you put it off, you'll be too late, for only advance orders will be filled.

THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER.

Boll Weevil in Your Cotton?

GET A COPY OF OUR BOOK

The Boll Weevil Problem

IT WILL HELP YOU BEAT THIS PEST

ORDER YOURS TODAY!

Supply Limited.

PRICES:
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 With The Progressive Farmer, one year, Cloth, \$1.40
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One year, 52 issues, \$1.00
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 Ten years, 520 issues, \$5.00—less than 1c. per copy.

Send in your renewal. Get up a club and get a reward.

Pollyanna Grows Up

(Continued from page 20, this issue) about everythin'. One just can't stay grumpy, with Miss Pollyanna, even if you're only one of a trolley car full of folks that don't know her."

"Hm-m; very likely," murmured Mrs. Carew, turning away.

October proved to be, that year, a particularly warm, delightful month, and as the golden days came and went, it was soon very evident that to keep up with Pollyanna's eager little feet was a task which would consume altogether too much of somebody's time and patience; and, while Mrs. Carew had the one, she had not the other, neither had she the willingness to allow Mary to spend quite so much of her time (whatever her patience might be) in dancing attendance to Pollyanna's whims and fancies.

To keep the child indoors all through those glorious October afternoons was, of course, out of the question. Thus it came about that, before long, Pollyanna found herself once more in the "lovely big yard"—the Boston Public Garden—and alone. Apparently she was free as before, but in reality she was surrounded by a high stone wall of regulations.

She must not talk to strange men or women; she must not play with strange children; and under no circumstances must she step foot outside the Garden except to come home. Furthermore, Mary, who had taken her to the Garden and left her, made very sure that she knew the way home—that she knew just where Commonwealth Avenue came down to Arlington Street across from the Garden. And always she must go home when the clock in the church tower said it was half-past four.

Pollyanna went often to the Garden after this. Occasionally she went with some of the girls from school. More often she went alone. In spite of the somewhat irksome restrictions she enjoyed herself very much. She could watch the people even if she could not talk to them; and she could talk to the squirrels and pigeons and sparrows that so eagerly came for the nuts and grain which she soon learned to carry to them every time she went.

Pollyanna often looked for her old friends of that first day—the man who was so glad he had his eyes and legs and arms, and the pretty young lady who would not go with the handsome man; but she never saw them. She did frequently see the boy in the wheel chair, and she wished she could talk to him. The boy fed the birds and squirrels, too, and they were so tame that the doves would perch on his head and shoulders, and the squirrels would burrow in his pockets for nuts. But Pollyanna, watching from a distance, always noticed one strange circumstance: in spite of the boy's very evident delight in serving his banquet, his supply of food always ran short almost at once; and though he invariably looked fully as disappointed as did the squirrel after a nutless burrowing, yet he never remedied the matter by bringing more food the next day—which seemed most short-sighted to Pollyanna.

When the boy was not playing with the birds and squirrels he was reading—always reading. In his chair were usually two or three worn books, and sometimes a magazine or two. He was nearly always to be found in one special place, and Pollyanna used to wonder how he got there. Then, one unforgettable day, she found out. It was a school holiday, and she had come to the Garden in the forenoon; and it was soon after she reached the place that she saw him being wheeled along one of the paths by a snub-nosed, sandy-haired boy. She gave a keen glance into the sandy-haired boy's face, then ran toward him with a glad little cry.

"Oh, you—you! I know you—even if I don't know your name. You found me! Don't you remember? Oh, I'm so glad to see you! I've so wanted to say thank you!"

"Gee, if it ain't the swell little lost kid of the Avenoo!" grinned the boy. "Well, what do you know about that! Lost again?"

If pigs could talk they would thank you for a nice warm bed right now.

THE POULTRY YARD

WITH the coming of February should also come increased activity in the poultry yard. The healthy, vigorous hens and pullets, the only kind worth keeping, should be singing their morning song as they prepare for their day's task in the egg-producing line, and then, the lively cluck will tell of the "last lay of the minstrel." Keep eyes and ears both open, and, with a little patience in watching, it is not difficult to tell the workers from the drones.

* * *

The main point is this: unless you wish to feed a lot of drones—star boarders—it will pay to get immediately acquainted with each individual hen, and the time so spent, if used right, will go far in telling which of the flock to cull out and, no matter how handsome looking a bird, male or female, may be, let performance be the proof of their value in the flock.

* * *

When a high-bred flock is kept—breeders—it is better not to trust just to observation. In fact, with valuable birds, it is often important to be able to identify every egg as the product of the particular hen that laid it or, reversing the statement, to identify every hen's product. The trapnest and the leg band then play a leading part. We suspect that some breeders who have tried to use them hardly understand the use of either.

* * *

What is a leg band? How used? Usually a leg band is a narrow strip of flexible metal, upon which certain numbers, or numbers and letters are stamped, and that are put on one of a fowl's legs and fastened in such a way that the number is always visible. Records are kept, showing the number of the band on every bird on which it is desired to "keep tab." The record usually gives age of bird, data as to mating, special markings, etc. The bird is usually allowed to retain that band as long as it is kept for breeding. Colored celluloid bands are useless unless they bear numbers, and no bird needs, or ever should have but one band. An exception is, that pullets and cockerels are sometimes banded before acquiring full size, and then the band may need to be changed when it becomes too small.

* * *

Then what is a trap-nest? Without attempting details a trap-nest is one enclosed on all sides, though the material may be in part woven wire, for ventilation. The entrance is by a door at front, swinging from hinges at top. The door, of light boards, usually has a V-shaped cut at bottom, of size sufficient to allow the hen to partly enter, but of close enough fit that her shoulders push against the sides and as the hen goes in, lifts the door lightly. The door, when set for the hen, is held at an angle of about 45 degrees, and supported by a catch, on the side, which, as soon as the hen tries to push her way in, is released, and when the hen passes in, the door swings shut and the hen must be released by an attendant who opens the door when the hen has laid.

* * *

The use of the trapnest must be continuous for at least one to three months, and in the case of promising birds should be for a year. Trapping for a few days is of no use. Often a heavy layer will drop out for two or three days or even a week—and then resume. Some hens will lay continuously at certain seasons, then stop entirely. No record can be of value that does not cover all such erratic work and give a season's results. Breeding-to-lay means trapping for a year—then you know where you are.

* * *

This is the season when corn is of most use. It is a heat producer. Care should be exercised in selecting it sound, free from moldiness and free from "green heart."

F. J. R.