

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

Address Letters to "The Young People's Department", The Progressive Farmer

ALABAMA

(State Song: ATR—The Austrian National Hymn)

Alabama, Alabama,
We will aye be true to thee,
From thy Southern shore where groweth,
By the sea thy orange tree,
By thy Northern vale where floweth
Deep and blue thy Tennessee,
Alabama, Alabama,
We will aye be true to thee!

Broad the Stream whose name thou
bearest:
Grand thy Bigbee rolls along;
Fair thy Coosa—Tallapoosa;
Bold thy Warrior, dark and strong;
Goodlier than the land that Moses
Climbed lone Nebo's Mount to see,
Alabama, Alabama,
We will aye be true to thee!

From thy prairies broad and fertile,
Where the snow-white cotton shines,
To the hills where coal and iron
Hide in thine exhaustless mines,
Strong-armed miners—sturdy farmers;
Loyal hearts whate'er we be,
Alabama, Alabama,
We will aye be true to thee!

From thy quarries where the marble
White as that of Paros gleams
Waiting till thy sculptor's chisel
Wake to life thy poet's dreams;
For not only wealth of nature,
Wealth of mind hast thou in fee,
Alabama, Alabama,
We will aye be true to thee!

Where the perfumed south-wind whis-
pers,
Thy magnolia groves among,
Softer than a mother's kisses,
Sweeter than a mother's song;
Where the golden jasmine trailing,
Weaves the treasure-laden bee,
Alabama, Alabama,
We will aye be true to thee!

Brave and pure thy men and women,
Better this than corn and wine,
Make us worthy; God in heaven,
Of this goodly land of thine;
Hearts as open as our doorways,
Liberal hands and spirits free,
Alabama, Alabama,
We will aye be true to thee!

Little, little can I give thee,
Alabama, mother mine;
But that little—hand, brain, spirit,
All I have and am are thine;
Take, O take, the gift and giver,
Ereke and serve thyself with me,
Alabama, Alabama,
I will aye be true to thee!

—Julia Tutwiler.

Notice to Contestants

If you contemplate writing on "Outdoor Good Times" for our issue of July 7, be sure to have your letters in by June 25, at latest. Dozens of splendid letters on "Our Commencement" came in too late for the contest.

CHILDREN'S DAY

(Boys' \$1 Prize Letter)

IT WAS a beautiful Sabbath in May. People were coming from all directions to the little church on the hill. It was Children's Day. On entering the house you could see a crowd of children up at the front with eager faces and spraking eyes, waiting for the program to begin.

The first thing was a march which was played by a little girl about ten years of age. It was a grand sight to see the children as they marched to the music with their banners floating in the air.

The program was long and the children seemed very happy as they arose one after another to speak. They did not seem excited in the least and their whole minds seemed to be in their speeches and to make all enjoy it.

H. K. CLAYTON.

Boonville, Miss.

A GREAT CITIZEN

(Girls' \$1 Prize Letter)

FIND the Progressive Farmer a good paper. I am going to write about a little citizen of whom I heard the other day. He was a very small boy and lived in the poor, neglected part of the town. His home was a small tumbled-down affair and the barn was a shed in which his father kept his horse and cow. And back of this was an alley into which the people threw all their trash. Between the house and barn was a pile of manure where millions of flies bred. Then there was a pile of old cans, pans and iron pieces of all sorts which the boy's father didn't want to throw away for fear they would become of some use. Between the lots was a broken sagging wire fence which no one cared enough to either fix or pull down.

The boy was twelve years old when he went to school. The pictures his teacher showed him were of beautiful lawns and gardens. Then she ordered some flowers for him for a penny a package. He first put morning glories along the wall of the shed. Next some asters, then violets, all of which grew and hid the shed. Then he put nasturtiums and all kinds of vining flowers around the junk heap so as to hide it. He put a pan of fresh water among the vines for the little birds. He had enough flowers to have fresh ones on the table every day and some for his neighbors.

He wanted to fix the fence but he could not dig new post holes to put new wire up, so his is what he did. He put green vines all along the fence so they hid it entirely. In his front yard he put sweet peas, roses, pansies and hyacinths and back of the house he had a vegetable garden.

In the next house was a sixteen-year-old boy, who hung his head in very shame to see a boy so small fix his home up so beautifully, while he had done nothing. The next and the next neighbors were ashamed too, and the next year they planted flowers of their own until the whole block presented a beau-

tiful picture. No longer was it called the poor part of the town, and all because of one wee boy trying to make his city beautiful by beautifying his home. LOIS SCROGGS. Statesville, N. C.

Better Health Club

ABOUT three months ago the boys and girls of our community between the ages of ten and fifteen organized a "Better Health Club," and resolved to do something every day to help destroy the breeders of sickness, namely, flies, mosquitoes, and other insects.

We have a weekly report from every member as to what they have done. The report is usually to this effect: "We put out lime about the house or stable or any damp and shaded place; we poured oil on ponds of stagnant water, or turned over cans, buckets, or barrels of stale water where mosquitoes breed; we looked for and destroyed the breeding places of flies, and killed the grown ones." All methods of destroying flies are used, such as fly paper, traps and insect powder, but the swatter is used most of all.

I think we are doing a great work, and if every person would do as much as we, our homes would soon be free from flies and mosquitoes.

We find that it is much easier to destroy these disease-spreaders in their immature stages than when full grown, and we do all we can to destroy them.

We hope that many such clubs as this will be organized in the schools and homes of our country.

MARY SCOTT TAYLOR (age 13).

Columbia, Ala.

Making Rose Beads

OTHERS have told how to make beads, but I haven't seen instructions for making rose beads.

Take the rose petals and grind them up fine; keep them in an old iron pot to turn them black. Grind once a day for fifteen days. Then roll them into beads and string on a hat pin. When dry, polish with shoe polish. They may be strung alternately with small gold beads or in any way desired.

I like to ride horseback and to ride a bicycle, and I certainly like to read. I have read lots of good books.

I belong to the tomato club. I have canned several things besides tomatoes. I am going to make me a tomato recipe book.

MARY LOWELL.

Brookhaven, Miss.

Editorial Comment:—We are told red roses make the most fragrant beads, and a few drops attar of roses (from the drug store) added to the mass make the perfume more lasting.

FORM VS. FOOD

Fred Kelly, the Ohio humorist, says a new-rich family in Cleveland, who were beginning to put on a lot of airs, hired a colored girl just arrived from the South to act as their serving maid. Her new mistress insisted that all meals should be served in courses. Even when there wasn't very much to eat it was brought to the table in courses.

At the end of a week the girl threw up her job. Being pressed for a reason for quitting so suddenly, she said:

"I'll tell you, lady—in dis yere house dere's too much shiffin' of de dishes fur de fewness of de vittles!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Pollyanna Grows Up

(Continued from page 14, column 4)

really you that began it, Pollyanna." But Pollyanna, as in Sadie Dean's case, would have none of this; and she began to talk of Jamie, and of what he had done.

"Jamie's a dear," Mrs. Carew answered affectionately. "And I love him like an own son. He couldn't be dearer to me if he were really my sister's boy."

"Then you don't think he is?"

"I don't know. We've never learned anything conclusive. Sometimes I'm sure he is. Then again I doubt it. I think he really believes he is—bless his heart! At all events, one thing is sure: he has good blood in him from somewhere. Jamie's no ordinary waif of the streets, you know, with his talents; and the wonderful way he has responded to teaching and training proves it."

"Of course," nodded Pollyanna. "And as long as you love him so well, it doesn't really matter, anyway, does it, whether he's the real Jamie or not?"

Mrs. Carew hesitated. Into her eyes crept the old somberness of heart-ache.

"Not so far as he is concerned," she sighed at last. "It's only that sometimes I get to thinking: if he isn't our Jamie, where is—Jamie Kent? Is he well? Is he happy? Has he any one to love him? When I get to thinking like that, Pollyanna, I'm nearly wild. I'd give—everything I have in the world, it seems to me, to really know that this boy is Jamie Kent."

Pollyanna used to think of this conversation sometimes, in her after talks with Jamie. Jamie was so sure of himself.

"It's just somehow that I feel it's so," he said once to Pollyanna. "I believe I am Jamie Kent. I've believed it quite a while. I'm afraid I've believed it so long, now, that—I just couldn't bear it, to find out I wasn't he. Mrs. Carew has done so much for me; just think if, after all, I were only a stranger!"

"But she—loves you, Jamie."

"I know she does—and that would only hurt all the more—don't you see?—because it would be hurting her. She wants me to be the real Jamie. I know she does. Now if I could only do something for her—make her proud of me in some way! If I could only do something to support myself, even, like a man! But what can I do, with—these?" He spoke bitterly, and laid his hand on the crutches at his side.

Pollyanna was shocked and distressed. It was the first time she had heard Jamie speak of his infirmity since the old boyhood days. Frantically she cast about in her mind for just the right thing to say; but before she had even thought of anything, Jamie's face had undergone a complete change.

"But, there, forget it! I didn't mean to say it," he cried gaily. "And 'twas rank heresy to the game, wasn't it? I'm sure I'm glad I've got the crutches. They're a whole lot nicer than the wheel chair!"

"And the Jolly Book—do you keep it now?" asked Pollyanna, in a voice that trembled a little.

"Sure! I've got a whole library of jolly books now," he retorted. "They're all in leather, dark red, except the first one. That is the same little old notebook that Jerry gave me."

"Jerry! And I've been meaning all the time to ask for him," cried Pollyanna. "Where is he?"

"In Boston; and his vocabulary is just as picturesque as ever, only he has to tone it down at times. Jerry's still in the newspaper business—but he's getting the news, not selling it. Reporting, you know. I have been able to help him and mumsy. And don't you suppose I was glad? Mumsy's in a sanatorium for her rheumatism."

"And is she better?"

"Very much. She's coming out pretty soon, and going to housekeeping with Jerry. Jerry's been making up some of his lost schooling these past few years. He's let me help him—but only as a loan. He's been very particular to stipulate that."

(Continued next week)

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MILBURN WAS NO QUITTER

Only Twelve Years Old, Too.



The Progressive Farmer.

Dear Sirs:—

I am sending a picture of myself and my pig which I received for getting up a club of subscriptions. It required a long time to get the necessary number. I secured ten before Christmas and as I was going to school I did not have much chance to work. I thought once that I could not finish my club and decided to give it up. Then about the middle of January I changed my mind. I just must have that pig. Other boys were earning fine pigs and I said to myself, "Surely, Milburn Baker, you are not a quitter!" So I went to work in real earnest then and within a few days I finished my club. It was easy after all. Most tasks are easier than they seem.

I received "Lady Sophia" No. 621016 promptly, and, boys, she is certainly a beauty. It does not seem possible you could give so fine a pig for so little work. This picture was taken when Lady Sophia weighed 140 pounds, and I would not take less than \$50 for her today.

I am thanking you very much for sending me this fine pig and for your promptness in sending her. I have joined the Pig Club as a permanent member and will be able to show some fine hogs later.

I am twelve years old.

MILBURN BAKER.

Columbia County, Ark.

NOTICE:—Fill in the Pig Club nomination form printed elsewhere in this issue and get started on your club today.