

High Speed Costs Smashed!

Down they go—to smash! In a flash! Thousands of farmers are saving their money by using the Smalley Silo Filler.



SMALLEY SILO FILLER

Powerfully built. A fourth heavier with wonderful record for long service. Write for latest catalog and sample of chop to Parlin & Grandstaff, 1000 Grand St., St. Louis, Mo., and Dallas, Tex., or Smalley Mfg. Co., Dept. 49, Manitowish, Wis.

PROTECT HAY

Our hay caps save hay and alfalfa from rain and mildew. Prevent sun bleaching. Allow hay to cure properly without too much drying. Made of cotton canvas—shed moisture—dew-proof. Pay back cost many times. Our location makes possible low prices. Also covers—sawdust—trucks at money-saving prices. Prompt shipment—satisfaction guaranteed. Write for prices and catalog. Atlanta Text & Printing Co., Box 4, Atlanta, Ga.



WOOL & HIDES

HIGHEST PRICES PAID! Remittance mailed same day shipment is received. **No Commission To Pay** Write for WOOL RAGS and PRICE LIST. **M. Sabel & Sons** INCORPORATED Established 1856 LOUISVILLE, KY.

LESPEDeza SEED SAVER

Saves two to 10 bushels of seed per acre. Lespedeza seed is worth about \$5 a bushel. The sowing on one acre will more than pay its cost. Can be attached to any standard mower in five minutes. No holes to drill. Use mower wrench. Two sizes, 4 1/2 and 5 feet. Only \$12. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give make and size of mower. This above price is subject to advance without notice as we have only a limited supply. Mail your order before advance. **COLE SEED SAVER CO., Newbern, Tennessee.**



Auto-Fedan Hay Press

MEANS ONE MAN LESS. Both belt and power driven. Saves 20% Baling Cost. Send Us Your Orders and Specifications of Hay. Auto-Fedan Hay Press Co., 1425 Wyoming, Kansas City, Mo.



NOW You Can Make Money Fast

Get the Admiral Hay Press. A handling money-maker. Big capacity at lowest cost. No foot feeding. \$100. Write today. **Admiral Hay Press Co., Box 46, Kansas City, Mo.**

The best way to get every farmer in your neighborhood working together along all progressive lines is to get every one of them reading the liveliest and most progressive farm paper you know. We don't say The Progressive Farmer. If you know a better one use it. But please help the best one you know.

Pollyanna Grows Up
(TRADE-MARK)
The Second Glad Book
(TRADE-MARK)
By ELEANOR H. PORTER
Copyright, 1915, by The Page Co.

SYNOPSIS

Pollyanna has fully recovered from her injuries, received in the automobile accident, and during her Uncle and Aunt's visit to Germany, is spending the winter in Boston with a Mrs. Carew. Several years before Mrs. Carew's nephew, Jamie, was kidnapped and Pollyanna finds her embittered by her loss and hopeless as to the future. Knowing something of Pollyanna's reputation for "being glad" Mrs. Carew takes her in charge on the condition that she can stay only so long as she doesn't preach. Without doing what Mrs. Carew calls preaching, Pollyanna persuades her to open the unused rooms of her elegant home, raise the shades, dress herself in beautiful clothes and jewels and occupy the family pew at church services. Pollyanna visits the Boston Public Garden alone and there talks with a man who calls himself "an old duffer," and a lovely discouraged girl. Pollyanna loses her way, and is taken home by Jerry, a little newsboy. Pollyanna goes often to the park to feed the squirrels and birds and there again meets Jerry and his little friend "Jamie," and is convinced that he is Mrs. Carew's lost nephew. Mrs. Carew is induced to offer the boy a home, but he refuses. Pollyanna, however, doesn't give up, and is also determined to find a friend "who cares" for Sadie Dean, her Public Garden friend. Knowing she will miss Pollyanna sorely when she goes home, Mrs. Carew again offers Jamie a home, and he comes. Sadie, too, has a fast friend in Mrs. Carew. Pollyanna spends six years in Germany with Dr. and Mrs. Chilton. Dr. Chilton dies unexpectedly, and at almost the same time Mrs. Chilton learns that she is practically ruined financially. The two women return to Beldingville, and Pollyanna has a plan which she thinks will enable them to keep the old home. Through Miss Wetherly she arranges to entertain Mrs. Carew, Jamie and Sadie Dean for the summer.

CHAPTER XXIII—(Continued)

IT WAS strange how tantalizing was the goldenrod. Always just ahead she saw another bunch, and yet another, each a little finer than the one within her reach. With joyous exclamations and gay little calls back to the waiting Jamie, Pollyanna—looking particularly attractive in her scarlet sweater—skipped from bunch to bunch, adding to her store. She had both hands full when there came the hideous bellow of an angry bull, the agonized shout from Jamie, and the sound of hoofs thundering down the hillside.

What happened next was never clear to her. She knew she dropped her goldenrod and ran—ran as she never had before, ran as she thought she never could run—back toward the wall and Jamie. She knew that behind her the hoof-beats were gaining, gaining, always gaining. Dimly, hopelessly, far ahead of her, she saw Jamie's agonized face, and heard his hoarse cries. Then, from somewhere, came a new voice—Jimmy's—shouting a cheery call of courage.

Still on and on she ran blindly, hearing nearer and nearer and nearer the thud of those pounding hoofs. Once she stumbled and almost fell. Then, dizzily she righted herself and plunged forward. She felt her strength quite gone when suddenly, close to her, she heard Jimmy's cheery call again. The next minute she felt herself snatched off her feet and held close to a great throbbing something that dimly she realized was Jimmy's heart. It was all a horrid blur then of cries, hot, panting breaths, and pounding hoofs thundering nearer, ever nearer. Then, just as she knew those hoofs to be almost upon her, she felt herself flung, still in Jimmy's arms, sharply to one side, and yet not so far but that she still could feel the hot breath of the maddened animal as he dashed by. Almost at once then she found herself on the other side of the wall, with Jimmy bending over her, imploring her to tell him she was not dead.

With an hysterical laugh that was yet half a sob, she struggled out of his arms and stood upon her feet.

"Dead? No, indeed—thanks to you, Jimmy. I'm all right. I'm all right. Oh, how glad, glad, glad I was to hear your voice! Oh, that was splendid! How did you do it?" she panted.

"Pooh! That was nothing. I just—" An inarticulate choking cry brought his words to a sudden halt. He turned to find Jamie face down on the ground, a little distance away. Pollyanna was already hurrying toward him.

"Jamie, Jamie, what is the matter?" she cried. "Did you fall? Are you hurt?"

There was no answer.

"What is it, old fellow? Are you hurt?" demanded Jimmy.

Still there was no answer. Then, suddenly, Jamie pulled himself half upright and turned. They saw his face then, and fell back, shocked and amazed.

"Hurt? Am I hurt?" he choked huskily, flinging out both his hands. "Don't you suppose it hurts to see a thing like that and not be able to do anything? To be tied, helpless, to a pair of sticks? I tell you there's no hurt in all the world to equal it!"

"But—but—Jamie," faltered Pollyanna.

"Don't!" interrupted the cripple, almost harshly. He had struggled to his feet now. "Don't say anything. I didn't mean to make a scene—like this," he finished brokenly, as he turned and swung back along the narrow path that led to the camp.

For a minute, as if transfixed, the two behind him watched him go.

"Well, by—Jove!" breathed Jimmy, then, in a voice that shook a little, "That was—tough on him!"

"And I didn't think, and praised you, right before him," half-sobbed Pollyanna. "And his hands—did you see them? They were—bleeding where the nails had cut right into the flesh, she finished, as she turned and stumbled blindly up the path.

"But, Pollyanna, where are you going?" cried Jimmy.

"I'm going to Jamie, of course! Do you think I'd leave him like that? Come, we must get him to come back."

And Jimmy, with a sigh that was not all for Jamie, went.

CHAPTER XXIV
Jimmy Wakes Up

OUTWARDLY the camping trip was pronounced a great success; but inwardly—

Pollyanna wondered sometimes if it were all herself, or if there really were a peculiar, indefinable constraint in everybody with everybody else. Certainly she felt it, and she thought she saw evidences that the others felt it, too. As for the cause of it all—unhesitatingly she attributed it to that last day at camp with its unfortunate trip to the Basin.

To be sure, she and Jimmy had easily caught up with Jamie, and had, after considerable coaxing, persuaded him to turn about and go to the Basin with them. But, in spite of everybody's very evident efforts to act as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened, nobody really succeeded in doing so. Pollyanna, Jamie, and Jimmy overdid their gayety a bit, perhaps; and the others, while not knowing exactly what had happened, very evidently felt that something was not quite right, though they plainly tried to hide the fact that they did feel so. Naturally, in this state of affairs, restful happiness was out of the question. Even the anticipated fish dinner was flavorless; and early in the afternoon the start was made back to the camp.

(Continued next week)

SOUTHERN "KUNNELS"

A group of Northerners at a hotel in Louisville were poking fun at the partiality of Southerners for the titles of "Colonel," "Major," and "Judge."

"What is a colonel hereabouts?" asked one of the group, and there immediately followed a discussion. Finally a colored attendant was drawn in.

"Well, gents," said the Negro, "dere's lots of ways to answer dat question. Ise knowed folks what was born kunnels—it jes ran in de blood foh generations. An' Ise knowed folks what was jest appointed to be kunnels. And yet others what was made kunnels by bein' kind to niggers. Foh instance, any man dat gives me a dollar is a kunnel to me hencefo'oth forevah."—Everybody's Magazine.

THE DOCTOR CONFIRMED

Visitor—My good man, you keep your pigs much too near the house.

Outrigger—That's just what the doctor said mum. But I don't see how it's agoin' to hurt 'em.—Punch.

THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER

THE INDIANA SILO

Fifty thousand are now in use on the finest farms in America.

If you are going to buy a silo—this satisfactory service rendered everywhere—should be of special interest to you.

The cost of all materials is advancing like the price of wheat and corn.

Why not save money by contracting for your silo now. It undoubtedly will cost you more next spring or summer.

Let us send you our proposition—to contract now for your silo and deliver it later. We still have openings for a limited number of farmer agents.

INDIANA SILO CO.
670 Union Building, ANDERSON, INDIANA.
670 Exchange Building, KANSAS CITY, MO.
670 Indiana Building, DES MOINES, IOWA.
670 Livestock Ex. Bldg., FT. WORTH, TEX.

OTTAWA ENGINES
Kerosene-Gasoline

With my Kerosene Engine you can get more power from a gallon of Kerosene than you can from a gallon of 20 or 25 cent gasoline in any gasoline engine. No tanking, no batteries, easy to start, easy to operate.

Valuable Free Book Every farmer who expects to buy one should know how to figure exactly what an engine is worth—Why I use the valve in the head design, the off-set cylinder construction and larger valves.

60 Days Trial, 10 Year Guarantee. Largest sold direct from factory to user. Before you buy any engine get my newest and finest book and money saving offer. Write today. **ED. E. LONG, OTTAWA MFG. CO., 1005 E. 12th St., Ott., Kan.**

EASY AS FALLING OFF A LOG



The Progressive Farmer:—

Getting up enough subscriptions to earn my splendid pig was easy as falling off a log. His registration name is "Progressive Champion"; my wife nicknamed him "Chummy" and this suits him well.

When you wrote me that my subscription had expired I sent \$1.00 to renew for one year and nominated myself for membership in the Pig Club, and I have been glad of it ever since.

Yours truly,
FRANK FOUNTAIN,
Dublin County, N. C.

NOTE:—Yes, you may nominate yourself by renewing or placing a new subscription for The Progressive Farmer. You may also nominate yourself by sending in the subscription of some relative or friend. Please use the nomination form which appears elsewhere in this issue.

Remember that if what you want to buy is not advertised in The Progressive Farmer, you can often get it by putting a little notice in our Farmers' Exchange.