

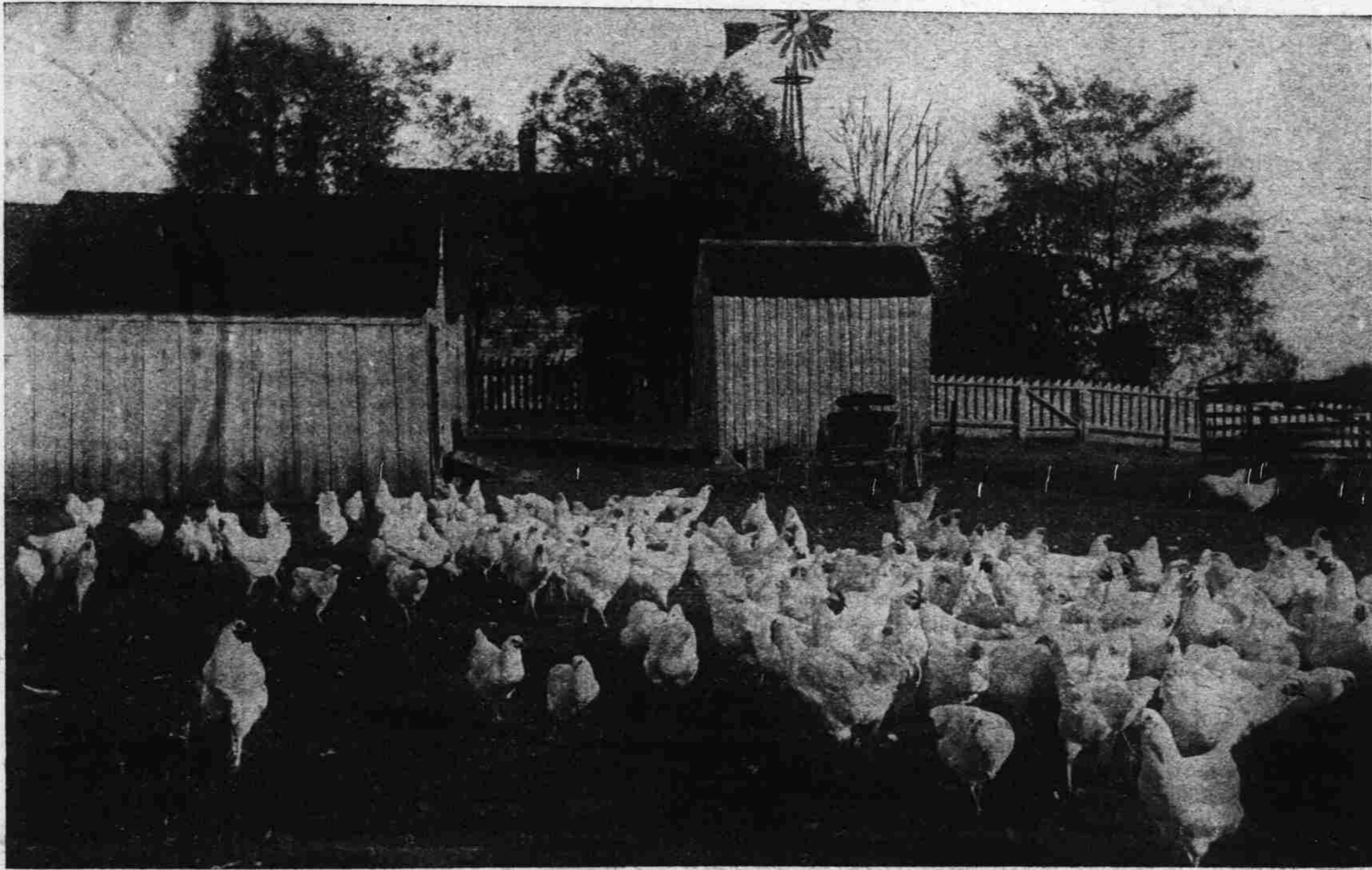
THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER.

[Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office.]

Vol. XXIII. No. 14.

RALEIGH, N. C., MAY 14, 1908.

Weekly: \$1 a Year.



A YARD FULL OF PRETTY MONEY-MAKERS.

Nothing on the farm will better repay thoughtful attention than the chickens. And special care of the thousands of fluffy little biddies our readers are now raising should enable each reader to look forward to a yard full of well-grown money makers later in the season. We only hope that every subscriber took our advice and ordered at least one setting of thoroughbred eggs, and that all are following the counsel given each week in our splendidly edited Poultry Department.

WHAT YOU WILL FIND IN THIS WEEK'S PAPER.

Beware of Worthless Butter-Making Schemes, Prof. John Michels	10
Caring for the Baby Through the Hot Summer, Dr. H. F. Freeman	6
Chicken Questions Answered, Uncle Jo	14
Corn and Cotton Prizes in South Carolina, Jas A. Hoyt	3
Guinea Hogs Are Duroc-Jerseys	11

Put Your County Officers on the Salary System

For a State-Wide Stock Law, B. F. Keith	3
Fruit Growing Statistics in North Carolina	15
Garden Suggestions, Mrs. C. S. Everts	15
Growing Peanuts for Market	15
Handling a Twenty-Acre Farm	13
Have You Planted a Plenty of Corn? E. S. Millsaps	12
Letter to Rural Carriers, J. M. Ballard	4

Less Pea Seed and Larger Yields, Chas M. Scherer

Running Comment on Last Week's Paper	9
Sow Some Sorghum for Forage, W. R. Craig ..	4
Stronger Teams and Better Plows, Dr. S. A. Knapp	3
The Country's Cabbage Garden, D. C. Saunders	16
Use and Abuse of the Harrow, C. R. Hudson ..	12
Work for May With the Growing Crops	9

A SUGGESTION TO THE FARMER GIRL AND THE FARMER'S WIFE

THE SPIRÆA is blooming now, its rich profusion of beautiful white blossoms adding beauty and fragrance to many a country yard, and pride and pleasure to many a beauty-loving housewife. And the Spiræa, like many other of our most beautiful flowering plants, once the shrub is planted, requires no more care or attention than a blackjack or an old-field pine, and there is no excuse for any home being without such beauty-making friends. We are still intent upon our campaign for "More Beauty for Every Farm Home for 1908," and once again, we urge our readers, young and old, men and women, boys and girls, to help us, each of them, to make this true of his own home. Even the common morning-glory will transform unsightly fences and outhouses into things of beauty; the showy poppy will grow, if you will just let it, anywhere you drop the seed; the madeira vines, and others, as well as the morning-glory itself, will follow the wires or threads you put up, and add new beauty to your porch or piazza, while the unsightly washing gully may be checked in its wild and wasteful career and made a bower of beauty instead by planting the honey-suckle near its head, with a little human help in checking the washing until the honeysuckle gets started—then it will do the rest. Let the farmer's wife and daughter get busy about these things right now—it is astonishing to see how quickly the warm May earth will respond to your efforts—and also make the boys and Mr. Farmer himself join in the work. And right here we may say that if the women on the farm and the farm girls are not reading our "Home Circle" department every week, they are missing more helpful suggestions, and more good literature generally, than they can afford to miss. We have printed in this department of late much matter of interest to flower-lovers, and it is unfortunate if you have not read all of it, but anyhow, you can start even now and get plenty of seed from the seedsman and your neighbors to make your home "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." We wonder, too, if you read our Home Circle poem two weeks ago? At any rate, it is worth reading again and taking as an ideal for your 1908 endeavors:

O for a garden of the olden time,
Where none but long-familiar flowers grow,
Where pebbled paths go winding to and fro,
And honeysuckles over arbors climb!

There would I have sweet mignonettes and thyme,
With hollyhocks and dahlias all a-row,
The hyacinth inscribed with words of woe,
The small blue-bell that beats a dainty chime

For elfin ears—and daffodillies, too—
The sleepy poppy—and the marigold—
And ragged-robins, pink and white and blue,
All these and more I'd have, and back of all
A thousand roses on a mossy wall!