

# LITTLE LETTERS FROM YOUNG FARMER FOLKS.

## A Young Stockman With Plans for the Future.

Dear Editors: I am a boy 13 years old and have been raised on the farm. I like to handle good stock. I have a heifer 2 years old. Her father is Baron Roseboy, brother of the \$3,050 Gay Lad; her mother Queen Ida French belongs to the Queen Mother family, one of the best families of the breed.

I hope to raise a good herd of cattle from this heifer as she is a first-class animal. She is as gentle as a dog and her mother is a great milker.

We keep about 100 sheep on the farm. I help to take care of the lambs when they are little, and I like to watch them play when they are in the pasture. When they are large enough we ship them to the butchers in Danville. We keep from 100 to 150 hogs. I help feed these and take care of them when Papa is away in the summer. We graze them on clover and peas, then finish them in the fall with corn. We butcher them at home. I help about the butchering. Then we sell them to the butchers at Draper and Spray. I have a Poland China sow and she has eight nice pigs now.

I run the mower, cultivator, rake and drive the horse to unload the hay. I like the farm and expect to be a farmer.

I will have to have a farm of my own in a few years to keep my stock on as Papa has only 240 acres.

GAYLORD H. FRENCH.

Byrdville, Va.

## A Girl Who Likes Housework and Music.

Dear Editors: I am 13 years old. I am going to school now and am in the fifth grade. I have two brothers, one is 16 and one 12 years old. They made about 300 bushels of corn and 17 loads of peavine hay. We keep a lot of Jersey cattle. We make some butter to sell. I help mamma with the milk and I help her to cook and wash dishes and clean up the house. I sweep the yards by myself.

I take music twice a week. My teacher says I am learning fast. I can play about twelve pieces. Papa bought me a piano last July. I am very proud of it. I practice some every day when my work is done.

I forgot to say we keep a lot of chickens. We have the Rose Comb Wyandottes. We like them very much.

Your little friend,

LUCY GROOME.

Greensboro, N. C.

## A Boy's Farming.

Messrs. Editors: I planted some land in turf oats, bur clover and Dwarf Essex rape for cover crop and winter pasture for my pigs. I spread broadcast twelve loads of manure from the ox-pen, and broke my land five inches deep. I planted oats and bur clover, cultivating them into the soil. Then with a fertilizer distributor I put three hundred pounds of a 10-5-5 goods in drills 18 inches apart. In this I drilled my rape, finishing with smoothing harrow. All came up and grew nicely and furnished bountiful grazing for my pigs all winter.

May 1st I turned under my stubble six inches, going a little deeper this time, and again broadcasting twelve good loads of ox-lot manure, laying off my land in flat rows exactly six feet apart. On June 1st I put five hundred pounds of a 10-5-5 goods in the middle or furrow, ran a cultivator over this and planted my corn with a double-heel planter,

dropping it just 18 inches apart in the drill, my object being to make as much corn per acre as I would had the rows been three feet apart and corn three feet in the drill. My corn came up and grew off nicely from the start. I worked the dirt to my corn in cultivating, never from it. When all was worked on a level and corn 12 inches high, I planted Spanish peanuts between each corn row by opening a drill with fertilizer distributor, putting in three hundred pounds of 5-10-5 and planting 12 inches in the drill, covering with a five-foot drag.

An Ohio man said to me one day: "Walter, that is the finest corn patch I have seen since I left home; where did you get your idea about the pinders? You are going to make a hundred bushels of

carry some out to the fields to father. I almost forgot to tell you that we gathered cowpeas in the afternoons. We gathered 33 bushels ripe cowpeas for seed off 1/2 acre.

BESSIE S. CLARK.

Columbia, Va.

## A Little Scotch Lassie.

Dear Editors: I am just 9 years old and cannot write as I would like to, but I feed the chickens and gather the eggs for mother. I help to keep the baby and dust the rooms after Bessie sweeps. We all came from Scotland two years ago.

NETTIE CLARK.

## A Good Country School.

Dear Editors: I am a little girl 9 years old and don't know much



AN UP-TO-DATE FARMER BOY.

corn, a hundred bushels of peanuts, and the gracious only knows how much pea hay and corn stover."

WALTER LIDDELL.

Jefferson Co., Miss.

## Believes in Farm Life.

Dear Editors: My idea of a nice country home is an 8-room house, with smooth grassy yard, a flower garden and nice, lively people, with nice harmless games for boys and girls. I am a country girl and like to see crops grow.

The farmers are the only people who have no boss. They can take pleasure when they want to. They can hold their produce until they get a good price. They have nice schools and nice roads to travel.

One of our neighbors made 14 1/2 barrels of corn on an acre and a half, although the seasons were unfavorable. Some of our boys are in the corn test; it is a great thing to encourage our boys on the farm. The farmers are sowing clover and peas, bringing up their land and doing away with gullies.

Yours truly,

EMILY B. MILAM.

Macon, N. C.

## A Willing Helper on the Farm.

Dear Editors: Our first duty in the morning is milking. My brother, who is older than I,—he is 14 and I am 13 years—and I milk the cows. Then we all have breakfast. When that is over I go for vegetables. Sometimes my little sister comes with her wagon and the baby in it. After we bring the vegetables for mother I draw water and carry in wood for mother so she gets to cooking dinner. I then clean up two bedrooms, my brother's and our own.

When we have dinner and wash the dishes we have time to sew while we rest.

Then we make afternoon tea and

about farming, but I can tell you some of the things the farmers have been doing. They've been mowing hay, picking cotton and peas, digging potatoes and plowing.

I help mamma around the house, such as feeding the chickens and turkeys, helping to milk the cows and tending to the flowers, as we have a great many. I don't like to work in the field, and don't have to much, only to pick cotton.

I think it a disgrace for women and girls to have to leave their work around and in the house and go to the field and do the men's hard work.

Well, I've told you a little something about farming, so I will tell you a little something about school. I think the girls and boys in the country ought to have an education as well as the children in the cities. We certainly have a large school at the Yoder Schoolhouse, and a good one, too; or that is what the people tell us.

CLAIRE K. YODER.

Hickory, N. C.

## How Farmers Could Work Together.

Dear Editors: Last spring I decided to do as nearly as you said with my corn as possible. Am glad to say that that corn is the best on the farm.

I think the farmers might work together more to an advantage; for instance, there are not many farmers able to furnish a shredder and the power to run it, so I think they might go in together and buy one—say six men,—then the expense would not be heavy. And they could handle the harvest to so much more advantage.

L. L. BOWMAN.

Liberty, N. C.

## One or Two Car Loads

of good milk cows wanted. Also a good dairy hand to milk and make butter.

KENSINGTON FARMS,

Kensington, Ga.

## What One Boy Did.

The following clipping is from an old issue of The Progressive Farmer, but it is worth re-printing:

Billie Moore, who is a mere scrap of a boy and an orphan at that, has shown what a boy can do when he has pluck and grit. Last spring he traded a game rooster for an old plug of a mule that nobody thought would live two weeks, paying 50 cents to boot. Billie's friends were sure that he had gotten the worst of the trade. But Billie himself seemed to know better. He began feeding up that old plug and reared a small farm. As a result he will make two bales of cotton, 100 bushels of corn and 1,250 bundles of fodder. He did all the plowing with the mule in question, and now holds the animal at \$25, and refuses to take less.—Charlotte Observer.

You must think as well as work. It takes more than hard work to win. It takes hard, intelligent work, where the thinking brain guides the hand, work done according to a well-defined purpose. My father used to say to me, "Henry, if you don't think, it makes very little difference whether you work or not." That was sound advice 50 years ago; it is sounder advice to-day than it was then.—Dr. Henry Wallace.

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