

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

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

THE SECRET

WE HAVE a secret, just we three,
The robin, and I, and the sweet
cherry tree;
The bird told the tree, and the tree told
me,
And nobody knows it but just we three.
But of course the robin knows it best,
Because he built the nest—I shan't tell the
rest;
And laid the four little—something in it—
I'm afraid I shall tell it every minute.
But if the tree and the robin don't peep,
I'll try my best the secret to keep;
Though I know when the little birds fly
about,
Then the whole secret will be out:
—Selected.

RAISING BELGIAN HARES

(Boys' \$1-Prize Letter)

OUR school at Alberta closed in May, after a term of eight months. I was promoted to the sixth grade. We had five good teachers, and our commencement was good—some said it was "swell."

I want to tell the girls and boys how I earn my pocket money during vacation. Last July I bought three Belgian hares, have sold twenty-four for stock, and have thirty-one now. It is fun to raise them, they multiply so fast, and are gentle and pretty. I have a house for them with lutches made in it, and a yard that joins the house, wired in about seven-foot high, to keep out cats and dogs.

Last winter I fed them on alfalfa, oats, corn and shipstuff. In summer they do not cost much. I feed on green feed. If they continue to multiply, think I can furnish some for the soldiers to eat. Am going to carry some of them to our county fair this fall to exhibit.

Papa gave me three acres for corn, am going to do my best with it. I want to join the corn club another year. I am twelve years old, but only weigh sixty-five pounds. Can handle any horse on the place.

We like The Progressive Farmer best of all farm papers, and do not see how we could get along without it.

DAVID WYNN SEWARD,

Alberta, Va.

COMMENCEMENT AND "TRADES DAY"

(Girls' \$1 Prize Letter)

THE day before our school closed we invited our parents and friends to come and bring dinner.

We decorated our stage with a variety of grains, fruits, corn, vegetables and flowers. In the morning we had a welcome address by our minister, readings, declamations, songs and a commencement sermon. Then we spread our dinner, which was plentiful, and was enjoyed by all. After the feast and an intermission for conversation we had a basketball game, between our team and one from a nearby school, and to our delight the game was won by our team.

That night, we had our final program, which consisted of plays, songs, drills and reading.

Each fall our county has a "Trades Day." Prizes are given for the first and second best display of farm products, for the best canned goods, the best colt, cows, calves, pigs, chickens and turkeys, for the best buggy horse, for the best croquet, tating, drawn-work, and embroidery, for the best hand-made garment, the best hand-made counterpane, for the oldest couple, the ugliest man, the prettiest lady, and the largest family present.

They also have prizes for the best high and long jump, the best runner, a fat man's race, and they give a prize for the best basketball team. In fact we have a real fair, which is enjoyed by all, and is improving every year, as each year something new is added to make it more entertaining and to encourage the farmers to raise the very best of everything.

MAMIE EVANS,

Lawrence, Miss.

A Happy Day—for Others

IF YOU could have been in Marion on the sixth day of June you would have seen a very beautiful picture—a moving picture of real flesh and blood, where happiness and joy beamed on every little face.

The children of the Selma Orphanage have a warm place in the big heart of Mr. Ellasburg, a merchant of Selma. Every summer he gives them a picnic at some near-by town or village and such a good time they do have! This year he asked the people of Marion to have the little ones in our town for their annual picnic and we considered it

a privilege to contribute something to the pleasure of these eighty-five children.

About nine o'clock that morning the train came in with two extra coaches filled with happy boys and girls. The children of Marion were there to welcome them and show them the way to the cool, shady campus of the Marion Institute, where everything was in readiness for the little visitors. Ice cream, candy and lemonade they ate and drank to their heart's content. And such a good dinner!—fried chicken, barbecued meat, pickles, cakes, pies, oranges and other good things.

One little girl from the Home voiced the sentiments of the other children, I thought, when she ran up to Mr. Ellasburg after dinner and throwing her arms around his neck, said, "You are the best man in the world!" In this life the sweetest happiness comes from giving pleasure to others.

ROBERT WOODFIN,

Marion, Ala.

All-day Fishing Trip

THE best time I have had this year was a day spent fishing. We got ready the afternoon before, fixed hooks, poles, got bait and packed our lunch. We went to bed early and I lay awake a long time, but finally went to sleep. When I awoke the moon was shining and it looked so bright that I hopped up and dressed. When I called to the rest to hurry that it was late, Papa answered by telling me to go back to bed, said that it was not ten o'clock yet and he had not been to sleep. I went back to bed but I kept my trousers on so that I would be ready when morning did come.

Mama waked us before four o'clock and we were soon off. I carried lunch, extra hooks and lines and some fruit in a knapsack over my shoulder; my chum a tin bucket with two cans of bait in it, besides our poles. It was quite a tramp to the creek, but we were there before the sun rose, the best time for black bass. We fished awhile then set out our hooks and ate our breakfast on the roots of a giant beech beside a spring, with pretty ferns and mosses around the brink. We followed the creek to its mouth fishing and enjoying the scenery. We drank in the fragrance of the magnolia blooms, watched some young squirrels sport in the top of the trees, saw a mother hawk feeding a noisy brood in the top of a tall pine, and killed a large moccasin which lay coiled in the path before us. Then we took a bath, cleaned our fish on some boards by an old water mill, and salted them nicely in the tin bucket, ate the rest of our lunch and rested while we fed some little minnows and watched a red bird teaching her babies to fly. At last we started for home stopping several times to pick blackberries and gather flowers.

But we got there before dark and found Papa had our chores all done. Mama fried our fish for supper and we went to bed tired, but wishing we might go fishing twice a week.

SAMMIE JACKSON,

Kentwood, La., Rt. 2.

Collecting Indian Relics and Minerals

NOW, as the farm boy tills the land, he will come across many queer objects made of rock. After the dirt has been washed off and they are examined closely, one finds that they are old Indian war relics.

Some people do not know what they have found, and so they throw them away in disgust. This is no way to do. Pick up and save everything that seems peculiar, for it may sometime be of value. Just look or think of the beautiful things you have lost and how much they would add to your collection box if you had saved them.

If you have no collection box of your own, why not start one for these various things? Make the box about two feet long, one and one-half feet wide, and about three or four inches high. Take ordinary window glass and fit it into the top of the box so that you may see the things inside without opening the box. But if you have not the time and the material to make a box of this kind, get an ordinary cigar box and put your curios in it.

When you are on a walk or in the field, be on the lookout for rocks of various kinds, shapes, sizes, and colors. Some day you may travel and visit several mines. If so ask the miners for a sample of the ore they are mining, and after you have obtained your sample from that mine, label it, putting on it the kind of ore, where, when, and how you obtained it. Then place it in your collection box.

I got my start a little over a year ago. One day I found an arrowhead and asked someone what it was. They told me and right then I began my collection. If you start today and keep at it, your collection

box will grow rapidly and in a short time you will need larger one.

R. C. STEVENSON.

Raleigh, N. C.

Sunday School Picnic

THE best time I ever had was at a picnic that was given by the two Sunday schools, Baptist and Methodist, of our little town. As many of the children were about my own age, we found no lack of amusement the whole day. We all gathered on a creek bank, a level shady place that was covered with carpet grass. The woods were thick with magnolia trees that were in bloom, and we picked as many blooms as we wanted. A crowd of us wandered into the woods to see how many different wild flowers we could find; so that we could take them home and press them for our specimen book. We found a humming bird's nest knitted to a little twig, and an oriole's nest, both of which are very curiously constructed. We found so many interesting things that it was almost noon before we started back to the picnic grounds where so many nice things were packed in mysteriously covered baskets. When we got back we were tired and thirsty, and were overjoyed to find that a man had made a tub full of lemonade with bits of ice floating on top. One man had caught a nice, large trout, and, as there was a sick neighbor in the town four miles away who would probably never go fishing or picnicking again, the man said he would take the trout to him. Every basket on the ground was opened and a dainty from each one was fixed on a tray to go along with the trout to the sick neighbor. After dinner we played games and waded in the creek where the water was shallow. Some young ladies sang two songs.

NINA RUST,

Pelican, La.

"LEST WE FORGET"

COLIC often results from working horses and mules immediately after feeding.

The horse or mule that is in good condition has a bright eye and a keenness for work. If these conditions are absent, look for the trouble.

Have you forgotten to provide your cattle with salt while they are on pasture this summer? If you have, place rock salt in a covered trough somewhere in the pasture so it will be available for them at all times.

Jim Green says: "I wouldn't trust a farmer whose horse is afraid of him. When the horse is afraid that the hand which reaches for his bridle rein will deliver a blow, there is something wrong."

It does not pay the farmer or anyone else to buy "seconds" or "no-name" automobile tires. Sometimes you get a tire of this kind that will last, but it is rare. It is far better to buy standard tires of guaranteed mileage.

Farmers should plan now to save a sufficient quantity of all farm seeds this year—especially oats, wheat, rye, corn, and peas. If the war goes on, as it likely will, the South will plant next year the biggest acreage of food crops it has ever planted and seed will likely be scarce.

A manure spreader is indispensable to the farmer. Few Southern farmers keep enough cattle to furnish manure for as frequent and liberal applications as they would like to give their land, and by the use of the manure spreader it can be applied thinly, giving all the land its just share.

It is a bad practice to sleep in the same undergarments one wears during the day, soaked with perspiration as they often are. There are three reasons against this: (1) because such wet, soggy garments are uncomfortable; (2) because they are unhealthful; and (3) because it makes it necessary to wash an excessive quantity of bed linen. Instead of this uncomfortable and unwholesome practice, every farmer and farm laborer should know the luxury and happiness of taking a good bath when the day's work is finished and then putting on light summer pajamas, dry and fresh, before going to bed.

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The Progressive Farmer:—

My Duroc male pig is surely fine and I was not over three days in getting the subscriptions required to earn him, so I think I have received a great bargain.

I am sending you a snap shot of myself and pig. After awhile I will go to work for another pig.

Thanking you and with all good wishes, I am,

Yours very truly,

J. R. COOPER.

Craighead County, Ark.

The Pig and Chicken Club is still open and for forty subscriptions for one year or longer terms, we will give a pure-bred pig, any breed, either sex, and not less than three months old. We guarantee the pig and prepay the express. For twenty-five subscriptions you may procure a pen of five pure-bred chickens, young or matured stock, any breed.

We now have more than a thousand members in our Pig and Chicken Club and we invite you to join this goodly company. Fill in and return the nomination form, which you will find printed in another part of this issue.

The Progressive Farmer

Pig and Chicken Club.