

WITH PROGRESSIVE FARMER BOYS AND GIRLS

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

The New George Washington

(For the boys.)

I AM six years old,
And like play and fun,
I mean to grow up
Like George Washington,
So when mother said,
"Who ate all the pie?"
I spoke like a man,
And said, "It was I."

But she didn't say
She'd rather lose the pie,
And know that her boy
Would not tell a lie.
She just shut me up
Where I could not see,
Then sent me to bed
Without any tea.

—Anonymous.

Something Better

(For a little girl.)

I CANNOT be a Washington,
However hard I try,
But into something I must grow
As fast as the days go by,
The world needs women good and true,
I'm glad I can be one,
For that is even better than
To be a Washington.

—Clara J. Denton.

A Hustling Young Orchardist

(Boys' \$1 Prize Letter)

I JOINED the calf club last winter when the county agent came to our school. I had a fine grade heifer calf, so I traded it to papa for a fine purebred Jersey bull calf that he had bought for \$50.

I fed him on wheat bran, cottonseed meal and all the soy bean hay he would eat; kept him in a lot where he could get plenty of cool, clear water all the time. I could ride him anywhere in a few months, and had my picture made riding him.

I carried my calf to the community fair at White Plains, N. C., and he got the first prize. My calf is the only registered Jersey bull in Surry County. He is now a big fine fellow and the pride of our "Turner's Mountain Farm."

About four years ago a little peach tree came up in our back yard and papa said I could have it if I would spray and prune it. I pruned and sprayed it every spring until it was three years old, and although it was a seedling it had a fine lot of good peaches on it the third year. I gathered every one of them and sold them for \$1.50. I bought some nursery trees with the money and am still adding to my little orchard. I have about 60 good trees now. Papa has a large orchard and I help him work in it, so I know how to care for mine. We sell our peaches at Mt. Airy, N. C., and get from \$1.50 to \$2 a bushel for them.

JOE BRINTLE (Age 10).

White Plains, N. C.

"The Star-spangled Banner"

(Girls' \$1 Prize Letter)

DURING the War of 1812 while the British were shelling Ft. McHenry, a young American, Francis Scott Key, was aboard a British man-of-war. He came aboard during the day to see a friend who was a prisoner, but he also was held prisoner on the British ship.

They sailed on to Baltimore to capture the fort. The fighting was mostly done by night. The British shot rockets and bombs at the fort, which burst and revealed the fort, and our flag still flying over it.

Scott witnessed the battle and that scene inspired the words:

"And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there."

After many hours of fighting the British became discouraged; they found they could not capture the city, and almost ceased firing.

Key did not know if the fort was shot down, or whether the flag was still flying or not. He thought the Americans had given up and he wrote the words:

"Oh! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?"

When the break of day came, Key looked toward the fort, and it was still standing. There was the flag still waving o'er it. His feelings are told in these few words:

"Tis the star-spangled banner; oh long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

Key was full of joy. He had an old letter,

and on its back he wrote the words of "The Star-spangled Banner."
The song soon became popular, everybody singing:

"Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just;
And this be our motto—In God is our trust.

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

LUELLA DIPPEL.

Needville, Texas.

"About My Pets"

I HAVE been reading the letters in your papers and enjoy them very much. I thought I would write one about my pets.

I have three and I like them all fine, but I love my pony best. Her name is Dimple. She is of a sorrel color, with a white face, and her left foot is white. I drive her to a buggy and also ride her back. I like to ride her with or without a saddle. A few days ago I rode her to the pasture without the saddle, and she thought I was not going to get off, so she just dropped her head to the ground and I tumbled off over her head.

I love to see her beg for something to eat. She begs with one front foot, and then I give her a biscuit or something good. She likes apples too.

I love my little dog next. We call him Spot, because he is white as snow with a brown spot on his back, and one on each ear.

one else I was so sore next morning I could scarcely get out of bed.

CLARA BRANTLEY.

Seagate, N. C.

Making Money Raising Pigs

LAST spring I bought a small pig from my father for ten dollars. It was so small then that I kept it up for a while and then I turned it out. My, how it grew when I turned it out. It grew so fast that I let it stay out until September and then I put it up and have kept it up until now.

Now it has three little pigs and I have been offered seventy-five dollars for her and the pigs. Don't you think it is profitable raising pigs? I certainly do.

AUBREY TAYLOR.

Cameron, N. C.

"My Home-made Wagon"

IN 1917 father made me a wagon. He used the hubs and tires of an old buggy, but the wood work and spokes he made of seasoned oak. The wheels are 18 and 22 inches high, width of wagon is 42 inches. The bed is 30x60 inches. He also made a spring seat. He put two coats of paint on it. The wagon is painted red, and the bed blue. He stenciled "Boys' Express, Highland Farm" in yellow on the bed. The old buggy cost us \$2, and the paint cost \$1.60.

I can easily work a small horse to it, and it is lots of help on the farm. I hauled all our melons to the house last summer, and

I would rather the little towhee had answered my whistle than to have eaten a rabbit we had seen. I agreed that I had. Truly, the great out of doors is a wonderful place to the person who will but take time to learn its many secrets.

ALEXANDER NUNN.

Loachapoka, Ala.

A Visit to the Packing-house

SEVERAL years ago, when I was attending the Stock Show at Fort Worth, my aunt and I visited the packing-house of Swift & Co.

We were conducted through the building by a man employed for the purpose. It was to me very interesting, and although I did not see the entire process, I shall relate what I saw.

The whole thing is managed by system. One man hooks the hogs to revolving contrivances that convey them through the building, and another sticks them. After this they are run through a pit of scalding water, and this is followed by the bristle, entrails, etc., being removed. I did not get to see the cattle killed.

They are then taken to the cooling-rooms, the floors of which are covered with salt to assist in keeping the rooms cool. These cooling rooms are very large, and contain an enormous quantity of meat. The carcasses are suspended from the ceiling in rows lengthwise with the rooms. They are kept there until they can be cut up and sent out in the form of delicious bacon, hams and sausage.

Everything is done in a very orderly and systematic way.

LEO BUCKLY.

Refugio, Texas.

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

V.—About Fiction

CONTINUING our quotations from Dr. Frank Crane's article in the American Magazine, we take up this week his questions on fiction. On this subject he says:

"The people of fiction live as surely as those of history. You ought to be acquainted with the fictitious personages listed below. State the name of the author who created these characters:

1. Hamlet.
2. Jean Val Jean.
3. Becky Sharp.
4. Micawber.
5. Romola.
6. The Ancient Mariner.
7. Robinson Crusoe.
8. The Three Musketeers.
9. Ben Hur.
10. Tam o'Shanter.
11. Ivanhoe.
12. Sherlock Holmes.
13. Penrod.
14. Rip Van Winkle.
15. The Wandering Jew.
16. Tom Sawyer.
17. Consuelo.
18. Lady Teazle.
19. Leather Stocking.

Answers to the book questions printed in last week's Progressive Farmer are as follows:

- 1, Stevenson; 2, Dumas; 3, Hugo; 4, Goethe;
- 5, Dickens; 6, Thackeray; 7, Hawthorne; 8, Dante; 9, Drummond; 10, Goldsmith; 11, Scott; 12, Byron; 13, Cervantes; 14, Longfellow; 15, Stowe; 16, Tennyson; 17, Homer; 18, Virgil; 19, Ibsen; 20, Bunyan.

I have been an appreciative reader of your paper for about eight years, and I give you credit for having mastered the art of not becoming tiresome. I receive each new number with the same interest with which I received the first number. With best wishes for your continued success, I remain, George W. Bohue, County Agent, Oberlin, La.

FEBRUARY CLUB PROGRAMS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

FEBRUARY 22—WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

Song by the boys: The Star-Spangled Banner.

Have the meeting at night, if possible. Have the boys dress as George Washington and the girls as Martha Washington.

Games: Virginia Reel (to draw partners, let the boys and girls match red hatchets that have been cut in two).

"Washington Crossing the Delaware" (have many obstacles placed around the room, such as boxes, chairs, pieces of paper, etc., then have each person pick up a peanut on a silver knife and make a trip around the room, going over all the obstacles. The one who can make the entire trip without dropping the peanut is the conqueror).

Refreshments: Hot chocolate with marshmallows, and little cakes with white frosting in which small flags have been stuck.



CHILDREN OF MR. A. M. SIMS, TUPELO, MISS., RIDING THEIR 1,200-POUND JERSEY BULL

He is a long-haired fice. He likes to go hunting, and when he sees a rabbit he does not bark, but can run almost as fast as the rabbit. When he sees me get my gun he is ready and keeps his eyes on me to see if I am going to the woods.

Next comes my kitty, she is solid grey, and we call her Annie because a little girl who was named Annie gave her mother to my brother when he was quite small.

She catches lots of mice and one had better not show itself when she is around, for she will be sure to catch it.

E. LAMAR JOHNSTON (Age 10).
Rome, Ga.

Our Safety League

I AM very much interested in our Safety League at the school. The club is to prevent fires and accidents. At our meetings we recite poems and sing. We also have a scrapbook committee that cuts items out of papers and magazines about fires and accidents, and pastes them in books to read at the meetings.

The club meets twice a month on Fridays. The dues are from one cent to a quarter a month. We save the money and if we need a new stove pipe or mat, we buy them for the school.

The most interesting program, we have had was on December 19. There were several recitations and songs. This was Aycock Memorial Day. We also planted tulips and cleaned up our school grounds.

DELMA BROADWELL.

Durham, N. C.

Fighting Fire

THE baseball diamond at my school was grown up in grass knee-high which had not been mowed this fall. My teacher was opposed to burning it off, but the children insisted and she finally gave her consent. We selected a fine, calm day, and the boys set fire in two places. One we succeeded in putting out, but the other jumped a ditch and got into a thicket. We had the fight of our lives for some time to save the school house. A crowd of darkies gathered to help us but instead of helping they simply stood and looked on. With one man to help us it took from 12 o'clock until 2:30 to get it under control. And though I did as little as any

lots of stove wood, I worked an ox to my wagon last year. PRESTON WILLIAMS.
Maplesville, Ala.

"My Success in Building Bird Houses"

LAST year I put up about eleven bird houses for wrens, martins, and bluebirds. Four or five bluebirds built in my bird houses. A snake got one bluebird's eggs, but I got the snake in the bird house and killed it.

I had a lot of trouble with English sparrows. They drove the wrens and bluebirds out of any houses over ten feet high until we began shooting them. Dad caught nineteen sparrows one night.

Two or three wrens built in some of my wren houses. I put up two martin houses, which were taken immediately by the sparrows. We soon drove the sparrows out, and a family of martins took possession of them. I made some bluebird houses by taking old syrup or paint cans and cutting square holes in the side of the can and leaving the tin attached at the top of the hole as a shelter for the opening. Bluebirds seem to like that kind of house better than any other.

DAVID GREER.

Summers, Ark.

Better Than Eating Rabbit

ONE Sunday afternoon not long ago, my brother and I were down in a swamp near home and I, being a nature enthusiast, became absorbed in watching the birds. I had been watching a mockingbird chasing a thrush and a merry time they were having, too, when I looked up and saw it was getting late.

I started home but just as I reached the edge of the swamp a jorce flew up into a tangle of muscadine vines only a few feet away. I stopped and began whistling "jo-ree, jo-ree." He sat there a few seconds as still and silent as he could be, but all at once he flew to a nearby brush pile and whistled back in his loudest tone "jo-ree." I continued my whistling and every few times he would reply in a cheery tone, "jo-ree."

Finally, I guess he must have grown tired of the sport, for he flew down into the brush pile and began a busy scramble for insects. As I turned to go my brother asked me if