## THE BOY FARMER

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## A Member of the Corn Club SYNOPSIS.

Sam Powell, inspired by a government arest, plans to make a scientific farmer of himself and to compete for prizes awarded to the Boys' Corn club.

Sam works hard cleaning up and fartilising the wornout farm Miles Fagan ridficules scientific farming, but lets his boy
join the corn club
While blowing out stumps Sam saves
Joe Watson's life. Sam plans his contest
acre of corn and other crops and the
stocking of his farm with cattle.

He prunes and sprays the old trees of
the orchard, improving them greatly, and
his successful farming astonishes Miles
Fagan and other slow going neighbors
Sam's careful study of scientine agriculture, and his up to date methods of
seed selection are rewarded by splendid
crops.

CHAPTER VI. AM'S well fertilized, well culti-vated acre of Irish potatoes sur vated acre of Irish potatoes surprised the neighbors with the amount it produced. Two hundred bushels were what he harvested from the patch, and, selling them at 60 cents per bushel, he had \$120 to show for the first crop. It was only the 1st of June, so he immediately prepared the land and planted the acre

pared the land and planted the acre again in June corn.

After that the work came thick and fast. The cane was ready to be cut He moved it, let it cure and stacked away two tons of fine nay in the barn He could have gathered another crop of cane if he had let it remain, but the pumpkin yams must be planted. So he prepared and bedded the ground and one cloudy day just before a rain he pulled the potato slips from the bed where he had grown them and planted this acre also with a second crop.

The cotton then had to be plowed, and when that was finished the four

and when that was finished the four acre cornfield, in which he was also growing a flourishing crop of pumpkins, was calling for him.

Eins, was calling for him.

The peach and plum crops were very short this year, owing to a late frost, but the Powell orchard never suffered in this respect. The old trees had a bumper crop. Prices being good, after Mrs. Powell had preserved what she wanted, Sam sold \$40 worth of plums and \$110 worth of peaches, making a total of \$150 income from the fruit, not to mention the preservings for family use.

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Early in the winter, before the family moved, Sam had made arrangements with a breeder of a fine strain of Plymouth Rock chickens to get ten sittings of eggs. For these he was to pay \$1.50 a sitting. Mrs. Powall already owned a mixed breed flock of fifty hens, but Sam's plan, with which his mother heartily agreed, was to replace the mongrel stock with the thoroughbreds. The first of these sittings were hatched while it was yet cold, and before summer came on, with its excessive heat and insect peets, the whole ten had been brought off and more than 100 thrifty young Plymouth Rocks were running about the farm.

The ample range and shade and the rye sewn in the orchard made the income from poultry almost clear profit. Chickens require little feed when they can get green stuff and insects. Besides the Plymouth Rocks Mrs. Powell raised six dozen common breed fryers, which she sold at \$3 per dozen, or \$18. From the thoroughbred flock, after selecting seventy pullets and five roosters at \$1 and pullets at 50 cents.

The egg market was very low during the summer months, but even at a few rents a dozen \$20 worth were sold this year and the family had all they could consume at home. Finally, in the fall, the old flock of common chickens was

consume at home. Finally, in the fall, the old fock of common chickens was sold, bringing 25 cents each or \$12.50 in all. Surplus milk and butter from the two cows brought \$50 for the year.

But this wasn't all. The acre of

watermelons, cantaloupes and vegeta-bles contributed its share. Sam's wa-termelons were a long white variety. with black seed and blood red meat, sweet as sugar. These melons always brought something above the regular market price. In all the young farmer sold \$40 worth of melons and vegeta-

The June corn made a fair crop. Sam The June corn made a mar crop. Sam sold the roasting ears at one cert each. These brought him \$30. Then he cut and cured the stalks for feed. The ground being once more cleared, he plowed, harrowed and planted it in turnips.

Sam found that a little farm of fifteen acres can keep two or three people very busy, especially when the farm is made to hump itself, growing one crop right after another. Hardly a day passed that he or his sister didn't have

passed that he or his sister didn't have to drive to town to sell something. Whenever it could be arranged Sam always let Florence go, for then he could be hurrying the heavy work forward. September came and Florence entered the high school, but Sam, badly as he wanted to begin, found it impossible to do so until after Christmas. However he began stanying at night. However, he began studying at night, and for all the hard work he did he managed to keep pretty close up with

Late in the fall be dug the acre of sweet potatoes, after stripping off the vines and feeding them to his hors.

and there in the rows he found stalks that were unusually large and perfect in shape. These were generally in some rich place where they had been particularly favored. If they were heavily loaded with bolls and the bolls were large and fow down on the stalks, indicating that they would open early. Sam tied white strings on them in conspicuous places.

It may seem that with all this work Sam Powell had little or no time for pleasure or recreation. Such was not the case, however, though he some times had to work longer hours than he liked because he was not able to get help.

he liked because he was not able to get help.

But Sam had got in the habit of using his mind. He never imitated other people in doing a thing without stopping to think why it was done or if there was a better way. He soon found out that it pays to keep oneself fresh and vigorous. By taking the proper rests and breathing spells and working at certain hours he found that he could do as much or more work in eight hours as in twelve. After that he did not commence work before daylight or quit after dark, as he had been doing. He saw also that it was a good idea to take a half day or a day off now and then.

and then.
One of the things that Sam enjoyed a great deal was to ramble through the woods and fields and study nature. He was what is called a nature lover—that was what is called a nature lover—that is, he never tired of studying trees and flowers and birds and insects and animals. It was a mighty hard matter for him to go after the calves and get back in time for breakfast. It was not more than a quarter of a mile to where the calves were usually found—in a little meadow beyond the creek—but the earlier Sam started in the morning the later he would usually be in re-

roost A fouder happing meant buzzurds. A splash in the creek announced that a builfrog was taking his morn
ing bath Now and then a possum
would wanthe by or a belated com
returning from his fishing up the creek
would star, to eye Sam inquisitively.

Orossing the creek and getting pretty close to the calves, he would stop
suddenly again to watch three or four
rabbits at their morning from in the
dawy grass. Farther on he might find
a strange dower or shrub and study it
ever so long, trying to determine the
name of it. Sam and Florence were
both nature enthusiasts, and there
were few flowers or trees the names
of which they didn't know.

Finally, the young farmer would find
the calves and start them home, and
he might get there by sunrise if he
didn't find something else to interest
him.

When he came in, fresh, bright eyed
and hungry from his walk and found
breakfast waiting, his mother would
ask:

"Why, what makes you so late getting back, Sam?"

"Oh. I've been watching ol' Br'er
Rabbit and Br'er Possum." he would
reply. He had read the stories of Uncle Remas and always called animals
by the names the old darky gave them.

One Saturday morning Bill Googe
climbed over the fence and came to
where Sam was at work.

"Hello, Sam!" he greeted.
"Say,
let's co fishin' this eventh."

"I should say they have!" exclaimed
Bill.

Googe came by for Sam, and the two
put off down the creek to fish for the
put off down the creek to fish for the
put off down the creek to fish for the
put off down the creek to fish for the
porch and cat that were to be found
in the blue pools of the little stream.

Had down the creek to fish for the
perch and cat that were to be found
in the blue pools of the little stream.

That
afternoon at 1 o'clock Bill
Googe came by for Sam, and the two
to down the creek to fish for the
perch and cat that were to be found
in the blue pools of the little stream.

They hadn't gone far when an old
quall with her brood of young ones.
in front of them yith a loud
wint of thesport.

"Help's goin' to be som

and it are used 150 bushels of this place hasn't done half what it can bushels to assure use and sold the other 12% the sail possibil.

Sam flow never forms what the government control what the government control thin about seed. When his crosses and was at maturity he went down the rows and ted strings to the stalks that bore the most and the finest ears.

In the same way, also, the young farmer selected his cotton seed. Here and there in the rows he found stalks that were unusually large and perfect



The Two Put Off Down the Creek

sand flowers and birds and insects and animals. It was a mighty hard matter for him to go after the caives and get back in time for breakfast. It was not more than a quarter of a mile to where the caives were usually found—in a little meadow beyond the creek—but the earlier Sam started in the morning the later be would usually be in returning.

He would get up sometimes while it was still dark and only the first red streaks of dawn showing in the east. He would get out in the fresh air and throw out his arms and take deep breaths and walk about the yard for a few minutes; then he would be off suddenly, whistling a lively tune and scattering the dew from the grass and plants with his feet.

He liked to sit down on the creek bank in the dim light of morning and watch the world just waking up. A slight noise from some big treetops told him that crows were leaving their roost. A louder flapping meant buzzards. A splash in the creek announced that a builfrog was taking his morning bath. Now and then a possum would waddie by or a beliated coom returning from his fishing up the creek would store to eye Sam inquisitively.

Cryssing the recek and getting pret-

where Sam was at work.

"Hello, Sam!" he greeted. "Say, let's go fishin' this evenin'."

"Are you up with your work?" asked Sam.

"You bet. I've quit loafin' round when they's work needin' doin'. Everything's right up to now."

"All right, then," said Sam; "I'll be glad to go. I was just thinking about it."

"Well, I'll git the bait and be long bout 1 o'clock after you. Say, Sam, you shore are raisin' a powerful lot o' truck on this place. I declare, I don't see how you do it. Of course I know now that it's a good deal in the way you work the land, but I didn't think anybody could raise crops like this, And you never let up—fast as you git her work in the way insects destroy one-tenth and they for us. It ought to be against the land, but I didn't think anybody could raise crops like this, And you never let up—fast as you git

over 600 trees in a day and examine them for bugs, egg deposits and source. If doctors the tree inside and out. I saw a woodpecker go over nearly every tree in our orchard."

"Well, now, I didn't know that," said Bill. "I been knowin' woodpeckers all my life, but I never paid no attention to 'em. Guess I won't shoot no more of 'em."

"To tell the truth." Sam went on, there are mighty few birds or animals but what do more good than narm. I more birds and chickens than all, the varmints put together. I think it's a good deed to kill a cat whenever you find one. There are two kinds of hawks—the coper and the sharp shinned—that are bad to kill birds and chickens. These two hawks look alike. They are small. The females are a motical trownshe look; and the maiss are a dull bible. I's a good thing to the corn was a distribution of the corn and mice and such things. Once in awate an owl will bother chickens, but it's only when its regular food is scarce. "Tes pretty much the same way about the fox, mink, weasel and skink. Once in awhile one of these warmines will get to be bad after chickens. But few the condition of the corn was a did mice, rabbits, grassbolpers, crick ets, bornets and waspe."

"Where'd you find out these things," anked Bill. "I know they're true wend I hear you say em. but somebow new'r did him, 'but mostly by keeping my eyes and ears open when I'm out life, it is sown you have a did my plants. We're going to take a correspondence course its botany next, but he was a subject of the corn was and the throwing out a blue cut or a going to be a forts, and in the state university. Florent-says she song to be a forts, and in the state university. Florent-says she song to be a forts, and then throwing out a blue cut or a going to be a forts, and in the state university. Florent-says she song to be a forts, and then throwing out a blue cut or a going to be a forts, and in the state of the corn has a did not the state of the corn has a did not the state of the corn of the corn of the corn of the corn of the c

Martin, Joe Watson and Andrew White, had visited him several times that summer in addition to the days that they had worked. But he had something that he thought would make a pleasant surprise for the boys, so he invited his neighbor. Bob Fagan, and those three from town to visit him on Saturday. Sam's surprise was some large watermelons, the last of the season, that he had covered up with grass and kept fresh and sound. The melon crop had been gone for a long time, and this would be a treat worth giving on what would probably be their last visit this year. Even Bob Fagan would be as much surprised as any, for they never grew melons on the Fagan farm and knew nothing about keeping them until cold weather.

The boys came, and the day proved to be suitable for the occasion. It was a hot, sultry day and seemed to belong more to midsummer than to autumn. First the melons were carried to the creek near the swimming hole and dumped in a clear pool to float round and round and cool. Then the boys were off on a hunt for wild grapes and pecans. They found both, Winter grapes and fox grapes they found hanging in thick, purple clusters from vines that ran along branches and from tree to tree. To get them the boys generally had to do a lot of climbing, but they liked this, though they had to be careful about getting too far out on weak limbs.

The pecanis hulls were popping open and dropping their fruit to the ground, so they had little to do except to pick



dan't ext anything accept entails a power life to the long and cover when the place. I was just thinking without power has been to seen in my line. I don't believe seen so many pear in all bell with the black eyed pear corp through you show are raished a powerful lot of the truck on this place. I declare, I don't seen bow you do it. Of course out." and Sam. "We now that it's a good deal in the warry you work the land, but I don't think you work the land, but I don't think you work the land, but I don't think you work the land, but I don't the land, but I don't think you work the land the lan