

NATURE sometimes makes perfect things, but "processing" spoils 'em. A good-natured boy may be "processed" into a dern fool by the wrong education—an' tobacco can be spoiled similar.



The Smoothest Smoking Tobacco, VELVET, is naturally right. Its two years' ageing simply mellows and refines its natural qualities. The secret of its "no bite" is first, right tobacco; second, right ageing. 10c tins and 5c metal-lined bags.



Loggell & Myers Tobacco Co.

Special Trains and Low Round Trip Fares to the Oregon State Fair

(Fair Grounds, Salem)

Special Trains Leave Daily

Sept. 27 to Oct. 2.

From Cottage Grove, 6:40 a. m. Ar. Salem 9:33 a. m.

Ar. Fair Grounds 9:45 a. m.

Special will make stops at all intermediate points going and returning.

All Trains Direct to State Fair Grounds

Returning Special Leaves

Fair Grounds.....5:10 p. m. Leave Salem.....5:20 p. m.

Arrive Cottage Grove.....8:05 p. m.

In addition to the Special Trains, five regular daily trains will stop at Fair Grounds both North and South bound.

\$3.75 ROUND TRIP
From COTTAGE GROVE

Corresponding low round trip fares from all other stations on September 23 to October 2, return limit October 6.

Further information relative to special and regular train service, fares, etc., from nearest agent.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

John M. Scott, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon.

Home : Made : Flour FOR HOME PEOPLE

Pride of Oregon, Soft Wheat Flour

H. & H. Hard Wheat Flour

Made by Cottage Grove Milling Company

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FURNITURE HARDWARE KNOWLES & GRABER

IN HOT WEATHER

Above all other times you wish to be dressed comfortably, which is not secured as well any other way as in tailor-made suit. Special showing of summer samples. Right now is a good time to place your order for a fall suit.

BOHLMAN :: The TAILOR

THE BOY FARMER

Or a Member of the
Corn Club

By ASA PATRICK

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Sam wouldn't hear to his chums working in the afternoon. He thought that they had already done enough, so they stayed to gather walnuts and explore the creek, while Sam went off to haul ashes and scatter them on the acre that was to be his prize patch of corn.

Miles Fagan happened to pass along while Sam was at work and leaned over the fence to watch him for a minute.

"What's that you're puttin' on the land, Sam?" he asked, after he had watched the boy for some time.

"Ashes," Sam replied, and went on shoveling.

"Ashes?" Mr. Fagan questioned. "Do you think it'll do any good?"

"Of course I do," Sam answered.

"Most anything would do this land good. But didn't you know, Mr. Fagan, that ashes are a fine fertilizer?"

"No, I didn't," he said, "and I don't yet."

"Well, they are, anyhow," Sam assured him. "Two things that crops have to have are potash and phosphoric acid. You know that ashes contain potash, and they also contain some phosphoric acid. A government bulletin that I borrowed says there are about eight pounds of potash and one-third as much phosphoric acid in every hundred pounds of good ashes."

"Well, I didn't know they was good for anything," said Fagan, "except to get lye from to make soap."

Sam wasn't proud and didn't think that he knew so much more than others, but he liked to be of help whenever he could.

"Why don't you send to the department of agriculture, Mr. Fagan," he asked, "and get some of the bulletins it publishes? We pay for that work, and why not make use of it? They experiment and learn a whole lot of things that we ought to know. I've written for several of the bulletins."

"I don't want anything to do with such foolishness," said Fagan. "What do they know about farmin'?"

"They know a lot," Sam replied, "and they're learning more every day. It's their business to experiment and find out things. You might waste two or three years experimenting to find out something that you could learn in five minutes by reading a government bulletin."

Miles Fagan merely grunted in reply.

"I wish you'd let Bob join the Boys' Corn club," Sam continued. "There's a chance for him to win a big prize, and, besides, it'll teach him how to grow corn."

"Guess I can learn my boy how to grow corn 'bout as well as anybody," said Miles. "But Bob and that agent have been a-pesterin' me to death 'bout it, and I told Bob yesterday that he could fine if he'd use some o' that stumpy land over there."

"I'm glad of that," said Sam, and stopped suddenly. From the lower edge of the field came a boom that was like the report of a small cannon.

"Well, there goes some of my stumps," remarked the young farmer.

"Guess I'll go down and watch a few o' 'em jump out of the ground. I want to see how it's done."

Sam smiled. "Did you ever stop to think, mother," he asked, "that what you call seed potatoes are just the little dwarfed culls and not really fit for

CHAPTER III.
SAM'S mother would not agree to let him do the blasting of the stumps. She feared, and with much reason, that because of his inexperience in handling dynamite he might blow up himself. So Sam had agreed, though he didn't like the idea of paying \$3 for work that he could do himself.

A man named Nolan had been hired to do the work, and he had come out Saturday afternoon to make a beginning. Sam was anxious to learn about the work so that in future there'd be no need to hire some one else to do it. He drove across the field, hitched his horse at a safe distance and went over to watch the proceedings.

Sam's companions, who had also heard the first report, came up to look on. It was interesting to watch Nolan deftly place his blasts so that they always brought up the stumps. Sometimes they popped up in the air like a cork out of a bottle; at other times they split into pieces and went hurtling through the air. Under the largest stump in the field Nolan put a double charge of dynamite.

"Better get clear," he said to the boys when he was about ready to touch it off. They all backed away to a distance of thirty or forty yards and waited. He lighted the fuse and ran over to where they were standing.

"Get down," he said, "behind something or on the ground."

All except Joe Watson promptly dropped down flat behind a little ridge.

"There isn't any danger this far off," he said and remained standing.

"Get down, you dummy; it's going off," said Sam sharply, and as Joe made no move he grabbed him around the ankles and gave a jerk. The boy came down with a thud, and at the same instant there was a roar. Something sang over them like a bullet and exactly in the path where Joe had stood a moment before.

"Well, you may thank your lucky stars," Nolan remarked to Joe as he got up. "that Sam pulled you down. You see that big piece of stump layin' away out yonder? That's what whistled over here, and if you'd 'a' been standin' it would 'a' broke you in two."

Joe was pale from fright at his narrow escape. "My," he exclaimed, "but I owe you a big debt, Sam! You saved me then, and I don't think I'll ever act the fool like that again."

It was now the middle of the afternoon, and as the boys wanted to return home early for one reason or another Sam stopped work for the day, and they all drove home at a brisk trot.

On the next Monday Sam was present at the meeting of the Boys' Corn club and became a member. Bob Fagan was also there and joined, though he was doubtful about getting his acre cleared of stumps by planting time. In addition to the cash prizes already offered, several firms and corporations announced at the meeting that they would give premiums to the successful contestants. These prizes were of various kinds. Among them were a registered Jersey cow, a pair of registered pigs, a corn planter, a trip to Washington, a trio of prize poultry, a gold watch and an automobile.

Sam went home happy that day and more firmly resolved than ever to win some of the prizes. All the week he worked after school hours loading and hauling manure from the stable to the farm. He was so busy that he had no time to talk even to his mother and sister about his work. But at the supper table on Saturday Mrs. Powell inquired how he was getting along with the work.

"Doing fine," said Sam. "I've got the field and the fence rows cleaned up and the fences made pig tight and two acres fertilized and ready to be plowed. The next thing I'm going to do is to have the land broke, cross broke and harrowed."

"Going to do all the field that way?" asked Florence Powell.

"Oh, no," Sam replied. "I can't prepare all the land as I did the two acres. I haven't time this year, but I'll put some fertilizer on all of it and have it broke once."

"What are you going to raise on the two acres?" his sister inquired, becoming interested.

"One acre is going to be in corn. It's going to be my contest acre, and I'm going to try to win some of the prizes of the Boys' Corn club. On the other acre I'm going to plant Irish potatoes at first, then maybe June corn and black eyed peas."

"My, but that'll be three crops on the same ground in one year!" exclaimed Florence. "Can you do that, Sam?"

"Yes, and that's not all," said Sam. "After I gather the corn and peas I'll put in a crop of turnips or rye."

"Is one acre all you're going to have in corn?" asked Mrs. Powell.

"No, mother," Sam explained. "In all I'm going to plant five acres in corn. Then I'm going to plant five acres in cotton, one in Kaffir corn, one in Irish potatoes and one in cane. That takes up all the land except the orchard and the acre that we're going to use for a garden and watermelon patch."

"I want to try to raise everything we'll need and a lot to sell besides. The corn and cane are for the stock and the Kaffir corn for the chickens. If we don't raise such stuff we'll have to buy, and that's expensive. Besides, most of these crops I speak of will be gathered pretty early, and I can get a crop or two more on the land. When I cut the cane I'm going to plant sweet potatoes on that patch."

"I know where you can get some seed Irish potatoes," suggested his mother.

Sam smiled. "Did you ever stop to think, mother," he asked, "that what you call seed potatoes are just the little dwarfed culls and not really fit for

anything?"
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"The agricultural department must be a pretty good thing," observed Mrs. Powell.

"It is a good thing," said Sam. "It works all the time to help the farmer, but lots of farmers won't let it help them. As for me, I'm not going against anything when I know it wants to help me and can help me if I let it. The department of agriculture keeps men traveling all the time all over the world collecting new plants and flowers and fruits and grains suited to our different climates and soils. It experiments and finds out which varieties are best suited to certain soils and the best way to cultivate and how to fight insect pests. It does all this and lots more that it would take me hours to tell you about. I wouldn't want to farm if there wasn't any agricultural department to help me. It would be too slow finding out things by myself. I've got a whole lot of bulletins on farming, and I'm going to use the money I get for hauling manure to buy some books that I want to read and to subscribe for a good farm paper. A good farm paper is the next best thing to the agricultural department."

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